

# On Love



A few days before the second anniversary of the EZLN uprising, Durito reflects on Toñita's statement on the nature of Love. We first met Toñita, a five-year-old girl from the community of Prado Pacayal, in "Durito II" where Marcos relates how she had found her teacup broken amidst the debris of her home left by the Army offensive of February. Here Toñita uses the breaking and repair of teacups as a metaphor for the anxieties of love. Durito, for his part, prefers the metaphor of a scale. Marcos' account of these reflections is attached to two communiqués by the CCRI: the first on the upcoming celebrations inaugurating four new centers of resistance or Aguascalientes in the communities of Oventic, La Garrucha, Morelia and La Realidad, and the second on the government's response: increased military pressure.

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December 23, 1995  
To the National and International Press

Sirs:

Here go a couple of communiqués. I know well that you have had a lot of work chasing after ex-presidents and their cohorts.<sup>1</sup> It was to be expected. The only thing that is surprising is the amnesia of the zealots of the First World, modernity and other lies. On the other hand, it is paradoxical that he who denounced us for using masks has now become the most popular mask for sale on the Mexican streets.

They tell me that there are now piñatas.<sup>2</sup> Could you send one for the post-*posadas*?<sup>3</sup> (It turns out that with these tanks, planes and indigenous time, the *posadas* are going to be held around February.)<sup>4</sup>

*Vale, salud* and hope that in January they don't make a piñata out of the people.<sup>5</sup>

From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast  
Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos  
Mexico, December 1995

P.S. that speaks of love, indifference and other foolishness.

Toñita comes to brag about her new teacup. Without mercy, she lets me have it . . .

“Love is like a teacup that each day we drop on the floor and it breaks into pieces, at dawn the pieces are back together and with a little moisture and warmth, they stick together and the teacup is like new again. The person who is in love spends his life fearing the arrival of the terrible day when the little cup will be so broken that it will no longer be possible to put it back together.”

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1 After his failed hunger strike (see note in “Durito II”) former president Carlos Salinas disappeared into self-imposed exile. He was sighted by reporters in the Bahamas, Switzerland, Cuba, the United States, and Ireland.

2 Street vendors in Mexico City hawked *piñatas* or paper maché dolls of ex-president Salinas, often in prison uniform.

3 *Posada* literally means “inn” or “small hotel.” In this context, the term *posadas* refers to the annual fiestas around the re-enactment of the night that Mary and Joseph searched for lodging in Bethlehem.

4 On December 23, 1995, the CCRI-CG released a communiqué that detailed the intensification of Mexican military mobilizations. Military patrols included tanks, artillery jeeps, combat planes, and artillery helicopters. The communiqué denounced the government for these actions, highlighting the army's harassment of Oventic, La Garrucha, Morelia, and La Realidad, all sites of the new Aguascalientes. See *La Jornada*, December 26, 1995.

5 There were rumors that the Mexican government would launch an official offensive against the Zapatistas on January 1, 1996. See communiqué issued by the CCRI-CG, published in *La Jornada*, December 26, 1995

She leaves the way she came, reiterating her denial of a kiss that, now more than ever, “burns a lot.”

“Love is no more than a complex scale,” says Durito. “On one side you put the good things and on the other the bad ones. Love endures as long as the good outweighs the bad. The one who loves spends his life accumulating weights and concerns on the good side. He pays so much attention to that weight that he forgets about the bad side. He will never understand how a weight, that was barely the whisper of a feather, shifted the balance in favor of indifference, in a categorical, definitive, irremediable manner . . .

I was left thinking and smoking. The moon was a pearly fingernail, a sail swollen with light on the evening boat. A naked edge appeared along the mountain’s peak and then it was launched with such force that its path mistreated not a few stars.

*Vale* again. Happy New Year; I hope that now it will really be new.

Sup Marcos

El Sup preparing a gift for Durito whom, as almost no one knows, this December celebrates years of confounding and criticizing me. What if I give him some scotch tape to cover his mouth? I don’t know about him, but I would sleep veery well . . .

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