

# Forever Never



On November 29, 1996, COCOPA, CONAI, and the EZLN submitted a proposal for constitutional reforms to Mexico's Secretary of the Interior Emilio Chuayffet. The suggested reforms focused on autonomy and indigenous rights in the San Andrés Accords of February 1996. Despite Chuayffet's initial positive reaction, on December 5th he rejected the possibility of any constitutional reforms. In response, Marcos issues an urgent telegram calling for an intercontinental dance to create a rainbow. He also shares a letter from Durito that tells the story of "Forever Never." This communiqué marks the last appearance of Durito in the EZLN communiqués for a period of almost three years.

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December 8, 1996

URGENT TELEGRAM

For: National and International Civil Society

From: Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos

CCRI-CG of the EZLN

Madam:

*Salud*, greetings. Stop. Bow to you many times. Stop. Supreme government with amnesia. Stop. Forgotten agreements.<sup>1</sup>

Stop. Renewed excuses. Stop. Probable need for more Indian blood in order to refresh memory. Stop. Your presence is urgent. Stop. An intercontinental dance may serve to refresh memory. Stop. The grays hope to win. Stop. Rainbow needed urgently. Stop. If there is a dance I want one. Stop. Sigh. Stop. After you. Stop. Sigh. Stop. Hand in hand and hand on waist. Stop. Sigh. Stop. 1, 2, 3. Stop. Sigh. *Vale*. Stop. *Salud*. Stop. May the dance paint floor-to-ceiling. Stop and End.

The Sup, thinking telegraphically and naively, that the periods and hyphens mark a tune for dancing and a path for walking.

From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast

Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos

P.S. that announces the reappearance of a beetle remembered among so many forgotten agreements.

A letter from Durito arrived. He says he is returning in order to return the memory of the scoundrels who have come back for their jurisdictions. He says he may be a little late because Pegasus (his turtle, I mean, his mount) gets vertigo at high speeds (you know, those above 50 centimeters per hour), and because he has many gifts (among them a lock of hair which holds promise according to Durito). He also says someone should save him a dance, that with that “hand in hand and hand on waist” he has many hands left over and asks if he can put them (his hands, of course) where the sighs become stereophonic. He says other things, which morality and good behavior do not permit me to repeat if the stocks of the Lilliputian vendor are to keep their value (I mean what if we are sued).

Ah! He also adds a story whose text says:

## **The Story of the Forever Never**

Once there was a he who was all night. Shadow of shadows, solitary step, he walked many nights in order to find her. Once there was a she who was all day.

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1 On February 1, 1997, 10,000 Zapatistas marched through the streets of San Cristóbal demanding that the accords be respected. On March 4, COCOPA withdrew its constitutional reform proposal from legislative consideration.

Twinkle of wheat, pure dance, she walked many days in order to find him. They looked for each other much, he and she. The night pursued the day much. They both knew, he and she, of the search that could not be found. It seemed it would never happen, it seemed impossible, it seemed never, ever . . . . And then the dawn came, for him and her. Forever, never . . .

*Tan-tan.*

Durito's letter ended with this story. I, meanwhile, have already asked for sanctuary against being forgotten.

*Vale* made of nuts with nutmeg. *Salud*, and hope that the dawn will arrive soon and forever . . .

The *Sup* looking at a photo of Ché, which inexplicably, smiles. (Ché does, of course.)

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