

Chairs of Power and Butterflies of Rebellion

In this communiqué, Durito once again intrudes on his erstwhile companion as he struggles to fulfill his duties as spokesperson. Marcos had sent a communiqué to Angel Luis Lara, or “El Ruso,” on the occasion of the inauguration of an Aguascalientes in Madrid. Meanwhile, Durito has converted one of his antennae into a satellite modem in order to download web porn. After registering his complaints that the porn he accessed did not have any beetles, he dictates to Marcos a tale about chairs. The allegory our knight-errant shares with his faithful squire underscores the virtues of a patient rebellion.

In the communiqué to El Ruso, Marcos made critical statements regarding the political and cultural repression against the Basque people. Spanish Judge Baltazar Garzon dismissed Marcos’ critique, labeling his views on Euskadita Askatasuna (ETA) as uninformed support for terrorists, and challenged Marcos to unmask. In response, Marcos proposed a debate on the island of Lanzarote along with an *encuentro* titled “Give the Word a Chance,” to be organized and attended by all the parties involved in the political struggle of Euskal Herra. Over 57 academics, journalists and artists joined the discussion by organizing a Civil Forum for the Word on December 22, 2002, as part of the preparation for the larger *encuentro* scheduled for April 22, 2003. ETA chafed at the Zapatista intervention and recommendation that ETA declare a ceasefire as a prerequisite for their participation. In a follow-up exchange the Zapatistas reiterated their right to speak their word, underscoring that they are informed about conflicts outside of Chiapas.

October 12, 2002

ZAPATISTA ARMY OF NATIONAL LIBERATION. MEXICO

For: Angel Luis Lara, alias El Ruso

From: Sup Marcos

Ruso, my brother: First of all, a hug. Second, a piece of advice: I think you’d do well to change your pseudonym; the Chechnyans might confuse you and then, that’s right, goodbye Aguascalientes and goodbye to one of the best rockers of our day.

The date (October 12) on which I begin to write these lines is not accidental (nothing is accidental among the Zapatistas), nor is this absurd bridge which,

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today, I attempt to extend to where you are all working to prepare the inauguration of the Aguascalientes in Madrid.¹

I'm sure it will all go very well for you and that the absence of that imbecile Aznar (the only thing he's lacking, as his name indicates, is to actually bray) and that constipated little King Juan Carlos will go unnoticed, even in the magazine *¡Hola!*²

But tell all the men and women working with you in that heroic project that they should not be shy. A magazine called *Rebeldía* is about to come out (deported, surely), that will no doubt have a "society" page where you can insert a review that leaves the princess's wedding in the category of "children's parties."

Besides, the aforementioned magazine *Rebeldía* will surely be consistent with its principles and the first thing it will do is rebel against spelling rules, so don't invest too much in the advertising insert. By the way, if it includes photos it will be more expensive (unless it's porn) and the price, I am sorry to inform you, is not in euros but marks since they prefer a strong currency.

So no sniveling if royalty does not attend. Instead, I think, there will be plenty of men, women, children and elders, not just from the Iberian Peninsula, but from there above all else. If they are there, everything will be a success. But I should warn you that the police always come on the heels of success. Because the underdogs are just supposed to cry and resign themselves, as established in I-don't-know-what number proclamation that the crown emitted I-don't-know-when; and to the rhythm of the Civil Guard's clubs, everyone marches from their Aguascalientes to jail, or to the cemetery, which is the place that Spanish "democracy" has set aside for Iberian rebels.

I know well that those who attend the rebel party signified by an Aguascalientes will not be just from the Spanish state, but they will be the majority.

Transatlantic Canoes

We can't come, since we're planning to invade Europe shortly and as you can imagine, everyone here already has their baggage ready (well, if you can call two bundles of *tostadas*, a plate of rancid beans, two bottles of non-transgenic *pozol* and chile to taste "baggage"). However, nobody has a life preserver handy.

The best-prepared among us have packed some pills for seasickness and ask, innocently, if there will be "bathroom breaks."

But the worst is yet to come: it turns out I can't convince them that we're not going to get very far with *cayucos* (canoes made from hollowed tree trunks).

Of course we mustn't leave out the small detail that Chiapas does not have an Atlantic seaport and that, since we can't afford to pay the transit fee for the

1 Information on the Madrid Aguascalientes can be found at www.aguascalientesmadrid.org.

2 Marcos is making a reference to *asno*, which translates as burro or ass. José María Aznar took the reins of power from Felipe "Felipillo" González, of the Socialist party, when he was sworn in as President of Spain before King Juan Carlos I in 1996.

Panama Canal, we'll have to go all the way around the Pacific, by way of the Philippines, India and Africa, sailing north to the Canary Islands.

Because it would be in bad taste to arrive by land. We'd have to go through Mongolia, what's left of the USSR—where we'd have to be careful to say that we're on our way to see “The Russian” (El Ruso) and that they'll have to work it out—then Eastern Europe, passing through France to stock up on the “Chateau Neuf Du Pape, harvest of '69,” (I'm even making puns with wines), then head through Italy and stuff ourselves with pasta, and then cross the Pyrenees. We're not daunted by the long walk, but so much exertion is hard on the uniform.

The enthusiasm builds among the crew to-be-almost as much as the vomit. As a matter of fact, I see one *compa* puking and I ask him why he's throwing up if we haven't even embarked yet.³ “I'm in training,” he says to me with that inexorable logic that reigns in the mountains of the Mexican southeast.

Where was I? Oh yes! That we're not going to be able to go to the Aguascalientes inauguration because we're “in training,” for the expedition as the *compa* said.

Of course, you shouldn't tell anyone that we're going to invade the Iberian Peninsula (stopping first in Lanzarote,⁴ where we'll have a cup of coffee with Saramago and Pilar), because you know how the monarchy is, they get nervous so easily, and then go away on vacation with the princesses and the jesters (I'm referring to Felipillo González and Pepillo Aznar, who, as I said before, carries his penitence in his name).

Moreover, speaking badly of the monarchy could cost you. At the very least, they'll evict you from the premises, because of course you've gone and built the Aguascalientes in an “*okupás*” site, since the seat should pertain to people of dignity, and nobody doubts that there is more nobility in any *okupás* house than in El Escorial.⁵

Fuck! Now I've gone and messed with royalty again and I shouldn't, because when one messes with a garbage can one ends up smelling like shit, and you can't get rid of that odor, not even with those bottles of adulterated perfume they sell in El Corte Inglés.⁶

So, say yes to piracy but no to dispersion. Back to this monologue, which has the great advantage that you can't say a word, like when you are face to face with

3 In the original spanish, Marcos uses “*gomitando*” from *gomitar* rather than the more colloquial “*vomitando*” or *vomitár*. In this instance, as well as throughout the communiqué, Marcos is being very explicit in differentiating between Spanish as it is spoken in Spain, including the words, slang, inflection, and rhythms, and the Spanish spoken in Mexico generally and Chiapas in particular.

4 Lanzarote is one of the seven major Canary Islands located only 60 miles off the coast of Africa in the Atlantic Ocean.

5 *Okupás* refers to a squat. El Escorial is the palace and library built by Felipe II of Spain in the late 16th century.

6 El Corte Inglés is one of Spain's largest department stores. There is also one in Mexico City.

the meritorious Civil Guard who, if you permit me, is neither civil nor a guard. But everyone knows that the world of Power is full of incoherencies.

What? I'm off on another tangent? You're right, fuck, it's just that the mere perspective of missing the warmed-up Galician soup that you'll be ladling out because you don't have a cent left over for anything else, makes me, shall we say, restless.

Conquistadors and neoliberals

I was saying that the date of this letter is not accidental, that if I begin this document on the 12th of October to salute the Aguascalientes project, there's a reason.

In some sectors there is the erroneous idea that the situation of the indigenous peoples of Mexico is due to the Spanish conquest. And it's not that Hernando Cortez and the rest of those ruffians in armor and cassock who accompanied him were benevolent, but, compared to the current governing neoliberals, they are a bunch of charitable nuns.

From the men and women of dignified Spain we have only received words of fraternity, unconditional solidarity, attentive ears, and hands that help, that greet, that embrace.

So excuse me, Father Hidalgo, but the Zapatistas now cry: "Down with the neoliberals! Up with the *gachupines!*"⁷

I imagine somewhere around there is a Catalonian band that plays *ranchera* music badly, but at work no one beats their rhythm.⁸ And those from Galicia should come, and those from Asturias, from Cantabria, from Andalucía, from Murcia, from Extremadura, from Valencia, from Aragón, from La Rioja, from Castilla y León, from Castilla-La Mancha, from Navarra, from the Balearic Islands, from the Canary Islands and from Madrid.⁹ To all of them, a great hug from us, and there's enough for everyone. Because with so many brothers and sisters, and all of them so great, our arms have grown from the strength of the affection we have for them.

What? I've left out the Basque Country? No, I want to ask you to let me make a special mention of these brothers and sisters.

Well do I know that that grotesque clown who calls himself Judge Garzón, hand-holder of the Spanish political class—which is as ridiculous as the court, but without its discreet charm (how has the duchess been? Just fine, baron, I don't miss that jester Felipillo at all because Pepillo is just as funny. By the way,

7 Father Miguel Hidalgo led the 1810 rebellion that would eventually result in Mexican Independence. *Gachupines* is a derogatory term referring to Spaniards and is commonly used in Mexico. However, it is not often used to refer to those Spanish exiles who arrived during the Spanish Civil War in 1937.

8 Ranchera music emerged after the Mexican Revolution and reflects a nostalgia for rural life.

9 These are provinces in Spain.

you should zip up your fly, Baron, you don't want to catch a cold, which is the only thing you could catch in the court, etc.)—is carrying out real state terrorism that no honest man or woman could see without becoming indignant.

Yes, Garzón the clown has declared the political struggle of the Basque Country illegal.¹⁰ After making a fool of himself with that idiotic story about nabbing Pinochet (the only thing he did was give him a paid vacation), he shows his true fascist vocation by denying the Basque people the right to struggle politically for a legitimate cause.¹¹

And I don't say this just because. But here we have seen many Basque brothers and sisters. They were in the peace camps. They did not come to tell us what to do, nor did they teach us to make bombs or plan assaults.

Because here the only bombs are those of Chiapas, which, as opposed to those of the Yucatan, never rhyme.

And here comes Olivio to ask me if I will give him some of the chocolates with nuts that they gave me because, it is rumored, I am veery sick. And he recites a bomb of a poem for me.

“Okay,” I say to him, noticing that the chocolates are already moldy. And Olivio deepens his voice as he recites: “Bomb, bomb, on my patio there's an orange sapling, and your sister sure is cute.”

I'm not offended so much by the part about my sister, but rather by the lack of rhyme; nonetheless, I give Olivio the chocolates... but in the head, because I throw them at him while I chase him until I get tired, which is to say, a few steps.

What's more, here the only assaults are on good musical taste, like when I grab a guitar and intone, in my unmatched baritone voice, the one that goes, “Every time I get drunk, I swear something happens, I go straight to see you and I get the wrong hammock.”

Manu Chao is sure to give me a contract if he hears me.¹² Of course, as long as I don't have to pay for the two guitar strings that broke when, in a hand-to-hand combat with the insurgents I was singing that one about the schizophrenic cow. Or was it “Crazy Cow?” Well, if Manu is out that way, give him a hand and just tell him that we'll forgive him the strings when we see each other in the next station which, as everyone knows, is called “Hope.”

10 In the original, “clown” appears in English.

11 Baltasar Garzón received considerable public attention in 1997 for demanding the arrest of former Argentine military officers for the disappearances or deaths of over 300 Spanish citizens. He also demanded the arrest and extradition of Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet for similar murders of almost 100 Spanish citizens. In October 1998, Pinochet was arrested by Scotland Yard and threatened with extradition to Spain. A British court subsequently ordered his release.

12 Manu Chao, known for his fusion of different musical rhythms and explicit political lyrics, released his first solo album, *Clandestino*, in 1998, dedicating it to the Zapatistas. In 2000, Manu Chao performed for Zapatista communities in Chiapas. He now donates his royalties to the EZLN. Marcos is referring to “Esperanza,” a song contained in Manu Chao's second solo album, *Próxima esta ción*.

And if Manu doesn't give me a contract, then I'll go with Amparo's group. Even though it might have to change its name, and instead of "Amparanoia" she'll call it "Amparofobia," since my critics are globalizing as well.¹³

Anyway, to be terrorists, the main thing we're lacking is the calling, not the means.

But, okay, so brothers and sisters of the Basque Country have been here, and they have behaved with dignity, which is how Basques behave. And I don't know if Fermin Muguruza is there, but I remember that once he was here, and they asked him where was he from, and he said "Basque," and they asked again, "French Basque or Spanish Basque?" Fermín didn't even miss a beat when he answered, "Basque from the Basque Country."¹⁴

I was looking for something to say in Basque to send my regards to the brothers and sisters of that country, and I didn't find much, but I don't know if my dictionary is any good because I looked up the word 'dignity' in Basque, and the Zapatista dictionary says "Euskal Herria." Ask them if I am right, or if I should try again.

Finally, that which neither Garzón nor his epigones knows is that sometimes dignity changes into a puff fish, and woe be unto whoever tries to crush it.

Festival of rebellion

So I've said before that Aguascalientes should be a festival of rebellion, something which doesn't please any of the political parties.

"They are frauds," interrupted Durito.

"But wait Durito, I haven't even started talking about the Mexican political parties."

"I am not talking about those frauds, but rather about porn web pages."

"But Durito, we don't have Internet in the jungle."

"We don't have it? Sounds like the European Union. I have it. With some imagination and a little gum and duct tape I was able to convert one of my antennae into a powerful satellite modem."

"And could you let us know, postmodern knight-errant, why the porno web pages are a fraud?"

13 Amparo Sánchez, lead singer of Amparanoia, traveled to Chiapas towards the end of 2000 only to return to Mexico City as part of the March for Indigenous Dignity in March 2001. Upon returning to Spain's alternative music scene, she organized Sound System in order to raise funds for the Zapatistas. Marcos is suggesting the change of name as a play on the word for anti-globalization activists in Spanish, "globalifóbicos" or "globofóbicos."

14 Fermin Muguruza has been the lead vocalist for the bands "Negu Gorriak," "Kortatu," and "Dut," dominating the Basque music scene by incorporating Basque folk music with the intense rage of punk and the fresh riddims of Dub, Hip Hop, Drum'n Bass, Reggae, and Ska, punctuated with lyrics always sung in Euskadi, the language of the Basque country.

“Well, because there’s not a single beetle, not even beetles with those little ‘G-string’ panties, or whatever they call them, much less naked beetles.”

“Panties?”

“Of course! Fuck! Aren’t you writing to Spanish purists?” asks Durito as he adjusts his beret.

“Panties?” I repeat, trying to avoid the unavoidable, which is Durito horning in on what I’m writing, a task for which he has more than enough hands and impertinence.

“Let’s see, hmmm, hmmm,” murmured Durito as he climbs up on my shoulder.

“Russian? Are you writing to Putin? I wouldn’t recommend it, he might throw one of those gasses at you, that are even worse than the ones that you let loose when you eat too many beans.

I protest: “Look, Durito, let’s not start revealing intimacies, because I have a letter here that the Pentagon sent asking for your formula for the development of ultratoxic gases.”

“Ah, but I turned them down. Because my gas, like my love, can neither be bought nor sold, but is something I give freely, without concern for whether the recipients deserve it or not,” says Durito with an Andalusian accent, which you really have to work hard at to get right.

After a pause, he adds: “And what is your theme for today, kiddo?”

“Nothing, *tío*, except rebellion and an Aguascalientes that they are going to open in Madrid,” I answer, infected by the flamenco beat spreading through the air.¹⁵

“Madrid? Which Madrid? The Madrid of Aznar and the Meretorious? Or the irreverent Madrid?”

“The irreverent one, of course. Although it wouldn’t surprise me if Aznar wanted to stick his hooves in.”¹⁶

“Magnificent!” Durito applauds, and dances in a way that might bring García Lorca back to life to compose his unknown and unpublished “Ode to the Epileptic Beetle.”

When he finishes his dance, Durito delivers his orders: “Write! I’m going to dictate my speech to you.”

“But Durito, you are not on the program. Come on, you haven’t even been invited.”

“I know, the Russians don’t like me. But I don’t care. Come on, write! The title is ‘Rebellion and Chairs.’”

15 *Tío* is a common slang term spoken in Spain meaning dude or guy. Marcos has captured the rhythm of the Spanish spoken on the Peninsula in the original text.

16 The more colloquial translation would be the English expression “stick his nose in,” but this literal translation underscores Marcos repeated references to Aznar as a braying ass.

“‘Chairs?’ Durito, I hope you’re not going to come up with another one of your...”

“Quiet! The idea comes from a little piece that Saramago and I wrote toward the end of the last century called ‘Chair.’”

“Saramago? You mean the writer José Saramago?” I ask perplexed.

“Of course! Is there another one? Well, so what happened was, we drank so much that day that we ended up falling off the reiterated chair, and from the floor, I tell him, with all the lucidity and perspective of those on the bottom, ‘Pepe, that little wine kicks worse than that mule Aznar—and he didn’t say anything because he was looking for his eyeglasses.’”

“I told him, something is coming to me, hurry José, ideas are like kidney beans and sausage. If you’re not careful, someone else comes by and eats them.

“Saramago finally found his eyeglasses, and then together we gave shape to that story, in the late eighties, if I’m not mistaken. Of course it is credited in his name only; we beetles struggle quite a bit with authorship rights.”

I want to curtail Durito’s anecdotes, and I urge him: “OK, I’ve got the title, now what?”

Chairs

Well, it’s about how the attitude human beings have about chairs defines them politically. The Revolutionary (like that, with capital R) scorns ordinary chairs and says to others and himself: “I don’t have time to sit down, the heavy mission commended to me by History (like that, with capital H) prevents me from distracting myself with nonsense.” He goes through life like this until he runs into the chair of Power. He throws off whomever is sitting on the chair with one shot, sits down and frowns, as if he were constipated, and says to others and himself: “History (like that, with capital H) has been fulfilled. Everything, absolutely everything, makes sense now. I am sitting on the Chair (like that, with capital C) and I am the culmination of the times.” There he remains until another Revolutionary (like that, with capital R) comes by, throws him off and history (like that, with small h) repeats itself.

The rebel (like that, with small r), on the other hand, when he sees an ordinary chair, analyzes it carefully, then goes and puts another chair next to it, and another and another, and soon, it looks like a gathering because more rebels (like that, with small r) have come, and then the coffee, tobacco and the word begin to circulate and mix, and then, precisely when everyone starts to feel comfortable, they get antsy, as if they had ants in their pants, and they don’t know if it’s from the coffee or the tobacco or the word, but everyone gets up and keeps on going the way they were going. And so on until they find another ordinary chair and history repeats itself.

There is only one variation, when the rebel runs into the Seat of Power (like that, with capital S, capital P), looks at it carefully, analyzes it, but instead of sitting there he goes and gets a fingernail file and, with heroic patience, he begins sawing at the legs until they are so fragile that they break when someone sits down, which happens almost immediately. *Tan-tan.*

“*Tan-tan?* But Durito...”

“No, no, never mind. I already know it’s too dry and theory should be velvety, but my style is metatheory. Maybe I’ll be accused of being an anarchist, but my speech is worth something as a humble homage to the Spanish anarchists of old. They are quiet heroes, and they don’t shine less for it.”

Durito leaves, though I’m sure he’d rather come.

OK, enough with the puns. What was I saying when that armor-plated impertinence interrupted me?

Ah! I was saying how Aguascalientes is a festival of rebellion.

And so, my dear Chechnyan, what is rebellion?

It could be enough for you to just take a look around at all the men and women who lent a hand in building that Aguascalientes, and at those who will attend its inauguration (not the closing assembly, because that will surely be done by the police) for you to get a definition, but since this is a letter, I should try to do it with words which, no matter how eloquent they might be, will never be as decisive as gazes.

And so it was, while looking for some text that might work, that I found a book that Javier Elorriaga lent me.¹⁷

The little book is called *New Ethiopia*, and it’s by a Basque poet named Bernardo Atxaga.¹⁸ In it there is a poem called “Butterfly Reggae,” that talks about butterflies who fly out over the sea and have no place to rest because the sea has no islands or rocks.

Well, I hope don Bernardo will forgive me if the synthesis is not as graceful as his reggae, but it helps me say what I want to you:

Butterflies

Rebellion is like the butterfly who flies out towards that sea without islands nor rocks.

It knows that there will be no resting place, and yet it does not waver in its flight.

And no, neither the butterfly nor rebellion are foolish or suicidal; the thing is, they know that they’ll have a resting place, that out there is a huge old island no satellite has ever detected.

And that big island is a sister rebellion which will set out just when the butterfly, that is, the flying rebellion, starts to falter.

Then the flying rebellion, that is, the sea butterfly, will become part of that emergent island, and will be the landing point for another butterfly already beginning its determined flight towards the sea.

¹⁷ Javier Elorriaga has served as a spokesperson for the FZLN and editorial advisor for *Rebeldía Magazine*. See also note in *The Cave of Desire*.

¹⁸ A prominent Basque author, Bernardo Atxaga has published over 20 children’s books. His collection of short fiction *Obabakoak* won considerable acclaim, including Spain’s National Literature Award. His poetry has captured the attention of a number of musicians who have set his verse to music.

This would be no more than a mere curiosity in biology books, but as I-don't-know-who said, the flutter of a butterfly wing is often the origin of the greatest hurricanes.

With its flight, the flying rebellion, that is, the butterfly, is saying NO!

No to logic.

No to prudence.

No to immobility.

No to conformism.

And nothing, absolutely nothing, will be as wonderful as seeing the audacity of that flight, appreciating the challenge it represents, feeling how it starts to agitate the wind and seeing how, with those drafts, it is not the leaves of the trees that tremble, but the legs of the powerful who until then naively thought that butterflies died if they flew out over the sea.

Yes, my appreciable Muskovite, it is well known that butterflies, like rebellion, are contagious.

And there are butterflies, like rebellions, of all colors.

There are blue ones, who paint themselves that color so that the sky and the sea fight over them.

And there are yellow ones, so that the sun embraces them.

There are red ones, painted that way by rebel blood.

There are brown ones, who thus take the color of the earth with them over the waves.

There are green ones, which is how hope tends to paint itself.

And all are skin, skin which shines no matter the color it is painted.

And there are flights of all colors.

And there are times that butterflies from all over gather, and then there is a rainbow.

And the task of butterflies, as any respectable encyclopedia will tell you, is to bring the rainbow down closer so children can learn how to fly.

Speaking of butterflies and rebellions, it occurs to me that, when you are all in the circus, or in the trial, facing that clown Garzón, and you are asked what you were doing in Aguascalientes, you can answer: flying.

Even though they send you flying, deported to Chechnya, the laughter will be heard all the way to the mountains of the Mexican Southeast.

And a laugh, my brother, is as welcome as music.

And speaking of music, as far as I know, the dance of the crab has become fashionable in the governments of Mexico, Spain, Italy and France and consists, in broad strokes, of moving the hips and the arms counterclockwise.

And now that we're on hands of the clock, if you see Manuel Vázquez Montalbán, give him a firm handshake from us.

Tell him I've already learned that Fox asked him if he knew why Marcos and the Zapatistas were so silent, and he answered, "They're not silent; the problem is

that you do not listen.”

By the way, tell him that *butifarra* sausages are not like diamonds, in other words, not eternal, and the ones he sent were finished long ago, and that if he doesn't come up with, say with about five kilos, we are going to take him and Pepe Carvalho as hostages.¹⁹

No, actually, better not. Because they'll mistake us for terrorists and Bush, hand in hand with the UN, will throw another “humanitarian” war on us. Maybe he should send the *butifarras*, and in exchange I'll send him the recipe for Marcos' Special which, for good reason, His Majesty's chef (ha!) has asked me for to no avail.

OK, I'm signing off now. Don't hesitate to let me know what jail they put you in. I mean, for when we're out that way.

No, don't even think that it will be to set you free, but so we can make sure that you're well locked up, because all of you are totally crazy. Imagine, wanting to inaugurate an Aguascalientes in Madrid. Next you'll be wanting to create an autonomous municipality in prison.

Oh, and we won't be able to send you cigarettes. But *tostadas* and *pozol* we can do, which are as dignified as you are.

Vale. Salud, and if it's about reigning, then let rebellion reign.

From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast
Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos

P.S. Eva asks whether in the Spanish State (that's how she said it, seriously) they have VCRs because she wants to take her collection of Pedro Infante movies. I told her that you have a different system over there. She asked me: “What do you mean they have a different system? You mean they don't have a neoliberal government there?” I didn't answer her, but now I say to her: “Comandanta Eva, what else could there be?”

Another P.S.

Don't think that I don't know that rebels from Italy, France, Greece, Switzerland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, England, Ireland, Portugal, Belgium, Holland and etc. are also going to be there at the Aguascalientes. Say hello to all of them, and tell them that, if they don't behave we're going. . . to invade them too. We are going to globalize moldy *tostadas* and rancid *pozol*. And then we'll see how the number of globophobes increases geometrically.

Vale again.

¹⁹ See note in “Hour of the Little Ones”

The Sup in training for the crossing, that is, puking the moldy chocolates with nuts that El Olivio left on the ground.

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