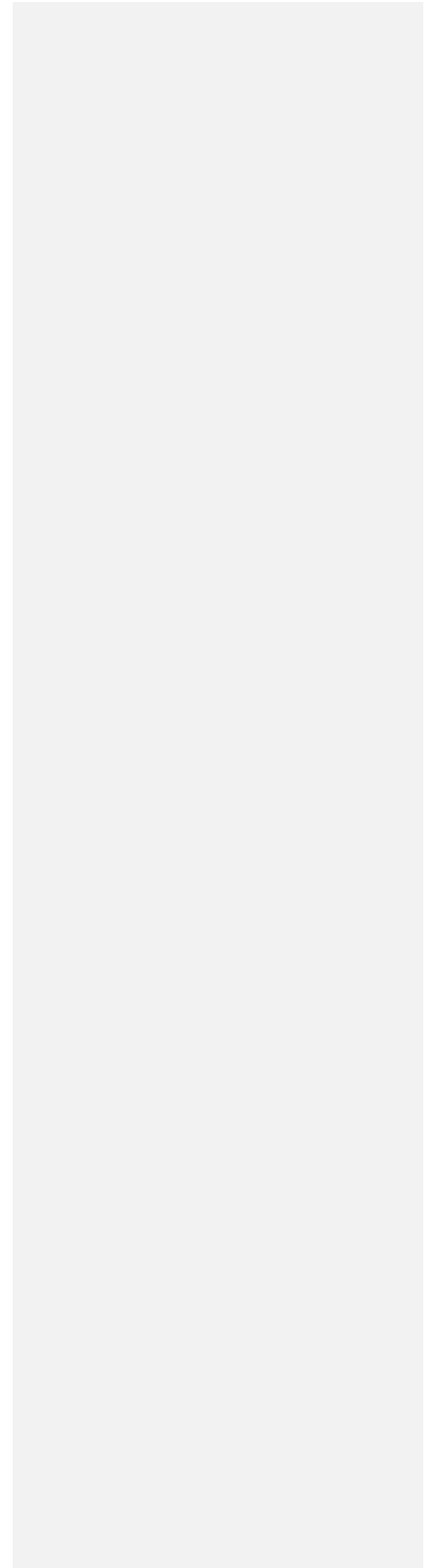


The Dreams of G. Alan Sharp:

a brief history by JKB

4/14/98



Prologue:

In the evening on December 27, Alan Sharp, a prominent and brilliant Midwestern banker, died suddenly while sitting at his desk, of a ruptured cerebral aneurysm. He was only 49 years of age. Three days later, the President of the United States surprised some observers with a Sunday public memorial at the White House Rose Gardens extolling the contributions of Mr. Sharp to the United States. Actually, what the President said before a worldwide T.V. audience, was noteworthy:

We are here to pay tribute to the memory of a great American. In the dark, closing hours of the twentieth century when the free-world economic system was on the ropes, on the brink of a total catastrophe; when major world stock exchanges in Japan, Europe and the United States, had to close down to prevent the collapse of the capitalist market, G.Adam Sharp brought forth a vision, the energy and the leadership to unite the world banking system with a new anti-speculation project that has stabilized the market system for the foreseeable future. In his inimitable humble manner, Sharp insisted that the governments of the great powers, the press, and the international financial community emphasize the role of the G7 in this solution, and downplay his own personal responsibility. As was usually the case with G. Adam Sharp, he got his way, and though he was mentioned in the press reports, and interviewed several times, his personal role in bringing together the financial leadership, and gaining their accession to an international, supra-governmental financial control apparatus (known as the International Financial Control Agency with disciplinary powers over the G7 institutions) was never disclosed. With his passing, we have to recognize for posterity the debt that this world, that Freedom, that all of us owe to this great and selfless American. Adam rose from a humble family and dedicated his life to the world community. He was a friend of this President and of most of the world's great leaders, and he served us all selflessly.

And with these words, the President presented the Medal of Freedom to the living mother of

Alan Sharp. This absurd setting--what surreality--provides a location, but now to a beginning. And I'll return to myself later.

II - Adam=s Dream (from the Adam Sharp diary)

My name is Alan Sharp, but my friends call me Adam. They gave me that name when I was thirteen, because I was the first of us to get laid. There was a police story on t.v. called "Adam 13" then, that was in New York. I don=t know why, but the name stuck. Before that, everyone called me "Al." When the guys had a reunion thirteen years later, I flew back to the Bronx (planes don=t actually land in the Bronx, but you know what I mean.) I was the only one with big money. When Slow Jim heard I had a million, he told everyone to call me "Adam 1," so there=d be room for all of them to become Adams. Slow Jim is dead. He fell off a building scaffolding. The boss said he was drunk, but I doubt it; he wasn't a drinker..

Even though I finished high school, I've never had much reason or chance to write things down. But this morning I woke up with a dream that=s remained clear in my mind. It bothered me a little, so I decided to put it on paper. Partly to look at it, and to think about what it means. Maybe someone will read it later when I=m dead and gone. I always liked having audiences.

I=ll start by giving you more background. I=m here in Chiapas, Mexico, in this quiet town called San Cristobal de las Casas. It=s in a sizeable round valley, up high in the mountains. They call this the Highlands of Chiapas. It=s a pretty big town by rural standards, locals might call it a city, but we wouldn=t. Of course, there=s an Indian peasant rebellion near here that most everybody=s heard of now, and the locals are always celebrating something with skyrockets and other exploding fireworks (everyday), but it=s peaceful here. You don=t feel any tension, not to notice, unless, I suppose, you look for it.

I have an aunt here, Isabel. I=m staying at her and her husband=s place for a few days. She=s my mother=s half sister. Half sister because my grandfather was an Irish Joe who liked tender Latin women. My grandma Carlina, was sixteen j.o.b., one of the early Puerto Rican

immigrants, when she met him at one of those silent movie houses in Manhattan. She was with her older sister, and he had to move over to let them both have the seats together, or so the story goes. He married her lickety split. Her family wasn't so sure about him; he didn't speak a word of Spanish then, but he was persistent. He had a regular job (as a carpenter), dressed clean, was Catholic, had a calm way about him for an Irishman. In the end, I guess, money and security meant a lot to struggling newcomers.

Well I won't go into details, but five kids and sixteen years later Grandpa Jim got the *wander lust*, and headed for California. The Enriquez' were doing o.k. They'd bought a farm, and the depression hadn't hit yet, so any guilty pangs he might have had were put aside. I know Jim set carpentry aside then, and worked on some dangerous construction projects around San Francisco, but little more than that.

Somehow, he headed South and spent a year or so in this mountainous place, with rain forest jungles to the East, and hot fertile valley to the West. And this is where he met Isabel's mom, Augustina. It must have been the same scene a second time. By then he knew Spanish real good. She was from a small village nearby, and only spoke a few words. How he broke through native mistrust and cultural differences would be beyond me. But sometimes these things happen. He had a way of working hard, and he was calm and soft spoken in his persistence. They actually got married in the church dedicated to St. Augustine here (there are a hundred or more beautiful churches in this town, almost as if the Catholic hierarchy decided that Indian resistance to the ritual dogma could only be overcome by multiplying edifices for more and more "edification". Or maybe the indigenous people had their own other reasons for lots of churches.) Of course, Jim was still married to Grandma Carlina but no one knew it and Augustina was from a family of no importance to this town. One *parto* and a second *embarasada* later, he turned up at the Enriquez family farm in New Jersey, and somehow talked his way back into the family again. That was Grandpa Jim. By now the depression had hit, and they were struggling to survive (eventually they lost that farm to the bank,) so they probably needed Jim's labor.

Well anyway, I'm white, Irish/English, American, and a little Puerto Rican that nobody notices. And here's Aunt Isabel, the Mexicanized second daughter of a Zinacantecan Indian, and only eight years older than me at fifty-three. Pretty wild. Like I said, I was a millionaire at 26, and don't think I haven't made enough since. But family is something to keep up. I'd rather stay with Aunt Isabel at their simple house on the street, 28th of August, than in some *gringo* ridden hotel, out of touch with the world here. I help out Isabel and Hector with a few dollars, but not so much as they'd feel bad or ask as to how I have money. To them, I'm a business man who trades in clothes and other goods between Central America and Mexico, which is mostly true. I bring them a few nice things I pick up in Guatemala or Honduras for their house. They don't ask too many questions though; they are very respectful. I try to be, too.

There is another truth to the matter of my staying with them. Here I am not bothered. In their house, I belong here. They help me know how to be here, get around, become part of the local scene. It's invaluable and enjoyable, too.

When I awoke this morning, I'd slept heavy and deep. I usually don't remember dreams, I don't have time, and I'm not superstitious (by the way, Aunt Isabel looks Indian, short, with a round, broad, dark pretty face, with high cheek bones and shining eyes, and she still carries a lot of Indian superstitions handed down from her mother. I like to hear her stories, the way we as kids loved the giant killer fairy tales. You don't believe them exactly, but still they're amazing.) So this dream was a big surprise. My dad, Bob, dead 20 years, came to me, or I to him, he didn't much look like himself. Besides that he had swollen lips his face and body were shriveled up and small. Dad used to stand 6'1" tall, 220 pounds. But it was him for sure. His facial features, his voice and all. He looked about 75 or 80, and the most amazing thing is that he was an Indian. There wasn't any doubt about that, it was his face - but it was an Indian face, dark and weathered. I was brought into a furnished room, where he sat peaceful, quiet. I stood before him, and he knew me. He knew that I believed that I had screwed up, yet he didn't appear judgmental or angry, I could just feel that he knew something of what I had to tell. Like the father in a confessional, he needed to hear me, to

help me understand.

How are you? What do you say? These were his only words. When I was young my father was a forceful figure, big and looming; not without sympathy but certainly far from peaceful. To most, he was quiet but he had his Irish temper, and didn't breach lying or deceit, especially not from his own kids. You didn't need to be hit to get scared when he was angry. If you did something wrong you would feel his wrath if not the belt. This old man was different, but I had to tell him the truth, there was no getting around that. And so I told him what I had done with my life and what I was into now.

But let me stop for a minute. Maybe in my hopes of being a dramatic writer I've suggested the impression that I'm some kind of a drug runner or an arms dealer or some such character without a conscience, without compunctions about how he makes his living. Though I'm not proud of everything I've done in life, who is? I wouldn't get involved in anything like that where the results are dead and ruined lives. In fact, when it comes to things like this rebellion here, it's pretty clear to me where I stand: I don't favor governments stepping all over common people just so. Even if nobody can see my Puerto Rican blood, I know what it's like for those people in New York and New Jersey. They don't get the shots some of us did and most of them just stay down because of it. Which isn't to say that Slow Jim or most of my other friends got any clear shots at the hoop either. But I did.

For me, it all had to do with making the right connections. I'm no slouch at that. Maybe I got it from Grandpa Jim in my genes; but I know how and when to make the right moves. It's timing. I don't feel guilty that I got up and out.

So in my dream I was this young kid talking to my old man. But he was old old--you know 25 years older than when he actually dropped dead one day at 55--and there were things I said I wasn't proud of: about how I found out big government contracts and bet the market, about fixes in sports, about futures and international commerce and transport; and later knowing what the IMF was going to force this or that government to do to renegotiate loans before it was public. And being able to move goods so fast as to get in and out of this or that before the news even hit the papers.

And now I've basically specialized in Central American and Mexican transport for large multinational concerns. While I'm hunting around for good contracts (and I negotiate all my own contracts) I pick up whatever I can on the black market as long as its not international contraband. As a middleman I don't even own my own ships or planes. I don't need to be a W.R. Grace and Co. or like the CIA with their small private airlines. With economy of scale and heavy competition I get the best rates in the world from the big carriers. And with a staff of only 14 people, offices on both U.S. coasts and Mexico City I can be cheap for the importers and still come off with a million in profit every year.

Do you think I'm greedy? When I see clear to a million, that's my work for the year. I go on vacation and I give my staff a couple of months off with pay too, just keep enough people in the office to handle contingencies. One of the reasons the big importers like me is I'm discreet. You can imagine everything coming and going isn't always according to hoyle, but we make sure it is. Didn't the President say he wants all the markets open? It's not a big problem, since Congress passed the NAFTA and with computers and all, but still I offer insurance. That is, the contracts are all guaranteed, insured. We pay any extra costs. I've got government connections to insure that there's a way around any contingencies.

Now maybe you're wondering what's the big deal. Isn't this is everyday life? I'm wondering the same thing (about the dream) which is why I'm writing this. Like I said, no contraband, and though I recognize that, internationally, money and goods go mainly one way to the rich countries, with the worsening of conditions for the people like these Indians here, I'm not directly involved. I only ship goods. And I pay good salaries to everyone I employ.

(On the other hand, and before you start thinking I must be nuts to put in writing that we bend some laws and use connections I want to set that straight, too. That's the way all business is done. Besides, this piece of paper isn't going anywhere except in a safe for now. And I don't say anything I do is strictly illegal. I never fixed a sporting game or anything; I just keep my eyes up and my ears to the ground. Finding loopholes is what the system is all about. I told you, I've just got good timing. If they close some loopholes it's just a challenge to find others).

When I told all this to my father in the dream he sat patiently for a long time. Then he looked up at me and in a way that was most compelling he said: "you have time now. Take some time and go to the mountains here, the peaks and ridges, and fertile valleys. Just take your time and you will be ok. I can see it. And why have you never married?"

That's when I awoke. I've never remembered a dream as vividly although the environment was just empty space in one room; it wasn't much of an action thriller. But I hadn't seen (or dreamed of) my dead father for 20 years and every detail of his face, his expression, his voice, his movement was strikingly apparent. So I've written it down in a way I hope a reader might understand. And now I have to decide whether I'm fool enough to believe in dreams and myths. I'll say this much. If I decide to go it won't be because it was actually my father talking (like I said I'm not superstitious, and I don't believe in ghosts or afterlives) but because I know a part of me made that dream and feels unsettled. And maybe I'm hopeful there's something worth exploring. It's true, I like women, but I've never married.

III- Oventic

Looking down the valleys and ridges to the Northeast from about 6,000 feet in the middle range of the Sierra de Chiapas (los Altos) Mexico, the village of Oventic begins to lighten at 5 a.m.. 5 a.m. is my rising time. The steep ravines and small valleys are highly populated by mostly indigenous villages ranging from 10 families to a hundred or more. Despite the rugged terrain these villages sometimes are so proximate as to appear to run into each other. The land is not rich and fertile, but full of damp clay. And it is a wonder the people can yet find enough land to farm as the population swell gives the feeling of a suburbia; but a suburbia where we see a centuries old style of life and subsistence.

My wife and I have been situated here now for the past 62 days. What you have been reading heretofore (Adam's Diary) without an introduction is a verbatim transcription from a notebook--the small black soft bound composition type of notebook that children used to take to primary school some decades ago--which has come into our possession. How we came upon this

notebook and why I have decided to publish it is, I believe, a story worthy of the telling, if I may be so bold to say it.

Although I am an anthropologist by training, this book falls largely outside of my professional expertise and purposes. Beyond "anthropologist", to my friends I call myself a "blasphemous catechist by inclination" (of some relevance to my tale). Which is to say, I was brought up in Britain of (somewhat akin to Sharp) Irish/English decent (being Catholic among a non-Catholic majority) and I do believe in the goodness of man and of God. I do not believe in original sin, Hell, or the Pope's divine inclinations, yet I attend mass weekly and attempt to confess and atone for my sins. If my God should be displeased with me, I do my best to make things right. But if my Church should be displeased with me, well then so be it.

Many in the Church believe as I do, but few say so. To put it shortly, I am a follower and supporter of those orders and novitiates who mostly operate under the grand title of "liberation theology". While my Jesuit, Franciscan, and lay brothers practicing in lonely jungles everywhere, including Chiapas and Chicago, must be necessarily circumspect regarding their disrespect for the Church's holy hierarchy, and conservative history, I have no such requirement. Thus my forthrightness. I have yet to be excommunicated or persecuted for my barbs but one never knows what the future may hold.

That said, I am here with my wife, Joanna, also an anthropologist, on grants we wrote to the U.S. National Science Foundation and the National Geographic Society to better understand the contemporary Mayan cultures. Not a small part of our interest derives from the recent history of Chiapas, say 150 years, culminating in the peasant revolt of 1994 known as the Zapatista uprising. (And while I am at this I would highly recommend to you the book of a colleague, George Collier, called *Basta* for that 150 year background).

Though good fortune and the Mexican and U.S. Governments' intent to treat the situation here as requiring a military solution (using the updated but no less filthy counterinsurgency stratagem they've given the name "low intensity warfare") we have been provided the opportunity to become confidants, direct observers and descriptors of the complex culture developing in Chiapas

from the roots of the Maya and under the leadership of the Frente Zapatista Liberacion Nacional (FZLN).

Joanna and I, natives of the last century's greatest empire (Great Britain) currently residents of this century's, are both faculty at that outstanding University in California which houses what I euphemistically refer to as the greatest anthropologic institute for the study and documentation of Communism: the Hoover Institution. Of course there is a growing number on our faculty who, with State Communism an all but forgotten experiment, would like to dislocate the Institute much as the student movement required the University's pragmatic Board of Trustees to remove chemical, biological and tactical warfare contracts with the Stanford Research Institute from the collegial environs in 1969. Oh yes, I refer to Stanford University, but I am digressing.

Unencumbered by the academic straightjacket, its prescribed formulations of journalistic presentation, I can not resist my tendentious garrulousness. I am by nature ebullient though some might suggest effluent. But I would return to Chiapas before you leave off the story entirely.

Three months after the previously unheralded Zapatista Army (EZLN) launched its stunning January 1, 1994 attack and capture of 11 major towns in this state, the Mexican government agreed to a truce and a dialogue to consider peasant and Indigenous concerns. Shortly thereafter, our Catholic Bishop, Samuel Ruiz of San Cristobal de las Casas, a champion of the poor and the Indigenous--usually synonymous here--appointed as mediator by both sides, formed the CONAI, a coalition to help strengthen the mediation and to prevent the renewal of warfare. Still, in February 1995, the Government violated its own truce and organized a military invasion of contested areas leading to the displacement of thousands of peasants from their homes. A month later with his troops in place throughout the jungles and mountains President Zedillo asked for new negotiations at San Andres, Larainzar and the Zapatistas agreed, hoping to break through Government intransigence. Indeed they were somewhat, if temporarily successful. Much later agreements were signed in San Andres recognizing the rights of Indigenous people and the army agreed to stop invading villages. This then allowed Samuel Ruiz to develop the Campamento movement under the Independent Center for Human Rights, Fre. Bartolome of the Bishopric. A growing number of

independent observers from various countries including Mexico have been stationed near or in villages intimidated by continuing military incursions. The role of these campamentistas is vigilance and documentation to the CONAI of infractions of the agreements and truce. Since the EZLN has not been involved in military actions, these observers are there to protect the villages from the National Army and its various vigilante surrogates.

And so it was that Joanna and I learned of the opportunity to work with CONAI and not only live in an Indian village, but to learn more about the relationship between the Mayan heritage, the resistance to and independence from encroachment, the Mexican peasant struggle for land and the Mexican political economic crisis born of economic globalization and neoliberalism.

Reader, do not fret; whatever appearances may be, do not fear that you have been drawn into reading a political treatise. As the Mexicans say of their racial heritage, I'm a "mestizo" when it comes to my being here--socio-political anthropologist on the academic front is not the *raison d'etre* of my tale. It is, I think you will soon agree, a far more thrilling subject than that.

IV-Bertram

When Joanna and I arrive by air at Tuxla Gutierrez, the capital of Chiapas state, the weather was bothersome--hot and humid. The friendly Mexican cabby told us not to worry, this was the cool time of the year, it being January, but that we would ascend rapidly into the mountains and within 20 minutes, indeed, the temperature had fallen 20 degrees F or 10 degrees Celsius--as is your preference. From that time on we suffered in cold fog and rain for 18 of the next 26 days, more reminiscent of old London than I would like to have recalled. Of course, the terrain, the foliage, the sounds, the animal life and such were so different as to only even barely resemble California except on the superficial level of mountains, ravines and some plant life--let alone London.

What Joanna had said to me of this is worthy of report: that though the mountainous place feels rugged and untamed and absent of any "civilized" urban existence and accoutrements, yet there are people everywhere and sufficient though terribly winding macadam roads have been constructed around every mountain pass and village. The steep hillsides literally bristle with people everywhere working milpas (corn fields), cutting wood, living with and yet also scarring the earth. It made me

wonder how on earth the vast Mayan populations of 800, 1300, and more years ago had lived here without the ecologic devastation that is now setting in.

Perhaps I have been rude by not providing some biographical data on Joanna (or myself for that matter). I would prefer you thought me rude than be bored to tears. But nevertheless, Joanna is a graduate of the University of California of the 60s. Engaged she was, at the time of the Peoples Park riot to a lanky basketball player who promptly, and to her benefit more than his, dropped her after she was arrested in a demonstration. Lucky for me she returned to England and dragged me out of my laconic state back to the U.S. to join together our anthropologic tastes and several other capabilities in holy matrimony. We had become friends, attending classes and studying together at an experimental co-educational public school outside of London. (A "public school" in England would mean a fancy private school in the U.S.--meaning both of our families had bank accounts). That was 20 odd years ago and now we are happily engaged in our work together here at this village called Oventic.

Oventic is, in fact, more than a village of 35 families, being one of five communal settings, others are in the jungle to the south and west, which the Zapatistas constructed--beautiful cultural centers, with ball courts, meeting grounds, dance floors, clinics, schools, dormitories, in short all year round camps, for the enlightenment and development of their culture. Two days ago there was a festival here which drew hundreds from surrounding villages to an all day basketball tournament and a dance into the wee hours. Cohetes--skyrocket fireworks--seen throughout Chiapas, blasted into the sky day and night.

The day we arrived at Oventic was so foggy one could not see the mountain roads beyond the immediate sharp curves being traversed. We slogged through the mud up a hillside to a 13x20 foot cabin with dirt floor and slightly raised pallets for sleeping. There is a tarpaper peaked roof covering bamboo; the main poles are sturdy logs. The walls, I would say, are 1x12 pine, some well meshed and others leaving large gaps covered over with tar paper strips or clear plastic sheeting to reduce the draft. The eaves however are open, perhaps a foot gap at the juncture of the roof and frame, so there is no keeping the climate out, nor the critters. Luckily the only rodents we have seen

are in the rabbit farm, though technically speaking, Joanna tells me, rabbits are not rodents.

Well that first night we were brought down into the cultural center by our guide, German--called a "responsable"--in these wet conditions; He stood with us in the rain as we waited uncertain in the darkness. What we were waiting for, as it happens, was to be greeted by two Zapatista comandantes, Moises and Isaac, who had already heard that we were, besides campamentistas wanting to help keep the peace, students of the Maya hoping to reflect on their work by preparing texts for public and international venues. Their awareness and breath of view in this was quite remarkable and Moises, his warm brown eyes and voice glowing together, presented this prescription for us: that we be both vigilant and patient. And so we were.

On the 9th evening of our stay, when people of the community were beginning to feel comfortable and safe in our presence and we in theirs, we were visited by a Comandante Arnulfo who asked if we were up for a trip down into the Lacondon jungle to meet with friends who were interested in helping with our work. Our enthusiastic agreement was only slightly tempered by the footnote that we might be walking for the better part of 6 days--or nights--in the rugged and variable terrain between here and there. Though there are roads traversing much of the area and there was no official military engagement currently occurring, we discreetly did not seek explanation; but later we learned of its (the trek's) importance to us. What matter, we are both experienced and joyful trekkers.

Cut to the chase, you may be thinking. Am I right? But there is no chase here. This is not Star Wars. Yet, 3 days later we arrived at a small village named Zapata--we actually passed through 8 such villages named Zapota, 2 named Zapotal, 2 named Emiliano and 3 named Venustiano Caranza on this journey, in addition to several score with Tzeltal, Tzotzil and other Mayan language names. Meeting with the equivalent of the mayor of this 82 family village we were greeted in the usual respectful, but at first diffident way. The presence of our Zapatista guides attracted fanfare and celebration in most of these villages and seemed in a short time to ameliorate the natural suspicion of the Maya toward our outsider status.

How shall I describe the change in climate and terrain one experiences in traversing, on foot,

passing from high mountains with pine forests but also thick brush and bromelias to the low jungle, in many places denuded of its thick third canopy, now replaced by green fields of long grasses. In the high mountains still the humidity was constant and moderate and, as I noted, heavy fog and driving rains might sweep in from a blue sky in a few short minutes. Passing lower, everywhere erosion of the earth calls attention and the thin poor ground of the Selva beginning to look like the desert sand wherever it has been deforested; yet there is a deceptive green beauty everywhere because the rains keep the grasses so green and the brush so thick where.

On the night that we arrived at this particular village--Zapata--in this meeting with the mayor, Pedro Barranca, we were unexpectedly presented with the notebook--actually a diary--of a single American who had, one day, out of the blue, appeared at the village. He would have had to have crossed more than 30 miles on foot to the nearest road in summer heat and rainforest rains, with no camping equipment and little more than a pancho and a small ration of food. He reportedly spoke fluent Spanish as did some of the village leaders and a few youngsters who had been to school in Ocosingo. He related to them the dream that you have already been made aware of and asked only permission to remain in the village for a period of time. Despite the strangeness of his appearance, his request was granted and after that he asked little of the villagers, building a shack and quickly learning their language and lifestyles--a difficult task for anyone let alone a fellow with a background of city life and money in urban "America". He seemed to have a knack at farming and built up intensive raised beds cultivating many vegetables with chicken manure from a small chicken coop where he raised chickens which he shared with the community. The people in turn shared their beans and corn with him since there was insufficient arable land here for them to allow him adequate space for a milpa of his own.

Once he knew Lancondon he shared his dream with elders of the village and asked their advice. They all agreed that it was a good dream and he was wise to have come to them. More than that, they would not comment. Except for one man called Sahagu'n.

At the time that Allan Sharp settled in this Lacondona village the Zapatistas were already well known and active in the jungle. Most of the native population were supporters or even

members of the Zapatista Army of Liberation. The Lacondonas were generally an exception. Their villages fell into two groups, one group was located deep in the more remote areas of the jungle and historically they kept more aloof from other Maya communities; the other nearer to roads and population centers had been receiving government support, bribes, gifts, and appointments to insure their active support of the PRI for some decades. Yet in general, as a result of their historic aloofness, their language has few commonalities with the other 5 major Maya language groups of the Chiapas Indians (Tzeltal, Tzotzil, Tojolabil, Chol, Lacondon).

Only a few Lacondonas (from the more remote groups) had joined the Zapatistas. Sahagu'n, a community curandero and daykeeper of 68 years of age was an exception in more ways than one. Full of contradictions and looking as old as the hills he eschewed anything new or modern. When some Lacondonas began to raise cattle and clear grazing lands he was enraged at the destruction of the earth. When the Government sent in their road crews to construct several roads he led a party of women and men who stole all their tools and then diverted a stream into their living quarters. When ranchers paid a private force to seize some of the milpas and other community owned farming areas for grazing pasture he taught the peasants in that location--10 miles from this village--to plant sharp spikes in small ditches that wounded or killed 20 head of cattle, 4 goats a pig and 2 hired guns. Yet when the Zapatistas first came into the area to talk in Lacondon with villagers, Sahagu'n was among the hostile and reticent toward them. He assumed that, like some non-Indigenous guerillas he had had contact with--they intend to alter the peoples' lives, culture and heritage with their modern thinking and Spanish language.

According to Mayor Pedro Barranca the factor that dramatically changed Sahagu'n's attitude was the respect the Comandantes afforded him. It seems that this was not just a tactic to win him over, but one Comandante, a Zinacantecan who, though not Lacondona, had lived with them and learned their language, knew all of the stories of Sahagu'n's leadership in trying to protect peasant rights.

"Even before he put on a Zapatista uniform--and to tell the truth, that uniform, he only wore it once, the day of the capture of towns--yes even before they gave him a uniform he was elected

head of the school to teach the Lacondona customs and language to the other groups."

With Sahagu'n being already a revered healer and a practicing descendant of the resistance to the Conquest, he took on the aspect of a legendary figure, considered wise beyond his earthly experience. And when Allan ("Adam") Sharp showed up one day it was Sahagu'n who saw his arrival, not as a sign of intrusion but as a propitious event.

He listened closely to Sharp's description of the dream many times. Finally on the 8th hearing--for each time Allan's linguistic ability in Lacondon improved a bit--Sahagu'n offered up an interpretation that was one that had crossed Allan's mind but had seemed to him frivolous. "We are all of one earth", Sahagu'n had begun. And we are all one people. The world of these Europeans and Northern Blancos. The world of these cities and edifices, and their transparent powers over things and people is, of course, a transitory moment in our history. All this will pass. Your father is just trying to help you so that you will be true to our destiny. He came to you as a Maya because your heart needs to be grounded in the experience of the ancients. Do not worry now. Your own heart will make the path clear, in good time."

Shortly after this Sharp, renamed Pico by the villagers, married the oldest unmarried woman in Zapata. She was then 34 and her name was Chacmool, so named because her mother had given her life in childbirth. The villagers had been extremely suspicious of the coupling of a sacred name--the Maya god Chac with the Maya/Toltec god of ritual human sacrifice-- and the unhappy event of her mother's death. Chacmool's father had named her half in anger, and this too was considered dangerous. Though she was attractive with soft Mayan features, sparkling deep brown eyes and flowing black hair no one would consider marrying her. It did not help either that she was, at 5'8", taller than most of the men and was born deaf.

Adam Sharp married Chacmool on the first anniversary of his arrival in Zapata. And as he had taken to the Lacondon language so did he take to the interlinguistic signing that developed between them. Both were revealed to be quick learners and within 6 months of their infatuation not only were they conversing well and their lives gloriously happy and productive, but they had begun to engage in extended discussions of the meaning of Pico's dream and the interpretation of Sahagu'n.

Soon, Chacmool announced her pregnancy.

All this was known to the people; but here the story abruptly was cut short. 6 months after their marriage with Chacmool now obviously pregnant, Pico suddenly disappeared not to be heard of or seen again since. Chacmool had refused to say anything more of these events; and besides no one else signed. She did spend much time with Sahagu'n and almost monthly left the area on what appeared to be pilgrimages in search of Adam. Her daughter was born healthy and looking more Lacondona and like her mother than like her father. The successful chicken farm and intensive farming continued.

Sahagu'n had told the Zapatistas of Alan's diary. A Comandante Dorito had asked to see it. When Joanna and I showed up at Oventic and had gained the confidence of the Zapatistas, then Dorito decided that our work and theirs might be enjoined. Perhaps we could find and interview Pico. And so we were brought here to Zapata.

There is yet another strange twist to the unusual diary that Adam Sharp left behind. What you read earlier is not the complete diary but only the part written in Spanish by a native English speaker. The second part of this diary, a short fragment, is found to be Gaelic, that is the Irish Celtic language (Erse), a language that I myself studied at Oxford but to which we have reason to believe, Alan may have had only limited direct teaching/learning exposure. In translating this fragment I found, a further puzzle, that he had intermixed a few words from the Scots version of Celtic, with the Irish.

In order to round out this jolly sojourn, I will now do my best to render an interpretation of the fragment of Alan's work, the contents of which I have so far revealed to no one except Dorrito and Sub-Comandante Marcos who has appeared to be most involved with Zapatista international communications and was quite impressed by Sharp's words.

V-Joanna

Dear reader, the rest of this story is narrated, and in fact the organization of the whole as well, by myself, Joanna Kim Blessed. I have cut and pasted as best I could to provide a history that

is true to the experience and the realities I have absorbed. I elected to begin with the Rose Garden, to interpose the diary and the rambling concatenations of my late husband Bertram--partly in his memory and partly as I decided that this history should best be presented in that way. Bertram did indeed present the Celtic fragment of Alan Sharp, but he died shortly thereafter from a malignant infection, probably Dengue Fever, that ruptured his spleen. I was thus left in Chiapas, alone, to finish not only this work, but the entire Mayan project.

Bertram and I have no children between us, you see. With his sudden death I was terribly despondent, and even after I settled down I was besides myself--depressed, laconic. We had been the closest of partners for some 20 odd years; the man had been always healthier than I. And now he (we) had hoped for much recognition from the other work, and yet very little of the work had been done.

I had Bertram cremated and his ashes brought to Oventic. My mind in turmoil I wrote the Foundations from San Cristobal de las Casas and they agreed to extend the grant period, and the reporting timeline by 3 years. I breathed a first sigh of relief, returned to a friend's home in Berkeley (not to Palo Alto where Bertram and I had our cottage, for Berkeley had always felt like home) and then decided to finish this fascinating side work, hoping I might complete it in 6 months time.

As an anthropologist I believe I have some detective skills and experience. But finding Alan Sharp seemed at first a daunting task. On the other hand it would be a challenge that might help me work through my grief at the loss of Bertram. And this proved to be the case. From the outset if I became sleepless at night I got on the Internet to track a clue or search for another. But as it happened, I was quite mistaken about the investigation. The first task was not at all what I had expected. Indeed, the fellow turned up in a week, without the least difficulty. And moreover, as you will see, this discovery provided me with a new turn in my life as a chronicler of events I will soon relate.

I am holding off just a bit on the translation of Adam Sharp's strange Celtic effort in trying to retain some continuity for the reader here; first to apprise you of the circumstances under which he was living when I located him. Indeed the reason I had little difficulty locating Alan "Adam"

Sharp (Pico) was that he had not changed his identity at all (so to speak). Sharp had been residing for the whole time of his disappearance in what can only be called a small mansion on Sheridan Road in Lake Forest, a posh suburb of the established rich, just north of Chicago on the shores of Lake Michigan. He was using the name G. Adam Sharp (I later learned from him that G. stood for his middle name, Gerald). He had, in the short period since his disappearance from Chiapas, unencumbered himself of his transport-import business and gone directly into banking--in a big way. His old contacts seemed to have "paid off in spades" and he was now almost as well known in Chicago circles, if not as rich, as some of the grandest names in finance.

When he granted me my first interview my strongest impression was of a man of unsurpassed humanity. This was striking because of his position in life. He seemed actually humble. And by humble I do not mean to imply shyness or eccentricity, but an abundance of respectfulness absent the pretenses of the old aristocratic types we see more in England but also to be found here. Sharp said directly what he needed to say without excess or bravado and one never felt he was holding back secrets, machinating, or manipulating. This contributed greatly to his allure.

I called at his home. It was a typical brick home for the area, probably built in the 1920s. He toured me around the two story house with its 5 empty bedrooms and the two largest that appeared occupied being perhaps 20 x20 feet a piece with bay windows in natural wood frames that may have been added post war. The exquisite well equipped kitchen had inlaid tile flooring of a slate grey or slightly blue coloring. Several stainless steel sinks, a central work table of 6 foot by 3 foot, a large woodblock cutting table, yards of counter space and two ovens one under a cookstove of restaurant quality and the other the type used in bakeries and pizza shops. A china set for 20 with accompanying silverware were visible in an ornate glass cabinet across from the kitchen's entrance. A wine rack accommodating several unopened bottleds stood in one corner. Wine glasses, in the manner sometimes seen in wine bars, hung upside down from a natural wood frame mounted just behind the rack. Daily ware was found oak wall cabinets, running the length of one wall. Cooking pots and pans hung from three large steel hanging rings, near the stove. In all it was a kitchen for

serving large numbers of people. But when I asked where the cooking staff stayed, Sharp replied that he did all the cooking except that when he was entertaining he hired in a chef and crew whom he worked with. The 4 bathrooms were ample but simple. The house was well appointed but without extravagance. I noted art work here and there that seemed to flow in themes from room to room, the most striking to me being the dining room with several French impressionist paintings; this room opened to a large parlour with fire in the fireplace and cubist and surrealist works adorning three walls. It was to this parlour that we finally proceeded on my first visit.

There is much that still stands out vividly in my mind from that first interview with G. Adam Sharp (the first of 13 interviews he engaged in with me over the next 12 months) but the most compelling point was the condition he placed upon me at the outset. I had brought with me a letter from a Zapatista Comandante ArcoIris (a man who had--to my knowledge, never been highlighted in the press). This letter, which explained essentially all that you have already been apprised of, asked for Sharp's complete cooperation with my work. ArcoIris (who is Sahagu'n's eldest son) wrote that I had been asked to chronicle and document many aspects of the history of this period for publication only at a date specified by the Comité Clandestino of the FZLN (The Zapatista Front for National Liberation). Although I had been briefed generally on what help was sought of me, the details of this letter took me quite by surprise as I had left it sealed and followed the instructions to present it to Sharp when I found him.

When Adam read these words he broke into a boyish grin and his blue-green eyes became suffused with a new softness that I had not noted. He embraced me warmly, and I felt no hesitation in myself in reciprocating. To me the letter meant that the EZLN had known where Alan was already.

Yet I had no sooner extended news and the love of his wife, Chacmool and daughter, Leyva, --as they had asked me to--than Adam suddenly said: Good, we ought to get to work. But first, there is the condition of our interviews: Everything, every word, must be secured so that no one has access until my death or the advent of a new world--and by this I knew he did not mean the "New World Order of Economic Globalization" we all had experienced since Mr. Bush's time on and

which seemed well developed presently. Knowing what I already did, there was no question in my mind. I had by this time realized that I had an historic opportunity and that information would be privileged; everything was privileged, Sharp said, including his diary. And so it is only upon the death of Adam that I have sought with great alacrity to get these pages into print.

The Dreams of G. Alan Sharp: a brief history by JKB 4/14/98

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VI-Adam's Celtic Fragment

Introduction: (in English)

Look, I don't pretend to be an intellectual. I have no college education; my knowledge of things technological and scientific is self taught and somewhat rudimentary; though I do read quite a lot of everything I can and try to understand as much of the accessible world as I might. In that respect, I consider myself no metaphysician; I don't believe in gobbledy-gook, but how I do love my sprites, cameleons, gremlins, and leprechauns.

I think I can tell you a little bit of how I learned Gaelic, but not enough to say I truly understand how I came to be able to write and speak in this ancestral language. As I've said, my father's father, Jim, was Irish American. His father came to America, late it was, as most of those driven out under the social oppressions of the "potato famines" had been here quite a while when he

arrived here in the '90s (the 1890s) to New York.

I remember my great grandad somewhat vaguely for he died in 1956 when I was 4 years old. I used to sit upon his knee every day in the easy chair in our apartment in Parkchester, on Tremont Avenue. My dad had made plumber just before then and they had been lucky to get one of the apartments in those nice new projects. That was before I was born. Anyway, it was no tenement living for us but a pretty decent apartment when I was coming up. And great grandad would rock me in that comfortable rocking easy chair every day and talk a blue streak to me, to mom, to anyone who'd cock an ear.

"That fellah, Joe McCarthy", he'd say. "If'n he's Irish he'll rot in hell. And it's a good riddance to im".

How can I remember that, you may be wondering? Well, I've been holding back a bit of my history here. That is, it was clear by 6th grade that I have what they call a "photographic memory". But where some people, you know, remember everything they see, I remember everything I hear. It wasn't until recently that I recognized this ability didn't just start when I noticed it but went backward in time also, so to speak. I apparently had it all my life, but it was only caught onto when, at the age of 11, I repeated the entire play by play of a Knicks-Celtics radio broadcast to my friends. There I was, in the park, gabbin away. Slow Jim listened for a while then said, "I know you're just making that shit up." But by chance Mauri, another friend, had been down at the Garden to the game the night before with his older brother. And he jumped to my defense. "I was there", he protested. "I was at the ballgame. What a great game. And that's it, play by play. I can tell it is. Like when Cousy drove the baseline, went up, couldn't take it but was able to dump the ball inside to big Bill Russell who stuffed it but got knocked over underneath by McGuire (that's Dick McGuire, whose a good 9 inches or more shorter). Yeah, I saw all that". So everyone wanted to know how I did it, and that's when it first dawned on me I had this hidden talent. And besides that, my memory for reading I would rate as excellent but not as infallible.

Now I think that's the key to the Celtic thing--funny it was the Boston Celtics. I can remember my great grandad--I didn't tell you his name was Michael Sharp, an Irishman decended

from the Scotts so I'm part Scotch also--talking incessantly to me in a different language. I soon began to talk back to him. When I used it on my mother she'd just ignore me as if I was talking babytalk. But I was four and I knew the difference so I only talked the Celtic with grandpa Michael. Lately I didn't know I still had the Irish in me until my second dream, which was here at Zapata, well after I settled in. I awoke one day from this dream and started writing it down--only it came out in Gaelic, and I'll swear to my dying day that Michael did not teach me how to write in that strange ancient language.

VII- Bertram's Translation of the Gaelic Fragment

The dawn shone grey, then blue, to orange, pink and yellow sunlight. As it was the winter solstice, night had waited a bit longer than usual for the sun to appear. Only a few birds sang in the still and silent, crisp morning air. A mockingbird, appearing to fill a void left by other singers gone to warmer climes, merrily rounded on the different themes he could hold in his mind.

An old man, surely not my father this time, appeared in a clearing from out of the woods. This was not the selva--not the jungle--but some less foliated northern deciduous wood. His visage was to me remarkably like the great Apache Chief Geronimo. And he came toward me as I lay contemplating the dawn's beauty. But when he then spoke, he spoke to me in Lacondon. And his voice was that of Sahagu'n:

"All of the ancestors are very pleased that you have found yourself Adam the 12th. All that remains is for you to choose your way and then make your pledge to the earth, its people, its living things and to those, to we who are gone before you."

"Why do you call me Adam 12?," I asked him.

"If you must know", he replied. "We were sure you are not the first Adam and also not, thank God, part of Adam 13, that miserable cop show that didn't last. We couldn't figure out what to call you after your friends changed your name to Adam, so we sat around one of those damned Northern Indian gambling Casinos the whitepeople have blessed us with and rolled the die. They came up double sixes. It's that simple, Adam 12."

I could not help from laughing. As I began to laugh, of course my eyes squinted slightly. Then I closed my eyes briefly as the morning feeling brought on a sneeze. I blinked, and as quickly as that I was awake. Awake, my eyes opened directly into the full morning sun; there was no one there. I awoke standing, eyes straight into the same bright sunny day of the dream.

But though the task had gone unspoken in the dream it was clear in my mind. I would descend back into the other world; the world of money and power, of people represented as objects and wares, reduced to markets and marketeers--that world from which I had retreated--and play out my role as Adam Sharp.

Later that very day when my mind was sharp and clear I met with Sahagu'n, his son, Chacmool and our unborn child, to tell them of my decision. Sahagu'n said he was very proud to be my new father and wished me well in my new life.

"Moreover," he said, "you have been appointed to the Clandestine Committee, an outsider, like Marcos. You yourself are now directly tied to your indigenous roots through your own consciousness. So too Chacmool, who will bear your coming absence in peace while bound to you in spirit, has been appointed by the community to serve as a Comandante on the Clandestine Committee."

It was agreed that I would disappear from the community and that when the right person(s) could be found to chronicle the ensuing course of these events they would be asked to find me. (end of the Gaelic fragment).

VIII-Joanna

As cryptic and mysterious as this last sentence had then appeared to me, it took only my first interview with Adam (Comandante Pico) to understand how dangerous a role in life he had chosen and that my work had become a part of his--as important as his own. For although his day to day work was no different from that of any other of the grand men of financial power, with its menial details and grandiose designs; though he bent laws and used money for influence and influence for money no differently from all the rest, had Adam's motivation and purposes--embodied in the slogan

"para todos todo, nada para nosotros" (for all of the people everything, nothing for ourselves)--been understood by those around him, those with whom he worked in finance, he likely would have found himself without friends or associates. Might it be an extreme exaggeration to imagine that he might have suffered a disappearance, perhaps imprisonment and torture, if not an "accidental" death.

At our first meeting Adam laid out his complete plan for double dealing the rapacity of finance capital. Then he detailed all of the progress he had made so far: the grand networks and financial successes; the information about those in high finance whose ruthlessness was beyond compromise but who therefore could be easily purchased, and those who had some scruples and who therefore, at the proper time, might openly align themselves with a changing world environment.

Now, each month on the date appointed by Adam, I would show up at 6 a.m. at Sheridan House where his offices were located, and we would spend six hours non-stop in briefings and updating, in the presence of his personal secretary, Rogelio Texiera. At noon we broke to lunch, and some social relaxation and talk and then back to work again from 1 until 4 p.m. with me taping every word and taking copious notes.

Then at 4 p.m. beginning with the second interview--and what a surprise it was for me the first time--the doorbell would ring. That first time, concealing his excitement Adam asked me to "catch that, please". When I opened the heavy wooden door there in the cold, windy winter's air was Chac with Leyva, two years young, standing by her side and holding her hand. Both of them were dressed in warm woolen clothes and heavy down jackets. I was so glad to see Chacmool that I nearly dragged her into the house before she should take a step.

Again each month this scene was repeated, lacking only the initial drama, and Chac, Leyva and Adam would reside together for 9 days before she and Leyva would disappear, flown discreetly back to Mexico.

During these trips we all developed an exquisite rhythm of life. First those three would spend two or three informal days together, allowing Leyva to always be with them, but nevertheless briefing each other on all the news and progress. Then on the third or sometimes the fourth day,

Chac would show up at my apartment and work with me intensively on the computer for a few days--she was a real wizard at picking this up--while Leyva stayed with her daddy.

Adam had, after our first interview, set me up with a multimedia computer system that would match the capabilities of a major media network. \$50,000 in hardware went into 4 banks of synchronized screens. In the front all the major national and international TV outlets were screened simultaneously. To the right a bank of 3 screens was on line with each of the wire services. To the left, a bank of screens plugged us into real time access to important meetings of world political and economic leaders from the U.N., the G-7. It felt somewhat like a super-enhanced Strategic Air Command center. And behind were screens with usual Internet resources on line and satellite links that actually permitted us direct two way communication to many locations in the world including Zapata and Oventic.

Another \$50,000 in software had gone into a search and synthesize program that allowed the operator, usually myself, to plug in key phrases that would focus all the hardware simultaneously on a definable subject. I could understand how that worked for the worldwide political meetings, but I'll never understand how Adam could get into the updated data bases and systems of the media and wire services. It was as if all the investigative reporting in the world--including that which was daily censored out of the news by editors, publishers, governments, the CIA was all at our disposal. And I should not say "as if" for the only thing speculative is how much protected (encrypted beyond our decoding capability) material we could not access.

Chac came with a list of subjects and locations she was to research for the Committee and another list of international organizations (mainly NGOs) she was to contact and to help out by providing much of the information back to them. By this time she had taught a class of several of the Committee, including Sahagu'n, how to sign and had learned to read and write basic English. During these three day visits with me she barely slept and sometimes the quantity of work was so great that we would both be sitting side by side for hours in the communications and computer center, working feverishly with barely a moment to glance at or touch each other.

When finally there was time to rest or we had to stop from mental fatigue or confusion we

would write notes to each other and bathe together. What joy she would express about the little wonders in watching Leyva grow and thrive; her thick dark hair, her little teeth, her ability to speak in three languages--though Chac could not hear the words--switched off and on, intuitively aware of who needed which tongue. And Chac told me I was the first to know, besides Adam, that she was again pregnant.

I remember standing there in the shower with this beautiful dark Amazon-like woman 20 years younger than I, half of me basking in her *joi de vivre* while the other part suddenly longed for the children I had never had and never would have. As if reading my state of mind, as though she could look into my heart, Chac tapped my arm and wrote me a note with a wax pencil: "Might you take Leyva for a few days so Alan and I could go off together?"

"I'd just love that," I signed, for I had just begun to learn some rudimentary signing.

And thereupon a different kind of odyssey into life began for me that day. For when Chac left back to Adam the following morning, Rogelio returned with Leyva and the two of us instantly began to grow together as if she were my *nieta* (granddaughter). I had no real instructions and there were no expectations placed upon me, but being who I am, the trained academic, it seemed only natural that I help Leyva develop her language skills which were clearly abundant. Even that first visit we began some efforts in reading, in Spanish and English, and in story telling. Of course, she was now barely three years old, but her attention span and interest were beyond exceptional and she had no sense of anxiety at the separation from Chac about her.

It will perhaps sound childish, but after only three days I felt at a loss to see her go. The *moreso* because Chac had said that they might ask this favor of me again in the future but surely not each month as it was important that the three of them also go away together to some hidden away places (and they went, whether near or far, to the Michigan peninsula, to Saskatchewan, to the City, to the Rockies--for Adam loved the high mountains--I never knew; he had the Learjet and this was their family secret).

At our next monthly meeting, I believe it would have been March, Adam startled me by

asking why I had never had children with Bertram.

"Well you see," I told him, "our relationship was so close, so whole, we never felt the need for it; we thought it would add too much complexity. You know, the professional woman thing. It didn't seem fair that I be left in the dust so to speak. And then instead of a competitive professional relationship we came together like two complementary pieces of a puzzle and we never thought of it again."

"But how do you feel now about that?"

"Like I missed something very important."

"And if you had it to do over?"

"Oh, I don't know, I can't look back that way; it's not my nature. But I miss Bertram so and I wish there was something left, someone to signify those times."

And then he asked, "Have you considered adopting? We noticed how you took to Leyva. I could arrange it without difficulty."

"Well no, I had not thought of that." But Adam, my friend and co-conspirator, had planted a seed.

**

I remember, it was two weeks after that, because it was the first day of spring, that I was downtown shopping at Marshall Fields. [One had to be able to look the part in Lake Forest and with my own British upbringing that was not difficult. My father, you might have surmised from my family name, is Chinese, but of mixed Korean and Manchurian ancestry. I look only Asian enough to raise the eyebrows of the more astute and inquisitive of the local women observing our relationships. Perhaps this physical description may alter the mental images you have of me. I would like to say that is to the better, but the truth is I am far too British, both in looks and cultural upbringing to my own liking.

And while I am on the Lake Forest women, I might relate our concerns about how the comings and goings of Chac would be taken, lest at some point someone call the attention of the press people, who were always swarming around for interviews on the state of the financial world

and to whom Adam was most hospitable..

As a preventative measure myself and Sandra, a close friend and the daughter of a Senator Lexxon, had agreed to join The Country Club, this and that coffee klatch, a museum group, a hospital Board, just to keep onto the gossip. To our advantage, the community of women we engaged had concocted three alternative theories to explain Adam's cast, none of which presented any danger to us, and so, all of which we mildly encouraged when asked our opinions. Like hawks they had all noted Chac's appearance on the scene. One theory had it that she was Adam's mistress, kept discreetly at a distance most of the time. A second theory had her as an expensive call girl, but again that she was being well managed; and after all he was not married. Adam would be thought of as well above the ranks of other public personae and men of great means were this to be true. The third scenario denied the tryst and had her as an important assistant that he had chosen to keep out of the way of the press. You see, Adam was highly respected here and the women, perhaps through their husbands seemed to have some knowledge of him as an important and great man; it even seemed possible that they might know a bit of his role in saving the banking system and had been told he should be protected. This alleviated our fears. But that was later toward mid-summer.]

On that first day of spring, however, I walked out of Marshall Field's into an unseasonably warm and bright sunshine, briefly squinted from the glare, and marched directly into a fellow in my path, nearly knocking him over. In one of those sheer coincidences that seem to be astronomically unlikely by the odds yet happen every day--or by what I suppose people call fate--this fellow, Abel Stillman, was a past acquaintance from the Berkeley days. I wouldn't say we had been close friends, but both of us recognized the other; we had a good laugh and went off to lunch together.

Stillman will not get a chapter in this book. He is not so important to the story. And yet to me his is the most important, and so I will continue to digress into my great romance.

Abel Stillman was, and is, as different from Bertram, as they say, as night is from day. I try to never compare the two in my heart, though I can contrast them at will. Where Bertram was generally serious and methodical, if also sometimes garrulous and tedious, Abel is a frolic. Of

course Bertram had his sense of humor. But Stillman, at 60 years of age is still a sprite, a muse, an ephemeral intellect. He survives without work or money; he bounds hither and yon, in mind and spirit, as if to defy the apparent aging of his body. His beard is grey and reaches his chest; his hair curly and dyed with dirt as if to disguise its greyness. You would think him terribly unattractive until he has you under his spell. Then you realize that here is a fellow of unsurpassed wit, humor, and intellect: a gem--the pearl being forever formed around an irritating grain of sand. In the early 60's before the youth began to rebel, Abel came up in the Beat scene in New York. He would lie awake at night in his middle class parents' suburban home listening to the a.m. radio, focused on Gene Shepherd's endless shrill existential rantings against the madness of the modern world, as it was, its corruption of human values.

In 1963 at the age of 26 Stillman rejected his parents request that he get a job and move out of the house. Instead, he filled a rucksack, grabbed an old sleeping bag and headed to California, never to leave. There, on the street in San Francisco, he began to recite the poetry of Ginsberg, Ferlingetti, and Pablo Neruda at the top of his lungs (a la Shepherd) soliciting financial aid from passersby. He told me once that the most usual comment of those who did offer contribution was: "I'll give ya a buck if you'll cut down yer noise level."

Later in the 60s Stillman came to my attention as a poet in his own right and a stand up comedian. He was as quick as Robin Williams, but his intelligence was more inciteful and provocative. How he stayed funny; how he survived is beyond me. Betram and I would sometimes seek him out on the street in San Francisco and take him for a meal to hear what was going on around.

Then, he dropped out of site for a few years; when I heard of him again he was writing political satire pieces for newspapers and magazines on a freelance basis and running a poetry group for runaways. He had actually gotten it funded somehow.

When I bumped into Abel in front of Fields I had not seen him for 12 years (when he was 48) but he was his same old enthusiastic self and we were as if old friends. After his first vague response to my query as to why he was in Chicago, I did not press him on it. But it appeared he was

in search of something, and that something became me. I took him home to dinner and we have lived together ever since.

It was all my idea, I will admit. I had not had sex, nor even felt available since Bertram's death, but I invited Abel into my bed and he showed no reluctance. Stillman, you see, is not passive, should it appear that way from my description. He is a man of great sympathy whose satire usually has had a feminist bent. When you are leading Stillman he is never an unequal partner. Abel has provided me another form of expression for the energy that I found within me in this new work.

Of course, I was at first circumspect with Abel about what we were up to. I had no doubt about his sympathy, but there are levels of trust and his life pattern had not revealed the kind of discipline I thought one might need under the circumstances. In retrospect, I believe I was in error to have projected my own conception of discipline on him--that British imperial attitude, I suppose. And slowly I began to entice him into the work.

In the meanwhile, only three weeks more had gone by since I had last been to Adam's house. Yet, by this time, my relationship with Stillman had so matured that I had told him about the joy I had found in caring for the child of a friend.

"I've always wanted children," he responded, "but none of them ever wanted me." And with a wink he added that though he could not guarantee his length of stay, having children around would surely not shorten it.

That finally out, I changed my mind regarding my response to Adam's question. The next month I told him of Abel and asked him to help me adopt a young infant. In less than a week biographies and photos of 12 children, 3 from the U.S. and 9 from other countries arrived in the mail. All of these children seemed adorable. I wish I could detail their histories here. But I can only afford a general outline. The histories of their pregnancies were without major complications; without drug or alcohol or cigarette exposure. Indeed, the most remarkable thing was that Adam had assured that none of the children selected were being given up due to financial deprivation. In two cases the mothers had died at childbirth; four had lost their mothers to automobile accidents,

two to other disasters--a fire and a plane crash; two to infectious diseases and two as casualties of war (one was a guerilla fighter and the other an uninvolved victim tortured by her government for information she did not have). In each case there was no extended family or community who could take the child on.

I could not think of any way to choose. Finally I fixed on the Chinese infant whose mother had died in a fire. I recalled that, still, female children in China were considered undesirable and this one had such an irresistible smile. Her name was Lai-Ju Chen and so I turned this around to call her Ju Lai or July.

I realize I am drifting afield of my purpose here, but these matters are not without importance to the history. And there is not quite as much urgency to promptness now, as even a few days earlier. Great cataclysmic events have occurred and more will surely follow but we have entered a period of greater stability, perhaps that new world, which I will later get to.

But for the moment my life was like that of a young woman with two new loves in her life. And the work, the intense work with Adam and Chac, now with Abel assisting, went on, never boring, also never overwhelming, and never an unnatural intrusion into the new lives and relationships we were building.

The child arrived in a few short months and by then Abel and I had had two more three day visits from Leyva. We had taken her to the Zoo, the Field Museum and the Natural History Museum and to a soccer match. Her language lessons continued and she always thirsted for more. Abel, a computer illiterate at first, began to learn and decided he would teach Leyva as well. She loved him and his quiriness as much as I did and could not resist him so, as she was learning to read in two languages she also began to learn the basics of simple word processing on the computer. But I must pass on.

IX-Final Preparations

The work was going exceedingly well. Not that I have given any clear sense of what we were doing; but suffice it to say that had not Adam died we would have, within six months at any

rate, chosen to make public the state of affairs that now existed.

You will recall that at the Rose Garden ceremony the President revealed the catalytic role Adam had played in the resurrection of a financial system teetering on the high wire. This political-economic crisis had actually occurred just four months before I was sent to "find" Adam. And while the President's words were true, that Adam had rescued them from catastrophe, the story behind the story was not yet appreciated by most international financial leaders, nor by any of their paid-in-full political and military prostitutes (if you will excuse my rhetoric). For what Adam had put in place, using rather simple Keynesian techniques of State regulation and intervention was a supraventory power equivalent to what the United Nations might have been were it not under the control of the G-7, Russia and China.

On its face, the International Financial Control Agency (IFCA) was made up of some of the most dedicated financiers and economists; but in reality it was beholden to no government, to no other international agency; that is, it was responsible to no one--except perhaps Adam. IFCA was the ultimate in undemocratic institutions; but in a world in which the "most democratic institutions" and governments had come to be nothing more than gentle facades for the ruthless, the powerful, the super rich, the agencies of high finance, the IFCA appeared to those in power as nothing but an aspect of themselves. The reality of its membership was thus: Adam, the great networker had been working, since entering banking, on developing his understanding of which among the world's ruling class had retained enough intelligence and scruples to see that the viciousness of our decrepit global economy would turn it against itself, as it had in the great depression, leading to the ascendancy of Hitler, Mussolini, Franco and unnamed other murderous fascists to follow.

Adam never speculated on these matters out front, he simply asked people what if "the" big crisis did happen, where would they come down. He sorted responders into three groups: the stonewallers, who denied it could happen, the realists, who knew it would but intended to defend their power within the "system" at all costs, and the Owenites (he named these after the early 19th Century capitalist who believed in equality and socialism, Robert Owens), who more or less believed that the only way to solve such a crisis for once and for all was to reorganize political-

economic systems around collective needs and social "good".

Adam had been working with the small, but surprising, number of financial moguls and a few government leaders who declared (though privately) for the Owenite position. Among his appointments to the IFCA (and he controlled most appointments) these were the majority. He had, in addition, learned who were the most corruptible of persons, who regularly accepted bribes in the millions, who were in the pay of drug money, who turned their voices over lock stock and barrel to the highest bidder. From these, Adam appointed a number to the Agency also and paid them to join, making it clear to them that they were working directly for him. To me this was a very risky affair, but it is the way that he had done business over his adult life. The remaining members of the IFCA, there being 7 other positions, he conceded for reasons of diplomacy, to the G-7 governments, asking each to appoint one representative. By chance alone four of these turned out to subscribe to the Owenite assessment of the crisis.

This group, which now had the authority to function with a mind of its own, immediately set down regulations that stopped the crash. An international minimum wage was set equal to that in the nation with the highest minimum wage. Not only prices but wages were then frozen. But multinationals were also prevented from increasing market share. World currencies were put on a fixed ratio exchange rate so that national currencies could neither inflate nor deflate relative to each other in the world market. This ended currency speculation. Because recent profits had become marginal for many industries and public buying power had declined in most countries, minimum prices were also set. This prevented price slashing and cut rate competition by the largest transnationals trying to force competitors out of business; and if this resulted in large companies losing market share, they were rewarded with tax write-offs. Governments were authorized to lend and invest in public sector redevelopment where the expectation of a break-even at 10 years would justify large loans. High socially productive loan rates qualified governments for discounted international loan repayment. As a result, major new public works, health, housing, and education projects began in many nations.

There were some loud protests at first by ideologists and a section of transnational corporate

leaders; however, when a few of these found themselves the subject of major exposes of their illegal collusion and nepotism of the past, the protests quieted. Slowly faith in market stability was reestablished and the IFCA declared that stock markets re-open trading three hours daily, three days a week.

But just as the stock exchanges were being mobilized to reopen the IFCA laid its biggest bombshell. They announced that speculation and over inflation of stock values had been the root cause of the crisis. There was criminal activity rife in the markets everywhere and many of the super rich had made billions at the expense of great human misery for the majority and near catastrophe for organized societies everywhere. Thus, all stock markets were ordered permanently closed and governments who refused to comply would be put off the Commissions of the IFCA and economically embargoed.

For a moment the world stood still and shuddered, everyone held their breath. Then, everything went back to normal. People went back to work; banks opened every morning; those who owned stocks and bonds still owned stocks and bonds and could recover interest and dividends but could neither sell nor buy--outside of the black markets--and returns were fixed just as in regular bank accounts or CDs. Competition did not cease, nor did advertising, but the billions spent on promotion rapidly declined by 70% over the past 9 months. Despite dire predictions of plant closings and bankruptcies, there was actually a measurable decline in these indicators.

The world, its owners, its governments, and its peoples, waited to see what would happen next. As I have said, my arrival in Chicago occurred only 4 months after the beginning of these events. The closing of the stock markets occurred two days before Adam asked me about children, three weeks before I was to bump into Abel, five months before I was united with July.

Adam, myself, Chac and the entire Committee (Clandestino) understood that the miracle Adam had performed was tenuous, tentative at best, and could not hold for long. Dangerous and destabilizing forces were at work, some consciously, others just a product of the inexorable laws of the market economy. We were on top of the System, but we could not stay there; this equilibrium would be transitory.

And so we had to attempt to plan the methodology whereby the world's peoples--from the indigenous roots outward--could take command of the process and assure that new, fair, and democratic rules of social, political, economic and cultural discourse might be instituted on a worldwide basis through a common format.

The Zapatistas worked on coordination of the Indigenous movements throughout the world. The IFCA focused on new governments that had displayed resistance to structural readjustments of the IMF and the World Bank. These were particularly plentiful in Africa since the overthrow of Mobutu in Zaire, Abacha in Nigeria, and the recent fall of the governments of Kenya and Sudan. By the end of August we had achieved the cooperation of 1,686 organizations representing two hundred million people in 83 countries for an as yet unspecified joint plan of action.

I would provide the details that went into these plans and how we intended to bring them to fruition, but much of that became superfluous because Adam's death contravened the process. Most importantly, we had come far enough along in our planning that the process had taken on the characteristics of an autonomous human energy source, requiring no hierarchy of leaders, but only coordination. And I will pass on to relate what happened after Adam died.

X-El Paraiso

It was 8 o'clock p.m. on December 27th when Rogelio called to notify me of Adam's sudden death. I remember the time as I had begun to put July down for the night. We were just starting to read from "Goldilocks and the Three Pigs", a book of children's stories in verse Abel was writing. He had mixed up all the traditional storybook characters into one Dr. Seuss-like tale. Naturally July, at 11 months of age couldn't understand a word, but I read it aloud to her anyway, as I was serving as a "critical" reader for Abel.

The news from Rogelio was shocking, to say the least, yet--and I hope I don't sound cold when I report this--we had been planning (with Adam) for such an eventuality. His untimely death was, if anything, a boon, for we no longer had to worry about how to protect him when the time came, when the spring uncoiled.

Rogelio's orders were that I and I alone would be called if Adam died in his presence. Rogelio described Adam sitting at his desk one moment and then, suddenly falling unconscious to the floor, eyes in a blank stare, all breath and heartbeat suspended, undetectable. (We later learned that his brain had been flooded by a massive hemorrhage. I had an autopsy performed that located the burst aneurysm, leaving no doubt that it was a natural event). I told Rogelio then to notify Adam's doctor, the Coroner, and the New York Times.

On Friday, the newspapers ran small front page articles on the life and death of this "American genius banker". The IFCA was mentioned but yet nothing on his central roll in its development. But these news releases were an announcement of a different kind to indigenous leaders everywhere to prepare for action.

On Saturday morning, two days after Adam's death, a band of 200 Chol Mayan Indians re-entered their town in the Northern region of the Chiapas highlands. They represented the initial repatriation of 400 families driven from El Paraiso by a terrorist Indigenous gang armed and trained by the Mexican army (in disinformation jargon the gang was named Paz y Justicia--Peace and Justice). Thirty six opponents of the PRI-Government (8 Zapatistas and 28 others) had been massacred and 14 disappeared before the 400 families finally had fled into the jungle.

Now on this day, two hundred people, women as well as men, returned fully armed and moved into the village. It took only 6 hours for Paz y Justicia to mobilize 150 men with government supplied arms including a machine gun. They pulled several people from their homes and began a meeting outdoors. At this point, 30 village spokespeople appeared and told the Paz y Justicia that their time and their government by terror had passed. "Leave us in peace now.", one of them said. To which a Paz y Justicia leader, apparently a mestizo or a foreigner responded with a machete blow to the head. This was a signal for Paz y Justicia men to aim their rifles at the thirty they had encircled. No more than 3 or 4 shots were discharged however, before a tremendous volley of small arms fire came from all directions of the surrounding forest. 118 Paz y Justicias fell dead or wounded. The others fled in panic. Three villagers had been shot and one killed.

The next morning, Sunday, the day of the Rose Garden ceremony, the Mexican Army sent in 350 heavily armed troops, three tanks and 2 helicopter gun ships to retake the village. They found it deserted and elected to keep this large military force there. An encampment was fortified.

That night thirty Indigenous spokespeople arrived in the dark to talk. They were captured and tied up but were able to make their point first that they wanted the Army to leave their village immediately and they could not be held responsible if the Army did not obey.

The response: an army colonel, Jorge Rivas, trained at Ft. Benning, Georgia, a certified counterinsurgency expert, singled out a man he believed to be a leader and ordered him tortured. Thirty seconds after the prisoner was dragged into a shack the Indigenous representatives, hands still tied behind their backs, made a run for the trees. As the soldiers raised their weapons to fire, a replay of the earlier events occurred and an arc of small arms fire rang out. Forty six soldiers fell; others scrambled for buildings and bunkers.

In response to these events the Mexican military and their U.S. "advisors" made the biggest military miscalculation since the French were defeated by the Viet Minh at Dien Bien Phu providing us with the opportunity we had hoped for. On Monday, December 31st, the day that Adam was again front page news after the Rose Garden ceremony, news of the military defeat at El Paraiso was found alongside in most papers. The Mexican government, calling for calm and assuring the population, and the world that the "narco-terrorist bandits" who had perpetrated these "crimes" would be swiftly brought to justice, sent 34 thousand of the 56 thousand troops stationed in Chiapas directly to Palenque to being a major encirclement search and destroy mission in the region.

This sudden depopulation of the 217 rural military encampments erected to contain and suppress political opponents and the EZLN allowed the EZLN, within 24 hours to easily capture 201 of these military installations. Heavy weapons were removed, the installations destroyed and all the troops were put on buses headed to Palenque.

Confusion reigned. It was a nearly complete military route and the arrival of thousands of disarmed troops at Palenque created panic among the Army forces mobilized there. The absence of faith in the Mexican government's political stability that had been growing for years, was now

joined by an absence of faith in its military capability.

On this day the EZLN had lost 241 killed and 802 wounded, among the latter Chac and five other commandantes. The Army had suffered 2,721 dead and 7,600 wounded. Although these figures were not known for over a month, it was impossible for the world press to suppress or deny the magnitude of the defeat. Mexico waited for the other shoe to drop, while we held a golden slipper in our hands and had every intention of bringing it into the light.

XI-Distrito Federal

When the Sun rose over Mexico City on New Year's day at 6 a.m. the usual grey brown haze, smoke and smog oppressing the largest metropolitan area on Earth blocked its life giving rays. By now the skin cancer rate even of the fair skinned hueros had fallen dramatically as the darkening gloom of pollution became more and more oppressive year by year. But skin cancer was not a concern for those who coughed and gasped with the highest rate of respiratory diseases the world over. This particular morning looked and felt, at first no different from the day preceding, though it was a usual fiesta day.

No different that is until they began to appear crowds, masses, hoards, mobs, actually uncountable numbers of people shouting--some angry some joyous--and flowing into the streets toward the center of town. By 9 a.m., three and a half million people had flooded the Tlatelolco plaza and all surrounding streets. The mood kept sweeping through the crowd like a wave, anger was aroused, then a calm feeling of mass invincibility, then mirth, then anger again. "We are one" a banner read. Then another "we are all" appeared. Finally a larger banner 20 meters above the crowd was unfurled on wires that read "Out with the Tyrants..A New Constitution Now" which brought forth a swelling roar of approval.

As the crowd surged toward the hall of Congress the Mexican Army tried to maintain order. A volley of automatic fire, reminiscent of the 1968 Tlatelalco massacre of unarmed protesting students was directed at the crowd. But where in 1968 this had caused a stunned disbelief and then

panic, this crowd seemed unsurprised and the level of anger rose. The soldiers were overwhelmed before a second attack. Only 30 people had been wounded. Soldiers were beaten, and of those who had fired at the front lines several were stomped to death by the crowd which surged on and occupied all government buildings in the government sector of the City.

Only two hours later the protesters re-opened radio and TV communications to the people of Mexico (and the world) to announce that they had formed a Central Command. Within minutes of their first announcement the Mexican Army high command, in an effort to gain the grace of the new power, deserted the government and went on the same popular controlled networks to report that they had arrested the President, Vice President and eight high level ministers.

From the Halls of the Congress the rebel leaders clarified that they were operating under the direction of the FAC-MLN coalition. And their first remarks were then not about the government they had deposed, nor the one they hoped to establish. Instead, speaking for the coalition of 532 organizations from all over Mexico including groups like El Barzon representing small businesses and the middle class, most of the independent trade unions, several university groups, essentially all of the opposition campesino organizations and a number of the indigenous groups from ten states, they welcomed the recent successes of the EZLN in Chiapas.

"The press has reported now for years about deep differences and splits between FAC-MLN and the EZLN. We want to settle this issue first, once and for all. The EZLN are our brothers and sisters. For the past year our leaders have been members of the enlarged Clandestine Committee. We have even played a key role in helping the EZLN make contacts and ties in countries where there are no indigenous organizations. Our actions of today were well coordinated with those of the Zapatistas. We wish to assure the Mexican people that with the renunciation of power by the military we expect most state governments to fall to us within the week. And we hope to announce the formal process for establishing a new constitution, new electoral principles, and functions and rules of economic discourse within a period of weeks.

How we will handle the problem and the crimes of government and military leaders is a matter we put before the people and will not take into our own hands without your authority. All

citizens are free to discourse and organize so long as there is no intent to do violence to people or the new democratic process. We intend to move ahead, not back. Tomorrow the Zapatista Committee will join us in D.F. to begin the work of forming a new government in transition to a just society for all. Adelante. Para todos todo, nada para nosotros."

XII-Adam's Will

It had all been decided while Adam was alive, but to be sure I made a direct though encrypted satellite video connection to Chiapas and was able to get Sahagu'n and Tacho who reconfirmed that I would go ahead with the press conference at noon. Cecilia Rodriguez the permanent EZLN representative in the USA was being flown up to assure my credibility was not questioned. That night I slept fitfully. I had to ask Abel to massage my feet to help relax me. Everything was going so well, but I was going to the firing line; I was about to put myself at great risk. Despite my anxiety I was also thrilled. I could feel that I was such a different person from the professor who arrived at Oventic with Betram just a year ago. I no longer even felt British and when I looked in the mirror a pleasant and accepting Chinese face looked back.

At 6 a.m. New Years day the computer automatically sent out the press releases to AP, UPI, Reuters, CNN, and other major news services. At that moment, the activities in D.F. were only in their embryonic form and totally unknown to us. At each location where we sent the press comunique, it was directed to a recipient who was part of our extensive media network. A quick code let them know that attendance at the Conference was of great importance. If they were editors, they might assign someone of responsibility, but if they had no influence the recipient should attend, even at the risk of ignoring other assignments and orders. Because worldwide dissemination was so critical, Adam had already put in place a fail-safe in case governments, financial institutions, or communications conglomerates--such as the aging Mr. Murdock's--were to try to suppress the story. We had with us three major ranking producers--who even now I shall not name--in three different locations willing to go as far as risking their lives to get out this story.

What the press release stated was that there would be important new information regarding Adam Sharp, the man who was just awarded a posthumous medal by the President. In particular, his remarkable will would be read and released publicly. What was not stated was that I would also be releasing the two part diary.

At noon of this fateful new year, Abel, Rogelio, Cecelia and myself welcomed the press to Sheridan House with coffee, tea and pan dulce and a mariachi band. I felt heady in the glare of

camera lights. I introduced each of us and stated that we would be happy to answer questions after Adam's will was read and Cecelia had made a statement. Also that an unpublished short diary of Adam's would be released with the will in English translation. That said, I introduced Cecelia who made a statement of support for all the American people, the Mexican people and Indigenous people everywhere in their efforts to better their lives and live in harmony with the earth and each other. She then announced that I would also be speaking as a representative of the Zapatistas and handed back the microphone.

I read Adam's will aloud:

"I, Allan Gerald (Adam) Sharp being of sound mind, and a citizen of the U.S.A. do hereby record my last will (I will update and rewrite this will in my own hand the first day of each year until my death or loss of competence).

Be it known that I leave all my worldly personal possessions and liquid assets to my wife, Chacmool Akahnha Sharp of the Ejercito Zapatista Liberacion Nacional whom I married (by law) at Ocosingo, Chiapas, Mexico. These assets currently are in the range of 650 million dollars.

My fixed assets, estimated at 3.6 billion dollars in land, commercial holdings and bank stock, are hereby remanded to the people of the world--from whom these assets were stolen--in the trust of the International Financial Control Agency acting under the guidance of the International Clandestine Committee for Indigenous and Public Rights. It is my hope that these funds may be used to help in the reconstitution of a better world reality that that we now inhabit.

I know there may be intense efforts by the most ruthless to abrogate this will by legal or extra legal means. I have prepared for the legal front but it will be to the world's people to defend against criminal activity to reconquer this wealth.

To cover any legal battles I have set aside fifty million dollars to defend this will and have retained two of the top Washington law firms who have assured me that this will is legal, defensible and enforceable. As Chac is a legal resident of the USA entitled to citizenship if she wishes and is not under indictment anywhere nor accused, I am sure that the people will recognize an attempt to attack or discredit her for the transparent sham it would be.

I have been in recent years also known as Sub-Comandante Pico of the EZLN. Everything I have done follows from the Zapatista precept: "Para todos todo, nada para nosotros". That is, we stand for equal rights and full distribution and division of wealth in the interests of all people.

I also leave behind my three year old daughter and another yet to be born to help make the world a better place. Also my dedicated secretary, Rogelio, who remains custodian of Sheridan House. Lastly, to sub-comandante Joanna I bid a dear and fond farewell with hopes that she may weather the storms ahead, for with my death there will be no way to protect her EZLN identity."

XIII-Out of the Rubble: The World Reacts

The news from Mexico and the press conference hit simultaneously. The world reaction was so widespread, so unprecedented, yet so variable as to defy simple generalization. In Russia, a nation still moving in the opposite direction from others, a military coup occurred and by morning the nation was under martial law. In Brazil the scene mirrored Mexico. Millions of people flooded into the streets of Rio and Sao Paolo and the Government and military quickly abdicated. The demonstrators occupying all government and communications centers announced that they were operating under the leadership of the International Clandestine Committee for Indigenous and Public Rights and then nationalized the Amazon, telling 26 of the largest transnational companies they would have to desert their operations within a week. Following word from Brazil, uprisings whiplashed around the world. On Thursday and Friday the governments of Guatemala, Nicaragua, Columbia, Peru, Chile, India, Pakistan, Iran, Monaco fell. Then Canada, Tunisia, Sudan, Algeria, Congo, Zambia, all the Scandinavian countries, Holland, Ireland and Scotland; then finally Germany, Kenya, Nigeria and South Korea all fell to Indigenous led Committees (now called "internationalistas").

In the U.S., Japan and France the picture was more confused. Before the public could react in the U.S. a right wing armed force drawn from U.S. Armed Forces, the CIA, and paramilitary extremist militia groups, and numbering some 40,000, had occupied both Houses of Congress and surrounded the White House, declaring that they would protect the U.S. Constitution and the

Comment [COMMENT1]: add something about 13 month, calendar at end or inside this chapter.

Presidency.

U.S. military leadership was, however, divided and when one naval armada headed aggressively toward Cuba with the apparent intent to bomb Havana, the U.S. Latin American Command and the troops stationed at the Guantanamo naval base radioed that they would respond to any international aggression by any military--including U.S. forces--"swiftly and decisively".

The President announced that he was being held by the paramilitary forces against his will and that only the Congress and the President could take actions to defend the Constitution. In his last words before power was cut to the White House, he said that under the extreme and rapidly changing conditions he would agree to the call for an international constitutional and treaty convention, which had been called for by the Zapatistas to begin in D.F. on Friday, so long as calm prevailed and the revolutionaries remained "non-violent".

We will never know if his words might have been taken seriously had they come a month or two earlier, or at the time of the economic crisis months before this, but now his command was a whisper in the wind. And his voice was silenced by the paramilitaries.

The military divided, neofascists occupying Washington, D.C. and governments over the world collapsing, the crowning glory of what was now being described internationally as a "world revolution" began at the United Nations in New York. The U.N. which had been largely ignored in our organizing efforts because government representatives there had become more and more those willing to sit and do nothing under the domination of the U.S. and the G-7, stirred.

Prompted only by world events, 106 nations' representatives in the General Assembly--including eighteen who no longer had intact governments--put forward a proposal to replace the Security Council with a Peace Council whose members would be yearly elected by the general representative body. The resolution passed overwhelmingly; only China, Korea and Japan (enemies of the past) voted no and 20 nations abstained. The Assembly then voted that this decision did not need ratification by the Security Council or its permanent members. And then, feeling the boiling energy of the revolution coarsing in their own veins, they moved in a way that no one--except perhaps Sahagu'n who had prophesied the coming of a new peaceful world order--might have

imagined possible. There were no great powers in a position to resist them militarily; no one to buy their votes or threaten legal or illegal sanctions, no one to threaten to economically or politically ostracize or strangle them. So, they simply voted to place the holdings of all the largest international corporations and the international banks under the control of the International Financial Control Agency, permanently withdrawing ownership from the private sector. A deafening roar went up from the delegates as the votes in favor surpassed the three fourths mark they had set for ratification and ended with 86% assent.

Then nation after nation pledged that their militaries were being placed at the disposal of the IFCA and they passed a resolution asking that the IFCA become a branch of the U.N. working under the Assembly whose representatives would now be selected by popular will within each nation. And finally they offered the U.N. as the agency that might best implement the policies of the International Clandestine Committee. Comandante Tacho was unanimously selected as incoming President of the General Assembly--without his acknowledged willingness--and Comandante Chac was chosen as Secretary General. The session ended with the representatives on their feet chanting viva Zapata and singing the Zapatista anthem.

As word of these actions spread, more governments collapsed. The Queen abdicated in London and demonstrators in Tainanmen square overwhelmed the Peoples Liberation Army, declaring that "communism has arrived" at the same time that they outlawed the Communist Party and arrested its leaders. The Japanese government quietly disappeared from view and a new coalition of "workers parties" began to meet and discuss how they might integrate their powerful economy into the new world process.

Now the situation matured in the U.S. 9 days after the Rose Garden ceremony. San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and Seattle had fallen to a new indigenous coalition and state governments had been arrested during the week. On that Wednesday, eight thousand representatives of the indigenous, the homeless, prisoners, the disabled, independent trade union leaders and a new nationalities conference--African Americans, Latino, and Asian-American community leaders met at Wounded Knee on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota and

called for a Constitutional Convention 60 days hence in--no one knows why--Des Moines, Iowa. They urged all Americans to complete the revolution and join the collective process. As if waiting only for this signal, millions of African Americans poured into the streets of major cities on the East coast and the mid-west; followed then by Latinos, Whites, Asians; a rejuvenation of the defunct rainbow coalition; an American revolution had begun that, we believed, would once and for all repudiate the 3/5 compromise, the subjugation of the Indians,

the humiliations of racism, the destitution and prostitution of women, the never ending dole and bribes, the belittling and negation of American workers' lives and values, kicked out, layed off, shot down, downsized, outsized, off-shored. On January 16, the forces occupying Washington D.C. were routed and the U.S. government replaced by an interim Indigenous Governing Council that would rule until the March Convention.

XIV-Epilogue: Always a past, a present, a future.

I am bothered by the need for narrative discontinuity. I had hoped to go on to reveal a utopian world that followed. In fact there is little to reveal: what is to follow, has not yet--is not yet known or understood. And to have ended this history in fraudulent triumphalism would do little more than assure your ridicule (as well as absurdly end the narrative at the thirteenth chapter in the thirteenth or last month of the Mayan 260 day cycle). You, after all, may be reading this either before or after these events transpire. I can't know that. But it is not likely that either you or I (or the Maya), adhere to a purely geometric construct of prophecy, if to prophecy at all, so a higher veracity is demanded. We are living in this scientific age of examination and understanding. The absurdity of regression is apparent (even statistical logistic regression reduces dimensionality and perspective).

So let me try to anthropologize with Dennis Tedlock, translator of the Popul Vuh: "We tend to think of myth and history as being in conflict with one another, but the authors of the inscriptions at Palenque and the alphabetic text of the Popul Vuh treated the mythic and the historical parts of their narratives as belonging to a single, balanced whole. By their (the Mayan) sense of proportion, the Egyptian Book of the dead would need a second half devoted to human deeds in the land of the living and the Hebrew Testament would need a first half devoted to events that took place before the fall of Adam and Eve....To this day the (Quiche') Maya think of dualities in general as complementary rather than opposed, interpenetrating rather than mutually exclusive."

In Leslie Marmon Silko's **Almanac of the Dead** a somewhat mystical army of the Indigenous arises out of southern Mexico growing larger and stronger as it sweeps north, and into the U.S. laying waste to the corruptions of modern contemporary civilization in its path. The

imagery is so powerful that throughout 1993 this novel, written up North and well before the Zapatista uprising (and translated into Spanish) kept disappearing from the shelves of bookstores in Chiapas faster than they could be restocked.

Best not to draw the border between reality and myth too sharply. I do write this history from Chiapas starting with the dream. El Paraiso, the first part, is history of course, Paz y Justicia is terrorizing the countryside. I appropriated the name Sahagu'n from the Franciscan (of the 16th Century) that historian who became the most clear intermediary between the Indigenous and Spanish worlds.

In conceiving a future, we believe--but it is really what we have been taught to believe--that we engage in speculation. But that is because we imagine the past and present as fixed and definitive and the future as ephemeral. It may be unwise to create such distinctions. Some of us (some of us anthropologists among others and perhaps too the Maya) view the relationships between past, present and future as more mobile and organic, fixed only by culture. Like the future, the past and present are mainly accessible as interpretations of meaning, in a sense as speculations. We can not observe without witnessing; and witnesses interpret.

If present social realities were not also fluid and mutable--defying objective translation-- we might not be so easily mesmerized by precipitated and comodified virtual realities presented to us lifelike on screens daily in our living quarters.

Dennis Tedlock again: "The difference between a fully mythhistorical sense of narrative time and the European quest for pure history is not reducible to a simple contrast between cyclical and linear time. Mayans are always alert to the reassertion of the patterns of the past in present events, but they do not expect the past to repeat itself exactly. Each time the gods of the Popul Vuh attempt to make human beings they get a different result, and except for the solitary person made of mud, each attempt has a lasting result rather than completely disappearing into the folds of cyclical time.....In theory, if we who presently claim to be human were to forget our efforts to find the traces of divine movements in our own actions, our fate should be something like that of the wooden

people in the Popul Vuh. For them, the forgotten force of divinity reasserted itself by inhabiting their own tools and utensils, which rose up against them and drove them from their homes."

Conclusion

The slowness with which the revolution overtook the U.S. took us by surprise. We had thought the incompleteness of the 1776 revolution, its racist legacies and institutionalization of exploitation and private appropriation of wealth had come full circle against the myth of freedom and opportunity. But the vast working class in the U.S. waited for the indigenous lead and arose

with lethargy. As a result, Abel and I were forced to flee our home to Chiapas, from where I am writing most of these pages. In the early days after the press conference (at Sheridan House) a White Guard militia stormed Chicago, killing thousands and briefly holding the City. Adam's house was burned and Rogelio murdered.

When we learned of this we evacuated the network computer center to another city in less than 6 hours, delegated out the work to other Zapatista comrades and then flew the Learjet directly to D.F. where we were received with some fanfare.

We arrived safely in Chiapas and temporarily moved into the home of Adam's aunt Isabel. We intend to later move to Oventic. Elsewhere, things did not simply resolve themselves. Although large world banks had been internationalized, there was no attempt to seize the accounts. Huge sums of capital remained in private hands, a situation Karl Marx had warned against after Paris in 1872. Some people with access to these funds began to organize military and political efforts to re-privatize major corporations and challenge the legitimacy of new governments. Calls of usurpation of "private (property) wealth" were constantly injected into the media and demands heard for "just compensation" for siezed corporations, like those that had earlier come from the Nicaraguan Somocistas, the Batista Cubanos, the Duvallier Haitians, etc. Armed guerilla bands found satisfaction in killing indigenous leaders, and racist slogans were appearing here and there.

The times remained unsettled. However, violence, viciousness, cultural brutality, the denigration of human worth, the desecration of nature's precious landscape, all were largely under popular attack. The Zapatista slogan of selflessness, and the romantic call of Ernesto Che' Guervara for a new humanist humankind were being embraced by hundreds of millions.

But the International Constitutional Convention called by the International Clandestine committee had to be postponed. This on account of the collapse of the United Nations. Most representatives were no longer in touch with existing new governments and withdrew. The organization did not formally close, but is currently waiting for reorganization.

Some say the future seems bright but I can not be so sure. Of course there is a continuity to existance and the struggles of the past and the present can never be completely resolved.

Humankind, has memory and consciousness and dreams and the ability to comprehend perspective.
And so the human future--not separate at all from our past and present--will always be a product of a continuing natural flow of time--a continuous narrative--and sometimes of the repetitions of the struggles that remember and commemorate our past. I hope only that my work here will contribute.

I will conclude the history of these events with a group of poems that Abel presented to me just two nights ago, February 28, which reach around these times at the end of the Christian 20th Century.

There is Always a Future

Will this house of tombs
soon tumble down to ground
layered with bodies
of poor and desperate people?

Will corpses be beaten
to soften the fall
of poor Milt in marketing,
Sara in sales,
and that school teacher down the street,

Afraid to make a peep,
might be next to be layed off,
and added to the rotting stench below.
So the risk of resistance grows
geometrically with the gulf of common suffering.

Why wonder?
as future springs entwined from the present
Just sit,
among the peatbog children
where our composted remains ferment
and thrive
seething with life's fertile humus.

Dead bodies nurture living tentacles,
piercing yuccas, devil's clubs, thistle, and briar,
blackberry and rose thorns,
amidst flowers and leaves
they thrust sunward with life and venomous beauty,
while those above,
see no garden, no diversity, no life
nor the wrath that reaches skyward.

As the machinery perfected
to turn us to pulp,
plows, cleaves, and feeds the humus
until the compost gapes
and writhes, with life.

These rulers, on high inside their brains,
do not see how they feed life's retribution
with murders, with death, with dying souls.

And with pylons planted in fill
any quake can shake the house of tombs,
It tumbles at will,
like a building imploded.

Let it tumble and crash,
without even a sound; those on high
are here and there torn and dismembered,
stung by nettles or buried whole.

Yet their bodies--digested alive
by the quickened living earth--
preserve as fossiled memory
the rapacity, arrogance, greed and perversity.
As Memory--whose existence capitalist power would wish to annihilate.

II-A knot reaches across Time

not ya weep, don=t ya mourn

Gentle waters of a mountain lake
lapped quietly on the predawn shoreline.
In the Klamath Knot a strange warm wind
had wandered the night
with deer and bear
and calmed in a flurry of birdsong.

A man sat in his Pennsylvania Death Cell
and thought
through his anger and fear,

about a life designed
to provide fulfillment
for himself, a family, a people,
and belief.
His would be taken in 13 days.

Perhaps they would drug him
as a final abuse
to silence the eloquence
of his closing argument.

Mumia does not succumb to
their demand of hopelessness
for he knows he is not helpless.
The harkening of his lifework, resistance,
beats upon the cell walls and
like Joshua's trumpet sounds
echoes through the strong cliffs
of the Klamath Knot.

12 white men in blue, grey, and brown
uniforms
had applauded vociferously,
their own verdict of guilt.
AWe the jury of peers of the offended
have ruled judiciously,@

they perjuringly declare
to the cameras recording
conquerers= history.

A young girl child asks why
the peers are in uniform.
ASo they=ll look like the prisoner,@
scoffs a network cameraman,
before he says Ahush.@
The men go outside,
where an army of comrades
thunder luxuriantly,
pile into striped vehicles
led by phalanges
of visored helmeted Harleys,
to parade through the East side
where the Black folks live,

AThey=ve forgotten their dogs,@
quips a youngster of 10.
ANot by a long shot,@
shoots back a young brother.
He=s seen the gunfire--
at fourteen a cynic--
but not heard of trumpet fire.

Yet even Aon this morning@**
in a Black Church some be there;
while Wynton is wailing
they hear a strange nuance
in the notes of the Sermon,

** On this morning is a lengthy jazz performance piece by the Winton Marsalis Septet which has been touring the U.S. playing in local Black churches. The piece depicts a Sunday Baptist church service in the Southern Black community, with all the comings and goings and banter and interactions of the people. It pictorializes in music the feel, spirit, and reality of African-American culture.

where Mumia=s voice finds
the trumpeter muse mind--
greatest horn of all times--
thus creating the brief blues phrase
of improv genius, heraldic.

On the signal of Governor Ridge
the nameless executioner
will flip his switch on
to a surge of joy volts,
and a dance with death;
A No, not just one more corpse
but a dead nigger cop killer@,
opines Judge Sabo
behind closed doors later.

The policemen applaud
though a few hold back nausea
(and fear) for justice,
for themselves and their comrades.
Not all of these are Black, but
they too heard
the blues note.

In tune with the times,
they try to buck up, and
hold to the history
of civilizing conquests.
But the blues note has turned
in their minds to a clamor
like chaos:

Breaking out of this tumult
unheard by the cameras
and the cops and their owners,
the voice of the trumpet
begins as a lullabye
of deep human sadness,

which closes to a sweet refrain
of childhood; then followed by
hypnotic siren=s sounds of mourning,
gathering storm clouds--
the forms of a culture regrouping,
with tribes from all nations
and peoples and yearnings.

The music is silence,
and no one can hear it,
except for the many
in whose heads it is playing
unrequited and undeniable.

The trumpet, the trumpeter:
Marsalis ablaze with power and beauty,
the Klamath mountains shake with the fury
of dissonance amidst harmonies.

The trumpeter trumpets at the
walls of the citadel; the mountains
tremble and the walls turn to shale.

The brother of 14 listens intently
hearing >al fin= the power
of the trumpet,
it makes him feel holy
and finally righteous.

He listens intently
to the calming voice within him.
Now he recognizes
the contrapuntal 2nd voiced
trap rapid staccato
timed to the friendly machine gun=s fire.

V-Ninth Life: coming up roses

I'm just one black cat
screamed Elmer Geronimo Pratt
an Apache warrior,
a victim of sensible slaughter
of Indians and Black Panthers
and gooks and chinks,
Siamese dinks,
of dagos and wops,
and geeks and kikes,
of gypsies and flipsies,
and lesbians and fags.
By flag flying hipsters
and pimply lizards
bimbos and steel toes
who think they knew
which way the wind blows.

So I'll just make a list
of political prisoners
lying in wait or speared by the pikes
of Miss Liberty's gates.

Let's see: Leonard Peltier, the Indian leader
Geronimo Pratt of the black panthers
Mumia Jamal, a voice of perfection
Puerto Rican women and men
sisters and mothers
and others unnamed, a thousand framed
and lamed and lying in shame,
or a million dead, 10 million who fled,
a billion being bled dry
by lamprey eels and dracular steals ****

**** vascular steals: diversion of blood via alternate routes or reversed flow. Such as a subclavian steal due to a proximal obstruction where blood flow through the vertebral artery is reversed to the arm thus "stealing" blood from the brain and causing dizziness or fainting.

Stop now, Abel, stop!

There is always a future
no epochs of slaughter can end it,
nor remove its interstices
of sounds and sights,
darkness and light
of life, wending its way
through paths in a jungle
both furious and gentle.

There will be a future
with clouds and rain and sun and warmth
and good nights.

And there is life in that future
nine times nine, life will be fine
with rats to be eaten by cats
and bats to catch rabies
from men who have scabies.

But stop, Abel
and finish this tale,
or sail onward.

I awoke from my dreams, still man,
and looked in my sleeve
A bug called out sleepily
his name was Dorito
and here's what he said to me:
you're taking yourself
much too seriously

And I, no match for the bug,
protested in anguish:
the slaughter, the terror
the suffering's real.
Who are you to call
this game farsical?

"Oh I like your spirit,
he squeaked back delighted.
We'll have you knighted.
But don't take offense,

"I know you go to great lengths
to reveal the shameful villany.
All I'm saying is,
there's more to life than braying
and praying and saying--

"Your cat has nine lives,
because he's a mirage
and knows how to jive
to contrive, to stay alive. Today
he is one, but tomorrow he's five."

Thus saying, Dorito
jumped on his cat, began to scat,
heading for Chiapas
to talk to Marcos.

And the world continued
to spin itself
into the future.

Zopilog: The Buzzard and his Zip Code

Eres la madrugada. Here Joanna lies peacefully asleep in the bed of Aunt Isabel, who has gone to el Distrito Federal, not to celebrate our victory, but to bury her Hector, dead at an early age of cirrhosis from his drinking. From the bedroom doorway I can see the light, down the steps and across the small concrete courtyard common to the small houses on almost every street, and into the parlor where Abel sits writing or reading poetry. I dare not disturb them, Joanna nor Abel. How

would they understand my presence? It would make no sense. Instead, I will append this hand written page, and the several typed pages I have brought with me, at the back of the manuscript lying in the heavy mailer bag on Isabel's small triangular table with its plastic table cloth and little t.v. The mailer already has the postage on it--for 1.3 kilos of weight--the bag that Joanna will mail to her editor and publisher in New York this morning. Perhaps she will look one last time through the book, a final check, and notice my addition; or perhaps not. It doesn't matter, for I know she will send it off en toto.

When the editor, working the final editing, finds this last chapter, he will surely call her and say, "what is this? You hadn't said there was yet to be more." If Joanna has not read these pages she will ask him to fax them to her. She will likely meditate over the situation a while. Then she may call back the editor and tell him the truth: that his last chapter is not her writing. I imagine her saying: "But this was never just my book. It represents a larger effort. I am only a chronicler of events. It is consistent and I wish it left in. Please do not ask more." Joanna, will you be momentarily ill at ease? But that will pass quickly; you will understand that the past speaks through all of us. Perhaps you may dream vividly, not of me, but of your own parents and of your own future. Dear Joanna, Joanna. I am not your Theodore Dreiser. This is not my story, but ours. Do not be silenced by my intrusion; haz el vinculo.

* * * *

Well yes, if you were wondering, I am returned to say there was a third dream. And it occurred while I occupied the Sheridan House, perhaps 6 months before the hemorrhage. The dream contained my death, also the White House ceremony and many of the events that subsequently followed. It seemed then a dream about the future that I ought not share with anyone, nor even did I write it down. I was not yet ready to face my own death.

Yet, death came as a surprise. For in the dream I died when the LearJet, returning us from

important discussions with Central and South African leaders developed mechanical trouble, and plunged into the sea leaving no survivors. Rogelio, but not Joanna, died with me. The next day's news contained the crash and the President's announcement of a Rose Garden memorial, but also a rather surprising number of media features and analyses of lives lost in plane crashes since World War II: Dag Hammarskjold, Samora Machel, Buddy Holly, Roberto Clemente, Ron Brown, and so many children, women, men, soccer teams, football teams, businessmen, artists, working people, Lockerby, Teneffie, mountains, missed runways, storms, sheer forces, mechanical failures, sabotage, assassinations, lightening, miscalculations; tens of thousands lost, a rather sanguinary, almost humble exposition on the hubris of the human endeavor to dominate, to overcome time and space as natural forces--the human expectation of supreme power, of immortality. There was even an interesting article about "jet lag", life's natural resistance to being forced out of its own timing and rhythm; that is, life's resistance to the creation of virtual life.

Nevertheless the dream went on almost as the story. I have finally puzzled and muddled about what dream's ending might mean--this false prophet upon the perfection of the two others..

You may well realize that had I had a C/T scan or MRI of the brain the aneurysm would have been detected and might have been surgically clipped. But I had had no symptoms whatever. And so who was to know, to do, to save my life. And who to believe we can live in that way of applying all resources to our each and every fear of catastrophe, to the fear of the inevitable, the natural, and finally the reasonable? Have we not seen, even so, besides this absurdity--from Ponce De Leon to Eddie DiBartolo, all those resources used up in such ephemeral quests, ultimately allocated by and to the few, and to what end, to an illusion; while we/they alienate and destroy our world.

So, I return here as a humus, required by my ancestors seeking a bridge between past and future to say only that the story, the history of any era, can not end with its new morning, nor with any victory, defeat, any particularity. For all history, though conceived by humans as linear, rebels, rises up off the page, out of the mind, to be reconstituted only as potentiality, imagery, and imagina-

tion. That is the history of which we beings are capable. De la madrugada, vienes 1 Hunaphu con una sonrisa del sol en la mañana. Morning, and some cycles repeat; but not we who join the past, as a repository of understanding.

This sparse history, then, I submit to you for your consideration, this first day of the new year 1998.

signed,

Joanna Kim Blessed

