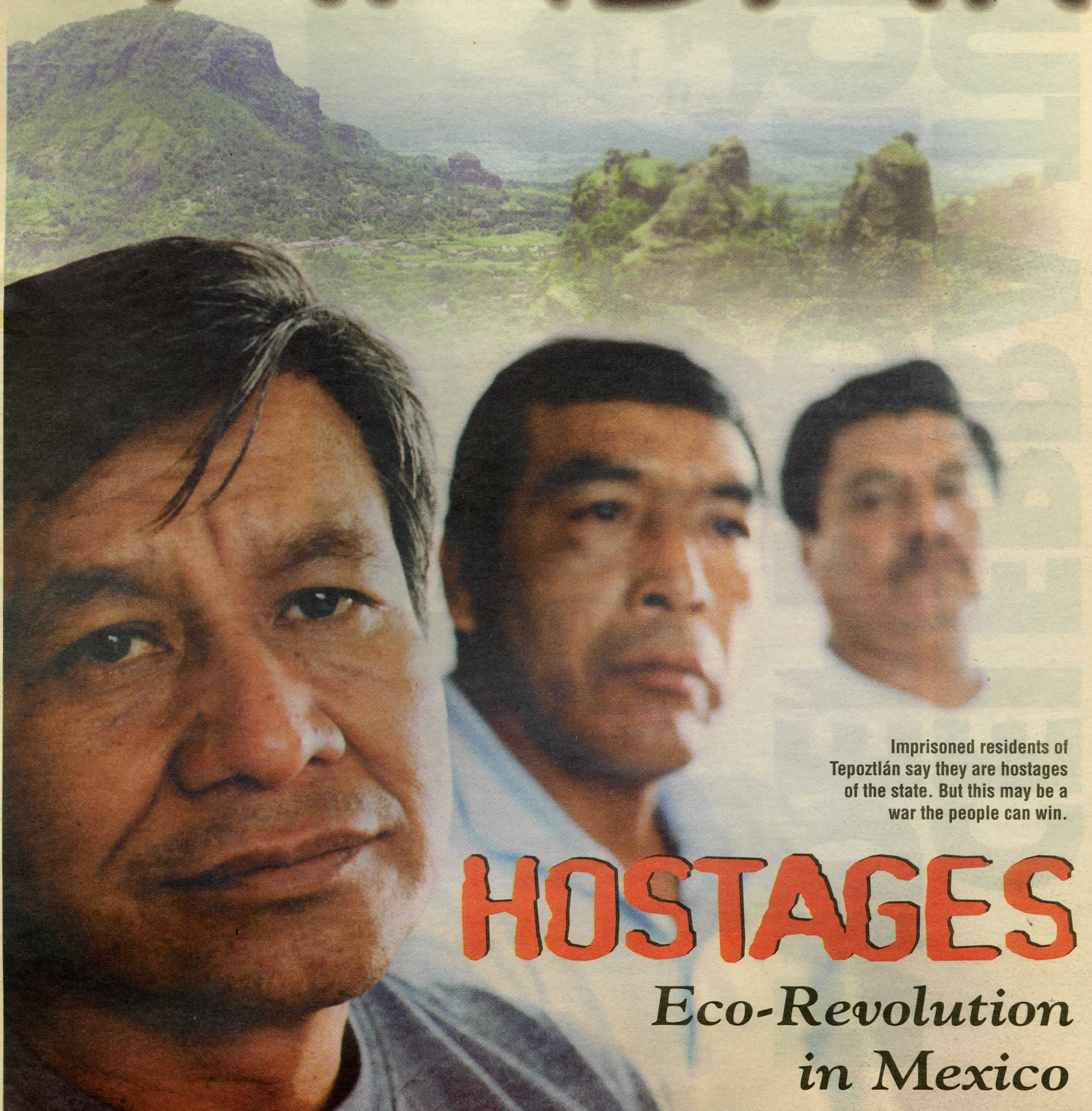


SEPTEMBER 1996

THE LATINO MAGAZINE

VOL. 7 NO.3

EL ANDAR



Imprisoned residents of Tepoztlán say they are hostages of the state. But this may be a war the people can win.

HOSTAGES

*Eco-Revolution
in Mexico*

SPECIAL ISSUE/MEXICO: Guerrillas in Guerrero Images of el DF Mujeres chiapanecas ALSO: Junot Díaz

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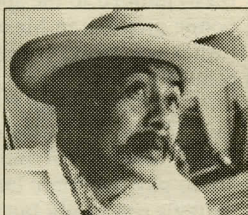
HAZ TU SUEÑO REALIDAD.

Caminante no hay camino,
se hace camino al andar.
—Antonio Machado

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SPECIAL ISSUE

MÉXICO

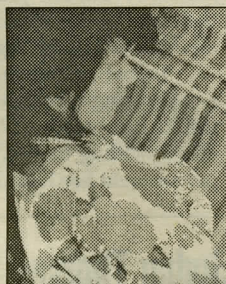


12 THE GOLF WAR IN THE SACRED VALLEY

The farmers of Tepoztlán are winning an eco-war against big business, the police and the state. *Part one of a two-part series.*

THE MILITARIZATION 19 OF MEXICO

In Guerrero, the army lashes out at the EPR and other campesino groups.



24 WEAVING FOR THEIR LIVES

It pays little, but Chiapaneca women keep on weaving and stitching.

PORTAFOLIO 5 MEGALOPOLIS 1996

janjaap and other photographers share recent work from México City and environs, (on pages 5, 18 and 21).



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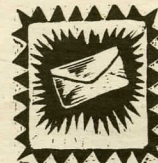


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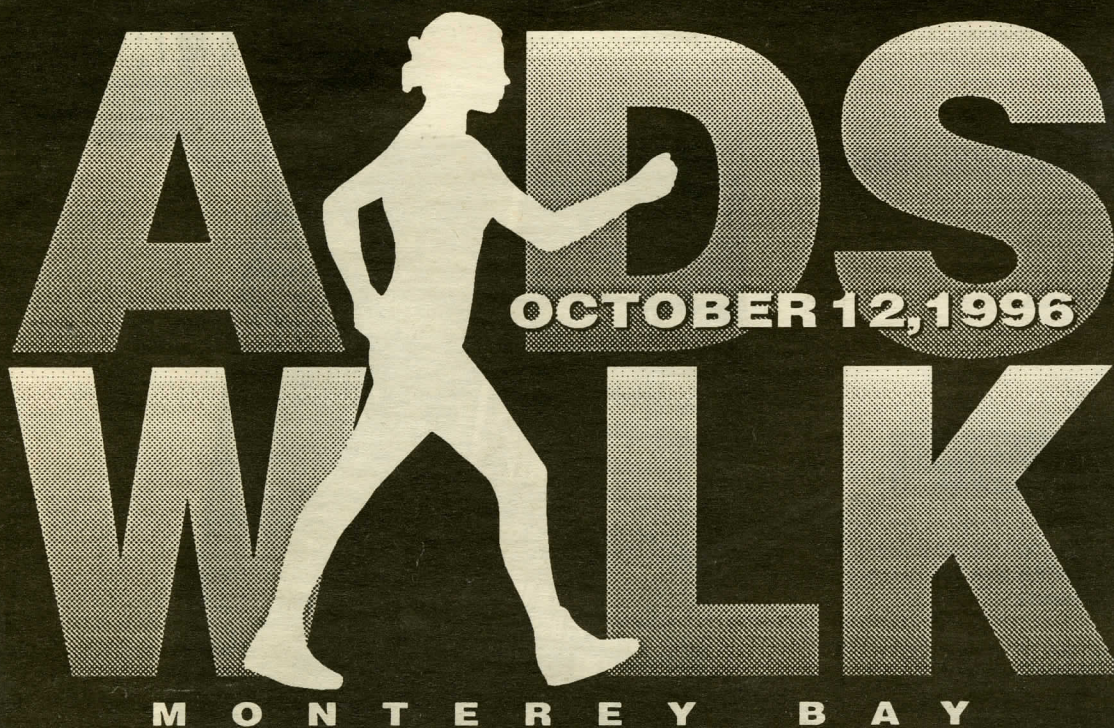
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IN THIS ISSUE

September 1996

When the Mexican government announced on August 18 that its economy grew by 7.2 percent in the last quarter, there was plenty of reason to question what that meant for the average Mexican. A few of our staff members spent a couple of months in Mexico preparing this issue and, according to our observations, the signs of growth were rather hard to see.

But the indications of economic growth soon became apparent, if not in the way the Mexican government expected. Leaving their refuge in the mountains, the members of the Ejército Popular Revolucionario (EPR) jumped to the spotlight once again to show the world what economic progress in Mexico means these days. Dismissed a few months earlier as a group of bandits and now persecuted as outlaws, they have come back with attacks in the states of Oaxaca, Guerrero and Mexico.

"The government wants war. The people poor, the stomach empty," said Marcelino Isidro de los Santos, mayor of Rancho Nuevo de la Democracia, a rebel community in Guerrero, in an interview with *Proceso*. "If no pay attention, Indian go to war. Grandpa mine, father mine, we struggle peacefully, but nothing. The government wants war."

But when it comes to spewing out facts, the Mexican government's information database is as flawed as the government itself. Yes, there's growth, but for a favored few. Exports have risen, but who manufactures those goods? How well are they paid? Joblessness has dropped, but how come there are so many children trying to make a living washing windshields and selling gum in the metro? According to Eduardo Rodríguez Silva, UNICEF representative, the problem of street children is so acute in Mexico they don't even know how many youngsters are destitute.

Similarly, their much-touted electoral reform still needs to show whether Mexico is following the path to democracy. A year ago, on August 25, a group of unarmed peasants took over the City Hall of their small village. The Tepoztecos strongly opposed construction of a golf course on their land and tried to show their discontent in a democratic manner. Now, one year after they elected a local government that heeds their wishes, the Mexican government has yet to recognize the Tepozteco-elected officials as "legitimate."

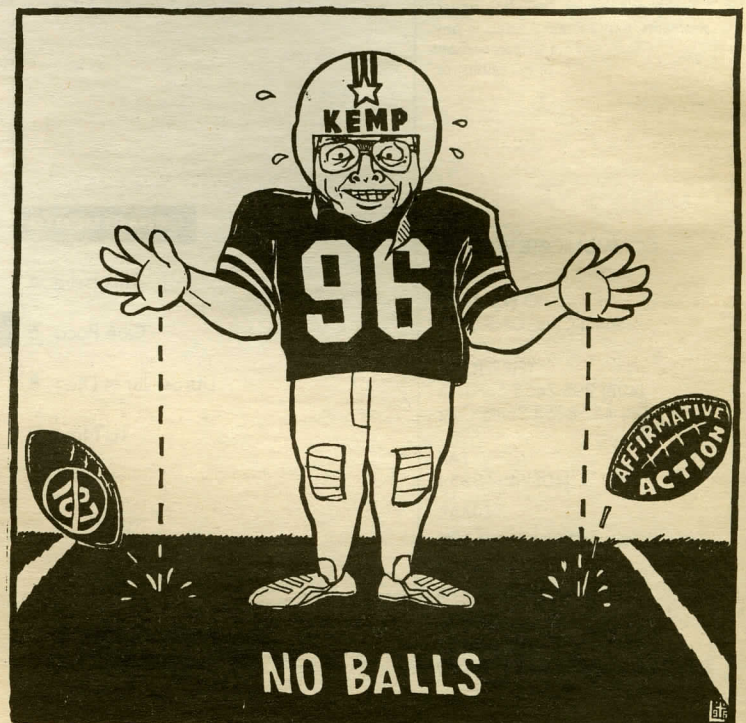
Tepoztlán, like the EPR and the EZLN, are the buzzards flying over an agonizing ogre that refuses to die. The PRI government may be exhaling its last breaths. No longer legitimate, unable to repress discontent and unwilling to address the causes of misery, it's surprising to see the government has lasted this long.

Judge Thomas Black

The staff of El Andar extends its condolences and love to Marla Black and her family for the recent death of Thomas Black.

A tireless fighter for youth and justice, Judge Black may be remembered by your donations to the CASA Program, 1047 Water St., Santa Cruz, CA 95060; or to the Youth Resources Bank, Santa Cruz.

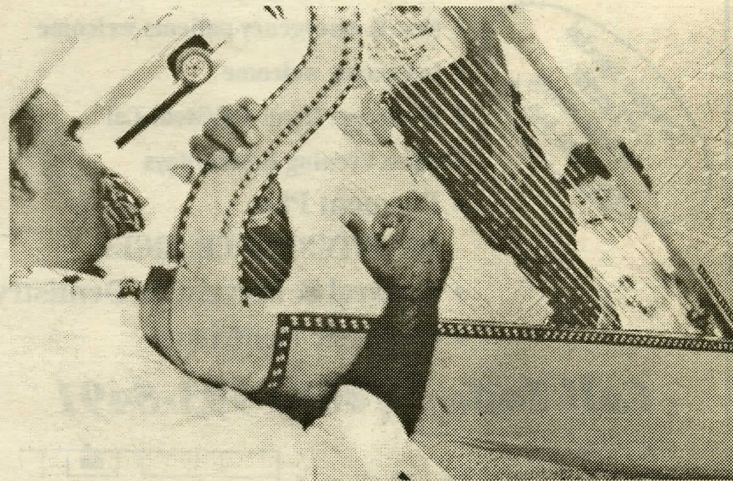
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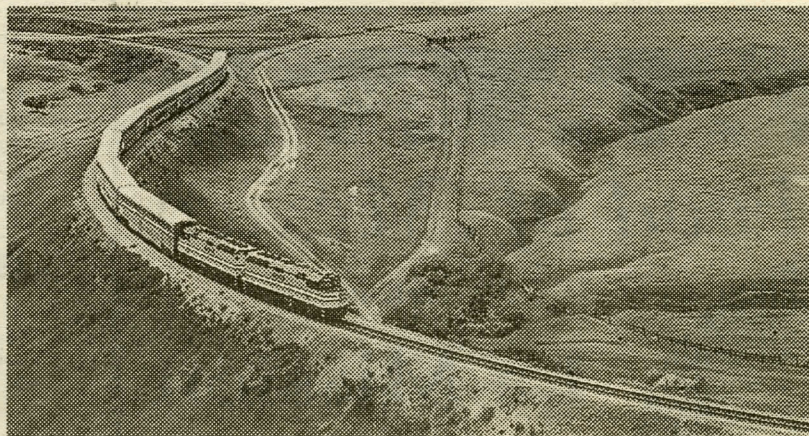
que los tres viajan a mitad de precio.) Lo único que necesitan hacer es salir desde el mismo lugar en el mismo tren y hacia el mismo destino.

Generalmente, esto es lo que hacen las personas cuando viajan juntas.

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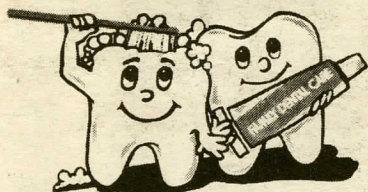


por su ventana, a la vez que usted y sus amigos o familiares piensan en cómo gastar todo el dinero que están ahorrando. ¿Qué espera? Junte a sus amigos y haga sus reservaciones. Llame al 1-800-USA-RAIL hoy y aproveche esta fabulosa oferta en lo mejor que tiene el Oeste. El Coast Starlight de Amtrak. Bienvenidos abordo.



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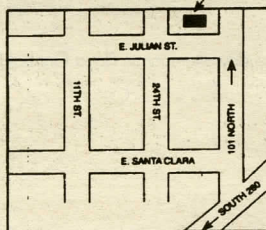


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QUÉ POCA ...

Go Figure

Compiled by Claudia S. Meléndez and Jack Tilney



Campaign Speak

"Bob Dole tried making a cross-country train trip, but they kept draping an American Flag over him." —Hy Faber

"President Clinton has gotten two key items locked up: the nomination and Susan McDougal." —Alan Ray

Words of wisdom on welfare

"Now, if you want to get a government check for the rest of your life without having to do anything, you have to get elected to congress." —Cutler Daily Scoop

"Weaning people off welfare won't be hard. It's weaning people off food that will prove tricky." —Alex Kaseberg



Sperm: it's a guy thing

You can always judge a man by his hair. If he starts to bald, well, the time has obviously come to question his masculinity. Kevis of Beverly Hills now offers Sperm Shampoo to correct this problem. Their press release states that "the active ingredient is found on the tip of human sperm and costs over \$30,000 per kilo." It will penetrate those hair follicles "just as sperm penetrates an egg." Thank heavens this much-needed product has been ejaculated into the market of consumer goods. Hey, Kevis says actor Sean Connery uses it.

Florida family values

On August 30, a Florida Court of Appeals upheld a lower court's custody ruling that a child would be better served living with her biological father than with her lesbian mother. Turns out the lesbian mom dared to commit such perverse crimes as exhibit "bad table manners and personal hygiene habits and preferred to wear men's cologne." The girl's father, the *New York Times* notes, was convicted of murdering his first wife, but undoubtedly has impeccable table manners and enhances his hygiene with guy perfume (or men's cologne, whichever you prefer). The woman was also accused of improper sexual conduct, but no evidence would corroborate the accusation. Dad, being a wife killer and all, undoubtedly knows more about a wholesome family atmosphere than mom (who, after all, might teach her daughter to eat meat with a salad fork. Next thing you know, the kid will be wearing white shoes after Labor Day. Oh the horror!).

Who you talkin' 'bout?

"This seems to me to be an absolutely irrational group capable of violent murder of civilians," said Mexican author Carlos Monsiváis apropos the uprising of the Ejército Popular Revolucionario (EPR) in an interview with the *San José Mercury News*. Now, Monsi, are you sure those weren't government agents you were talking about?



Here we
go again...
or, Así
se hacen
los chismes

Dr. Ernesto Estevez, a Red Cross doctor, was kidnapped by the Mexican rebel group EPR to treat three wounded soldiers, reported the *New York Times*. When he returned to Huatulco, he described their leader, Eagle One, as a tall man with relatively light skin and a vague urban air. The commander spoke Spanish with what Estevez said resembled a Peruvian accent. But when he examined the body of one dead rebel, he found the fighter's feet to be "broad in the manner of peasants who work barefoot."

Can you see it coming? Mexican peasants are not smart enough (or not hungry enough) to stage their own revolution. Therefore, evil outsiders have come to prey upon the peasant's mental and digestive weaknesses and incite them. By the way, what's the name of that Peruvian guerrilla? Abimael?

No more food stamps

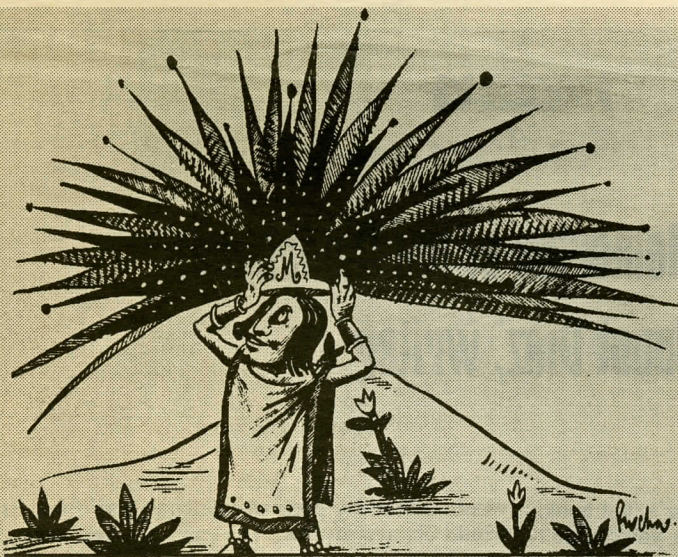
"There are 17,000 who wear our (US Armed Forces) uniform who are still on food stamps. This should not happen in America. If you wear the uniform you ought to be paid enough to buy your groceries and to pay your rent," said presidential hopeful Bob Dole at a recent campaign rally in San Luis Obispo, California. Translation: "If I get elected, I'm going to increase military spending. (Never mind that the money won't trickle down to the soldiers). Isn't that what America needs?"

How to kill a language

te vas
porque yo
quiero que
te vayas...



"To reach the millions who speak Spanish in the home, we have translated four of our most popular gun safety brochures into the Castilian dialect," proudly claims the National Rifle Association in a recent press release. Shall we recommend they translate into Bable Asturiano, Leonés, Montañés, Extremeño, Murciano, Aragonés, and all other Spanish dialects, to make sure those of us who speak Spanish at home really understand that guns kill?



Rocha, La Jornada

You are too generous

Austrian president Thomas Klestil expressed on two separate occasions he'd be willing to offer Moctezuma's headdress as a "gift" to the Mexican people. Now, why would you give a gift that does not belong to you in the first place? However, Peter Cann, director of the Ethnological Museum of Vienna, which exhibits the penacho, doesn't even want to think about it: "The crown is ours, it is part of our cultural heritage and there's no reason to return it to Mexico."

Here's how the penacho ended up as an Austrian cultural artifact:

The Spaniards who assaulted the Axayacatl's Palace looted all the Mexicas' treasures. Hernán Cortéz took Moctezuma's crown, his flag and his royal shield. Later, when the conquistadors are defeated on the "Sad Night," the treasure returns to its rightful owners. Both Cuiclahuac and Cuauhtémoc, the last Aztec emperors, use it. A year later, when the city of Tenochtitlan falls to the Spaniards, the feathered crown returns to Cortéz. On the way to Spain, where Cortéz sends the treasure to regain King Carlos V's favor, the fleet is assaulted by the French buccaneer Jan Florin. The treasure is offered to the French crown and stored in the Royal chamber, where it is later stolen and sold to Italy. Archduke Ferdinand de Tirol buys the treasure in 1583 and takes it to his palace of Ambras, where it remains until the nineteenth century. The headdress is removed before the war of Tirol against Bavaria. During the last part of the nineteenth century, the piece is found in the castle of Belvedere in Vienna and it's sent to the Museum of Natural History, now the Ethnological Museum of Vienna.

So, Austria, would you be so kind as to return the stolen property?

Hija de quién...? or, Do Cry for Me Argentina

A court in Argentina has ordered that the body of former president Juan Domingo Perón be exhumed for DNA testing. An Argentinean woman claims she is the daughter of the popular leader, and has won the battle to verify her claim to the Perón dynasty. Too bad she missed the *Evita* tryouts.

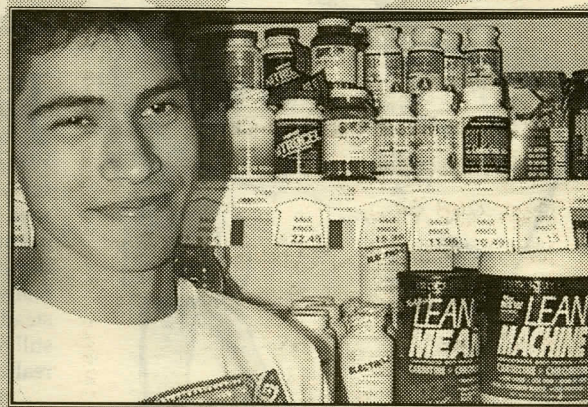
You go, Metro Santa Cruz

...for reporting on the turmoil at Rebecca's Mighty Muffins in Santa Cruz. Accusations of workplace segregation, union-busting, and unaddressed safety and health problems were noted. According to claims made to *Metro* (September 5-11 issue) by former employee Susan Hyde, "All the Mexicans worked in the back—it was completely segregated." Hyde was asked to resign shortly after attempting to unionize workers at Rebecca's. Tim McCormick of SEIU Local 415 said there were reports that management went "to the Latino employees and threatened them with calling INS and other intimidation tactics." Owner Rebecca Campbell has yet to respond to the accusations. Who could believe segregation and anti-union sentiment would exist in such a progressive community?

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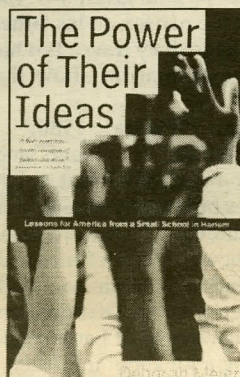
At the Book Café in September



JUNOT DÍAZ author of *DROWN*

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 7:30PM

These stories reflect Díaz's life growing up in the Dominican Republic and urban New Jersey. He has worked as a dishwasher and steelworker as well as graduating from Rutgers University. His stories are unique and searing, his prose remarkable, his dialogue perfect. *Newsweek* named Díaz one of the top 10 New Faces of 1996, saying: "Talent this big will always make noise...Díaz has the dispassionate eye of a journalist and the tongue of a poet." Walter Mosley calls him "a major new writer. His world explodes off the page into the canon of our literature and our hearts." Francisco Goldman claims "Díaz is going to be a giant of American prose."



DEBRA MEIER

author of *THE POWER OF THEIR IDEAS*

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26 7:30PM

This is one of the most inspiring books about education in a generation. For the past several decades Meier has run a small public school in East Harlem, and despite the poverty and difficult lives of most of her students, over 90% graduate, and 90% of those go on to college. Meier explains why her approach works so well in this memorable book which is a true tribute to democratic education and the power of belief, small schools - and ideas. "A brilliant example of how a school and its students can succeed...We can rethink how to create schools that work. Let's pay attention." Marion Wright Edelman.

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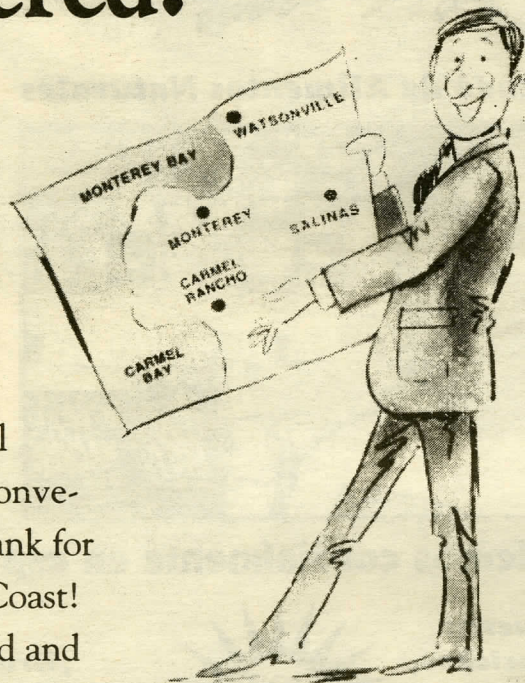
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LIBROS

Book Review

Haunting Memories of the Caribbean: Junot Díaz, writer

Claudia S. Meléndez

If you held in your hands Junot Díaz's first book, *Drown*, a collection of ten short stories, you couldn't help it but be impressed. "A major new writer," says Walter Mosley. "Vibrant, tough, unexotic, and beautiful... Díaz is going to be a giant of American prose," says Francisco Goldman. Díaz claims he is doing nothing to promote that apparent frenzy his writing has awakened. "The buzz feeds itself, it doesn't really need you," he said in a telephone interview. Instead, he strikes you as an unpretentious homeboy who still recalls how astonished his friends were when they realized he was writing.

Junot Díaz, a 27-year-old Dominican, began writing when he was in college, though he didn't realize he could earn a living off his art. "I always thought that I would work 9 to 5 the rest of my life." Last October, Díaz quit his day job making photocopies after he signed his first book contract.

Díaz left his tropical island with his mother, brother and sister when he was seven, and arrived in New Jersey during "one of the coldest winters of the decade," he said. "I almost had an allergic reaction to the United States." Long gone, however, are the childhood days when he would walk up to every black person in New Jersey and speak to them in Spanish, thinking they were Dominican. His early fascination with T.V. and hamburgers gave way to his conscientious efforts to find the time and space to write his stories, to develop his art.

The differences between his adopted country and his homeland etched themselves in his juvenile consciousness. Though he longed for Santo Domingo, he has artistically found a way to return to the island of his youth. "I write more because Santo Domingo haunted me, and because I wanted to figure out a way that I could communicate with the island. I had all these memories from my childhood that were jarring. I wanted to write about growing up with those memories."

With passionate subtlety, Díaz takes your hand and guides you through the world he left behind twenty years ago, continuing to his early years on the East Coast, his growing up among homeboys and girlfriends, his father's infidelity and his mother's suffering.

Autobiographical anecdotes are evident throughout his fictional stories. Yuniór, the nine-year-old who comes to the United States in "Fiesta, 1980," learns of his father's womanizing when the man takes his two children to dine with his Puerto Rican girlfriend. But Yuniór also develops a strange malady that only assaults him when he boards his father's brand-new, lime-green VW van. He cannot control the nausea, so his father forbids him to eat before they travel. Is it his father's van or his extramarital affair that nauseates Yuniór?

Like "Fiesta, 1980," the stories "Aguantando," "Boyfriend" and "Negocios," touch on a subject latent in Latin American cultures but mostly absent from their literature: infidelity. That word resonates, carries a weight whose burden men and women both share and refuse to unload. Without blaming or finger-pointing, Díaz deplores the customary philandering of Latino males. "I've been thinking a lot about infidelity, and I think a lot of it has to do with privilege: men don't like to abandon their privilege. They can see more than one woman at a time, so they'll do it. It takes a lot to abandon your privilege and to start thinking of women as equals."

Yet Díaz expects women to share the blame for this practice. "I will never forget that all through my childhood, my tías would always ask me how many girlfriends I had. I

would either say none or one, and if said one, they would always say 'Oh, you can't just have one girlfriend, you've gotta have more.' And that was coming from women. Men have to work on it seriously, but women have to work on it seriously too."

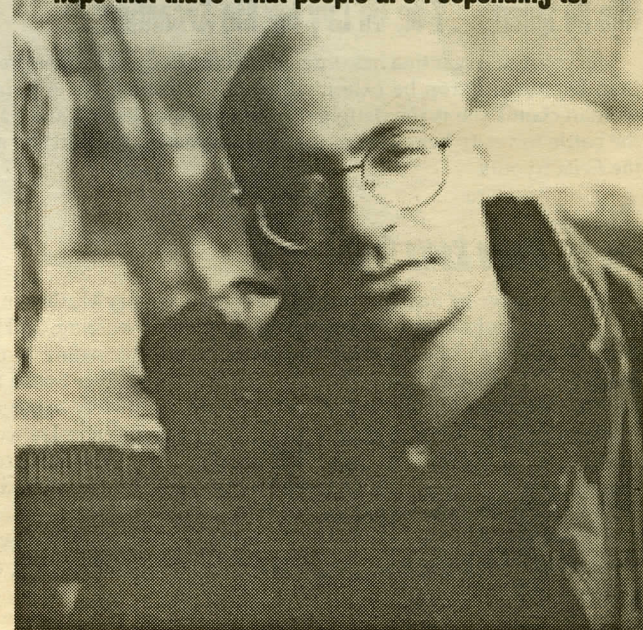
Let he who's free from sin cast the first stone; but it won't be Díaz. "I made special pains never to cheat on any girlfriends because of what had happened to my mother," he asserts, but he admits his promise dissolved in his early twenties when he gave in to peer pressure. "A lot of us were becoming expert cheaters." He changed, as did many of his friends. "For me it was a big realization: 'I'm turning into my father.'"

He has not become Señor Díaz. He's working currently on two novels. One of them is about his parents, similar to the story "Negocios," a fictionalized account of his father coming to the United States. The other book, *The Cheater's Guide to Love*, deals with young men of color experiencing what he calls the "drought times:" they live in the city, are fresh out of college and want to work in the community—without much luck.

For Junot Díaz, fortune has smiled upon his path and blessed it with favorable reviews. *Newsweek* predicted in its January 15, 1996 issue that he would be one of the 10 new stars that would "brighten up the year." "Part of you hopes that it's because of the strong writing, that they're responding to a vision," he comments on those glowing reviews he's gotten. "I had a vision about writing about poor Latinos, poor immigrants, Dominican, Puerto Ricans, Cubans, immigrants that I knew about without resorting to a lot of the standard clichés and stereotypes. Even if I wanted to write about a drug dealer, I wanted him to be honest, not the stereotype and you hope that that's what people are responding to. But it could be you are the flavor of the month, and they all decided to join the bandwagon of this one." ▲

Junot Díaz will read from his book *Drown* on September 24, 7:30 pm at the Capitola Book Café, 41st Ave. and Capitola Rd. 408/462-4415

"Even if I wanted to write about a drug dealer, I wanted him to be honest, not the stereotype. You hope that that's what people are responding to."



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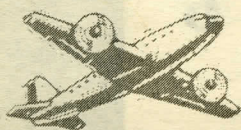
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CINE

Film and Video

Of Dreamers and Rebels:



Four films from Festival ¡Cine Latino! 1996

Jack Tilney

A tough guy brings his car to a halt and charges towards a young boy. Grabbing the boy by the shoulders, he screams, "You're letting that little girl pick on you?!...What did I tell you?" "I'm the man!" hollers the young boy in reply, desperately attempting to act tough like his older brother. Carlos, a scrawny boy growing up in New York City, is troubled by his brother Tomas's machismo, an identity he tries, but fails to emulate. In only fourteen minutes, writer, producer and director Stephanie Gripps develops Carlos's insecurities and conflicting emotions in *Games*, a short film premiering in the Bay Area this month. Gripps focuses the film on characters' actions, constantly making the viewer aware of how people observe and respond to their environment. This especially comes to focus when Carlos finds old binoculars, and the viewer watches events unfold from Carlos's perspective. The editing is top rate and the music by Greg Kalember brilliantly accentuates the film.

Games is only one of over seventy films and videos showing at Cine Acción's fourth annual Festival ¡Cine Latino! Administrative Director/Festival Coordinator Rosalia Valencia notes the Festival "has grown tremendously. It's a big milestone for us." Rather than take place in only one venue (the Victoria Theater in San Francisco), the festival will go to the Yerba Buena Center, the UC Theater in Berkeley, and the Crest Theater in Sacramento. Cine Acción will present media from eleven countries, including fifteen features. "We'll be bringing in films from Bolivia, Peru, and Nicaragua, which is pretty much not done in other film festivals," Valencia adds. Indeed, the vast array of films showcased should offer something for everyone.

For those seeking somewhat lighter fare, *Anda, Corre, Vuela* (Peru/Germany) will be the film for you. Gregorio, a young man working at a gas station, meets Juliana, a young woman living on the outskirts of mainstream society. Juliana houses runaway and neglected children, offering them an alternative family while helping them maintain a subsistence living and a safe environment. When Juliana and Gregorio get wrongfully accused of participating in a terrorist robbery and bombing, the action ensues. It may sound trite, but the film works. The characters within the plot are well developed (for example, when we listen to Gregorio and Juliana's dreams for better lives) and the social issues explored, ranging from child neglect to police corruption, make the film far more meaningful than the plot may lead you to believe. Though the film quality is not the best, the fast-paced, fun plot and the great performances (especially by the children) make the film worth seeing.

Folks more interested in documentary can try *Sueños y Palabras Sabias de Las Comunidades Tzotiles y Tzeltales* (*Dreams and Wise Words from the Tzotzil and*

Tzeltal Communities). The video offers a panoply of beautiful imagery, displaying the festivals, marches, and daily rituals of southern Mexico's indigenous communities. Voice-over narration scores the film, detailing creation myths, the combination of Mayan and Christian belief systems, and the meaning of dreams and the land for the Tzotzil and Tzeltal communities. Though beautifully written and narrated, the voice-overs, at times, seem removed from the film, which jumps from one ceremony to another, from one village to another, without connecting the visual transitions into the narration. The few moments when people speak for themselves contextualizes the ideals and beliefs of the communities far more effectively than the narration. Especially good in this respect is the latter portion of the film, which focuses on indigenous resistance to the government's military deployment and cultural colonization. The film would have benefited from more direct dialogue and interaction with the communities.

On the other hand, the documentary *Las Compañeras Tienen Grado* (*Zapatista Women*), features women in the Zapatista army telling their own stories, exploring topics ranging from combat to birth control. The film utilizes a standard documentary format, opening with the April 10, 1994 EZLN rally in the Lacandon Jungle (featuring Subcomandante Marcos's tribute to Emiliano Zapata) to set the scene before turning to the women's stories. Each woman sits in front of the camera, briefly discussing an aspect of life as a Zapatista. Be it the modestly told story of Capitán Isidora's heroic rescue of her comrades or Capitán Amalia's diligent narration about her journey to critical consciousness, the stories all convey the commitment and risks women face as Zapatistas. Marcos notes that a woman can only leave her village "as a wife or a whore," so any woman joining up is "marked for life." The payoff for women, however, is learning a new "way of being," a new-found freedom and respect. For example, Amalia explains that illiterate recruits are immediately taught to read, write, and speak Spanish (as a common language) while simultaneously being trained for combat. Women also become leaders and are treated as equals within the ranks. The video is a great learning experience and a much needed addition to the media and art produced about the Zapatistas, especially since stories about Zapatista women are largely ignored.

A diverse array of other films (including *Follow Me Home*, *Gay Cuba*, and *The San Patricios*), featured speakers (including *Anda, Corre, Vuela's* director Augusto Tamayo), and receptions will occur throughout the festival. This year's expanded Festival is sure to be an educational, entertaining event.

Cine Acción's Fourth Annual Festival ¡Cine Latino! will exhibit 9/19 - 9/22 and 9/27 - 9/29 in San Francisco and Berkeley. For locations, ticket information, Festival Passes, Series tickets, and group rates call (415) 553-8140.



Photo: Sibylla Herbrich

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Johnny Spain is a historical figure who helped shape the ethics of an entire generation through his participation in activities with the Black Panther Party. He was a defendant in the San Quentin Six case and spent 21 years as an inmate in the California Department of Corrections.

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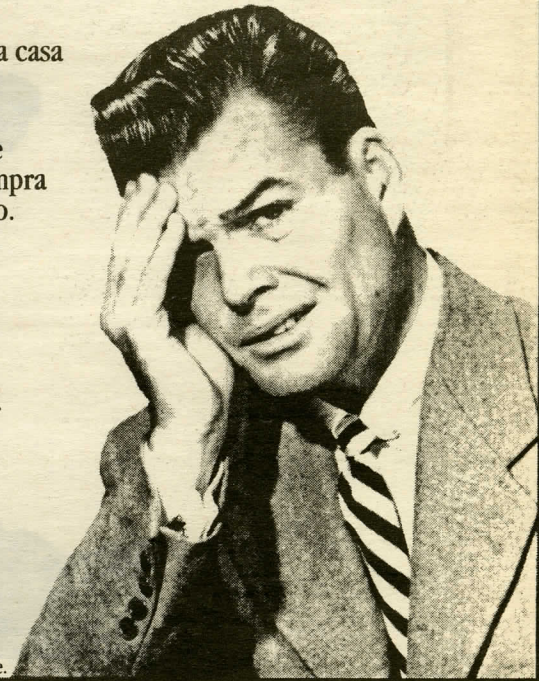
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The Golf War

in the Sacred Valley



Paul Myers

Julie Reynolds

Photographs by Paul Myers

Laura Aguirre and Eduardo Alvarez del Castillo

PART ONE OF A TWO PART STORY

THIS IS A STORY ABOUT A GOLF COURSE, EMILIANO ZAPATA, JACK NICKLAUS, GREENPEACE, GTE AND THE MASSIVE SELL-OFF OF MEXICAN LANDS.

IT IS THE STORY OF PEASANTS WHO CONFRONT THE STATE, THE POLICE AND THE ARMY—AND WIN.

IT'S A PARABLE THAT COULD ONLY TAKE PLACE IN TEPOZTLÁN, A LOVELY, RUSTIC TOWN THAT HOSTS CAMPESINOS, NEW AGE MEXICAN HIPPIES, ECOLOGISTS, INTELLECTUALS AND REGULAR UFO SIGHTINGS.

NOW TWO MEN ARE DEAD AND THREE ARE IN PRISON AS CAMPESINOS STUBBORNLY BATTLE ON IN THE GOLF WAR OF TEPOZTLÁN.

AUGUST 24, 1995 was the day when the police, the army and the entire city government were run out of town by thousands of Tepoztlán residents, in the state of Morelos, Mexico. The mob was armed only with sticks, stones and the profound indignation of a people betrayed.

A year later, the entrance to town is blockaded by a low wall of stones topped with a symbolic twist of barbed wire. The police and the army have yet to return.

"THERE IS ONLY ONE THING you need to understand about this place. Everything in Tepoztlán is a parable,"

says restaurateur Rubén Flores Torres, gazing sternly after a few tequilas late one night.

I don't doubt it. Since arriving here I've been told by many to look for the UFOs that frequent Tepoztlán's dramatic, sweeping cliffs. An hour from Mexico City, we're already a mile high. The soft, stony mountain of El Tepozteco, graced by a pyramid on top, seems to touch another universe. "The pyramid will give you energy if you climb up there," say Tepoztecos (the name for natives of the town).

Tepoztlán, population 13,000, is known as the "Valle Sagrado," the

Sacred Valley of the Aztecs. Its lush fields support a campesino (peasant) class which, while poor, is more comfortable and better educated than many in Mexico. Even those who become professionals do not give up their land; they spend weekends tending family fields of corn, beans and marigolds for the Days of the Dead in November.

This is Morelos, land of Emiliano Zapata's birth, and these are the tierras and people he defended and loved. There are 100 year-old Zapatistas living here who fought by Emiliano's side. Zapata's granddaughter lives nearby.

Though Zapata and the Mexican Revolution are long gone, Tepoztecos have cultivated a defiant personality. Over thirty years ago, a golf course and a "scenic train" from Mexico City were proposed for the town's extensive communal lands. Those plans were abandoned after residents stubbornly fought back with a "No al tren" movement.

"This goes back to 1860," says Nuria Jiménez, who runs a small cultural center here. "The old people say the land was bought by the communities of Tepoztlán and Santa Catarina, and they became communal lands."

AROUND THE TIME of the scenic train debate, in 1962, the family of Francisco Kladt began quietly acquiring property in the region, though it was later acknowledged that some of the land was "in dispute." The lands were protected by various Presidential decrees. Areas in Kladt's holdings were officially designated as archaeological zone, as a National Park (in 1937), as an ecological reserve (in 1988), and historically, as peasant-owned communal lands. But Kladt was somehow able to obtain titles from campesinos and the state, "all quite legally."

The new administration was named the "Free, Constitutional and Popular City Council of Tepoztlán." Teens took shifts as guards to maintain town barricades, and women set up a kitchen on city hall steps to feed the volunteers. This new feeling, of being in control of their town, was exhilarating to Tepoztecos. Each day at dusk, Lázaro walked outside to the city hall porch, and waving his hat above his head, announced the day's news to a proud congregation of old men and women, teenagers and merchants. "We took possession without guns, with nothing but pure intelligence," says Lázaro.

Now seen in an international spotlight, the audacious, perhaps mad, determination of the people of Tepoztlán captured the hearts of environmentalists and activists all over. Ralph Nader, along with US representatives of Greenpeace, the Sierra Club and Friends of the Earth, signed letters directed to Don A. Hayes, president of GTE Data Services, and to Jack Nicklaus at Golden Bear Course Management, urging them to withdraw from the Club de Golf project.

Nicklaus apparently did not find the letter or the events of Tepoztlán memorable. In a *Golf Digest* interview with Bruce Selcraig, Jack fumbled, "I was told there was some uprising, but I didn't know. ...I just don't get in the middle of it."

In late September, the CUT filed a lawsuit against KS and Governor Carrillo for their parts in the "illegal purchase" of communal lands, while negotiations continued with the state of Morelos.

Two sticky points in the talks were the CUT's demand for a definitive closure of the Club de Golf project, and the state's demand that new, open elections be held in which the PRI could participate. Francisco Kladt even proposed that the whole golf project be put up to a voters' referendum. On this, the CUT held stubbornly: there would be no new elections. More elections would mean admitting to the world that their own elections were not valid. Walls of restaurants and homes were sprayed with "No a las elecciones" graffiti.

Though hundreds of arrest warrants were issued for Tepoztlán's rebels, no one could be hauled in as long as the offenders stayed safely inside town behind the handmade barricades. The police were surreally kept at bay, in part because of the attention the press and the nation's intellectuals were giving the situation.

There was no clear reason why the army didn't just roll in and massacre the infidels. A transparent barrier seemed to repel the violent forces outside. This was all seen naturally as part of the Tepoztlán enigma, the mystery that attracts the New Agers. It was the latest parable of the Sacred Valley.

Spirits soared. "We built our own democracy here," says resident Leticia Moctezuma. Lázaro and the CUT had organized the town, and a little income enabled volunteers to paint and spruce up the town plaza. Funds were collected from public bathroom fees, market space rental and small donations from visitors. Interestingly, very little crime occurred now that the police were banished. Farmers and grandmothers spoke out in town assemblies for the first time, and a sense of control over their destiny grew. Campesinos were confident that Kladt and his Club de Golf would soon surrender.

"In November, things kind of went back to normal," says Nuria. "The feast of los muertos [Day of the Dead] is well known here. It's a very intimate holiday. We commune with our deceased ones, and we tried to spend those days in peace."

The peace of November would give way to December blood. Before New Year's Eve, one man, Alex Morales's brother, would be killed. Two taxi drivers would be in jail, and on January 18, a beloved teacher would be arrested outside of town. Though hundreds of witnesses could testify to their innocence and alibis, the men would be charged with murder.

Soon the the incarceration of the three would come to be seen as the state's best and most brilliant move. To many, it was clear that the taxi drivers and the teacher had become helpless hostages, to be held by the state until Tepoztlán gave in.

The Morelos government, exasperated by its capricious child's games, began to play hardball. ▲

Continued next month.

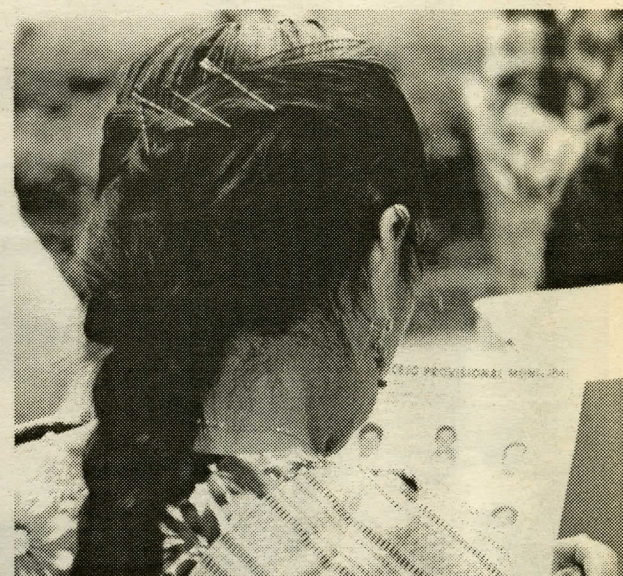


Paul Myers

Above, women prepare meals for volunteer guards who keep watch over the village.

Right, a young voter studies the new ballot with photos of candidates.

Below, three prisoners in a Cuernavaca jail who say they are hostages of the state of Morelos.



Laura Aguirre



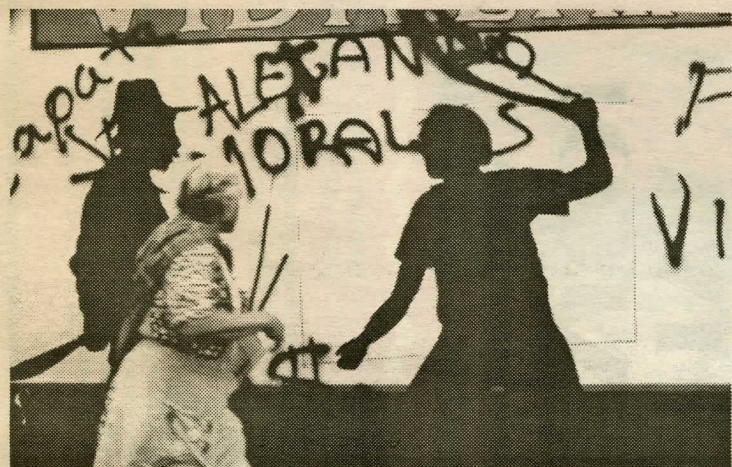
Paul Myers

**"Today, ecological developments are highly profitable.
That's why we love ecology."**

—Club de Golf Vice President José de los Ríos



Paul Myers



Laura Aguirre

Above, voters in a neighborhood election select candidates for city council.

Left, Tepoztlán graffiti pits Zapata against ex-mayor Alejandro Morales.

Facing page, bells ring to summon Tepoztlán's citizens in the town plaza.

In spite of a resistant Tepozteco history, in the early 1990s Francisco Kladt plowed ahead with a dream. Though the young developer had masterminded several large projects in Mexico, none possessed the voracious scale of the Club de Golf El Tepozteco. It was simply massive. Plans included an 18 hole Jack Nicklaus-designed golf course, 800 luxury residential units, an artificial lake, tennis courts, restaurants, a hotel, shopping centers, a heliport, and a riding club. Not emphasized at the time was that the hub of the community would be an international business complex called "El Recinto," (which would be home to

US-based corporation GTE). All this, surrounded by the magnificent serenity of El Tepozteco National Park, or what would be left of it.

Kladt's investors were strictly major league. By the winter of '94, his Grupo KS had gathered support from Jaime Alatorre, who, apparently seeing no conflict of interest with his role as head of the Mexican Investment Council (CMI), personally bought into the project. Other investors included Ricardo Salinas, of Mexico's Elektra appliance empire and the TV Azteca network (recently scandalized over pulling government strings to gain funds). Golden Bear Course Man-

agement, a US company in which golfer Jack Nicklaus has a stake, was brought in to design the golf course. In all, more than 70 initial investors, most of them big shots in Mexico's banking, business and political circles, were enlisted by Grupo KS.

IN 1995, project vice president José de los Ríos went about excitedly preaching the KS gospel. The development model he exhibited portrayed the best of all worlds, a happy blend of nature, archaeology, comfort and prosperity.

"It's a style that's Mexican rustic,

Mexican colonial....A project like this belongs to us, it belongs to Mexico. We're able to take advantage, in any region, of what is Mexican," de los Ríos noted without irony. "That melding of man and nature and architectural style is what gives you a greater quality of life, and a gentle reminder that we are in Mexico, that we are Mexican."

He added: "Today, ecological developments are highly profitable. That's why we love ecology."

Many Tepoztecos didn't like the idea. Historically, they're just not all that interested in "progress." They love their valley where burros and

horses are still common modes of transportation. They love their village where people eat wild mushroom, grilled cactus and squash-blossom tacos, as they've done for hundreds of years. If it means losing their beloved way of life, many Tepoztecos really couldn't care less whether the tax base would be raised or 13,000 jobs would be created. "I don't think this is simply about conserving traditions for the sake of conserving them," says Father Filiberto González, the village parish priest. "We need to understand at what point our traditions and our environment make and shape the individual. Our identity."

Another problem was that the Club de Golf was out of their league. Tepoztlán does enjoy the presence of a certain wealthy intellectual class seeking refuge from Mexico City. But for the vast majority of Tepoztecos—the farmers and the working class—the project was something that really could not engage them economically, socially or philosophically. With its gated entrance and high-tech business park, the development was not intended to concern them.

In addition, ecologists in town were aghast at the idea of supporting a golf course, where once there were wildlands, that would swallow 800,000 gallons a day, up to five times Tepoztlán's usual water consumption.

By spring of 1995, friction was building in Morelos, and the Tepoztecos' concerns got good coverage with the liberal press in Mexico City. The PRI, the country's old guard ruling party, had control of the state government, and Governor Jorge Carrillo was graciously smoothing the way for KS to begin construction. But in Tepoztlán thousands marched, and even the city's PRI mayor, Alejandro Morales, promised he'd fight KS and the state all the way. On March 18, 1995, surrounded by thousands of town residents, Morales signed an official statement rejecting the project. Abraham López, a campesino who represented the communal lands of Tepoztlán, also came out against KS.

In late spring, Francisco Kladt brazenly opened offices in Tepoztlán and began a campaign to sell lots and memberships in the Club de Golf for \$137,000 US dollars. Alarmed by Kladt's nonchalance in the face of the town's opposition, a group of residents visited mayor "Alex" Morales in August. Some suspected that a deal was afoot between Morales and Governor Carrillo. The residents left reassured that Morales "did not want the Club de Golf plans to go through."

Abruptly, on August 22, Morales and members of the city council produced a "carta de factibilidad" (feasibility study) of the project, which the state government understood as permission to proceed with construction.

But on the morning of August 24th, all hell broke loose.

Several thousand Tepoztecos had had enough. Shocked that their lo-

Continued on 16

cal officials, all old friends and neighbors, had sold them out, they stormed city hall and placed it under siege. They slept in the offices and guarded the steps day and night.

And that was only the beginning.

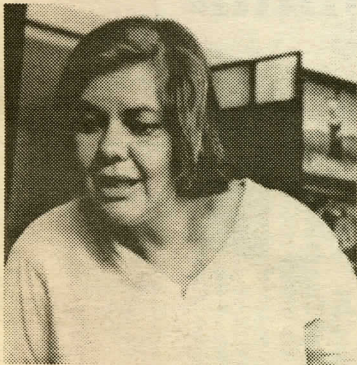
AN UNEASY PEACE HELD for a week. Though they were ousted from city hall, the mayor and city council were still in town planning a comeback. Morales blamed the "disagreement" on the leftist PRD party. In the daily *La Jornada*, the deposed mayor complained that outside PRD agitators had taken over city hall, not the townspeople. The city functionaries were outraged that they had been displaced by a mob; all assumed that the state would soon send in police.

"On Sept 3rd, the [townspeople] met, as usual. They meet on the first Sunday of every month," Nuria Jiménez said. "At eight or nine in the morning they realized that something was up. The riot police were in town, together with PRI people. The people didn't know it [at first], but they had been tricked."

Realizing what was about to happen, someone climbed to the roof of city hall. Bells rang, slamming back and forth riotously, the signal to summon Tepoztlán's citizenry. With thousands rushing to see what was up, there were plenty of eyewitnesses. Most of the participants still won't openly admit to having an active role in the uprising. Speaking out can have consequences, and fear of police reprisal later on causes residents to guard their words.

Lázaro Rodríguez: "They were having a meeting in the house of Abraham López, who was representing the communal lands. This group was called so that the communal landholders would authorize a permit to illegally sell the lands. So the townspeople started gathering when they realized [this]. There they found the state Transportation Director, ...the municipal PRI president, Diana Ortega, and the Sub-Secretary 'C' of the state government, who should not have been there. It was supposed to be a meeting of comuneros, not the state. And they were guarded by riot police. The granaderos just came and stood in the road to provoke the town."

Nuria Jiménez



Paul Myers

Immediately, people came from all directions and chased them out."

José Manuel Medina: "The people outnumbered the granaderos. There were 200 of them, and thousands of us. They were scared to death."

Nuria Jiménez: "The mayor got the hell out of here."

Not everyone at the meeting made it out. Seven of them, the "traitors," were taken prisoner by the furious crowd. "They beat Diana [Ortega]," recalls Nuria sadly. "She was a friend; she wasn't a bad person, but everyone said she had betrayed us."

By the time the sun slid behind the valley's cliffs, barricades had been constructed, 24-hour guards were set up, and the police, the granaderos, the PRI and the whole city government, except for the seven held hostage, were gone.

While the people slept, if they slept, the army and police quickly surrounded the town, but dared not enter. For two days, until the prisoners were released, townspeople hid in their homes, terrified that the granaderos would come storming in at any moment. But they never did.

THE REBELS HAD A NAME, the Comité de la Unidad de Tepoztlán, (CUT). Disgusted by days of fruitless dialogue with the state, the city hall squatters cut off talks and proceeded to organize their own election for mayor. There were no political parties and no campaign spending was allowed. Candidates were culled from each of Tepoztlán's eight barrios, and on September 24, ballots with photos of the candidates were distributed so that any resident, literate or not, could understand clearly who was running. National and international observers showed up, including two superstars of the left, writer Carlos Monsiváis and actress Ofelia Medina. Lázaro Rodríguez was the clear winner.

"When they elected me," says Lázaro, "I had never taken part in any political party. I wasn't even a registered voter. I came representing a group of ecologists." The Mayor, known fondly as "El Chimpi," groomed himself like he wanted to be the next Emiliano Zapata. Now, he curls his mustache for photographers, and struts through town with a red handkerchief around his neck, a campesino's straw hat on his head.

"All we did was implement Article 39 of the Mexican constitution," says José Manuel Medina, the new Secretary of the city government. Article 39 is brief. It states: "The national sovereignty in its essence and origins resides with the people.... At all times, the people have the inalienable right to alter or modify their government." Medina says, beaming. "This is the first time that the law has been used, at least in this spontaneous way."



Eduardo Alvarez del Castillo, *Imagen Latente*

Seven "traitors," were taken prisoner by the furious crowd. "They beat Diana Ortega," recalls Nuria sadly. "She was a friend, but everyone said she had betrayed us."

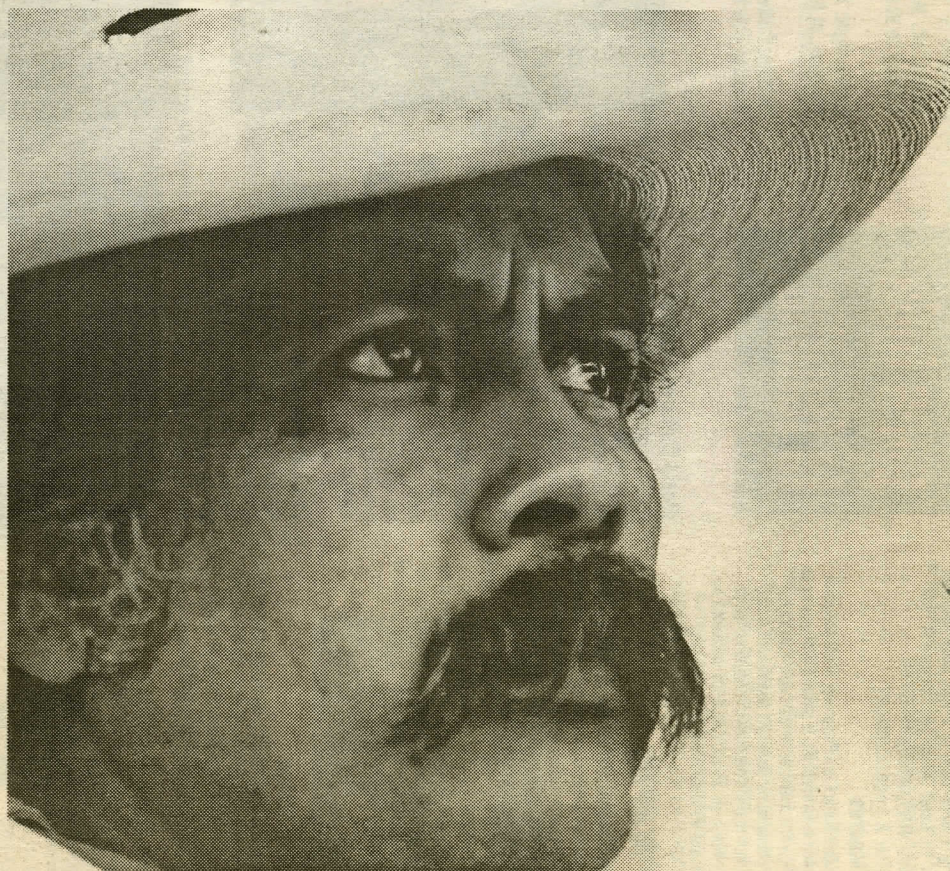
Above, a traitor is hung in effigy on election day in Tepoztlán.

Right, residents listen to speakers in a neighborhood meeting.

Below, Lázaro Rodríguez, the town's new mayor, ecologist, and Zapata wanna-be.



Paul Myers



Paul Myers

The new administration was named the "Free, Constitutional and Popular City Council of Tepoztlán." Teens took shifts as guards to maintain town barricades, and women set up a kitchen on city hall steps to feed the volunteers. This new feeling, of being in control of their town, was exhilarating to Tepoztecos. Each day at dusk, Lázaro walked outside to the city hall porch, and waving his hat above his head, announced the day's news to a proud congregation of old men and women, teenagers and merchants. "We took possession without guns, with nothing but pure intelligence," says Lázaro.

Now seen in an international spotlight, the audacious, perhaps mad, determination of the people of Tepoztlán captured the hearts of environmentalists and activists all over. Ralph Nader, along with US representatives of Greenpeace, the Sierra Club and Friends of the Earth, signed letters directed to Don A. Hayes, president of GTE Data Services, and to Jack Nicklaus at Golden Bear Course Management, urging them to withdraw from the Club de Golf project.

Nicklaus apparently did not find the letter or the events of Tepoztlán memorable. In a *Golf Digest* interview with Bruce Selcraig, Jack fumbled, "I was told there was some uprising, but I didn't know. ...I just don't get in the middle of it."

In late September, the CUT filed a lawsuit against KS and Governor Carrillo for their parts in the "illegal purchase" of communal lands, while negotiations continued with the state of Morelos.

Two sticky points in the talks were the CUT's demand for a definitive closure of the Club de Golf project, and the state's demand that new, open elections be held in which the PRI could participate. Francisco Kladt even proposed that the whole golf project be put up to a voters' referendum. On this, the CUT held stubbornly: there would be no new elections. More elections would mean admitting to the world that their own elections were not valid. Walls of restaurants and homes were sprayed with "No a las elecciones" graffiti.

Though hundreds of arrest warrants were issued for Tepoztlán's rebels, no one could be hauled in as long as the offenders stayed safely inside town behind the handmade barricades. The police were surreally kept at bay, in part because of the attention the press and the nation's intellectuals were giving the situation.

There was no clear reason why the army didn't just roll in and massacre the infidels. A transparent barrier seemed to repel the violent forces outside. This was all seen naturally as part of the Tepoztlán enigma, the mystery that attracts the New Agers. It was the latest parable of the Sacred Valley.

Spirits soared. "We built our own democracy here," says resident Leticia Moctezuma. Lázaro and the CUT had organized the town, and a little income enabled volunteers to paint and spruce up the town plaza. Funds were collected from public bathroom fees, market space rental and small donations from visitors. Interestingly, very little crime occurred now that the police were banished. Farmers and grandmothers spoke out in town assemblies for the first time, and a sense of control over their destiny grew. Campesinos were confident that Kladt and his Club de Golf would soon surrender.

"In November, things kind of went back to normal," says Nuria. "The feast of los muertos [Day of the Dead] is well known here. It's a very intimate holiday. We commune with our deceased ones, and we tried to spend those days in peace."

The peace of November would give way to December blood. Before New Year's Eve, one man, Alex Morales's brother, would be killed. Two taxi drivers would be in jail, and on January 18, a beloved teacher would be arrested outside of town. Though hundreds of witnesses could testify to their innocence and alibis, the men would be charged with murder.

Soon the the incarceration of the three would come to be seen as the state's best and most brilliant move. To many, it was clear that the taxi drivers and the teacher had become helpless hostages, to be held by the state until Tepoztlán gave in.

The Morelos government, exasperated by its capricious child's games, began to play hardball. ▲

Continued next month.

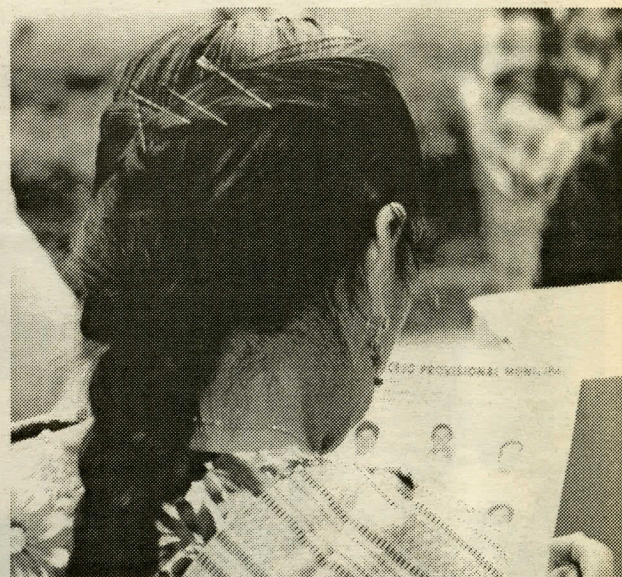


Paul Myers

Above, women prepare meals for volunteer guards who keep watch over the village.

Right, a young voter studies the new ballot with photos of candidates.

Below, three prisoners in a Cuernavaca jail who say they are hostages of the state of Morelos.



Laura Aguirre



Paul Myers



Abuelita



The Photographer

Rites of Passage



Nicolás Martínez may look like an ordinary Mexican peasant in a straw hat and muddy sandals, but when an army commander asked to search his modest home for weapons, Martínez demanded to see a search warrant.

"I know how to read and I've taught myself a thing or two," said Martínez, a member of a left-wing peasant organization which the government claims is backing an armed rebellion here.

In an isolated region without paved roads or running water, Martínez's legal savvy inspired only amusement from the soldiers who turned his house upside down. The residents of Emiliano Zapata, a tiny hamlet perched on a hill above a fog-filled valley, say they are under siege.

The army has set up camp just below the town blocking the path villagers use to bring their animals to pasture. Residents complain that army patrols march through their corn fields, search their houses at will, and prevent them from leaving at night. All this, said Martínez, because they belong to an independent but legal peasant organization called the Democratic Front of Eastern Mexico (FEDOMEZ).

Government officials claim otherwise. Interior Minister Emilio Chuayffet describes FEDOMEZ and two other radical organizations as front organizations for the Popular Revolutionary Army (EPR), an armed guerrilla group that burst onto the national scene on June 28 during a meeting to commemorate the one year anniversary of the massacre of 17 peasants in the state of Guerrero.

The EPR is the second rebel group to emerge in Mexico, after the Zapatista Army of National Liberation (EZLN) which launched a revolt in the southern state of Chiapas in 1994. The Zapatistas, who have shown limited military capability but a flair for public relations, are currently engaged in peace talks with the government and are not allied with the EPR.

The EPR, while smaller in numbers than the Zapatistas, appears better armed and more com-

mitted to military action. EPR commanders have acknowledged links to a clandestine group called PROCUP. PROCUP began as the urban wing of a guerrilla group called the Party of the Poor which operated in Guerrero in the 1970s.

Since the EPR's first public appearance in June, there have been periodic reports of armed attacks and public appearances throughout Guerrero but so far the military has only acknowledged one dead and four wounded soldiers. The EPR, however, claims to have killed or injured 59 soldiers.

The government has also given

conflicting accounts of exactly where the EPR guerrillas are operating. Last week an interior ministry official said that their actions were limited to the state of Guerrero.

But the EPR has given two press conferences outside Guerrero: one in an unknown location identified only as the Eastern Mountains of Mexico, and another last weekend within Mexico City. EPR commanders claim they are active in Mexico State, Guerrero, Hidalgo and Mexico City.

The Mexican army, in fact, has deployed troops not only in

Guerrero but in a swath of rugged mountains known as the Huasteca which extends across the states of Veracruz, Hidalgo and San Luis Potosi.

Troop movements in the area of Hidalgo near Emiliano Zapata appear especially intense. At least several hundred troops are on constant patrol, combing the mountains for signs of the rebels. Residents report that soldiers have entered their homes searching for arms and military uniforms. The army has confirmed that at least one major arms cache has been found and there are widespread rumors of others in-

cluding several machine guns which residents reportedly tried to smuggle past a roadblock in a coffin.

Military action in the Huasteca appears far from random. The army seems to have singled out FEDOMEZ-controlled towns.

One high ranking military official in the region confirmed that the army is searching for armed troops and that 100 rebels are hiding out in a rugged mountain range called el cerro de la cuesta where FEDOMEZ is active. According to the official, the EPR began in Hidalgo five years ago and has been driven back there by the army's counter insurgency in Guerrero. "We've got the situation under control," said the official.

FEDOMEZ members have camped out in the region's capital of Huejutla demanding "an end to the militarization of the Huasteca." They allege the hunt for the guerrillas is an excuse to repress the independent peasant movement.

While FEDOMEZ members want the military out, other peasants in the region who back the governing Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI) welcome the army. "To me it seems like a good idea, it makes me feel more secure," says one farmer referring to the military presence. "Emiliano Zapata is the only place around here that's not with the PRI."

Founded 15 years ago by FEDOMEZ members fleeing persecution in a nearby town, the town of Emiliano Zapata was named in honor of Mexico's most famous peasant revolutionary.

While residents deny any direct involvement with the EPR, they acknowledge a strong affinity for the rebel group.

"Their demands and our demands are almost the same," Martínez explained as his neighbors nodded in agreement. "They want justice, we want justice. They want liberty, we want liberty. In this sense, we're supporting them."

While Martínez claimed that FEDOMEZ is committed to achieving its goals through peaceful means, he didn't rule out a change of strategy. Armed struggle, Martínez concluded, is "a path we could arrive at in the future."

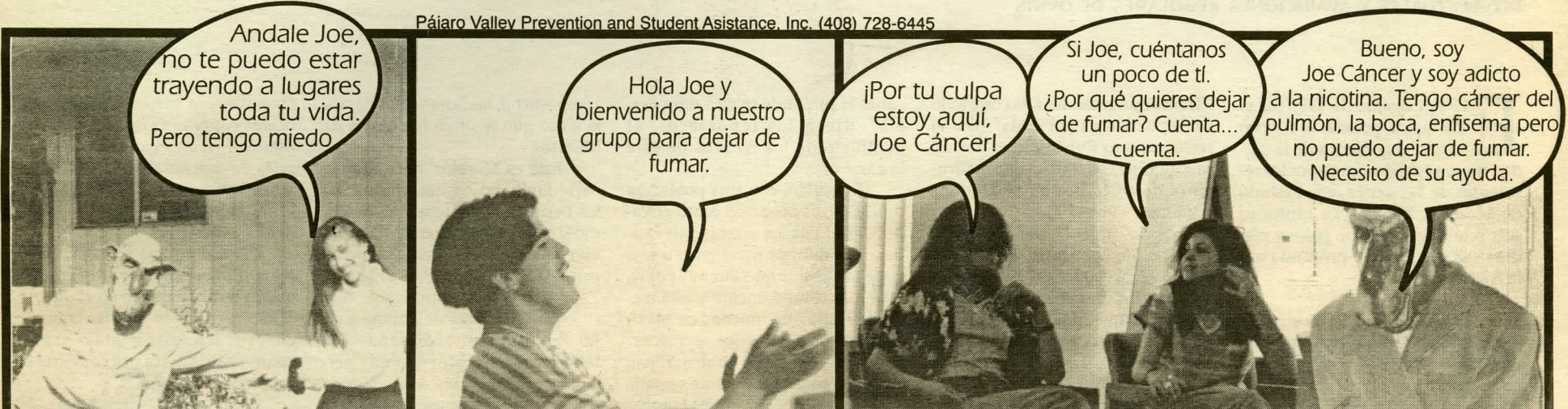
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The Militarization of Mexico

The Army Moves in as the EPR is on the Rise

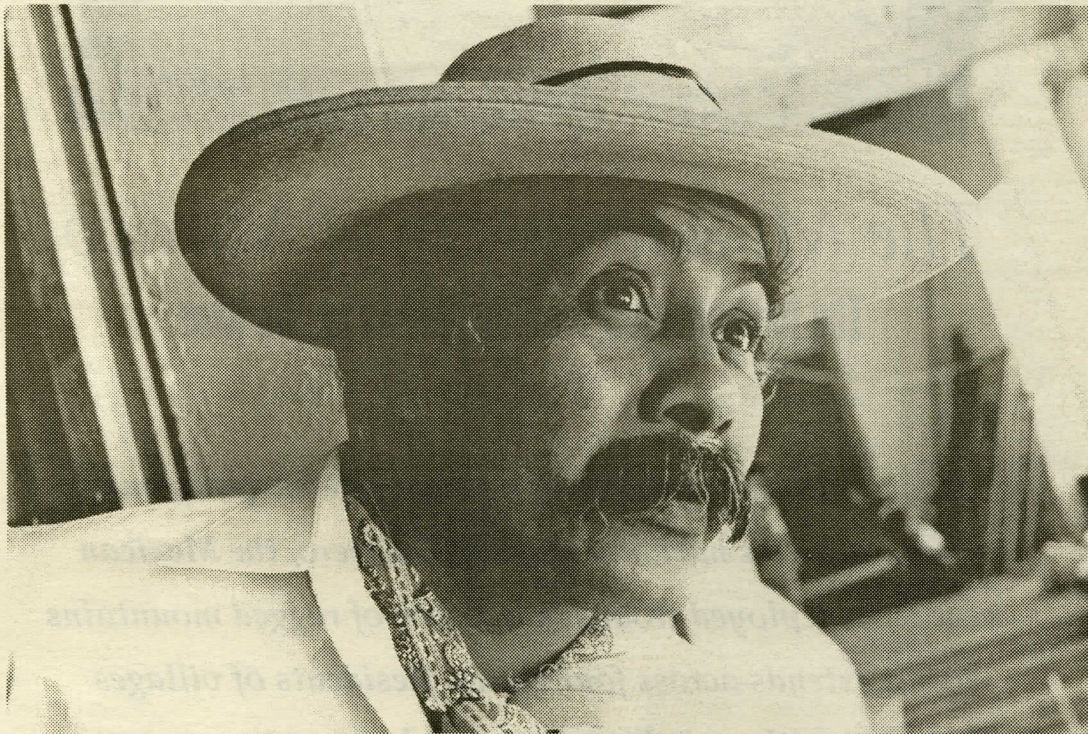
Two months after the EPR, a peasant rebel group burst onto Mexico's national stage in Guerrero, the Mexican army has deployed troops in a swath of rugged mountains that extends across four states. Residents of villages identified with an independent, legal peasant organization now say they are under virtual siege.



LA ♦ VIDA ♦ DE ♦ JOE ♦ CÁNCER

La Guerra del Golf

en el Valle Sagrado



Paul Myers

Julie Reynolds

Fotografías de Paul Myers

Eduardo Alvarez del Castillo y janjaap

PRIMERA DE DOS PARTES

ESTA HISTORIA TRATA DE EMILIANO ZAPATA. TAMBIÉN ES LA HISTORIA DE UN CAMPO DE GOLF, JACK NICKLAUS, GREENPEACE, UN PROYECTO DE \$500 MILLONES DE DÓLARES, GTE Y LA VENTA MASIVA DE TIERRAS MEXICANAS.

ES LA HISTORIA DE UNOS CAMPESINOS QUE CONFRONTAN AL ESTADO, LA POLICÍA Y AL EJÉRCITO —Y GANAN.

TODAVÍA LA "GUERRA DEL GOLF" NO SE HA TERMINADO, MÁS AÚN, EN ESTOS MOMENTOS DOS HOMBRES ESTÁN MUERTOS Y TRES EN LA CÁRCEL.

ES UNA PARÁBOLA QUE PUDO SOLAMENTE SUCEDER EN TEPOZTLÁN, UN RÚSTICO PUEBLITO QUE ALBERGA A CAMPESINOS, HIPPIES MEXICANOS, ECOLOGISTAS, INTELLECTUALES Y APARICIONES REGULARES DE OVNIS

El 24 de agosto de 1995 fue el día que la policía, el ejército y todo el gobierno de la ciudad fueron echados fuera por los residentes de Tepoztlán, en el estado de Morelos, México. La multitud sólo estaba armada con palos y piedras y la indignación profunda por la traición.

Un año más tarde, la entrada al pueblo está bloqueada por un muro de piedras de baja altura pero con simbólicos de alambres de púas que se retuercen en la parte superior.

"Tienes que entender una cosa: todo en Tepoztlán es parábola" dice el restaurantero Rubén Flores Torres, mirándome con dureza una madrugada después de tomar algunos tequilas.

No lo dudo. Desde que llegué muchos me han dicho que me fije bien a ver si veo los OVNIs que frecuentan los dramáticos precipicios de Tepoztlán. A una hora de la Ciudad de México, ya estamos a una milla de alto. La suave y rocosa montaña de El Tepozteco, coronada por una pirámide en la cima, parece tocar otro universo. "Si te

subes la pirámide te va a dar energía", dicen los tepoztecos, el gentilicio de los nativos de este lugar.

Tepoztlán, con una población de 13,000, es conocido como el Valle Sagrado de los aztecas. Sus exuberantes campos mantienen a una clase campesina que, aunque pobre, vive más cómodamente y está mejor educada que muchos en México. Incluso aquellos que se convierten en profesionistas no abandonan su tierra; pasan los fines de semana ocupándose de los campos familiares sembrados de maíz, frijoles y

zempasuchil, las flores color naranja y oro que se ofrendan el Día de Muertos.

Este es Morelos, tierra donde nació Emiliano Zapata, y éstas son las tierras y la gente que él defendió y quiso. Zapatistas de 100 años viven aquí, los mismos que lucharon al lado de Emiliano. La nieta de Zapata todavía vive por aquí.

Años después de Zapata y de la Revolución Mexicana, los tepoztecos han cultivado una personalidad desafiante. Hace más de treinta años se propuso la construcción de un campo de golf y una ruta

escénica para tren en las extensivas tierras comunales del pueblo. Esos planes fueron abandonados después de que los residentes se opusieron rotundamente y combatieron la propuesta con un movimiento llamado "No al tren".

"Esto empezó en 1860," dice Nuria Jiménez, quien dirige un pequeño centro cultural en el pueblo. "Los viejos dicen que las comunidades de Tepoztlán y Santa Catarina compraron la tierra y se convirtió en propiedad comunal."

Por el tiempo del debate del tren escénico, en 1962, la familia de



janjaap

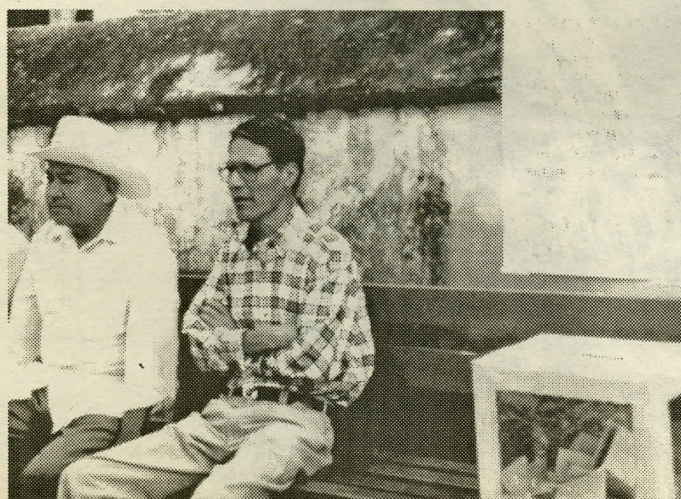
Izquierda: Los tepoztecos conservan sus tradiciones como en la boda del secretario municipal, José Manuel Medina.

Centro: El pueblo participa en una elección de candidatos al consejo municipal en el Barrio de la Santísima.

Abajo: Las elecciones de presidente municipal en septiembre de 1995.



Paul Myers



Eduardo Álvarez del Castillo, Imagen latente

“Hoy en día, hacer proyectos ecológicos es altamente rentable. Por eso nosotros queremos la ecología.”

—José de los Ríos, vicepresidente del proyecto del Club de Golf

Francisco Kladt empezó a adquirir con gran discreción propiedades en la región, aunque más tarde se supo que algunas de las tierras estaban “en disputa”. Las tierras estaban protegidas por decretos presidenciales. Algunas áreas que Kladt poseía se habían designado oficialmente como zonas arqueológicas, en 1937 como parque nacional, en 1988 como reserva ecológica, e históricamente, como tierras comunales propiedad de campesinos. Pero Kladt de alguna forma pudo obtener las escrituras de los campesinos y del estado, “muy derecho”.

A pesar de la resistencia de la historia tepozteca, en los años noventa el joven de promotor inmobiliario Francisco Kladt Sobrino continuó con su sueño. Aunque había planeado y organizado varios grandes proyectos en México, ninguno tenía la voracidad ni la escala del Club de Golf El Tepozteco. Era, simplemente, enorme. Los planos incluían un campo de golf de 18 hoyos diseñado por Jack Nicklaus, 800 unidades residenciales de lujo, un lago artificial, canchas de tenis, restaurantes, un hotel, centros comerciales, un helipuerto y un club de equitación. No se dijo en ese momento que el centro de la “comunidad” sería un complejo internacional de negocios llamado “El Recinto”, (el cual sería el hogar de la corporación GTE, cuya base está en Estados Unidos). Todo esto, rodeado por la serenidad magnífica del Parque Nacional El Tepozteco, o lo que quedaría de él.

Los inversionistas de Kladt pertenecían estrictamente a la liga mayor. Su grupo KS había reunido el apoyo de Jaime Alatorre, quien, aparentemente no viendo conflicto de intereses con su puesto como cabeza de Consejo de Inversionistas Mexicanos (Mexican Investment Council), a título personal había comprado parte del proyecto. Otro inversionista, Ricardo Salinas Pliego, accionista mayor de Elektra de México, imperio de los electrodomésticos, y de la cadena TV Azteca, quien hace poco desató el escándalo porque usó sus conexiones con el gobierno para obtener fondos. Se contrató a la compañía norteamericana Golden Bear Course Management, en la cual tiene acciones el golfista Jack Nicklaus, para diseñar el campo de golf. En total, más de 70 inversionistas iniciales, la mayoría de ellos peces grandes en los círculos mexicanos de la banca, los negocios y la política, estaban en la lista del Grupo KS.

En 1995, el vicepresidente del proyecto José de los Ríos rezaba con emoción el evangelio de KS. El modelo de desarrollo representaba lo mejor de todos los mundos, una feliz mezcla de naturaleza, arqueología, comodidad y prosperidad.

“Es un estilo rústico mexicano, colonial mexicano ¿Y por qué es eso? Es porque nos sentimos perfectamente bien, y lo tenemos muy visualizado, que un proyecto de este tipo, pues es lo nuestro, es lo mexicano. Es el poder aprovechar todos los materiales de una región, o de otra región, de lo que es mexicano”, notó de los Ríos sin ironía. “Hoy en día, hacer proyectos ecológicos es

altamente rentable. Por eso nosotros queremos la ecología.”

A muchos tepoztecos no les gustó la idea. Históricamente, para nada les ha interesado el “progreso”. Aman su valle donde burros y caballos son todavía modos comunes de transporte. Aman su pueblo donde la gente come hongos silvestres, nopales asados y tacos de flores de calabaza, como lo han hecho durante cientos de años. Si [la modernidad] significa perder su entrañable forma de vida, a muchos tepoztecos realmente no les podría importar menos que la base impositiva se incrementara o que se crearan 13,000 empleos.

“Yo creo que no se trata solamente de una conservación de tradiciones nada más por conservarlas ¿no?”, nos pregunta retóricamente Filiberto González, párroco del pueblo. “Había que ver hasta qué punto nuestras tradiciones y todo el entorno hacen y forman al individuo. Su identidad.”

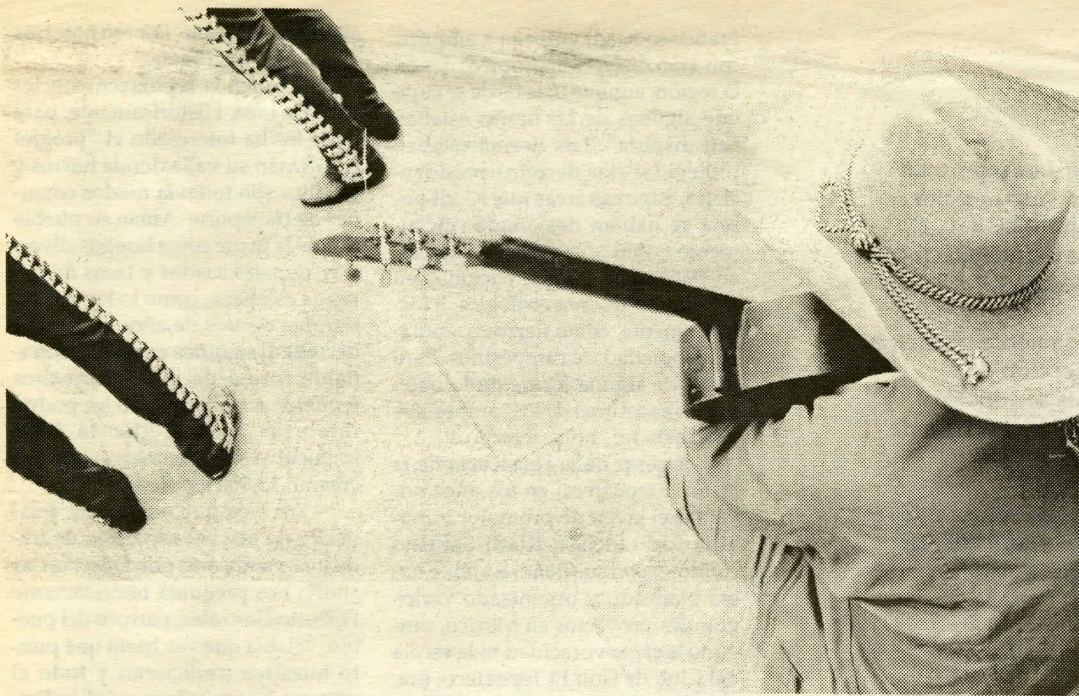
Otro problema fue que el Club de Golf estaba fuera de su ámbito. Tepoztlán disfruta de la presencia de una cierta clase intelectual con dinero que busca huir de la Ciudad de México. Pero para la mayoría de tepoztecos, los agricultores y la clase trabajadora, el proyecto era algo que en verdad no engranaba con ellos ni económica, ni social ni filosóficamente. Con su entrada con puerta controlada y un parque de negocios de alta tecnología, el desarrollo en ningún momento intentó incluirlos.

Además, los ecologistas locales estaban contra la idea de apoyar a un club de golf donde alguna vez hubo campos silvestres, que consumiría hasta 800,000 galones por día, cinco veces más agua de lo usual.

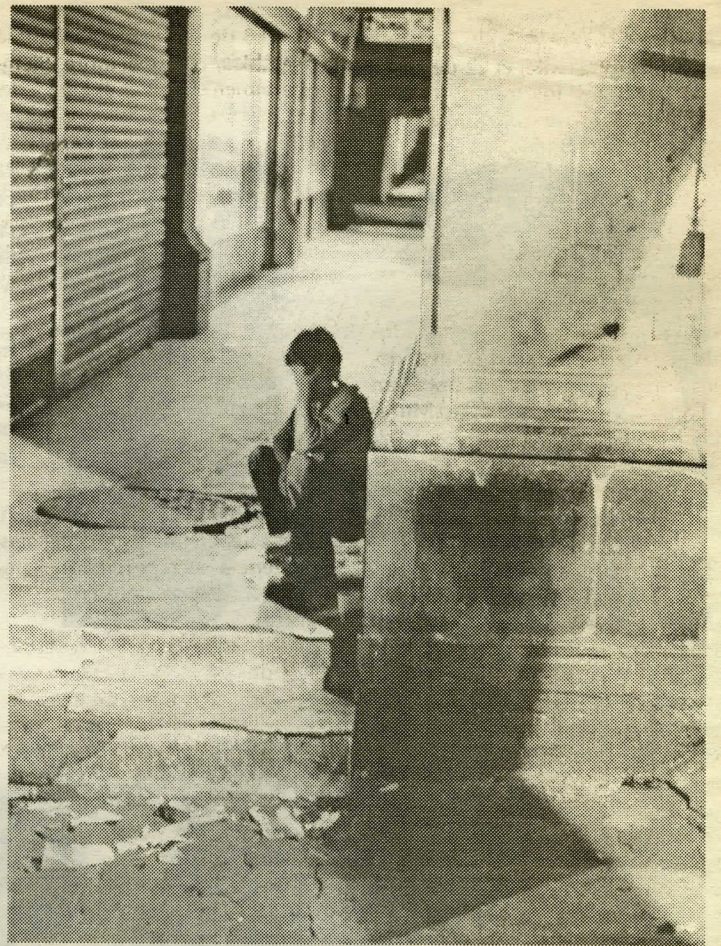
En la primavera de 1995, la fricción se estaba desatando en Morelos y las preocupaciones de los tepoztecos obtuvieron buena cobertura con la prensa liberal de la Ciudad de México. El PRI, el partido dominante de la vieja guardia del país, tenía el control del gobierno del estado, y el gobernador Jorge Carrillo Olea estaba suavizando el camino para que KS empezara la construcción. Pero en Tepoztlán miles se opusieron, e incluso el presidente municipal priísta de la ciudad, Alejandro Morales Barragán, prometió que combatiría a KS y al estado hasta sus últimas consecuencias. El 18 de marzo de 1995, rodeado por miles de residentes, Morales firmó una declaración oficial rechazando el proyecto. Abraham López Cruz, un campesino que representaba las tierras comunales de Tepoztlán, también se declaró en contra de KS.

Mientras tanto, la KS descaradamente abrió oficinas en Tepoztlán y empezó una campaña para vender lotes y membresías en el Club de Golf por 137,000 dólares. Un grupo de residentes, alarmado por la frescura de Kladt frente a la oposición tepozteca, visitó al presidente municipal “Alex” Morales en agosto. Algunos sospechaban que se había hecho un trato entre Morales y el gobernador Carrillo. Los residentes reiteraron a Morales que “no querían el Club de Golf”.

Pase a la 23



ianjaap For the love of music, Plaza Garibaldi



ianjaap Shadows of the night/mind



Claudia Meléndez Granaderos, always there to repress the oppressed

Portafolio

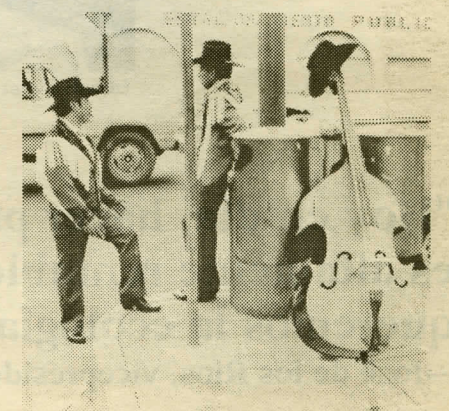
MEGALOPOLIS *México, D.F.*



ianjaap Between past and promise



ianjaap El vendedor de paletas (opening of a nightclub)



ianjaap Three hats, Plaza Garibaldi

Abruptamente, el 22 de agosto, Morales y los miembros del ayuntamiento extendieron una "carta de factibilidad" para el proyecto, que el gobierno del estado asumió como permiso para proseguir con la construcción.

Pero la mañana del 24 de agosto, la batalla campal se desató.

Varios miles de tepoztecos habían tenido suficiente. Anonadados de que sus autoridades locales, viejos amigos y vecinos, los hubieran vendido, tomaron el Palacio Municipal y declararon el estado de sitio. Durmieron en las oficinas e hicieron guardia día y noche.

Y ése fue sólo el principio.

Una paz tensa prevaleció durante una semana. A pesar de haber sido sacados del Palacio Municipal, el presidente y el consejo municipal seguían en el pueblo planeando su regreso. Morales culpó al partido izquierdista PRD por el desacuerdo. En el diario *La Jornada*, el presidente municipal destituido sostuvo que agitadores foráneos pertenecientes al PRD habían tomado posesión del Palacio Municipal, no la gente del pueblo. Los funcionarios municipales se encontraban enfurecidos por haber sido desplazados por el populacho y todos asumían que el estado muy pronto mandaría a la policía.

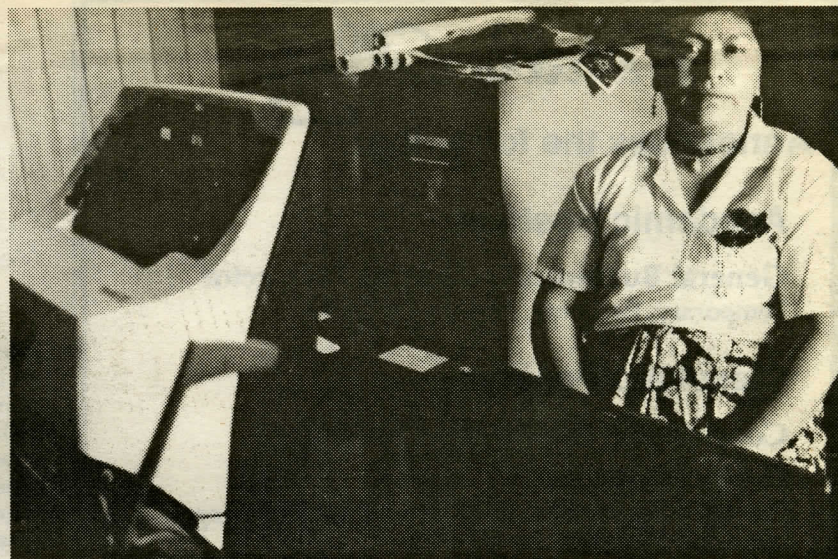
"El 3 de septiembre se reunió la asamblea, como siempre. Siempre se reúnen el primer domingo del mes," me dice Nuria Jiménez. "A las ocho o nueve de la mañana, se dieron cuenta que estaban los granaderos y los del PRI. Pero no sabían que habían sido engañados."

Al percatarse de lo que estaba a punto de ocurrir, alguien se subió al techo del Palacio Municipal. Repiquetearon las campanas incessantemente, la señal para convocar a la ciudadanía de Tepoztlán. Con las miles de personas que se apresuraron a ver que sucedía, hubo bastantes testigos. Muchos de ellos no admiten su participación activa en el levantamiento. Las declaraciones les pueden traer consecuencias, y el miedo a las repercusiones policiales los obliga a cuidar sus palabras.

Lázaro Rodríguez: "Se estaba haciendo una reunión en la casa de Don Abraham López, quien era representante de los bienes comunales. Esta reunión era convocada precisamente para que el de bienes comunales autorizara el permiso de la venta ilícita de la tierra. La gente se dio cuenta que había una reunión donde se encontraba el Director de Transporte del estado, quien no tenía por que estar allí. Estaba la presidenta del PRI a nivel municipal,

Pase a la 25

Gisel Morales, secretaria y voluntaria en el palacio municipal. Actualmente a los voluntarios se les paga \$100 pesos (\$14 US) quincenales.



Paul Myers

A pesar de que se extendieron cientos de órdenes de aprehensión contra los rebeldes de Tepoztlán, a nadie podían llevarse mientras que los transgresores se mantuvieran detrás de las barricadas. De una forma surreal, la policía se mantuvo merodeando.

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Weaving for their lives

Claudia S.
Meléndez

Starting at 8 am every day, dozens of Chamula Indians trek from their nearby village of San Juan to San Cristobal de las Casas's main plaza. With merchandise on their backs and children bundled up in their rebozos, these women move swiftly among tourists, school children and nine-to-fivers. After reaching their usual spot under the portales, they spread their tarps and unload their wares, ready for another day.

The Chamulas sit on folded legs offering the passersby their belts, hair bands, and bracelets. Maria, a single mother, leaves her five children alone while she comes to San Cristobal seven days a week. She weaves as she sells: it takes her a day and a half to make a belt, a day to make a one inch bracelet but makes two half-inch ones in a day. She answers reluctantly to the questions the reporter asks, perhaps because Spanish is not her first language, perhaps because she doesn't trust ladinos (mestizos).

According to the 1990 economic census, 60 percent of Chiapas's population received less than minimum wage or received no income at all. It is officially recognized that Chiapas has one of the largest populations living in extreme poverty. Most indigenous women, in an effort to supplement their scant incomes, spend long hours weaving and stitching, creating colorful crafts to peddle for a few pesos in the market.

Single mothers often have to work in the fields. If they have any spare time, they dedicate it to their stitching. However, Patrocino Ramos, director of the Instituto Nacional Indigenista (INI) in San Cristobal de las Casas, Chiapas, acknowledges that no studies have been made to evaluate women's contribution to the Chiapaneco economy. "More recently we have been sponsoring efforts that are more productive," he said. The INI, a government agency, funds community project to help the development of indigenous communities. "We have concentrated on commercial potatoes, or seeds for potatoes, corn, coffee, fertilizers. Only five percent goes to crafts."

The recent influx of Guatemalan fabrics, along with a withering interest in handmade crafts, is endangering this part of their lifestyle, this source of pride in the form of a handstitched blouse or a hand-woven nagua and the few pesos that

come with it.

Weaving is not merely about earning money. Pedro Mesa, researcher at Centro de Investigacion Estatal Superior de Antropología Social (CIESAS) says that "women have a special power that they have built throughout the generations which makes gender relations more equitable. The power of the women resides in their work, in their art. Their weaving is a woman's work, but knowing how to do it allows them to be different and strong."

And proud. Walking around the different Chiapaneco communities, it is easy to distinguish which indigenous group the women belong to. Chamulas wear blue blouses and decorated naguas, while Zinacantecas wear white blouses with colorful motifs and naguas without stitching. Although most women from the Highlands wear white blouses with red and black decorations, their different regions dictate different stitching styles. Most women only own a couple of blouses, but they never wear anything that does not belong to their own community.

As often happens with women's work, the contribution of these women is dismissed as an activity that does not impact the economy. Rogelio Cordero Milina, from Fideicomiso Artesanal del Fondo de Financiamiento para empresas de Solidaridad del Sector Artesanal de Chiapas, believes that women in the Highlands produce mostly for self-consumption. "A woman might be able to sell one or two pieces per month, \$110 pesos each (\$14.60 U.S.)," he said. After the raw materials have been deducted, the earnings are approximately \$6.66 U.S. "Their contribution to the family economy is minimal," said Cordero. Though the economic value may not seem like much, for families making less than minimum wage, every bit counts.

To the world from Oventic

Expecting to sell their goods to international visitors, many women

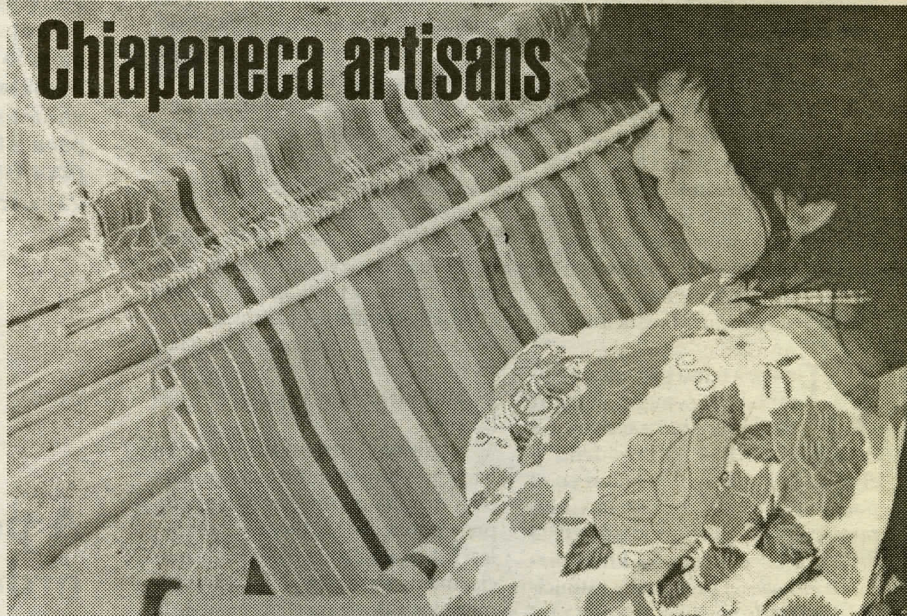
from Zapatista communities arrived in Oventic, Chiapas, during the Encuentro Internacional contra el Neoliberalismo last July and set up an improvised mercado. Colorful items, mostly in red, hanging from fragile nails called the attention of the world's left. Many people stopped to admire the hand-crafted beauties, but few invested their dollars in the somewhat expensive items.

Guadalupe, a smiling Tzotzil from Tenajapa, has spent the last 13 days in town, sleeping on flattened cardboard boxes, never leaving her little child wrapped around her shawl. The market stand belongs to her community's co-op, the Cooperativa de Magdalena. Each piece for sale in her improvised store is as unique as its creator: mozaiques, rhomboid, stripes, flowers, octagons. The blouses range between \$275-\$350 pesos (\$36.70-\$46.70 U.S.) and the small bags from \$50 to \$100 pesos (\$6.60-\$13.30 U.S.).

In an effort to maximize their earnings and their efforts, some women have created co-ops in their communities. Pedro Mesa, researcher and director of Sna Jolobil, a women's co-op in San Cristobal de las Casas, believes that participation in the project brings more than economic rewards. "If you work here you don't have to put up with mistreatment," he said. "Selling a piece for 280 pesos guarantees the women's satisfaction, joy. If you compare it with other kinds of markets, this is the best."

The members of Sna Jolobil have tried to export their crafts, but there is no demand for their goods in the market, especially when they compete with Guatemalan articles being sold by Chamulas themselves. Although the weavers are content with their work, the demands for more cheaply produced items are pushing them to change their mode of production. Along with it, an essential part of their identity will change. "Every day, indigenous people are less indigenous," said Mesa.

Chiapaneca artisans



Claudia Meléndez

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que era Diana Ortega. Estaba el subsecretario 'C' del gobierno del estado, que tampoco tenía porque estar allí. Entonces, yo creo que era una reunión de comuneros, no de dirigentes estatales. Y de allí ya estaban resguardados con granaderos que vinieron a parar hasta acá en la carretera a provocar al pueblo. Inmediatamente, se juntó el pueblo de los lados, y pues le pegaron una corretiza a los granaderos."

José Manuel Medina: "Habían más civiles que granaderos. Ellos eran 200, y nosotros éramos miles. Les dio muchísimo miedo."

Nuria Jiménez: "Se pintó el presidente municipal."

No todos en la junta pudieron escapar. Siete de ellos, calificados de traidores, fueron tomados prisioneros por la turba furiosa. "A Diana [Ortega] la golpearon", recuerda Nuria con tristeza. "Yo la conozco y no es mala gente. Pero dijeron 'ella es traicionera'."

Para cuando el sol se había deslizado detrás de las montañas, ya se habían construido barricadas, designado guardias las 24 horas y la policía, los granaderos, el PRI y todo el gobierno de la ciudad, excepto los siete rehenes, se habían marchado.

Mientras la gente dormía, si es que lo hacían, el ejército y la policía rodeó rápidamente el pueblo, pero no se atrevían a entrar. Durante dos días, hasta que los rehenes fueron liberados, la gente del pueblo se escondió en sus hogares, temiendo que los granaderos irrumpieran en cualquier momento. Nunca lo hicieron.

Los rebeldes tenían nombre, el Comité de la Unidad de Tepoztlán (CUT). Hastiados por los días de diálogo infructífero con el estado, los paracaidistas del Palacio Municipal terminaron las pláticas y procedieron a organizar sus propias elecciones para presidente municipal. No hubo partidos políticos y no se permitió gastar dinero en campañas electorales. Los candidatos fueron seleccionados de cada uno de los ocho barrios de Tepoztlán y el 24 de septiembre, se distribuyeron boletas con las fotos de los candidatos para que cada uno de los residentes, supiera o no leer y escribir, pudiera entender claramente quien se postulaba. Observadores nacionales e internacionales llegaron, incluyendo a dos superestrellas de la izquierda: el escritor Carlos Monsiváis y la actriz Ofelia Medina. Lázaro Rodríguez ganó sin mancha.

"Cuando me eligieron," dijo Lázaro, "nunca había pertenecido a un partido político. Ni credencial de elector. Representaba a un grupo de ecologistas." El presidente municipal, "El Chimpi" como le dicen de cariño, se arregla como si quisiera ser el próximo Emiliano Zapata. Se enchina el bigote para los fotógrafos y camina por el pueblo con un pañuelo rojo alrededor del cuello y un sombrero de paja.

"Lo único que hicimos fue implementar el Artículo 39 de la constitución mexicana," dice José Manuel Medina, el nuevo secretario del ayuntamiento. El Artículo 39 es breve. Establece que "la soberanía nacional reside esencial y originariamente en el pueblo... El pueblo tie-

ne en todo tiempo el inalienable derecho de alterar o modificar la forma de su gobierno."

Medina asegura con orgullo que "ésta es la primera vez que la ley se ha utilizado. No fue planeado, fue de una manera espontánea."

La nueva administración fue nombrada el Ayuntamiento Libre, Popular y Constitucional de Tepoztlán. Jóvenes adolescentes tomaron turnos como guardias para mantener las barricadas del pueblo, y las mujeres montaron una cocina en la escalinata de la alcaldía para alimentar a los voluntarios. Esta sensación nueva, de estar en control de su pueblo, era emocionante para los tepoztecos. Todos los días al atardecer, Lázaro salía a la veranda del Palacio Municipal y ondeando su sombrero sobre su cabeza, anunciaba las noticias del día a una multitud orgullosa de viejos, mujeres, adolescentes y comerciantes. "Tomamos posesión sin armas, sin nada, con pura inteligencia", dice Lázaro.

La determinación de la gente de Tepoztlán, audaz y tal vez un poco desquiciada, los colocó en el centro de la atención internacional y capturó los corazones de ecologistas y activistas por doquier. Ralph Nader, junto con representantes estadounidenses de Greenpeace, el Sierra Club y Friends of the Earth, enviaron cartas dirigidas a Don A. Hayes, presidente de GTE Data Services, y a Jack Nicklaus de Golden Bear Course Management, urgiéndolos a retirarse del proyecto del Club de Golf.

Pero Nicklaus no encontró la carta o los sucesos en Tepoztlán dignos de recordarse. "¿Cuándo ocurrió esto? ¿El año pasado?" se preguntaba en una entrevista con Bruce Selcraig de la revista *Golf Digest*. "Me dijeron que hubo un levantamiento, pero yo no supe... No me gusta estar envuelto en esas cosas."

A finales de septiembre, el CUT levantó una demanda en contra de KS y el gobernador Carrillo Olea por tomar parte en la "compra ilegal" de tierras comunales, mientras las negociaciones continuaban en el estado de Morelos.

Dos puntos delicados en las pláticas fueron la demanda del CUT para la clausura definitiva del proyecto del Club de Golf y la demanda por parte del estado para que se celebraran nuevas elecciones, abiertas, en las cuales se insinuaba que el PRI podía participar. Hasta Francisco Kladt propuso que todo el proyecto se decidiera por referéndum electoral. En este punto, el CUT mantuvo su posición enérgicamente: no habría nuevas elecciones. Otra votación sería admitir que sus propias elecciones no eran válidas. Las paredes de las casas y los restaurantes fueron pintadas con "No a las elecciones."

A pesar de que se extendieron cientos de órdenes de aprehensión contra los rebeldes de Tepoztlán, a nadie podían llevarse mientras que los transgresores se mantuvieran dentro de la seguridad del pueblo detrás de las barricadas. De una forma surreal, la policía se mantuvo merodeando, en parte por la atención que la prensa y los intelectuales nacionales estaban dando a la situación.

No existe una razón clara del porqué el ejército no entró a masacrar a los infieles. Una barrera transparente parecía repeler a las violentas fuerzas exteriores. Todo fue visto como parte natural del enigma de Tepoztlán, el misterio que atrae a los practicantes de la Nueva Era, como parte de la parábola más reciente del Valle Sagrado.

Todos se encontraban muy animados. "Hemos construido nuestra propia democracia aquí", dice la residente Leticia Moctezuma. Lázaro y el CUT habían organizado al pueblo y los pocos ingresos obtenidos permitieron que los voluntarios pintaran y acicalaran la plaza central. Los fondos se recabaron de las cuotas de los baños públicos, renta de puestos en el mer-

cado y pequeñas donaciones de los visitantes. Curiosamente, después de que la policía se fue muy pocos crímenes ocurrieron. Por primera vez, campesinos y abuelas hablaban en las asambleas populares, y sentían que aumentaba el control de su propio destino. Los campesinos confiaban en que Kladt y su Club de Golf pronto se rendirían.

"En noviembre, las cosas volvieron más o menos a la normalidad", dice Nuria. "Es muy respetada su fiesta de muertos, es una fiesta íntima de Tepoztlán. [Hay] una comunión con sus muertos, y tratábamos de pasarla tranquila."

La paz de noviembre daría lugar a la sangre de diciembre. Antes del Año Nuevo, el hermano de Alex Morales sería asesinado. Dos taxistas estarían en la cárcel y el 18 de

enero un apreciado maestro sería arrestado en las afueras del pueblo. A pesar de que cientos de testigos podían testificar para probar su inocencia y sus coartadas, los hombres serían acusados de asesinato.

La encarcelación de los tres significaría la maniobra más brillante del estado. Para muchos, era claro que los taxistas y el maestro se habían convertido en rehenes, quienes serían detenidos por el estado hasta que Tepoztlán se rindiera.

El gobierno de Morelos, exasperado por sus juegos infantiles caprichosos, comenzó a jugar rudo. ▲

Continuará el próximo mes.

Traducción: Consuelo Alba y Claudia S. Meléndez

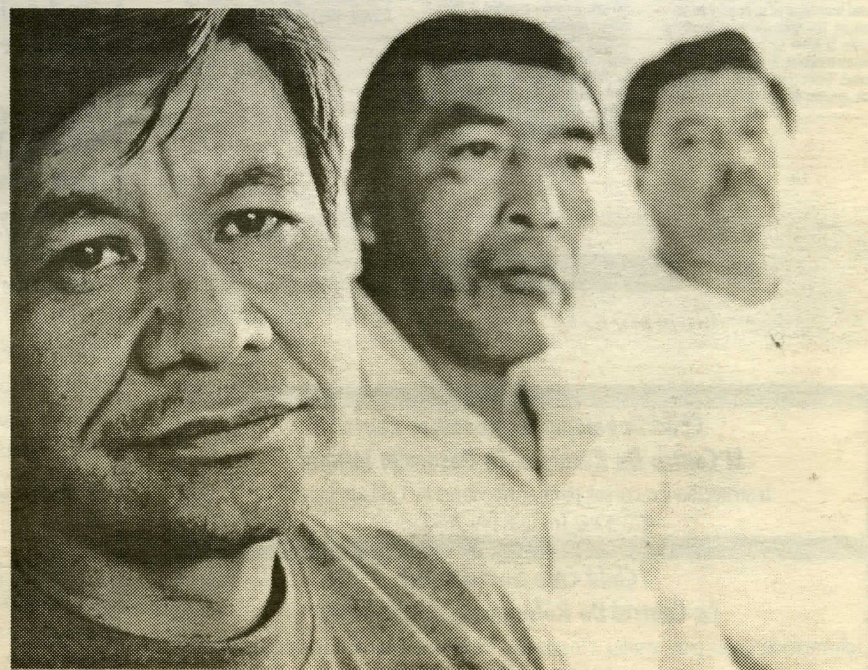
"Mientras la gente dormía, si es que lo hacían, el ejército y la policía rodearon rápidamente el pueblo, pero no se atrevían a entrar. Durante dos días, hasta que los rehenes fueron liberados, la gente del pueblo se escondió en sus hogares, temiendo que los granaderos irrumpieran en cualquier momento. Nunca lo hicieron."



Paul Myers

Fotos: Campesinos esperan los resultados de las elecciones de un nuevo consejo municipal.

Abajo: Los tres presos quienes se consideran rehenes políticos del estado de Morelos.



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Isadora Alman

P: Mi marido y yo nos tenemos un amor tan verdadero y completo que a menudo nos hemos comparado con Eloísa y Abelardo. Hemos estado juntos cerca de 5 años y sentimos que por fin hemos encontrado a nuestras almas perdidas. Sin embargo hace poco conseguí un amante, quien es sexo en popa. También disfruto de sus otros atributos. Lo he estado viendo cerca de un año. Mi marido sabe todo acerca de él (porque le digo) y existe un elemento de incentivo sexual cuando le comento lo que pasa y disfruta de manera indirecta mi relación sexual con mi amante. Mi marido fomenta esta relación porque él se deleita al saber y sentir mi libertad y deseo de crecimiento. Mi amante, quien tuvo todas las ventajas de la vida, quiere más cosas para mí de las que yo nunca esperé querer para mí misma. Debes estar pensando que soy una de las mujeres más afortunadas en el mundo, y en verdad, así es como me siento la mayor parte del tiempo. Lo que es un acertijo para mí, en realidad para nosotros tres, es ¿realmente estamos haciendo esto por las razones que pensamos? ¿Es algo monstruoso que se esconde detrás de un conjunto de emociones profundamente reprimidas y entrelazadas? Seguramente no es "normal", no es ni siquiera buen porno. ¿Deberíamos hacernos estas preguntas?

R: Preocuparse por hacerlas es una buena manera de mantener las culpas a raya; si se están regodeando en angustia filosófica, no pueden relajarse y disfrutarse de manera completa. Es mi profunda opinión personal y profesional que todos hacemos lo que hacemos por razones que a la larga son desconocidas para nosotros mismos y por ello inventamos razones plausibles para escapar de la verdad que nos disturba. Es casi de risa la sabiduría popular que dice que los fanáticos religiosos son masas llenas de sexualidad reprimida, preocupados con los placeres de los otros para evitar ser indulgentes con los suyos o para desaparecer su culpa si ya son pecadores. Su situación puede que no sea normal —en el sentido de muy común— pero no es única. Probablemente tus motivos principales (suficiente nunca es suficiente) y los de tu marido (voyeurismo matizado con un altruismo amoroso) se adivinan más fácilmente que los de tu amante (quizás una familiaridad limitada a una situación cómoda). Me temo que no creo en el altruismo así no más. Si quieren apoyo o intercambio de ideas con otros creyentes o practicantes de relaciones abiertas, contacten IntiNet Resource Center (Centro de Recursos IntiNet), P.O. Box 150474-L, San Rafael, CA 94915-0474, o Polyfidelituous Educational Production (Producciones Educativas Polifielles), P.O. Box 6306, Captain Cook, HI 96704. Sin duda cerca de donde viven existe un grupo de discusión o un colectivo de personas más orientado a la acción y que piensa como ustedes.

P: Mi esposa y yo estamos fascinados con el semen. Lo hemos integrado a nuestras relaciones sexuales y disfrutamos su apariencia, su olor y su sabor. Nuestro problema es que yo soy el único que lo produce y no alcanza para todos nuestros juegos. Lo que andamos buscando es algún tipo de receta con la que podamos fomentar los arriba mencionados atributos del semen. ¿Existe alguna?

R: Lleven algo de esa creatividad en la recámara a la cocina y vean lo que pueden idear, ya que Julia Child o James Beard (famosos chefs ingleses) no tienen nada que decir al respecto, al menos públicamente. Pueden empezar con yogurt sin sabor diluido con agua y mezclado con un poco de vinagre.

P: Este es el meollo de una situación de pareja muy complicada: alguien a quien de verdad quiero mantener en mi vida, se ha alejado —no más llamadas telefónicas, cartas, invitaciones, sólo silencio. ¿Hay algo que pueda hacer para cambiar las cosas? Extraño a esta persona.

R: ¿Por qué supones que la parte más intensa de una canción folklórica infantil me llegó a la cabeza cuando leí tu carta? "La ranita fue a cortejar y así se fue". No dices si la persona era un(a) amante, una amistad o si ella o él te dio señales acerca de por qué él/ella terminó con la relación. ¿Recuerdas cualquier conversación reciente en la que hubiera dicho "No soy feliz contigo y como son las cosas entre nosotros", "Estoy cansada(o) de hacer todo y deseo que hagas más"; "He conocido a una persona maravillosa"? ¿Algo de esto te suena familiar? En cualquier caso ¿existe alguna razón convincente por la que no vayas a cortejar a esa persona? Que seas una mujer y la otra persona un hombre no tiene ningún peso hoy en día. ¿El ratón te comió la lengua? ¿Se te rompió el dedo con el que escribes a máquina? Escribe una nota, llama por teléfono, deja un mensaje en la contestadora, manda flores. No tienes nada que perder. Y por lo menos puedes recibir un "Gracias", y reestablecer la comunicación, lo cual tiene que ser mejor que un doloroso silencio... A menos que oigas algunas verdades que no te gusten acerca de por qué esta persona ya no quiere estar más en tu vida. ¿Eres lo suficientemente curioso(a)?

Traducido por Consuelo Alba

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Child Development Resource Center El Centro De Recursos En Desarrollo Infantil

Instrucción y recursos para proveedores de cuidado infantil.
479-5282 Horas 8:00 - 4:30 P.M.

Child Care Switchboard La Central De Referencias A Guaderías

Información gratis para ayudar a los padres de familia a encontrar cuidado infantil
476-8585 Horas 9:00 - 3:00 P.M.

ISADORA

Sex + Human Relations

Are We Really Happy?

Isadora Alman

Q : My husband and I have a love so true and complete that we have often compared ourselves to Heloise and Abelard. We've been together for about five years and feel we've finally found our lost other selves. Yet I have recently taken a lover who is sex on wheels. I also enjoy his other attributes. I've been seeing him for about a year. My husband knows all about him (because I tell him) and there is an element of sexual arousal when he hears about and vicariously experiences my lovemaking with my lover. He encourages this relationship mainly because he delights in knowing and feeling my freedom and desire for growth. My lover, who had all the advantages in life, wants more for me than I had ever hoped to want for myself. You must be saying that here is one of the most fortunate women in the world, and, in truth, that's how I feel most of the time. What puzzles me, actually all three of us, is are we really doing this for the reasons we think we are? Is something monstrous lurking behind a deeply repressed and interlocking set of emotions? It surely isn't "normal"; it isn't even good porn. Should we even be asking these questions?

A : Worrying about them is certainly one very good way to keep the guilts at bay; if you're wallowing in philosophical angst, you can't relax and enjoy yourself fully. It is my deeply held personal and professional opinion that we all do what we do for reasons by and large unknowable to ourselves and then invent plausible ones to escape from that disturbing knowledge. It's almost laughable folk wisdom that Bible-thumping sin hollers are seething masses of repressed sexuality, concerning themselves with others' pleasures to keep from indulging in their own, or to bury their guilt if they already are. Your situation may not be normal - as in very common - but it is far from unheard of. Your likely principal motives (enough is never enough) and your husband's (voyeurism with a patina of loving altruism) are more easily guessed at than your lover's (perhaps a limited intimacy at a comfortable remove). I don't believe in unalloyed altruism, I'm afraid. If you want some support or an exchange of dialogue with other believers-in or practitioners of open relationships, contact IntiNet Resource Center, P.O. Box 150474-L, San Rafael, CA 94915-0474, or Polyfidelitous Educational Productions, P.O. Box 6306, Captain Cook, HI 96704. There is undoubtedly such a discussion group or a more action-oriented collection of like-minded folk near to where you live.

Q : My wife and I are fascinated with semen. We have integrated it into our lovemaking and enjoy the look, the smell, and the taste. Our problem is that I'm the only one producing it, and there just isn't enough to play with. What we're looking for is some sort of recipe that we can whip up that will simulate the above-mentioned attributes of semen. Does one exist?

A : Take some of that bedroom creativity on out into the kitchen and see what you two can devise, since neither Julia Child nor James Beard has a word to say on the matter, at least publicly. You might start with watered-down plain yogurt with a dash of vinegar.

Q : Here's the nitty-gritty on a very complicated relationship situation: Someone I really would like to keep in my life has dropped out of it - no more phone calls, letters, invitations, just silence. Is there anything I can do to change things? I miss this person.

A : Why do you suppose the strains of a childhood folk song waft through my ears as I read your letter? "Froggy went a-courtin' and he did ride, uh huh." You don't say whether the missing person was a lover, or a friend, or whether she or he gave any distinct hints about why s/he might be dropping your relationship. Do you recall any recent conversations along the lines of "I'm not happy with you or the way things are between us"; "I'm tired of making all the social moves and I wish you would do more"; "I've met this wonderful person"? Any of that sound familiar? In any case, is there some compelling reason why you don't go a-courtin'? (That you might be a woman and the other person a man bears absolutely no weight in this day and age!) Cat got your tongue? Break your typing finger? Write a note, phone, leave a message on the answering machine, send flowers. You have nothing to lose. At the very least you may get a "Thank you," a reopening of communication, which has to be better than painful silence... unless you get to hear some unpleasant truths about why this person no longer wants to be in your life. Are you curious enough?

Relationship counselor Isadora Alman, MA, MFCC, conducts her private practice in San Francisco. Readers' questions for this regular column can be sent to her c/o El Andar, PO Box 7745, Santa Cruz, CA 95061.

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September
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1996

Fri. Night Sept. 20, 8:30pm

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Sat. Afternoon Sept. 21,
1:00pm

Taj Mahal

Sat. Evening 8:00pm

Jon Hendricks

presents

Evolution of the Blues

with Joe Williams
& Dianne Reeves

Sun. Afternoon Sept. 22,
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All Star Band

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& Roy Hargrove

Yellowjackets

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Sunday Evening 7:00pm

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Senior's Day
Wally's Swing World

Wednesday, September 11

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Thursday, September 12

Education Day
Alejandro Escovedo &
Jimmy Dale Gilmor Presented by KPIG

Friday, September 13

Education Day
Dakota & Rich McCreedy
Presented by KTOM

Saturday, September 14

Junior Livestock Auction
Hunter Jumper Horse Show
Mark Lindsay Presented by KOCN

Sunday, September 15

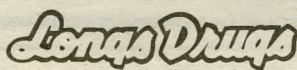
Four Star Rodeo Presented by KCTY-KRAY
Banda Lagos Presented by KLOK-KVRG

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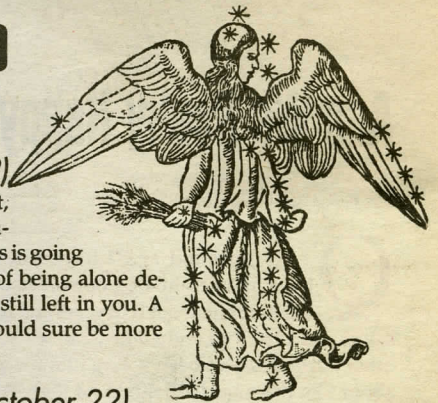
In The Stars

The month of Virgo

By Orixia

(August 23 - September 22)

You might not be ready to accept it, but the relationship that has occupied your life for the last few months is going nowhere fast. Don't let your fear of being alone destroy the last traces of self-respect still left in you. A dog might not do the job, but it would sure be more loyal than what you've got now.



Libra (September 23 - October 22)

A sudden urge to become involved in your community will overpower you this month. You feel like you've been resting in a rose garden for a long time and it would benefit your mental health to direct your worries towards more transcendental causes. Bumper stickers never fed anybody.

Scorpio (October 23 - November 21)

Despite this month's rocky start, it'll soon become one of the best you've had this year. Prepare yourself to enjoy the company of old friends, or out of town visitors, who will make your last days of summer much more pleasant. Take care of your health. Your knees will be specially vulnerable this month.

Sagittarius (November 22 - December 21)

The financial problems that have deprived you of sleep will become so dire you'll begin to think the unthinkable: get a new job. The transition will not be problematic, since you are resourceful and adapt easily to new environments. It's the change you've been looking for.

Capricorn (December 22 - January 19)

Remember, the separation from your loved one is only temporary. You've done plenty of moping around, so get on with your life and do something constructive instead of feeling lonely. Let's see, how about exercising every day? Reading? Sorting through all those piles of papers? No need to be sad. The two of you will be back together to drive each other crazy in no time.

Aquarius (January 20 - February 18)

The suppressed emotions you are holding back are close to the boiling point. If you don't find some kind of release soon, the ensuing explosion may be more than you and those around you are prepared to handle. This would be the best time to let off some steam. Run around the block or just let out a good old fashioned primal scream. You'll feel much better.

Pisces (February 19 - March 20)

Are you in love or in lust? You may be asking yourself that question sooner than you think. Good for you. Sorting out your emotions and gaining some clarity in your personal life is always a good thing to do. It doesn't mean you need to make any drastic changes in your life. Just being clear about your motives and desires helps keep you together.

Aries (March 21 - April 20)

In the coming months, a friend or loved one may come to you with a personal problem which they will need to constantly keep you informed about. If you're a good friend and want to listen, fine, but remember not to be anyone's savior. The cost will be too great to you and may destroy your relationship.

Taurus (April 21 - May 20)

Take inspiration from the hordes flocking back to school and take up an intellectual pursuit. Think about something you've always wanted to know more about and sign up for a class or check out a few books from the local library. The brain stimulation will reward you in the months to come. Take my word for it.

Gemini (May 21 - June 20)

You know, I appreciate your reading my pearls of wisdom to add direction to your life, but don't follow my advice simply because you're too terrified of your own desires. Something is troubling you and you know exactly what to do about it. You're just afraid of taking the initiative. Make decisions for yourself before someone does it for you.

Cancer (June 21 - July 22)

A wise sage once noted that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. Well, don't bother teaching a new dog old tricks either. It's time to renew yourself in ways you hadn't planned before. Your new year starts now, so come up with some resolutions and implement them a.s.a.p. You'll have a head start on everybody else.

Leo (July 23 - August 22)

If you're part of an international order of couch potatoes, it's time to cancel your membership. Lazing around the house may be nice once in a while, but if you let it become a habit you will find yourself becoming more and more lethargic and melancholy. So get up and get out! Find yourself some outdoor activities while the weather is still nice.