

From the bowels of the earth... Mexico, September 19th.

Guillermo Bonfil Batalla said it when he wrote "*Mexico Profundo, una civilización negada*" ("*Deep Mexico, a denied civilization*"): Behind the visible thing there are indestructible structures that have to do with forms of organization; diverse, plural, alimentary, ritual identities, that are part of a Mesoamerican cultural matrix in permanent movement. On the other hand, Pierre Bourdieu in one of his writings tells us about the change of economic models every ten years within current societies, which from his perspective prevents from creating true processes for societies. It is so that it invites us to look at the indigenous people who do not change their models every ten years and have remained as societies and cultures in movement for more than five hundred years. Even though the economic conditions for these people have not been the best, they have survived the structures and various public extinction policies. Long time later, the Zapatistas showed us, Mexican people, and the whole world, that behind the social poverty is latent a spirit greater than that "poverty" that does not break before the possibility of giving life, of continue living, of being communities, of helping others even without having "nothing" to give them, no more than a handshake, or through the Tequio a legendary economic and cultural system. Of feeling the strength and the impulse because their navels are literally buried in the earth, or placed in the tallest trees, suddenly all this may be incomprehensible, but those symbolisms and idiosyncrasies of the deep Mexico is what keeps us standing. There is no method or scientific measurement which explains it because it is in our blood, in our DNA in our collective unconscious, in the bowels of the earth, who gave birth to us before being delivered by our mother, supported by our father; the one who receives us back once we walk in this world, and even then, gives us the possibility to be reborn again and again.

In the face of the events in Mexico, in Mexico City, Morelos, Oaxaca, Chiapas and Puebla, that other Mexico, the deep one arose regardless of creeds, beliefs, if you are a woman, man, gay, trans, short, tall, white, brunette, it did not matter. Because the only important thing was to be solidary with whom lost everything except the desire to live and get back on their feet again.

Women, men, young people and all civil society without convocation and without thinking, began to group together to remove debris and detect lives or corpses so that those bodies, those spirits have a place to rest, a place on earth. Even without knowing them they are part of us, they are sisters and brothers who are part of our social group and the digging and being as you can be, is a way of helping those who we stayed to heal a little “the guilt” that we have for being alive, it is a way to live our collective bereavement.

My heart puffs up with excitement and Mexican joy when I go along the path toward the block of flats in Tlalpan, where it is palpable how in all points where there are brigades in this moment to that deep Mexico, where the sadness feels but also the impulse of life appears in person in each one of us who are there, searching for lives, accompanying, waiting.

There are streets and more streets where you see signs in houses or apartments in the ground floor that survived the earthquake: “Here you can charge your cell phone”, “Here you can use the toilet”, “If you have no where to spend the night, here is a place”, “If you want coffee, here we have one for you”, “Here we receive donations, this is what is needed” and then between signs and brigades you observe people bringing food, the tiredness of men with a tired face full of dust arranging all their tools in order to go and rest for a while, cars and more cars with supplies of food, tools. Others arrive in groups of friends with verve and strength to start their day. In the place, there

are already fences in order to look after whoever passes should have the necessary care not to suffer an accident, you are canalized to the place where needed and if there is no longer the need, you are in a waiting line.

Suddenly, a scream is heard “an electric, an electric and they pass the voice from one another”, a firm and sure female voice in charge of the night troop intervenes and says: if we keep quiet please, only one asking for the electric and it is heard. So the one to whom it corresponded was placed in the middle of the fence and began to cast an intermittent light shouting only once what was required. So it was and arrived the one in charge to bring the electric, later then the wonder of the fists began to rise, began the strong and deep silence of all of us male and female citizens that we were there, impressive was the professionalism with which they participate. The silence is total in order to be able to hear life inside the debris, that is why I named it the silence of life, nobody can walk not even squat, it is like the surgeons that they have to put all their attention and precision to be able to open the heart and cure it. It seems eternal even when it is a silence that gives you life, that makes you strong. In seconds they say, there is life! and everyone applauds and begin again to remove debris and the movement of troops that are over the debris begin to work.

Symbolically it is as if underneath that debris we were anxious, besides finding life, of rescuing that deep Mexico, those roots that have kept us strong before the different adversities to be able to be reborn, as female and male individuals, as societies a little healthier, autonomous, supportive, loving, and participating. Warriors too.

September 19th, 2017.