…The rebel is, if you will permit the image, a human being beating himself against the walls of the labyrinth of history. And, so that there is no misinterpretation, it is not that he is pummeling himself in order to look for the path which will lead him to the way out. No, the rebel beats at the walls because he knows that the labyrinth is a trap, because he knows that there is no way out other than by breaking down the walls. If the rebel uses his head as a club, it is not because it is a hard head (which it is, have no doubt), but because breaking down the traps of history, along with their myths, is a job that is done with the head, that is, it is an intellectual work. And so, as a consequence, the rebel suffers from a headache that is so severe and continuous that it makes him forget about the most severe migraine…

-From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast. Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos. Mexico. It is September of 2002 and the rain has not been able to hurt the skin of the sun.