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In late April of 711, Tariq arrived with his army at Gibraltar. With over seven thousand horsemen and an additional five-thousand foot soldiers he aimed to conquer Roderic, the Visigoth king, and his army of a hundred-thousand men. On July 19, Tariq defeated and killed Roderic at the battle of Guadalete, somewhere close to Arcos de la Frontera, some sixty kilometres east of Cadiz. Then Tariq went on to conquer Córdoba, Granada, Toledo and Guadalajara. He became the governor of Hispania, followed by Musa. The two men quarrelled over which should rule the conquered land, and their enmity persisted after they both returned to Damascus. But something permanent was left in the region, the name of Gibraltar, *Jabal Tāriq*, the mountain of Tariq.

The seventeenth century Arab historian Ahmed Mohammed al-Maqqari from Tlemcen, in his book *The Breath of Perfume from the Branch of Green Andalusia and Memorials of its Vizier Lisan ud-Din ibn ul-Khattib*, writes that before the decisive battle at Guadalete, Tariq gave a speech to his soldiers:

Oh, my warriors, whither would you flee? Behind you is the sea, before you, the enemy. You have left now only the hope of your courage and your constancy. Remember that in this country you are more unfortunate than the orphan seated at the table of the avaricious master. Your enemy is before you, protected by an innumerable army; he has men in abundance, but you, as your only aid, have your own swords, and, as your only chance for life, such chance as you can snatch from the hands of your enemy. If the absolute want to which you are reduced is prolonged ever so little, if you delay seizing immediate success, your good fortune will vanish, and your enemies, whom your very presence has filled with fear, will take courage. Put far from you the disgrace from which you flee in dreams, and attack this monarch who has left his strongly fortified city to meet you. Here is a splendid opportunity to defeat him, if you will consent to expose yourselves freely to death. Do not believe that I desire to incite you to face dangers which I shall refuse to share with you. In the attack I myself will be in the fore, where the chance of life is always least.

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Then almost eight hundred years later, at the fall of Granada, on Tuesday, January 2, 1492, seven months before Christopher Colon set sail to India from Palos de la Frontera, the Moorish era swiftly ended and the age of the European imperialism began. The last Moor rode out of the Elvira Gate at Granada, never to return. This was the beginning of relentless book burning by the Inquisition, of books that Moors had collected for centuries, on astronomy, mathematics, geography, poetry, history and philosophy. This burning, and the expulsion of the Moors and the Jews from Spain, were a disastrous loss for the Renaissance in Europe.

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They assert that Adam and Eve had as their parents princes of Smoke, since their father, whose name was Saclas, had devoured the children of all his associates and in lying with his wife had, as if with the strongest of chains, bound himself in the flesh of his offspring and what he hath received from the divine substance. He is the heresiarch Manichaeus.

The Inquisition writes how the Jews and heretics huddle together like a flock of sheep or swarm of bees in their congregation, that is to say, the universal truth is reasonable, but it is received, since it is given, and not like the fables that touch and spread like cancer or pestilence in the congregation of the heretics, Jews and lepers. It is their devotion to the pestilence of heretical perverseness, whose doctrine creeps in like a cancer, spreads like a virus, that kills like the venom injected by the teeth of a serpent into whom he wounds.

Them: they met on certain nights in the house, each holding a light in his hand, and they roll-called the names of demons, like a litany, until suddenly they saw the Devil appear among them in the guise of some wild beast. As soon as they saw that sight, the lights were put out and each of them grabbed whatever woman came to hand and seized her to be put to ill use. Without regard to sin, whether it was a mother, or a sister, or a nun, they treated that intercourse as holy and religious work. On the eighth day they lit a great fire among them, and the child who was born of their foul union with the women was put to the test of the flames after the manner of the ancient pagans and the child was burned. The ashes were collected and kept with as much reverence as the Christian religion accords to the body of Christ, to be given as a last sacrament to the sick when they are about to depart this life. There was such power of diabolic evil in this that anyone who had succumbed to the heresy and tasted only a small quantity of it was afterwards scarcely ever able to direct his mind away from heresy and back to truth. It is enough to speak of this only briefly, so that Christians should beware of this nefarious device, and will be sure not to imitate it.

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They are to be recognized by their morals and their words. In moral behaviour they are composed. They take no pride in their clothing, which is neither too rich nor too abject. They do not undertake any business because they seek to avoid lying and oaths and fraud, but they often make their living by the work of their hands, as craftsmen: their learned ones are weavers and textile workers. They do not increase their riches but are satisfied with necessities. They go neither to taverns, nor to shows, nor to any such vanities. They avoid anger. They are always working, teaching, or learning, and therefore they pray little. They go to church deceptively, and they offer, and confess, and take communion, and are present at sermons—but they accept preaching verbally only. They may also be recognized by their words, which are precise and modest. They avoid detraction, scurrility and lightness of expression, as well as lying and taking oaths. They never say ‘truly,’ or ‘certainly,’ or the like, because they think that this would be an oath. They rarely respond directly to questions, so that if you ask them, ‘Do you know the Gospels and the Epistles?’ they respond ‘What might these things teach me?’ or they will say ‘They ought to learn this, who are great or profound of intellect, or who are leisured and suitable,’ as if to say, ‘yes, yes, no, no, to this is permitted to you to say, as Christ commanded’.

Today, we still deeply resound with the story, how there once was a heretic who used to speculate in order to convert young minds away from reason, but he himself did not believe in speculation. Then he was asked: why did he keep speculating? He answered: as a bird catcher mimics the refrain of his prey in order to capture them because the sound of his own voice would frighten them away. So he used the scripture to lure people away from reason. He avoids knowing how he is perverted and sinful and he is condemned by his own judgement.

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For a long time, my mental leprosy made me walk around downtown Málaga in tattered and filthy clothing. With my staring eyes and hoarse voice, I was avoided like a *pauperes Christi*: people zipped their pockets and moved to the other side of the street. Never had a woman come to a worse end. Did I choose my way, or was it a wilful rejection by me of the life of being employed, and could I ever defend my choices? Was it my identity that caused this refusal, as my views would be simply heretical? An intolerable stoker. Maybe my ideas were just too innovative. They claimed that I had organized heretics from the Middle East, and that I had dedicated my life to the destruction of humanity, or even to restoring Satan's kingdom because of the unrestrained sex, abandonment of procreation and renunciation of faith in the economy of reason. I only recall that if one suffers a few moments in patience, then one will afterwards enjoy supreme delight. I cannot imagine that my fate could be separated from the fallen, but that I would not perish, also. All that remains, would belong to me.

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These women, Pellex and Meretrix, those scandalous beasts that once humiliated reason in the public arenas for money. These creatures, the deviants, proclaimed that we aim to destroy the unity of the collectives and the commons determined in the instance of economy. Pellex, Meretrix and I are heretics: we debunk the value of money. In the moonless nights we, the *beati eritis*, congregate around the anthropophagy of the restless and the unholy, the lepers of humanity, we are the Eritis of the Costa de Sol. We are the radioactive waste left to eradicate the capital orthodoxy of reason.

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With him dead, his soldiers will no longer defy you. The defeat of Moorish Spain and the fall of Granada, the expulsion of the Jews and the Moors from Spain. It was the beginning of nationalisms based on race, on religion, on language. The birth of fortress Europe.

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After the death of Franco in 1976 the farm workers who were from the Sevilla region in Andalusia, and who had provided their labor for the companies, founded the union. They were the people who travelled to pick wine grapes in France and collect fruits in Barcelona. After the racist attacks against the Moroccan workers in 2000 the union SOC-SAT, Sindicato Andaluz de Trabajadores, came from Sevilla and arrived in El Ejido, Almería. These people are the migrants because the economy has determined their position. They are the illiterate and the oppressed.

Almería is a small province, and the area of the plasticulture fields is between the mountains and the sea. Neighbourhoods are turning into ghettos. Migrants arrive from the developing countries with their problems, which are not remedied here. Every day is a struggle. They have no connection with their new homes, or with the local conditions. This is very harmful for the human mind.

It's difficult to join us. And it's very easy. The difficult part is to see if there's anything here for you. What should you fight for? Life is already hard. How can you save yourself from this orthodoxy of economic struggle? Only when there is a problem with the landowner or the boss do you think about it, because then we can help you. But when the problem is solved, most will leave us. And then there is no common language. You might be illiterate and already old when you arrive. What to do, when you can't read or write your name? What does it then mean to have a contract? You visit, we help, and then you leave again. This repeats to eternity. There are so few of us. But if there is a struggle, we will always win. The biggest obstacle is fear. We're all afraid. We're all blinkered in our knowledge. Put all these problems together and it's impossible to proceed.

When Spain joined the EU in 1985 and trade expanded, farming became larger and more industrial. Family businesses conglomerated, and now there is always a big company beside a small family business. The family businesses wither away, because the prices are being lowered and the bigger farms consume the smaller ones. So there are small companies over here, but there are more and more big ones as well.

Andalusia is like a small nation, with different regional directorates.

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We will create a barricade on the roads, besiege the Andalusian parliament, occupy buildings, or take some other strong and symbolic action. We have occupied banks, and some years ago we went to Mercadona supermarket and took a shopping cart full of school supplies, which we distributed to the families, who had been hit hard by the economic crises. We were stigmatized as thieves, vandals and so on. We're the only people in this area doing this, and without us, a sense of the humane vanishes.

Juárez y Maldonado laid off twenty-two Moroccan workers on March 7, 2017. This was because these same workers had asked us to help them to solve their payment issues. The problem was not merely that they weren't paid according to the collective agreement—they were paid 24 to 32 euros per day—but that the company owed them several months of pay. When we contacted the company, its representatives promised in the presence of the health-and-safety authority that this issue would be resolved and that the situation would change. So they paid higher wages, but then two months later Juárez y Maldonado laid off these twenty-two workers. Right now we're fighting for their rights, and the case is in court and we're waiting for the decision. We will win!

You work in a company for nine years, and then one day you're kicked out. You're working eight hours a day and you can't take care of your health, there's not enough money for food or rent. There's not enough money for necessities. You toil every day in the greenhouses, under the hot plastic, even on the holidays. Tomatoes, zucchinis—all the vegetables that start their journey from here to Europe. There are so many things we put on the table every day, things that come from Almería. There is no season. In here everything is arranged so you miss nothing. You understand that these employees are the poorest.

But we don't need a boycott. We want to force the parties that sell you our products to provide us with better conditions. *Tomatoes from Almería*. If they're from BioSol, send that tag and you will tell me that such-and-such market in Finland sells BioSol products. You understand? This way we can find out. From our end it's impossible to know. After the harvest the produce is taken to the warehouses of different companies—Alhóndiga, agrupa Ejido, Unión or Frutesco—where it's packed and shipped to sellers. Those who are inside the warehouses cannot know where these products end up going. The real companies, the

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ones that work with the processing of fruits and vegetables and use lots of people, are warehouse companies like Alhóndiga, Unión and Frutescobi. They have warehouse all around. They have contracts with farms, and they offer prices for distributing tomatoes to Lidl or Carrefour. They are responsible for these operations.

Everyone is complaining. So who enjoys the work done in Almería? It's shameful to tell this to you. Who can help us? On that day when the workers of this region realize that we're dying under these plastics, because we have nothing, then the first of us to arrive will already be old. I would like to say one more thing before you leave. I'm tired and have to finish soon, but if I speak to you, I would say: please, don't listen to the rumours, but come here and speak with the farmworkers and help them, because they have no time to stop and think. They have to work, day after day. They're worried because their mother has died, or some other incident has happened in Africa and they don't have funds to solve their problems. So what are they working for?

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A friend of mine, K, who has already passed away, once said that capitalism is broken. Its liberal link with orders like home, family, labour, leisure or friendship has become history. But he told me the organizing itself has a rhythm and at its core lies the *saudade*. The active and reactive will and care of *saudade* determines the nature of organization.