

# Adolfo Aguilar Zinser

## Generous Intelligence

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Adolfo Aguilar Zinser died instantly in an absurd highway accident that none of us expected and which has caused me both sadness and indignation. Adolfo lived every second of his life with such intensity and in such a hurry that he did not even let himself think that death would come to him in this or another way. What is more, I am sure that he did not even bother to think about it; neither did I. The intense rush in which Adolfo moved during his life as an intellectual and a politician allowed him to carry out an infinite number of activities that would have taken others twice the number of years.

As always, Adolfo had original, astute, provocative ideas and plans for his political-academic future, which he was beginning to weave from his offices in the CISAN, in the university, and from his office on Dr. Gálvez Street in San Ángel. Those of us who knew something about some of those plans are his silent heirs, and time will tell how many of them were the indisputable brush strokes that drew a picture of the coming years of Mexico and the world. Having known and worked closely with Adolfo, I am sure that his insightful intelligence will have erred about almost nothing.

I cannot stop thinking about the very intense intellectual and mental exercise that Adolfo practiced constantly, while alone or in the company of others, about the endless number of national and international topics that occupied his mind. In this, Adolfo was an untiring artisan of genius. And I thank him for it and will always be thankful to him because he motivated me to learn from his far-sighted intelligence. He weighed the facts of a given situation and wove with extreme care the various possible scenarios to interpret and deal with it. Although in some cases he might over- or undervalue the importance of these facts, he was never wrong in the tone he used, in his sharp interpretation, the gravi-

ty of the various situations that the country faced or could face. Adolfo's was a highly intense and very valiant political intelligence; just as he gave no quarter and faced reality implacably, his was also a generous intelligence.

I believe for this and other reasons that it will be understood that Adolfo's was also a complex intelligence. The complexity of his mind, which could be seen from the first moment, was a very important instrument in interpreting the facts; and, above all, it was a powerful weapon that everyone, especially his adversaries, feared. I will not forget my first encounters with that intelligence of Adolfo's when he had finished his course work in political science; I never imagined that he would accompany me in later years. It was my good fortune that I was able to witness some of Adolfo's moments of political and human transition. And I was also able to attest to the authenticity of his devotion to the causes he committed to, whether in academia, in politics or in public posts. When performing his tasks as senator and National Security Advisor, arenas in which I accompanied him, Aguilar Zinser was implacable when he connected intelligent ideas with great words. Both in the Senate and in Vicente Fox's cabinet, he was rightfully respected, but at the same time he was the object of different political intrigues which blurred the real nature of his commitment and his strategic vision of politics.

Over the long period in which he honored me with his friendship and proximity, from the years of the CEESTEM, the CIDE, the CISAN, the Senate, the National Security Council and once again the CISAN in more recent times, when he returned to what had always been his home, I was witness, from the standpoint of complicity without false sentimentality, of my colleague and friend Adolfo's dedication to good national causes and good personal causes. Certainly that generosity and complexity of Adolfo's allowed some of us to also benefit from his human and humanist sensibility. A sensi-

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bility that usually expressed itself from the first contact and continued over the times that he asked that we share with him our moods. In Adolfo, Mexico and many of us gained a very valuable politician and a bounteous friend. With his absence, Mexico loses a fighter for democracy and leaves an important hole that all democrats, regardless of ideological orientation or party affiliation, recognize. The death of someone close to you always weighs heavily, but it weighs much

more the more affection you have for the person and the more absurd his being taken is because it was both premature and unnecessary. I will miss Adolfo painfully, but also with the pleasure and sense of humor with which he lived and with which he showed us, delicately, from his generous intelligence, how validly close reason and the heart can be if the object is to bring together uprightness and lucidity in a single exercise. ■■■