

Madagascar's President, Unraveled, Mocks Gen Z Movement with a Militarized Masquerade in a Hypocritical Crackdown

By a Malagasy Millennial Voice

Andry Rajoelina, Madagascar's president, is a study in hypocrisy. Once a charismatic DJ who led protests in 2009 to oust a corrupt regime, he now mirrors the tyranny he decried, wielding tear gas and bullets against citizens demanding a decent life—clean water, steady electricity, schools that teach, hospitals that heal.

When we, a coalition of Millennials like me, Gen Z, and veterans of the 1972, 1991, 2002 and 2009 uprisings, marched in Antananarivo this September, waving skull-adorned flags inspired by Nepal's youth revolt, Rajoelina's response was not dialogue but violence: at least 22 dead, over 100 injured, including babies and children, per the United Nations.

His latest insult? Appointing four military figures—men tied to the very forces killing protesters—as ministers, including General Ruphin Fortunat Zafisambo as prime minister on October 6, 2025. This is no reform; it's a middle finger to a nation demanding dignity.

But the true sign of his unraveling is wilder: he claims we, the people, are “robots,” programmed agents of foreign plots, a paranoid delusion that exposes a president spiraling into madness.

This movement, sparked in September 2025 by decades of neglect—95 percent of Malagasy live in extreme poverty while elites like businessman Mamy Ravatomanga siphon state wealth—demands more than Rajoelina's unhinged accusations can dismiss

Our demands are simple: water that doesn't poison, power that doesn't fail, education that equips, and healthcare that heals.

Yet the man who once rallied against repression now deploys it, stacking his cabinet with generals to crush dissent while ranting about robotic conspiracies. His 2009 rebellion, which left 130 dead, promised change; now, his 2018 and 2023 elections, marred by fraud allegations, and his violent response to our protests reveal a hypocrite clutching power. A pro-government rally on October 4 flopped, while our black-clad marches grow, uniting unions, churches, and even ex-president Marc Ravalomanana.

Rajoelina's robot rhetoric, flung at our hashtag-fueled uprising (#RajoelinaOut, #WaterAndElectricityAreRights), betrays a mind detached from reality, unable to face a nation's fury.

Now we demand more than apologies: we call for trials to hold looters and killers accountable, independent audits to trace vanished aid meant for our crumbling grid, a relentless anti-corruption agency to dismantle the patronage choking our island and a halt to the aid to a regime that brands its people machines while burying them.

His militarized cabinet, a fortress against our fury, only fuels our resolve.

Rajoelina, who once danced to revolution's rhythm, now flails in delusion. We—Millennials, Gen Z, and elders—will not bow to a madman's baton.