

The rotten melon of the transition

Most of the people adapted quickly to the new situation. With Franco dead, it seemed that we could all start playing freely in the big board. Wasn't that democracy? Anyone can become rich if he is smart enough. Caution, don't get confused: "anyone", not everyone. The bubbles followed one after the other and inside of them, it wasn't bad. My mortgaged flat, for example, went up in value. The same as always were winning, that's true, but on the tablecloth there were some crumbs. There were many though, who did not adapt to the new brand Spain with destination to the universal. For example, Pepe Martínez, exiled and promoter of the publishing house Ruedo ibérico, who shortly after coming back put his head in the oven of the kitchen to suffocate himself. The newspapers said he wasn't able to understand the change that had taken place. Others died because of the heroine. Others had to put the death inside themselves so that their life wouldn't burst. Others, simply, lived like foreigners in their own workplaces. We were anomalies because we knew that history could have been different. It was difficult for us to keep living as if we had not seen that there was *another* way to live. Naives, dreamers,

Don't you realise that there is not another possibility given the correlation of forces? said the workers reformism. The reformism of the capital, in turn, was very clear on the need to introduce changes: "*A democracy without exclusions is necessary, because the excluded have strength to block the situation*" Pedro Durán Farrell (President of Natural Gas). J. Ma of Areilza, minister with Arias Navarro was still more explicit when he affirmed: "*(It is necessary to do something because) We either finish in a coup d'état of the Right, or the revolutionary tide finishes with everything.*"

The reformism of the capital and the working reformism married in the cathedral blessed by all those who are really in command. The keystone of the transaction was the monarchy. It was probably good enough for the working class. Class unions, left parties, were instruments to negotiate the price of the work force. In essence, the working class accepted to be a mere group of internal pressure, a lobby with his interests, and it was simply dismantled when his antagonism wasn't useful anymore as engine of the development. The history of the post-Franco transition is very simple: pushed by the worker's struggle, the capital imposed himself the

reform that it needed, and at the same time, feared. The dictatorship transformed into "the democratic" and we, the citizens, became pieces of the new machinery. Until the unleashing of the capitalist reality carried out the most radical criticism that we could have ever dreamed of. *All that was solid began to vanish in the air.* The party system became an abandoned dog full of fleas. The monarchy in a yacht lost at open sea ready to be shipwrecked by the weight of its lies. The banks that no longer had any money began to ooze shit. And the ball of handball launched by Urdangarin became a melon. A faithful nationalist politician server of the order said recently that he refused to open the "melon" of the debate on the monarchy. He was completely right. A rotten melon, where corrupt politicians, swindler businessmen, torturing policemen, and journalists live together cannot be opened. It cannot be regenerated, it has to be thrown to the rubbish. That's the way a new situation begins. This time we have nothing: neither horizons, nor political subjects... we are free. Free to be able to invent from the strength of the anonymity. And those of us who were on the lookout, despite the daily dramas that hammer us, feel an immense joy when we see that *a world falls apart.*