



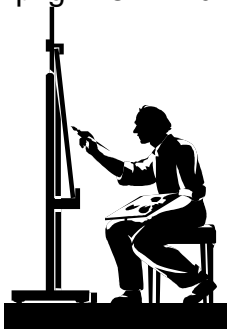
GOLDEN YEARS

BY ALFRED CAROL

...and sailing the celestial sphere, in the year of 1990 he went past gemini.

The Last Poem

Good time is over. There have been the golden eighties, indeed, but they are now well gone away. In those happy days economy was growing, unemployment receding, and the riches poured over our heads. Culture and arts were given the highest honors. Theaters and cultural centers popped out scattered all over the country, the most famous companies visited those sanctuaries and were obstinately worshipped. Painters of unappraisable value, dead and alive, hung their bests works on the walls of the local art galleries blowing up our eyes. We rushed towards the writings of the masters of the moment, and the passed masters, and we drank their wisdom like thirsty pilgrims. And among them the



poets

were risen to the summit, for we believed they had the keys of the kingdom as they melted beauty and truth into streams of music and feeling. Stores were full of bright garments and we enjoyed wearing good clothes, driving powerful cars - gas was cheap. No "souci" came to mess our

spirit, everybody looked OK, poverty was banished - or pushed aside, anyway - It seemed to be stuff enough for everybody to be happy. We were able to scrutinize the subtle problems related to the soul and to feelings, and ponder how feelings reacted on others' feelings: "what would



you think of the behavior of the fiancé of Rappaccini's daughter?..." and things of that sort; we frivolously thrilled with Plath's "Thalidomide": *O half moon- / Half brain, luminosity-....* We warmed our hearts and our bottoms in the "séances de cinéma d'art et d'essai" and every day before breakfast we looked up the *cinémathèque* program with hunger. It was always fine weather, we could say, and the sky bright and shiny heightened our spirits. Tejero had made a grotesque "coup d'état" laying away the scraps of the Spanish fascism ("el Franquismo"). Mediocre politicians grew infatuated, believed they were social benefactors and had given people social welfare. They built Museums "of Contemporary Art" (with no Art at all), Music Halls (for phony amateurs), (a façade of) a National Theater... and on top of that gilded blister, the supreme tawdriness of the Olympic Games. They were, however, getting corrupted at an incredible speed and there would be nothing they would not do to satisfy their Masters. In the meantime we - people like you and me - dreamed in the golden mist of our culture, our art, our clothes -

good ones, yes - our cars, not caring a bit for the real thing ('ho, ho, stop here, what's that shit you talk about? What's that real thing you busting around? Eh, you, sucker?") "Shut up you, motherfucker, don't fuck me up. Go fuck yourself if you don't know what I'm talking about!"): walking like wonderful zombies to the land of nowhere.

Time went on swiftly and unnoticed.

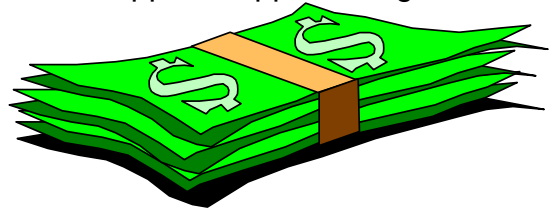
Now it's a wild time. Everything has gone wrong. The scenery has fallen down and the real thing shows us its ugly face. We sink and we realize that back, in the golden mist, we were already sinking. We had been "between the walls of a sham Mycenian, "Toc" sphinxes, sham-Memphis columns" (Pound speaking) while the attendants of the Masters accurately unscrewed the pillars of the stage.

Communism was thrown away into the dustbin of the history - among laughter and hurrahs from our democratic countries. Socialist regimes had given up and crushed under the pressure of the "arms race" and the songs of the mermaids of the capitalism. Third World - what a name! It has to have been made up by a railroad company - folks were mercilessly squeezed to the bones to get for nothing their raw materials - gold, oil, copper... and their blood melted into their cheap products: coffee, cacao sugar...Cuba was already under blockade. Automation had pushed workers to the edge of the work, making them, at last, superfluous. Machines, robots, computers don't strike, don't turn riotous (Marx speaking).

The car was going to crash and we, I, were with the ones that speeded it up ("come on, bastard, stop pretending we are all guilty, put your sloppy stuff in your sweet ass hole." "I told you shut up

and keep reading, you, my bloody skin-head like fellow.")

Picasso, worth x million \$ was better than Ponç only worth y thousands \$. Beauty was more and more decreed in the market place (Pound w/say), Tita & the Baron got married. The Cubana got a considerable success with its master piece of the bad taste "Cómeme el coco negro". The Local FC was beating our ass as the more popular banner of the nationalism. The Vth centenary became an unstoppable approaching disease.



Today we are already beyond the crash; the only thing spared is shit, lots we have. Culture, official culture, has got what it deserves: nothing. No more money available for tawdriness. Guernica in the Royal jail. The best works of the century plunged in the mud, exhibited in warehouses, "Palacio de Villahermosa"; art is kaput, retrospectively. Fucking politicians in their best dresses raping Unions' leaders in public places: "No salvation out of the free market economy", and forget the welfare, the state can't worry about you: "be competitive or fuck off", "besides, we needn't workers any more, they are a nuisance, another Marx's fancy that miscarried". Immigrants barks shot at sight, and "be happy fellows, they are a danger for you". Iraq might threaten oil market control, was trampled to dust under a rain of bombs & so much the worse for Iraqi women and children (of course, only ETA's civil casualties are shameful). Youth at loose, rotten by unemployment and drugs, and the lack of money, or money, when their parents have it. The future behind, on the buttock. The tide ebbing at full speed. The end of this century will equal the

middle of the last. Beauty stinks, a filthy bargain with power; making it for money: pure pornography, a sin. Poetry might be best suited to clean your arse hole. Feeling, sensitiveness, don't exist, aren't worth a shit in the free market. Praise for social values, collective concern, are threatens, they are heavily punished. Organic intellectuals earn their money loudly widespreading the mottoes of the masters ("I see, you are an stupid, clumsy, out of date *révolutionnaire*, we don't give a dam of your kind, nobody listens to you, you will break yourself down into pieces. You, political bum!"). Fuck! Fuck! But fucking is not so easy any longer, AIDS, a new race of hell ticks out of Vatican laboratories is making an horrible slaughter among populations, sp/y intellectuals and w/men of art. The last "mot d'ordre": Put - put him - a condom and fight to survive: kill, kill whoever is across your path, don't be a maudlin, don't muddle or you are done.

Barcelona, Christmas 93

