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www.afgazad.com

afgazad@gmail.com

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Luis Casado

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Spooning... A slightly scatological chronicle

It will take time, effort and sacrifices, but the new generations are carriers of intelligence and fighting capacity. The most difficult task, at the outset, will be to remove those who run the brothel in the name of interests that are not our own.



As far as I can remember, the last article I wrote about Chile is titled "*The Raft of the Medusa?*" The title already gives an idea of what I think about the future of the land in which I was born.

As in the drama of the French frigate, which took place in the year of grace of 1816 because of an ignorant and pretentious weathervane captain, in the happy copy of Eden, the rich are comfortably saved in the emergency boats, while the pringaos have to resort to

a bewitched raft. with the same results: on the side of the poor the dead and the sacrificed, on the other those who take advantage of the sun to brown their skin.

I have already told you that the captain of my two was acquitted by a court-martial, while the rare survivors of the raft died shortly after being picked up by another ship. Nothing new under the sun.



The Raft of the Medusa – Théodore Géricault – 1818-1819

I was working on it, editing the text for an online publication, when one appeared before my eyes I don't know whether to call it news. Lo and behold, there is no reason why I should be the only one favored by these geniuses that come to us from the south of the world, so prodigal in terms of madmen, lazy pigs, boludos and other weones on the sail:

"After the plebiscite, businessmen propose that we have to go back to dealing with growth" (sic).



Chile, seen by our 'luminous sky'

One of my hyperactive neurons – the same ones that more than half a century ago automated my son-of-a-bitch to quantum interferometry – warned me: it just so happens that the businessmen, in an example of uncommon civic sacrifice, interrupted growth for the time necessary to organize the fucking plebiscite that was supposed to decide on a general *fucking-up*, as they call it in Washington.

In the end, the businessmen already have what they need and ideological diarrhea does not go with them. That's for the enlightened. An entrepreneur obeys the Basic Law of Profit, the rest is chaff. So now, with the revelry over, they propose to press the growth button – recess is over – we have to water the plants.

That's it... myself. You don't have to ask for pears from the elm, or gooseberry or topomole from the vines. But it so happens that another mother's outing disturbed my zygomatic-temporals - which as I understand intervene in the display of the smile - while energetically activating my levator ani - formed, as you know, by the pubococcygeal and iliococcygeal muscles - mostly in order to prevent being once again by the political class that misgoverns us. Look, see:



SANTIAGO (CHILE), 14/12/2023.- A person holds a "Against" poster during the closing of the campaign, close to the elections on Sunday, December 17, 2023, where it will be defined if Chile will have a New Constitution, in Santiago (Chile).

"On Sunday the 17th, the plebiscite on the draft presented by the Constitutional Council was held. In the election, Chilean citizens again rejected a second project to change the Constitution. What's more, the "Against" option prevailed in 31 of the 34 communes of Greater Santiago, marking a profound contrast with the last two constitutional elections. After the victory, the President gave a measured speech in which he pointed out that the urgencies are different and closed the constitutional process."

Zeus couldn't have done worse, he who was born in the grotto of Psykhros.

I quote Zeus because in Sanskrit it translates as '*luminous sky*' and in the Selk'nam language spoken by the Onas it means *presi'ente*. Also because of the place of birth, Psykrhos, which evolved into Psyche, Psyche, psychosis, and everything related to the 'soul' and its ups and downs that require therapies and intensive care that are not always effective.

As far as I know, Psykrhos had nothing to do with Logos, which is related rather to the reason of the world, the logic that corresponds in the Latin world to rationality and the art of just thought. Nothing could be further from the capabilities of our '*luminous sky*', which according to what is in the press, "*gave a measured speech in which he pointed out that the urgencies are different and closed the constitutional process*".

And what are the other urgencies? Ah?

You've already read it above: "... *We have to get back to growth.*" In pursuit of which our '*luminous sky*' "*closed the constitutional process*". Fuck it.

Accommodating with Pinochet's institutionality is not something that costs too much for this meatball composed of Frente Amplio and *Concertación new wave* seasoned with communist reminiscences, as long as the urgencies are defined by the businessmen.



Our drama was summed up in very few words and in a masterful way by a corduroy from Concepción, my compadre Juan Bautista. To him I refer:

"The serious and indissoluble problem is to be immersed in the murky waters of 'consensus', as a subtle, but effective and sinister form of blackmail..."

Which leaves us with the only alternative: to re-found from the ground up a political force that cleans up the courtyard, and gathers around itself the best of our people.

It will take time, effort and sacrifices, but the new generations are carriers of intelligence and fighting capacity. The most difficult task, at the outset, will be to remove those who run the brothel in the name of interests that are not our own.

I read a speech (?) by Boric in which he proclaims "everyone's right to be happy". Such generosity threw me on my back, and I wondered if the national treasury was enough to make paradise on earth a reality. Maybe not, so I would be satisfied with public, secular and free education. And public health services worthy of the name. Not forgetting decent wages, and a fair reward for all our elders. And if we're not happy with all that... It doesn't matter. Irresponsible dreams can be left for later. Afternoon. [Editor's note]

Luis Casado for the Pen

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