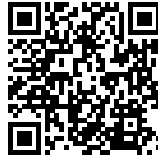


FAMILIES OF THE REGIME

Posted on August 1, 2023 by Sertorio



The people have exercised their right, to the acclamation of the candidates proposed by those who are truly sovereign: the parties. And they have voted more of the same. It cannot be otherwise; whatever they do and whatever they vote for, the subjects of the Spain of agendas will always remain entangled in the partitocratic web, in the political spider's web of the oligarchy. Coffee with cream or cream with coffee.

Since 1982, Spain has been ruled by a single party with two rival factions. One of them leads the ideological agenda and distributes funds among its supporters, among the enormous clientele that lives and prospers thanks to the handouts from the treasury. The other, the conservative one, is dedicated to consolidate the "advances" imposed by their rivals and to fix the accounts that they unbalance. When the numbers add up, they are kicked out amidst the Solanesque jubilation of the countrymen.

The current electoral campaign shows us the exclusively personal, cacique nature of the struggle for the electorate. Not a single idea, because they all say the same thing. Everything has been fixed on Sanchez; the person (not at all interesting) of the President of the Government is central in a campaign in which, however, in everything else the families of the Regime are in agreement. There are practically no differences in anything, only in the distribution of public funds. For the voter everything can be summed up in "Sánchez yes" or "Sánchez no." In nothing else do the contenders for a seat and a public salary differ.

Only Vox strikes the discordant note and only Vox is radically stigmatized by the unanimous consensus of the beneficiaries of the single discourse.

Is a different government going to change anything, if there is one? Do the math. The Spanish right wing limits its nonconformism to the arcing of public assets, nothing more. It clenches its fist and cuts spending. This puts it in a situation of inferiority in front of an adventurer who happily distributes what he has and what he does not have and who makes pacts with anyone in order to maintain himself. That is why he wins, that is why he rules.

The absolute lack of principles is all that this solemn tacky man needs. The Reason of State is superfluous in a strictly personal project.

As always (thanks to the 78 Constitution, let us not forget) the privileged regions will continue to pimp "Madrid" and the minorities will consolidate their dictatorship. The majority must pay the taxes, which they must. With Sánchez or without Sánchez, with the Galician or the Andalusian. The puppet changes, but the music does not change. And not even the puppet is mute anymore—four more years under the same jackass. The nation is into the rhythm. The cooler, the better. The mass is always female.

And Spain? Well, what the poet said: a name, Spain is dead. It has been dead for a long time. Now all that's left to do is to shroud it. With crown and all. Just the date of the burial needs to be announced.

Sertorio lives, writes and thinks in Spain. this review comes through the kind courtesy of [EL Manifiesto](#).

Featured: *Murga gaditana (Street Band of Cadiz)*, by José Gutiérrez Solana; painted in 1935.
