

I

The Spanish town has taken to suicide, but since they still have their animal instinct to stay alive –and reproduce– they instead welcome idiocy, opioids, and alcohol. All the pleasures of a suicide bomber.

It's not a town of the living but rather the dying. "I'm dying for I'm not dying."

They wish there were criminals just to have the pleasure of punishing them. "Who are the bad people in this town?" "We don't know." "There must be some." They take justice by the hand and make the executioners act as judges. In peace time, soldiers don't suffer because they can't prosper; they suffer because they can't satisfy their instincts for war and destruction.

Pure anarchy.

Tolerant, not merciful.

The Huns and the lashing of Christ.

Insulting the enemy, Chile, Peru.

The shaking of the town, hurricane, tornado, wind, mob, typhoon, whirlwind.

In a sea of tears.

Desperate and resigned; resigned for their desperation and desperate for their resignation.

Now Chateaubriand and De Maistre will return.

Annihilate-decimate.

The Angel of Death reappears.

Looking for a reason to hate, for someone to hate.

II

The murder of Calvo Sotelo was morally more severe than the killings in Arahall or Baena.

After the aerial bombardment on the jailhouse to kill the political prisoners.

When they told me that I told Fornos, "And who will they execute from the left to compensate for when the... falangists enter Valencia? Peset?" So many of the condemners are crazy! The inquisition. The civil guards from Víctor Catalá's story. "But that convict has stomach cancer!" "Yes, better put him out of his misery as soon as possible!" "But that convict is pregnant." "Well don't wait for her to plant a bad seed."

The bloody battle of Talavera de la Reina, where the gypsy bullfighter Joselito bled out in the bullring.

The centuries needed for the illusion of anthropocentrism to disappear in the uneducated town, like Copernicus killing Dante. Resigned desperation. The resurrection of the dead. Will the Marxist Sadducean Jews return to Spain? Spinoza. Human conscience is disappearing.

Massacres of Catholic priests. “They haven’t done anything for us,” they thought to themselves almost unconsciously while killing them. They haven’t given us faith in life. A transit, but to where? And they believed it, the Catholic priests?

The criminal and the crime.