

SHORT RUN TRAIN

History has joined 11-M's tragedy and *Bad education's* premiere, both in the same week and, probably, in the high altar of our most private pain. There is no need to invent strange links for stating that, somewhere in our mourning –the mourning of black crepes and black cassocks-, we breath the same oppressive atmosphere of a funeral. Nevertheless, in each different way to the hell of wretchedness, we can find lessons for the future: in Atocha railways, a slaughter by a nasty religion. In the boarding school of *Bad education*, another hideous religion sowing the seeds of hate and intolerance.

When I noticed, in the last Almodovar film, the end of the stairway to Spanish nightlife, when I discovered through its trembling writing the childhood shaped like a line of white tender voices playing in a schoolground, when I saw no revenge but pity in his immorality, I also understood we were riding with Almodovar a short run train to the insane destination of disgrace and despair, a place where smell of mineral mixes up with shrapnel from Calzada de Calatrava and Alcala de Henares, from Bolonia and Matthausen, damned iron paths to the biography of each living bug.

Holly words get back on the scene like prophetic psalms or war axes, able to kill you and to give your life back. That is the terrible truth about big books we've forever been bad educated with. After the somehow goyesque fight between light and darkness, however, the best of this sublime and Spanish republic has remained: spontaneous riot of truth on our shoulders, poetic justice of those who still believe in peace.

Religious, calderonian moments, for a shocking film put by destiny side by side with a major earthquake. And all in Madrid, where no religious activist could step on the restoring of childhood, on our wish to be different from what we are.