

Nota de la traductora: *¿Quo Vadis, Bourgeoisie?*

Benjamin también define el rol del poeta. Al contrario de la traductora, el poeta debe centrarse en el lenguaje en sí, en “the specific linguistic contextual aspects”⁵¹ (Benjamin 79). “The intention of the of the poet is spontaneous, primary, graphic”⁵² (Benjamin 80). Hildegart asume este rol en su novela corta, *¿Quo vadis, burguesía?* La dicción y gramática que usa crean un estilo florido, inmaduro, hiperbólico y melodramático. También indican que se ha fijado en decisiones lingüísticas particulares. La primera frase, por ejemplo, establece el tono melodramático: “Hay en el horizonte ennubarrado un gran interrogante” (Hildegart 3). Este “interrogante,” o la relación entre los personajes don Pascual de Zarzamora y Luis Ogral, se refiere a la corrupción de la burguesía. No es solamente una cuestión, sino que es un gran misterio lóbrego escondido tras las nubes, enfatizado por esta imagen gótica. Para expresar el estilo único de Hildegart, he usado las mismas técnicas que usé en la traducción de *El confidente*. La teoría de Benjamin también ha servido como modelo e ideal durante el proceso de traducir, pero también usé las técnicas prácticas de Grossman para crear una obra que fiel a *¿Quo vadis, burguesía?*

Una parte significativa del estilo es la gramática. Por ejemplo, el uso de la elipsis aumenta el tono melodramático porque crea momentos de suspenso exagerado. En un instante Hildegart narra, “Detrás de las rejas, los ojos escrutadores de doña Micaela se encontraron con... Luis Ogral,” (Hildegart 7). El lector tiene que tomar una pausa más exagerada que la pausa provocada por la coma para que el miedo aumente sobre quien está detrás de la reja.

Además, el texto es superfluo y lleno de errores gramaticales como fragmentos de oraciones, el uso incorrecto de comas, y frases muy largas con muchas cláusulas confusas. He

⁵¹ “los aspectos lingüísticos específicos contextuales”

⁵² “La intención del poeta es espontáneo, primario, gráfico”

intentado mantener las decisiones artísticas de Hildegart a lo largo de la traducción. Las comas innecesarias son evidentes en esta frase superfluo: “Casó muy joven con la ‘primera y única novia’, que le buscó hábilmente una tía suya, que hizo con él de madre tierna y amorosa, y consolóse bien pronto la mujer, que era avispada, aunque discreta, de la soledad a que la obligaba la inútil compañía del juvenil esposo” (Hildegart 4). Las múltiples cláusulas confunden si la tía o la novia actúa como la madre de don Pascual porque no es claro cual de las cláusulas es la subordinada. Aunque el contexto sugiere que la novia tiene que tomar el rol de madre, traduje la frase con las mismas comas para mantener la ambigüedad. He traducido esta frase de un modo más literal que a Benjamin le gustaría, pero merece la pena porque la transmisión de las cláusulas y las comas permite que yo no cambie el mensaje de la frase. Parte de la intención de ser fiel es evitar traducir una frase de una manera cuando puede significar algo diferente también. No quería que mi interpretación sea la única.

La descripción que sigue inmediatamente después de este momento entre doña Micaela y Luis demuestra como la dicción y la gramática mezclan para formar el estilo de Hildegart. Dice:

Tenía unos ojos azules, claros, fríos, acerados; el pelo rubio también, pero sobriamente alisado; la boca cortada como una herida roja en la palidez del semblante, que acentuaba la carencia de luz directa del encierro; las facciones acusadas y enérgicas, y de toda su persona emanaba ese misterio de la virilidad que doña Micaela, catadora de hombres que la compensaran de la soledad de su tálamo conyugal, apreció con un suspiro de envidia. (Hildegart 7-8)

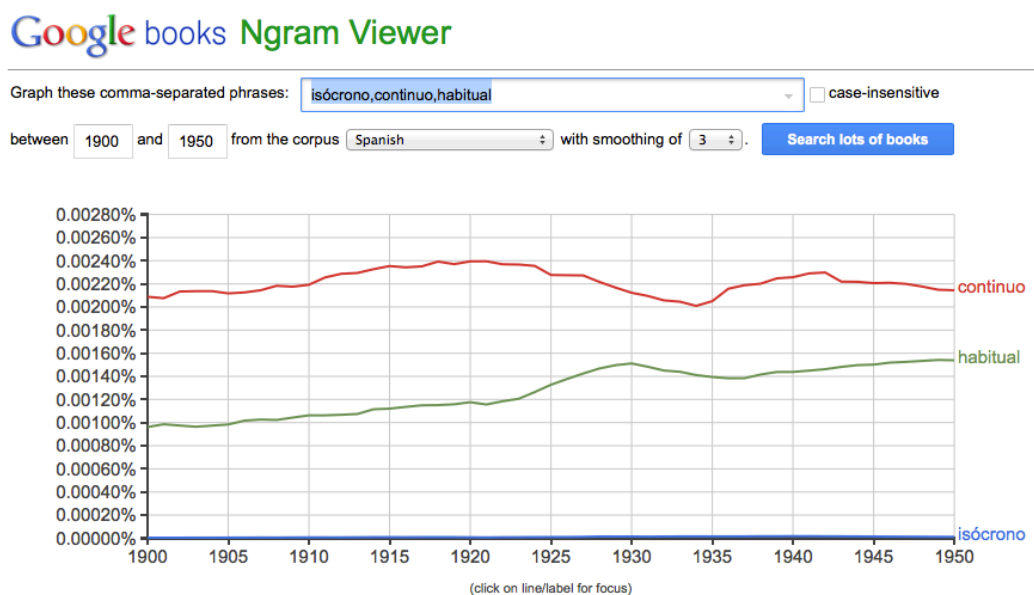
Esta frase divaga con una cantidad excesiva de cláusulas hasta que el lector se pierda por las líneas y pierda el aliento. Hildegart se hace superflua también con la dicción; la palabra *acerado* connota el frío y un color entre el azul y el gris. En vez de usar cuatro palabras, Hildegart podría

usar solamente *acerado* y crear la misma imagen. Sin embargo, la descripción de los ojos contribuye a la representación hiperbólica de Luis como macho. Tiene “facciones acusadas” al contrario de la mujer clásica con facciones suaves (Hildegart 7). La boca en particular es aguda y masculina porque es “cortada como una herida roja,” es el producto de violencia (Hildegart 7). Además, ella enfatiza la descripción ya exagerada porque dice, “toda su persona emanaba ese misterio de la virilidad” (Hildegart 7). Las decisiones lingüísticas del pasaje demuestran el interés de Hildegart en el estilo, el lenguaje y la semántica.

Sin embargo, este pasaje tiene una gramática correcta. Hay unas frases con erratas que he corregido. Solamente he corregido frases cuando la revisión mejora la comprensión textual de una manera significativa. También, he asegurado que las correcciones no cambian como fluye y suena la frase. He notado las correcciones en notas al pie de página de la traducción. Por ejemplo en la página 7, Hildegart describe el camino de doña Micaela y el vigilante a la celda de Luis Ogral. Escribe, “Dos pasillos, una vuelta a la izquierda, una, dos, tres puertas, y en la cuarta, el carcelero que se para y abre el pequeño locutorio contiguo a la celda.” Para facilitar la lectura del estudiante, yo traduje, “Two corridors; a left turn; one, two, three doors; and at the forth, the jailer, who stops and opens the small visiting room next to the cell” (Capítulo 2B). Los puntos y comas dividen la frase y clarifican los movimientos de los personajes. Pero, he dejado la frase como un fragmento de la oración para ser fiel al original. Muchas veces Hildegart describe una situación como una foto instantánea; el lector puede ver la imagen porque usa sustantivos y muchos adjetivos, pero no pasa nada debido a la falta de un verbo. Me he forzado para que esta frase y otras capturen esas “fotos.”

A pesar de este ejemplo y pocos otros, hay muchos momentos en que tenía la intención de canalizar tanto la gramática como el lenguaje de Hildegart. Un ejemplo del lenguaje que he

mantenido es la palabra *isócrono*. Una traducción literal, *isochronal*, me suena muy extraño y asumo que sonaría extraño al estudiante universitario leyendo la traducción. Antes de traducirla así, hice investigaciones para determinar si *isócrono* parecía rara al lector de 1932 también. Primero, investigué en la Hemeroteca Digital de la Biblioteca Nacional de España. Hice una búsqueda en los periódicos publicados entre 1900 y 1950 por *isócrono/a* y el sinónimo *habitual*. No podía buscar por *continuo/a*, otro sinónimo bueno, porque las consultas en la Hemeroteca Digital no distinguen entre palabras con acento o sin acento. Por eso, la consulta salió con entradas de *continúa*, *continuó*, y *continuo/a* sin acento pero como verbo. Sin embargo, *isócrono/a* salió con 534 resultados *habitual* con 34,419. Es obvio que los españoles usaron la palabra *isócrono* mucho menos en esta época. Después, busqué las tres palabras en *Google Ngram Viewer* para ver si la dicción de los periódicos entre 1900 y 1950 parecía al uso más general. El gráfico resultó:



Aunque esta consulta indica que *isócrono* no existe, una consulta de solamente *isócrono* sale con un gráfico muy variado pero el uso nunca sube más de 0.0000180% en 1940. *Continuo* tiene un porcentaje máximo de 0.00240. Aunque siempre sale con cifras bajas, la comparación indica que

el uso de *isócrono* es insignificante. Debido a estas investigaciones, averigüé que *isócrono* sí era una palabra extraña durante la primera mitad del siglo veinte. La traduje como *isochronal* en vez de *continuous* o *habitual*.

También pensé en la selección de palabras cuando traduje el título. Tuve que decidir si iba a usar la misma frase en latín, *¿Quo vadis?* que significa, “¿adónde vas?” Hildegart pregunta adónde va la burguesía en particular porque pensaba que los socialistas estaban convirtiéndose en burgueses. Su opinión es evidente porque se publicó la novela en el mismo año en que denunció al Unión General de Trabajadores por ser demasiado burgués (Sinclair 79). La conexión es claro también porque critica a Luis, o Largo Caballero, por ser el traidor de los obreros porque se acostumbra a la vida burguesa en la casa de don Pascual. También, permite que los obreros se mueren de hambre y se preocupa solamente con la protección de don Pascual. La información de fondo influyó la traducción porque revela que la burguesía en el título se refiere a los políticos como Luis Ogral/Largo Caballero. Por eso, creo que el uso de latín es irónico. Hildegart juega con una frase que suena académica y pedante porque está criticando la fachada burguesa. Quería mantener esta intención de Hildegart y también el efecto de distanciamiento que crea el latín.

Al contrario, hay otros momentos en que tuve que hacer cambios y siento que he perdido algo del original y no he llegado al “lenguaje puro” (Benjamin 78). Como la confusión de *aquella* en la última frase, Hildegart también dice “el otro” muchas veces en vez de decir el nombre del personaje. En estos casos, escribí los nombres de los personajes porque traduciendo *the former* o *the latter* por “el otro” sentía demasiado formal. *The other* también parecía abnormal.

Un gran problema de traducir de español a inglés es que a menudo una frase corta en español requiere muchas palabras más en inglés. Varias veces, por ejemplo, don Pascual le llama a Luis: “Niño Luis” (Hildegart 17). No hay una traducción exacta que queda bien con cada uso, pero connota que Luis es el protegido, heredero, e hijo sustituto de don Pascual—aunque también es su amante. La primera vez Hildegart escribe, “El ‘Niño Luis’, como afectuosamente llamaba don Pascual a su protegido, era el amo de la casa” (17). Porque habla del control de la casa, traduje *Little Prince Luis* (Capítulo 2B). Para capturar la connotación más cariñosa, también escribí *Darling Luis* y *Dear Luis* (Capítulo 2B). La traducción falta la continuidad del original; no produce el mismo efecto que “Niño Luis.”

También me desafió la súplica de don Pascual, “—Cállate, te lo ruego; no me mortifiques—interrumpió, saltándose la valla de la discreción, el caballero” (Hildegart 20). No podía traducir la frase “saltándose la valla de la discreción” de una manera ideal. La traducción me pareció torpe y literal: “ignoring the hurdle of discretion” (Capítulo 2B). Entonces, no es perfecto ni lenguaje puro. Estos ejemplos verifican que el lenguaje puro es inalcanzable.

*Quo Vadis*⁵³, Bourgeoisie?

Upon the stormy horizon there looms an important question. The bourgeoisie taking off⁵⁴ through the bottomless pit of its vices, leading the most distinguished leaders of the proletarian movement to decapitate it, we ignore what the destiny of that reactionary and intransigent bourgeoisie will be. Regarding the second, we have no doubt. With or without heads, with or without leaders, it will have imposed itself on the course of history, because the inevitable moment of triumph will come and the economic laws are as inescapable as those of Nature. This present⁵⁵ sketch, which the compulsory page limit does not leave room to be a real novel, is nothing more than a key to explain the many betrayals.

What is the path of stormy clouds, announced by bad omens, which birds have flown through in disastrous flights surrounded by the pests of the passions, of the suspicions, that stands before the bourgeoisie and their accomplices? With the arms of a their giant octopus, they rip off the visible heads of the triumphant proletariat. With some means or others from the purchase, which enlivens a miserly instinct, to the taxable possessions, which enliven a morbid passion.⁵⁶ Where will the victorious and the defeated go? To die in the fateful arm? Behold the question that leaves the pages you are all going to see parading before you up in the air, like an ensign of doubt, of worry.

* * *

Don Pascual de Zarzamora was one of those big shots of our old, traditional, Spanish politics. Raised in the cultish fanaticism of a religion that consumed his initiatives and strangled

⁵³ A Latin phrase that means, “Where are you going?” (McCarthy 873).

⁵⁴ Original Version (O.V.): despegándose. Second Edition (S.E.): despleándose.

⁵⁵ The word present technically does not exist in the original. I added it to make it clearer in English that Hildegart is referring to her own novelette.

⁵⁶ The original text contains a number of sentence fragments such as this one. The incorrect grammar in my translation intentionally reflects Hildegart’s style.

his spirit among the chains of childish stubbornness. His physical appearance had always been polished to the point of being feminine. Big, dull eyes; very mobile eyebrows; a forehead devoid of manliness; curly, blond locks;⁵⁷ a plump mouth, almost always stretched into a repulsive smile. Don Pascual de Zarzamora had pursued, like all political men of his time, a legal career. In it he shined like a brightly colored parrot, with his genteel oration and doctoral airs. Ever since he was young, he enjoyed flirting with other men, in whom he compensated for his passive tendencies and the energy and virility that he lacked. He was timid out of determination and modest out of necessity. He liked solitude instinctively, even though, like a good feminine spirit, the applause of the masses flattered him. At a very young age, he married his “first and only girlfriend,”⁵⁸ skillfully found by an aunt of his, who acted as his tender and loving mother, and the woman who was clever, although discreet, quickly consoled herself about the solitude she was obligated to by the useless company of her juvenile husband. One after another, a few little ones, who proudly bore the surname of the “responsible house,” came into the world; and meanwhile Don Pascual continued his “amorous pursuits” no less discreetly. His confessors’ pity always excused the acts he committed without “malice,”⁵⁹ and Don Pascual lived happily and beatifically, weaving flowers of elegant pseudo improvisation in the depths of his subconscious, which he would pronounce on every possible occasion in public life, which was otherwise busy and arduous.

Don Pascual lived in a simple and modest capital city, throughout which he was respected among his friends, who were the cream of the crop among good bourgeois and even capitalist society. But, due to one of those subtle coincidences of politics, which is woman, and, as such, mocks everything, the respected and admired Don Pascual found himself, with his soft

⁵⁷ O.V.: “inexpresivos,” “móviles,” “entradas,” “rubios,”

⁵⁸ O.V.: “‘primera y única novia’,”

⁵⁹ S.E.: removes the quotation marks around *casa responsable*, *amorosos devaneos*, and *malicia*.

skin and mellifluous voice, in a prison cell, all due to nothing more than an alleged change of government. In the vilest of cells there were two other political prisoners detained for the same reason. They were workers; one of them, young, impulsive, a fighter, who at the time initiated his revolutionary performance: Fernando Poyales; the other, a well-known propagandist: Luis Ogral.

Time passed monotonously, sluggishly, within their cells, and Luis, who, in addition, occasionally liked to throw a few jot lists together, decided to write a letter, where he indicated his support for the common cause that had brought them there, and which he addressed to Don Pascual de Zarzamora. It was difficult for a letter to reach its destination under the censorship regime they were subjected to. But Luis Ogral, for whom that was a distraction from the monotony of his environment, took advantage of the fortuitous presence that afternoon in the courtyard of the “Little Princess” in order to get closer to “him” and openly pose the issue to him. The “Little Princess” was a young man with effeminate manners, who was very well known among the hustlers of that party center; he always dressed in a one-piece pajama style in a shade of mauve and a robe fitted tightly at the waist, like the most aristocratic of the misunderstood youth. The “Little Princess” was the one who carried and handled the many deals forged in the prison, and so he was not surprised, although it was the first time he spoke to him, by Luis Ogral’s initiative.

* * *

That afternoon, at four o’clock, Don Pascual’s wife arrived, as always, at the prison, accompanied by her two daughters. Doña Micaela was a slender woman, whose hair was beginning to be sprinkled with silver and whose eyes were beginning to lose the sparkle that had once made them irresistible. Her daughters were tall with stunning, striking figures, but their expressions were plain. Doña Micaela drew closer, as always, to the cell in which Don Pascual

rested, and she found him absorbed in reading a piece of paper. Upon hearing the steps, he abandoned his reading material to stretch his hands out, as always, between the bars, for his “daughters” to kiss them, crying, as always. And almost without uttering a word, Don Pascual handed the note that he had in his hands to his wife, and which read:⁶⁰

“Mr. Pascual de Zarzamora:

In the cell next to yours, and for the same crime that you committed to defend liberty and justice, you will find the undersigned. Although very far from you in social status, the common cause that has brought us here moves me to address these lines of unconditional support to you.

At your service,

LUIS OGRAL.”

They discussed the incident in depth. The daughters argued that everything, because of the note as well as the carrier, the “Charming Little Princess,” who had brought it there, was bordering on melodrama. But very soon, Don Pascual and Doña Micaela agreed on carrying out a plan to take an interest in the proletariat fight. The letter, which in other circumstances would have contemptuously been thrown in the wastepaper basket, now awoke an echo of sympathy. The result of those whispers was the anticipated departure of Doña Micaela from the warden’s office, and a few moments later his figure passing, with an elegant and severe air, joined by the sleepy guard shaking a mass of keys, creating an unpleasant metallic clanking. Doña Micaela’s own personal curiosity to meet the man the masses of workers so loved and admired moved her as much her “husband’s” curiosity did. She longed to know what he was like, and it’s not strange that, well, impelled by him, she picked up her pace. Two corridors; a left turn; one, two, three

⁶⁰ Throughout the novelette, Hildegart punctuates dialogue with a colon and almost always puts the quotation in a new paragraph even if it is unnecessary. I have maintained her punctuation in the translation.

doors; and at the forth, the jailer, who stops and opens the small visiting room next to the cell.⁶¹ Behind the bars, the penetrating eyes of Doña Micaela lit upon... Luis Ogral.

This was a mature man. He had a pair of blue, clear, cold, steely eyes; blond hair as well, but moderately smooth; a mouth cut like a red wound in the pallor of his face, which accentuated the prison's lack of direct sunlight; pronounced and expressive features, and that mystery of manliness that emanated from his entire being, which Doña Micaela, a taster of men who might make up for the loneliness of her marriage bed, noticed with a sigh of envy. Luis Ogral had an intelligent look and she noticed, furthermore, the strongest willpower in him. He wrapped himself in the traditional cape that he never took off, not even inside the cell, because of the prevailing chill within, and a black beret atop his head, thrown to one side, framed his clear and bright face. That was how Luis Ogral was, and that was how the curious eyes of the politician's wife, with their scrutinizing look, perceived him.

* * *

The conversation that Doña Micaela and Luis Ogral had was short. She was acting on behalf of her husband. She wanted to know how he could help the other prisoner. Luis wanted nothing. Proud, he shook his rebellious head. Doña Micaela left, happily impressed nevertheless. That night, a magnificent dinner arrived at Luis Ogral's cell.

Luis Ogral, without wanting to, hoped for a visit from the lady. And Doña Micaela arrived indeed. She brought a note from her husband that she gave to the prisoner, avoiding the guard's stare. The piece of paper was off-white and scented. The handwriting delicate and embellished. The letter read:

"Do allow me to call you a friend. I appreciate how much your support is worth. Neither liberty nor the triumph of the common cause we support could have given me as much

⁶¹ O.V.: "pasillos," "izquierda," "puertas,"

satisfaction as reading your letter gave me. You have in me an unconditional friend without end. By way of my wife, I send you a warm handshake.

Pascual.”

That afternoon the meeting took a bit longer. The lady liked to talk with that man, who knew how to look at her with a smile in his eye, as if he already knew what his interlocutor was going to say. Doña Micaela was accustomed to ordering men around, and here she found a superior man. Therefore, her femininity surrendered to the worker’s virile presence. The impressions that she faithfully conveyed to her “husband” were an echo of those conversations, which took place day after day. Don Pascual burned with the desire to meet Luis, although he was afraid of being wrong or believing him to be better than reality. But he was not able to achieve his wish even one time while in prison. The warden was adamant, and they were never able to be in the same courtyard. One time his letter to Luis ended with a tenacious plea, “Write me.” The next day, the “Little Princess” fussily delivered three lines that were almost illegible. He was ashamed to use the same carrier; but it did not seem right to hand those letters over to his wife, and one day he also made an excuse to seek out the “Little Princess.” “She,” who saw Don Pascual as a rival to his graceful, almost adolescent femininity, was not welcoming and even turned “her” back on him. But one *duro*⁶² delivered in a timely manner made carrying out the task easier. As he gave him the paper, the “Little Princess” put his hands on his hips before Luis Ogral, and laughing sardonically, he said, “Hey, it’s done. I am... who I am; but, come on, no one’s ever called me Celestina.”⁶³ And, without waiting for a response, he provocatively turned his back on him.

⁶² A duro is a coin from Spain’s former currency that is worth five pesetas (Real Academia Española).

⁶³ Hildegart references the witch and procuress in Fernando de Rojas’ work *La Celestina*, or *La Comedia de Calisto y Melibea*. “The figure that binds together the plot... is Celestina: a go-between, a procuress of prostitutes, and a sorceress. Indeed, Celestina’s use of the black arts is an integral part of the story that expedites the consummation of

The note, however, said nothing. The same graceful and flowery handwriting; the same paper, with the strong scent of white lilies. And only five or six lines, sown from friendly words, from offerings. Luis Ogral put away the letter, pensive. That was the first letter that he did not show to Fernando. The “Little Princess’s” words pounded in his head more than once,⁶⁴ but he eventually fell asleep...

...He woke from a loud noise. Raised voices, screaming women, laughter mixed with cries, clanking keys, unbolting locks. The jailers were running back and forth. Luis found himself, hastily putting on his sports coat, before a door, which was completely opened for the first time. Fernando Poyales, from the neighboring cell, was already gone. He made it without difficulty to the outer gate, which was open, and a few moments later, without any difficulty, the street. Luis hardly stopped to look at them. He directed himself toward his house. He had barely taken even a few steps when the arms of a woman fastened around him. His wife, who had come running to the prison and who laughed and cried at the same time as she touched his face and body as if he had been resurrected... She responded to his questions as best she could in her ignorance... “Yes, they had won... Them. Now they carried Don Pascual, at the front, on their shoulders...” They headed home. The kids hugged their father eagerly. Pepa and Luis stared at each other for a long time...

* * *

They finished eating. Luis looked with sad remembrance at the plate of poorly seasoned beans that his wife had served him. He remembered the truly succulent and aromatic food he had

the two young lovers’ [Calisto and Melibea’s] passionate impulses. She makes her living in part by conjuring spirits and using spells to bring the desires of her clients to fruition. It is this talent that brings her celebrity and also places her on the margins of society” (Bacich 83-84). In addition, “[She] represents the ironic skewing of received wisdom to an evil end” (Severin 855).

⁶⁴ O.V.: “martillearon más de una vez en su oído”

recently enjoyed in jail. As soon as he finished, he seized the moment to go to the Union. His old automatism, already forgotten, carried him toward it. He went back to traversing the dirty, narrow, foul-smelling alleyways with the same deliberate movement from long ago, only disturbed by suspiciously looking around, for fear of the police lurking in the shadows. In the Union, everything was hectic. Luis Ogral's appearance was welcomed with applause. But Luis, with that sullenness of introverted men confronted with the masses' caresses and flattery, locked himself in the dirty, disorganized Secretary's office, and began to look over papers and organize the overdue correspondence. He needed Fernando, and fortuitously and obeying his desire's telepathic wave, he appeared in the doorway, calm and smiling. They both prepared to do the monotonous and unpleasant work of the secretary's office; not far from them, they could hear the scratching of pens and the rustling of papers stirred by hands accustomed to their work. Not much time had passed when the door to the secretary's office opened. Luis, surprised, raised his head and found his wife there. It was the first time she had crossed the threshold of the Union. She wore a light shawl and a tight-fitting, black, percale skirt, and would have even been attractive if her face was not already wizened and wrinkled. The woman was gripped by a strong emotion. Almost without being able to articulate a single word, she addressed Luis, telling him: "Look, it's for you. They're calling for you." He feared the police appearing to capture him again and he shot a look at Fernando. But the paper exuded a pleasant, well-known smell, and reading it brought him back to reality.

The letter was from Don Pascual, and it read:

"Ogral, my friend: We have triumphed. As soon as my friends left me, my first letter was to you. Come see me whenever you want, but soon. My house is always open to you. Tell them you are Luis. The gatekeeper and the servants have been notified. Yours, *Pascual*."

He did not finish reading it, as he was already pestering his wife with questions:

“What! Who brought this? When?”

She barely knew how to respond:

“A big car. A very elegant driver, who had sent his warmest regards to Don Luis. He came close to running over a child. But no... nothing had happened.”

Luis made a nondescript gesture, and he let himself fall back into the chair.

“Well are you going to just forget about this gentleman?” his wife now questioned animatedly. “Convince him, Fernando. It’s Don Pascual, none other than the Don Pascual who is asking for you.”

And without waiting for an answer, she went out into the hallway, full of groups of people, to announce the joyous, marvelous news.

They all embraced her with surprise, which flattered the woman, and they came up in groups to verify it with Luis.

“They’re very good friends,” the woman said. “To Don Pascual, my man is a great man,” and this she ignorantly repeated, fluttering from group to group.

“Forget this, Luis,” Fernando told him. “Go see what he wants. I’ll do your work for you, and if it’s something urgent, let me know.”

Fernando put the hat on Luis’s head and helped him leave. Already in the doorway, the people received their idol with another standing ovation, the last that he would receive. He walked down the street. She accompanied him, overflowing with womanly pride. She took his arm, and like this, arm-in-arm, they turned the corner from the Union and strayed from the path of the city’s central streets. Once close to Don Pascual’s house, they separated, and Luis went on alone.

* * *

Don Pascual de Zarzamora's house was well known in the city. It was a genteel, luxurious palace. Luis approached it, timid and a little embarrassed. But the strength of his will prevailed, and once before the gatekeeper, who gave him a disdainful look, he gave the orders:

"Let the lord know that Luis is here."

The transformation was complete and fast. Among bows and courtesies, he passed through the garden, the antechamber, two more halls, and the office waiting room. The servant who accompanied him knocking on a door covered by a thick tapestry and announced the visitor. Upon crossing the threshold, Luis found himself before Don Pascual, trembling with curiosity and interest. The quick examination must have been highly satisfactory because the gentleman gave him a warm welcome, outstretching his hands:

"Come in, come in, and sit down, Luis. Make yourself at home... I'm worn out, breaking. They haven't given me one moment's peace... hugs, nuisances... If only you saw how much they wanted and how much they feared this day would come..."

Luis expressed thanks for the compliments with serious but friendly replies. Opportunely informed, Doña Micaela arrived, her heels clicking slightly. On seeing her husband's radiant expression, and after extending her hand to Luis, sitting in front of the first, she chimed in:

"He didn't tell you? ... Don't you see why he's so kind, so agreeable? ..."

Luis protested, embarrassed. Don Pascual looked his body up and down with an admiring smile. Luis wanted to cut off the embarrassing moment at once. But Don Pascual would not allow him to foil his whims.

“Ah, no! ... Eat dinner with me. Micaela, you know. One more place setting... Nope, no discussion. And you will keep me company now and forever. We have lots to talk about, in jail we were like those couples that only know each other through letters. But all there is to say that’s interesting you say in person, and afterwards...”

Then Don Pascual’s “daughters” and “sons” came. They all looked at Luis with growing curiosity, which their parents’ conversations had ignited. When dinnertime arrived, Luis remembered:

“But I have to let my family know. My wife knows nothing...”

“Bring her here another day,” Don Pascual responded. “Micaela and your wife will be good friends...”

Luis smiled sadly. He could not imagine his wife in friendly conversation with that sharp, flirtatious lady, who knew how to wear outfits that fit her slim, trendy figure perfectly. That night, Don Pascual’s valet paid a visit to Luis Ogral’s house... The husband did not dine at home that evening. He had said to put the children to bed... that she should not expect him until very late.

* * *

That night, now after dinner, while Doña Micaela prepared the house for the next day, Don Pascual and Luis talked. By raising his eyebrows, the head of the house began to give away the anxiety in his eyes. Luis still didn’t get it... It was Don Pascual, a refined, chivalrous, nice

man. He was not, despite his sensitive nature, the passionate type, and he thought before he acted.

“There are men like me” he said to Luis, “who are misunderstood by our wives because we are those men who no woman will ever understand. We have so much woman in us, that only a manly man can reach the depths of our souls. A long time ago, I hoped to find the man who would make me happy. That man is you...”

Luis regained his composure. He knew the power he had over Don Pascual’s will, at the mercy of his whims, and his manly composure had already imposed itself on the conversation. It was he who was asking, who allowed himself to be loved:

“Look Sir, Don Pascual,” he disputed in order to argue once again; but the gentleman’s grimace stopped him:

“Don’t call me Don Pascual, I beg you. Call me Pascual. You are the one in command. You know that...”

“And you haven’t thought,” Luis then asked, resuming the thread of the conversation, “about the impossibility for those men you say to think of you as ‘sir?’ ...”⁶⁵

“That would be,” replied Don Pascual, getting worked up, “if they were crude, brusque, emotionless men. But I’ve learned to choose. You are not capable of refusing me. You can and must understand me and read everything between the lines... There are men,” he said afterward, controlling himself, “who are generous, who have exceptionally big hearts. It’s true that there are few. Those of us who can find them are happy. If I hadn’t believed this about you, I of course would have been interested, but nothing more. Micaela,” Don Pascual avoided saying my wife as much as possible, “gave me such a complete depiction of you that she determined my friendship.

⁶⁵ I inserted the quotations marks around sir to be grammatically correct, but I did maintain the question mark and ellipsis present in the original, which reads, “de comprenderle a usted? ...”

I know you are generous enough to understand her; I know you are not capable of spurning her...”

Luis smiled, sure of his power, as he answered:

“And if I spurn her?”

Don Pascual’s sea-green eyes glistened with the shine of tears. Doña Micaela, who approached anxiously, sliced through the tension of the moment:

“You’ve finished talking so soon?”

The silence continued, however, awkwardly. Luis got up to leave. Don Pascual accompanied him to the door. As he left, taking Luis’s hand between his own, he asked, his voice trembling with emotion:

“No, right?...”

And Luis determinedly delayed his answer. Already in the garden, under the dew, he turned around, smiling, to calm the gentleman:

“No. Rest assured; no...”

* * *

Luis returned day after day. He ate lunch and dinner at Don Pascual’s house. He had kept his promise and brought his wife. They had moved. They lived in a simple, little, but nicely furnished hotel. Their children dressed well. His wife had been received with an intentionally warm welcome by Doña Micaela; and the women talked about their things in the sewing room; while they stayed for hours, isolated in the office, “working.” “Little Prince Luis,” as Don Pascual affectionately called his protégé, was the head of the house. He knew how to command with that intuitive flirtation of pretending to be someone who obeyed. He never once failed to consult Don Pascual, even on trivial details.

“How is it? Do you like it?”

Hearing the isochronal answer made him happy:

“Whatever you say, sir. Whatever you demand. Whatever you need.”

Fernando Poyales came to visit him a few times. But he was almost never able to see his friend. Finally, one morning he forced his way through the cloakroom and almost reached the office. Luis himself, well informed, went out to open the door for him:

“What’s up?” he asked, smiling.

“Jeez, you’ve all but disappeared!”

“No. It’s just that I have so many things to do. This house makes for a lot of work...”

They kept talking. Fernando talked, getting himself worked up. The working masses were protesting against the monarchical tyranny. They said it was necessary to start a revolution, destroy the palaces, kill the bourgeoisie. Luis Ogral shuddered as he heard that. As he said goodbye, he told Fernando:

“Hey. Keep me updated on everything. If they think of doing something, we must, above all, save this family, or...”

And he stopped talking; but in his mind he fought the idea that he carefully hid, but that seemed much more effective: (They need to make the masses idolize Pascual. They need to distort, at all costs, the revolution, so he seems like the promoter).

Fernando promised, smiling. That afternoon, after they ate, Luis told him the news unaffectedly:

“Look sir, Pascual; they say...”

“Darling Luis...” interrupted the other, pleading, “How many times do I have to tell you not to call me sir? You force me to answer you the same way, to ensure they don’t think I address you informally because you’re inferior to me. I cannot get used to it.”

Luis smiled, worried; and cutting off his speech:

“Fine, listen... It’s about something serious...”

Don Pascual took heed, drawing near, obedient. Luis told him the story, including the details.

“I am not what matters at all,” Pascual said once he finished. “What matters is you. We need to save you. What needs to be done? Just say the word.”

“No, no...” interrupted the other,⁶⁶ but Don Pascual was not calmed easily.

From that moment on, Luis could see that behind him was a conscientious and vigilant guard that accompanied him wherever he went, that many times, while working, Don Pascual’s already whitish head, appeared, troubled, with a smile about the lips and he stammered, trembling, an apology:

“I was afraid you wouldn’t be here... that something had happened to you...”

A young and famous lawyer, Pepín Gutiérrez, defended him in the pending process, but Don Pascual handled the direction of the defense. Quotations from Alcubilla,⁶⁷ explanation of political doctrines and philosophies, part sentimental and emotional...; the defense of Luis Ogral was a true work of art.

One morning the servant warned him:

“The judge has ordered that you go to his office, Don Luis.”

⁶⁶ O.V.: “otro;”

⁶⁷ Marcelo Martínez Alcubilla (1820-1900) was a Spanish lawyer and author of many judicial books, such as *Diccionario de la administración española: compilación de la novísima legislación de España, peninsular y ultramarina en todos los ramos de la administración pública*.

Luis went down quickly. His hat was in the foyer. He put it on. As he got ready to leave, he saw Don Pascual approaching, coming down the stairs:

“Dear Luis...” he called. “Where are you going?”

“The judge has called me. I’ll be right back.

“No, no. You can’t go. Your lawyer will go. You’re sick, or you aren’t home, or you don’t want to go. End of story. Leave now and go see the judge, so he can throw you in jail again, not a chance. This has to change, and soon. But you will not leave this house in the meantime!”

He took off Luis’ hat and made him go back into the office.

“Look,” he added, to distract him. “I’m going to read you this provision, which came to me this morning, for when, as I hope, I become the president of the Provincial Government.”

Luis drew his attention to the manuscript.

“Do you like it?” inquired Don Pascual.

And as Luis, engrossed, did not answer, he questioned him, flatteringly:

“But, what do you think? What’s the matter? I noticed days ago that you’ve been down, distracted. Is it because you don’t feel comfortable in this house anymore? Is it because you’re bored here with me?”

Luis cut off his questions, laughing:

“Shush; don’t be silly. It’s not that... It’s that I was thinking, you know, of the judge, and how you ended up like this, all of a sudden...”

The lawyer walked in. He came from seeing the judge. It was nothing. An unimportant call. But it dealt with a document that Luis had to sign. A simple court summons, he added, to soothe Don Pascual.

“But the judge can come here; let him come,” he argued.

“No; what for?” asked Luis.

“Be quiet, I beg you; don’t humiliate me,” interrupted the gentleman, ignoring the hurdle of discretion.

“Do me a favor and leave!” interposed, now energetically addressing him informally, but with energy, Luis.

“As you wish...; whatever you want,” replied, now humbly, Don Pascual, withdrawing to the door and hiding his tear-stained face from the mocking curiosity of his assistant.

“Please sit down,” Luis then said to Pepín Gutiérrez. “What’s happening?”

“Listen, Luis. The issue isn’t with you; it’s with him. You already know that Moral⁶⁸ is the one defending him. His hearing will be held at once, as with yours. But the... the judge recommended that I tell you: he will be punished more. They’re demanding the death penalty. The people must know in order to, with discretion and avoiding, of course, a revolutionary movement, show strong public opinion that forces the Government and these judges to back down...”

“Yes, yes...” agreed Luis, worried; and then, resolute, he added:

“Will you do me a favor? Send for Fernando Poyales. He’ll be in the café, that one next to the labor union. Tell him to come here,⁶⁹ as if it were your idea.”

He came. They talked for a long time. Luis, cautiously, without discovering the real purpose. Fernando, with the naivety of a man who lives in the street and brings the lively spirit of the popular masses.

⁶⁸ Moral is the last name of the defense lawyer.

⁶⁹ O.V.: “venga,”

“You don’t know,” Luis said time and again, “how good Don Pascual is. He has such great enthusiasm for our cause. You’ll find out that he’s given all of his money to Madrid, he’s mortgaged these little gardens of his,⁷⁰ he’s given everything to that Committee they say is operating in Madrid... Don Pascual is a saint.”

“Hey,” Fernando interrupted him. “And what do they want for you?”

And with immediate selflessness, Luis promptly replied:

“I don’t matter at all now. He’s who matters. It’s necessary that they’re aware of those actions; that the workers know how much they owe to their protector; that they revolt on his behalf; that they defend him; that they build, if necessary, a popular uprising, something that destroys this governor and, indirectly, the Government of Madrid.⁷¹ And you, Fernando, will you help me?”

Fernando had promised. And had clarified the details.

“Do you think it’s necessary to write a manifesto that he can sign?”

“We’ll see, we’ll see,” argued Fernando. “I’ll look into it,⁷² and I promise you,” he added, urged on by his insistence, “we’ll make no compromises.”

Now that that was done, that first step taken, Luis felt more at ease; and he got ready to see Don Pascual. He was in bed. Upon seeing him, he began to shake and tremble.

“He’s had another attack,” the valet stated, who knew his master intimately.

Don Pascual truly was not well; the bad news hit hard; the fear of what might be awaiting Luis was worse,⁷³ but Luis’ presence soothed him. The accomplished act gave him a rest, a calmness to his appearance, that infused tranquility into the most frenzied spirit.

⁷⁰ O.V.: “aquí,”

⁷¹ O.V.: “sepan,”; “protector,” “defiendan,”

⁷² O.V.: “consultaré,”

⁷³ O.V.: “mayor,”

“You’re so silly!” He admonished, laughing. “The paperwork has already been resolved, the subpoena already signed. Pepín, ready to go eat; and you, meanwhile, up here, sick...”

“But they haven’t done anything to you? There’s nothing wrong?”

Luis laughed at the notion of that sensitive human being, timid and nervous like the famous plant that botanists and naturalists tell us about, with astonishment. And saying goodbye because of the work that awaited him, he told him, confident now:

“Come on, come on; get better and come down to keep me company.”

* * *

In that manner, the days of the trial and his hearing before the court arrived. Pepín had spent the whole of the two previous days in his defendant’s house, which now was essentially the same as saying in Don Pascual’s house. He was, at that moment, calm in the face of his fate... Luis had already announced something.

“You know,” he told him one day, “they’re demanding that you be sentenced to death?”

“I was troubled for a moment, but I recovered almost at once.”

“It doesn’t matter; if you save yourself!...”

“You fool,” replied Luis, in an outburst of fondness. “And what would I do without you?”

Don Pascual was eternally grateful he said that. When the day of the trial arrived, he did not tremble; he went, on the contrary, calmer than ever. Luis, under his apparent impassivity, hid a storm of growing anxiety. He had spoken with Fernando Poyales only hours before. The manifesto had been released. Everything was ready. The masses, would they respond? As Don Pascual left his house that morning, he insisted they go on foot. Luis left on his own accompanied by his lawyer. They happened to meet halfway, close to the front door of the main

church, and close, therefore, to the market. They had not run into anyone on the streets. But as they squeezed into the plaza, an imposing crowd awaited them. It was all shouts and outbursts of cheers, applause and excitement. Pascual and Luis found themselves surrounded by the crowd, which separated them, and the police's efforts were useless. Therefore, they arrived on the shoulders of the most audacious at the hearing room before the severe judges, who did not know what to do with that act of popular insubordination. The guards tried to take on the crowd, and Luis, standing on the bench where he had to sit, addressed them. His words were of gratitude: he urged for calmness and prudence; their objective was achieved. They had won the support of the "gentleman who has served the cause of the revolution." The masses silenced him with applause, "Now, wait for us," he finished. "Goodbye!"

The order's magical effect made them withdraw, and the room cleared. And so the judges were able to start their work. Luis remembered nothing from the defense or the prosecutor's questions or the other judges.⁷⁴ He only saw Don Pascual's now grey head, bowed over his chest, lost in thought at times; other times, upright; sometimes turned toward him, with a friendly smile. They were the only defendants. Fernando Poyales had been convicted in absentia because he had refused to appear, and as such, they would try him later. That's when Luis realized it. Fernando's altruism surprised him, who, persecuted, had done everything he could to benefit Don Pascual, without thinking of himself at all, even though he desperately needed the defense.

He was beginning to feel the effect of the three nights of insomnia. His willpower commanded him to keep his eyes open; but his brain was becoming paralyzed little by little, gradually. Now he was thinking very slowly;⁷⁵ now he wasn't thinking...

A high-pitched scream woke him up. Don Pascual's face bent over his own in a fit:

⁷⁴ O.V.: "defensas,"; "fiscal,"

⁷⁵ O.V.: "débilmente,"

“Luis, what’s the matter?”

The hearing had ended; he had not heard the order to clear the room, and had stayed there sleeping with his eyes open, by some force of his will, on the bench he was sitting on.

“Do you feel bad?” Pascual asked him, anxious. “Send for the car to take us home,” he commanded the driver, quickly.

* * *

That afternoon, Luis was rather sick indeed. The tension had weakened him. Don Pascual did not leave his side even for a moment. He looked at him with loving tenderness, and the contemplation of that manly and beautiful face, lying on the pillow, almost in profile, with a weary expression, brought tears to his eyes. His conscience reproached him: “All for me!” he said, crying, “To save me.”

The sentence would arrive in less than twenty-four hours. But the next day was Sunday, and that delayed it. Don Pascual did not allow Luis to go sleep in his own house. Shortly after waking, Don Pascual wanted to attend mass very early in the chapel in his house; and dressing hastily, he went to see how Luis had passed the night. Luis was sitting up and as if he was thinking about something very interesting, his arms tucked behind his head, his face illuminated by the sun, which poured in from the large window of the luxurious mansion. The conversation was short. Don Pascual ardently wanted him to accompany him to mass.

“Even though you don’t believe,” he told him. “It’s the only place where you leave my side. Who’s stopping you? Here inside the house, no one will know. I’ve prayed for you so much tonight!...”

Luis let himself be convinced. He even protested half-heartedly; but his friend's pleas were growing stronger and stronger:

“Humor me. I beg you. Even if it's only this one time!”

Luis began to get dressed. His clothes, finely cut, contrasted with his simple garments from the past. Without even shaving, he went down to the chapel. It was dimly lit. Don Pascual's chaplain, a young, attractive, friendly priest, ministered. He had received his doctorate in Theology with flying colors, and a bright future awaited him. For the time being, he made his debut with the chaplaincy, which he was beginning to enjoy. José, which was the priest's name, was not confident enough within the house to know Don Pascual intimately. But he knew what was necessary to understand the “intimacy” that connected Pascual to Luis and his anticlerical character. Therefore, it is not strange that Don José looked at his new visitor that morning with surprise and gave him a warm welcome. Doña Micaela, María Eugenia, Leisa, and Manolita were already kneeling on their prayer stools. Standing, in the shadow, the silhouette of Pascualín, the “eldest son,” was outlined, and so was that of his brothers, José Luis and Francisco María. The family was complete. Dolores, the cook; Doña Luisa, the housekeeper; Jacinta, Mariquilla, and Rosario, the three maids who took care of the house; Mariano, the chauffeur; Augusto, the gardener, and even the little boy they all hired to run urgent errands entered in a hushed tone and sat down in the last pew. Don Pascual and Luis took their place in two even prayer stools, one next to the other, directly facing the luxurious,⁷⁶ but austere decorated altar. It was a strange occurrence to see that family divided:⁷⁷ Doña Micaela's seat, occupied by the intrusive Luis; and the lady, with her daughters, on one side of the central nave. Don Pascual was a devout man to the point of fanaticism. Usually, attending mass grabbed all of his attention. It was not so that

⁷⁶ O.V.: lujosa; S.E.: lujoso.

⁷⁷ O.V.: excindida; S.E.: escindida.

day. Thinking about Luis absorbed all of him that day. The handsomeness of his forehead, the setting of his eyes, the curve of his blond eyelashes, his firm chin, his wide and red mouth, his strong neck and the natural elegance of his figure stood out even more in the prevailing semidarkness. Don José, a worldly man, despite his young age, and forced to move around by his seminaries and bishoprics, received the distractions of his faithful “sheep” with a smile. And knowing that his listeners were not in the mood to listen to his sermon, he dispensed with it, and ended the mass much earlier than usual. Don Pascual and Luis appreciated it infinitely, and they left arm in arm: as Don Pascual anxiously asked Luis what his impression of the show had been.

“What do I think of it!” the latter replied with a reserved and modest tone. “A trifle.” And he corrected at once, faced with the gentleman’s painful expression:

“Now don’t be offended. It must be very lovely for those who believe in it.”

“You really think so?” the other questioned, gaining hope. “Well, you’ll believe; you’ll believe...”

He did not believe. But from that Sunday on, day after day, for one reason or another, Don Pascual de Zarzamora, the bourgeois, believer and fanatic, and Luis Ogral, the revolutionary, atheist and anticlerical, met in the chapel, bowed down on the twin prayer stools.

* * *

“Did you say Don José has already arrived?” Don Pascual asked his wife the next day at breakfast time. They were standing before a small bowl of steaming chocolate on a portable table, carried there to the bedroom, near Don Pascual’s bed.

“That’s what they told me. But he left again immediately because they called him on the telephone, and said they were going to deliver the sentence.”

Don Pascual did not speak again. He ate in silence, and he turned his uneasy glances toward the door.

“Hey, do you want to look and see if Luis has come?” he asked his wife when she finished tasting the hot, exquisite chocolate.

“As you wish,” replied, understanding, Doña Micaela, getting ready to leave. But in the threshold, she ran face first into Luis. It let her try to rest her aristocratic hands on his shoulders and bring their faces close together, in order to then draw her own face, coy and affected, back, laughing:

“Oh, you scared me! Do you know something?”

“Nothing, Madame,” replied Luis, smiling. “Nothing at all. But I did find Don José, and...”

“Good; and what did Don José have to say to you?” interrupted the sharp voice of Don Pascual from the little chair he occupied.

“That he came in search of the sentence. I think the lawyer called him. Or the judge. I’m not certain. And, of course, it’s natural; he is very concerned for us and wanted to tell us, if possible, his news.”

“Good, I’ll leave you then. I was already going,” clarified Doña Micaela, turning back toward the door. “As soon as you know something, even though I’ll already be anxious, you’re in charge of telling me. Right, Luis? I don’t trust you, because I don’t know, I don’t know what you’ll do when you find out!”

And she left, giving them a subtle and tenuous smile, and making an affectionate, threatening hand gesture.

Don Pascual had his back turned. He tapped his feet nervously, and hid his face with his hand.⁷⁸ Luis, who started the storm, approached him, smiling:

“So can I know what happened to you?”

His interlocutor fell silent, inscrutable; and as Luis repeated the question, insistent, and he placed a confident hand on his shoulder, he muttered, moving away:

“Leave me alone, don’t touch me. Do you think I don’t have grounds for complaint? Yesterday, in the afternoon, with Don José under the pretext of some ‘religious’ doubts. This morning, that Don José found you, under whichever other pretext... Now...”

Luis covered his mouth, smiling, even though Don Pascual tried to disentangle himself from him, and replied, almost in jest:

“But c’mon, I’ve hardly seen him;⁷⁹ I haven’t exchanged more than a few words with him.”

“Yeah, yeah; excuses now. José is very crafty. He’s one of those little priests who have tasted the bread the devil kneaded. Have you noticed the way he stares and how he had his eye on you yesterday, as soon as you entered the chapel? He devoured you with his eyes! Of course, it wasn’t a bad mouthful for the kid,⁸⁰ but no. Not you. I swear. On the cross I believe in, no.”

And Don Pascual, forming the cross with his fingers, kissed them loudly and eloquently three times.

Luis almost could not control his laughter. The jealousy seemed both stupid and unjustified to him. That did not stop it, however, from flattering him; and he opted for keeping quiet, discreetly, before the flood of taunts to come. Don Pascual immediately turned back to him, his eyes inflamed with “saintly indignation.”

⁷⁸ O.V.: mno. S.E.: mano.

⁷⁹ O.V.: “visto,”

⁸⁰ O.V.: “niño,”

“I told you no. You heard me! Not another word. For you, he’s dead. And if necessary, I’ll command Don Apolonio to come, who’s the oldest priest in the parish. Young and dapper little priests, no...”

“But how is this my fault?” interrupted, smiling, Luis.

“No; but I’m not blaming you. I do know that it’s him. I’ve seen him with my own eyes;⁸¹ I should eat dirt to not have seen what I saw...”

Don Pascual, with that overexcitement typical of the Andalusian temperament, let himself be carried by his imagination beyond what had happened in reality. He continued the scene in increasingly sharp lamentations. Luis opted for sitting and looking distractedly at the ceiling of the room. But not even this position saved him.

“No, no; pretend that you haven’t heard anything, no,” Don Pascual shouted by his side, “I’m not willing to tolerate it. Did you hear me?”

“Yes, of course, yes,” the other replied to calm him.

And it was precisely at this culminating moment of the discussion when, without any warning, he opened the door to the room, to let the lawyer and Don José come in. They both bore a radiant expression. By an unfortunate coincidence, the lawyer addressed Don Pascual, and it was Don José who placed the double acquittal in Luis’ hands. Luis’s face showed immense joy. Unable to contain himself, out of the need to immediately spread cheer, he hugged the priest, the bearer of the good news. Don Pascual, who had already exerted an enormous effort to tolerate his presence, uttered one single scream:

“Luis!”

⁸¹ O.V.: “ojos,”

A threatening scream, revealing the dispute held up until that moment. The lawyer looked at him in surprise. It seriously scared the priest, also nervous and sensitive, and he brusquely pulled himself away from Luis Ogral's arms.

"It's natural," Luis then explained to Don José and Pepín Gutiérrez, the lawyer, when Don Pascual was carried to the bedroom, overwhelmed by a real nervous attack. "The excitement of the moment..." and at the same time that he smiled, he flattered the Andalusian gentleman with affection that was much more out of devotion than jealousy.

* * *

When Luis had time to look back and reflect on the last few months of his life, they seemed cloudy and confusing. Many had gone by: nine, ten, maybe more than a year, and he still had not gotten over the surprise. The events had happened in a dizzying way. A few months of anxiety had followed the sentence, and immediately afterwards, the victory, an unforeseen, resounding, unanimous victory. Neither he nor Don Pascual had time those days to do anything more than attend to the fever of the people who were demanding them to be everywhere. Don Pascual was already the president of the provincial government, and Luis Ogral also became a member of the county council; and he, amid enthusiastic applause. And Luis began to conduct his work. The sleeping bourgeois in Don Pascual awoke amidst the dreams of a revolution. Yes, he liked the color red, the proletarian music; but all of that in a platonic way, and because it made him recall the object of his love more directly. But he was bourgeois and friends with the bourgeois. He leaned on them; he forced Luis, and between them all, they did a reactionary deed in the wretched province that tied the workers hand and foot and chained them to the employers' will. Awful hunger arrived, along with the cold of winter. They brewed a state of silent irritation among the working masses, The security forces had had to act three, four, five times now

suppressing workers' demonstrations. The proletariat, furious and impulsive, demanded the head of the traitor, of the bourgeoisie sellout. Those poor rebellious, generous masses did not suspect the dark and dirty motive for that sale, that betrayal. They only understood the facts. They knew nothing of the shameful connections that motivated them. Luis had an arrogant personality. His pride grew when faced with the attitude of his "ex-comrades." He was seen dominating men and towns through Don Pascual's will,⁸² which was so easily at the mercy of his whims. He knew how much power his every word and desire had. He did not believe anyone was capable of resisting him. Luis, despotic and intransigent, started walking down a dangerous path, eager to crush others as he had been crushed. Finally...

* * *

It was night. The hour when, as they say, the witches march through the chimneys for their lascivious witches' Sabbath had already passed. The darkness that prevailed in the deserted alleyways of the city was profound. As the sound of each step drowned out the one before, a black, frightening mass of enraged people advanced. Their faces were indistinguishable, and their clothing, threadbare and squalid, hardly gave away the working class background of those men in the flickering light of the streetlamps. They were close to Don Pascual's house. The guards stationed at the door stopped them. The crowd moved forward, unafraid. The guards fired; but the crowd did not draw back, although two gaps in their men formed. After the noise, they heard screams. But the crowd had already broken down the door and gone inside. On the stairs, Doña Micaela, in a white linen nightgown trimmed with lace with her pale arms crossed over her trembling and palpitating chest.

In the hall, and in clothes thrown on in a hurry, the sleepy old housekeeper and the driver. And there, on the landing, illuminated by the light of the bedroom that framed them in the

⁸² O.V.: "voluntad"

threshold were their silhouettes. THEM, the guilty, embracing before the tension of the moment. The crowd roared with pent up rage, and they rushed to the top. It was useless that one of the guards who had been knocked down tried to pick up the phone to call for reinforcements. They stopped him in the act, and hurled him a long ways, like a human rag. The crowd, cautious, advanced in the silence and darkness, like a tiger.

What happened next was never known.

The next day the press published the following news:

Savage invasion by some uncontrollable masses in the house of His Honor, Mr. President of Provincial Government. They killed him and Don Luis Ogral, who accompanied him, has died after being barbarically mutilated.

“Yesterday, unbeknownst to the authorities, the wild mobs barged into the house of our dear friend, Don Pascual de Zarzamora. The pen resists narrating the incident that must have taken place in the home of the illustrious nobleman. The guards, useless in controlling the barbaric avalanche—one of them is critically injured—⁸³the masses, respecting only the wife of the distinguished public figure and her children, they ran toward Don Pascual and Don Luis Ogral, who accompanied him at the time. They were both victims of the masses. Don Luis was barbarically mutilated. His head was displayed in the window at dawn, and remained there until the police could recover it. They made more than three hundred arrests; but the criminals, parodying the classic example of our literature:

Fuenteovejuna,⁸⁴ sir. All for one and one for all.⁸⁵

⁸³ O.V.: “gravísimamente—,”

⁸⁴ *Fuenteovejuna* is a play by Lope de Vega published in 1619. It revolves around “three interrelated, historical subjects... The first is the uprising of the town of *Fuenteovejuna* against Fernán Gómez de Guzmán, the Comendador of the military Order of Calatrava in the year 1476; the second is the attempt by the Order of Calatrava, against the efforts of the Catholic monarchs Ferdinand and Isabela of Spain, to seize the strategic town of Ciudad Real in that same year; the third is the larger conflict between the Catholic monarchs of Spain and Alfonso and Doña

answer⁸⁶ with these same phrases. Fernando Poyales is also under arrest. Although he has not taken part in the movement, they are trying him as an instigator all the same, which he strictly denies, but it has been confirmed in well-informed circles that, as he already had a pending trial in absentia, in which they did not convict him, before he came to the Republic, of what has now begun is piling up on him, and it will be he who pays for the despicable death of the two honorable citizens with his head. He is a stain on the history of the province, and the indignation of the moment prevents us from making other commentary.

A special Government delegate has quickly taken charge of the province. He has assembled the Civil Guard; they have asked for forces from Madrid, seeing as they fear that the riots will recur. No more prisoners will fit in the jail. He has equipped an old barrack for this purpose. The masses are moved by a single cheer: ‘Kill the traitor!’ Those who are considered leaders of the movement made this exact declaration this morning in the corresponding official report.”

Hildegart.

Juana of Portugal” (Cascardi 1271-1272). I have not translated the title because published translations by Gregory Joseph Racz, William Smith Mitchell, and Victor Dixon leave the title in the original Spanish.

⁸⁵ O.V. and S.E.: “una”

⁸⁶ Hildegart leaves answered [contestaron] in lower case; the reference to *Fuenteovejuna* is a break in the sentence between the words *literature* and *answer*. Santonja does not change this in the second edition either.