

SEVILLE: NOVEMBER

A SHORT NOVEL

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("Sevilla para herir!")

"Seville to wound!"

Federico Garcia Lorca

The bus from Algeciras arrived at Seville in the late afternoon. It was November and the arrival was somber, prosaic, dusty under a lowering distant sun and graying sky. The flat landscape and huddled buildings held no promise of the legendary Seville of intense passions and dualities. No hint of a Carmen with a carnation behind her ear, of gypsies and toreadors, of flowers and flamenco. Nor of Iberian joys and tragedies, of sins and absolutions, of the dark mystery of the Penitentes. The city seemed locked in the dimension of modern life, in a quotidian reality of noisy automobiles and tides of drawn-faced, drably-dressed people hurrying home from work.

The traveler seemed locked into her own tired body; her reasons for pilgrimage momentarily forgotten, subordinate and sublimated to physical urgencies. Subliminally invaded by a vague disappointment, but hardly responding to the sudden shock of myth with reality, she hesitated in the station, studying the confusion of entrances and exits. Then, clutching the burden of her suitcase, she pushed past the mass of passengers and finally emerged on the street where a straggling line of taxis was waiting.

In one's imagination one travels impelled by the reasons of one's soul: entering a transcendent territory of history, myth, miracle; peopled by transfigured characters corresponding to one's deepest needs. One sees in the distance the great romance of the unknown and seeks self-transformation in alien geographies. But in reality one stumbles along, swept up by circumstance, propelled by the humble needs of the moment, caught in the gathering momentum of a series of small decisions, accidents and errors. Searching for a taxi, a hotel, a bus, a restaurant, a bath. Staring numbly at a repetition of meaningless landscapes, museums and monuments. Holding on grimly to a limited assortment of possessions. Guarding all that contains one's identity. Tickets, wallet, passport, glasses, clothes. Everything that could so easily slip from one's grasp and leave one stranded, anonymous. Details that coerce a constant attention.

Stuffed into the traveler's handbag was the letter from a friend, a previous visitor to Spain, with a list of hotels he had stayed in. She remembered his words without having to refer to them again: "In Seville you must stay in the Hotel Don Marcos in the B arrio of Santa Cruz..."

She stopped in front of the nearest taxi. The driver, a cigarette hanging between his lips, jumped out, took her bag and put it in the front seat. She climbed into the back.

The driver hurried around to his side and leaped in. He turned around and looked expectantly at her. She smiled. "Buenas tardes. Hotel Don Marcos, por favor. Le conoce?"

"Sí, señorita." He started the engine and she settled back in the seat, but as he sped down the boulevard in the breakneck fashion of his species, she leaned to one side, gripping whatever she could.

By this time it was nearly dark. The buildings were stanchly shuttered, the streetlights on and shining vaguely, deepening the gloom surrounding them. The taxi passed a park. Here darkness had clumped together as if waiting to attack the street. Were these obscure shadows the legendary gardens of Seville?

Suddenly the car skidded into a dark twisted alley, The Bárrio of Santa Cruz! The ancient Arab quarter of forms and surfaces resolutely resistant to the entry of modern machines. Narrow stone widths and brick pavements suitable for traditional passages of burros, carts, humans-on-foot. Small balconies heavy with flower pots leaned tentatively overhead. Windows were grilled and shuttered against any intrusion. The alley was deserted---and yet, in a strange way, alive. A scenario set and waiting. She felt a revival of hopes. Suddenly a shadow flattened itself against a wall as the taxi scraped by. Was it real? Or a phantom? A dog appeared, chased the taxi, barking.

The taxi turned another corner, maneuvered with a squealing of tires and stopped in front of a large iron gate. A sign read: Hotel Don Marcos. Abades núm. 6.

She paid the driver. He carried her suitcase inside the gate, set it down by the office on one side of a Moorish courtyard muted by darkness, and returned to his cab. She heard it screeching away.

The traveler quickly glanced around her. Above the fluted arches a few lights glimmered. A tile stairway trailed off into obscurity. She approached the office. It was fragily lit by a single jaundiced lamp whose light extended no farther than the office windows. Inside, sitting at a desk was a handsome, incipiently-corpulent, light-skinned, black wavy-haired, impeccably-groomed Spaniard in his 30's. Nearby, at a smaller desk sat a young Spanish woman with a reticent profile. No one else could be seen anywhere.

The traveler hesitated in front of the office window. The man looked up slowly and motioned for her to enter. She asked if there were single rooms available and what the rates were.

"Sí! Hay un cuarto vacío. Solamente 60 pesetas por día." He selected a large medieval key from a cabinet and rang a buzzer that she could hear resound somewhere above. The young woman at the smaller desk didn't raise her head.

"¿Para quantos días?" He looked at her, his face empty of expression.

"Perhaps I'll stay two weeks," the traveler replied, uncomfortably aware of the difference between her dishevelled appearance and their conservative elegance.

He took out a form from the drawer. She noticed he wore a wedding ring on his right finger where the Spanish customarily wore one.

"Su ~~pass~~aporte..." She opened her purse, took out her passport and handed it to him. "Gracias." He began filling out the form after thumbing through the passport pages.

In a moment the maid appeared from across the courtyard, picked up her bag, took the key and led the way around the corner of the office into another courtyard. It was even darker here. There were no rays of light coming from the shuttered windows surrounding the courtyard. There was no sound but the maid's and her footsteps on the tiles.

The maid turned into a corridor on the right side of the courtyard and climbed dark stone stairs dimly illuminated by a single lightbulb from above. The traveler followed her into a long silent hall with doors spaced on the left side. The maid paused in front of the second door and opened it with the key. She motioned the traveler to enter. The colorless room resembled a narrow ascetic cell of a monastery. The bed was small, its thin mattress sparsely covered with

a white spread. The floor was tiled, without rugs. There was a wardrobe in one corner and next to it a washbasin clinging precariously to the wall. Near the bed was an old wooden chest of drawers.

The maid set down the suitcase, stepped to the door, pointed to the bathroom down the hall and disappeared in the direction from which they had come. The traveler listened to her footsteps grow fainter and when she could no longer hear them, closed the door as if shutting out an unwelcome presence. But the room was invaded by a brooding solitude. It seemed to draw back from the feeble light into its own shadows. She went to the window and pulled apart the curtains. The window glass reflected back the ghost of her face. She opened the window and looked into the patio. There was not a soul to be seen; no sound to be heard. A faint light from the office was cast across the entrance to the other patio. She closed up the window. The room seemed more welcoming.

She changed into her bathrobe, took her towel and soap, went down the hall to the bathroom and took a sparse lukewarm shower. At least she felt clean again. She dried herself, returned to her room, put on her pajamas and lay down on the bed.

The hotel imbued her with an intense feeling of isolation and strangeness, but she was too exhausted to dress and leave in search of cafés and people. She reached

for the folder about the hotel that the man in the office had given her. It was printed in four languages: English, German, French and Spanish.

"Hotel Don Marcos. Antiguo Palácio de los Pínelos."

There were photographs of corners, corridors and salas luxuriant with plants and antique furniture. Chandeliers and baroque scrollwork on walls, ceiling, windows. She decided that all this opulence must exist in the area surrounding the first patio and that the quarters surrounding the second inner patio where she was installed were cheaper, sparer, more primitive. At least, if her room were any example.

The pamphlet said that a Moorish temple or palace had originally been built just where the noon shadow of the Giralda Tower fell. In the loneliness of that small room contained within the larger loneliness of the hotel she felt that the shadow had been trapped and imprisoned there. That Time had been stopped...or reversed. That she had somehow wandered into a ghostly dimension of the Past. In retrospect even the maid and the couple in the office began to seem unreal inhabitants of this odd place. The taximan a kind of Charon who had delivered her to a nether world.

"It later became the home of an Arab chief and after a residential mansion. Falling upon hard times the owners left it as a Seminary. It became a Pension and then a Hotel because of its new and comfortable installation."

She wondered if the Arab chief had had amongst his harem a captive woman, an exile from another part of the world...someone who was destined because of some unknown deed to return reincarnated to wander the vacant corridors where she once was imprisoned.

"The hotel has two large courtyards. The main one having been built in the 16th century, it has lovely arches and splendid decoration."

There was obviously, then, a discrepancy between the two courtyards and the rooms surrounding them. She wondered what the other quarters were like. Whether they were occupied.

"Old house of intrigues and prayers, HOUSE of exquisite hospitality."

The German version read that it was "a house in whose rooms many happy laughs still resound."

She could easily imagine a whisper of "intrigues and prayers" but no echo of "happy laughs." She searched in her suitcase for the old copy of Cook's Handbook for Spain she had carried with her. It mentioned the old "Casa at no. 6 Abades. It had belonged at the beginning of the 15th century to a family of Genoese merchants called Pinelo. Afterwards it became the property of the "abbés" or "abades" of the Cathedral. The book, written in 1921, claimed that at that time "many of these revered gentlemen still patronise the establishment, and may be seen puffing their 'puros' in the court..."

She rose and looked out the window again, but there was still no life in the obscure courtyard. She lay down again with her head resting on the pillow. The book dropped to the floor. She felt increasingly depressed by the silent, alien reality of the hotel and by its contrast to her treasured dream of Andalusia. The music of Bizet, Chabrier, Soler, de Falla. The passionate flamenco of the gypsies. The vivid poetry of Lorca. A multitude of visions flooded her mind, opening, folding, overlapping, swirling like a rapidly shuffled deck of cards. Fans and castanets, ruffled polka-dotted skirts of Spanish dancers. Romarias and processions of huge grotesque religious effigies. Secret trysts in small cafés or jasmine-scented parks or at iron-grated windows. A glimpse of sunlight and shadow in narrow winding streets and around every corner a mysterious encounter with a black-eyed Spaniard. The flavor of orange blossoms. A myriad of romantic affinities that had filled a dream backdrop to her life and that had enticed her finally to Spain now seemed as distant and unrealizable as from where she had left.

She was half-wakened later by a sound in the next room. The faucet running. Shoes dropping. The bed creaking.

The next morning when she awoke, through the parted curtains she could see a subdued sun shining on the wall and reflected off the window glass of the hotel wing to

the left of her room. She thought, my room is either facing north or south. Probably north. It was chilly and there was no heat in the room.

Was it always so cold in November in Andalusia? One never read about this in travel folders. Perhaps the British and the Scandanavians wouldn't complain.

She dressed quickly and went downstairs into the main patio. There was no one visible in the office but she could hear staccato Spanish voices coming from somewhere above. At least there was some life here in this part of the hotel. She passed through the large gate and hesitated in the alley, not knowing which way to turn. Finally she decided to set out in the opposite direction from which the taxi had come. After wandering pleasantly for a short ways along the curving alley she asked a passerby the way to the Giralda Tower. The old woman, heavily dressed in black, her face dry and seamed, pointed ahead and told her to turn this way and that and eventually she would arrive there.

The traveler continued in the general direction indicated by the old woman, feeling herself to be in a maze, expecting at any moment to meet the Minotaur. She glanced around her. Filtered through iron gratings were tiled patios filled with plants, pools, fountains. She imagined the unseen rooms behind the dense white walls furnished with Arabian and Iberian mysteries. It was

a world that shut her out, but its architecture allowed full scope for her imagination.

She could see only a few yards ahead of her before the alley curved again. But suddenly a turn opened up directly before the cathedral. She caught her breath. It was so suddenly visible, its scale loomed so suddenly large that it was overwhelming after the Casbah mass of buildings.. With a strange mixture of purity and sensuousness the tower lifted itself above the dense horizontal labyrinth of the Bárrio of Santa Cruz. She was unprepared to encompass it so abruptly and turned her gaze away.

Here the street became European. Rational. Wide, straight and lined with trees. There was a café on the corner with small tables placed outside facing the tower. She walked over and sat down. In a moment the waiter appeared in his white apron, a rag in his hand to wipe off the surface of the table.

"A sus órdenes."

"Un café con leche y un bollo seco, por favor."

The waiter disappeared inside the café and returned shortly with her coffee with milk and cake.

Here, in contrast to Hotel Don Marcos, there was life. A movement of people and machines, but erratic and imbued with the suggestion that in a moment the surface of modernity--the machines and dark, factory-made clothing--would disappear

and the ambiance would ignite in a flamboyance of color and excitement.

Relaxed, sipping her coffee, she was now ready to look up at the Giralda again. She followed the lines upwards to where it penetrated the sky. It seemed to exert an eternal dominance over the b arrrio surrounding it, its power incorporating the energies of the Moorish mosque that it had once replaced. It transcended all contemporary moods and vagaries and somehow assured the traveler that the man next to her in the drab suit, his stomach protruding and his hair thinning; the two older women weighted down in black, prosaically discussing their compras at the market; the spare young man in a cheap, too-short jacket and shiny trousers...all these outwardly unromantic denizens of the modern age still partook secretly of the Spanish soul. Of a spirit that would never abandon Andalusia nor be abandoned by it. A slight shift of dimensions and the magic would be revealed.

Still, one felt cheated. The visible architecture was invested with a tremendous romance, with a promise that was implicit but suspended within it. It seemed to have absorbed and imprisoned the histories, traditions and myths of Andalusia, converting life into stone while modern intruders moved over and among its surfaces, ignoring all but the claims of the present. Passion was siphoned off and invested above in the Giralda, the Moorish minaret

built by Jebir the Moor, now the bell tower of the cathedral. It contained all the passion of a conversion and rebirth within a new order, and yet retained its original beauty and desires.

If the Sevillanos, the inhabitants of Seville, were like this: still profoundly Arab, sensuous, open to the sensualities of the world and at the same time Catholic and puritanically contained to the point of explosion..... A seductive tension of opposites....

She finished her coffee and cake, paid her bill and rose to leave. She turned away from the cathedral and wandered towards the center of Seville, along the Calle Sierpes, the Serpents, a twisting alley lined with stores and restaurants. People pressed along the sides, essentially the same combination of types she had already noticed, adhering to the same form, features and dress, without surprises or revelations. Occasionally a smartly dressed señora entered or emerged from a boutique or shoe store, looking less Spanish than chicly French.

She turned the corner and entered an open space. La Plaza de la Encarnacion. A pleasing square greened with plants and shaded by orange trees. A many-sided tile fountain in the center spraying endless repetitions of water. Old people in black huddled on benches. She sat down tentatively on the unreceptive bench, unoccupied, nearest the fountain.

Nearby children in pinafores played ball, a little uncertain, as if still tied to their mothers sitting knitting, conversing with a wary eye on them. The sun shone faintly, reluctantly, unwilling to transform Seville into the sun-washed image she had expected.

Conversations accelerated around her like engines. Racing, throttled, braked. Voices raised in a verbal competition. Endings slurred or swallowed in the staccato-soft Andalusian accent.

Her adventure was still a passive one, an absorption of Spanish sights and sounds and odors. She could sense a silent and hesitant interaction of her spirit with the vital energy flowing around her. A submissive attempt to understand without interrupting the world of Seville, without destroying its chain of connections. Yet she felt frustrated. Where was the aperture through which she could enter? She wanted so desperately to be absorbed. But the physical reality was unyielding. She could neither be actively absorbed, nor fade into the background like a shadow. She was too obviously a foreigner. Too tall. Too slender. Too fair. A nose stamped with freckles. Clothes too bright. Eyes automatically focussed upon her as upon an alien being from another planet. She felt as rigidly observed as in a laboratory.

She was subjected to intervals of glances. She could look nowhere with discretion, without colliding with the dark eyes of the Sevillanos. Her legs felt stiff. She

rose and all eyes simultaneously focussed upon her, exacerbating her loneliness. She turned back to the Calle Sierpes. Where should she go? She had a map of Seville. Perhaps she should stroll to the banks of the Guadalquivir River, look for the Torre de Oro that contained the archives of manuscripts relating to the New World. Perhaps there she would discover some clue to connections, some symbol in this landmark linking the two worlds. But she felt purposeless, without motivation, still tired from her long trip. She was not searching for a landmark of cold stone, nor fading words on paper describing past conquests, but a living landmark. A dynamic one of flesh and blood to propel her along a new path.

She could see the Giralda in the background. Another landmark in stone, a spiritual landmark representing the conquest of the soul. But how could one discover La Vía Mística through it?

She entered a papeleria, bought some postcards, then stopped at the nearest café, ordered a sandwich and tea, and began to write to a few friends from the past. As she wrote, a veil fell between her and her surroundings. When she finished and looked up, she felt a sudden surprise. One could not belong to everywhere at once. Some businessmen, gathered in a conspiratorial knot in the back of the café looked over at her.

She paid her bill and left, tracing her steps along the Calle Sierpes to the Giralda. She remembered that

the hotel lay "where the noon shadow of the Giralda falls." But it was already afternoon, the shadows had shifted, perhaps. She could not remember which way to turn. She stood hesitant in the Plaza Quinto de los Reyes. Alleys led off at all angles. Instead of feeling frustrated she felt a tremor of excitement at being lost in the labyrinth of a different world, in the ambiance of a different language, different customs, different histories. But an ambiance that seemed less alien than the one from which she had come. One easier to grasp and understand. Perhaps because this had a center, a pulsing heart that beat its social rhythms. The other had slipped from its axis; escaped from its margins.

She finally decided to turn into one of the alleys, intending to ask the first person she passed to point out the way to the hotel. Around one of the corners, like an elusive shadow from the past, appeared a young man. He looked Moorish, swarthy, and strange. Except for his clothes he could have slipped from the crypts of Time where the Moors still ruled. He glanced at her in a furtive way. She hesitated. As he slunk by her she spoke.

"Perdóname. ¿Puede decirme...dónde está el Hotel Don Marcos?"

He was at her side in an instant.

"It's impossible to give directions. I'll take you there." His accent was Andalusian. He smiled, but not

in the open Spanish manner. Rather, uncontrollably, as if he had a tic; as if any moment his face would explode into a peculiar, mirthless, irrational laugh. Without meeting her eyes. She felt vaguely uneasy, suspicious. But she was reluctant to abandon those responses she was beginning to learn in Spain and wanted to incorporate within her. Childlike trust, warmth, spontaneity. She smiled and consented. He touched her arm lightly, to maneuver her to the left. They walked along side-by-side conversing.

She yielded some limited information about herself in reply to his questions. In exchange he told her that he was only a visitor in Seville, like herself. That he had come to see his mother who was Spanish and lived in the gypsy quarter. He added that his father was Moroccan and that his home was in Ceuta, Morocca.

He brushed against her intentionally. "You know," he said with a lowered, confidential tone, "I come here to sell hashish." He glanced back over his shoulder and then suddenly whipped a knife from his jacket, flourished it surreptitiously, then replaced it. He darted a look at her and as if savoring her reaction, laughed in his peculiar nervous way.

But somehow she wasn't really surprised nor startled by his revelation nor frightened by the knife. This all seemed to be a perfectly natural scenario for the maze of alleys with their exotic Moriscan architecture and

historical insignia. An atmosphere where everything was transformed into mystery. She began to feel intrigued by him. A sudden desire to explore a recondite world.

In a moment they arrived at Abades No. 6. He carefully leaned back against a wall, stopping short of the gate.

He reached out, holding her by the arm. "Could we meet this evening? I would like to show you the Parque Maria Luisa. Es muy hermoso." He glanced around them in a conspiratorial way without meeting her eyes, as if inviting her to a den of smugglers. In another place, at another time she certainly would not have consented. But now, here in the ^{de} B rrio Santa Cruz, it seemed not only exciting but imperative and urgent to meet him again and to learn more about him. He was inviting her to enter a forbidden zone, one she had never before encountered.

For some reason she replied, "Not tonight." But then she added, "Tomorrow night at 8:30. Is that all right?"

He eagerly assented. "At 8:30 then. I'll be waiting for you outside the gate. Don't forget!" As she turned in at the gate he waved. "Ciao!" She looked back to see him darting around a corner.

As soon as he had disappeared she began to wonder why she had told him that she would see him again. Vanishing with him were her curiosity and sense of excitement. She felt as if she had awakened from a spell. The memory of his odd, nervous, unmirthful smile and laugh lingered

with her like the smile of the Cheshire cat seen by Alice in Wonderland.

She walked slowly to her room with a vague feeling of apprehension and a growing awareness that she had been too impulsive. There were adventures, even in Spain, that might violate some important part of her, an identity that she had not shed. Was this voyage to be ^{one} only of self-awareness rather than of self-transformation?

As she passed the office and turned into the inner courtyard the man in the office raised his head and looked at her with a quizzical sardonic expression. She looked away, pretending not to notice him. She was glad that she had stopped short of the gate to bid goodbye to her unconventional guide and that the manager had not seen her with what he would certainly call a "tipo."

The quarters of the hotel where she was staying seemed as silent and motionless as before as if vacated for a mysterious reason. As if everyone had fled a secret terror. When she reached her room, she lay down on her bed, thinking that if she entered that silence passively, receptively, she could perhaps discover that dimension so fully inhabited by the past. By the Moorish princes, the Arab Abadites, by the Genoese merchants. The Pinelos. The Abbés of the Cathedral. Perhaps one could summon some magic to evoke sights and smells and sounds from the stones that had

absorbed them. She tried to imagine the sensual frameworks within which the vanished occupants had moved. A gamut from sybaritic luxuries to asceticism. She felt herself swaying between opposing hemispheres, belonging to both, needing both.

Her imagination escaped her conscious control and she whirled headlong into dreams. She slept. Suddenly she was awakened by a noise. A shoe dropped in the next room. She looked at her traveling clock on the bureau. It was seven o'clock. Evening or morning? Confused, she arose from the bed and slowly dressed. Gradually a sense of the present returned. It was too heavy, too sinking a darkness to be morning. She felt hungry. She decided to go out in search of a meal. She had no idea of whether or not meals were served at the hotel.

When she left her room, she noticed a thin thread of light under the door of the adjoining room, but there seemed to be no sound coming from it.

The office was empty. She felt relieved, almost as if she were escaping from a guard. She entered the alley, remembering the direction from which she had come earlier. She met a young boy who authoritatively led her to the Giralda and reluctantly left her there. It was simple, then, to continue on to the Calle Sierpes where she found an inexpensive restaurant. It was almost empty. It was

still too early for the Spaniards' dinner hour. She could see the crowds in the alley taking their evening paseo.

Red wine, olive oil, garlic. She wondered if a diet of these typical ingredients would penetrate skin and bone and transform her eventually into a Spaniard. She wondered if there was a Spanish equivalent to "Mannist was Mannisst." Certainly the garlic was easily absorbed, permeating one's entire body, it seemed. As she was finishing her flan, the Spanish diners began to arrive. She felt very conspicuous alone amidst the family groups. There were few couples, much less lone individuals. Eating for the Spanish was obviously a social affair. She hurriedly paid her bill and left.

Returning to the Giralda as to a lodestar she noticed that the streets seemed more alive than in the daytime. There was a stir and excitement as if everything were on the verge of a metamorphosis. She half-expected an echo of a muezzin's call from the Giralda. But her anticipation withered. Wherever she walked, she was forced to be forever conscious of herself, limited by herself. Rigid and wooden like an enormous wooden effigy, such as the Spaniards carried on religious holidays, before a procession of curious, staring, black Andalusian eyes. Eyes that could not be bypassed. Eyes that raised a barrier between her and themselves, between her and the streets, between

her and the architecture, between her and Seville, between her and Spain.

To be invisible! To be free!

Near the Giralda people were crowding the café where she had sat in the morning. She had planned on stopping for a coffee and perhaps writing a letter, but there was no empty table and she felt more conspicuous in the café in the evening than she had felt in the morning. She decided to return to the hotel. Reluctantly, remembering its loneliness. She wondered if she could find her way alone this time. She walked to the corner of the Giralda and then turned right. But instead of turning into the Calle Abades she suddenly found herself in a small park. She sat down on a bench for a moment and pulled out her map. She studied it and then looked up for the tower. The Giralda could not be seen above the blank river of buildings that rose before her. Two young men approached her.

"Buenas tardes, Señorita! ¿Necessita ayuda?"

"Buenas tardes." She hesitated. "Would you please show me the way to the Hotel Don Marcos? I'm afraid I'm lost."

She stood up and put the map back in her handbag. The two young men motioned her to accompany them. Again she had a feeling of Alice Through the Looking Glass, led through a maze by an incongruous companion who would introduce her to an unfamiliar world.

This time she had two companions. Two Spaniards who perhaps had the key to the mysteries of Seville. She had noticed initially that one of the young men appeared so extremely handsome that he embodied all the glorious romance of Andalusia. She had also noticed that they seemed poor. Their shoes were scuffed, their collars frayed, their pants shiny. And yet they wore their youth and poverty with all the pride of the Spanish male.

In the narrow Moorish alleys there was only room for two people to walk abreast. The handsome young man moved to her left side and the other fell behind them. When they turned a corner, she lost the feeling of the latter's presence. His footsteps faded away and when she quickly glanced over her shoulder, he had disappeared. She felt a sudden tremor of joy. How fortunate that it was the handsome one who was accompanying her!

His name was José António, the most famous and popular of Spanish names. He lived across the river in the gypsy quarter of Triana, the same b arrío where the strange Arab claimed he stayed.

As he talked she could see that he was insular, unfamiliar with little beyond the world of Seville. Innocence uncontaminated by the modern media. Unconfused by history. Gazing quickly at his profile she felt that finally here is the corporeal substance of Spain; an actor of its

persistent traditions, an exponent of its unconscious intelligence. He contained within him a continuity of chromosomes. The mysterious Iberian. The Roman, the Moor. The Phoenician, perhaps? The gypsy? Blood and spirit of a past that intrigued her, that romantically seduced her. She felt pervaded by a reckless, impatient, excited expectation of a happiness she had never known and had never defined before.

The shadows of the darkened alleys that she had met on her way to the Giralda, shadows that drew back from her alien trajectory, shadows that rejected her, that pressed against the walls, now seemed to spring out at them, converging in their presence and embracing them. As José Antonio walked along with her he seemed to summon and accumulate all the past of the B arrio de Santa Cruz, drawing her into the palpable reality she had sought.

"De d onde viene?"

She tried to explain other geographies and the complex tangle of her origins...and gave up. To say "California" was simpler and lit up his face.

"There are cowboys and movie stars in California, no? And everyone wears blue jeans?"

"Well..." But why destroy his conception as hers had been destroyed? She imagined him in a black sombrero

with a red sash wrapped around his waist. She imagined this with such an immense nostalgia that she felt profoundly betrayed by the reality of his cheap, factory-made clothes. Perhaps he was also disappointed by her, that she was not a California blue-eyed blonde. Was it unsensed by him that in some unseen dimension two opposing desires secretly collided?

"May I meet you here tomorrow night and show you the Gardens of Maria Luisa?"

There were vibrations of romance again in the air. What did the clothes matter? Or other details? The only important thing was that he was Spanish and that he wanted to see her again.

"Oh, yes!" She agreed almost too rapidly and then at the same moment remembered that she had accepted the same invitation from someone else. They arrived at the hotel's gate. She paused.

He looked at her expectantly. "Bueno! ¿Entonces, a qué hora...?"

She thought quickly. They had to avoid the Moroccan. She remembered that she had told him to come at 8:30.

"Is eight o'clock all right? I'll meet you here at the gate."

"Hasta mañana á las ocho de la tarde." He waited

until she passed through the gate. She turned around and waved, looking at him intently, trying to engrave his face clearly upon her memory. He smiled and disappeared into the shadows.

The aristocratic young man was sitting at his usual post in the office, talking on the phone. He looked at her out of the corner of his eye. Was it a cynical look? Disdainful? Disapproving? She felt uncomfortable, but nodded to him hastily without looking to see if he returned her nod. She felt that he did not. She hurried into the second patio and up the flight of stairs to her room.

She looked at her clock. It was almost nine-thirty. She felt tired and decided to go to bed. She began to undress when she heard a knock on the door. She approached it, stopped a moment and then asked, "¿Quién es?"

"Do you speak English?" A masculine voice responded in what seemed an English accent. "I'm your neighbor. I heard you come in. Do you have a pen I could borrow?"

It didn't occur to her that the request might not have been sincere.

"Yes, I speak English. Just a moment." She quickly put on her skirt and sweater again, then opened the door. In the dark corridor stood a tall, blonde, attractive young man. He looked strong, athletic, as if he were fresh from woods, mountains, beaches, plains. A straight-

forward look. She felt surprised by a sudden warm wave of liking for him, a figure so out of place in the Spain she was searching for; so directly antithetical in type to the Andalusian. But she suppressed the feeling. There was no part for him in the scenario of her Spanish odyssey.

"How do you do?" He smiled. "My name is Charles Ingraham. I'm from Australia."

"Just a moment, please." She turned away brusquely and began searching in her purse. "I have several pens. Please keep this." She held one out to him.

He accepted it without looking at it. "Oh, thank you. I'll return it." He hesitated. She drew back, waiting for him to leave.

"Do you know, I've seen you passing through the courtyard. You look very strange, very mysterious. Like a Russian spy. Could you be one?"

She stood silent, volunteering no information about herself.

"You're alone here, like I am, aren't you? Would you like to have dinner with me this evening? Perhaps afterward we could go watch some flamenco."

She shook her head and looked down. "I'm sorry, I've already eaten. I'm quite tired." She felt as if he were trying to pull her back into a world that she

had rejected a long time ago. A world in which she had had a superficial identity. She shook her head again, less to his offer than to a resurgent, unwelcome memory.

He persisted. "Then, won't you meet me tomorrow morning? We could have breakfast together. Have you visited the Cathedral? We could visit it together."

Still infirm. Still vulnerable. Still cowardly. She hesitated instead of definitely refusing. The lie was difficult. The truth, even more difficult.

"I don't know."

Sensing his victory, he moved rapidly. "Tomorrow at nine? It isn't too early, is it? We can meet downstairs if you like." He turned away and called back "goodnight" over his shoulder as he opened the door to his room.

She shrugged in frustration, closed the door and leaned against it for a moment. She heard him moving around in the next room, an incongruous occupant of the former monk's cell.

She began to undress again, washed and put on her pajamas, separated the sheets of the small cot and lay down under the gray army-style blanket and thread-bare spread. The noises in his room died away. She didn't know whether or not he had gone out or also gone to bed. She lay thinking about an excuse for not going with him in the morning. Already she was being forced into adventures

that she didn't want. Scenes overlapped. Dimensions shifted and she entered the confusions and clarities of dreams.

When she awoke the next morning she could hear him already stirring. She hurriedly dressed and descended to the courtyard. He was waiting in the adjoining patio. She regretted having agreed to meet him there where the manager (or owner...whatever he was) could see them together, but the office seemed to be empty. A maid in a white apron was sweeping the stairs with her back to them. She stepped towards the gate rather than towards him. He followed her out, saying, "Good morning! Did you sleep well?"

She waited to answer until they were outside in the alley away from the entrance.

"Thank you. I always sleep well."

They walked side by side following the twists and turns of the Calle Abades. They passed a few Spanish housewives or maids who looked intently and with surprise at the tall foreign couple.

"Do you know the direction of the tower?" He stopped and pulled a map from his pocket. I find it very difficult to find my way around here. I think I remember a left turn and then a right...and then...I'm not sure. There're several cafés next to the Giralda, I noticed yesterday. We can have breakfast there. Is that all right?"

"I always ask someone when I'm lost." It wasn't really true. She looked at the blank whitewashed walls, the heavily grilled windows, and wished that her own privacy were so well-guarded. She noticed the large keyholes in the gates, and remembered a Goya sketch of a person covered with keyholes. Los Caprichos? A glimpse into a patio. Painted tiles, azulejos, Geraniums in pots. Divisions of light and shadow. Moorish arches framing a crucifix.

She felt a profound nostalgia. At some other time she must have belonged there. Why must she now have the shape of an intruder, a stranger?

"I thought spies always knew where they were." He seemed to sense her musing, her absence from him.

"Your eyes look very penetrating. Are you sure you don't know where we are?"

She smiled reluctantly, as if she were forced to give something of herself.

"I rather enjoy being lost. Sometimes one finds something interesting, an adventure of some kind, when one is lost."

He agreed. They turned a corner. "Ah, look! We chose the right way. There's the Giralda and there are the cafés! Let's have breakfast, shall we?"

They walked over to the sidewalk tables and sat down.

A waiter appeared and they asked for croissants, (media-lunas) and coffee.

"Is that enough for you?" He leaned towards her solicitously, trying to look into her eyes. "I've already become accustomed to these continental breakfasts."

She nodded and looked up at the Giralda above them, the ascendant imagination of the Moors. The reach upwards for Allah and paradise. Were all religions vertical? Or only Judaism, Christianity, Islam? Neanderthal man had a religion of caves. Of descendance. To the center of the earth?

"You haven't told me anything about yourself. Who you are, what you do, where you're from. I have many fantasies about you." He broke into her thoughts again.

She half turned towards him, but without directly gazing at him. "But your fantasy is correct. I'm a spy... but a rather unconventional one." She broke apart the croissant the waiter had set down in front of her. "You haven't told me anything either, apart from your coming from Australia."

He seemed pleased that she wanted to know more about him. "Well, I arrived by ship at Gibraltar and I came to Seville by train. I'm on my way to England to do cancer research. I very much want to see Spain first. I intend to see Cordova, Granada, Toledo, Madrid, Barcelona..."

The unexpected mention of cancer was like some sudden cloud blotting out the sun. She felt herself withdraw from him even more. Why had she come with him? She had come to Spain for light, for energy, for life. With a passion for the beautiful, the physical, the sensual. For flowers, fountains, flamenco. He was trying to pull her back into the world she had wanted to leave behind.

She looked at him as if from a distance. He was handsome, young, healthy. Much taller and more intellectual than the Spaniards that surrounded them. He seemed interested in her. Was it because he was lonely and couldn't communicate in Spanish?

She ignored his information. "You aren't disappointed in Spain so far?"

Only in the weather. It's colder than I expected. You know what the travel brochures promise. Of course, it's almost winter. But one imagines Seville as eternally warm, Mediterranean-like, always fragrant with orange blossoms, always in fiesta."

She smiled. "And the people?" Next to them a corpulent man in a dark suit was having his shoes polished like mirrors. A workman passed by in blue overalls and a beret, followed by two old women with dark shawls over their heads. As they talked together one could see gaps where teeth were missing. Only the Giralda suggested an ambiance of another

dimension. Did these same people around them, so absorbed in their prose of everyday tasks, ever transform themselves into the poetry of Spain? Did they put on pointed hoods like "extraños unicornios," ("strange unicorns"), walk barefoot in the streets, become penitentes during Easter week. Singing saetas? Did they come then "de los remotos países de la pena," ^{From the} "remote regions of sadness," carrying crucifixion and sacrificial mysteries hidden within them, the "dark archers of Seville?"

He was talking about Australia. She half-listened without interest, consumed her breakfast, watched the passersby. "You know, it's quite different there on our continent. We Australians are hungry for Europe. For its contrasts, its traditions, its culture, its people. Australia is so homogeneous...our country-side, our cities, our people. We're so far away from everything."

"You have your aborigines, coral reefs, kangaroos, koala bears." Actually, she had never thought of visiting Australia.

"It's a question of roots, of racial variety, of history, of architecture." He paid the waiter. "Shall we go?"

They arose and walked around the corner to the entrance to the Cathedral. She felt frustrated, unhappy. She had wanted to go alone. She didn't belong at his side and

began to actively resent his company. But at the same time she couldn't dislike him. She even felt some kind of inner, unacknowledged pull towards him. He had an aura of sweetness, of honesty.

He bought their tickets at the gate and they turned first to the tower. Climbing it she imagined that this was the "Via Mística" of San Juan de la Cruz. Up the ascetic stairs, around stark curves, insulated from the temptations of the world. Undiverted. On the Mystical Way to Heaven.

They arrived at a level of arches and looked out at Seville spread out below them.

"Sevilla es una torre
llena de arqueros finos.

"Seville is a tower full of fine archers." It had the surprising geometry of a maze with its secrets laid bare from above. A Moorish fantasy of broken squares and triangles.

"Una ciudad que acecha
largos ritmos,
y los enrosca
como laberintos.
Como tallos de parra
encendidos."

"A city that snares long rhythms, and twines them like labyrinths. Like tendrils of a vine burning." Below, escaping from the coils of the maze the exact rectangle of the Court of Oranges. Farther away the circle of the bullring. By the Guadalquivir the many-sided Torre del

Oro. The river mirroring the Triana quarter on the opposite banks.

"Bajo el arco del cielo,
sobre su llano limpio,
dispara la constante
saeta de su río."

"Beneath the arch of the sky, across the limpid plain, she shoots the constant arrow of her river." How could one grasp all this with only one's eyes. The vision was always incomplete. One could never encompass the city within one's own limited horizons. She remember Lorca's poem, Sevilla, "And mad with horizon.....Seville to wound. Always Seville to wound."

"I would rather be in the city than above it. "Siempre Sevilla para herir.'" Here the wound was too great.

"I would too." He agreed with her. She was surprised that she had spoken aloud. He took her arm and led her to another side of the tower that revealed a view of the Alcazar, of its patios and arabesques. "Shall we go down to the Cathedral now?"

They descended and entered the vast central chamber where there was neither day nor night but an eternal interval of filtered light from the stained glass windows. Walking through the various chapels with their decorated panels and sacred paintings, their lavish altars, she felt she was treading a threshold over which she could not cross, pursuing a reality she could not enter. A vanished reality

that was always beyond her reach, that never came to life for her. Again she wished that she were alone. Did the paintings, the Virgins, the Piedades, the San Antónios, contain the key to entrance? But they guarded their secrets.

What mysteries did those Gothic tombs obscure? They seemed to be foci where all sounds, all movement, were converted into silence. They passed the tomb of Christopher Columbus, of King Afonso "el Sábio," of Cardinal Cervantes and of Queen Beatriz de Suabia. Depositories heavy with vacancies. They turned into the Chapter Hall and she felt dizzy from the twisting mosaics under her feet, the whirling arc of carvings. She looked up at Murillo's Immaculada and met the distant gaze of the Virgin. Where behind all this ornateness was the living spirit? The flutes and scrolls seemed designed to veer one's gaze away from what one was seeking and to lead it along a confusing maze-like route that ended...where? Only to turn endlessly upon itself? Perhaps if she had first come here as a child, led by her mother's hand, surrounded by neighbors and family, participating constantly in the ceremonies, absorbing the music and rituals as water and air and food...a quotidian sustenance dealt out by the church...it might then all be as real to her as her own flesh and blood.

She was aware that he seemed to appreciate and to absorb the revelations of the cathedral; but also, out of

the corner of her eye, she could see that often he was looking at her rather than at the chapels. Yet he remained silent, discreet, as if he knew that she didn't want intrusions upon her thoughts.

They arrived at the main sacristy with its flutes, scrolls, arches. Here one could finally sense some of the immense power of the Church. Not only did it express the order and striving of the inner self of Seville, but it seemed to contain symbolically all the forms of the universe within a permanent institution turned inward upon itself. It seemed so far removed from nature. From where did it receive its energies? Perhaps the multiple presence and muttered prayers of the faithful, the orchestra of sounds of organ and choir, the devotions of the priests and the response of the crowd. Or was it the ceremony of the shedding of guilt? The secret emotions of the confessional?

Ending their tour they slowly walked out the gate into the daylight as if from a sarcophagus. Moving forms, life, surrounded them. He pointed to the right. "The Alcázar is over there. Should we also go see it?"

She hesitated. "No, if you don't mind; I think I'll leave you now. I want to walk along the Sierpes and perhaps buy some things. Thank you very much for your company."

He looked disappointed but accepted her refusal. Actually, she had planned to go alone later to the Alcázar. She was

hoping the Moorish architecture would be more alive. That there in the gardens and patios and tiled rooms she would discover a different kind of order...more sensual...awakening the spirit through the senses. It might summon a more authentic self. Since her companion was even less Moor than Spaniard, he would probably be a barrier to her receptivities. Why did he persist in being with her? Was he so blind, so unfeeling? But she knew that he wasn't. In his own way he was undoubtedly more intelligent, more cultured, more sensitive, than most of the people around them.

As she began to withdraw from him, he said quickly, "I'm leaving tomorrow morning. Can't we have dinner together tonight. I would so much like to see you again."

She held out her hand. "Thank you so much. I'm ~~sorry~~. I have another appointment. But I'm sure we'll see each other before you leave." He looked a bit crestfallen and she wavered for a moment, but then turned and walked away in the direction of the Sierpes. She didn't look back, but she felt that he was standing there in front of the Cathedral watching her retreat around the corner.

"But I didn't want to go with you," she said under her breath. She felt a pang of regret but also irritation that she couldn't communicate to him that in escaping from him she was in reality escaping from herself, or rather, from someone she no longer wanted to be. Someone who

caused her to suffer.

She wandered along the busy, narrow Calle Sierpes, the same route she had already followed, and arrived eventually at the same plaza. The same scenario awaited her. Everything was the same as yesterday. She played the same anonymous role: sitting down on the same bench, watching the same actors. The dark-eyed, pinafores children, the knitting mothers, the gossiping maids, the immobile old people. It was almost incomprehensible. To pass the whole cycle of one's life here. She tried to imagine herself as a child playing tag, a young person tentatively holding hands with a fiance, a parent bringing her own child, and finally... ending here on the same bench. Old, acquiescent, absorbing the sunlight, hands grasping a cane. Living with what memories? What was familiar to her no doubt would be incomprehensible to the Sevillanos here. Constant traveling, no roots anywhere, a dissolving family, disappearing friends, loneliness.

A young man passed, looked at her. She remembered her appointment for the evening. She tried to recall José Antonio's face, but could not remember its details. Only black eyes, black hair. Why did she respond only to darkness? She could only explain it because of its suggestion of the primeval, the wild, the passionate. Because it was both secret and yet totally expressive of feeling.

How could her reaction be analysed? It was due to some private need, too immense, too complex for one lifetime. Or was black a natural magnet for her pessimism? She thought of the Australian. For her his blondness connoted civilization, refinement...but also a lack of feeling. Everything in her was fire and cried for fire.

She returned to the hotel. It was already afternoon. The maid had cleaned her room. She busied herself straightening out her few clothes. There was a knock on the door.

"¿Quién es?" The maid responded, "Soy yo, la criada, Señorita. There are some people waiting below who would like to come up and speak to you."

Surprised, she opened the door to the maid. "Who are they?"

"I don't know. They look like Italians. You can see them out the window."

She went to the window and looked out carefully so that she couldn't be seen. Below, in the patio she saw three women who didn't look Italian, but neither did they look Spanish. They were dressed up, in a rather bourgeois fashion, in foreign clothes. "What did they say they wanted?"

"Just to see you, Señorita."

"Well, then, tell them to come up," she said reluctantly.

The maid left, leaving the door open. She watched her arrive in the patio and speak to the three women, motioning to her window. The three looked up and she drew back behind the curtain. Then, slowly, she looked out again. The three were already on their way up. The patio was again deserted, but suddenly she saw someone peeking from behind the corner of the office. It was the strange Moroccan whom she had met the day before. He had obviously accompanied the women. With a slight feeling of apprehension she turned towards the door as she heard the women coming down the corridor.

"Buenos tardes, Señorita. Podemos entrar?" She motioned to them to enter. As she observed them closer, she realized that they must be gypsies despite their dress.

One of the women opened her large purse and pulled out a watch. "We have many pretty things for you to buy, Señorita." Another pulled some rings from her purse.

"Oh, no! I'm sorry! I don't need anything." She had a feeling that these things either were stolen or contraband. "Who told you that I would be interested in buying?"

"Un amigo. Un señor. A friend of ours." The women didn't give up easily, but continued to pull out watches, bracelets, rings, from their purses. "Look how beautiful, Señorita. What do you offer?"

"I don't need anything," she repeated. "I have no money." The women looked at her disbelievingly. She walked to the door, grasped the handle, waiting for them to leave. "Thank you very much for coming, but I cannot buy anything." She summoned an air of forcefulness.

The three women reluctantly put the things back in their purses and walked out the door. "Too bad, Señorita. These are very good bargains."

"Adios!" she said definitively and closed the door after them. She looked out the window again and saw the Moroccan peering out from behind the corner. This episode made her more determined in not seeing him again.

She slept the rest of the afternoon, vaguely aware of an occasional sound from the next room. The patio was silent again. The whole place had a feeling of eeriness, of enclosure and distance from the outer world. Here, not a sound penetrated from the outside. Seville could have existed on another planet. She drifted back and forth, from consciousness, to semi-consciousness, to dreams, to deep sleep.

When she awoke, it was with the same feeling of dis-orientation as before. Where on earth was she? What day was it? What hour? The clock said 7:10. Again, she had to think, to try to remember. Was it morning or evening?

Then, like a wave rolling unevenly along the shore,

washing up here and then there, her memory began to return. She remembered first where she was and then having fallen asleep in the afternoon and finally she remembered José António and the appointment at 8 o'clock. She arose, washed, dressed and at eight descended to the main patio. She saw the young man bent over his desk in the dimly-lit office. He looked up as she passed the window. His expression seemed unchanged. Unsmiling, rather sardonic. She looked straight ahead and approached the giant portals of the hotel. José António was not at the entrance and she stepped into the alley, looking in one direction, then the other. She saw him standing on the corner speaking to the strange Moroccan drug-vendor whose back was towards her. She stepped back inside the patio ready to flee to her room, but as she hesitated, suddenly José António appeared. Evidently he had seen her in the alley. He stopped before the entrance waiting for her to join him.

"Buenas tardes!" He smiled at her. She glanced back over her shoulder. The man in the office had his back to the window. She quickly approached José António and, without stopping, turned towards the opposite direction from the corner where the Moroccan was still standing. José António followed her, somewhat perplexed by her haste.

"What is the matter?"

"Please let's hurry," she replied. When they rounded a curve in the alley she asked him if he were a friend of the person who was standing on the corner with him.

"Why no! I've never seen him before. But it was a strange coincidence! He was also waiting for a girl from California who is staying in the Hotel Don Marcos."

"I know," she confessed. "He's waiting for me. He's a dangerous person, I believe, and I don't want to see him or have him see me. He carries a knife and sells drugs." She could see out of the corner of her eyes that José António seemed startled by what she had said. He quickly glanced behind them. Then he took her arm and said, "Don't worry. I'll protect you from him. I'm very strong." He pressed closer to her and at the same time hastened his pace, pulling her along with him. "We'll circle around to the Giralda and then go to the gardens. He won't find us."

She felt her heart skip a bit with excitement. Was she finally caught up in a romantic Spanish adventure? She felt that she had shed all the blank dullness and despair and bleak conformity of the North American landscape and had stepped into the Spain of the Middle Ages. A handsome, black-eyed Andalusian youth beside her and a dangerous Moor pursuing them. Was this, then, what

she had sought? She wanted desperately to grasp this moment from another time and to turn it into a reality, this illusion of romance. She knew in her heart that she was a trespasser. That she had stepped over a boundary into an area where she didn't belong and to which she could never belong. She was not a Spanish woman with a past and a future in Spain. With an honor to protect. With roots and home and family. Ironically, if she were Spanish, this probably would never be happening. She would be too protected, too circumscribed.

The light was failing. The shadows in the alleys were deepening. José António was pressing her arm ever so gently and guiding her around the corners. They met no one. It was difficult to believe that the b arrio was inhabited. The Moor seemed not to have followed them after all. She felt happy. She didn't need any past or future. She had the moment. What did it matter if she had no access to these interiors, that these houses were closed to her? She was with the handsomest young Spaniard in Spain. He was her passport, her key to being Spanish also. The alleys belonged to them, enclosed them, protected them.

"How do you find your way so easily around here?" He so obviously belonged to the b arrio. She wondered how many generations, how many centuries of Seville existed within him.

"I don't know. It's so easy, so familiar. I've always come here," he said, somewhat surprised.

She remembered that he lived across the river in the gypsy quarter. It occurred to her that he might be gypsy, and yet, when she looked at him closer, decided that he wasn't. His skin was a light shade of olive, not dusky and weathered like the gypsies. His head was broad, rounded, brachycephalic instead of dolichocephalic. He had an extended flat plane between his eyes and ears. It was a special Spanish type of looks depending entirely on the broad shape of the head. It was not the slender narrow aquiline Arab look. Was it derived from an earlier African tribe, from the Celts, from the Basques? Possibly from Cro-magnon man? What was it that drew her so totally to him although she did not know him? Was it just this, his appearance? An apparition that she held before her, so unfamiliar that she forgot when he was gone? Or was it something mysterious, something invisible, as undefined as love, that infused that substance that she could see and touch? That so inexplicably seduced her?

Oh! José António, you would never understand if I told you that I am in love with you because you are Sevillano. Because you are Seville. Because you are molded of this Spanish earth and speak with its tongue.

"Ay qué trabajo me cuesta
quererte como te quiero!"

As they strolled, he seemed again to absorb the energies of the alleys, the stones, the ornaments, plants, fountains, the unseen inhabitants. They imbued him with their spirit and she sensed that by being close to him, by touching him and being touched by him, she embraced everything of Spain. That it entered her and she truly became Spanish. The need was so great and its satisfaction so imminent that she trembled.

He noticed. "Are you cold?" He carefully pulled her closer to him. She said nothing, for how could she ever explain? Would he ever understand what she was thinking and feeling? How could he if he had always belonged here? If he had never been a stranger? She wondered if he knew the poems of Federico García Lorca.

"Pero yo he de buscar por los rincones
tu alma tibia sin ti que no te entiende..."

His poems had words for all her moods, words in the language of José António. They could communicate to him, make him understand the feelings of this stranger beside him. She remembered those haunting words of the "Somnambulist."

"--If I could, young man, this pact would be closed. But I am no longer I, nor is my house still my house." ("--Si you pudiera, mocito, este trato se cerraba. Pero yo ya no soy yo, ni mi casa es ya mi casa.")

After twisting and turning in the darkening alleys in

a suspension of time they abruptly arrived at a park that seemed oddly geometrical, disciplined after the convolutions of the alleys. As if the Sevillanos, emerging from the labyrinthine corridors where they lived, imposed a rationality upon nature that they rejected otherwise.

He sat down on a bench and pulled her down next to him. "These are the gardens of Maria Luisa. Do you like it here? Let's sit awhile and talk."

She nodded without speaking, looking back into the maze from which they had come. She still sensed some curious flow of energy between José António and the architecture of the *bárrio*. The stones, mosaics, grills, fountains, and the young man were all manifestations of something common, as if each partook of the same essence. Here among the shadowy breathing plants, under the nocturnal sky, she began to feel a tentative power of her own, derivatory from the generosity of nature.

He put his arms around her shoulders, slowly, gently, yet firmly. She felt her heart beating in an odd way, with an irregular flutter. Like a distant inaudible drum its beating almost broke the stillness of the night. It was difficult to imagine that they were within the confines of the city. All sound must be concentrated in a capsule in the *Calle Sierpes*.

In a moment he would kiss her. Not looking at him she felt his presence more strongly, sensed the inhalation and

exhalation of his breath, the faint scent of garlic, wine.

But suddenly he withdrew his arm, moved away a little. "There's no moon tonight. It's quite dark here, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I can sense that there are flowers around us. I feel their presence." Disappointed, she half-turned, feeling some other presence, and saw a policeman behind them. He looked at them in a disapproving manner and slowly sauntered off.

"Is it illegal to be here?" She whispered, half-rising. He pulled her down. "Wait. No. It's all right to come here at night." And then he said in a lower voice close to her ear. "It's illegal to kiss in public."

She drew back, momentarily surprised, wondering if this were the morality of Franco Spain? Or was it the remnant of a traditional Moorish protection of women? She could see the iron grills guarding the windows across from the park. How many generations of women had lived behind those grills? Had any of them ever yearned to escape? Perhaps they had never felt themselves prisoners. Perhaps it was inconceivable to them to even try to exist beyond what those grills represented. Did the grills actually heighten romance?

José António pulled her to her feet. "Let me show you more of the gardens." They followed paths into the darkness, beyond the dim range of the street lanterns.

She remembered de Falla's music, "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," music that she had listened to so far from here. This was the wrong time of year to be here. It was not as the music promised, heavy with moonlight and fragrances. Everything was quiet, withdrawn, in abeyance. And yet it seemed that she had been waiting all her life for this moment. Here was her encounter with the romance of Spain. She could fully realize now what she had been denied. Why she was so unfulfilled, even at times so tortured, so agonized? Her dreams had invented all this and promised her its realization. This moment was magic, sufficient unto itself. The gardens, the presence of José António. As they walked she knew that she was being drawn into an even deeper fulfillment.

She stopped. "I must go back now. It's late!" How surprising that she found herself saying that! Was it part of the game? Resisting to heighten sensation? Or was it a fear that by reaching out or by being so accessible she would love, would be rejected by what she claimed?

But it was no game. She knew that unthinkingly she was acting out an intuition, a natural sense for what she should do. He seemed to have expected, even anticipated this response of hers and without speaking led her back to the street. She was mildly surprised to see Calle Abades so suddenly reappear. But then he must have chosen a long roundabout way to the gardens.

Again, there was no one in sight. The shutters were pulled tight against the windows. The world was secret, impenetrable. This was her freedom, to wander in the streets. But was this freedom? The freedom of the stranger who could wander only the boundaries? Never admitted within. She yearned with all her being to be inside somewhere. It seemed more natural now to be sitting at one of the windows, barred behind the grillwork, secretly smiling at a lover outside while protected and enclosed by a Spanish family. The moment with José António was ending. This was her price for her freedom. She must return to loneliness.

They arrived at No. 6 Abades. The huge door was closed. José António quickly pulled her to him and kissed her. "¿Quando puedo verte otra vez?" He held her arm to keep her from pushing open the door. "I want to see you again!"

"I don't know." Somehow she found herself saying this and waiting for him to persist.

"Please. What is the number of your room?"

"I am staying in the other wing. Upstairs. Room 26." she opened the gate. "Tomorrow at the same time?" She closed it behind her, leaving him standing outside. She looked around the courtyard and into the office. No one was to be seen. She hesitated, looking back at the closed gate, wondering if he were still standing outside.

She wanted desperately to return and draw him inside with her. But instead, she turned into the other patio and slowly climbed the stairs to her room.

She lay in bed a long time thinking. There was no sound in the next room. Her heart quickened in the darkness. Tomorrow the Australian would be gone. She would be totally alone in this wing...For all she knew, alone in the entire hotel. It was possible... She was free! And now her freedom lost its taste of bitterness and irony. She was delivered of every past restriction, from every tie. It was true: "I am no longer myself, no is my house still my house." Within this context of a Spanish night, with the refrains ^{of} a presence in the gardens of Maria Luisa, and the hopes, perhaps, of "future rosas," she no longer felt like a shipwrecked soul.

Early the next morning when she passed the adjoining room the door was open and the maid was cleaning it. She could see that it was empty. The Australian had left already? She felt a momentary pang of regret. Something was wrong, but she couldn't define what it was. Something was awry. Or something missed. He seemed a part of the world that she had come from. His absence made her sense that he shared some part of her that she was trying to suppress, to deny. He had left her his address in England.

She suddenly had an urge to write to him that very moment, to establish a connection somehow. To explain. But of course it was now too late.

This time she found her way alone to the cafe next to the Giralda. She ordered her customary coffee with milk and a croissant, then pulled her writing tablet from her purse. "Dear Charles..." but she could not summon the reality of his presence. The brief time she had known him, their promenade together, none of this permeated the present moment. He had only the token of a vacancy now. She tried to continue writing, but it seemed absurd. She couldn't commit her feelings on paper to someone with whom face-to-face she had been so mute. Someone who certainly was already involved in other adventures. Who might already have forgotten her. Who might be surprised that she remembered him. Life had become so full of these sudden entrances and exits. Others seemed to accept them more easily.

She wandered along the Calle Sierpes for awhile, absorbing the ambiance, the movement, the life, as one absorbs the sun, glancing surreptitiously at faces, observing the variations within the normative Andalusian character, listening to the Andalusian accent. The dropping of the final "r's", "s's", the ending "ao" instead of "ado"... She noticed many tourists. English, Americans. She

realized that it was the weekend already. She no longer felt that she was searching for something, only drifting along with the current of traffic. She decided to return to the hotel.

When she arrived in her room, she sat down on the bed. It seemed so lonely there now that the room next door was vacant again. She wondered why she had returned so early to the hotel. There still was no one at all in any of the rooms around the inner patio. Was the entire hotel forever vacant? She thought of a meeting with José António that evening. Would he come? Everything now seemed so far away. She felt unable to plan anything. She could only follow the direction of things.

She lay down on the bed. She had wanted to see more of Seville, but at the moment she felt tired, the tiredness of the traveler. She decided to undress and lie under the covers. She closed her eyes for a moment. She could hear footsteps somewhere within the hotel. There was a knock on the door. She arose and approached it, but didn't open it.

"Who is there?" Perhaps those women had reappeared, insistent on selling her something.

"It's I, Carlos, the owner," a low voice replied. "Are you all right? I haven't seen you for a little while. May I enter?"

Surprised, she answered, "Why, I'm just resting. I'm a little tired."

"I would like to talk to you."

"I..I'm sorry, I'm not dressed."

"It makes no difference."

For a moment she was silent. He remained outside the door. "Please, I don't wish to talk now." She waited for him to leave.

"I wanted to invite you to drive with me to visit the Roman ruins at Itálica."

She hesitated. She had not hoped for an opportunity to go there. Despite a reluctance caused by his persistent presence at her door, she accepted. "Oh, I would like to! When will you be leaving?"

"Shall we say in about an hour?"

"All right! I'll meet you at the gate." She hoped that no one would see her leaving with him. She heard him retreating down the hall. She lay down again on the bed, musing about the owner, Carlos. Was he married? If he were, would he have risked coming to her door like that... or inviting her for a drive with him? She had very mixed feelings about accepting. And yet, when would she have such a chance again?

When the hour was up, she went down to the gate. He

was not in the courtyard. She stepped outside the gate and saw him in a car of Spanish make. He motioned her to enter. He maneuvered the car out of the narrow bárrio and onto a boulevard that led past the Torre de Oro along the Paseo de Cristóforo Colombo by the side of the river. He turned over a bridge, skirting the edges of La Triana and headed into the countryside.

"This is the Ajarafa." He waved towards the fields, now brown and dormant. They headed towards the north-west. Seville retreated on the plains behind them. She looked at his profile from the corner of her eye. He was handsome, very well-dressed, spoke English perfectly. She wondered why he had invited her.

"Do you know, I'm very interested in Itálica. I often go out to study it as an amateur archaeologist. I find it fascinating. I thought that you would be interested in seeing it with me. There are still many mysteries connected with it. I'm developing my own theories. For instance, no one has ever located the palace of Trajan. I have studied the mosaics and I believe I have found the site. But tell me something about you." He kept his eyes on the road ahead. She noticed that his hands were beautifully manicured, well-kept. Again, she saw the wedding band on his right hand.

"There is really nothing to tell. I'm just a tourist."

she was hoping that he would volunteer some information about himself.

He pointed in the distance to the left. "The Guadalquivir used to flow along there, but the Moors changed its direction in order to provide water for their agriculture."

She followed with her eye the course of the winding, slow, muddy river. Olive trees lined its banks. To the left, low rolling hills crested with lines of trees. Occasional white-walled, red-tiled cubes, stone walls. An area dense with history. Coming over the hill the shadow of Scipio the Elder and his victorious army, or a band of Arabs. Closer, a shepherd and a flock of sheep.

They approached a slight rise in the land and there was Itálica diminished to a plane of scattered mosaics.

"Over here is the amphitheatre." He stopped the car. "It's in fairly good condition." They got out and walked among the mosaics. "Perhaps the palace was here." He pointed at a cluster of excavated tiles. "You can see that these are more elaborate, more beautiful than the others."

They approached the amphitheatre. The stone was still formed into tiers, barely having yielded to the centuries. The wind had long ago transported the applause and screams of spectators. There was the expectant hush of a site that had once been so full of human presence, human emotion.

He led the way below to the dens where the animals had

been kept. He pointed to a chamber. "This is where the the Romans had their banquets."

She suddenly had a feeling of nausea, an awareness of what this site had been. How unconsciously she had been led here! The horror of the Roman games touched her, that dark face of Rome. The Janus-face. One-sided law, justice, order, achitecture. She wanted to escape from here; not see this site of so much violence. It seemed to have marked the landscape because now she could feel only shadows.

(Puedo ver el duelo de la noche herida
luchando enroscada con el mediodía.

Resisto un ocaso de verde veneno
y los arcos rotos donde sufre el tiempo.)

Lorca who lived and suffered so much the Present must have absorbed the violent past within him. He must have experienced in some way Roman, Celtic, Arab Spain infused and involved with Andalusia, lending more terror and more beauty to its presence. ("I can see the duel of the wounded night entwined in battle with the noon. I resist a setting of green venom and the broken arches where time suffers.")

She turned and hurried back out of the amphitheatre. "I would like to see the mosaics." She stopped over a pattern trying to forget the shadows, the "Terrible Presence" behind her. The colors could still be distinguished. She concentrated desperately on this small heritage of beauty,

He came up behind her, standing close and looking over her shoulder. "We arrived here too late. What survived of Itálica was destroyed in the Lisbon earthquake of 1755."

A few yards away some workmen were digging. They looked up at the couple. "Do you come here often?" she asked.

"Whenever I can. It's my hobby."

Of course he did none of the digging, she was sure of that. They slowly walked back to his car. He opened the door for her. He seemed always distant, always polite.

He headed back towards Seville. They passed an occasional auto, a donkey-drawn cart, women walking with baskets on their heads. Past interspersed with a few manifestations of the present. Poverty. "Me duele España." But she felt the poetry, the spirit of the people and the land so closely identified with each other.

"Tell me about yourself," he interrupted her thoughts. "Why don't you wish to speak to me?" Evidently he seemed to expect something more from her than a polite presence.

Instead of replying she asked him, "Aren't you married?" Wasn't that an indiscreet question? And yet it was an appropriate one, perhaps, to divert the direction of the conversation. "I thought I noticed a ring on your hand."

"Oh, this ring I keep for sentimental reasons. It is because I want to remember someone who never became my wife."

She remained silent, looking at the landscape.

"I was engaged to a Spanish girl who lived in Madrid." On the evening before our wedding she was flying here and was killed in a plane-crash. I treasure this small memory of her."

Somehow she didn't quite believe him, she didn't know why. Who was that woman in the office with him? But she said nothing. She didn't really care. The car approached the river. Seville was visible in the distance.

"What is the matter? Why aren't you interested in me? I have had many women in love with me."

She wished that she hadn't come. Certainly he was handsome, but she found his manner supercilious, egotistical. She tried to change the subject again. "Where did you learn to speak English so well?"

"I went to school in England. I studied economics there. My father owns the hotel. I came back to manage it."

Conversation was an effort. She felt that he wanted it focussed upon him, that she should somehow become suppliant, coquettish. The car turned onto the bridge and then along the same route it had come. He stopped at a square near the Giralda.

"My garage is near here." He stopped the car.

She got out. "Do you mind if I don't return immediately to the hotel with you? I must do a few things first." She had a feeling that he preferred not returning to the hotel in her company. "Thank you so much for showing me Itálica. It was an opportunity I would have missed if it hadn't been for your kindness."

"You're welcome," he said coolly. Without looking back she walked away from the car. She decided to go to the café for a sandwich. Looking up at the Giralda she remembered that the Moorish architect had built the original tower with the stones from Roman ruins. How strange to think that perhaps trapped there in those foundations was some wave of energy from the past of Itálica, some heartbeat, some breath, some emotion. How complex it was!

When she returned to the hotel, she noticed that Carlos was not in the office. She felt relieved that she wouldn't have to greet him. She hoped that she had discouraged him.

Again she lay down on the bed. There was nothing else to do in the small room. Actually, her energies always seemed at low ebb. Was it the change in environment? Was it the human encounters? Or was it her eternal condition of responding to life with pain and ^{then} retreating?

She thought of the disappointing episode with the Australian, with Carlos. Odd, that they had the same first name! Each had seemed in his own way to be searching for something from her. She was unable to recognize or define their needs. Her own fears of being hurt were too great.

("Hay una raiz amarga
y un mundo de mil terrazas.

Ni la mano más pequeña
quebra la puerta del agua.

¿Dónde vas, adónde, ddonde?
Hay un cielo de mil ventanas
--batalla de abejas lívidas--
Y hay una raiz amarga...

Amarga.

Duele en la planta del pie,
el interior de la cara,
y duele en el tronco fresco
de noche recién cortada.")

"There is a bitter root," she quoted to herself, "and a world of a thousand terraces. Nor does the smallest hand break the gate of water." She opened the small book of Lorca's poems, translating to herself. "Where are you going, where? There is a heaven of a thousand windows--battle of livid bees--and there is a bitter root. Bitter. It hurts in the sole of the foot, the inside of the face, and it hurts in the fresh trunk of night recently cut."

She put out the light and lay quietly. She didn't want to think. She didn't want to remember. It was easiest to sleep.

But for awhile she lay there. Where were the passions of Spain that could dissolve her and give her new life? Would she see Jose' Antonio again? Must she reject so much before she could affirm anything? She looked at the clock? Should she arise again? It was still afternoon. But the effort seemed too great. She was not hungry and she had no desire to walk the streets alone. Outside these walls was more loneliness than within. She turned over. Her musings began to take an absurd turn. She slept.

She was dreaming some odyssey among ruins, making some obscure pilgrimage known only to somnambulists when suddenly something woke her. She was aware of a knock on the door. another knock. Soft. Hesitant. Perhaps it was the maid. She felt a slight twinge of annoyance at being disturbed. Again, a sense of confusion about the time. She looked at the clock. Hours had passed. It was after nine o'clock.

"Who is it?" she called, without arising from bed. A voice half-whispered through the door. "It's I! José Antonio."

Surprised, she jumped up, quickly combed her hair and unlocked the door. "What are you doing here? How did you get here?" He didn't reply, but pulled her to him with one arm and closed the door with the other.

She pushed him away from her as if she were still acting out a part in a play. "You shouldn't be here."

That, too, seemed part of some well-rehearsed scenario. Why must they be her words? But she knew in her heart what must follow. She no longer belonged to a world of linear time, a world of three-dimensional space, a world of maxims, of civilized rules and reasons, of consequences. Something else had finally taken over. She had become part of a flow of something else. Something beyond time and definitions and measurements and cautions. She had fallen out of the world...out of the world she had known. Fallen into feeling, into Oneness.

"Where were you?" he whispered, his mouth close to her ear. "I was waiting for you." He turned out the light. She closed her eyes against the darkness and saw the aura of Spain against her eyelids. She was absorbing it into her flesh, into her spirit.

He said nothing. She lay on his arm, desperately longing to prolong and to intensify their unity. Unwilling to submit to an illusion of the moment she was grasping for Eternity. But Eternity was drifting away. Escaping the net of her desire. Memory was turning into oblivion and then turning back into another memory. Nothing could be held.

("Yo busqué, para darte, por mi pecho
las letras de marfil que dicen 'siempre,
siempre, siempre!' jardín de mi agonía...")

Lorca had understood that tragic delusion of possession.

That desperation. "I sought, to give you, in my heart the letters of marble that say 'forever, forever, forever:' garden of my agony..."

She half-turned, trying to see his face in the dark, to discover some key there. "What do you want most in the world?"

He seemed surprised by her question, as if he had never before been asked that. "What do you want?"

It was only fair that he should turn the question back to her. She hesitated before replying. What could she say that was relevant? Her wish was so enormous, so mysterious, so passionate, that she knew that she could never define it for anyone. Never communicate it. But she wanted to tell him something. To reveal some intimate part of herself.

"I wish...for a different world. A society in which men can be good. I wish for harmony between man and nature."

"You are very strange," he said restlessly. "Myself, I wish..." He paused and looked over at the chair where his clothes were flung. "I wish I had a pair of jeans!"

"Jeans?"

"Yes, all my friends have them. Spanish-made jeans are no good. The best ones are made in the United States. He eased himself carefully out of the narrow bed and began to dress. "Could you...is it possible...to send me a pair?"

She put her arm over her eyes as if to shield herself from a bright light. "You can leave me your address."

He finished dressing, turned on the lamp, combed his hair quickly and sat down at the small wooden table. He pulled a card from his pocket and laboriously began printing. He arose, leaving the card on the table, then came over to her, kissed her, turned off the lamp again and walked over to the door.

"Goodbye. I must go now." He opened the door carefully, looked out into the corridor, then stepped out and closed the door softly behind him.

She lay still for awhile on the bed. Her loneliness intensified. She felt that for a short time she had been rescued from an island where she had been shipwrecked and then abandoned again on the island. In the vacancy of that room no human presence seemed real. Was José António a phantom? Some delusion born of the desperation of solitude that she herself had conjured up? She tried to remember the warmth of his body, the Erebus-black of his eyes... But memory was a displacement, a substitution of illusion for reality. Nothing of the senses could be re-summoned.

She had known Spain for a moment, the Spain of her romantic dreams, the total Spain she had anticipated, for which she had come on pilgrimage. Until she had found José António she had encountered only stone in Seville. It seemed that she had been searching for him without

knowing. She looked for the words she half-remembered from the book of Lorca's poetry.

"Pero you he de buscar por los rincones
tu alma tibia sin ti que no te entiende....
Alma extraña de mi hueco de venas,
te he de buscar pequeña y sin raíces.
¡Amor de siempre, amor, amor de nunca!"

("But I must seek in all the corners
for your indifferent soul without you that doesn't
understand you...
Soul stranger of 'my veins' emptiness,
I must search you small and rootless.
Love eternal, love, love that never was!")

Had she expected love? Perhaps it could never come in this way. Perhaps his request was her retribution for trying to grasp something illicit, something that was not hers. Tears came to her eyes. What had she meant to him? The Spaniard traditionally respected his mother and his sister. The virgin and the nun. The feminine principle represented by Mary, la Virgen, la Madre de Dios, the pure and suffering mother of Jesus and the ideal of men, the model for women.

Yet, women were to be conquered...in the tradition of the Spaniard, Don Juan...Don Juan Tenorio...who, she believed, had originally come from Seville and was buried here. Women were to be conquered and thrust aside. But if they resisted seduction, then they became the saviours of men.

The traveler wondered how she would be categorized.

Had she ever been pure, an image of the Virgin? She felt that she had been born into guilt and unworthiness. Perhaps this feeling was due to the last remnants of Calvinism with which she had had contact as a child. Or perhaps it was due to an inherent sensitivity that forced her to feel responsible for all suffering. She had never been to a confessional nor been offered absolution, and her past guilts were never shed. They stuck to her skin like a hairshirt of penances. She felt that even her eyes burned with guilt. That her face was marked with it like a pox. That she had never mirrored the sweetness of Mary.

Jeans! The absurdity of it all! She was reaching for Spain. And he...for...?

"Qué lejos estoy contigo!"

("How far away I am with you!")

A knock on the door! Another! Persistent, but soft. Her heart leaped. He had returned. Had he forgotten something? She quickly looked around the room. No, nothing. He had come to see her again, to say all the unspoken words that she longed for. She rose quickly and whispered through the door, "Who is it?"

"I, Carlos, Let me in."

She drew back from the door. "What do you want?" Her heart slowed down. She felt cold, annoyed, dejected.

"I want to see you. Just let me in." His voice was hurried.

"I'm not dressed. I've already gone to bed."

"It doesn't matter."

"But...it does matter." She wondered how he dared come here. "I'm not feeling very well. Please go away." Of course, there was obviously no one at all in this part of the hotel. Even the maid rarely came. She suddenly realized that he must have given her this room intentionally.

She heard the doorknob begin to turn. She quickly secured the latch on her side.

"Look, let me in. I saw that young man leave." He sounded angry, arrogant, authoritative.

Her heart sank. "No, I'm not letting you in. Please leave me alone. Déjame." She tried to sound as firm as possible.

"All right. How much do you want?"

She could hardly believe what she heard. "I don't want anything...only that you leave immediately."

"How much?" He persisted. "Everyone has their price."

"You are wrong! I have no price. Not I! Not I! Go away!"

She stumbled back to her bed and put her face down

on her pillow, trying to shut out his voice, his presence. Hoping that he would give up and leave. "Not I! Not I!" she spoke into the pillow. There was silence in the corridor and then, finally, the faint sound of footsteps disappearing down the hall.

She lay there for awhile, stricken by loneliness, by embarrassment, by pain. Tomorrow she must leave, must escape. How could her visit already be in ruins? She had arrived, wanting so much to belong, to become a part of Seville. She had not been patient. She had chosen the wrong access. And yet...only in that moment with José António had she suddenly felt Spain. It was alive. Blood, bone, heart, flesh. It was part of her.

She slept fitfully, awakening several times during the night. In her dreams the hotel was peopled with a confusion of past and present: with Arabs, Italian merchants, priests. With José Antónios, Charles's and Carloses. She was fleeing all the ages of the hotel and all its occupants.

Finally, the clock said 7 and she pulled herself from the bed, feeling tireder than ever. There was still so much she hadn't seen of Seville. The guidebook was full of descriptions of sites, of histories. She had intended to immerse herself in the city. Seeing its monuments, landmarks, ruins, cathedrals, palaces. Observing its

various stone facets, its Andalusian voices and faces. Everything was in confusion. She was running away again. The romance she had sought was a sad deception. In the labyrinth of the B arrio de Santa Cruz she had pursued shadows. She remembered Jos e Ant onio. He too was a shadow instead of the image she had imagined. Her image of an Andalusian in a broad-brimmed black hat, white shirt, black pants, boots. A red sash knotted at his waist. Where were the carnations he should have brought? She had heard no flamenco. No guitar serenading her under the window.

Jeans! She had foolishly exposed her most vulnerable self. For nothing! Her eyes filled with tears again.

("Por el arco de Elvira
voy a verte pasar,
para sentir tus muslos
y ponerme a llorar.")

("Through the arch of Elvira I'm going to see you pass, to feel your thighs and begin to weep.") She finished dressing and began packing her things. She saw a card on the table. It must have been the one he left. She looked at the picture. It was a photograph of a wooden sculpture of the crucifixion. Christ's bowed head covered with a spiked crown of thorns. Tears carved upon his cheeks.

She stared at it numbly. It was a strange memento, but perhaps appropriate to Andalusia where love was also death, also redemption. That every love, every illusion required a death. And a salvation.

She turned over the card. José Antônio had printed his name and address in careful letters. Underneath he had written in a bolder hand, "TE QUIERO." "I LOVE YOU."

"Sevilla para herir.
;Siempre Sevilla para herir!"

Seville to wound. Always Seville to wound!

Lorrie Shadbolt

October, 1979