

Weaving Together Love and Loss: The Work of Juan Draghi Lucero and the Role of the
Self-Reflexive Translator

by

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ABSTRACT

Weaving Together Love and Loss: The Work of Juan Draghi Lucero and the Role of the Self-Reflexive Translator is an introduction of the literary work of Argentine author Juan Draghi Lucero in translation. This is the first time his work has been translated into English. It includes two stories from Lucero's major work *Las mil y unas noches argentinas*, as well as biographical information about Lucero and a theoretical grounding for the work. This project also enters into the academic discussion concerning the role of literary translation and translators in the global era.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

The idea for this thesis arose from a class in translation practice and theory that I took in the fall semester of 2006. The class was revelatory in many ways because of the discussion of the work which translators do and the choices which they have to make. The choices about a translation underlie all the anxiety and problematics and art involved in doing that work. Through this class I became interested in Latin American literature, and especially in the literary work of Juan Draghi Lucero, an Argentine author and folkloricist famous for his contribution to the cultural and literary heritage of Argentina. The two short stories presented here in English translation are from his most famous work, *Las mil y una noches argentinas*, which is a collection of Argentine folktales.

The stories selected, “Honest John” and “The Body without a Soul,” are exemplars of the work; they are magical and mysterious fairy tales that take place in villages and landscapes which are unambiguously Argentine. Yet the stories themselves are a sort of borderland between the very real Argentine landscape and characters, and a very unreal magic land where animals can talk, people can change shape, and a man can inherit great wealth simply by telling the truth.

The following chapters include a review of the life and work of Juan Draghi Lucero and some of the anxieties which accompany translating the work of a cultural icon from another country. This discussion of Lucero is followed by a chapter discussing some of the theoretical grounding for the approach to the translation, and a discussion of the role of literary translators in the global era. Finally the stories themselves are

presented, accompanied by a glossary and map of Argentina. The stories were, and continue to be, fun and interesting reading.

CHAPTER II

DARING TO TRANSLATE: FOLKLORE AND THE PROBLEMATIC TRANSLATION

In choosing to translate these short stories from a work that was published sixty-five years ago and in Argentina, I am choosing to translate something which has been translated across time and space as well as language. The tales are familiar, and yet at the same time, they have a little bit of an out-of-joint quality, which comes from the distance. There are no markers which give the time, no motor cars and no trains, but they do have references to the Andes, to coins used in Argentina, to ranchos and big landholders. They call to me as a translator because they are worth reading and I wish to share them with others, but I am anxious about translating a work from an author as well-known as Lucero is in Argentina. He is an iconic figure, known for his work with folklore and his engagement with the Cuyano region of Argentina (Nállim). I worry about the suitability of trying to make these stories accessible in contemporary English to a North American audience.

On the other hand, in translating these stories, I am continuing the work which Juan Draghi Lucero began when he translated the *1001 Arabian Nights* into a set of contemporary short stories in Argentina, and called them *Las mil y una noches argentinas*. Lucero's translation is not from another language since he is not translating the original work at all, but instead it is a translation of the concept (a series of tales) into a new cultural home. He retains nothing of the original stories but their sense of adventure, their moral purpose, and their title. The original tales are told by a woman, Scheherazade. She is under the control of a king, Shahriyar, the King of Samarkand. This

king had a wife who was unfaithful and, as punishment, the king killed her. In addition, because he now feels he cannot trust any woman, the king marries a virgin each day and kills her after the wedding is consummated. When Scheherazade's sister is in line for her wedding, she volunteers to marry the king in her sister's place. Scheherazade surprises the king by offering to tell him a tale on their wedding night. She then proceeds to tell him a cliffhanger of a tale which takes the whole night and leaves the king wanting more. Scheherazade's tales use many techniques which are basic to storytelling: surprise, suspense, adventure and happy endings. Not only does Scheherazade save herself and the other virgins, but the tales teach the king mercy and kindness. In the end she becomes his wise queen (Shehera). Lucero's tales take a distinctly non-Persian and non-Muslim form. He does not retain the character of Scheherazade and her tribulations. He retains the form, however, of a series of morality tales. Just as in the original Arabian Nights, the stories contain some definite structure. First, if there is a problem, one can find a way to solve it; second, endurance matters and the one who endures wins; and, last, there is magical and supernatural help.

The world which Lucero's characters inhabit is completely Argentine, however, with the livelihoods, scenery and habits of the people of Argentina, especially the people from the Cuyano region where Lucero lived as a youth. The stories are imbued with a morality that is Catholic tinged with the everyday mysticism and superstitions. The stories are often introduced by *canciones* which give a summary of the story in the form of a song and poetry. The songs were a special interest of Lucero whose first book was about the *canciones* and *dichos*, or folk proverbs of the Cuyano region. The presence of the *canciones*, and the folkloric aspects of the stories mattered to Lucero, and I believe it

is important that they be retained in a form which allows the reader to see some of the folklore and the world which Lucero wished his characters to inhabit. The presence of these songs was one of the most difficult parts of the translation. What Lucero calls *canciones* may or may not have been intended to be sung when the stories were read, but they certainly have the form of folk songs or poetry, and retaining rhythms and poetic style in a translation is always an uncertain task. Unfortunately not all things can be retained, or at least not perfectly, but I have attempted to keep some of the flavor and beat in these introductory rhymes. In other parts of the translation, I have sometimes kept certain terms in Spanish with a glossary because they simply do not exist in the United States, or because they are imbued with meanings in Argentina which are not simply translatable to our time and place. These stories are a part of a life's work for Lucero, and they must be respected as such (Nállim).

Juan Draghi Lucero was born in Lujan de Cuyo, Mendoza, Argentina in 1897. He left school in the third grade in order to be with his widowed mother, who educated him at home. It was with his mother that he learned the songs and sayings of the folk musicians of his area. From 1925 he dedicated himself with passion to the puzzles of the indigenous Warpe people. He was a folklorist and writer who was interested in preserving the language, custom and traditions of his country, as well as writing stories about his people. Lucero had a long career, spanning forty-eight years. He himself lived for ninety-eight years (he died in 1994) and wrote books until eight years before his death. In addition to writing, he founded the Institute of Historic Studies in Mendoza, as well as the Beekeeping School of Mendoza. Lucero published three books of verses and historical articles, and systematically recorded the activities of Cuyano farmers, in search

of the old songs, making this a national project. He wrote eight principal works, including *Cancionera Popular Cuyano*, a more than six-hundred page volume in which he recorded the words of popular songs, many with music, as well as their verse structures (romances, décimas, canciones and coplas). The songs were those that he had gathered in his travels and those he recalled from his youth. This work garnered the Folklore award for the Cuyo region from the National Commission on Culture. *Las mil y una noches argentinas* was his second work and one of his best regarded. It was published in 1942 and draws a picture within the magical occurrences of the stories of the people and places of Argentina. The book of stories is part of two volumes, the second of which, *El lore adivino*, was published in 1963. In 1964 he published *Cuentos Mendocinos*, which won the Biennial Grand Prize for a novel for the year 1962-63 from Mendoza (Folklore del norte).

Lucero taught as a professor of history, geography, Castilian Spanish, and folklore in the National University of Cuyo, and was a corresponding member of the San Martin National Institute. He was the first president of the society for history and geography of Cuyo and the president of the San Martin Library. He was even, at one time, a road and bridges technician for the Cuyo district. Among other notable activities in his long life he served as the representative from the National University of Cuyo to attend the Congress of American Universities in Santiago, Chile. While at the Congress he donated 5000 traditional pieces of art and folklore he had gathered in his travels to this institution. In addition to the prizes already mentioned he was presented the Curved Saber of General San Martin by Dr. Buteler (a great Argentinian healthcare proponent) in behalf of the National Commission on Culture. He won the gold medal and prize of honor

from SADE (Society of Argentine Writers) in 1978 and a medal and certificate from the city of Buenos Aires. In 1984 Lucero received the Konex prize for Letters in Regional disciplines, and in 1986 he received an Honorary Doctorate from the National University of Cuyo. In that same year he received the prize from the Andes Daily for his literary works, second prize for his book *Sueños* and lent his name to various schools and libraries. He founded the "Western Editorial." In 1988 Lucero was named Illustrious Citizen of the City of Buenos Aires. He gave a great many conferences there and around the world, and also collaborated with various newspapers and magazines. He died May 17, 1994 (Folkloredelnorte).

My attempt to translate Lucero's work is a work of love. The more I found in my research on Juan Draghi Lucero, the more interested I became in these stories. He preserves his cultural inheritance through these works while giving the impression that he is merely entertaining the reader. The richness of Argentina and the diversity of the culture are in every page of *Las mil y una noches argentinas*, yet this book is more than a cultural history or an academic tome. The stories are fun, with weird creatures and characters, mystical and mysterious adventures, fantastic worlds and unexpected plot twists. A son travels to Hell to rescue his wayward father, who was foolish enough to sell his soul; two thieves play games with another thief, and pay the price, flowers heal people, and evil guardians transform into animals. *Trata hecho* (it's a deal) is a recurring phrase in the stories as bets are made and challenges issued. Fate and destiny play a part, but, in the end, it is always bravery, pluck, endurance and the grace of God that win the day.

Two of these stories, “The Body without a Soul” and “Honest John,” were chosen for this translation because they are representative of the types of stories that fill the book. In “The Body without a Soul” the animals and plants are part of Argentina, solidly planted in the mountains and plains. Even irrigation canals, such as those in Mendoza, Argentina, are included in the story. However, Argentina has never had a king, or castles. The story is a wonderful fairy tale, with a beautiful princess and a handsome farmhand (instead of a prince). The magic of talking animals elides into a story of heroic shape shifting or metamorphosis. The final animal, the *yaguarás*, is a creature both real and endowed with myth. The Warpe Indians have a legend that this creature is really a *lobizón*, or werewolf. The seventh son of a family is rumored to turn into the *yaguarás* at the full moon. The folklore behind the story makes the shape shifting tale even more mysterious and imbued with magic. Lucero, however, does not neglect the ridiculous, which should also be part of a fairy tale. The king is a weakling who cannot even keep his crown on his head, and the hero teases the villain before his final victory.

“Honest John” was chosen partly because it is a more traditional morality tale. This story is more authentically Argentine as well, with rich ranchers, *mate* and scenes which recall life in a small Andean town. Even though this is in many ways the simplest of the tales, with a straightforward plot and a repeating structure, it is easily my favorite story in the book. I admit I am simply charmed with poor John and how he handles himself. He rarely seems to notice the oddities going on around him, and he takes pride in always telling the truth and in doing a good job. He truly loves the beast that he has to care for. John is a man who lives the biblical injunction to be wise as a serpent and innocent as a dove.

The story has moral difficulties beyond the ones it explicitly examines. John is a slave, completely under the control of his “dear master” and his owner does not hesitate to place a bet on him. However, the relationship between John and his owner is as complex as a simple short tale would allow. John is asked to trust his own judgment, just as his rich owner trusts him, and in the end John earns not only his freedom, but half of his owner’s property. The challenges to John’s veracity are, for the most part, simplistic and funny. The last challenge, which is not only to John’s truthfulness, but to other virtues, starts out along those same lines (John is as tempted by candy as by the prostitute), but takes a dark turn which shocks the reader. These tales are not for children.

The reader is completely engaged with the stories and does not see Lucero’s underlying scholarship. The challenge for me, as translator, is to honor Lucero’s intention to preserve the culture of his country while also bringing the flavor of fun and adventure to the stories. I hope that Lucero, wherever he is, will forgive the audacity of translating his stories, and that these translations will do them justice.

CHAPTER III

TRANSLATION: WEAVING TOGETHER LOVE AND LOSS

Translation as an academic discipline is not common in every university. The art of translation has become a professional discipline. Corporations working in the global economy see translation as a simple exchange of one set of coded symbols for another. The only meaning is the literal meaning and understanding the richness and diversity of culture seems to be an impediment to the business of translation. According to Michael Cronin, the “overwhelming imperative of transparency and immediacy in translation as in other media of transmission” is such that analysis of the process of translation is not welcome (Cronin 125). Often, it is more important that translators seem as invisible as any other media (Cronin 124). Postcolonial and globalization studies in the academy have raised a great many questions about translation and the role of translators, and as the globalized era goes on it seems that the questions are becoming more difficult. In some ways, the resistance to encouraging translation comes from a belief that traditional theories of translation were too concerned with making a “clone” of an old work which scanned as well in English as the original language, glossing over difficulties with metaphor and approximate meanings. However, the fear that translation will ignore cultural difference has led to a problem which Cronin calls an “obstacle-fixated fetish of untranslatability” (132). This fetish means that English language works are being translated all over the world, but only a handful of books from other languages are being translated into English. This phenomenon only makes the privileging of English more common, and keeps English readers from reading literary works from other countries. Ideally, the role of literary translation in the global age, according to Cronin, would be

“to replenish the intertextual resources of a culture” (133). Not teaching literary translation and not promoting the translation of works from other cultures can only impoverish a culture. What does get translated is often done by people who do not understand the importance of the selections they are making in either promoting or diminishing learning about another culture. If one can look at translation and globalization within the academy it might be possible to make translation a more self-reflexive activity which helps promote understanding and facilitate communication, and it could certainly help translators to be aware of the problems which are raised by their craft.

Globalization and translation go hand in hand in today's world. Globalization itself can be seen as a result of a communications system which includes many cultural, political and economic systems within it. Multinational corporations such as Cargill, Coke and Microsoft operate within global markets and have global marketing goals. One's computer is likely to be built in China, and peaches are available year round because they can be shipped in from Chile. In the southwestern United States many people feel overrun by groups from other countries, who speak other languages and who come to be part of the economic life in the United States. Literature in Spanish and often other languages is available at the local bookstore, or on the web. Michael Cronin calls these meetings “global movements and exchanges of people, commodities and ideas,” but they could also be designated as events which constitute the global system (77). Translation is also an exchange among cultures, a form of communication, and, as such, necessary.

Within traditional postcolonial and globalization theories, translation is an extremely problematic action. Translators are often seen as the agents of dominant cultures, perpetuating hegemony. One who translates can, in this theoretical construct, be thought of as a Derridean postcard from the margins where the cultures meet. The postcard is, as in Derrida, a love letter, but a literary or language translator is a love letter transmitting information between systems of culture and languages. Derrida says of his *envois* what every translator could say of his or her work, “[y]ou might consider them . . . as the remainders of a recently destroyed correspondence. Destroyed by fire or that which figuratively takes its place, more certain of leaving nothing out of the reach of what I like to call the tongue of fire” (Derrida 3). The postcard can arrive or can “not arrive” and in the Derridean world the fact that it can “not arrive” means it “cannot arrive” because the postcard is never the same on arrival as it was when sent, even assuming that it retains its original form (Wills 22). The reason the letter “cannot arrive” is inherent in the vexed process of translation. Translation involves a translator working within two cultures, dealing with often incommensurable language and trying to achieve understanding. In building machine translation software, or when localizing a product, heads of companies and software developers often oversimplify the task of translation into code, encoding one linguistic system into another, but that form of translation does not allow for the background behind the “code” or the words. In “Languages and Logic” Benjamin Lee Whorf argues that languages depend on their cultural character in order to make them “a chemical compound [which] can be put together only out of mutually suited ingredients” and the result “may be not merely soup but a crop of crystals or a cloud of smoke” (236). As Gayatri Spivak says in the journal *parallax*, “[i]n every possible sense translation is

necessary but impossible” (13). The “tongue of fire” destroying the original postcard is translation itself.

Cultural studies often look at the translation of the Bible from English or another European and dominant language into a marginal language for a dependent culture. The act of translation is, seemingly, an act of hegemony because it is a translation of something taken for a wonder or a miracle of the dominant class (Venuti 244). However, this act of translation is also resisted by the subjugated culture. According to Homi Bhabha in “Signs Taken for Wonders,” the Bible translated into Hindi is still “the English book” (Bhabha 154). Because the translation of the Bible never resulted in it being seen as something intrinsically Hindi, or as part of their culture, the act of translation allowed resistance to the Bible to become visible. The visibility of resistance is a form of subversion by the targeted culture.

Another of the ways in which the target language resists and subverts the source language, in the traditional view of translation, is through the use of catachresis. Catachresis is usually seen as a defect, a wrongly used metaphor, but Spivak points out that sometimes the translator has to find a word to illustrate a concept, but the only word which works has to be used in a way that is not “correct.” She illustrates this point with the scientific language in which parasites “recognize” their target. No other word would do, but the idea of intellect and consciousness must be stripped from the word to use it (Spivak 14). Jorge Luis Borges was known for another type of subversion in his translations. He often took the canonical works of Europe and (mis) translated them into a cultural context that was purely Argentine. One of the most famous examples of Borges use of this (mis) translation is his translation of certain portions of *Ulysses*. Not only does

Borges translate the work into Spanish, he translates it from Dublin to Buenos Aires. In addition he takes specific names and translates them “fulano y zutano” or “so-and-so and so-and-so.” He also makes other changes which do not preserve a literal translation of the words of Joyce, but instead capture the rhythms and alliterations of Joyce’s language (Waismann 179-187).

Borges’ translation can be looked at as a postcard with erasures or even as partially destroyed, but the message remains readable and in fact may be better understood than in a more “accurate” translation. Literal meaning is lost for “real” meaning. This process of loss is not under the control of the translator, any more than the postcard’s destruction would be under its control. (Spivak 14). If translation is looked at as transmission of information, then love, or at least interest, and loss are inherent in the process. The meeting at the borders always involves a misunderstanding..

In the increasingly globalized world the sense of loss is almost overwhelming, and many marginalized cultures are in danger of losing their languages altogether. A global economy requires of translators that they emphasize transmissibility over communication. Getting the words right and delivering the product are actions which are privileged over understanding of another culture. Therefore, translation strategies which favor a quick and fluent translation will be favored over a strategy which will recognize incoherence and perhaps misunderstanding between the cultures (Cronin 21). Strategies which militate towards quick transmissibility can impair real communication and increase pressure toward a sort of Esperanto of commerce. Communication within the economic realm has become inevitable, and one who translates must be self reflective about how to embody meaning and the consequences of one’s choices.

One of the problems that arises in the attempt to transmit information is the problem of incommensurability, or the fact that languages may not be fully intertranslatable. On the level of encoding, this incommensurability can be quite obvious with a language that uses a different syntax or structure, such as Japanese or Navajo against English. However, incommensurability also occurs within languages where there is no shared or an incompletely shared culture. One example might be Standard English and Ebonics, or Standard Spanish and Tex-Mex. “[T]ranslation and understanding are distinct relationships” where “understanding is a relation between a speaker [or translator] and a language” and translation involves a relationship between languages (Sankey 417). Sometimes a translation can fail to fully convey an idea, causing an erasure in the postcard. Sometimes it can take a whole book for a translator to help the target language get the joke. In fact, in 1979 Keith H. Basso wrote a book called *Portraits of the “Whiteman”* in which he discussed one type of joke which Apaches on the Arizona reservation play on each other. The jokes involve the use of English in the midst of Apache speech and are predicated on the incommensurability of the white culture and the Western Apache culture. The jokes usually end with the words (in Apache) “whitemen are stupid.” The stupidity involved is the fact that the white people in the Apache reservation have not, in all their experience, learned what acceptable behavior is to the Apache, nor have they, in the opinion of the Western Apache, tried. In the jokes some Anglo-American person is telling an Apache person what to do, in broken English, and showing no understanding of the Apache culture whatsoever. According to Basso and his sociolinguistic theory the jokes are “vehicles for a kind of microsociological analysis that Apaches practice upon themselves and a complex human

'problem'" (17). Freud says that "a joke is a judgment which forms a comic contrast" (Freud 40).

Since jokes are formed from elements within a culture they are good representations for the intranslatability of some ideas, which become blank spots or erasures in the letter. A translator simply cannot tell the target of the postcard all that is involved in the seemingly simple act of translation. This inability to translate does not involve, however, a lack of understanding on the part of the translator. Sometimes the translator is a person from the original culture who speaks the target language. More often the translator is a person who both speaks the target language and lives in the culture of that language. This situation immediately brings about tension, as the translator must do violence to the loved work in order to make it fit another culture, an act which is destined only to make a simulacrum of the original (Spivak 15). Then there are the problems of a dominant culture or language and how it adapts and uses the works of a marginalized culture. According to Spivak, Aborigines in Australia no longer have their culture because it has been effaced by a modern simulacrum. Since their history and sense of themselves was passed on orally, instead of in written symbols, the Aboriginal ideas of God and creation have been catachrestically translated and exist only in the history and conception of their conquerors (Spivak 16). The replacement of language and culture effectively erases the original from the postcard, unrecoverable to the translator.

Attempts to recover lost languages are iconoclastic acts serving to remind us that "only the simulacrum ever existed" and that the simulacrum has effectively effaced them from "the consciousness of man" (Baudrillard 4). Even when a work is translated from a dominant language into a marginalized language it serves the purpose of introducing that

language/culture to the more “acceptable” works of the dominant culture. The Bible, for those who spoke Hindustani, became the simulacrum of Englishness. The simulacra of power in translation result in a linguistic hegemony that may be unconscious, but is also inevitable.

The tensions and unconscious results of translation make it a very problematic issue. Translation is often necessary in order to conduct business, enjoy the literary works of other nations, and even to save the literary output of a marginalized language before it is lost forever. Since it is impossible for each human being to learn all the languages available in the world, some amount of translation is always needed, even if it is interpretation in a courtroom in a foreign country. However, because of the nature of the work of translation, only an approximation of a true translation is ever possible. In addition to the problems of cultural incommensurability and syntactic incommensurability, loss of context is also inevitable. As Borges illustrates in his short story/essay “Pierre Menard: Author of the Quixote,” the mere passage of time can make a difference in how something is perceived. In this story a translator, Pierre Menard, translates isolated chapters of *Don Quixote* **from** the original Spanish **to** the original Spanish. The narrator lets us know, however, that the result is a deliberate act of subversion of the text. Menard “chooses as his ‘reality’ the land of Carmen during the century that saw the Battle of Lepanto and the plays of Lope de Vega,” the Golden Age of Spanish literature, and that the fact that the Cervantes should have decided the debate over arms and letters in favor of arms is “understandable” in light of Cervantes’ military career, but “that Pierre Menard’s Don Quixote—a contemporary of *La trahison des clercs* and Bertrand Russell—should repeat those cloudy sophistries!” (Borges 93). Trying to

translate across cultures and time is perilous. Sometimes the results are seen as the equivalent of linguistic rape or enslavement. In the effort to save marginal cultures, the language is lost. In the effort to make it possible for others to read the works of a nation, the cultural context is lost, and in the effort to reach out to another people and learn about them, one society virtually annihilates another. However, social systems theory sees the translation and its results as ways that systems reconstruct their boundaries. "The entire metaphor of possessing, having, giving, and receiving" is inadequate, "unsuitable for understanding communication" (Luhmann 139). The postcard has no sender and no receiver, but simply embodies a communication event.

Some translators consider it an obligation of their work to make "reparation" for the violence which they do to the culture and language of another society. Gayatri Spivak considers her work as such an act of reparation. She believes that reaching out to the cultures on the margin and making their literary output accessible to others is the only way to repay them for their loss. Since she translates from her mother tongue, her translation is, in her eyes, a *mother-debt*, or an attempt to repay what is not repayable (Spivak 15). Spivak sees the act of translation as a terrible violence, but one done as an act of love. This act of love, the act of translation involves the gradual and violent acceptance of another world, to "shock the system" into learning new things (Spivak 13). It involves transforming the translator and the translated into new creatures, which are a part of one another. Translation is not entirely under the control of the translator; instead, translation is a part of how the translator develops as an individual. Spivak calls this process shuttling, and equates it with the developmental theories of Melanie Klein, where Klein theorizes that through experiences of love with various people in their lives people

learn to express themselves and develop as individuals. It is in these theories that Gayatri Spivak finds a metaphor for the troubling nature of translation. For Klein all relationships develop as a way to deal with the love and guilt which we bear toward family and are attempts to make reparation (Klein 306).

Shuttling is itself a difficult process. The translator is an intricate part of the transfer of language and culture, bringing violence out into consciousness; for Spivak it is part of becoming human and ethical (14). Traditionally, translator shuttling can involve guilt at treating one's mother tongue as one among many, which is even more of an issue if one's mother tongue is a language at the edge of cultures. Translating from a European language into English involves a transfer between equals much of the time, and a common Western culture and heritage. Translation from a language in a country which is not European, especially a country long dominated by Europeans, is a much more vexed issue. To translate is to dominate, or if translating from one's mother tongue, to submit. It is impossible to fully translate the cultural heritage of a language. The only possibility is a catachresis or a mistranslation. In the globalized marketplace today, the overwhelmingly dominant language is English, and all other languages become marginalized as a result. This marginalization is accomplished through two forms of censorship strategies, anthropoemic and anthropophagic. According to Cronin, "[t]he first strategy was a strategy of isolation, separation, confinement, the barring of all contact between one people or culture and another . . . The second involved the forcible ingestion of the other, the coercive assimilation of others" (95) The anthropoemic form is easily seen and understood. The Western Apaches who Basso wrote about in *Portraits of "The Whiteman"* live on the Fort Apache Reservation. The reservation system in the United

States could be looked at as an anthropoemic strategy. The anthropophagic form can have two variants described by Cronin as “soft” and “hard” (96). The “hard” form is one which forces the subaltern languages to accept and use the dominant language. The boarding school system in the United States did this to many Native American children, forcing them to attend school and punishing them for the use of their native tongue (Basso 28). Sometimes, under the soft form, the native language is removed from the public sphere for so long that people are forced to assimilate and taught to hate their native language (Cronin 96).

Of course languages and cultures resist this sort of domination. Sometimes the resistance is overt, as in the French Academy resisting the use of Anglicisms, or the Western Apache refusing to speak English to their children at home, but the resistance can also be included in the process of translation. Lawrence Venuti discusses this idea of resistance in his essay on translating Derrida on translation. Venuti argues against the idea of a “relevant” or perfectly fluent (easy to read in the target language) translation using Derrida and the concept of *différance*. The translator, according to Derrida and Venuti, must balance between perfect “relevance” and thus univocalism, and perfectly opaque irrelevance (Venuti 3). One must not assume that there can be a complete sign for sign translation, and it is in the in-between places in translation where the cultures come into contact and learn from one another. When translators force a language to fit the patterns of another language and culture perfectly, then any chance of real communication of ideas and cultures is lost. Vladimir Nabokov speaks of the difficulties in his translation of *Eugene Onegin*, “[t]o reproduce the rhymes and yet translate the entire poem literally is mathematically impossible. But in losing its rhyme the poem loses

its bloom [...]” (Pushkin ix). Nabokov knows that retaining the sense and the *Russianness* of Pushkin’s work is important and struggles, as a translator, with the problems of translating poetry into a language with a different structure and poetic tradition. Either the structure of the poetry or the meaning of the poem would be lost in any kind of fluent translation. Cronin shows that illusions of transparency are not self reflexive and can cause the minority language to really lose out in its battle to be understood, to be visible to the dominant language and culture (148). This is an act of extreme violence to do to a culture, and one that cannot, in any real sense, be repaired. What is lost becomes unrecoverable.

Unlike Gayatri Spivak, Jorge Luis Borges thought of (mis) translation as a deliberate act. He saw the same sort of shuttling happening and also saw loss, but he saw gain in the transfer as well. Borges saw the act of translation as a mistranslation or catachresis, but he did not see it as a negative for a marginalized culture. He considered translation a way to “renovate local traditions” and to make a new map of what is dominant and subordinate (Waisman 13). Borges was born in Argentina, a country dominated by the Spanish until modern times. It is a country that lost its aboriginal languages, but formed new criollos, or creole cultures, blends of European and indigenous, in response, which remained stubbornly and invincibly Argentine. He was a product of a completely bilingual family. He learned to read English before Spanish, and he spent many years in Europe. When he returned to Argentina in the late 1920s he had a new sense of what comprised the Argentine identity (Waisman 28). He had no problem with translation, considering the deliberate mistranslation of a European work into Argentine Spanish an act of retributive violence. From his point of view culture is a two

way street, and the act of translation appropriates the dominant culture and forces it to submit to the marginal culture. One way to accomplish this retribution is to translate into one's mother tongue and to recontextualize the work to make it fit into the new marginalized culture. When Borges translated Joyce he set the map of Dublin on its ear and substituted a map of Buenos Aires instead. He took the neologisms of Joyce and translated them into gaucho Spanish. What Borges called "aesthetic irreverence" toward the work of others was a response to the violence done to his own country, but he also maintained the same irreverence toward his own work (Waisman 178). He considered all translation a work from the margins which created something new out of the original. There is no such thing as an original work in the world of a translator who shares the Borges school of thought. There are only drafts and each draft that is made is something new and revolutionary (Borges 69). This belief allowed him to see his work translated in myriad forms and to believe all of them faithful in some sense to his originals. Borges maintained this belief both in his acts of translation and in his acceptance of the translations others made of his works.

In meeting other cultures, one meets other backgrounds, thought patterns, expectations, and lives, but if one looks at cultures and languages as social systems, the only way for communication to happen is if there is difference and selection (Luhmann 140). Traditionally the selections which social systems make are seen as zero sum games, where one culture wins and the other loses. One theoretical construct which can help define translation and the necessity for self-reflexivity by translators is Niklas Luhmann's theory of social systems. According to Luhmann all social systems are systems of communications events, or events which introduce complexity and meaning to the

system. Politics, culture and language, and economic exchange are function systems within the greater global system which serve to introduce complexity/meaning to the overall global system. Without the introduction of difference and thus complexity the system cannot continue to grow and function. It is important for the translator to be self-reflexive and to recognize the differences, to allow communication without which the system cannot completely select boundaries.

Social systems are autopoietic, or self-replicating and self-reflective, which means that they must replicate communication events within themselves in order to maintain their existence (Luhmann 24). They must maintain complexity, or they fail to reproduce themselves and succumb to entropy. Self-reflection is the introduction of new levels of meaning, which the system requires in order to maintain values of difference and boundaries (otherwise the system would become too complex within itself and spin out of control). Both complexity and boundaries are necessary to the structure of a system. Luhmann speaks of this introduction of complexity and the reordering of values as “relating relations” (27). The global movement of which Cronin speaks is the collection of events which compose the global system. These events replicate themselves in order to maintain complexity and reorder boundaries so that the integrity of the system neither succumbs to entropy nor becomes too complex to maintain the communication necessary to the system. Where the systems within the global system meet (whether they are corporations, nations, languages or cultures) a level of complexity is also introduced into the system. New levels of complexity require a reordering of the system through new selections of values and differences (27). Translation is the communication event which brings complexity out of latency in the system and forces the global system to reorder

itself and to bring meaning out of new concepts of boundary/difference. Any meeting between systems requires translation among the different areas and actors of exchange. When Microsoft releases a new version of a product, they require a translation of the surface interface in order to localize a product for acceptance by a specific language community, even though the programming code itself is still in English. When workers come across a border to help in an economy, their needs and the needs of their employers become objects of translation.

One can look at the idea of relevance, or readability in translation as an opportunity for the translator to open the system to self-reflection. Even the idea of relevance as used by Derrida is fraught with contradiction. The word, according to Venuti, could be French and untranslatable to English, or English in the process of assimilating into French and therefore illustrates what translation really involves. According to Venuti, Derrida saw it as “in-betweenness” (10). The border between relevance and irrelevance in translation is a dangerous one, and very difficult for a simple post card to cross without loss.

When one reads history, the meeting of different cultures seems to inevitably cause a clash. Even after years of dealing with one another and learning from one another, two cultures can still have wide gaps in understanding. Where translators fail to mediate understanding “guns do the talking” (Cronin 37). Certainly the American experience is telling. When Western Europeans came to the Americas with their Christian ideas they met a culture with very different, perhaps irreconcilable beliefs. The choice for them, as Baudrillard says was “either admit that this Law was not universal, or exterminate the Indians to efface the evidence” (10). The dominant culture will often try

to dehumanize other cultures, as in the case of Germany in Europe during much of the first half of the twentieth century, or Great Britain and her Empire during the nineteenth. Sometimes the situation is not at all violent, but the effacement takes place through economic dependence. In the Pacific Islands, the Polynesian culture spread through trade and apparently peaceful relationships. However, the need to trade induced a certain amount of dependence in the less dominating cultures. They adopted the habits and language of their Polynesian neighbors in order to trade more effectively, and to survive at a higher level. This situation led to intermarriage of the peoples and the commingling of their cultures. The result of this commingling was an entirely new culture, which has its own language and customs. The need to communicate, to translate, led to the loss of many cultures and languages (Diamond 351).

Today in the United States there is a clash of cultures and languages at the borders. In the globalized world the United States has become accustomed to being considered the center of the world. However, this simulacrum of the center is being challenged by the reality of the margins. This reality is leading to the only possibility for a world power now, “an explosion toward the center, [. . .] an implosion...” (Baudrillard 40). Translation is obviously necessary, and yet, it is also an act of great trauma. It is not clear how to approach the problem, but it is one which the translator needs to see and acknowledge. There is no way to deal with others without some form of shuttling and catachresis. Deliberate catachresis can actually help the translator situate a work within a culture, but it can also be a hindrance to full understanding. The translator is changed by the event of translation, just as the cultures through which their words shuttle are changed by those words. Homi Bhabha acknowledges this shuttling, this movement among

cultures, and he could be speaking of translation when he says “[w]e need another time of *writing* that will be able to inscribe the ambivalent and chiasmatic intersections of time and place that constitute the problematic ‘modern’ experience of the Western nation” (203). Homi Bhabha calls for a new form of nationhood; one which acknowledges difference, and for a lived reality which embodies not the ‘melting-pot,’ which erases all difference, but for a nation which celebrates differences, because communication only arises from difference. Luhmann says “there is a difference between utterance and information” and that that difference constitutes selections which distinguish between persons and objects (181). Information is something which is shared, but it can only be shared by utterance which involves other people. For real communication to exist we must acknowledge both that others are persons and that they are different from ourselves.

The act of translation, for an individual translator, seems to be an act of love. It is saying “I love you by heart” and “there, between parentheses or quotation marks, such is the origin of the post card” (Derrida 60). For Spivak, translation is a way to attempt to repay her “mother-debt” for her culture and her language (15). The act also results in violence, since the works of a more dominant language are often considered more acceptable and so tend to supplant the native productions and to be honored among the works of one’s own people, resulting in a loss of the original cultural context, which can lead to a form of cultural enslavement. However, if translation is looked at through the lens of social systems theory, then difference and selection are not intentional, conscious acts of destruction, but events which are necessary for communication and meaning. “communication is never an event with two points of selection-neither as a giving and receiving (as in the metaphor of transmission), [...]” communication arises only if the

difference between information and utterance is “observed, expected and used as the basis for connecting with further behaviors. Thus understanding normally includes more or less extensive misunderstandings” (Luhmann 141). So misunderstandings are a part of the process of making connections between systems, and are actually a part of developing meaning in the exchange.

In recent postcolonial and globalization theory the role of the translator has been a cause for some anxiety, because translators play a role in the meetings between systems. The discussion has centered on the role of translation as a tool for the destruction of languages and cultures. The translator has often been demonized as a tool of the dominant systems within a global hegemony. Translation studies and translation theory have virtually disappeared from the academy, although there are some signs of revival. However, the truth is that in social systems translation is a significant event and it happens anywhere there is an exchange between systems or between systems and the environment. Science, business, politics, culture, and language are all translations among systems. Communication happens, so translation is inevitable. As examples of traditional postcolonial ideas of translation, Jorge Borges believed in a subversive translation to regain the lost culture and Gayatri Spivak speaks of reparation. Both points of view are encompassed within translation and yet neither seems to be adequate as a description of the process. It would seem that the meetings are more complex than a simple exchange and the results are more complex than either guilt or subversion.

In social systems, complexity is relevant as a “horizon in which selections are made” so when the system becomes aware of complexity the need to produce meaning produces a “concept, as an unknown and therefore effective quantity, as a factor of

anxiety” (Luhmann 28). The anxiety of complexity describes very well the interaction at boundaries. The event of translating is an *observation* of the complexity which is necessary for the function of a social system, because self-observation is “the operative factor in autopoiesis” (Luhmann 37). Autopoiesis, or the self-observation or self-reference of a system forces the system to adapt, and to make new connections which allows autopoiesis to continue. Systems theory allows for the fact that asymmetries can arise within a global system, but one of the consequences of a self-referential system is “*abandoning the idea of unilateral control*” (italics in original). No system can control others without itself being subject to control (Luhmann 36).

In a self referential system, complexity, anxiety, connectivity and adaptation are necessary to produce meaning and to maintain the full function of the system. One of the principles of systems theory and social systems theory in particular is that reality mandates change. Nothing can stay the same (Luhmann 41). From a systems theory point of view, the metaphor of translation as a post card becomes an inadequate, two-dimensional representation of a complex and changing event. This metaphor perpetuates the myth of perfect or imperfect transmissibility of ideas. Instead of the simplistic view of transmission of information from one culture or language to another, translation could be seen as the event which weaves together the connections.

In academia today, the role of the translator seems to focus on the role of translation in globalization, and the event of translation itself is virtually invisible. Translation is usually studied as a sort of code breaking, localized within linguistics or language studies. It may be time for those who are interested in translation to bring it forward in a more systematic academic study. The role of translation in social systems,

the functions of translation as communication, and the role of translation in border studies, could provide a basis for discussion and reflection, and open up new areas of multidisciplinary. Translation is at the center of a web of complexity and thus meaning in the global system, shuttling across the web of interconnectivity and transmitting the cultural vibrations. The self-reflexive translator is one who recognizes this complex role and is sensitive to the observations of other disciplines; joining into the academic conversation about what he or she does.

CHAPTER IV

HONEST JOHN (JUAN DE LA VERDAD)

*They call him Honest John
The Black Man that never lies.
In his blessings and his curses
There is truth.*

*He is serene and gives his judgment
Joined with reason.
He goes to test his true north
Because he himself was tempted.*

*A thousand threats against him,
More than his thoughts they were,
There was neither letter nor paper
That gave them in writing.*

*Nor are a few words enough to show
The rightness of his path
And where will the words be found,
To tell the depths of his thoughts?*

*A look, a gaze,
Is enough for him to know
What others will never know
No matter how much they try to see.*

*-Do not continue...I will deceive
The Black Man they sing so highly,
And no one will say a word
Once he is lost.*

A plainsman's song, sung by a Riojan in honor and glory of Honest John, and his triumph.

So docile was this black slave, so full of smiles; so truthful and so faithful to his lord that his wealthy owner ended up giving him the well deserved name of Honest John.

Every day this faithful servant came to the house of his master.

--Good day dear *shir*¹

--Good day, Honest John. And how is my bull with the golden horns?

--The bull with the golden horns awoke well, dear *shir*.

The fact is that this fabulously rich man had a bull, the best for a hundred leagues around. And because the man was so inclined, and so rich, he had had a pair of golden horns made for his bull which just fitted over those of the noble brute. And it was his glory and his relaxation to walk this blessed bull among the people of the town. And the people were fascinated with how shiny the horns of the bull were, and many a one envied their glory. All of the peasants and horsemen spoke about it, their mouths full of words, and this, in itself, indicated what a marvelous thing the bull was. It was a topic which inspired much wonder and many arguments.

And the fame of the bull spread itself through the fields and towns of the plains and mountains. All the world came to know what had been done with the bull and they coveted his false horns. And it was the slave Honest John who strolled with the bull down the Royal Road, with a halter of the finest leather, a collar of fine *guanaco* wool in braids of sixteen different colors with beads of silver. And the bull gloated, blessed among so many nosy people that appeared from the stores, or came out of City Hall, or dared the Parade Grounds almost solely to spy him. And the people wanted to stand for hours and hours talking of the beauty before them and the indulgence of the wealthy. And

¹ The soft slurring of Honest John appears in the original (Buen rhía as opposed to buen día, so I have rendered it as a lisp.)

the poor people envied this gift, because the best heifers were for this bull, the best pasture of the season, which he mowed down in a day, and the freshest and clearest spring water.

“Who was this bull?” Said the natives, dreamily, wanting to be this happy beast.

And Honest John was most zealous and conscientious in his care of this beautiful animal. For truthfully this and nothing else was his mission.

One day John's owner was sitting under the vine arbor on his patio, drinking *mate* with another settled rich man and talking of their great abundance and the beautiful life of the rich. The faithful black man arrived, as always, at the appointed time.

“Good day Honest John. And how is the bull with the golden horns?”

“Good day, *shir*. The bull with the golden horns awoke well.”

After giving many greetings and bows to both men, he hurried back the way he had come.

The rich visitor sat there with some seeds of doubt about what he had heard. Finally, he could endure it no more and said to the lord of the house.

“Tell me, my very good friend, why do you call this slave Honest John?”

“I baptized him with this name because he never lies.”

“Never, ever lies?”

“There is no force in the world which could make Honest John lie.”

The rich visitor thought deeply and then thought some more. Finally he said.

“I can make him lie.”

“Neither you nor anyone can make my faithful servant stop telling the truth.”

“Look, my friend,” interrupted the visitor, “I’ll make a bet with you. I will bet my abundance against yours, here behind closed doors, that I can make Honest John lie.”

“If that is your pleasure, make an even trade with me. But you must know that you are going to lose your riches,” answered the Truthful Slave’s master.

“It’s a deal my friend. We will play all my belongings against yours. You will bet against me and I will bet that I can make Honest John a liar.”

They called a notary to write out the terms of the famous deal. The scribe, when he arrived, with his pen and ink, traced out on parchment the letters with the force of the law and the word. The deal was made; each man signing. Two copies were made listing all the riches in earnings, farms, and mines of each one, with a true accounting of the buried jugs full of gold coins, with the ounces of gold, sterling silver, La Riojan suns, Chilean condors, and Bolivian gold coins each contained. They signed their names and made their signs, and each kept a copy. They gave the keys to their houses to the scribe, to better secure the completion of their deal. After his work was done, the notary left with his pen and his papers, and the rich men shook hands as a sign of their friendship and the completion of the deal. They exchanged a few more words and retired for the night with the deal settled. Traps were already being plotted against the faithful servant.

The deal was that if Honest John didn’t lie during the next seven days his owner would win all. If he did lie, then all was lost.

The next day, very early in the morning, the tempter, like one who didn’t want a thing, made a strange sight pass in front of Honest John. He sent a herd of sheep with three rams mixed among them. Herding them were three men dressed as women. John

laughed aloud and then went about his business. At noon, he arrived at his master's house.

“Good day dear *shir*.”

“Good day, Honest John. And how is the bull with the golden horns?”

“The bull with the golden horns awoke well, kind *shir*.” The servant twisted the hat in his hands until it was a knot, and after a pause said:

“Master, this morning I passed a herd of sheep. I don't know if they were ewes or rams. They were led by three herders, but still more I don't know if those were men or women.”

And the faithful slave stood before the two landowners who waited there, one happy and the other worried enough.

The next day, the rich bettor sent a herd of colts in front of Honest John. In the herd were three mares. Leading the herd were two dark women dressed as men.

After this, at midday, Honest John arrived at his master's house. There he met the other rich man, who had come to visit.

“Good day dear *shir*.”

“Good day Honest John. And how is the bull with the golden horns?”

“The bull with the golden horns awoke well, kind *shir*.” And then John paused, trying to decide what to say.

“Have you seen something strange, slave? “

The other landowner held his breath, the better to listen to what the faithful slave would say.

“Nothing, master, save that this morning I passed a herd of horses. I’m not sure if they were colts or fillies. They were led by two people; I don’t know if they were men, or women *dressed* as men.”

And so he said it, exactly as it happened. And the two landowners stayed there, one happy and one more than a little worried.

The rich tempter devised another trap. He searched until he found an old crafty knave who used to be a puppeteer and they shared some fried bananas and decided to do...that which you will hear of next.

This morning Honest John was giving the bull fresh spring water to drink, when a graybearded old man passed close by his side. The man was selling truth and lies. The vendor leaned close to the poor black man and offered to sell him a proven truth and a lie to test. Honest John did not know what to do. He stood rooted to the spot, still as a rock and the eccentric old street vendor, after waiting a long time for an answer, went on up the road. He did not offer anyone else his rare merchandise.

The bells were ringing the noon hour when the faithful slave arrived at his master’s house. On arriving, he called out.

“Good day kind *shir*.”

“Good day Honest John. And how is the bull with the golden horns?”

“The bull with the golden horns awoke well, dear *shir*.”

“Have you seen something odd?”

“Nothing, master, except that this morning I passed a vendor *shelling* truth and lies. I don’t know if the truth was truth or the lies were lies.”

And so the black man answered with peace in his soul.

“Tomorrow I will make that black man lie!” The incredulous landowner roared. Honest John’s master smiled sweetly and said.

“We will see, my good friend.”

The poor slave was in the pasture the next day cutting alfalfa for the happy beast with a sickle, when two carts came down the royal road. One was pulled slowly and arduously by three teams of oxen and had a full load. The carter shouted.

“I sell lead and I buy lead!”

Following farther behind was another cart almost without a load, pulled by a single team of oxen.

“I sell wool and buy wool!” Shouted the other carter.

Honest John barely looked at them as he continued cutting the hay for the bull with the golden horns. Before midday he was in his master’s house.

“Good day dear *shir*.”

“Good day Honest John. And how is the bull with the golden horns?”

“The bull with the golden horns awoke well, master.”

The black man turned his hat in his hands and finally said.

“This morning two carts passed, one with much cargo and one with almost nothing. Three teams pulled the first, and one the second, but I don’t know if the cargo was the truth or a lie. “

John turned and walked a back a little towards the way he had come, watching the flight of some birds.

“So what happened?” The confident landlord asked his incredulous neighbor.

“The three teams on the first cart were the skinniest and ugliest which I had and they pulled a load of wool. The team on the other cart was the best set of oxen and it pulled a load of lead.”

“Ha! Ha!” The rich owner laughed confidently.

That night the rich neighbor contracted with three Riojan bird sellers to trick Honest John. They were to offer their birds but to speak as though they were from San Juan.²

“It’s a deal!” They said.

The poor black man was washing the blessed bull when the three vendors came near.

“Parakeets from San Juan, our holy land!” They offered their wares, showing various pairs of talking birds.

Honest John barely gave them another look and remained where he was. Shrieking like bells, they went on their way, speaking the dialect of San Juan as they went.

A little before noon the slave arrived at his master’s house.

“Good day kind *shir*.” John saluted with his hat in his hand.

“Good day Honest John. And how is the bull with the golden horns?”

“The bull with the golden horns awoke well, good *shir*.” And the slave stood there as though trying to see if it would be right to say more.

“Is there something new?”

And the visiting rich man trembled when he heard the black man saying:

² La Rioja and San Juan are two districts in the mountains of Argentina. They are very close together, but separated by a river. It is unclear if this is a joke on the reader or if the two places are so distinct in their accents that they would be distinguishable easily. (See Map Appendix)

“Nothing, master, except this morning there passed by three birdsellers speaking like they were from San Juan. I don't know whether they were from San Juan or La Rioja...” This was said by John in a happy tone, free from all weight of worry.

The next day John was scratching the back of the bull confided to his care, when he was passed on one side by a pregnant woman with a very fat, paunchy dog. The woman leaned over to Honest John and said to him.

“If you give me a piece of meat for my pregnant dog, I will give you the best puppy of her litter.” The slave threw the dog the rest of his gaze, but he did not drop a single word.

Finally the woman grew bored with such long waiting and left with her dog. Her pregnant belly shook from one side to the other as the two of them walked.

At noon the black man arrived at his master's house.

“Good day, kind *shir*.”

“Good day, Honest John. And how is the bull with the golden horns?”

“The bull with the golden horns awoke well, good *shir*.” John turned his filthy hat in his hands and did not want to leave.

“Did something new happen?”

“Nothing new, except that this morning I met a woman with a dog. The two were very bulky coming up to me, but I don't know if the woman was about to give birth or just dressed in a lot of clothes, or if the dog was pregnant or it was water.” And he said this as he threw pebbles in the air.

“Where was the trap?” John's proud owner asked his incredulous friend.

“The woman padded herself with clothes and the dog had gone three days without drinking a drop of water. This morning I gave her beef jerky to eat, very salty, and she drank three buckets.”

“The poor little animal!” Honest John’s owner laughed.

There is no record in any book or history written by any man of the sixth day’s test. It was the most malicious and weighed most on him and so cleanly did Honest John free himself from it that there are no words to describe or paper which can contain his twists and his brilliance.

Finally the day arrived for the final test. It was the seventh day and the incredulous rich bettor came and was conquered by his deceitful plans, whereupon he fell among all the wasps in the mountains and the fields. In a trance over the loss of his whole huge fortune, he sought the counsel of a fine medicine woman and witch.

“What is the best weapon to struggle for life against a man?” He asked this powerful woman and she said:

“What else would that be but a woman?” So she enlightened his understanding and threw his plans into sharp relief.

He went to the most lustful whore in the village and the one which was agreed to be the most beautiful and vivacious of those sinners... He gave a great deal of silver to this painted lady and told her his plans, point by point. After they had exchanged other words and signs, he went away assured of triumph.

In a matter of moments, the sinful woman dressed herself in clothes which were mostly transparent. She put on perfumed powder and colored her face and revived her lips with hollyhock. She shadowed her eyes with black tints and wore perfumed water.

She was in fact a queen with her light muslins, her flounces and adjustable little buttons and her fine silk undergarments. She was the perdition of men and she was directing herself at Honest John.

John was stroking the shining coat of the envied bull when he saw coming toward him a beautiful woman, shining like the sun. When she arrived, she sat down by his side, for she was very tired, and asked for some drinks of water. At first, Honest John wanted to resist, but she, in a voice like crystal, said that she was dying of thirst. Without quite knowing why, Honest John went at a run to get a little jar of water. The lady drank in sips while the black man drank in her perfumes and her eyes and found himself unable to keep from looking where her silk undergarments should have hidden her. With each sip John was giving up a little more of his resistance. Finally he was as pliable as a cotton boll.

The woman, her thirst slaked, passed some sweets to the poor servant, who ate them whole, almost without breathing. But she put more sweets on his lips, leaning in closer to him. She gave him sweet brown sugar cakes and other captivating things, more and more her tempting net was advancing on the defenses of the shy, distrustful man. Already, the zealous caretaker of the bull with the golden horns was not as he was before, and in his defense, there was no one fonder of sweets and no one who had struggled more.

The beautiful woman had to contain him when he took her down with solicitations of love. She had to contain him, for it is certain she was yielding a little when she put a price on her high estate. Honest John trembled all over when he heard those sweet lips say

“In exchange for my glory, little black man, the life and the golden horns of the famous bull.”

“No!” Cried the faithful servant.

“Then you will have nothing that you ask.” The bewitching girl answered.

And there the poor man suffered, as ardent as he was faithful.

Temptation and loyalty continued struggling and the contest seemed won, when the silk clothes were like crystal and called to him and unnerved him. Finally, Honest John fell and gave his word. For a night of her glory he would give her the life and the horns of the bull in his care. Ah, Honest John!

Among silks and roses he passed the night, coming and going in Heaven. It would have even been more beautiful if those hours had not run away, but the rooster announced the coming of the new day. At sunrise the whore reminded Honest John of the just payment for such pleasurable pursuits.

Honest John arose, dressed and put on his poncho. He took his dagger and went to the stable where the bull with the golden horns was kept. He drew close to the noble brute, seizing the steel beneath his poncho. And when the bull rested his great confident eyes on John's, the traitorous slave drew even closer, feeling for his target, and, Oh! He drove the blade of the knife into the bull's flesh. He searched stubbornly for its heart. The bull gave mournful cries, bathed in blood, until his legs buckled under him. He fell in a huge red puddle. There he gave his last breaths, and gave his life with one last snort.

With bloody hands, Honest John removed the golden covers from the horns of the bull and gave them to the temptress. Goodbye and goodbye they said to each other and

she, rejoicing in her triumph, carried the brilliant horns to the rich gambler herself.

Meanwhile, John threw himself on the ground, weeping for his treachery.

The sun climbed in the sky as the hours passed and the tempted servant suffered greatly, thinking of what he would soon have to tell his master, the most confident and easygoing in the land. Honest John was suspended in a sea of worries. Finally the hour arrived to go to his master's house.

He was full of tears as he walked. He wanted and did not want, took one step forward and two back. When he met a post on the road, he took off his hat and practiced what he would say.

“Good day kind *shir*.”

“Good day Honest John.” He said to himself.

“And how is the bull with the golden horns?”

“Oh! Oh! Good *shir!*” He cried repentantly and threw himself in the dust, frightened.

Finally, after much backtracking and stumbling, he was able to bring himself to the doors of the master's house. His owner was talking quietly with the other landlord, who had been visiting for a week. Honest John advanced piteously, with his sombrero dancing in his shaking hand.

Without breath or voice he stood before his master. With fear and trembling he advanced and said to him.

“Good day, kind *shir*.”

“Good day Honest John. And how is the bull with the golden horns?”

“Oh! Oh! I have beheaded the bull with the golden horns, my master!”

“Ah! Ah! And the golden horns? What have you done with them?”

“Oh! I gave them away, my master, in exchange for a wonderful pleasure!”

“Beautifully said, my Honest John. Come, embrace me. Half of my winnings are yours!”

CHAPTER V

THE BODY WITHOUT A SOUL (EL CUERPO SIN ALMA)

*Three words held up
The mirror of fears:
Body without Soul. Immortal
Because it cannot die.*

*By one road or another
They attack his walls...
He holds them off, saying:
-Play me another dance.*

*Death, the living skeleton
Wants to sharpen his scythe.
The Body without Soul helps him,
While dancing a lively dance.*

*When the young hero arrives
In the town, he is ordered to work,
To stave off the hunger
Of a thousand starving animals*

*There he saw the thirsty lands,
Bordered by high pastures
And he spoke to the beautiful princess,
Asking what he could do to win her embrace.*

*...It was not the ferocious beast
Who was her most valuable help,
A hidden little mouse.
Wins the prize!*

A northern song composed by a literate singer in memory of these uneasy times..

There was a very poor married couple that worked in the mines in the mountains. They were already very old, this husband and wife, when they had a little boy in whom they placed all their wishes and love. Every morning the old man went with his pick to the mines and he didn't return until it was night. And so the little boy passed the whole day with his mother, and his pleasure and his bliss was to hear her tell him stories of endless adventures. At night his father returned, and these three souls snuggled together around the hearth of their mountain ranch. Their little words barely could be heard in the deep silences of the Andes. And so with the passing of time the young boy grew to manhood and wanted to accompany his father to the bottom of the mine, to help him.

The old man barely permitted him to speak of lowering himself into the mine: "What if we were both to suffocate or were crushed? Then would care for your mother in her old age?" His father was stubborn on this point, but did consent to let the young man look for ore in the slag heaps around the mine. So the youth sorted out usable ore from the slage at the mines and joined in friendship with the mule drivers and carters who carried the metal down to the plains. At night he gathered with them and amused himself listening to them talk about the ups and downs of their work. He heard them speak of the poverty of the little boys who pastured the oxen, and he knew they suffered when traveling with the mule drivers over the infinite pampas. The drivers spoke so much of the world and its wild novelties, that, when barely sixteen years of age, the young man wanted to leave. He wanted to roam the lands and he asked the permission and blessing of his parents to leave them. Better if he had not! The old ones dissolved into a sea of tears, and begged him not to leave them. He found himself, then, the young one, very

sadly living alongside his elders. The world and its disagreeableness called to him, but being such a loving son, he choked his desires in sorrowful silence. In a continuing agony of desire, he climbed to the highest place in the village and from there looked out at the tracks and paths. He found consolation in thinking that one day the occasion would arrive when he could follow the tracks and paths until he lost himself far away in the plains.

One day when his father was below in the mines the hills trembled all over, and when the earth settled it entombed the miners with their picks under the crushing rocks. The little old woman and her son embraced each other to gain some consolation, but the poor lady could not endure the separation and died a year later. The youth found himself alone in the world, continually crying for his dear parents. He fashioned a cross out of *chañar* and marked his mother's grave in the desolate miners' plot. He went there every Monday to beg the Virgin that his parents would enjoy the serene glories of Heaven. So the time passed, until certain signs of the world called him. And he began his preparations to roam the world. When he was prepared enough, having even packed three pairs of reinforced sandals, he decided to leave. One evening, after offering his prayers, he took to the road and began to walk to his destiny.

He walked and walked until he was so weary that he fell asleep standing up against a solitary *chañar*. Among the fogs of his dreams, his mother and father appeared, and hugged and kissed him. They said that since he was resolved to go and walk across the world, he should be sure that he was attentive and watchful, so that he could complete the trip. They warned him to keep his word and to deal plainly with all. They told him to have a light hand with justice should he have to be the judge or the mediator in the suits of his neighbors. With these and other words of advice and wisdom

they faded into misty phantoms of his dear parents and were cloaked in darkness. The young man woke bathed in tears, and in the middle of the night, in this deserted place, he swore to follow faithfully the counsels of his parents. In a little while, when dawn had begun to light the sky, he loaded his bags and, a little bent under their weight, began to walk.

He walked and walked until he had worn out the sandals he was wearing. He put on the second pair and continued walking. He climbed over the mountain ranges and descended into the plains, maintaining his watchfulness. While he persevered in his walk, something occurred one morning as he waded down a stream. He found a dead cow and various ferocious animals sitting beside it, as if they were ready to eat but didn't dare to take a mouthful. They sat staring at each other and exchanging growls. The young man retreated in fear, and had not walked far when he ran into a fox that was coming from the meeting of the animals. "Stop, youngster!" cried the fox. "My uncle Lion has sent me to ask you to return that he may speak with you." Troubled, the youth turned and went back. "Do not be frightened or shrink from us, wanderer," cried the mountain lion when the young man was close to them, "I have called you to divide, with a fair hand, this beef. We cannot divide it fairly ourselves, and need you to be a mediator that can give to each his fair ration." "Good," said the youth, and began to butcher the cow. He gave the mountain lion the four legs. The jaguar received the neck and the head. For the wild pig, there was the spine, with the back muscles. The *yaguarás* got the flanks, the chest and the tail. He gave the condor the udders, the heart, and the kidneys, and the hawk received the abdominal wall and the base of the spine. The kestrel got the tongue and the brains, and the fox, the intestines. "And me?" said the little mouse. "For the little mouse, the

little pieces of fat which have fallen to the ground,” declared the young man. And at that moment all those animals began to eat their parts very contentedly. Only the fox grumbled while devouring the bitter tripe. What a noise they made, all chewing at once!

The youth said goodbye to all and then left with his bags on his shoulders.

After a little while the animals had finished all the meat and were entertaining themselves with gnawing the bones, but the fox continued complaining. She chewed the bitter tripe, saying under her breath “bitter, bitter, bitter.” “*What* are you saying!” called the mountain lion. “Sweet, sweet, sweet,” answered the crafty one, looking saintly. By dusk there was no sign of the cow. “How ungrateful we are!” said the little mouse finally. “That young man has contented all of us with his intervention and we have paid him with nothing, not even thanks.” “True!” roared the mountain lion. “Go to him crafty fox, find the wanderer and tell him, on behalf of all of us, that we wish to speak with him.” And off she went, her grumbles going with her. After trotting along a good while, she managed to find the wanderer. “My uncle Lion wants you to come back so that he can talk with you.” “Why would that be, vixen?” asked the youth, frightened enough. “Oh, I don’t know anything,” answered the fox, turning sly. “Damn,” said the young man, while returning for the second time, “No doubt they have become dissatisfied with my choices and they want to eat me.” With his heart thump thumping from these sad thoughts, the young man stood before the savage beasts once more. As soon as he arrived the mountain lion raised his voice. “You should know, my friend,” he said, “that we are very grateful for your just work! And we have failed to pay you for your great service. For my part, I am going to give you a very precious gift.” He took from the ground his most brilliant yellow hair and reached out to hand it to the young man. “When you are in

great danger, say to this hair 'God and the mountain lion who is the most ferocious beast that the world has ever seen' and in a flash you will see yourself turn into that animal, the same as me, ferocious and brave." "And when you have to struggle with a terrible beast," said the jaguar, reaching out with one of his hairs, the most brilliant one, "you say: 'God and the most bloodthirsty jaguar the world has ever seen' and you will be turned into the most terrible wild animal on the plains." "And if you must go to war with whatever enemy, say 'God and the strongest wild boar the world has ever seen' and instantly no one will be able to stand against your powerful tusks," said the wild boar himself, handing the young man the greasiest of his bristles. "And if you want to run like the fastest animal on the plains say 'God and the yalguarás, who has the lightest feet in the world' and no one will equal you in speed" and the beast handed him one of his reddish brown hairs. "And if you want to reach the highest points in the sky," said the condor, in his quiet voice, "say 'God and the condor with the best wings in the world' and in a moment you will be able to scale the heavens," and he gave the young man a white feather from his throat. "And if you want to clearly see what you hunt from the air" the hawk interjected, "say 'God and the surest flying hawk the world has ever seen' and you will be turned into a hunting bird," and he gave the youth one of his feathers. "And if you want to fly very fast, say 'God and the mountain kestrel who is the greatest master of the air the world has ever seen' and instantly you will be able to cover league after league in the blink of an eye." This was said as this bird passed one of his yellow and black feathers. Finally, the little mouse piped up and said "If you need to see what is behind a locked door, say 'God and the tiniest and quietest mouse the world has ever

seen' and you be able to go in and out of the most secure houses.” The fox did not give the youth a gift, because, besides being crafty, God had not favored her with any.

The young man showed them his gratitude for these precious possessions and with his hat in his hand he said goodbye to each of the animals present. Contented and more secure, he continued his journey. He walked and walked through open fields and over hills, across footpaths and levees, until finally, after a hundred day march, he came to a high place. From there he could see, very far away, the crumbling towers of a village. Three days more of marching, and he entered the town by the royal road, and walked until he was among the houses of the town. He leaned into the poorest house and asked permission to spend the night there. “You can stay here, boy, and welcome” said an elderly lady and invited him to have *mate* to drink and an *empanada* warmed in the coals. In the warmth of the fire the old woman and the stranger talked for a long time. It was already the middle of the night, when the traveler went to sleep in his poncho, under the branches of a tree.

The next day, curious about the place, the stranger wandered the streets. He had only walked a little way when he realized there was something more than rare happening here. There was not even a drop of water in the ditches, and the trees were leafless and dry. He saw few animals, and those he saw made him sad to see them, as they were so skinny and feeble when they walked. They had sunken flanks and he was able to count their ribs, one by one, cows and horses alike. There was not a scrap of hay in any of the fields or mangers of the town. Everything was stripped clean. The men and women never smiled and walked as though under a tremendous threat. Sorrow and desolation were everywhere. “What happened here?” the youth asked, but no one answered him. He

continued walking by the royal road, until after a while, he stopped to look at some pastures with high alfalfa, where cows and horses were eating. The animals were fat, and beautiful to look at. The ditches were so full of water that they overflowed and the trees were round with leaves. He walked a few paces more, and then stopped in front of the dividing walls. He saw the abundance, so happy! on one side and the desiccation, so sorrowful! on the other. "Here is a mystery," he said, winding it around in his brain without understanding. He continued walking until he found himself waiting before a big house of stone and adobe, with a proud high loft. It appeared to be the home of the lord and master of the abundant fields and estates. Canals full of water flowed into this place and barely half a thread of water flowed into the principal ditch for the town. It was a bare charity for so many thirsty people and animals.

The curious young foreigner returned by another road to the town plaza. The plaza was dry. The gardens and trees and the narrow irrigation ditches were all soaked in dryness. The young man continued on until he came to the pitiful palace of the king. There was not another soul on the royal road except a sentinel, who was so wasted by hunger that he had to lean on his short rifle to keep himself from falling. After a while a second lieutenant appeared in the middle of the road. The lieutenant was on a horse so skinny and weak that after two passes across the road, he had to stop and rest before he made a third. "There is something behind all this," thought the young traveler.

When the sun had set behind the Andes, the neighbors came out into the road, one after another. And there was no lack of people bringing chairs out to enjoy the fresh breeze. The most cheerful looking girl lit a brazier and started brewing some *mate* for the old men; but everyone spoke in whispers; quietly, quietly. When three children dared to

begin playing *pallana* with their colored stones, the old men put their fingers to their lips and shushed them, and they all lowered their voices. "Something very strange happened to these people!" The young man was struck again by the oddness, and he left.

The old woman was waiting for him with *empanadas*. While they ate the traveler told her about the things he had seen on the road. The young man asked the old woman if she would tell him the reason and motive behind these seemingly senseless things. "Oh, child!" was what the poor old lady said, "You should know that this town is living under the terrible hand of the Body without a Soul. He is a very tall and dark man, and no one has been able to kill him, because they can only reach the body and not the soul. The king has ordered us to resist the tyrant, but in vain. We have battled this curse from heaven and we have been mown down. We have no troops. If a knife or a sword cut him, if a gun opens him up, he cures himself of the wounds with a lick of his tongue. No one can kill him, but he is killing all of us with his tyranny. First he lowered the amount of water we got for irrigation, little by little, and so all the little farms and estates died of hunger and thirst. Everyone has been reduced to this crying misery. While we had nothing, he irrigated his fields and turned his cows and horses out to graze. He has doubled the yield of his corn and grain, as well as his orchards. He has put floodgates on all the canals, and gives us just enough water that we don't all die of thirst and we can continue suffering this curse. Oh! And too bad for anyone who makes a little ruckus and disturbs his dreams at siesta, because the tyrant will come out and eat him. The last thing this demon has done is to take the king's youngest daughter, to have her as his servant. The poor thing could do nothing more but cry and ask for death, but there was no remedy, and she is trapped in her pain and her joyless life."

“Perhaps there is one remedy,” the youth said to himself under his breath, but then quickly closed his mouth. “Is it possible there could be a remedy for such evil?” asked the old woman, expectantly. “I cannot say one way or the other,” declared the young stranger, and continued following the thread of his fearful plans.

The next day, well after dawn, the young man went to the king's palace, to ask him for work. When he arrived at the door he saw that it was more a ruin than a palace. He asked the sentinel if he could speak to His Royal Majesty, and if he would, in any case, not shoot him with the rifle. Carelessly, he entered the palace and climbed the stairs, arriving at the loft at the same moment as the king and queen were clucking because a little princess wanted to wash her face. Her Royal Majesty said that this was a waste of the little water they were given. The youth showed himself in the middle of the discord. “What do you want with us?” the poor king asked him. The youth looked at him and the king returned the gaze. The king was terribly thin, and looked defeated. He could barely support the crown on his head, and it slipped from one side to the other. The crown, for all it was made of gold, was lusterless. Not even the pearls and diamonds set within it caught the light. “I came here in search of work, your Majesty. I know how to manage an estate and I know my way around horses. I can manage cattle and sheep, and I can tan leather. With the leather, I can make good halters and ropes. I am sure I would be useful to you.” The sorrowful king looked at him as if seeing something impossible. “What land do you expect to work, stranger, if there is not one drop of water for irrigation? What colts will you train, if I have no mares? And for what will you make ropes and lassos, since I have nothing to lasso?” The pitiful ruler said this almost as if he wanted to laugh, but he was only able to give a half-hearted, wilted smile. “Is it possible,” the stranger

persisted, “that in all your sovereignty, being a king, you have no small jobs for these hands? You must have something, your Majesty.” Here the king stopped him, thinking. After a while, the king found the words to say. “If you want, you can care for my few remaining cows and sheep, if you can keep them alive. But you should know that the last shepherd I had died by the Body without a Soul’s sword, solely because one of my little starving sheep dared to cross the line between my parched lands and his blooming pastures. Are you afraid?” “I will care for the rest of your estate and I will not dispute with anyone,” the young man reassured him. “If that is so,” declared the king “then I give you free reign over the few cows and sheep I still have, but I give you one warning. I do not want to cross this invincible tyrant. I have too many defeats already on my shoulders.” The young man was going out when he saw two young princesses kneel at the feet of their father. “How long must our sister suffer as the prisoner of the Body without a Soul, daddy?” “Until I regain my kingdom!” the king answered them. “I kept battling with him, even without soldiers and now I don’t even have my sentinels. What would you have me do? Am I going to fight him alone, so that he can wipe the ground with me or commit other unspeakable acts? It does not matter how brave I am. What purpose does valor serve if it is not backed up by guns and swords? But console yourselves, my daughters, one day our hour will come. Then we will be happy and please ourselves, completely forgetting how much we lamented and how we had to keep constant vigilance in the past.” The princesses continued their cries, and the king, to give them what consolation he could, continued talking like a fool about a beautiful future.

The youth, with an abundant will, took the stairs at a run and, very resolute, opened the gates of the corrals and let the skinny inhabitants loose into the dry lands

which had, in former times, been the abundant pastures of the king. The hungry animals scratched at the cracked ground and, smelling the fresh grass of the Body without a Soul, bawled desperately. They ran to the dividing line between the lands, facing the rich pastures. It took the young shepherd quite a bit of work to keep them from running across the line. The shepherd was engaged in turning back his animals when saw a tall, dark man on a huge dark mule. The youth shrank in fear. It was the Body without a Soul. Two piercing eyes were nested in his bony face. No one could sustain such brilliance if he had not played with death. The tyrant was dressed in a green jacket and red trousers; black boots, had a kerchief around his neck and a huge white hat. His mount shone with silver and gold ornaments and his fingers were alight with jewels the likes of which the youth had never seen. The Body without a Soul walked his horse along the walls which divided his haughty holdings from the dried out fields of the king. After a few paces he made out the young shepherd who was running the emaciated cows. The tyrant was angry at seeing him and raised his resonant voice to cry, "Ah, earthworm," was what he said, "If you let a single animal walk on my fields, that animal and you, yourself, are going to be made into hash by this sword and this arm. Have you heard?" "Yes, my lord," answered the young man, with his heart pounding in his chest. He took account of the tyrant and saw that he had the attributes of a ferocious animal. The young man gathered himself and endured the evil one's gaze. He stood there between peace and war, caught in the overwhelming presence of the Body without a Soul. When the tyrant finally left, the shepherd ran to close the cattle in the corral and to find a safe place to be alone. When he was in his solitary place he took on the feathers he had saved and said: "God and the surest flying hawk the world has ever seen." He had barely pronounced these

words when he was transformed into a hawk, anxious to fly. He stretched his beautiful wings with pleasure and rose into the air. He flew as he pleased, enjoying the serene heights. He traveled for a little while, until he landed on the Body without a Soul's entryway. He stayed there for a time, cautiously looking around, and seeing if the demon was still making his rounds in the green pastures. When he saw the demon was still gone, he flew down to the floor, where he was able to see a girl more beautiful than the sky; she was walking in from the kitchen. "God and a man," said the youth, and at that moment recovered his human form. When the girl saw him she shrieked in fright, but the young man put a finger to his lips and asked her to be quiet. In a few hurried words he told her who he was and why he had come. "I am the caretaker for your father's lands, and I come to free you, but I need your help." Then he asked her when the Body without a Soul would return. He then asked her, knowing she would be curious, like most girls, where the demon kept the secret of living forever. Where could such a terrible power reside and not be found? What had the Body without a Soul said about these terrible things? What would raise the veil from this mystery? "Oh!" said the small prisoner, "He has never let one word escape about these secrets. However, if I show curiosity, I may be able to loosen his tongue, if only because he is arrogant and sure of his power." "Show him, little princess, a little kindness, until you get his secrets from him. Look at the life that goes on around us. Do this for yourself and for all those outside who suffer his tyranny." "So I will do, young man," said the little princess. "Find out the reason for his power when he is at lunch. I will be listening to it all thanks to one of the helpful powers I carry." The boy spoke about how and why he had the eight gifts. He ended the story when they heard the Body without a Soul arrive on his mule and enter the house.

“God and the tiniest and quietest mouse the world has ever seen,” said the youth and disappeared from the princess’ view. “Is there or is there not food for my lunch?” shouted the Body without a Soul, alighting from his mule on the patio. “Immediately, my lord,” said the little princess, “and the table is laid for the most valiant man in the land to eat his lunch.” “I like to see you so submissive,” answered the tyrant, entering the dining room. “And so you can see that I am not so evil or tyrannical as those others say, I will permit you to dine with me on my tablecloth.”

The little princess served him his food and sat down at the other end of the table, but first she brought a great deal of wine to her lord. The tyrant ate and drank and showed a little loosening of the tongue. The princess served him another glass of wine and ventured to speak to him. “As a little servant to whom everything is a gift,” she began saying, “I have a huge curiosity. It is the curiosity of a girl, nothing more.” “I have already said that who questions me will pay with his life,” the Body without a Soul roared at her, but he remained thoughtful, “And how strong is your curiosity? Will we see?” “You will not be angry if I tell you?” “We are in agreement and in accord,” answered the tyrant. “As the helpless girl I am, I sometimes wonder why no one can kill you, why you cannot be injured by bullet or saber.” “Aaah, Aaah, I am smelling treason beside me and the traitor will be more than stunned when he falls in my grasp.” “Sir!” the little princess answered him, “I am here alone, at your mercy. How can such a powerful man as you be afraid of a little defenseless girl like me?” “The woman has points of cunning which no man has achieved,” said the Body without a Soul, stopping and looking in each corner of the room. He opened the doors to the adjoining rooms, but saw no one and no trace of an intruder. “Finally, so that you are no longer kept in suspense, I am

going to tell you my secret.” He filled a glass of aged wine and drank from it. “You have to know,” said the tyrant, “that I have a soul just like everybody, but this soul does not nest in my body. My soul is nested in a little dove’s egg, and this dove nests behind a hawk, and the hawk sleeps in the breast of a condor, and this condor is located inside of a wild boar, and this animal shrinks into the womb of a ferocious jaguar that takes it behind the black bull. This black bull is the bravest and wildest of the animals which I pasture in my fields. To be able to kill me, they that should have to die, they would have to fight each of the animals I named, until they reached the little dove’s egg, and then they would have to break it in the front, before it escapes ahead of them and rolls to a little lake in the center of my fields. If the egg arrives at this lake, all the fierce animals I listed will revive and I will return to who I have always been. And now, so you will not tempt me with your curiosity, which I don’t like, take this, gossip,” and he hit her on the forehead with the back of his hand. The little princess fell to the floor, unconscious.

The tiny and silent mouse, which had climbed onto a leg of the table, was able to hear each one of the demon’s words. Knowledgeable about the secret places, he began to climb down, and when he arrived at the ground he began to climb the wall. From the wall he climbed to the roof of a little outbuilding. “God and the surest flying hawk the world has ever seen,” he said, and returned to enjoying the magic of wings. He flew until he arrived at the king’s corrals. There he transformed into a man, and hid himself to think about his battle plans against the Body without a Soul. He thought feverishly about his plans until the middle of the night.

In the meantime, the little princess was able to return to herself. She raised herself up as best she could, and drank a little water to ease her thirst. “What is it that I

have told you?" The Body without a Soul asked her as a joke. "You wanted me to agree with you about a black bull and a dove's egg," answered the little princess, passing her hand over her forehead. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed the tyrant while going to take his siesta. He was a little more tranquil than usual, because tonight the little princess had served him *mate* with poppy juice so he would sleep more.

The next morning, not long after the break of day, the young man climbed the walls of the Body without a Soul's dominions. He had barely seen the black bull when it came running at him, throwing soil up on its back. The young man held a brilliant yellow hair in his hand and said, "God and the mountain lion, who is the most ferocious beast the world has ever seen." At that moment he was turned into a lion of the Andes, and he roared so fiercely that it made the earth tremble. The black bull responded to him with a sorrowful and beautiful cry, and came at the lion, with his head down, in order to impale it with his strong horns. The lion escaped injury with a leap, and the other came at him again. With another leap they entered into heated battle. With great confidence, the mountain lion ran to one side, and with a measured leap at the back of the black bull, he sliced open the bull's shoulder to the nape of the neck. The beast roared when he felt himself injured and came after the lion more deceptively, running from side to side with great fury. The lion managed to avoid the bull but he received a scrape across the ribs from the big beast's horns. This aroused the lion's fury so much that he launched himself again at the bull and opened a vein its neck. The bull threw himself onto his back and almost crushed the lion. In this manner, with renewed fervor they continued fighting, until they were so tired that they both foamed at the mouth.

And the black bull said:

He who receives consolation

From the hands of the Body without a Soul

He will see you die!

But the demon did not come, because of the poppy juice in his mate.

The mountain lion responded:

He who receives consolation

From the hands of a young maiden,

joined with her kiss.

He will cause your death!!

At this, the little princess appeared, and stroked the lion and gave him water for his thirst.

With renewed fervor the bull and the lion returned to the fight. They threw blows and thrusts at one another and made the earth shake when they met. All morning they fought with blind fury. When the sun reached its highest point in the sky, the bull thrust his horns into the ground and fell lifeless. "God and a man," said the mountain lion and returned instantly to the shape of a man. The young man's body was covered with huge bruises and bathed in sweat. "I'm going to rest," he said to the little princess, "so I can continue the struggle in the morning. Return to the tyrant's house and don't come near him, if you want to save your life." They separated and the young man went back to his hiding place and slept to renew his strength.

With the bull's death the Body without a Soul fell ill and stayed in bed. Suspecting the reason for his illness, he called for the little princess. The more he called the less attention she paid to him. "Come, little princess," he said, "Bring me a little glass

of water; don't be this way with a poor sick man." But she ignored him. As he came to realize he had been tricked, he finally unleashed his fury. "Oh, crafty traitor! How you managed to make me confess my secret and to undermine me. But it will not be worth much, because not even a memory will remain of you or your family. Oh crafty." And the prisoner removed herself farther from the sick tyrant.

The next day, at first light, the young man knelt at the side of the dead bull and started to open it with a knife. When he saw the ear of a jaguar, he said, "God and the bloodiest jaguar the world has ever seen," and transformed himself into this ferocious beast, just at the moment when the other jaguar tore itself from the inside of the bull. The two cats roared fiercely and joined in battle with terrific blows. They struck with claws and teeth, removing pieces of skin, and the injuries made them more furious. One would grab an advantage and the other would measure the assault and have some success. They were well matched. At sunset they were both so injured that they agreed to a truce. And the jaguar from within the bull said,

He who receives consolation

From the hands of the Body without a Soul

He will see you die!

The young man turned jaguar answered,

He who receives consolation

From the hands of a young maiden,

joined with her kiss.

He will cause your death.

The little princess and gave him water, and sprinkled it on his wounds. "Thank you, my lady," said the fierce cat and returned to battle his enemy with more furor and strength.

They fought and fought. Finally the man turned jaguar was able to gain the upper hand, as he locked his teeth into the throat of his competitor; but the injured and weakened enemy persevered and they continued the battle.

Finally, when the sun had reached the middle of the sky, the Body without a Soul's jaguar spent his last strength on the battle. He bent his head down to the earth and his whole body trembled and was still. "God and a man," was said, and the bloody jaguar returned to the man he was before. He was injured and his mouth and nose were bloody. The little princess consoled him and gave him water to ease his thirst and clean the blood. Before she left him she kissed his forehead. "Thank you, my heaven," he was able to say, panting with fatigue, and he went to sleep in his hiding place to repair his spent strength.

The Body without a Soul felt so bad that he felt like he was on his last legs. He called and called again for the little princess, but she would not tempt him by coming close. The tyrant then cursed her with burning words and insulted her while he dragged himself. She bore it all, thinking of her freedom.

Before the sun rose in the east, the young man was already in the pasture, knife in hand, making a small hole in the jaguar. He had barely started when he saw the tusk of a wild boar, and he said: "God and the strongest wild boar the world has ever seen," and he turned himself into that beast, just as the Body without a Soul's new form emerged from the jaguar. They crossed their huge tusks, both standing on their hind feet, and inflicted terrible bites on each other. Each measuring the other's strength, they threw themselves

at each other with blind fury. They would fall back a pace from one another and then go at it tooth and nail once more. Soon they were both covered with blood, and the ground was covered with their bristles. So they endured, persevering in their fight until the sun had fully risen. Then the two beasts stopped and agreed to a truce, because they were falling down with exhaustion.

And then the wild pig serving the Body without a Soul said,

He who receives consolation

At the hands of the Body without a Soul

He will see you die!

But the young man who had been converted to the terror of the moors said,

He who has the caresses

Of a young maiden,

joined with her kiss.

He will cause your death!

And once again the little princess appeared with a container of fresh water, and calmed the youth's burning thirst. She washed the blood from his wounds and left a kiss for his consolation.

When they were half rested from their struggles the enemies returned to the terrible battle. More wounds were opened and they fought with more anger. In one encounter the Body without a Soul's pig had his foot torn from his body in one terrible bite. He continued the battle on three legs, refusing to yield.

When the sun gazed down on the earth from his highest point, the tyrant's creature drove his tusks into the ground and he collapsed forever. "God and a man," said

the other blood-soaked beast, and the comely young man returned. The little princess ran to him with her container and gave him water for his wounds and his thirst. Then she kissed him on the forehead. "Thank you, my jewel," the young man managed to say. He barely had enough breath to return to the king's corrals, where he slept to recover his strength.

The girl returned to the tyrant's castle and opened the door to his room carefully. She saw him prostrate and lifeless. He had lost half his body and he burned with fever. Still and all, he was up to his old tricks. "Come little princess," He said sweetly, "Come my girl; bring me a sip of water, for I am dying already." But the prudent one did not let herself be drawn near.

This time the young man knew clearly what to expect. The struggle would be in the air. But little good it did to know what to expect! A little after the sun made its appearance he made a small hole in the swamp pig. He had barely begun when he saw a talon hidden within. He said, with the white feather in his hand, "God and the condor with the best wings in the world," and he had to hurry, flapping his wings, behind the other condor that was scaling the heights. They flew and flew. They passed the white clouds and then the pink, and continued climbing until they had arrived at the high black clouds. There they joined in battle. With the beak, the talons and the wings, they wounded each other with their fury. They flapped their wings and the feathers they had lost could be seen on the mountain, yet in their frenzy they collided with one another again and again all over the sky. They raced on for league after league falling like rocks until they were nearly on the ground. When they were a few inches from the ground they would recover and rise again until they reached the serene heights. The little princess

watched this battle in the air, holding her breath. The poor thing prayed to the Virgin for her savior and threw him kisses from the tips of her fine fingers.

At noon, worn out from such combat, the two condors called a truce in the air. The truce served as a time for them to climb, higher and higher, in feats of insane daring. They passed the first heaven and persevered on to the second, and with the unmatched force of their wings they finally passed the doors of the seventh heaven, where they were neighbors to the burning sun. There they joined in battle and continued spilling their feathers through the air. The Body without a Soul's condor flapped his wings countless times until he arrived at the seventh ring of light around the sun. His rival followed him there, and the two condors felt their wings begin to fry. They flew like shots toward the ground to escape the terrible fire. They fell seven leagues with closed wings, and at that height they opened them again to continue fighting. They fought and met again, beak and claw, until it was noon. Then the Body without a Soul's condor lost all his strength and fell towards the ground like a stone. He hit the ground with a terrible thud that drove his beak into the ground. Behind him the false condor landed, covered with wounds. He barely managed to say, "God and a man." At that moment he changed back into the young man. The little princess ran to him with water to quench his thirst and bathe his wounds. She caressed him and kissed him on the forehead. "Thank you my jewel," said the young man and then he staggered to the king's corrals to throw himself onto his poor bed.

The Body without a Soul had become much worse. He was constantly delirious, day and night. He only could control one arm, but he still had enough voice to call the

girl. "Little girl, do you have the heart to let me die of thirst? Bring this poor sick man a little water, on your life!" But the little princess did not pay attention.

The sun had already risen when the young man made a little hole in the condor, and saw a hawk feather rising out of it. "God and the surest flying hawk the world has ever seen." And as soon as he said this, he was following the other, which he had almost lost in the sun's rays. The two birds gained altitude, flying as fast as thought. The Body without a Soul's hawk flew right into the sun's rays in order not to be seen, and it cost the other much of his vision to pursue him and to distinguish him in the light. The tyrant's hawk was like a point in the midst of the blinding light of the sun. They flew and flew over the endless *pampas*. They crossed rivers, mountain ranges, and finally, the immense sea. They continued until they finished rising. Then the fugitive hawk turned, changing course for the south, giving it all his breath, flying over huge forests, without a rest or truce for their wings. The two hawks continued cutting the cold air until they arrived at the far reaches of the icy south. They turned to the west and crossed the mountain ranges which were higher than the clouds. They continued demanding more and more until finally they arrived at the place where the sun hides. Then they tipped towards the immense northlands. They crossed salt plains and high plains without varying their determination, without truce or breath. When they arrived at the Body without a Soul's castle they turned within its thick walled confines. There they turned their untiring wings and the fugitive hawk made its stand. Claws, beaks and wings joined with equal power, rising and falling, or stopping in mid air to fall with more force and strike the other. The feathers flew and they rained down blood. If one escaped, the other would come behind and fall with full fury on him. And both rotated so fast that they made swirls in the air.

They flew to gain altitude and in mid-air they fought with all their remaining strength. The battle went on and on until, just at the moment when the sun sank behind the Andes, the tyrant's hawk gave his last strength and fluttered to his lord's castle. There he fell to the earth, drove his beak into the ground, and breathed his last. The victorious hawk landed next to him and said, breathlessly, "God and a man." The youth appeared at that moment, bathed in sweat, and bleeding from numerous wounds. The little princess came right away with a white chamois which she laid on the ground. There the victor rested and drank water and the little one tended his wounds. She brought him comfort and caresses from her fine hand, and, as a farewell, she gave him a kiss on the forehead. "Thank you, my lady" said the young man, using the rest of his strength. He gathered the remaining breath he had and little by little, went to the king's corrals. He fell into his bed and slept like a stone.

That night the Body without a Soul worsened almost to the point of death. His choked cries could barely be heard and he could not move even his arms. Still he called with all his spirit, "Water! Water!" with a voice calculated to touch the heart, but his cries did not earn him even half a drop of water for his parched lips.

The next day, while it was still very early and the sun had barely reached the eastern horizon, the young man appeared in front of the dead hawk. With the tip of his knife he began to open a space between the ribs and was rewarded by the sight of a feather belonging to the wing of a fast dove. As soon as he saw the feather he took one of his own and said "God and the mountain kestrel who is the greatest master of the air the world has ever seen." At once everything was from the point of view of the air behind the nimble dove. Barely had he begun his pursuit when the dove threw herself, like an

arrow, into the limbs of a spiny *chañaral*. The kestrel was carried behind her and impaled himself on the dense thorns. There they dodged and weaved without truce or breath, leaving behind feathers and blood in the branches. The anxious dove took advantage of a clear space and cut across the fields in an attempt to gain altitude. Behind her, the kestrel raised his fine gaze and made a point of understanding and preparing himself to pursue the deceptive flight. The turns and dips in the flight made figures like serpents in the air. Once again the dove closed her wings and let herself fall, like a shot, into a rounded *algarrobo*. There she went to escape the kestrel's easy flight and she left her blood and feathers in the thirsty thorns. After flying through these branches, the dove returned to her deceptive flight. The kestrel was behind her, clipping her with his wings! The fugitive tried to hide among a flock of grackles, and then among thorns and rocks. The two birds returned to the free air, flying in a broken and deceptive manner. The kestrel toiled and pulled himself closer to the dove. When he felt secure that he would catch her, the dove fell once again and hid herself in the branches of a *piquillín*. For an instant, the kestrel lost sight of the dove, and his heart shrank. He feared the battle might be lost. Passing again and again over the *piquillín*, he was able to spot one feather of the skillful dove. He threw himself at top speed, with talons wide open, but he only gathered feathers because his opponent had gained the open air and was making figures like forked lightning. So they continued, kestrel and dove, in the fight of their lives, until they arrived at the fractured mountains. There they climbed and dove in the breaks and the ravines, working their wings. They continued their cursed battle, the dove and the kestrel, without a rest or a breath. Finally they flew into an open field and from there, they entered a dense orchard and they climbed to the tops of the tall trees, and down the trunks and they

shook the leaves from the branches. They climbed and they plunged, striking the branches in their constant flight and without resting. The dove made circles around each tree and hit the forking branches so hard that both birds left their feathers in the top branches. Finally the kestrel turned right into the dove and drove his talons into her, breast to breast. The dove escaped her pursuer, but only long enough to fly to the huge castle belonging to the Body without a Soul and to fall in the middle of the patio. Blood was pumping from her beak and she flapped her wings hopelessly. The mountain kestrel landed a little behind her and stayed at her side until he was sure she was dead. "God and a man" he said, and in a moment took back the figure of a man. The little princess ran to him with her little container of water, to ease his thirst and soothe his wounds. The girl combed his rebellious hair with her fingers and consoled him with her animated words, and finally kissed him on the forehead. The young man had strength enough to look at her, then encircle her with one arm and return the kiss. "Mistress of my soul!" He said this with a voice drained by the struggles he had endured. The youth gathered the last of his strength and slowly returned to the king's corrals and there, falling in front of his bed, he slept like a stone.

The little princess returned to her duties, but dared to look into the tyrant's alcove first. She had to strain her ears to know if the sick creature was still breathing. He wanted to raise his voice and make a vain appeal for water. He had known long hours of agony. The little one closed the door and went to her room to sleep.

The next day, before the sun rose, the young man awoke and took the poor starving creatures out of the king's corrals. He carried them to the stone walls dividing the king's fields from those of the Body without a Soul and made holes in those walls.

The sheep and the cows, which were dying from hunger, passed through these holes. It was something to see them enjoy the blooming alfalfa! The young man was barely able to stay a moment, watching those pitifully sunken ribcages romping in the fields. He went to the dove and stood in front of her dead body. He crossed himself and commended himself to God and considered how to conduct this final battle. There were some seven hundred paces to the lake where the powers of the Body without a Soul were kept. If the little egg stored inside the dead dove managed to enter these waters, then all the animals killed in battle would receive their lives back and the tyrant would be completely healed, and he would enjoy his revenge. The young man looked at everything with his eyes wide open and calculated his chances. Then he bent over and made a little cut in the ribs of the dove with his knife, and he said "God and the *yalguarás* who has the lightest feet in the world. " He was not even finished speaking when he was converted into this long-legged beast, and he was running behind a white egg. The egg rolled along in its slippery and malicious trek toward the lake of life. The *yalguarás* stretched his legs with all his might. He ran faster and faster, but the egg moved like a flash of light. They ran into some gullies and the *yalguarás* leapt over to get ahead on the road. However, the egg shot between his hind legs and rolled into a rocky place filled with little round, white stones. "Oh!" said the bog runner, "even more than legs, I need fine vision!" He would barely be able to distinguish the egg rolling among all those little stone balls. His eyes grew tired looking among those deceptive stones. They all looked like eggs and they all appeared to be running to the lake. He was beginning to see things. He wanted to focus on one point, but the rocky land robbed him of this ability. He looked around feverishly, scattering his anxious and hopeless gaze in all directions. Fortunately the rocky area ended in a sandy

little beach and the little egg knew as it slid on the dust that it was still far from the lake. The *yalguarás* doubled his stride, knowing the battle was his to lose.

Already the lake was only a few sticks away and the little egg was rolling along a gully, when the runner, with all his great strength, stretched out even further. He leapt up and trapped the egg with the point of his nail, at the very edge of the lake! He pressed it down very gently and said “God and a man” and found himself a man with the egg between his hands. Sweating and trembling, he thought of how close he had come to losing all his previous battles. Barely able to breathe, but securing his prey with both hands, he walked to the tyrant’s palace. When he arrived the little princess opened the doors and guided him to the bedroom where the Body without a Soul lay in agony. “Do you know this jewel?” The young man cried out to the tyrant, showing him the dove’s egg. The sick man moved his creaking bones and lifted his head with one eye open. “Yes...sir,” he said in a breathless voice. “What will you give me if I return this jewel?” the youth taunted the sick tyrant. “Anything—that—you—want,” the sick creature was able to respond, with his thread of a voice. “I will give it to you,” said the young man turned tempter, “if you tell me where you keep the keys to your floodgates and your treasure houses.” The Body without a Soul made signs that they were under his pillow, and then he stretched out his hand to receive the treasure where he kept his soul, his power and his glory.

The youth came nearer, guarding his conquest with both hands, and when he got close enough he broke the egg on the tyrant’s forehead. The agonized Body without a Soul gave a last cry and died.

The young man retrieved the keys from under the pillow and, taking the little princess by the hand, ran with her to the stone and iron floodgates. They freed the water into the irrigation ditches and channels that then shared the treasures with the thousand ditches and canals in the town. Seeing this surprising novelty, the townspeople came out of their houses and ran, shouting "Water! Here comes the water!" They marveled together at the sight. Old people and children appeared in the streets and anxiously gathered all the water they could, in bottles, bowls and whatever containers were at hand. There was not an old bucket which wasn't filled to store water until wells could be dug to store it for a longer time. Everyone believed that the Body without a Soul had been careless for a moment with his floodgates. And yet more water continued to come and each time it the flow was stronger and some began to irrigate their tortured fruit trees, and others took advantage to open the furrows in their gardens and allow them to enjoy the new feast. When they saw that the water continued to run more and more strongly, all the ditches were filled and finally they let it flow into the deserts that had been fields, to revive them. More and more water flowed into all the irrigation ditches, canals, and the little offshoots and the water kept coming, each moment more abundant and happy. The bells were set to work to announce the miracle and believers armed themselves and patrolled the principal streets of the city.

The elation, disturbance and riot reached a point where the king himself appeared at the balcony. Trying to keep his crown from being carried by the wind, he asked an old neighbor lady what was happening to cause such fireworks.

"Water! Water! Water!" he heard a thousand fevered voices answer, and he saw all the people toiling to gather their small amount in whatever old container they had in

hand. When the king heard and saw this he ran down the stairs in four leaps, holding on to his crown. He grabbed a pail as well and then began to plug his little stream which ran in front of the palace and to send the water to his fields by the irrigation ditch. A neighbor came by and asked for a little for the irrigation below, but the king made himself deaf and planted himself on the plug, where he said wild horses could not remove him. He ordered the musicians to come out and play whatever the people wanted to keep down their cries. He threw the drunks into jail. And still the water kept coming into all the streams, and spilling into the streets and finally all the neighborhoods had their share and the waters joined, making the plugs useless and reopening even the ditches that had been erased and forgotten.

While the thirsty people refreshed themselves and had a thousand discussions about how to best take advantage of this blessing that had fallen from the sky the young man appeared, carrying himself proudly, with the little princess in tow. They stood in front of the royal palace and all the people gathered around him, anxious to hear him tell them what had happened. He was doing this when the king climbed onto the high balcony and from there cried out to the young man and the little princess that they should hurry inside.

The youth and the maiden climbed the stairs, holding hands and told the king, the queen and the princesses the things which had happened.

“I hear you, but I don't believe you” the king responded, holding on to his crown. “I saw him fight and bleed to defend our rights and our benefit, and he has done all this because of his good heart and to mediate for us,” the little princess declared to her father. “There is another reason he has done this, my daughter,” answered the king, locking eyes

with her. The little princess lowered her gaze to the floor and blushed like a cherry.

“Daddy!” the princess finally began, but was unable to continue her plea, so she grasped her father’s ear and left some secrets there. But the king looked serious and began going here and there, until he finally settled down into reason. The little princess took the young man’s hand and together they went out on the high balcony and the neighbors dropped their pails and their tools to clap with pure contentment.

Once again, the king appeared in the middle of the room and grasped the youngster by the coattails. “But are you quite sure that the Body without a Soul has died, is well dead, forever and without remedy?” “I am more than sure, Your Royal Majesty,” answered the youth. “Oh! Oh!” is what the king said, speaking as if he had a bit in his mouth. “Oh! Oh!” He repeated himself, with a light in his eyes. He ran downstairs, grasping his crown and went out into the middle of the plaza. There he appeared, and beat his chest for everyone’s attention. When he saw they had all gathered around, he raised his voice and proclaimed to all the neighborhood, commanding that they saddle his horse and bring him his sword, which was so sharp it could cut a hair in midair. When he had his horse and his sword, he mounted the horse and said, with the thunderous voice of a warrior, “To the Body without a Soul’s palace!” and the trumpet played the advance. The people were sweating from pure fear and some ran to their houses. “The valiant will follow me!” The thunderous voice of the king called again, and he started to turn his horse toward the tyrant’s castle. A hue and cry began, as some called “We will follow you!” and others “This is folly!” and they formed two bands. The craziest and most quarrelsome young men followed immediately, and then the older men who had fought in the wars against the Conservatives and the Indians, also were ready. There was half a

battalion of armed men, and whether they wanted to or not they were on their way to the front of the tyrant's palace. There at the palace some turned yellow, while the more resolute knocked the doors down. The king went in first, fortified by their cries, and he readily ascended the staircase, holding his crown with one hand and his short blade with the other. He called out to the fearful warriors to follow him. They followed, and when they reached the room where the Body without a Soul lay, they found the king stabbing him with his sword. They grasped the disjointed body and carried it to the grand patio and they lit a huge fire. They threw the tyrant's body into the fire and it burned away all night long. Because of this, no trace remained of him. Even the ash was burned. They burned down the palace as well, so that the evil one could never return and no one would even remember his tyranny. They tore down the walls that secured his fields and let their poor starved animals into the glorious pastures.

So ended the war which they had endured, and the water returned to sing without ceasing in the old canals, ditches and a thousand different channels. The neighbors reclaimed the holdings of the Body without a Soul, and whoever did not catch a veal calf, bound a young bull, and they traded and bartered among one another. The king himself took sheep and took cows; took oxen and horses, and was not left behind in getting fat young bulls. Because he took heed of the whisperings, which are never lacking, he ordered the three fattest steers butchered and cooked in the Plaza de Armas, for a feast to celebrate the great changes and good times.

Thirty days did not pass, not even a month was completed, not even four weeks after the death of the Body without a Soul, when the young man and the little princess celebrated their wedding. The archbishop came; the curate and the subcurate, and they

married them in the same room as the king had been. And if the feast for the tyrant's death was grand, this was grander yet and the young people of the town enjoyed themselves immensely, because there were dances, and riding in rings, and fireworks, and cheerful tableaux with mountain peasants and cowboys from the plains.

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ILLUSTRATED GLOSSARY OF TERMS



Algarrobo (scientific name *Ceratonia Siliqua*)-

There are two types of this American tree, Algarrobo Blanco and Algarrobo Negro. The mature fruit of the first type has diuretic properties and is valued as a cure for kidney stones. While the fruit is still green, the seeds are separated from the pods and they are pounded with goat grease to form the base for a fermented drink called *aloja* which is favored in the interior, *añapa*, which is *aloja* mixed with water, and finally a type of flour known as *patay*. The pods can be used to make a brownish dye and if they are boiled without cutting or biting, then they provide a cream color. The pods and the leaves are rich in tannin, which is used in tanning leather. The seeds are often roasted for coffee, especially in the northern part of Argentina. The Algarrobo Negro is found over a wide area of Argentina, and the resin which results when the leaves are pulled from their stems provides a dark colored dye. Its bark is used for tanning leather. (Picture and scientific name from Wikipedia and definition with uses from la Diccionario Folklórico Argentino ed by Félix Coluccio (Editorial PLUS ULTRA, 1981) pg 28)



Chañar (scientific name *Geoffroea decorticans*)

This tree is found in much of Argentina. It has spiny branches and small leaves. The fruit can be used to make *aloja* and also is used to make a sweet called *arroke*. The leaves can be used in an infusion to fight asthma. Boiling the rinds of the fruit produces a brown dye and the bark has properties to help stanch bleeding. (Picture and scientific name for Chañar and Chañarles from <http://www.hudsonmuseoyparque.org.ar> and definition with uses from Diccionario Folklórico Argentino pg 182)

Chañarles-A forest or orchard of the chañar tree.



Empanadas A stuffed bread, referred to as empanadas criollos in Argentina. They are very popular, and recipes for innumerable varieties can be found on the web these days. (<http://www.empanadasciollas.com.ar/>)



Guanaco (scientific name Lama Guanaco) A species of llama found in the Andes Mountains. It is very similar to the vicuña and has never been domesticated. It is a protected species in the Andes. (www.damisela.com)



El Mate: Mate is the national drink of Argentina. It is made from an infusion of the leaves of the Yerba Mate, an evergreen tree found in subtropical and temperate forests in Paraguay, Argentina, and Brazil. It is served in a small caldron-like container also called a mate. The containers can be very simple or very ornate, sometimes decorated with silver filigree or painted in vivid colors. Mate is a very strong caffeinated drink with diuretic properties. It is drunk with or without food and is enjoyed best with friends. Mate is included as a part of many colloquial terms in Argentina, such as Mate hirviendo (boiling mate) which means hatred or Mate con miel (Mate with honey) which means marriage. (www.alu.ua.es)

Pallana: A children's game which probably originated in the Andes. It is played with colored stones or bits of tile. It seems a bit like tiddlywinks as you move the stones with another flat stone as a lifter. However the level of difficulty increases exponentially with each level. Pallana requires a good deal of manual dexterity to play and is encouraged by parents for that reason. (www.eljuegoinfantil.com)



Piquillín (scientific name *Condalia microphylla*): The piquillín is a type of short tree or shrub which is covered in the summer with reddish spherical fruits. The fruits have a very large seed which leaves little room for pulp. The branches of the tree zigzag over one another and narrow to spines which are covered with still smaller thorns. The fruit is eaten by birds, which spread the seed, and by iguanas. (www.geocities.com/verdetanti/flora.htm)



Yalguarás (Scientific name *Chrysocyon brachyurus*): Apparently this is a corruption of the name Aguará Guazú. This reddish colored wolf is known for its long legs and its speed. It lives in open areas and is a protected species in Argentina. The most interesting thing about this animal in a story about a shape shifter is that it is associated with a legend about lobizón or the werewolf. Apparently the legend is that the seventh son of a family takes the shape of the aguará during the full moon.* (www.ambiente-ecologica.com)

*Although I am not sure this is the true Yalguarás, it does fit with the description in the book. The person who helped me make this connection is Andrea Tashima, a Cargill employee in Buenos Aires, who recognized the similarity to the Huarpe Indian word for this animal.

APPENDIX: MAP SUPPLEMENT



"Mapas de Argentina." *Travel to Argentina*. 18 Mar. 2008. 19 Mar. 2008
<<http://www.argentour.com/argentina/maps/mapargentina2.html>>.

Lucero's primary interest was in western Argentina. He was born in Mendoza, and in *Las mil y unas noches argentinas* several stories mention La Rioja, San Juan and San Luis.

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