

The Enchanted Guitar - Sans date

Auteur(s) : Malaquais, Jean

Les folios

En passant la souris sur une vignette, le titre de l'image apparaît.

50 Fichier(s)

Les mots clés

[Scénario](#)

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Description

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THE ISOLATED OUTLAW

62

Paul Malaquais

RESENSE & VOLKENHOFF, Inc.
Lawyers, Accountants
THE FIFTH AVENUE 100-1000-1001

Jean J. Lefèvre-Dupeyron, 660 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Dear Malaquais,

The enclosed letter

is

THE following statement of the unbroken record, which
is the history of the past days. Below, is the forty-third article
of the "4422 CHICAGO MAIL," which refers to the action of the
Court and the actions of the Chicago Hall, meeting last Friday
the 11th. "The Hall," he says, "is a mere meeting hall with ample and
large building facilities, but is not the arena of a circus. The
Actions of the Court, however, seem to have been taken in
conjunction with the Chicago Hall, as the Chicago Hall
is the only place where the meetings, speeches and so on, can be held with the best
in the public and safety possible."

Kindly excuse,

Yours sincerely yours, Jean J. Lefèvre-Dupeyron,
100 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Article 14, the above, seems to me to have been in a
strong, "facing you," he writes, "superior to any other
writing I have in the city." And the Hall, and the people who were
at the meeting, were all present, when, just as the work began
here, he was arrested.

And paper which they were using, he said, was broken down
and given to him to half his face, and about two hours. This
was sufficient writing paper for a newspaper page or two.

unperturbed, as your audience lay on the floor, filled with wine. There in the center sat down was a pale-faced man, dressed in dark clothes, and a man who seemed and sounded like a gentleman of some years and experience. All you'd only have to add is he was the same kind you'd just seen.

"The others you just left continued on, putting the finishing touches to their affair now, and the spirit moved to leave itself known. After the music ended I left the hall at a walk. Here, now, there's nothing more we have to do. We'll take care before with who comes, who leaves. This meeting is over anyway, and it probably wouldn't even notice. On perhaps our last roundabout encounter, I'd say they don't if the people don't know us... as far as your military, well no report needs to be made. It wouldn't be so facile the BRITISH ARMY was informed that you... actually made private like a waltz?"

"What will Harry tell you? He joined himself another glass of water and seemed almost about to break. "He faces me, yes, I see it, right here," he said, holding the glass and looking at Harry with a weary, trusting gaze. "You can't do much more than that. Like all the other girls, the poor thing," he took a long swallow, and took another. "If the British didn't care to know, this will never happen again, and you're off your boat."

"Please believe me, Harry, or you won't be able to sleep well, putting the table between them. "I'm sorry I didn't get to tell you what happened to you, breaking a couple of strings." A handbag fell, and the girls began to tremble and weep. "Please, Jesus! You got a home for us!" They stared, though, like two monkeys at a screen. "We always had the telephone. You can call whenever you want, and we'll be right there." The British, the British, the British... All right, all right, Harry got one. "Okay?" She was gone from a room, her hands clasped behind her back.

WILHELMUS. "I could see a forest and a waterfall."

"Well, ~~Wilhelmus~~¹ didn't really know the waterfall, but he's, tall and very strong which is something important. He's got enough energy to get through problems, and the wings if they want to be strong at least without sort of violent movements. You know the wings don't come in violent flights. In general, we could not control."

After a few minutes, ~~Wilhelmus~~¹ was very tired now. They landed at each other, while they wanted to keep the body. A thin speechless, but ~~Wilhelmus~~¹ stood up, closed his arms around him. "Hello, ~~Wilhelmus~~¹, you are a master! Now, can you tell ~~Wilhelmus~~¹..."

"This place of ours? Do you? We hardly speak. This will give you plenty to say..."

"Without a word, ~~Wilhelmus~~¹ has again seized the perch and stayed it here. ~~Wilhelmus~~¹ stands, the hunting continues, then comes the hunting and goes away.

"There was another perch, was there, one, another? ~~Wilhelmus~~¹ looks about, a little scared at the wall, who were already present?"

"Yes, ~~Wilhelmus~~¹, ~~Wilhelmus~~¹ was present immediately. You know, perhaps, like this?" It pointed at a hunting ~~Wilhelmus~~¹ etc.

"Hunting?" said the hunting, hunting live sparrow. He gave the last name Imperialist places. "Hunting?" are continuous again, suddenly conjecture, for a swallow and was staying a busy spike, which was across into the wall. "Hunting?" she turns out, only the top was a corner shooting from the spike. "There, you went. Do not go here, just in case... Oh, somewhere else, ~~Wilhelmus~~¹ goes to continue!"

The target turned on that had planned to go down the stairs, then below, from the depths of the royal staircase, imperceptible were some quick steps.

"Yes, ~~Wilhelmus~~¹ comes from the post office for you!"

or better like a young friendly mountaineer, "A' nature's works," one
with seeming a sense of the wild.

"For her," John continued from the bottom of his heart, "I'd like
to do, but the water, the climate, I leave the place. You can go well
as the mountain, or take up the water, where I am now safe, not
mountain, I can tell you. In mountain, but mountain, like this,
one step the other, mountain, follow you here and you leave a
mountain, high here, low... you won't leave, far, more, you'll get
mountain here too, like these little hills you call the mountains, but
they won't move. The water, I never know you could be near me your
diseases, but then again remember the instance."

"Apprehensions are apprehensions, about the little we intend to
the water there's nothing."

"Yes, indeed, indeed, indeed! The highest mountain in the
world, I know what it's talking about, because I climbed it. The moun-
tain, at your service."

"You had more men before Grand father than a few stations, no master,
polity, church, camp, master leaving over like old trees, finding
new life with regeneration, growths and improvements temples of man
join... the added sum of the mountain, hills, bushes, or high ridge,
is, no, no one master, and master, master just got to each to
body," he said. "What is the use to value you there, indeed, indeed,
indeed, truly true, I'll show you the beauty of change, where I live,
like we work beautiful in all ways. And the state of Oregon is the
most beautiful state probably, and the best mountain... I mean
the Columbia, nothing, is more beautiful than a water, your
mountain."

To be continued, *continued* how and why in the course of his

permettre d'abord de faire de la place pour les enfants. Mais le rôle de l'adulte passe également par une attitude d'ouverture et de bienveillance. C'est à ce moment-là que l'adulte peut être un véritable modèle pour les enfants. Il peut leur montrer que l'amour, la tendresse et la patience sont des qualités qui peuvent apporter du bonheur et de la paix dans la vie. L'adulte peut également aider les enfants à développer leur sensibilité et leur empathie en leur enseignant à écouter et à comprendre les autres. Enfin, l'adulte peut aider les enfants à développer leur confiance en eux-mêmes et à croire en leur potentiel.

En conclusion, l'adulte joue un rôle très important dans la vie des enfants. Il est essentiel pour l'enfant de croire en l'adulte et de se sentir aimé et accepté. L'adulte doit donc être présent et attentif aux besoins et aux émotions de l'enfant, tout en étant à l'écoute de ses propres besoins et émotions. Il doit également être patient et compréhensif, et essayer de comprendre l'enfant à son niveau. Enfin, l'adulte doit être un modèle positif pour l'enfant, en montrant l'importance de l'amour, de la patience et de la bienveillance.

Il existe de nombreux livres et ressources pour aider les parents et les enseignants à développer ces compétences.

and the napkin back on the table, and noticing the candlelight, glared
up. As she sipped her drink, she skimmed over the text of the ad-
vertisement.

"Suppose we go and have this... Is it what's necessary, this incision
you're talking about?" she said, passing the leaflet to Rostaing.

The man squinted a slice of lemon into his glass, took the leaflet,
and burst laughing. "If you want to die of boredom, Rostaing!" he ex-
claimed. "A marvel!... This fellow is in more of a position than I am at
any... A broken-down man, to be sure!..."

"You think so?" she purred, passing her slender fingers to her
mouth. "However, what a neat place this is..." She took back the hand-
bill which Stock had left lying on the bar. "Is this how famous dress?
It's rather appealing, and elegant. You ought to take me for a walk
through there. Anyway, let's go and have this... this Andre Gregoire
de la Somme... Castille de Las Gardies... See, what a name. A nice name,
though."

"Well dear, you can't imagine how bad a nosejob like this so-
called fashion model. I assure you that..."

"Please, Stock, please... Let's say it's a state of mind. All you had
to do was not bring me to this wretched hole, in the prospect of getting
a nose... You then, go and book the models."

"Book the models. You think they'll be a success?"

Rostaing looked at him with an air of almost comic exasperation,
Stock lifted his hands to heaven, feigning to be shocked beyond measure;
and as Rostaing's eyes pretended to glaze with his yet more exasperation,
he swallowed the cataract of his glass and went out, followed by the
young woman's irrepressible guffaws.

A little before eight o'clock another, with blood on his heels,

spediated at full speed into the splendid library. The master, like all the others in her transparent robe, round her eyes as wide as a drunkard's lamp; but before she could gather her wits the fan was had plunged into the deserted theater, leaped over the military alignment of white ranks, and landed in ~~the~~ ^{the} small room where Mr. Jackson, the manager and owner, was striding back and forth from one wall of his shop to the other.

"Mr. Jackson!" shouted Andrieu, out of breath, striking the guitar with the broken strings. "I acknowledge... I know no instrument... I had wired for a set of strings, but this... this idiot just took them... I need them..."

Andrieu suspended a ~~silence~~ between Jackson's eyebrows and longthrew his note. "What? What's this?" he said, not grasping Andrieu's agitation.

"Mr. Jackson, I beg you, try to think..." said Andrieu ^{to} his instrument with his forefinger. "Where can we find a guitar in this town? Or new strings? You've got to find them for me, please..."

Jackson snatched himself a ~~slap~~ on the thigh, followed by a blow of his fist on the table. "What?" he shouted. "I should find you a guitar! I should!" He pointed to himself, so that the two men would know where he was talking about. "Not!" he shouted. "No, you're a couple of... bandits! Go to hell, before I send you there myself! Do you know how many tickets I've sold for last night, do you know? Do you know... don't I tell you three hundred, not one more? and you have the guts to tell me your damned guitar is broken! and that they've got to get you another one! Well, it's not for that for me, nope! What I'm going to do? Tell you what? I'm going to tell the police! Because if you don't pay the rent for the theater before eleven o'clock tonight, I'll have you linked to my armchair!"

"But Mr. Jackson, please... the customers will come flocking at the last minute. For instance's sake, I've got to get a guitar. It wouldn't be too hard to find one now this size, www.az.it's only an internet shop after all..."

"Okay, go ahead and search the internet's website! This will teach me to give up the guitar for a couple of hours time you, without getting paid in advance, without even a deposit. A guitar! Why... you wouldn't want me to beat you or threat'ning wife, while you're at it, would you?"

"I'll always shifflie, Andrie... A solo and shifflie."
"Well, if you don't want me to strangle you... Mr. Jackson, please, please, this is absurd... Try to remember, try to think, a guitar, just one little guitar in somebody's house around here!"

"In somebody's house... a guitar in somebody's house... right as well ask them to raise stakes in their living room! But, I'm not here."

"But...," said Andrie and Andrie in a single voice, "you're not here."

"Let me think...," said Jackson, with his eyes on the ceiling.

"Okay, think, think," said the boy.

"It's just case to see that there's a little old fellow in Robert Street, an old neighbor as is, they say his hobby is collecting unusual instruments... nobody know's just about him, but... thirteen... nineteen Belmont Street..."

He had not finished his sentence when the two musicians were on their way, racing across the town. A few minutes later they reached a narrow street, deserted and dark. They found the house, rang the bell. No answer and from behind the closed door, Andrie struck another to get some light. A small square of paper, lit by a thickstock, ready-filmed lantern-torches, this glowing from a luminous pocket,

unplanned, not knowing which way to turn, the two men tried looks

10 The wavering light of the match, José turned his match to give vent
to another, but already Andrie flung himself at a window and raised the
sash with a violent effort. For a moment they stood still, expectantly,
then one after the other leaped inside. It was pitch dark, Andrie
struck another match. By its light they made out the formlessness of a
bedroom; having on tiptoe they went into another room, as uninteresting
as the first, and then wound up to the kitchen. While Andrie looked the
place over, José, spotting an apple, grabbed it and took his teeth into
it. Andrie popped at the sound and blew the match out. "If you hear
that!..." he whispered, stirring his ears. "Then..." breathed José,
his mouth full. "It's a come-uppance to split." "An apple! What
apple?" "A golden delicious, if you ask me," said José. They retraced
their steps to the bedroom. It looked as if the expedition would turn
out to be a wild-goose chase, when Andrie discovered a door hidden by a
curtains. He turned the knob gently and went ahead with halting steps,
followed by José, who was holding on to his elbow. Suddenly, the flick-
ering matchlight fell on the most extraordinary collection of musical
instruments — violins, flutes, drums, harps, lutes, banjos, fiddles,
bagpipes, viola, tympanum, etc. and in the midst of this curious heap
of treasures, Andrie peered eyes wide out a guitar the like of which
he had never seen before.

José slipped first through the open window; then came Andrie, bearing the guitar. Their steps rang loudly in the deserted street,
loudly, merrily. Such was their haste, such their jubilation, that
they barely ceased colliding with a policeman who had stopped dead in
the middle of the street to ascertain the reason for this frolicsome,
lusty, joyful and suspicious, or is natural to a policeman, he queried them
and then, without awaiting an answer, continued his way.

In the wavering light of the match, ... and opened his mouth to give vent to another, but already Andris lunged himself at a window and raised the sash with a violent effort. For a moment they stood still, expectantly, that was after the other leaped aside. It was pitch dark. Andris struck another match. By its light they made out the furniture of a bedroom. Noting on tiptoe they went into another room, an uninteresting one I suppose, and then would up to the kitchen. While Andris looked the place over, Andri, spotting an apple, grabbed it and sank his teeth into it. Andris jumped at the sound and flung the match out. "Do you hear that!..." he whispered, straining his ears. "Yeah!" breathed Andri, his mouth full. "It's a come nibbling an apple." "An apple? What apple?" "A golden delicious, if you ask me," said Andri. They retraced their steps to the bedroom. It looked as if the expedition would turn out to be a wild goose chase, when Andris discovered a door hidden by a drapery... He turned the knob gently and went silent with halting steps, followed by Andri, who was holding on to his elbow. Suddenly, the flickering cat's-eye fell on the most extraordinary collection of musical instruments - violin, flute, drums, harps, lutes, balalaikas, fifes, bagpipes, violins, typophones... and in the midst of this marvelous heap of treasures, Andris' practiced eye made out a guitar the like of which he had never seen before.

Andri slipped first through the open shadow then came Andris, bearing the precious guitar. Their steps rang loudly in the deserted street, loudly and steadily. But upon their faces, such their jubilation, that they barely noticed colliding with a policeman who had stopped dead in the middle of the street to ascertain the reason for their footrace, disinterested and impious, as is natural to a policeman, he uttered the

to halt; and as they did nothing at the start, he shoved a startle into his mouth and gave chase -- in the pure tradition of policemen riding the roundabout.

In a matter of seconds the race grew noisy, then spite, then delicious, Andrés and José in the lead, the policeman at their heels, and at the heels of the policeman a crowd which grew as they went, drawn on by the propulsive instinct of the herd; the whole town seemed engaged in a mad marathon, and when the two musicians reached the *Circus Cinema* and were ~~were~~ swelled up in the passage leading to the stage, the crowd -- the policeman at the head -- swept like a high tide into the theater, where exactly three people were seated: Rosalina, Clock -- her manager, and the collector of instruments. Crushed by the throng behind them, carried forward by the momentum, the first ones to arrive invaded the auditorium like the jet from a skyrocket's ascent, and willy-nilly they settled in the seats. No one knew what it was all about, nor why they were there rather than in the circus tent on the square; but the herd instinct acts quite independently of the will of the sheep, and so some pushed, and others clambered over the seats and took their places -- up to the moment when the rising curtain made a hole of silence in the general uproar.

From the first strum, from the first phrase, *then came el guitar* *de Serranía*, it was as if the breath of a great art had fallen on the packed theater. José, who was at Andrés' side and music pure been whistling an accompaniment, lost his power to whistle. What singing! What guitar! What a guitar! He watched Andrés, not understanding, not recognizing him. He knew that Andrés had a fine, virile voice, but he had never seen him sing in this godlike inspiration. One would have said that the guitar's profound resonance lifted him to and beyond the

appetite was beyond his understanding. He was very happy to remember the girl on the bridge, she would come and see him in Oaxaca, and the more contented he felt, the more his well-being increased his appetite. He ate and ate and drank, one talked and did not eat; the man must be wise, he must have an acid stomach, he gastrulated so much. "The contract," he was saying for the tenth time, "the contract I propose is extremely advantageous to you. When we have finished preparing our repertoire, I shall arrange a composition of songs for you..."

"Take it, take it..." said José, with a fried potato in his mouth.
"Take it, Américo, we'll go to Europe."

Américo did not reply. He held the guitar against his chest. "What is there you don't like about my offer?" Gómez asked, raising his hands to make himself clear. "I'm ready to spend a fortune on publicity for you."

"A fortune..." José approved, with the now in his glass. "Of course, we're worth a fortune!"

Feeling the vigilance of the policeman and the hotel manager who stood and instructed that he did not dare wish to be disturbed, the old collector of musical instruments suddenly rose forward with shuffling steps, shaking the hand of Américo, he bleated in a cracked voice:

"Good, master..."
"What?" said José, pointing at Américo with his hand. "What is there anyone who doesn't know the Maestro Don Américo Gregorio Castillo de las Casas?" He recited the sentence with difficulty, as though he were a child.

"What?" bleated the old fellow, putting his hand behind his ear.
"Past... In hell, you are a great artist, a great... But the guitar,
that guitar, is mine. You must give it back to me..."

José's swallow went down the wrong way. Américo face turned white.
He rose to his feet, almost knocking his chair off. Gripping the guitar,

11

...of devils stand out against the
...curves and the same
...viv

He saw a frozen glaze toward the door. Dark with astonishment,
Donald and Stock stared at him and the little old man who held
his hand at an acoustical harp.

"Your... your guitar... I'll buy it from you..." said Stock.
How much... tell me how much you're asking. Two hundred... Five
hundred... I'll buy it..." he turned to Stock. "I accept your offer.
Give me an advance on my contract, I..."

"Wait..." croaked the old man. "No, no..." he beat his head so
as not to miss a word of any forthcoming reply. "That guitar is not
for sale. But... but wait, I shall tell you why. I'm going to tell
you the reason why..."

He pulled a chair and sat with the others. A circumspect smile
wandered over his wrinkled features. "Wait..." he repeated with in-
finite tenderness. "Oh no. I am a passionate collector, not a trumper-
tum. The objects in my collection are unique, their value is incalcula-
ble. But what makes them so valuable is not simply their quality,
but also, perhaps especially, the story which is attached to each of
my instruments. A history — a past — like that of a living person.
Would you permit me to narrate to you the history of that guitar? If
you still want to buy it after you have heard me; well then, well then,
I won't sell it to you, I'll give it to you. A long time ago, over
two hundred years ago, there was in Andalucia a gipsy prince, an incom-
parable singer and guitarist — not, no, as courageous a Don Juan
as he was a great musician..."

22.

In the waning light of day, high above the trees which surround

11

the sun, the towers of the Cathedral of Seville stand out against the sky. A little apart from the wagons, the huddled horses and the campfires with the copper kettles swinging above them, stands the richly decorated tent of Pedro, the chief of the tribe and a gipsy prince.

Squatting on a bearskin and looking at himself in a fragment of mirror, Pedro is putting the finishing touches to his attire. As he does, he combs his sleek, curly hair. His bearing, his gestures, the brightness of his eyes, reveal pride and strength. He puts on his hat, smooths his mustache, picks up his guitar, strums the strings — five lines of double strings — tightens one key, then another, and suddenly notices a superb young gipsy girl standing in the entrance of the tent.

A shadow of annoyance hardness Pedro's face. He adjusts the guitar strap on his shoulder, takes a last look at himself in the bit of mirror, and as if the gipsy girl had no existence of her own he orders her to clear the way. But instead, she throws her arms around his neck and kisses him on the mouth.

"Away, woman!" he growls, pushing her aside.

Stooping and frowning, she blocks his path. "Take me along, Pedro," she says in a warm voice. "Take me along with you. You're going to Seville, to sing, to amuse yourself in the turrets. Take me with you. Am I not Juanita, your wife? Your wife, Pedro, your wife..."

"Well then, what more do you want than being ~~your~~ the wife of Pedro enough! Get it out!"

He seizes her by the shoulders and throws her out of the tent. She falls on a carpet of moss, her multicolored skirt spread out around her like a fan. "Pedro, Pedro!" she says, raising herself slowly from the ground. But Pedro has already turned his back on her, calling:

"Juanita! Juanita! Come along!"

the sky, the towers of the cathedral of Seville stand out against the sky. A little apart from the wagons, the huddled horses and the camp-fires with the copper kettle swinging above them, stands the richly decorated tent of Pedro, the chief of the tribe and a gipsy prince. Squatting on a matressin and looking at himself in a fragment of mirror, Pedro is putting the finishing touches to his attire, as he runs his hand through his sleek, curly hair. His bearing, his gestures, the brightness of his eyes, reveal pride and strength. He puts on his hat, smoothes his moustache, picks up his guitar, strums the strings -- five lines of double strings -- tightens one key, then another, and suddenly notices a superb young gipsy girl standing in the entrance of the tent.

A shadow of innocence covers Pedro's face, he adjusts the guitar-strap on his shoulder, takes a last look at himself in the bit of mirror, and as if the gipsy girl had no existence of her own he orders her to clear the way. But instead, she throws her arms around his neck and kisses him on the mouth.

"Away, woman!" he groans, pushing her aside.

Sadly and frowning, she blocks his path. "Take me along, Pedro," she says in a worn voice. "Take me along with you. You're going to Seville, to sing, to make yourself in the cabarets. Take me with you. Am I not Juana, your wife? Your wife, Pedro, your wife..."

"Well then, what more do you want than being ~~wife~~ the wife of Pedro! Enough! Cut it out!"

He seizes her by the shoulder and throws her out of the tent. She falls on a carpet of moss, her multicolored skirt spread out around her like a fan. "Pedro, Pedro!" she says, raising herself slowly from the ground. But Pedro has already turned his back on her, calling:

"Conqueror! come! Come along!"

— Two men who had been leaning against a tree ^{jumped} to their feet and joined Pedro. All three crossed the camp swearing with children and dogs and squatting old women. From an acolt, a man in his thirties and a smile on his lips, Pedro deals a friendly tap to me, a shove to another, a slap on the sidequarters of a horse; he waves at an old woman playing solitaire, puts the cheek of a girl, plants a kiss on the neck of another. The songs, the dancing, the drinking that await him in town so completely occupy his imagination that he doesn't notice Junitta, who follows the three men at a distance. Pedro has neglected her too long, too long trampled her pride she is no longer going to let him neglect her — as he has neglected most of the girls in the tribe.

Fainting and feverish, she peers into a Florence café. Bonaventure and Imais with their fiddles, Pedro with his guitar, lead a company of men and women in dancing and singing *seguitillas* and *malaquias*, *tancas* and *jaleos*. Junitta resents the gaiety from which she is shut out — a gaiety which gradually gains in enthusiasm what it loses in decorum. Abolished, enraged, conscious of being the target of infatuated women and jealous men, drunk with his own music as well as with the glasses he tosses off, Pedro feels like a dragon. Two women begin to dance and click their castanets, with Feim in the trail of their flying skirts — Pedro with his golden voice and his newly seductiveness, no longer able to check himself, yielding to her pride and to thoughts of revenge and murder, Junitta pushes the door open and bursts into the café with cries of rage in her voice.

She does not have time to yell her curses. At a sign from Pedro, a smiling sign from the eyes of the master, Bonaventure and Imais lay hold of the gipsy girl and with a flip of their wrists toss her face down onto the filthy pavement outside. Up with a bound, she carries you the answer?

herself once more at the door of the sufferer: the laughter, the music, the clinking of beads and castanets, all her starts. For a second now
resignation after defeat, unable to pull herself together; then, as if
the fiesta within were threatening her life, she flies from the plateau
and begins to run wildly through the deserted streets.

At the camp, beneath the smoldering ashes, the fires are slowly
spiring. The barking of dogs greets Juana's return, silencing a distant
chorus of frogs. Out of breath, she climbs the steps of a wagon, call-
ing into the darkness:

"Juana! Juana!... Come quickly, my daughter, come quickly.
A match strikes in the dark, a hand grasps for a candle. Juana
falls on her knees beside a cot on which an old woman lies confined to
bedroom, radiantly she says:
"You have trouble in your heart," says the old woman. "Trouble in
your heart, I know, my daughter."
"Trouble..." Juana replies, she crushes her breasts under her
disjointed fists. "There is fire that's killing me. Oh, spare, how
long will he go on seducing our prettiest girls and throwing them aside,
until he is through? Throwing them aside for the whim of the town...
I hate him, I hate him... Oh, help me, padre, make the night grow ugly,
make him lose his voice, make the light die in his eyes, make the proud
laughers to choke their throat! Help me, help me... I want him miserable,
despised, deformed, impudicous, ignoble..."
"But here's our sturdy, my daughter, our prince. And you love him?"
"What do I care if he's a coward, our peasant-life because he's
handsome, and young, and vivacious, and spoiled by the town women, that
he has no sense for us. Not if you think I love him, if you want me to
disgrace him pull to the start, make him come to me on his knees, beg-
ging for a wife..."

"Your wishes will be fulfilled, Juan," says the old woman in the prophetic tones of the practiced spellbinder. "From this minute on, Juan, my voice, and this guitar, are one and the same being. Juan is the body, this guitar is the soul. Without this guitar Juan our son will be nobody. He will not be a great musician, nor a great singer. He'll be a nobody. He'll be yours, he'll be a poor glory. You will one day be finds his soul again. And it'll be long before he finds it. A long, long time, and he'll search for it far and wide, in many a land, wherever the guitar goes it'll draw ~~other~~ him after it. For so long... through so many lives..."

Her voice trails off across the centuries to come. Suddenly Juana's eyes widen in horror. "Sacred heart!" she exclaims. "I... I held the guitar to my breast! I held it tight, here, here, with my two hands, the left and the right..."

The old woman raises herself against the glow of the candle. She seems to grow in size.

"Waiter...," she rasps in her theatrical voice. "I warned you... I warned you! See you too must follow the guitar. You too are under the spell."

Caught by the fascination of her own magic, she bends over her daughter as if to curse her. It seems to Juana that the wagon, the trees, the night, are falling in upon her. She wants to catch hold of her mother's arm, as one who yearns to hold back the destiny but the old woman steps over her and leaves the wagon. She walks for a long time. Juan is beside her when she comes to rest before a tall weeping willow. Here, performing a ritual, she throws the guitar up into the tree. The instrument resounds among the branches, groans, and disappears among the

is blood on the flaps of the wagon! with impatience and tame at a
respectful distance, he disappears down the road to Seville,
— mailed, flattened. Surrounded at the very threshold by a court of
women, Peiro sips a flask of wine to drown his anger; but when he
sounds his *jingle* and goes through the first verse of a song, a murmur arises
in the salarabre: his voice breaks, his throat is too high, he is hoarse,
he cracks before reaching the auto desired octave, and when the accom-
paniment which he plays on his guitar is off key. The surprise is so
great that the audience believe the whole thing is a joke. Peiro him-
self laughs at it, the dissonance of his own voice sounds so musical to
him. He begins again, and produces a caricature of a melody. Catcalls
and hisses are heard: the only good joke is a short joke. Once again
Peiro renew his attempt, pale this time, discomfited in his face. The
vociferous his voice is gone. Draf to the juntas titters at him, forgetting
where he is, he begins to yell snarls, to try his throat — and nothing
but hoarseness fails to free his larynx. A cold sweat runs into his eyes,
he sees the crowd through a curtain of distorting prisms — now they
laugh, laugh to burst their sides! He looks at the guitar, puts his hand
to his throat, and like an animal with the hounds at his heels, flees
toward the forest where his tribe is encamped.

From that day on there is no more Peiro. Indifference and melancholy take hold of him little by little, reducing him to a wandering
shadow. Unshapely, hairy, idle, he hangs around the wagon with an old
guitar in his hands. The gypsies, silently, keep out of his way. Some-
times, as if he recalled something long forgotten, he strikes a chord,
tries to sing a verse, listens to himself, then sets out again on his
wanderings without aim. Manita alone dares to come near him. She shan-
dows himself in her presence, not replying to her questions, her eyes

instruments and bowed it, strumming against a wall. There is a moment's silence, only the sound of the shattered guitar can be heard; time runs over the muted laughter of the men. Without a glance, fair straightness or painfully askew, they say, "This present is from Goliath."

"Breaking himself against a wall of the castle, he muffles singing." It seems that the last chords of willow-weed have left him, that weeping's weight is falling now -- yet not quite, all of a sudden, through an open window, he spies a guitar hanging against a velvet drapery. He stops at it nailed to the wall, strung by a violent motion. He doesn't know what is happening to him, except that his guitar has been smashed and that here is now, now, without room of his hands, the guitar's blind hands, ^{do} guitars, as if one could enter the instrument from where he stood; then, lured by a strengthen within/bone would have believed true to him, he cleaves the hill of the shoulder and lands in the middle room of the castle. That guitar -- he knows it, feels it immediately -- that guitar is now, his old, his guitar back to the days when he was ruler the prince. He takes down the instrument, sounds the $\frac{1}{2}$ and all at once begins to sing -- to sing as of old:

In the castle -- throughout the castle -- in the master's chamber
and in the servants' quarters, in the stables and in the kennels, everyone
who has a soul and a pair of ears raises his head. The song, a prodigious
song of joy, mounts and swounds and stirs the heart. On the floor above,
the purple, purple and carried away, is listening.

A majlis, carved with a rifle, shows his distraught features at
the half-open doors
"Four hundred... the hundred... four hundred... I'm uncertain...
but... it's a ghost... I... Well... it's the ghost of his identity the
old, your lovable, great-grandfather..."

"The ghost of the Duke! In broad daylight? Are you not?"

The toe of time runs to the broad staircase which leads to the ground floor. Just as he is about to descend, the spirit takes thought, turns back, picks a pistol from a panel on the wall, loads it. Several other persons, troubled and ill at ease, have gathered on the landing. All tiptoe down the steps. The word "ghost... ghost..." spreads through the castle, while the nervous singing goes on a crescendo. From all the半地下的 people come hurried, looking uncertain despite their costumes, pistols, pouches and sabres, all whispering. "A ghost... the ghost of the hunting the Duke...,"

Little by little the music dies as caused by the armed throng. Whispering to his master's ear, the majordomo relates how that the guitar which the "ghost" is playing is the very one the little shepherd of the castle had brought in one day, having discovered it in a tree while he was hunting birds' nests. Seeing nothing, hearing nothing, Pedro sings as he never sang before; and it is only when he has come to the last note of the melody that slowly he becomes aware of his surroundings. A deep hush falls over the room. Racking the guitar, Pedro looks around in search of an exit, an escape. He takes a step — and all the others fall back a step with a screech of shoes on the wood floor. Suddenly, from behind the throng, the moaning voice of caused the servant flings,

"that you, a ghost... a ghost, that cannot speak but follow, this hunting the Duke. May, only ten minutes ago he was gobbling soup like he hasn't eaten since Christmas!"

At once the courageous militiamen turn toward him, with a pistol in his hand, pointing at the singer. Taking advantage of the situation, Pedro leaps for the window. He cannot reach it. A palm which follows him — dagger and stones and sabres. The guitar slips from his hands, goes with a soundless crash. Pedro has long lain

attention to the floor, before the floor was falling under his Edelweiss body.

Blanco's eyes were closed, his body relaxed, his head tilted back. He was dead. The page, so full of energy, seemed now to contain all silence. In this silence, the atmosphere was somber, almost sombre. The room, the floorboards, the walls, the general atmosphere, were all silent.

"Look at that guitar," said the old collector. "It's Juárez's guitar you have in your hands. Just beside the bridge, on the left side, you can see the emblematic spider carved by Juanita's mother. You have heard, how the old story's curse was fulfilled. So, don't interrupt me, about fifty years later, toward the beginning of the last century...?"

The whole room fell silent. The author, the collector, the old man, the old woman.

IV. *La gran noche en el Paseo de los Remedios*

Every winter night, differently, according to the day, according to the moon,

Somewhere in the Argentine pampas, after having herded in the cattle and watered their horses, a minor organization are on their way back to the main building of the ranch. Their talk, livelier than usual, even somewhat feverish, is about the imminent arrival of Don Fabián, the owner of the ranch, and his daughter Consuelo, who are coming home from Spain, where they have spent three years. In fact, a horseman comes in a couple of hours earlier, yelling at the top of his voice that Don Fabián's carriage was making good speed only ten leagues away. Hearing the news, Jorge, the head cowboy has ordered his men to get into their bestest outfit: roses to welcome the master and the señoritas as they deserved; and while some proceed to clean up, and others put the finishing touches to the decoration of the great hall, as himself goes over to the preparation, giving orders, checking the appearance of the跳舞 salón which offers an immense variety of meats, bottles and fruits. In the paseo the fires are stoked up, sheep are driven to be boiled on the spots, goats are ground to make borax — a favorite beer in the region. Making

a round of the stables, Jorge enters the stall of a magnificent white stallion. "We'll win the race tomorrow, the two of us, won't we, Gathliam?" he says to his horse, giving him a carrot to nibble. In answer to the call from outside, Jorge hears the stable door meet the carriage which has just rolled noiselessly through the portal of the rancho, turning sharp on its great iron-spoked wheels.

Quickly joy spreads all over the rancho. The master throws his arms around the men. Gomobita gives a valuable account of her travels in Spain, and everyone drinks, eats and talks loud, rejoicing over Don Fabian's splendid appearance and the exquisite freshness of the señoritas. The dishes pass from hand to hand, the wine gushes in the beakers, and laughter shatters the glass of the chandeliers. Silence falls, however, when a box of peacock feathers, puffing slightly, arrives in two heavy trunks and deposit them in the middle of the vast room. "My dear friends," says Don Fabian, pulling up the ends of his mustache, "no one is happier than I to see us all together again under this roof. During our long journey through the noble land of Spain, señorita Gomobita and I often dreamed of this moment. For we never forgot any of you. In the two hours which you see here, there is a souvenir for each for you. Do do the favor of accepting these little presents as proof of our friendship."

A chorus of exclamations greets Don Fabian's speech. Forming a circle around the hacendado and his daughter, the guests open their eyes wide, and cast new object that some of the gifts receive their silent approval. There is a set of pistols for one, a belt richly decorated with silver for another, carbines, sabres, embroidered jackets, caps, various umbrellas, open and closed, mantillas and bracelets for the women present. To the pleasure of receiving the gift is added

the pleasure of giving it to the other.

that of separating it from the hands of Conchita.

"And for you, Don Jorge," says Conchita, clutching, "this is what I gave them..."

With joy in his eyes, Jorge takes the guitar the young girl holds out to him. From the very look-and-feel of the instrument he at once perceives its extraordinary quality.

"You must pardon Conchita for this little white lie," says the fabian. "She is the one, not I, who chose this gift for you. But, I must admit, I could not help myself agreeing with her choice — a rather selfish one, it's true. You know, my dear Jorge, how much we love to hear you sing. When Conchita chose this jewel for you, she was thinking above all of the pleasure of hearing you use it. And I can see that you have already recognized the exceptional breed of this instrument. I don't think I'm being in comparing it to a Stradivarius. I bought it from a gang of pillagers, imagine! One knows where they got it; in what robbery they picked it up..."

"Don Fabian... Señorita Conchita... it's a precious gift," says Jorge, moved that it was the young lady who had thought of giving him the guitar. "I'm more than happy over your choice!"

"I was sure you would like it," rejoined Don Fabian. "We Argentines would rather hold a fine guitar in our arms than a pretty woman."

A flattering mirror reveals these Verde-olí Vargas. The celebration continues far into the night. Amid the fires and the quarters of meat, amid the floods of beer and the voices of laughter, Jorge again and again has to sing tangos and love-songs of the party. Hardly concealing her emotion, Conchita watches him with the eyes of an eighteen-year-old girl: she loves, she feels that he is singing for her above all. She is sure of it, when, Jorge having seen her a little way off from the others, manages to slip up to her side.

"You know, Infinito," he says with the air of a conspirator, "there will be a *Fiesta* tomorrow too, and a horse race. I will race for you, Infinito. For you I will try to come in first..."

He would have liked to answer, to thank him, perhaps to let him hold her hand, but already there are full-throated calls of "Jorge! Jorge! Jorge!..." and he has to go back to the whirl of music and food and liquor.

When Don Fabian and his daughter have retired, when the fires are out and the curtains scattered, Jorge, as is his custom, makes sure that all things are in order. Passing by the stables, he feels like giving a pat to his horse. As he comes up to the animal, it seems disturbed. He strokes its neck and, as usual, begins to talk to his horse.

"Now, now, Caballero," he says in a tone of feigned reproach. "Are you nervous about the race tomorrow? We're going to win, old boy, aren't we? And you know, Infinito Comita thought of me. She's the one who chose this guitar for me. Look, see what a wonder it is..."

He strums the strings; but the horse, now completely unnerved, rears on his hind legs. It takes Jorge some effort to calm Caballero, and he realises that it is the guitar which upsets the horse.

"Come, come, Caballero, what's the matter with you?" he says. "You're no musician, old boy. You don't know about guitars. This is the nicest thing that the prettiest girl can give a man who's old... Come on, don't be stupid, Caballero! Look, I'll leave the guitar here, so you can get accustomed to it. Because after today, you'll do ~~well~~ ^{well} at it..."

He hangs the instrument on a nail near the door. As he goes out, he hears the stallion whinnying and barking at the skies of the stall with his hooves.

Toward noon the following day, when the *Fiesta* is in full swing and

The interviewing and horse-breaking goes on in a din of falls and snorts and dust. Jorge is giving his final care to his horse in preparation for the steeplechase. Conchita has come to meet him in the stall.

"Imagine, Señorita," says Jorge, "yo know Caballero, she isn't afraid of a thing, is afraid of your guitar."

Indeed, as soon as he takes the instrument from its book, the horse shies away, trying to get away. "There, you see?" says the gaucho. "What can be the matter with him?"

"Now that's just nice, Caballero," says Conchita. "You're nut... you're not shallow, are you?"

Jorge turns his face away to hide the emotion he feels at those words. "Well, maybe..." he says, massaging the animal's pasterns. "But so reliable. We're sure to win the race, Señorita. For you, for your horse. Would you mind keeping the guitar, while Caballero and I... well give it back to me after the race, and so I'll have the feeling that you have given it to me twice..."

To Conchita's and Jorge's great confusion, Caballero is left in the pack as soon as the race begins; he really seems too maturing to take first place. But toward the end of the second time around he starts to overtake his rivals, and, the beginning of the fourth he has passed them all. Standing on her seat, full of excitement, with the guitar in her hands, Conchita waves and shouts encouragement to the white stallion.

The departure of the race has been in front of Don Fabián's and his daughter's eyes, and the finish is also there. When Jorge crosses the line a sensible winner, Conchita, carried away by her enthusiasm, waves the guitar as if it were a bouquet of flowers — and the horse, whom Jorge is riding has to salute, stiffness suddenly and makes a savage leap, throwing his rider. Like a stone from a sling Jorge goes over

the base of his nose and, falling with all his weight, is impaled on the pines which form a fence along the moatbank;

the pines, however, will be more appropriate for some judiciously placed musket-balls, and you will be safe from the *Chacabuco*.

"For there, young man, is how the old wife's malady was accomplished a second time. See, if you please, or patient a little longer. This same guitar which you are clinging on tightly to your heart has to blame for the death of Jorge, the famous Argentine gaúcho. But did the bloody trail end here? The day, long afterwards, in Mexico City, at the time of Maximilian's execution, about 1867..."

"Maximilian?" I interrupted, "you mean the Emperor Maximilian?"
"Yes, Maximilian, the Emperor Maximilian."

"So then, Angeline, you aren't willing to take me into your confidence?" asks Count von Arnsdorf, an Austrian officer in Maximilian's army. He is standing near the window of the saloon-boudoir of a fine old Mexican home, looking at his young mistress, who is seated before a piano, polishing her nails. "Dependent as a boy, aren't you, my dear Count?" Angeline replies. "Please give the courtesy to allow a lady the secrets of her dressing room, especially as regards a masquerade costume." Anyhow, since you are coming to call for me in an hour or so, you will soon see how I am going to dress." "An hour?" "Yes, my dear Angeline, it takes no longer than that to dress."

"Dependent as a boy, vain as a dandy... Go to, Count, go to. Even though I don't need three hours to change myself up... why I almost know myself ready to get into my costume, it will still take me a little time. And try to look as smart as possible, for I shall be beautiful."

"So be it, Ingeline. I shall wait for you in three hours--in fact, six hours." She opens the curtain aside, peering into the darkness. "But it's raining terribly hard, and I had to send my carriage to have a gripping spring repaired. Would you be so kind as to send for a fiacre?"

Ingeline comes to the window and looks out. "Why, yes," she says. "Just a downpour! In such weather it isn't easy to find a fiacre; people being about--empty. Take my carriage instead, and send it back as soon as you get home."

She turns at the bell-pull and orders the lacey to have the austrian officer driven home. As the lacay is leaving, she calls him back:

"Firmin, I am expecting the boothaine. When he comes, don't bother to announce him; show him in directly." And with a smile to her amanuensis, Count:

The carriage issues from the porte-cochere at a full trot. The rain is falling in sheets. It seems as if no living soul would venture out of doors, and yet one cannot have the impression that some strange agitation is abroad in the long black deserted streets. He tries to gather what its causes ~~may~~ might be, but the rushing and babbling and the splashes of water beneath the iron-shod wheels prevent his from seeing anything clearly. He does, however, make out a noise which resembles the footfalls of running men, then moans and calls, and suddenly two or three rifle-shots at intervals; but his thoughts are full of the long night of pleasure to come; so close sits back against the curtains of the carriage, and when he reaches his door, throws his hat to the coat-hanger and enters his house.

In a hollow of the wall, sheltered by the darkness, someone is trying to hide. Two soldiers pass by on the run, then two more, then still others, going in the opposite direction. Once, hasty-clapping

out, the man who is the object of the woman's eyes, his straining face and beats his way to the approaching sound of a carriage bounding on the cobble stones. At the instant Angelina's hansom-cart comes to a full stop, the man who strikes first against the wall leaves his refuge and reaches the carriage with a lightning bound. The speed of its motion lifts him from the ground, with an agile swing he gains his feet on the step, opens the door and croaches upon the seat. The carriage halts; it takes a quick turn and the door slams shut. The coachman reappears at the sound; but seeing nothing suspicious he whips his team onward through the driving rain.

When the carriage passes under the porte-cochère, yet before it comes to a full stop, the man slips out. For a fraction of a second he wavers, but seizing his entrance, he leaps up the steep door at a time and makes his way into the hall. He barely has time to see where he is, when the lady exclaims in a commanding voice:

"You're late, messenger! Come along, the señorita is waiting for you!"

He beckons the man in. Speechless, the fugitive abjures this, beyond a doubt, as an indispensable opportunity to escape his pursuers. The lady opens the door halfway:

"Wait for the messenger, señorita."

Angelina is at her dressing-table, wearing a Japanese kimono, arranging her hair in Chinese fashion. Without turning, she orders the messenger in. The stranger, motionless and taken aback, is mute with astonishment. With set eyes for nothing but her mirror, Angelina says: "Well, messenger, what are you waiting for? Come and try the bathing preparations."

The last words concern over the deep-piled carpet, looking at the

young woman with an air of surprise and amusement. Angelina thrusts out a foot free among the folds of the crimson. "Curry, cobbler, hurry..."

The cur knows, takes the foot which is offered him, removes the shoe, entering the spirit of the game, infusing it with an infinite pleasure, he holds the lady's foot as he would a precious jewel. After a moment of contemplation, he puts the shoe back on the foot and the foot back on the carpet. Putting the shoe on, Angelina eyes her ankle, who-gives her toes, and again fixes her ankles.

"Congratulations, bootmaker," she says, still busy with her hair. "Whence have I worn a shoe which fitted my foot better?"

"I am overwhelmed, señorita," says the man.

At the sound of this unknown voice Angelina turns her head, looks at the stranger, rises hastily to her feet and puts her hand to her mouth to check an outcry. The man, seated on the floor, has difficulty concealing the impression the young lady's charm makes on him.

"Who are you?" gasps Angelina. "How dare you! Get up immediately!"

"Allow me to remain at your feet, señorita," the stranger begs. "I implore you..."

"Stand up!" she takes a step toward the bell-pull. "Stand up and I'll see!"

In a second the stranger is beside her, impelling her out to give him way. His garments soaking wet and the anxiety of his companion call to mind the image of a murderer on the run; and although his language and manner belie his appearance, Angelina is quite determined to have the intruder thrown out. Let me either the man's respectful attitude or her own curiosity -- she seems willing to give the unexpected visitor a chance to explain himself.

"Señorita, I entreat you to hear me," he says. "My name is Octavio

desolate tramp. I'm a liaison officer in the army of General Juarez, in a secret mission to Mexico City. This morning I fell into an ambush, was wounded in the arm and arrested. Only an hour ago Maximilian's soldiers were taking me whereever I was to send my message. I escaped — there, did you hear that sound of boots, those callist? It's the one they're looking for. A carriage was passing. It was yours. It might have been anyone's... I jumped into it. Fortunately there was nobody inside. Then this lackey... That's how I came to be in your room, señorita. When I saw you, I thought... I really thought you were a Japanese lady. But now I know you are a Mexican. You can't have me chased away, you can't throw me into the hands of the French..."

"Is it possible that the present officer is afraid?" said Angelina HALL suddenly, struggling now against her sympathy as a moment ago she has struggled against her fear.

"I may be trembling, señorita. but it's because I am cold. My clothes are wet through. And if I were afraid at all, it would be of failing to carry out my mission. I can tell from your eyes, señorita, that you could not betray a man who is working for a cause which is yours as well as his. Señorita, I must, I must deliver my message to General Juarez."

Angelina HALL trembles. The distant tramping of the soldiers sounds more clearly amid the pounding of the rain. The officer grasps his left arm, which must be giving him pain. All at once Angelina remembers von Arndt.

"However!" she exclaims. "Count von Arndt may be here any minute now..." Genevieve looks at her understandingly. "He is an austrian officer in the army of occupation. He is coming to take me to the escape tunnel at the castle of Chapultepec. If he finds you here... Oh, wait, I have an idea... You will come to the tunnel with me, in disguised

You won't be recognized! It's the only way you can leave here without arousing suspicion. Quick, quick!"

He looks her over from head to foot. Despite their singular appearance, his rain-soaked clothes would hardly pass for a ball disguise. "Couturié is my brother's servant in a bootmaker's service," she says with animation. "Antonio is your size, the costume will fit you. If only I can find it. Don't move, and don't make any noise. I'll be back in a moment."

Allow me, Octavio looks around, glancing at the furniture, the portraits on the walls, the tric-a-brac, the toilet articles on Angelina's dressing table. Suddenly a sound is heard, coming from the hall. Octavio hardly has the time to slip behind a drapery, when the lady shows his side-skinned face.

"There's a man there who claims he's the Señorita's bootmaker," he says to Angelina, who is coming into the room by another door, laden with clothing. "But I already showed in the Señorita's bootmaker a quarter of an hour ago."

"A quarter of an hour ago, exactly," says Angelina. Then, catching herself, "What? Who did you show in? You have visitors, my friend! Leave the man give you the shoes and bring them here."

"But, Señorita, I'm sure I showed a bootmaker into the Señorita's presence..."

"Firmin, I see you're been drinking again. If this happens once more, I shall have to dismiss you."

"But, Señorita... Yes, Señorita... Right away, Señorita..."

He disappears, then comes back, carrying Angelina's dancing jumps. When Octavio emerges from his hiding place, she greets him with a smile: the little dialogue with the old servant has introduced a note of complicity between her and the Jurist officer.

"Quick, señor. Quick. Go into the next room and change."

Oteavio takes the clothes without a word. During his absence Angelina puts on the dancing shoes. From time to time she looks with interest toward the door behind which Oteavio is changing. Ten minutes later, when he comes back, Angelina is fully dressed in her Spanish attire. Putting the new shoes on her feet, Oteavio kneels and mixes as if to try their fit.

"I could wish for nothing better than to be your shoemaker till the end of time," he says; and as she laughs, he becomes bolder and touches her foot. "Even if all time were filled with rain, mud and hardships, each day from now to the end of time I should come and beg you to examine my collection of shoes.—~~shoes~~—high shoes and low shoes, domestic shoes and imported shoes, shoes of the day and shoes of a hundred years ago, shoes with elastic and shoes with laces, to say nothing of pompons, ribbons, buckles...?"

"Stand up, señor," says Angelina, laughing aloud. "Stand up. You look the part of a troubadour miserably. All you need to complete your outfit is a musical instrument. Troubadours were wont to sing to their own accompaniment. Do you sing?"

"Some people think so, señorita."

"Perfect. And do you know how to hold a guitar?"

"It seems so. As a matter of fact, they say I was born with a guitar in my hands."

"Imperfect. It just happens that I have a guitar which my brother brought back from one of his trips to Argentina. It was given to him at the young age of fifteen, by an old lady who had brought it from Spain in her youth. The instrument has a precious history of its own. Troubadours didn't play the guitar, but, to hell with it. Here it is."

She goes to a wall and takes down a guitar. Oteavio examines it.

with interest. "What a magnificent thing," he says. "I doubt I shall be worthy of it."

A carriage drives into the courtyard. Angelina looks curiously at Octavie. "Remember," she says, "remember that my name is Angelina and that you are my brother Antonio... put up a good front. Stand over there."

Von Arman, dressed as a Samurai, enters with a faint smile and carrying a huge sword, causing his entrance in a rich rustle of silks.

Seeing Angelina stiffens as a column, Von makes his sword and exclaims:

"How, if that isn't intuition! life as if I had guessed that you would be disguised as a woman! Ah, the heart is a great divisor... Angelina, our hearts are in tune with each other."

He is about to give a salute, which he supposes a proper Samurai would do, when he notices Octavie. Surprise, astonishment and displeasure mix his countenance.

"Allow me, Count, to present my brother Antonio," says Angelina with her most charming smile. "he just got home unexpectedly, to my great joy, and he is coming to the ball with us."

The two men bow ceremoniously. Von Arman rests the point of his sword on the floor. "Antonio, your brother!" he says. "What a pleasure, dear Angelina. But didn't you tell me that your brother was in France?" He turns toward Octavie, shifting his sword in the movement. "I thought you were in Paris, señor?"

"Yes, of course, I did tell you that," cuts in Angelina. "But he writes no letters when he is travelling. And even when he is not travelling... While I thought he was in Paris, he was ^{at} New Orleans." She walks over to Octavie, puts her hands on his shoulders, then draws up close to him. "What a mighty brother you are, Antonio... not bad... now, not to write..."

Taking advantage of the situation, Octavio holds Angelina in his arms. "Come, my sweet, that writing is the easiest thing in the world for me. I'd rather give up my passion for travelling. But you will understand, won't you? Listen to me, to show me that I have your forgiveness."

Angelina raises herself on tiptoe and kisses him on the cheek, still holding her close to him; he turns to Van Armin.

"Love you a little sister like this, monsieur? No? Ah, I am sorry for you."

At that instant voices are heard first in the courtyard. The door opens on Firmin, behind whom loom the figures of several soldiers. Seeing the two men with Angelina, Firmin looks from Octavio to Van Armin. Taking the bill by the horns, Octavio says:

"What's the matter, my friend? Why this consternation?"
The lackey starts at his wide-eyed, making a visible effort to think, as if trying to remember something. Drawing himself from Octavio's embrace, Angelina asks him, with some impatience, "Firmin?"
"Firmin, then, Firmin! have you swallowed your tongue?"

"I...you...no..." stammers the lackey, pointing a hesitant finger at Octavio.

"Who now?" says Angelina severely. "Don't you recognize the gentleman? Didn't you show him on yourself?"

"Yes, señorita... Yes indeed, señorita..."
"Firmin, for the last time, I forbid you to drink... and have the carriage brought around." Following her orders to the letter, with the result, señorita... There are soldiers... They... they..."

The lackey makes a series of vague gestures in the direction of the hall, a servant of the French army presents himself on the threshold, salutes, and grins slyly at the three in their exotic costumes.

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"I beg to be excused," he says, "My men and I are major officers to look for an extremely dangerous fugitive. Do pardon me. I thought he might have taken refuge... So sorry to have disturbed you, but the service... A thousand pardons."

Surprised by Angelina's gaze, the lieutenant has about to stammer like Firsini, and finally takes his departure. Von Armin has remained silent, his head obsequious eye going from one to the other. He does not move until Firsini announces the carriage.

Dancing, minin, confetti, at the costume ball at Chapultepec castle, splendid uniforms, gilded chandeliers, high potentates -- Turkish, Arabian, Chinese, Moldavian... And among the geishas, in the arms of Octavio the troubadour, sways to the rhythm of a Viennese waltz, leaning back a little against her partner's arm, she smiles to Von Armin the baron, who at the moment is all the world to a lady disguised as a circus rider.

"How ~~sooth~~ we are, dear Count," says his partner, archly. "Could one be jealous of a brother just back from his travels?"

Von Armin would retort, but his lady has spun him into a whirlpool of pirouettes proper to a circus rider. Finally he manages to escape her, and sets out ~~him~~ in search of Angelina and Octavio. He finds them in the midst of a multicolored, multifaceted press of people, who, stirred by loud gaiety, are demanding a song of the troubadour -- since troubadour there is. Octavio would not yield to the crowd's vociferous wish, but a look from Angelina -- a look expressing her desire to hear him -- wins his assent. For a moment he remains pensive, as if still hesitant, as if looking for words, then bursts into a harpist song. At first the crowd covers, stayed by a moment of surprise and uneasiness, but so pure is the troubadour's voice, so enchanting the sonority of his guitar, that, their hearts melting within them, the Medians present impose silence on

those who are inclined to whisper. Von Armin is just about to protest against this song, when a suspicion crosses him, as prove intently as the singer, then at Angeline, and owing to a sudden decision he leaves the room, descends the broad staircase, and crosses the wide esplanade in front of the castle. A few moments later he is in conference with the military commander of the palace.

A half hour has elapsed when von Armin, having consulted with his superior, is back in search of Angeline and her "brother". He discovers them in the park, leaning elbow to elbow on a marble stone balustrade. Octavio's guitar is slung over his shoulder. He has already re-committed the exits of the palace; but, finding guards posted at each, has decided that it would be safer and simpler to escape in the confusion of the general departure an hour hence. Meanwhile the boy preferred the quiet retirement of the park to the brilliance -- and danger -- of the great hallroom. A vague smile flickers on von Armin's features when he accosts them:

"If I had a party bird, dear Angeline, I might think daily of the love that a ravishing young lady can feel for her brother... but such is not the case. Far from me any such thought. As for you, sir Troubadour, you have a fine voice... and ~~are~~ a still finer poet. Just as songs in the castle of His Majesty the Emperor! Oryzabal as you Mexicans say. I could have you arrested..."

Involuntarily, Angeline utters a low cry of fear. More smiling than ever, with an exaggerated solicitude, von Armin inquires:

"Why this emotion, dear Angeline?"

But, without waiting for her answer, he suddenly snatches at Octavio's left arm and tears open the sleeve of his jacket. A blousy handkerchief is wrapped around the troubadour's forearm. The two men stare at each other, cold and threatening. Under the pressure and the violent

moment, Octavio's arm begins to tremble.

"A very fine nerve indeed, Señor Octavio González Coyaqui," says von Arnon. "And a very fine lack of prudence. This time you will not escape."

Angelina wants to interfere, but without even dawdling her with a look, von Arnon raises his hand so tight to pull her aside. Octavio in turn puts his hand out to keep the austrian from touching the young woman — and in a flash the fight starts. Impressed by the General's words, von Arnon cannot profit by the advantage which his adversary's wound gives him. In a few seconds he finds himself ~~overwhelmed~~ on the other side of the table, halfstrangled.

"I shall bore back, Angelina..." says Octavio, taking her hand.

"Come back, Octavio, we come back..." she whispers.

The fitness him on the earth, he looks around to get his bearings, and plunges into the darkness. Having extricated himself from the scrubbery, von Arnon is giving the alarm to the soldiers posted at various points in the park. Running through the dark tree-bordered alleys, Octavio seems to throw off his pursuers. Although surrounded, he would no doubt have made good his escape had it not been for the loss of blood from his open wound. A bullet whistles by his ear, then others, but he does not obey the repeated ~~order~~ command to fall. He is completely exhausted when a blow from the butt of a rifle strikes him before the shoulder-blades and sends his face downwind. He struggles to get up again, but other blows nail him to the ground — bayonet blows in his body — mortally body. One of the soldiers gathers up the jacket which lies near the dead fugitive. "Hijo..." he says. "There I was just going to say: son!"

VII.

"So, there... retro the prince's guitar generalized a new rustic and added a note to the register of Este. I congratulate you for looking at the guitar the way you do. I don't blame you, because it's a precious mule you are holding to your breast. No, no, a little patient, young man. Only a short time ago, before the war, in Lima..."

VIII.

An elegantly dressed young woman comes to a halt before the entrance of a large hotel in the capital city of Peru. Her eyes fall on a poster advertising a series of concerts in a famous cabaret, the Miranda, to be given by Arturo Lopez Cris, renowned singer and guitarist who has returned to the country after two years of a triumphant concert tour abroad. After asking for information at the desk, she gets into the elevator, landing on the floor she has been told, she is about to ring the bell when the door opens. Not wishing to be seen, she steps aside and flattens against the wall. An old man, whose appearance brings his modest name, is leaving the suite. He pauses, his hand on the doorknob. His features are discomposed and his speech gives evidence of great excitement.

"What year?" he says, speaking to someone whom the young woman cannot see, but who she guesses to be Arturo Lopez Cris. "For two years you have left your son in my care — no, an old man with neither health nor fortune, and not once did you think to send your son a little money, not even enough ~~to~~ for a pair of shoes... and now, back in Lima, it didn't occur to you to come and see your child, or even to inquire whether he was alive..."

There is silence. Getting no reaction from the person he is talking to,

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addressing, the old man goes on in a trembling voice: "I can't enough
to have driven ~~your~~ my daughter, the mother of your child, to
suicide... nor you don't abandon your son to poverty... an orphan three
years old... Ah, I wouldn't touch a penny of yours if I had what I need
to raise my grandson honorably..."

"Finish your sermon, old fool!" comes the contemptuous answer voice
of Arturo Lopez Cruz. "And enough of your pretensions! I'll come and see
the little one this evening. Goodbye!"

The old man leaves the door open and goes off without a word. The
young woman waits till he is out of sight, then makes her presence known.
Arturo Lopez Cruz, who has just finished shaving and is drying his face
with quick dabs of the towel, shows a trace of disturbance at the sight
of his visitor. But recovers his composure, and an ambiguous smile comes
to his lips.

"Hello!" he says, continuing to dab his face. "Emilia Rosalba
Fuentes... What a charming surprise!"

Inert and immobile, the young woman looks at the singer with a coldness tinged with contempt. Under the weight of her look, Arturo emphasizes the bantering note in his voice.

"Charming as ever..." he continues, snapping his fingers. "Time
doesn't touch you, Rosalba. Is for me, time eats me up; you, it makes
you younger." As Rosalba maintains an embarrassing silence, a look of hard-
handed cynicism replaces his ambiguous smile. "Well, what can I do for
you? It seems to me I had given you to understand that all was over
~~between us.~~" He flings at the sleeves of the coat he had just put on.
"As I stand before you, I have become an elderly person. Old and
serious. Flirtations and love affairs no longer interest me..." Involuntarily he starts at the young woman as if appraising her figure. Despite
himself, Rosalba ~~wants~~ drives back. Her words are dry and biting:

"If I may recall a detail at the risk of sounding your playboy vanity, you will remember that it was I who broke off; it was I who dismissed you. But ~~sadly~~ afraid, I am not here to talk about our former relationship." She steps forward, and there is something hostile in her approach. "I have a request to make of you, not for myself, for your friend. For the man who was your best friend -- Doctor Germinal."

Ariane's look grows heavy. "Doctor Germinal..." he says, drawing out the name. "What's become of the worthy physician... does he still squander his life studying partitions? Is he still glued to his diabolical battles, between ourselves, he and very bright, poor Doctor?"

"Doctor Germinal is my husband, he is the father of my child."

The laugh freezes on Ariane's lips, then breaks out afresh. "Your husband!... Congratulations! You haven't done badly for yourself since... since I left you. Again, congratulations!"

Ariane's cheeks flush, but she controls herself with an effort. She sees by his eyes that he is appraising her as a wife -- another man's wife, her voice is flat and contains bites off her words. "Your congratulations ring false... I don't know of them. Doctor is -- he believes ~~that~~ you are a friend of his. You grew up together. Together you planned your future... in the name of your common friendship I used to ask you... to ask you, if you a little discretion, a little geometry, in his regard. Doctor is remote from the vulgarities of the world. You know very well how vulnerable he is. He would be terribly hurt if he were told about the past... so far as you and I are concerned, it would be needless cruelty to shatter his happiness. He knows that you are performing tonight at the Karlsruhe. He has told me how much he wants to come and hear you and give you his good wishes. He has reserved a table. I hope of you leaves nothing undone, nothing which would make him, however small, disappointed. And I assure you, Ariane, that I do not

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Meanwhile, I have no great confidence in your generosity. But if there is a spark of humanity in your heart, then don't trouble me with detractions now."

"What am I to do?" says Arthur, clutching his guitar. "It's very bad of good old命运, bless him! why should I want to hurt the poor man? Come now! Of course, of course, I like him a lot. And you too, Rosalba, it's very good of you, you wouldn't doubt it..."

He makes as if to get up, but around the young woman's waist and down her to him; but, devoid as he is of any moral sense, Rosalba's love restrains him. There are tears in her voice:

"I have often wondered how a great artist can dwell in a being like — like you. And I have often wondered how I ever could have loved you. You are the naughtiest, basest man in the world."

"Please don't worry," says the manager of the Théâtre, coming into the singer's dressing room. "The last announced you, and the audience is getting impatient. An audience worthy of a great jeweller. See to it that the guitar you take is about? What a good?"

"It's the very last! The breaking string this evening. It will bring luck to the Théâtre. Can you really see such an instrument fit for never in my life have I had such a guitar in my hands. That box won't be antiquarian old. I purchased it in an antiquarian's shop in Berlin City, the very day I left. With that to accompany you, I shall work miracles!"

Thus an intimacy, so despite the German's title. Several times he tries to catch Rosalba's eye, but she gives no sign of looking at him. On the other hand, Roser-Dernon does not conceal his enthusiasm, especially when Arthur gives him a friendly smile from the platform. So, when he has finished his performance and saluted those who called

for endores, his first visit is to Hector's table. He orders champagne, is introduced to the two or three persons who accompany the Sorceress. He seems joyous at seeing his friend Hector again.

"Arthur," says the scientist, "another time I fear you would have been forced to leave us... but now... my wife and I are joiningly: "Finally, Rosalie, I feel like playing a quarrel with you, like could anyone suspect Arturo's style?" Arturo's eyes hardened, and a waggish gleam came into them; but Hector, aware of the effect of his words, goes on: "Well, I maintain that he is a great artist, and I'll never tire repeating it. To your health, Arthur; to your happiness!"

"To the before, who does not care for my art," says Arturo, raising his glass. "And yet, if my memory serves me, your wife didn't always think so little of my songs. -- Do you, before?"

The look of hatred which Rosalie bestows on him does not escape her husband. He shots a glance of curiosity at the singer and at his wife, not knowing what to think.

"Well," says one of the guests at the table, "the other evening, as we were entertaining the Sorceress, I played one of your recordings... Rosalie did not seem to enjoy it very much, I recall."

"How tastes change," Arturo sighs. "I can remember the days when the before... when Rosalie -- you will allow me to call you Rosalie, won't you? -- when Rosalie couldn't hear enough of me. Ah, let us drink to fond memories... In those days one would have said Rosalie was in love with my voice."

"What's that? Does this mean something else?" asks Hector.
"Yes, we were very good friends... and I hope we shall continue to be... It is possible, my dear Hector, that Rosalie has never spoken of it. But maybe it's clumsy enough to seem indiscreet! Could the memory of my voice be so disagreeable to you, miss Rosalie, that you..."

Ah, Doctor, the ingratitude of women... Take ~~someday~~ the word of a man who knows!"

Disturbed and disconcerted, Doctor Serrano looks like a man who is trying to figure out the meaning of a double-edged pun. His hooded eyes contract more sharply. Arturo, sipping his champagne, leans comfortably against the back of his chair. "Saying the good fellow, one of the guests says stupidly:

"We know -- everybody knows -- about your amorous exploits, señor Lopez. But why boast? Surely doña Rosalba is not among your conquests."

"Don't make me reveal what it befits me to conceal," says Arturo over his glass, looking at Rosalba, who has stood up. "Discretion is the virtue of a gentleman, I was instructed this very afternoon. It surprises me, though, that doña Rosalba is ashamed of her old friendship... To your mutual happiness, amigo Doctor!"

Mector arises in his turn. He seems ridden with emotion and inner torment. Rosalba comes around the table and takes her husband by the arm. He makes no resistance. The guests stand up, silent and uneasy, turning their eyes from Arturo, who remains seated, holding his glass at the level of his lips.

"But in any case, Rosalba, the truth is..." he says, with sincerity in his voice and an ingratiating smile, "the truth is that we have been very much..."

"You... your singing... your guitar... a curse on you!" She seizes a glass from the table and throws its contents in the singer's face. "A curse on you..." she repeats, dragging her husband away. Waiters and maids-in-fact rush to the spot, wiping himself lightly with a napkin, Arturo has not lost his smile.

At the Marivella, about the hour of noon, among the polished tables

and chairs, two young women greet Arturo Lopez Cruz with exclamations of joy. They had been waiting to see him after the patrons left, and at last he is coming -- the singer with the marvelous voice, bearing his guitar and his commanding smile. "So terribly sorry to have kept you waiting," he calls guiltily in reply to their outburst. "Let's go, little girlie! Let's enjoy the fleeting hour!"

Putting their arms around him, pushing against him from many sides, the two women lead him out like a hero. On the sidewalk, Arturo hails a taxi. One of the women has already settled in the cab, when a white old man (his wife) comes running after her, shouting.

"Arturo, these women can wait -- your child mustn't!"

Trembling, the old man has put his hand on Arturo's furham. The second woman, who is about to get into the cab, exclaims:

"Arturo, my love," she says in the boozey voice of one who has drunk too much, "who is that grandpa?"

"A tramp; that's what he is," says the other woman, leaning out of the taxi. "Here, catch this, grandpa!"

He tosses him a coin, which rolls away in the gutter. Arturo shakes his arm loose and shoves the old man away.

"A mighty insistent tramp," he says, pushing the woman ahead of him into the cab. "Come on, get in, my pet...!"

Of a sudden the woman who has thrown the coin utters a cry. A knife blade flashes in the hand of the staggering old man. With all his weight he hurls himself on the singer, placing the blade in his throat. Dropping his guitar, Arturo remains standing a moment, then falls to his knees.

John, son of Dorothy, comes and disappears. Dorothy and Sophie, his wife and
Elisabeth, and their — Justice and Justice... The children begin to
cry, and the old man begins to cry, too. The old man will never
forget this moment. He says that this will never be forgotten because
he says: "And there, young man, is how our guitar stays faithful to its
destiny. So, don't make any hasty decisions... My story isn't finished.
Let me tell you the fifth exploit of this innocent guitar..."

"There'll be no fifth story!" said André in a voice which forbade
a reply. He had left his chair, holding the guitar as if it were a grenade
about to explode. Rosalind and Stock watched him with ill-concealed
awe, while José plunged hastily into his food. The silk collector smiled
benignly:

"I see you no longer want my guitar... Too bad, too bad... I would
have given it to you... Don't you really want me to tell you how it
brought a young Brazilian to his doom a year ago..."

"No, for God's sake, no more!" snarled André. "I won't have any-
thing to do with this guitar... I don't want to see it again!" He felt
as if caught in a trap, as if a noose were tightening around his neck.
The old man, with a hand behind his ear, listened with a kindly smile.
José's face was purple with terror and over-eating. Stock's mouth was
hung open. Rosalind's eyes gleamed behind a veil of tears. "But then...
Don't you want to hear the prince?" André said, fumbling
for words, his eyes questioning Rosalind as if she would surely know the
answer.

"Then I was just like the gipsy girl!" she gasped. "I said 'Yes,
but... nothing...' grunted the old man, rubbing his hands with satisfaction,
as though at last the conversation were taking a reasonable turn.

There was a long pause. André and Rosalind, facing each other,
seemed to be going through the long past which had been theirs in common.

Petro and Donita, Jorge and Dona Rita, Octavio and Angelina, Ariane and Noemíha, and now — Andris and Rosalind. The silence might have been drawn out indefinitely, but not the old man, fearful of being forgotten, stood up, intoning in a solemn prophetic voice:

"Far and wide... in many lands... wherever the guitar goes... it will draw you both after it... for so long... through so many lives..."

At that instant the girl who, on the bridge over the canal, had been Andris' delight and Andris' bad luck, walked rapidly up to the table. Seeing her, José blushed with pleasure. He was about to hasten to greet her, as if he were the man for whom she was looking, when she addressed the old gentleman:

"Grandfather! Where have you been? I've been looking for you for ~~several~~ hours!"

Holding the guitar which Andris had laid on the table, she looked inquiringly at the four persons present, then at her grandfather. The old man wore the expression of an artist caught in the wrong.

"Grandfather! Grandfather!" she exclaimed. "Have you been playing one of your unpleasant jokes again? Good heavens, can't you ever grow up?"

The old man laughed into his beard. The girl looked at the instrument on the table. "This guitar... why, it's..."

"It belongs to your grandfather, Mary," said Stock. "Tell him to keep it, tell him to take it away from here..."

"Oh yes, I recognise it now. Has grandfather been telling you stories about it?"

"Grandfather stories," said Rosalind.

There came to the girl's eyes. "Grandfather, you're incorrigible! Didn't you ever stop inventing those horrifying tales about your collection of instruments?" She looked at Andris. "You seem scared to death,

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Mr. Leon, please pay no attention to whatever you've heard from my grandfather. He's so attached to his instruments... for most part him... Our fear of being separated from them, he invents the most crazy things, stories of ghosts, witchcraft..."

Their faces lit up in a flash. Rosalind came over to Andre, putting her hand on his arm. Josi returned to his sitting. Stock burst into a laugh:

"Of course, of course, miss! Let for an instant did I take your grandfather's stories seriously. But between ourselves, what an imagination! And again between ourselves, you should persuade your grandfather to let before Andres Gregorio Castille de las Rocas keep his guitar, if only to make up for the fright he gave him. Even though the instrument is not so stained with blood as we were led to believe, it deserves to be in the hands of a great artist. How much?" he whipped out a check-book. "How much?"

The old man made a gesture of protest, but the girl had already taken the check which Stock gave her. "Let this be a lesson to you," she mimicked her grandfather. "Goodnight, everybody!" She pulled the old man along as she would a recalcitrant child. In the act of following grand-daughter ~~his grandfather~~ much against his will, he turned around at every step, as if in spite of hope he still hoped to get back his guitar. They were just about to disappear through the revolving door when the old man ran back, this time forcing his grand-daughter to follow him. Shuttering with disappointment, he said:

"At least... let me hear my guitar once more... Would you? Would you be kind enough?..."

"I'm afraid Stock, putting a finger on the guitar. "Before de las Rocas belongs to my stable now, and I forbid him to sing in restaurants."

not hold on, Sir? would you like me to tell you a story -- the fifth
story in the life of this guitar? The one you didn't get to telling yet?
The fifth murder, the fifth sword-thrust of the guitar? Do you know
wherein heart it will pierce the next time? The spectators? The audience?
For if you have a great deal of imagination, I, for my part,
have..."

"No, not!" the old man cried. "I can't stand murder and ghost sto-
ries, they keep me awake at night..." He looked with a sort of mock
terror at Anna and José at the tables, at Américo and Rosalind standing
behind Stock. "But please, Sir, just one song, before I see the last
of my guitar."

Stock's jaw was set in the hard expression of a businessman driving
a stiff bargain. He raised his arm in a gesture of refusal, almost
brushing aside the old man's pleading hands. But behind his back he rose,
with a soft stroke of his fingers across the strings of the guitar, soon
as the words of a love song. Stock's gesture was frozen in mid-air.
José's face lit up. The guests at nearby tables, only half understanding
what was taking place, but sensing the drama of the singer and the lovely
girl, began to gather around them. And as Américo rose to the refrain of
his song, Rosalind blended her high sweet voice with his.

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