

ct

All who are left

de
Raúl Hernández Garrido

traducción de
Albert David Hitchcock

(fragmento en inglés)

OMENS

(The face of the WOMAN is turned toward the water)

WOMAN

*I look out and into the water.
I see myself there, over the water.
My face bounces over the crystal
of its surface. I lean into myself,
I remember, I think. Carefully.
I could sink down through
this wet mirror.*

(The OLD MAN, in the half-light, still.)

OLD MAN

*I am tired, tired. My
legs don't support me any
more. They have gone on
almost fifty years. So many
things lived over this time.*

*So many things lost.
So many things lost.*

Fire.
Fire.
Fire.
A camera and a rifle.
The camera freezes the eye.
The rifle spits and the bullets whistle
Around the camera.
Fire.

Fire.
Fire.
Fire.
Fire.
Fire.
Fire.

Fire.

*The years pass, life. The young
man who I once was is no
longer alive.*

*Full of vim and vigor,
enough to survive two wars.
Enough to survive something
worse than war.*

*I lived hate, cruelty, and also
tenderness and compassion.*

I lived treason.

Fire.
 Fire.
 September 5, 1936.
 Cerro Muriano, Córdoba.
 What the eye doesn't see. What the camera
 captures.
 The sky: A gray stain. The earth:
 A prickly sea. Between the sky and the
 earth, a man falls. Dying.

*I'm looking for a man, Juan
 Cerrada. I imagine a tall and
 strong frame. I imagine him, but
 I can't see his face. I'm looking
 for Juan Cerrada, for the father
 I never knew.*

*Through the remembrances of
 others, I am looking in the past
 for the man I'll never know.
 I get up every day with nothing*

Fire.
 Fire.
 Fire.
 Fire.
 Fire.
 Fire.
 Fire.

*to do but think and remember;
 I get up enormously tired, I get
 up and my bones ache from
 exhaustion. I'm worn out from
 the time that's passed. Worn
 out from the time that's left.
 Worn out from talking, thinking.
 Worn out from looking through
 the window, to the other side,
 facing the sea. Worn out from
 seeing an empty road.*

September 5, 1936.
 Cerro Muriano, Córdoba.
 A rifle fires. A man dies.
 Federico Borrell García.
 A camera shoots. The image
 is frozen.
 Robert Capa.
 Cerro Muriano, Córdoba.
 September 5, 1936.
 1936-1939

At night, the sea turns choppy
 against the earth. Its silent roar
 resounds on the road.

Spain is divided in two halves,
 Irreconcilable
flesh against flesh
blood against blood

*When I was little, looking at
 my reflection, I would repeat
 his name over and over. I
 thought that if I repeated
 his name over and over,
 the water would bring him
 to me.*

Fire.
 Fire.
 Fire.

Juan Cerrada.
Juan Cerrada.
Juan Cerrada.

*In front of me there's an empty
 road. On it the shouts still
 resound, years later.*

*In the darkness live the
 ghosts of my solitude.*

*In the darkness live the ghosts
 of my solitude*

1936-1939.
blood against blood.

I live with my memory.

Thousands of stories
 Thousands of holes in which
 to look for reasons for a pain
 nearly forgotten.

Flesh against flesh
blood against blood

*Awaiting the day when I can
 forget, the day when they all
 have forgotten me.*

After so much time
 Why remember now?
 Remember in the name of
 whom?
 Offering a reminder to whom?
 To what end?

Flesh against flesh
blood against blood

*But, little by little, I forget.
 Fragments are erased, details.*

*If I could not forget. If I could
 not remember.*

Thousands of reasons to

forget
The same reasons to
remember

1936- The city is a barricade,
a trap and a slaughterhouse
this strange hell was our home
In the soulless city, a man
allows himself to be killed
before he will allow them
to find his family.
Flesh against flesh
blood against blood

*That's the worst pain. The loss
of one's face, of the shape of
your hand. Or forgetting a
turn of phrase or
the curve of one's handwriting
on paper.*

1937- Enclosed by the sea,
On the road
the airplanes and the cannons
of the armored ships wipe out
the refugees.

Flesh against flesh
blood against blood

*That face, that hand, that voice,
that writing, will never live
again. When I forget it. There
will come other faces, other
voices, other hands. But my
eyes don't wish to see them
any longer.*

1939- The earth is full of fugitives,
of deserters. But the death squads
don't rest.

Flesh against flesh
blood against blood

*I'm choking. There's no one
beside me. I'm alone. Alone.
Do you hear me?*

There's no one.

There's no one.

1941- Mauthausen. Hell exists
on earth

Fire.
Fire.

*No one. Darkness. Nothing
else. No one else with*

Fire.

*me.
No one and nothing except
the rain. And the footsteps
of those who flee, that so
long ago have been erased.*

I need air. I'm choking.

*There's no one beside me.
I'm alone.*

Alone. Do you hear me?

*And your shadow disappears
and I'm alone.*

Fire.
Fire.
Fire.

*It's raining. I'm in the dark,
and on the other side it's
raining. The water blurs the
view of the other side. The
rain distorts the road's profile,
filled with mud. And the sea
is diluted in the rain.*

*I'm looking for my father, I'm
looking for Juan Cerrada.*

*The time has passed. Now,
again I'm looking for you.*

*With the moonlight in my
eyes and my lips brushing
up against the water, I call
you now as I called you before.
I whisper your name three times.*

Juan Cerrada

Juan Cerrada

Juan Cerrada.

1936-1939

Men die and no one can
stop the earth from
embracing them.

*In the darkness live the
ghosts of my solitude.
I live and the memories.*

*In the darkness live the
ghosts of my solitude.
I live and the memories.*

DARKNESS

OLD MAN

I survived Mauthausen. I was locked up there, together with Jews, Poles, with Germans. We were all under the ruthless knife of the Nazis. And Spaniards, too.

YOUNG MAN

Am I alive? Why this darkness? Are you still alive? I hear your breathing. You *are* there. Talk to me. Tell me if I'm still living.

OLD MAN

There isn't anyone. I'm still here, alone. Alone!

YOUNG MAN

You're going to wake everyone up with your shouting. Be quiet or they'll come for us.

OLD MAN

I'm still shouting in my dreams, every night as though I were still there, in Mauthausen. I keep hearing the voices of the others. Although this may be Spain and forty years may have passed since then.

YOUNG MAN

There's a long road that ends in front of this window. But I'm still closed up in a barrack at Mauthausen.

OLD MAN

There's a long road that ends here. In front of this huge, immense window, opened to the sea, closed by the road.

YOUNG MAN

Through that window, only darkness enters. I need light. Light. It's starting to rain. There's a letter in the mailbox.

OLD MAN

"I'm a researcher in contemporary history and my field of study is the consequences of the Civil War on those who suffered defeat. I am currently developing a documentary project about what

occurred to those who, like you, experienced it all on the losing side. I'm very interested in arranging an interview with you and learning in the process about your war experiences, as well as how the Spanish and you as well survived imprisonment in a Nazi concentration camp."

...the consequences of the Civil War on those who suffered defeat...

Incredible stupidity... *those who suffered defeat...*

How's she found me? So much time has passed. I thought that I'd never again.... This letter... It scares me. After so many years... I don't know who that woman is. What's she after?

I ought to throw away these papers, forget about it all. For the time I have left, it makes no sense to get more involved. It's time now to rest. To forget.

She can't suspect anything. Really, what *did* happen? Nothing. What evil did I *do*? None. Let her come. I'll meet with her openly. Let her come, let her look, let her see and question me, she can go over it all, if she wants. Let her see that the only thing she'll find here is an old man with a short time left to live.

... very interested in arranging an interview... ... your experiences in the war... ...a Nazi concentration camp...

YOUNG MAN

In the bottom of a well. A black and deep well. It's strange I can keep breathing, when it's so deep, so black. It's strange two such different people can share so much. If I breathe, you breathe. If I move my hand, you move yours. Open the door. If you were to open it, I would open it. If you were to go out, I would go out. To the sunlight. To the rain. I'm enclosed in your enclosure. I want to go out, I want to live.

OLD MAN

An old man facing this road.

YOUNG MAN

I'm going to open the door to the street. Open the door.

OLD MAN

I've concealed myself from the world. And now, once more, the world is knocking at my door. Someone's threatening to open that door and the entire world will follow behind.

YOUNG MAN

Open it, wide open. Do you hear me? You need to leave the windows wide open, so that the air can come in and the light can burn it all up. Yes. You hear me.

OLD MAN

No one's talking. I don't hear anything.

YOUNG MAN

I'm here, with you.

OLD MAN

There's nobody here. Nobody. No one's come in. The doors are closed. The windows are closed, and nobody's going to open them.

YOUNG MAN

And on the road you'll see men and women, children and old people, falling under the weight of the machine gun fire. That's what you always say.

OLD MAN

No one can get into this house. I don't want anyone coming in.

YOUNG MAN

They're simply ghosts. They're not even your own ghosts. Me, I'm here. Even if you ignore me, I'm always here.

OLD MAN

I can't breathe. I'm choking. I feel a fire inside.

YOUNG MAN

Fire. This room, the chair you can't get out of, the entire house, you and I. A fire inside.

No, nothing's burning.

You ought to sleep more at night. At your age, you need to take care better care of yourself, or let someone care for you. The years go by for everybody. Let me get you dressed, like a child. Now aren't you better? It isn't good for someone your age to live by yourself.

OLD MAN

Let me die in peace.

YOUNG MAN

You cling to life like a curse. You've always survived. You've gotten out on your own two feet, not from just one, but various hells, so you're not going to die so easily *now*.

OLD MAN

We hadn't spoken to one another in a long time.

YOUNG MAN

You hadn't thought about me for a long time.

OLD MAN

Don't make a martyr out of me.

YOUNG MAN

Memories hurt. Do you hear the wind?

OLD MAN

I don't hear anything.

YOUNG MAN

The wind. It's howling. Does it remind you of anything? It's raining.

OLD MAN

The rain has more pity than you.

QUESTIONS

OLD MAN

Have you been here long?

WOMAN

I'm sorry to have awakened you.

OLD MAN

It's *I* who should be apologizing. You haven't had much of a welcome, waiting here for such a long time.

WOMAN

I just got here.

OLD MAN

I can see you've gotten nervous, not finding anyone. After the long trip you've just made. Quite uncomfortable, no? So much effort, so much trouble, to what end, I don't know. You shouldn't have troubled yourself.

WOMAN

It'll be worth the trouble, I know.

OLD MAN

Please, have a seat if you'd like. There's a chair behind you.

(The OLD MAN points without getting up.)

WOMAN

Thanks.

OLD MAN

Help yourself. The cupboard's full. There's an herb liqueur. But with this heat you might want something more refreshing. I made a pitcher of ice tea. It's probably still cold.

WOMAN

Thanks. I'll pour myself a glass of water.

OLD MAN

I have cherries. Try them, there they are, in a bowl beside the water.

WOMAN

Very appropriate. Thanks very much. They're delicious. Very sweet.

OLD MAN

Thank the cherry tree. There are things that go beyond our most rational explanation, don't you think?

WOMAN

Yes, it's seems quite strange.

OLD MAN

You seem to me to be a very intelligent woman. You've managed to find out something about me, and you've figured out where I live after all this time.

WOMAN

When one interviews a witness, it always leads to information about others, although you have to be patient about finding it. What's left is to connect one story with another one, one fact with another, and there you are.

OLD MAN

Ana, you don't have anything to do with the police, do you?

WOMAN

Of course not. There's no connection at all. And naturally I'm not a cop myself, or anything like one. There are other kinds of investigations besides the police type.

OLD MAN

You've rushed to get here. There are things that can be resolved from a distance, saving yourself the trouble. What is it you want from me?

WOMAN

I've been with people who know you. And they've spoken a great deal about you. Everything that happened to you is of interest to me. But I need to know it firsthand. A whole lot of details need to be confirmed. I know how important a collaboration with you would be to my project.

OLD MAN

Why?

WOMAN

You survived a German concentration camp. Mauthausen.

(Silence)

Afterwards, you dared to return to Spain in the middle of the postwar era, in the roughest time period of the Franco regime. You showed incredible audacity.

OLD MAN

Really, I see that you know a lot about me.

(A moment of tense silence, which the OLD MAN breaks by clearing his throat.)

WOMAN

The best thing would be to get started now, before it's too late.

OLD MAN

It's been a hard day for me. Please, let's drop it.

WOMAN

I won't take much of your time.

OLD MAN

I'm sorry.

WOMAN

If you could offer me just an hour. It'll take a bit of effort, I realize. But I will be as delicate as possible.

(The OLD MAN gets up with great difficulty from his corner, without showing any sign of following the conversation. The WOMAN takes a business card and an envelope out of her purse. She offers them to the OLD MAN. But he waves her off.)

Look!

OLD MAN

What do you want to show me?

WOMAN

This is my research card from the National Library. And in this letter of introduction you'll find that everything I've told you is true.

(The WOMAN hands it to him, but the OLD MAN, with a gesture of rebuff, stops her before she can get near.)

OLD MAN

I'm not interested.

WOMAN

But you can see the university stamp.

(A tense pause. The WOMAN puts away her things in the purse. She closes it. She looks at the OLD MAN.)

Call me, please, at the number on the card. You can verify everything I'm telling you.

OLD MAN

I have no reason to call or speak with anyone.

WOMAN

Mr. Cerrada, I'm asking you to grant me this interview.

OLD MAN

Don't press the matter.

WOMAN

I'm not leaving here. There are many people for whom your story would be of great use. You owe it to them.

OLD MAN

I owe *what* to *whom*? Don't make me laugh.

WOMAN

I believe in what I'm doing. I believe that it's necessary. That after so many years of silence, you have to give voice to those like you, who've lived under repression. People who through the war have been forced into exile, into other wars and even into the horrors of the Nazis. Like *you*.

OLD MAN

The wounds never heal. It's better not to reopen what's past and forgotten.

(The WOMAN smiles.)

WOMAN

We're in September of 1983. Freedom has come back to Spain. There's a constitution, political parties. People can think, read, and write whatever they wish, they can talk freely in the streets, without feeling like they're being watched. It's time to remember. Without fear.

OLD MAN

I'm not as young as you. Seventy years, almost seventy years old. I could be your father. From what I hear, things aren't as clear out there as you say. Terrorist attacks, police riots, fascist groups leading assaults in the streets. And a coup.

WOMAN

In time all of that will pass. They're simple tremors, temper tantrums that mean nothing now. The attempted military coup meant nothing. The socialists, just a few months later, won the elections.

OLD MAN

Are you a socialist?

WOMAN

No.

OLD MAN

You couldn't be an anarchist?

WOMAN

Anarchism is a thing of the past.

OLD MAN

So, communist. There are still some of them left, too many of them.

(The WOMAN hesitates briefly, observing the OLD MAN's disdainful tone.)

WOMAN

No. I don't belong to *any* party. The only card I carry is the one you saw before, from the National Library.

OLD MAN

I'd like to know what it is you're *really* after.

(The OLD MAN talks to himself.)

Too many years have passed. Spain has changed. Europe, the whole world. I'm almost not of this world. Everything that I've lived has died. Some time ago I stopped asking myself questions. The only thing I hope is to be left alone.

(The OLD MAN and the YOUNG MAN speak.)

There was no need for me to respond to her letter. There was no need for me to allow her into my house.

YOUNG MAN

Take a deep breath. If you want, I can get you something to drink. You could use it.

OLD MAN

You can't give me anything to make me feel well. You can't give me anything. I shouldn't be talking to you now. I can't make out your face. Why not?

YOUNG MAN

I remember how we used to talk about certain things... About cherries. Do you remember?

OLD MAN

I remember *everything*.

YOUNG MAN

Everything?

OLD MAN

Yes.

YOUNG MAN

I don't think you can remember everything.

OLD MAN

I remember, it's ingrained in my head. The barracks, the path full of mud. The hunger and the fatigue. The quarry. The corpses. The ovens. The ash. The ash. I can't make out your face. This road. Do you remember the road?

YOUNG MAN

I can't remember it.

OLD MAN

I get up every day and see it. It makes me incredibly exhausted. To think that right here, so long ago, everything happened that happened.

YOUNG MAN

An empty road.

OLD MAN

Thousands of refugees, fleeing.

YOUNG MAN

A sky that's always blue.

OLD MAN

Clouded over by a squadron of airplanes flying flush with the ground.

YOUNG MAN

The sea splashing the road. The waves, with their purring.

OLD MAN

And the shouts of the children, and the mothers raising their hands against the sky and the sea, and the old people falling silently.

YOUNG MAN

An empty road facing the sea.

OLD MAN

My ears worn out from the boom of the mortar shells striking from the sea, shot from the warships.

YOUNG MAN

Calm yourself. You mustn't get so nervous. Tomorrow is another day.

(The YOUNG MAN approaches from behind the OLD MAN's chair, and kisses him)

on the head.)