

# TELEFÓNICA

by Ilsa Barea-Kulcsar

sample translation

by Jamie Bulloch

## **In place of a dedication**

I have just read about the surrender of Madrid in the newspaper. General Franco's troops have entered the city. The women and children in the streets begged the soldiers for bread, the men asked for cigarettes. The flag of Nationalist Spain was hoisted to the top of the telephone exchange, the skyscraper most targeted by shells and bombs during the years of the siege... That was pretty much the sum of the terse report.

Outside my room I can see a green lawn, which is beginning to be veiled by a soft mist. A thrush is sitting on the fence. In the hedge a choir of small birds are making a racket. The yellow trumpets of the daffodils are gently swaying. I am in England. But louder than the crackling of the damp wood in the fireplace is the droning of the aircraft engines. Three black birds gliding low and slowly across the peaceful horizon. Practice flights or air patrol? They have time to train their airmen here because Madrid surrendered only yesterday rather than two and a half years ago.

Soon nobody will understand how things were. Legends will arise, obscuring those living or already dead who refused to fall into line and did not surrender because they did not think it was right. During those months I lived in the Telefónica building in Madrid. By depicting the inner truths rather than documenting historical fact, my aim is to make those people come as alive in a book as they exist in my mind today. For that reason it is pointless for me to dedicate this volume to them.

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The ugly buildings of Madrid are transformed into a wonderful city when the evening light makes them shimmer, awesome blocks in front of the dusky hills, or when the white midday

sun paints them as dazzling, smooth surfaces with narrow edges of shadow on a firmament that glows a deep dark blue.

In these moments the American skyscraper of the Telefónica loses its fussy ledges and turrets and becomes the fortress of this heavenly city.

The Telefónica was Madrid's landmark and watchtower during those first few months of the siege when the people transcended the petty worries and small acts of bravery in their individual lives and coalesced into a fighting folk. Within the tall concrete walls of the Telefónica this community of life and death, which nobody could escape, was incredibly close and warm, for those who lived and worked there felt on sentry duty for death. And yet over the course of these months nobody died in Madrid's Telefónica, while the building itself lived on, its body sporting a hundred shell holes.

Its windows faced the front line. At its feet lay sandbags. And from the tower of the Telefónica, in the evenings before the darkness came without illumination and the night-time battle began, we saw our agonised, war-torn Madrid shining as a bodiless, timeless stronghold.

Ilsa Barea

Hertfordshire, 29<sup>th</sup> March 1939

Note on the translation: Augustin is based on Arturo, Pepa is his wife, Paquita his mistress, and Anita is Ilsa who joins them later.

## I

‘Is it true that when you hear the shell whistling you can’t get hit anymore?’ Johnson asked.

As he wandered down Calle de Alcalá with Simms and Warner, it felt as he were traversing an unexplored jungle. It was November 16<sup>th</sup>, 1936. Johnson was in Madrid and his editorial office was expecting from him a series of reports about the defence of the city and its impending capture.

‘Yes, it is true,’ young Warner answered. It was a scrap of reassurance he liked to cling to himself. ‘At least I hope it is.’ His mouselike face with its animated eyes was filled with inner tension; every muscle was jostling beneath his skin. Warner had already been in Madrid for three months working as a war reporter.

They heard a muffled explosion from somewhere.

‘That’s towards Plaza de Callao,’ Simms said. After having lived in Madrid for five years, he knew and loved every street in this city. ‘Large-calibre, sounds like ... No, that thing about the whistling is just a myth. Don’t rely on anything. You can never tell if you’ll be hit by a shell or not.’

They continued on their way in silence.

‘Was that a shell just now?’ Johnson asked. His refined, intellectual’s face beneath straw-blond hair merely expressed curiosity, but inside he was at a sheer loss. ‘What on earth have I got myself mixed up in?’ he wondered.

Warner thought it was a shell, but he opted to say, ‘No. And by the way, Johnson, if you hear an explosion nearby, throw yourself on the ground.’

‘That’s what everyone’s told me. But surely it would ruin my suit,’ Johnson said. That must sound really pretentious, he thought, then added, ‘Well, it *is* my first day in Madrid.’

They turned into the Gran Vía.

‘That’s the Telefónica over there,’ Warner said. ‘You know, the telephone exchange. Belongs to the Americans, but was commandeered by the Republicans and is now under the control of the military authorities. Take a good look at it, Johnson. That’s where you’ll be spending most of your time from now on. It houses the press and the censors. It’s the tallest building in Madrid and the top target for the Nationalists.’

Johnson gazed at the tall white block with its conventional little tower on the roof.

‘Why do the press work from there if the building is so vulnerable?’ he asked, thinking of his girlfriend Anita, who today had started at the Telefónica as a censor – a disagreeable job! – and so was now a target.

‘It’s the only place we can telephone abroad,’ Simms said. As taciturn as ever, he walked beside Johnson with long, languid steps. ‘That’s why they set up an office for us. At any rate it’s safer than having to navigate these streets with every little message. It’s not a pleasant stroll.’

‘Besides, the Telefónica is the general staff’s observation post,’ Warner said, forever having to prove how well informed he was because his colleagues did not take him seriously on account of his youth. ‘If you keep an eye on what’s going on inside the building you can construe all manner of things. But the censors are stupid and the anarchists are paranoid about informers.’

A long, drawn-out whistling. The three men tensed every nerve in preparation for the explosion.

But none came. Just a dull thud. A small cloud of dust flew up from one of the roofs opposite.

‘A dud,’ Simms said. ‘Would have been pretty bad for us otherwise. The shrapnel flies a long way.’

Little Warner was slightly red in the face. 'I'm always glad to get this walk over with,' he said.

Johnson shook himself like a dog getting out of water. Looking at the people passing by – soldiers in cobbled-together uniforms, girls in high heels with complicated curly hairdos and lurid lipstick – he said, 'Do you get used to it?'

'It's only been this bad for nine days, since November 7<sup>th</sup>. I can't say yet,' Simms replied. His gaunt face with its unexpectedly dark eyes had remained stoical.

'Are you afraid?' Johnson asked, eager to get a hold on this strange atmosphere.

'Everyone's afraid!' Warner exclaimed. 'You'll soon see what Madrid is – if Franco gives you the time. Everyone is just confused on the first day, the seriousness comes later.'

'Let's hurry up,' Simms said.

The explosion came out of the blue, unheralded by any whistling. Like a thud at first, then the bang itself, followed by the blast wave, the rattling of glass, and chips of stone falling to the ground. All of them felt it in their bodies: their hearts quaked and their brains stopped, in anticipation of the unknown.

Warner threw himself to the ground, Simms pressed himself into a shop doorway. Johnson found himself alone, his pulse racing and a tightness in the pit of his stomach, alone on a suddenly empty pavement. Thirty metres further on a sluggish black cloud came rolling down the street, expanded and dissipated into grey smoke.

'So that was a shell,' he told himself out loud. Through the grey smoke he could see dark figures moving. People emerged from everywhere, from every door in the street and hurried away. He heard shouting he couldn't understand and felt terribly alone.

'My baptism of fire as a war reporter,' he said to Simms with astonishment in his eyes. 'I wasn't that scared.'

‘Quick, we might have a few minutes now,’ was all Simms said. Warner was already hurrying on ahead.

‘Is it like this every day? How do people put up with it?’ Johnsons said, slightly out of breath.

‘They do.’ Simms, tall with long, scrawny limbs, walked with uniform, measured steps and talked without any haste. ‘We’re here for newspapers. The Spaniards for their lives.’

Toxic smoke still hung in the air and dusk had filled the street with a cloudy grey; everything was like a bad dream.

‘Someone’s been hit!’ Warner called out, having stopped. Beside the shattered stones on the pavement where the shell had landed was a small, dark puddle.

‘Don’t step in it. I did once and it made me feel quite sick,’ Warner said softly.

‘How far is it to the Telefónica?’

‘A few minutes. A few hundred metres. That’s quite a way. Let’s go,’ Simms said.

Johnson noted that they walked more slowly than before, not faster. Are we trying to prove to ourselves we’re not scared? he wondered and then said, ‘Material for my first article. A different world.’

‘An alien world,’ Warner said. ‘We never fully understand them. Eight days ago we bet that Madrid is going to fall overnight. They can’t believe victory is possible so why don’t these people just call it a day?’

‘Come on, Johnson, how about a whisky?’ Simms said, leading the way as they entered the crammed bar of Hotel Gran Vía. ‘Let’s drink to the health of the Telefónica building and hope it isn’t hit once too often.’

Sitting around the semi-circular bar table were some noisy soldiers and a few girls – not especially pretty, too much make-up, Johnson thought. He heard a rattling and couldn’t

tell whether it was machine-gun fire or a motorcycle. Nobody turned around. Only Simms noticed his raised eyebrows and said, 'That's the front. A kilometre and a half down the road. If not less. But today's a quiet day.'

'A quiet day, a quiet day, all quiet on the western front,' Johnson said. 'I think the entire world goes slightly mad in wartime. So, today is a quiet day to welcome me to Madrid. I'm beginning to learn Spanish.'

They drank. All the others on the tall barstools drank wine. They made a lot of noise. Johnson was annoyed that he couldn't understand a word and felt angry at the unintelligible foreigners.

'How do you find out the official news?' he asked.

'Your best bet is to go into the Telefónica and then take a stroll to the front line. But the big story is here, Johnson, in these people and in these streets behind the front.' Simms briefly became animated. 'And in the Telefónica.'

'Let's get across the road before the battery opens fire again. Didn't you hear the last bang, just now?' Warner shouted above the racket. He'd been standing in the doorway and came hurrying back to the bar table.

They were soon in the street and crossed it swiftly. 'I didn't hear anything. I'm not sufficiently familiar with the sounds of war,' Johnson said, slightly apologetically. 'Is there always a break like this between shellings?'

'We like to assume so,' Simms replied dryly.

From one moment to the next the fog became thicker. 'They don't shoot much when it's dark, just a few exploratory ones,' Simms said as they wandered along the tall, smooth façade of the Telefónica and turned the corner.

Automobiles in a narrow street, lots of people on the pavement, a guard, a small door in a massive entrance. They stepped into the lobby of the Telefónica.

‘We’re home,’ Simms announced. He said something in Spanish to a rough, unfriendly man with a heavy lower jaw and flat nose. ‘This chap’s an anarchist official who checks everyone who comes in for weapons. But we’re press. I gave you authorisation, Johnson.’

A muffled explosion rattled the panes of the glass door and shook the walls slightly. The large number of people in the spacious hall – men, women and children – were all talking chaotically at once. But nothing else happened apart from a man picking up the internal telephone and speaking to someone.

‘Just the eaves,’ Simms said, who’d been listening.

‘Has our building been hit?’ Johnson asked. Looking from one Spanish face to another, he couldn’t understand anything of what he saw. How did people live in the Telefónica?

It’s a different world, he thought, giving himself the answer.

## II

It was a damp, frosty night without moon or stars. The evening fog had lifted, but the air remained saturated and tinged with it.

As the window was open, no lights were on in the office of the Telefónica’s commandant. Agustín Sánchez leaned over the railings and tried peering down at the Gran Vía. The broad street canyon was filled with such an impenetrable darkness that he felt as if he were leaning against a solid body.

The reports of rifle fire came at short intervals from the nearest front line. A waste of munitions, nervousness, he thought. The news did not sound good, very uncertain. He ought to have driven to the ministry of war rather than telephone them. Today was a relatively calm

day, so he could not expect the general to come here. And he would work through the night, squeezing in his brief nap breaks, without knowing exactly what the situation was and how much further the enemy had advanced. It was actually quite a good thing that he had no time to sleep, for uncertainty always brought his pessimism to the fore, and in bed he would have been tormented by nightmares. Whenever he knew the worst and could see that it wasn't as bad as he had secretly feared, he was filled with a courage that verged on cheerful, which the others did not understand and interpreted as exceptional bravery. Maybe he would feel like this today too if he had driven to the general staff and found out why it was so quiet at the front instead of racking his brains over the matter.

And yet, even if he did have a few really free hours, even were he not a slave to duty, he would have not wanted to leave the Telefónica building. Here the stairs were familiar even in the darkness. Here he would have been done away with long ago had one of the many hundred workers and employees wanted to take the opportunity. Which meant that here he was safe. Here was the work that kept him sane. Outside he was assailed by fear and anger, his city had become alien to him, the people unfathomable.

It's all madness, he thought, and we're all probably going to perish. But the others will too. Why do I bother working like a lunatic, why don't I just pick up my revolver and shoot a few of the bastards dead before it's all over? My old cowardly fear of bloodshed. All of this is so wrong, life could be so lovely.

Shit, I keep thinking this through so I can listen to myself, but it's all different and much more difficult. I don't fully understand anything anymore, so what's left but to heed one's own thoughts? I'm just so tired. The workers' council will give me more tasks. Yes and no, what should I do about them? They might be right. But these anarchists and communists. Have they nothing else to worry about? I do. I know only too well where the new battery is that shelled us.

What beautiful shrapnel that was. Like a rose.

Hopefully Paquita won't have noticed that I'm free for half an hour.

She shouldn't come up here. It's not worth it. I don't want her to. I've work to do.

That little lass in the basement with the refugees from Carabanchel has great breasts, with nipples that stand to attention – I bet she's on heat. I don't have a clue what's wrong with me. I'd love to sleep with a woman, but my head doesn't want to, which means I don't have the desire. Well, it's not so important. But four weeks. I haven't been that long without a woman since I had pneumonia. Paquita is a right minx. She deliberately makes it difficult for me. And since Pepita arrived in the building today – I shouldn't have let her come to the Telefónica. It's sheer hysteria with her. But what was I to do?

Today their shelling is irregular. Lots of shrapnel, which means they're homing in on us. That one was better aimed – if they're trying to hit us.

I ought to go down and see how Pepita and the children have settled in. Terribly, no doubt, as ever. But there's nothing more I can do on this count. And I don't want her hanging around my neck again. It just works her up even more and I don't want any more. Surely the women must understand that I can't and I don't want to and that we're at war. Yes, it's an excuse on my part. Or is it? I don't know anymore, I don't understand anything any longer, I don't know what's to become of my life. But so what? We're all going to die anyway.

'We're all going to die,' Agustín said out loud and laughed. For he was never afraid of death. Only of pain and muck.

He had fourteen hours of the most intensive work behind him and a mountain of work ahead of him, little of which could be passed on to his deputy. So long as his superior, the colonel, stayed in Valencia, the entire military administration of the Telefónica lay in his hands. Agustín was beginning to understand the magnitude of his responsibility. These telephone wires were the only threads connecting Madrid to the outside world. There was

every potential for sabotage. On the top floor of the building the general staff had its central observation post. There was every potential for spying. Sabotage and spying: every last official in the Telefónica was gripped by the fear of these two unknown variables.

The Telefónica had thirteen storeys and two basement levels. Deep under the ground were the refugees from the outlying suburbs and surrounding villages of Madrid. On the thirteenth floor was the artillery observation post. In between, squeezed into the rooms on twelve floors, was the machinery of the telephone network for the whole of Spain and at the same time a cross-section of Madrid under siege: other refugees; workers; policemen; military policemen; a first-aid station; officials; the observation officers of the general staff, anxiously cut off from all communication; a foreign body, isolated and currently sidelined by state control, representatives of the American capitalists who owned the Telefónica and the telephone monopoly in Spain; the military office, the highest administrative authority in the building, in which Agustín sat alone; a dining hall; emergency beds in every possible room for the people on night shift; an army of telephone operators, some of whom slept in the building to avoid having to go to and from work in a shower of shells; on the fourth floor the journalists from the foreign press; on the fifth the press censors, department of the foreign ministry, and the censor-in-chief, committee of Telefónica officials; in-between, machines and more machines, expensive and virtually irreplaceable; then the union rooms, the workers' council – Consejo Obrero – and its institutions; the placards of the organisation; the materials for repairs; technical life, political life, military life, typewriters and periscope binoculars. And, through the entire building, the five massive lift shafts, and the narrow spiral staircase that was lethal when you were in a panic. All of this was now the target of the fascists' cannon and aircraft bombs.

They're right to try to destroy us, Agustín thought. We're one of Madrid's nerve centres. The little brain. Even though the journalists no doubt think of themselves as the big

brain. A ridiculous, vain bunch: they're given too much freedom. What are they doing flogging sensational stories at our expense? They're all the same, these foreigners, everything's just business. The censors are useless. That's a repugnant business too of course. What's that short, oleaginous censor with the missing tooth called? He fits the bill. The boss is an upright old man, but he's too nice. The journalists do as they please with him. I'm going to weigh in. The censors who monitor conversations are donkeys. They don't understand half of what they hear and always come to me with their suspicions when the story is totally harmless. They miss all the dangerous stuff, of course.

I'm back to normal, Agustín thought. If the women don't give me a headache and if I manage to avoid brooding over what all of this means, I'll work pretty well tonight.

He closed the window and carefully pulled the black cotton of the curtain over it before switching on the dim desk lamp, filtered blue. His telephone rang; the building's architect wanted to talk to him about adapting washrooms for the refugees.

He was just about to fix an appointment for the following morning when Paquita came into the room without knocking or saying hello. He gave her a nod and, without thinking, fired a random technical question down the phone. Agustín's mind was distracted by imagining the inevitable scene to come: he – overworked and friendly, she – pushy and unrestrained. So passionate that he would be on the verge of succumbing yet be held back by a resistance that was too strong. He was paralysed by dull exhaustion. Just make sure, somehow or other, that nothing happens. Yes, something would have to change, but right now he did not care how or when this would happen.

The architect sounded astonished on the phone. Comandante Sánchez was usually so shrewd in technical matters. He started to explain as clearly and simply as he could.

Meanwhile Paquita sauntered through the room. Deliberately slowly, swinging her hips in the way she had always done since teasing out of Agustín that he loved the curve of

her waist and was captivated by how she moved. She knew she could not do much with her face – long, fleshy and regular features, wide-open, bulging eyes. Agustín must see her body, watch it. Why did he have such a tortured face like a martyr, tense nostrils, narrow shadows beneath his cheekbones and on his temples, and a harsh expression on his mouth?

He sat in the armchair, which to him seemed like a barricade against Paquita. It was made of crudely carved wood and impossible to get cosy in. But he was following her with his eyes. Noticing this, she circled the room along the walls, feeling the books and always putting one foot just in front of the other. This made her hips swing nicely. And the sparse light muted the bold coarseness of her features.

Agustín gave a rather scornful laugh, but the sinews in his lean, angular jaw tensed. He said into the telephone, ‘It would be best if you came up here, right now. That would give me time to go down with you into the basement before my meeting with Valencia.’ Then he hung up.

Paquita leaned back against the bookcase and said, ‘Oh, your wife will be most pleased if you pay her a visit. At least she won’t then have to come up here later for money. And after the meeting you’ll have time for forty winks in the small sitting room. My shift finishes at two in the morning. I’ll come up after that, okay?’

She was very direct, for she knew she had little time to talk, and for several days she had sensed Agustín slipping away from her. In truth she had felt this for the past half year and fought against it with all means at her disposal. But it had become serious over the past month. He had not been to bed with her in all that time. Nor with any other woman; she was able to keep a very close check on his private life. He claimed he could not have a private life anymore. But she did not believe him; most of the men around here went through more women in wartime because they wanted to live life as fully as possible. The fact that Agustín’s wife, Pepa, had arrived in the building today was further reason to get him into bed

soon, otherwise he would end up doing it with Pepa. In his hunger. For her keen eyes could see he was hungry for a woman; he must surely have the same fire in his belly as she, Paquita did. Or he would go with one of the many girls in the building. All of them wanted it, the little whores. But Paquita had an advantage: he spoke to her regularly, not to the others. It was strange how much this talking and being understood meant to him, and yet it was so incidental. But that was how he was, and so she had to get him talking before the damned architect arrived. For he had not yet asked her to come and see him tonight.

[...]

### III

At eight o'clock a shell struck the eighth floor. It was nothing: 7.5 centimetres. It hit the windowsill of the façade, where it exploded. Slivers of wood and cement flew into the room along with the broken windowpane. Some embedded themselves in the wall opposite, others bored into the thick oak cupboard, but most lacked momentum and fell to the floor. The room was just one of many administrative offices that now stood empty. In itself, then, an unexciting shell.

The floor representative inspected the damage. He noted two not insignificant details which enabled him to infer that either the battery had changed its angle of fire or the enemy had set up a new battery. 'It's the left-hand side of the window frame,' he told his orderly. 'They've changed the direction. But what were they thinking of, firing a single shell at this time of night? I'd better tell the *comandante*.'

Manuel Garcia had been in charge, the *responsable*, for only a few days. He was one of the foremen of the repair team. But they had done no external work since November 6<sup>th</sup>.

The few materials that were in Madrid were used for the military lines and the war authorities' new telephone exchanges. Manuel's group of electricians and mechanics, who carried out repairs on the capital's telephone network, were waiting in vain for a delivery of materials. At the moment it was still possible to substitute using the tricks of combining and switching lines. But they would not be able to continue like this for much longer. Besides, Manuel did not feel very suited to working in the Telefónica; he was used to fresh air and the community spirit of his team. But the union – the UGT – had put him in charge of the eighth floor because it housed the military chancellery and commander's office, and they did not want any anarchists around. Good chaps, Manuel himself thought, but you never know what they're up to.

Awaiting him right now was the job of checking the entire floor, for people and things. Then he would go to see Sánchez. Comandante Sánchez was somewhat difficult to understand, withdrawn and aloof, but he was an old unionist. A diligent man and not cowardly; on November 7<sup>th</sup> he could have, like so many, cleared off to Valencia, but had voluntarily stayed in Madrid. He lacked, however, customary friendliness and was always so tense. Manuel assumed that Sánchez would inevitably clash with Pedro Solano from the workers' council. Pedro regarded the commander as an unreliable element because, as a head of department and engineer in a factory before the Civil War, he had worked in the service of the capitalists.

Manuel thought differently, but he was keen to know the man better before coming to a definitive judgment. Maybe he would be able to discuss the international situation with him too. Sánchez knew more than most about this, and Manuel was tormented by the idea that democracies and international workers' solidarity might fail. 'It can't happen,' he said out loud again, as he started searching amongst the shell fragments for the detonator, which would give the clearest indication of where the shot came from. The detonator had flown

elsewhere, maybe onto the street. But there was a shell fragment with a distinct trademark. Must be German – what else? – but the *comandante* would know; he was an old artilleryman.

Manuel went into the small room that gave him the illusion of having the luxury of a private bedroom in the Telefónica and ran a comb through his unruly black hair. In one layer of his mind he was formulating his report for the commander, but beneath that he was weighing up again whether the battery's different shooting angle posed a new threat to his window. No, nor to that of the commander. But one could never tell. He looked in the mirror, for he set great store by his appearance: very thick black eyebrows; astonishingly light-brown, cheerful eyes; strong, straight nose; broad, firm mouth; very swarthy skin; chin too rounded and fleshy. His navy-blue shirt made him appear even darker. He liked the way he looked and vaguely remembered the compliments from that little blonde – peroxide blonde! – who was so funny and was becoming a bit of a shared amenity in the building. He really did think of the term 'shared amenity', avoiding the far more accessible word *puta* – whore. For this short, fun girl was simply terrified of not making the most of her young life.

Nice girl, but not Manolo's type. Would there be a bombardment today? The late afternoon was strange, nothing happening and yet lots of agitation and shooting. You feel this sort of thing in your bones. Well, he would go to see Sánchez and eat afterwards, but not in the canteen as it was too late.

When Manuel entered the commander's office he was stopped by the orderly. This orderly was an old worker who never wanted to act like a soldier, but was filled with immense pride at the role of 'his' office, his colonel, his *comandante* and his own self.

Taking Manuel by the arm, he explained eagerly, 'Comrade Agustín is in the basement at the moment. The architect is going to have a few walls inserted to make washrooms for the refugees down there. I mean, we don't know when they'll be able to be evacuated. But wait here. He'll be back up soon.'

Manuel knew Pepe and his manner. The old man knew everything and always had to tell people everything he knew. But if you swore him to secrecy he would stick to this with absolute reliability. In response to a crafty wink Manuel idly asked the old man, ‘Why do you think Sánchez will be back up soon? The inspection in the basement will take ages and in the meantime I could get a bite to eat.’

‘Well, Manolo, it’s like this. Agustín now has his wife and children down below. That woman’s like a machine gun. It would be no surprise if he fled. I know her well. For a while she’d come up here every day and make a scene in front of him because he wasn’t giving her enough money for sofa cushions and that sort of thing, and because he goes with Paquita. She even asked me whether he sleeps with Paquita here in the Telefónica. So far he hasn’t – bit silly of him, if you ask me – and I said as much to Pepa. Once upon a time Pepa was a dainty, pretty girl, but now she looks as if she’s chewing on a lemon. Strange, spendthrifts usually have a different expression. If you didn’t know what Pepa’s really like you’d think she was stingy. And the woman’s as daft as a brush. No, you can be sure that Agustín will be back up in a trice as he wants to keep away from women. He threw Paquita out just now. But she’ll be back, she’s a tough one that Paquita, and she knows full well that men like Agustín aren’t ten a penny...’