

## ALICIA JURADO'S "BORGES AND I"

Donald A. Yates

One of the many events scheduled during the 1999 centennial celebration of the birth of Jorge Luis Borges was a symposium titled "The Poet Borges," organized by two poet-educators, Richard Barnes and Robert Mezey, and held September 30 to October 2 of that year on the campus of Pomona College in Claremont, California. I had been invited to speak about Borges's poetry and was joined on that occasion by my friend Alicia Jurado, who had come from Buenos Aires to participate in one of the three panels planned for those days. She had originally agreed to address the topic of "Borges's Languages," but found that she had much more to say about her long friendship and literary collaboration with the author and, accordingly, had changed the title of her presentation to "Borges and I".

Both of us had had our first contact with Borges around the same time. A completely bilingual Anglo-Argentine, she had been introduced to Borges in 1954 by her friend Estela Canto who by then had been close to him since the mid-forties. The first letter I received from Borges was dated in September of 1954 and in it he authorized me to begin translating into English some of his stories, beginning with "Death and the Compass." That undertaking had culminated in 1962 when New Directions published *Labyrinths: Selected Writings of Jorge Luis Borges*, which James Irby and I edited and translated.

Alicia and Borges maintained a lively literary association that a decade later would provide her with the material for her *Genio y figura de Jorge Luis Borges*, published in Buenos Aires by EUDEBA in 1964. This book

contained a selection of Borges's prose and poetry preceded by the first extensive biographical essay dealing with the author's life and work.

I met Alicia during my first trip to Argentina in 1962. We found that we had many interests in common and in the course of more than a dozen trips that I made to Buenos Aires we spent much time discussing Borges and his work. Eventually, in early 1973, she came to Michigan State University, where I was teaching in the Romance Languages department, and gave a memorable lecture that eloquently depicted the source and the nature of Borges's originality.

When her *Genio y figura* was reissued in 1980 I was able to help her in updating the book's chronology. She knew that I was following his career closely and told me that she had found that Borges himself was an unreliable source of information on dates and the extensive traveling he had done in the years since he had attracted wide attention after receiving the International Publishers Formentor award in 1961.

Following her presentation at Pomona College in 1999, she said that she would be pleased to return that favor by giving me her copy of the text of her talk and inviting me to make whatever use of it I thought might be appropriate. Now, more than a dozen years later, on learning that *Variaciones Borges* was dedicating a special issue to Borges's poetry, I decided the time had come for her "Borges and I" to find its way into print. The final pages of this lecture offer privileged insights into Borges's love poetry where desperation and resignation combine to evoke an unforgettable lyrical voice.

I last saw Alicia in December of 2008 when I returned for two weeks to Buenos Aires. I did not hear from her again after that. In time I received the sad news that she had died there on May 9, 2011, at the age of eighty-eight. Hers was a long and prolific literary career: four novels, two volumes of short stories, a lengthy memoir and, in 1976, she collaborated with Borges in the preparation of a study titled *¿Qué es el budismo?*

In rereading "Borges and I," I cannot help but be reminded of the intelligence and sincerity that she always displayed in what she believed and wrote about, qualities perhaps nowhere more evident than in these pages dedicated to the man whose friendship she valued more than that of anyone she had even known.

## BORGES AND I”

*Alicia Jurado*

The title you have read concerning Borges’s languages was, I am afraid, only a tentative one, because I could not get in touch with Dr. Mezey and I believe it had to be printed with some urgency. Though I do not mean to dwell upon that subject I will say a few words about it, so as not to disappoint whoever expected me to refer to his languages at some length.

Borges, of course, was well versed in English, which he spoke as a child to his British grandmother (his father’s mother) and later to the English governess Miss Tink, whom he shared with his only sister Norah. He grew up, as he would always repeat, in his father’s library at home, a library of English books. I have often heard him deliver lectures in English and, though not a good speaker—his voice was too low, his diction was not clear and he tended to stutter—I never found a fault in his grammar, which was absolutely correct.

His preference for the English language was obvious. During our very long friendship I have read to him for hours and he always chose it to be in English. Very rarely did I read to him in French, although I remember pages from Voltaire, of whom he was very fond, and perhaps Flaubert, but hardly ever in Spanish. But perhaps anyone could read Spanish to him and he chose me for those other languages in which I was fluent. Of course he currently spoke Spanish, with the same perfection one can observe in his writing, but he had a habit of turning to English when he was with me, sometimes to quote a favorite author, sometimes to say something that, expressed in English, seemed more apt. I remember once when we recited Omar Khayyam to each other—we both loved Edward FitzGerald’s translation—to see which of us could remember more of the quatrains, and we enjoyed the game tremendously. When I read to him it was usually Kipling, Chesterton, H.G. Wells, Stevenson, Henry James, Conrad, Shakespeare of course, Browning and sometimes Walt Whitman or Robert Frost.

I know Borges learnt French at school in Geneva and can remember him reciting bits out of Victor Hugo or telling funny stories in French, but it was not a language that came to him spontaneously like English, which he used very often when he believed it made his meaning clearer. Many critics have noticed he wrote in Spanish with a conciseness and lack of rhetoric that resembles English; at any rate, it was without doubt the language which had the greatest influence upon his prose.

He often told me he had taught himself German with a dictionary and a book of poems by Heinrich Heine, when he was in school in Switzerland. I had studied some German myself and argued it was impossible, but once I heard him admit during an interview that he had some previous notion of the grammar, without which you simply cannot look up in a dictionary so many baffling verbs that you can only find in the infinitive. However, I believe he could speak German or at least read it with ease. He once gave me a volume of verse by Heine and assured me it was very easy to understand: you just had to know a few words like nightingale, tears, moonlight, unhappiness and so on and there would be no difficulty. Of course this was rather too much of a simplification; Heine's subtle humor could never be appreciated with such a limited vocabulary.

I never heard Borges speak Italian, but he must have understood it well enough because when young he used to ride a tram to his work in distant library and spent the journey reading Dante's *Divine Comedy* which, even with any amount of learned notes, is no easy feat.

I know he could understand Portuguese because he was asked once to write an article on Portuguese literature for some encyclopedia, and he wanted me to read aloud to him in that language, which I bravely did. Being familiar with Brazil I understood Portuguese perfectly, but to speak and pronounce it acceptably was a different story. Anyway, I would plunge as best I could into Camoens or Eça de Queiroz and the article was finally written.

As for the dead languages, he learnt Latin in his youth and remembered it in a poem in his singular manner:

My nights are full of Virgil;  
To have known Latin and forgotten it  
Is a possession, because forgetfulness  
Is a form of memory, its vague cellar,  
The other secret face of the coin.

Then, of course, he began late in life to study Anglo-Saxon and later Old Norse; he loved to recite poems in Anglo-Saxon to me and I would beg him to stop because I found them so harsh and unpleasing, but he delighted in them.

There was also a time when he tried to learn Japanese and in Geneva, in his last days, it appears he started Arabic or returned to the Arabic he had begun in Mallorca as a very young man.

I have heard him say he had a passion for languages and would have liked the impossible: to know all the existing ones. He did quite well in that respect and the one he used for his work, Spanish, which he often considered inferior to others and tended to despise, he treated so superbly, with such purity, economy and precision, such clarity and elegance, that no one could regret he was not writing in any other.

Now I feel that so many specialists in Borges, some of whom are present here, can analyze his work, and perhaps the public might like a very old friend of his to tell them about the man himself. Only two of us, Donald Yates and I, have known him for a long time and can speak with a personal knowledge of the man behind his mysterious world of labyrinths and mirrors, eternity and the infinite, unreality and fate. On one occasion, when on his eightieth birthday I thanked him publicly for all he had taught me, I added there was something for which I was more grateful than for all the rest: "his friendship, the hours he gave me of his life, his trust in me, the privilege that this unique writer was, for me, most of the time, only a person."

I met Borges in 1954, when he was fifty-five and I thirty-two. We were introduced by a mutual friend, Estela Canto, who had begun to see him occasionally after having been emotionally close to him in her youth and who, many years later, after his death, wrote a book about that period called *Borges a contraluz*—a book so indiscreet I never wished to see her again. That meeting came about owing to the first article I ever published, in a literary review, *Ciudad*, in which the second number (there were only three of them) was dedicated to Borges who was not then the famous writer he became. My subject was his short stories, Estela read it to him and he agreed to meet me.

This was the beginning of a long friendship that lasted over thirty years until his death, during which we saw each other very often. I read

to him for hours in his home or in mine, we worked together, I attended his English literature classes at the university, I accompanied him during short trips to the provinces and listened to innumerable lectures of his, and was beside him at many important moments of his life, both happy and unhappy. For the happy ones, he used to invite me saying in his peculiar way: "I would not like you to be absent." I only stopped seeing him during his travels to other countries or my own travels; even during the three years of his marriage to Elsa Astete, when I was not often invited to their home, I used to visit him at his office in the National Library and became acquainted with all the alternatives of that unfortunate marriage until the couple separated and Borges returned to live with his mother on Maipú Street.



*Alicia y Borges. Presentación en la Asociación Argentina de letras.*

Of course I knew his work before meeting him and was much impressed by his strange stories based on metaphysics and particularly by his poetry, which I used to read aloud to myself while I walked about the house, marveling at his capacity for synthesis, his singularity, his perfect adjectives and that unique use of our language, so correct and at the same time so Argentine, that was characteristic of his prose as well as his poetry.

The day I met him I found it difficult to fit the image of my literary admiration into the physical image of the author himself. No doubt he was pleasant and very courteous, but rather indefinite and he stretched out a limp hand that gave you a sense of his insecurity and timidity.

Borges was, in fact, a very timid man and although he had conquered his worst fears after speaking so often in public to large audiences, every time he had to lecture he was nervous and upset. When I reminded him of the countless times he had done so before and how absurd it was to feel anxious about it, he used to answer: "But I am a veteran of panic." And when I mounted the platform to fetch him down he used to murmur in relief: "It's over now!" like a schoolboy after an examination.

In that year 1954 our friendship began. He could still see imperfectly, but in 1955, when he was appointed head of the National Library, this joyful occurrence took place at the same time as a bitter one: his doctor forbade him to read. I never heard him complain, but he wrote a heart-breaking poem in which he mentioned the magnificent irony of God, who gave him simultaneously "books and the night." From then on, others lent him our eyes. He used to tell me that he liked to create a whole poem, memorize it and then dictate it to whoever was at hand; that was why he preferred sonnets, which he could remember entirely because of their brevity and their rhymes.

During the first years of our friendship we used to walk a great deal in Buenos Aires. We would have a meal at one of his favorite restaurants; perhaps quite far from his home, but in his old age he preferred to go to the nearest ones, round the corner or across the street from the small apartment he lived in. A table was always kept for him and all the waiters knew him and were anxious to please him. He would ask me to read the menu aloud, which I shortened to about half, knowing that no matter what he would always order the same food: buttered rice with grated cheese, a salad of hard-boiled eggs and potatoes, or perhaps a slice of melon with ham. We never drank wine and he wanted such an amount of water that I had to fill his glass repeatedly. This was noticed by a doctor once when we were in Córdoba; he wished to know whether Borges suffered from diabetes. To confirm this he announced he would send a young student the next morning to our hotel to draw blood for an analysis and poor Borges, who had no wish for such a thing, kept asking me every ten minutes at breakfast

when was Dracula coming. When Dracula finally appeared he was more nervous than his patient and Borges terrified him by telling frightful stories about the throat-cutting of prisoners during our civil wars.

I must add that when Borges came to dine with me I gave him all kinds of food that did not need cutting into pieces; he found everything delicious and would eat with pleasure. I remember his favorite dessert was our “dulce de leche” or milk jam.

Our walks were usually at night and in different parts of Buenos Aires, but my most vivid memory is of a park called Plaza San Martín very near his home. We used to walk back and forth, sometimes sitting on a bench to rest and then going on over the same paths. All that time we talked about literature, which was his favorite subject almost to the exclusion of every other, and laughed together. I don't think I ever laughed as much with any other person, and I also remember what fun it was to hear Adolfo Bioy Casares and Borges joking together when we visited Bioy and his wife Silvina Ocampo at their home.

In the fifties I attended Borges's classes at the University of Buenos Aires for two consecutive years, and would walk home with him down Florida Street, stopping for a cup of coffee at some café on the way. Those lectures on English literature were charming but not too well organized: he might give Milton only one hour because Milton slightly bored him, but spend several on Anglo-Saxon poets as he was passionately learning the language then with a small group of students.

I have read to Borges for endless hours in the course of all those years. Sometimes they were books he needed for the preparation of a lecture, but the great majority we read for our mutual pleasure: Macaulay, Gibbon, Dr. Johnson and all the poets and storytellers already mentioned. Reading to him was an interesting experience because he would often interrupt to make remarks that were always illuminating or to ask me to look up something in his *Encyclopedia Britannica* or the etymology of a word in another dictionary. I can almost see him now, sitting in his armchair with a fat white cat called Beppo, that had to be removed first because he always liked to settle down in his master's place.

Writing with Borges was also a memorable experience. He was obsessed with clarity and made me read every sentence several times until he found the exact rendering of his idea, changing words that seemed to him



less apt or did not sound well in the sentence. He accepted any suggestion he found adequate, but at times would insist on preserving his first version. I remember I once pointed out the repetition of a word and he replied it did not matter, for he was only striving to be intelligible. "I have become resigned to writing badly," he retorted. Once I dared to observe that the last line in "The White Hind" was too long, and he published that in a note, but preferred to keep the line as it was first written.

In spite of his apparent softness, Borges was incredibly stubborn. No reasoning or pleading would persuade him of the need to do anything he didn't want to. I could only take him once to the sessions of our Academy; he would argue that they bored him, although I afterwards suspected that as they took place on Thursdays, the day he used to work with Maria Kodama, and either one or the other apparently did not choose to change the arrangement. Yet when I was inducted into the Academy it was he who asked me if he could speak on that occasion—not I, who never asked a favor of him. When UNESCO organized the Dialogue of Cultures at Victoria Ocampo's home in San Isidro, this brought important writers from all over the world, who of course wanted to meet Borges before anyone else. But he refused to go. I managed to drag him to the opening cocktail party at the Plaza Hotel, but after that he resolved not to go to Villa Ocampo with the excuse that he would need to remain there all day and couldn't sleep his siesta. Victoria was furious and with some reason.

Our book on Buddhism, published in 1976, went through some difficulties. We started writing it not long after we met and when he and his mother spent a few days with me in my country house on the plains, he dictated a brief poem that she wrote in my visitor's album, published later in *La rosa profunda*, under the title of "Estancia El Retiro." The last lines alluded to our work:

Both of us shadows,  
We copy the words dictated  
By other shadows: Heraclitus and Gautama.

But at a certain point Borges lost interest for reasons I never knew and years went by before we took it up again. He told a French journalist that we could not agree because I wanted to convert the readers to Buddhism, which was a joke that the man took seriously and published. This nonsense

was due to the fact that I preferred to insist upon Buddhist philosophy and Borges was interested in the more fantastic aspects of that religion, the legends and the fabulous beings. But when the book finally appeared as *What is Buddhism?* in a varied collection of essays with similar titles, it was written exactly as he wanted it and I explained in the foreword that, in spite of Borges's generosity insisting upon having my name printed on the cover, it was *his* book and I had merely helped with the research, the reading and writing, the correction of proofs and all other menial work.

Borges's knowledge, as well as his memory, was prodigious. I used to telephone quite often to ask him questions and he almost always could give me an immediate answer. Of course there were things he was not interested in, like the visual arts—quite understandable in a blind man—but also music. I once took him to a concert in the hope of getting him to like an art that might be a great boon considering his blindness, but was not successful. Nor did he care for science, not even when related to his own health; if I asked him what medicine his doctor had prescribed he would answer: "A small pink pill," without wishing to know what was in it. If I scolded him about it he would just laugh and you could not argue with him.

Borges used to call me in the morning to ask if I were free that night; if that was the case I would always go to see him. I'd forget that he was the most important contemporary writer in the Spanish language and would only remember him as an old blind man in bad health, who shouldn't be left alone. When his mother was no longer with him, I pictured him in his modest apartment full of books he was unable to read, in his tiny bedroom where there was hardly room for a couple of bookcases, with Dürer's famous engraving on one of the walls, *Ritter, Tod und Teufel* (The Knight, Death and the Devil) which inspired two of Borges's best poems.

There was a balcony running round the whole flat, full of plants because Borges's mother, Leonorcita, was very fond of them. She was a charming old lady who lived to be ninety-nine, slight and frail looking, with large eyes of a light grey color, entirely devoted to her son. I often had tea with her and would enjoy the stories she told about her childhood and early youth, which seemed to come from another world. Leonorcita was her son's secretary and wrote his letters, arranged his lectures, helped with his work and travelled with him until she was too old to do so. She

was very intelligent and well read for a woman of her generation and often repeated that most of her knowledge came from having read so much to her husband, who was also blind for a period in his life until he underwent an operation, and later also to her son. Leonor has been said to be one of those dominant mothers with a great influence upon Borges, a favorite subject of psychoanalysts, much dwelt upon in Estela Canto's book. But we must remember there was no love lost between Leonorcita and Estela. Leonor was appalled at her son's engagement with a young woman who was an active member of the Communist Party and who was notoriously promiscuous at a time when no decent woman in Argentina was. Of course Estela was not an ideal candidate as the daughter-in-law of a lady of rigid principles, but she resented Leonorcita's attitude and took her revenge in that very unfair book, when she was dead and could make no reply.

When he was nearing seventy Borges married Elsa Astete Millán, a widow whom he had courted in his youth and who was then living in La Plata. I believe the marriage was rather hurried because Borges had to travel to the United States to teach at Harvard, and Elsa would have needed to go with him as his wife.

I never understood what led him to marry a woman so different from himself, who was unable to comprehend him intellectually, though he confessed afterwards that he had expected company and affection. Her worst trait was that she talked all the time when there were other people present and didn't allow him a chance to put in a word. Anyway it was an unsatisfactory marriage, and he told me one day on one of my visits to the National Library that he intended to leave their home on Avenida Belgrano without telling her of his plan. I couldn't persuade him to talk it over with her. After all they had been married three years and he simply couldn't run away with no explanation. "She will make a scene and I cannot bear scenes" was his answer, and that was final. Some days later he went off to work with his American translator Norman Thomas Di Giovanni, taking nothing away except the clothes he was wearing and never returned. Instead he sent his lawyer with the keys. Then, with Norman Thomas and Norman's first wife, they took a train to Córdoba and remained there for several days, before returning to Borges's mother's house, which he only left to go to Geneva shortly before his death.

Georgie, as we used to call him, was not a man to face uncomfortable situations. And yet he was a brave one in many circumstances. During Perón's dictatorship he always showed the courage of his convictions and lost his job in a small library for criticizing the government. He given a transfer to another municipal job and was appointed inspector of fowl and rabbits in the city markets, which of course was quite unacceptable. He resigned and from then on he began to earn his living by teaching courses in Buenos Aires at the Asociación Argentina de Cultura Inglesa and the Colegio Libre de Estudios Superiores. In later times, when Perón was unfortunately re-elected, died and left his vice-president and wife Isabel Perón—an almost illiterate woman—in his place. Borges did not hesitate to voice his political opinions in every interview. He was also explicit about other subjects, provoking angry replies from different groups of people. He had finally become so important that if he made light of soccer the fans were furious and if he declared he was an agnostic the Church became indignant. He was so often photographed that everyone could recognize him, whether it was the workman repairing the street or the teacher of literature who stopped him to express his admiration. Of course the vast majority had never read him and they probably wouldn't have understood much if they had because Borges, though never obscure, was so well-read that understanding his every meaning requires the knowledge of many facts to comprehend his countless references and allusions. In his last years, people used to look upon him as a national hero, almost as important as a celebrated soccer player or a television star. However, he understood the source of this fame and was never vain of his popularity; perhaps his keen intelligence indicated to him the true value of varying human achievements.

He was the most modest of men; he never boasted about anything, never mentioned his successes and even seemed surprised at his fame. "Mother, I'm taken seriously!" he exclaimed once at the airport in Paris, when he was told of the many important people who had gone there to receive him.

Borges was always falling in love with some usually unsuitable woman, who in most cases did not return his feelings. He was so reticent about the effect of these infatuations that they are not easily perceived in most of his prose work, in which women are insignificant or mere objects placed

in a story to justify the actions of men. Exceptions may be pointed out, but are very few. Yet in his poetry you will occasionally find his hidden emotions, and the few love poems he published show he had a considerable insight in that respect. Even in one of his best-known stories, "The Aleph," there is a woman of whom he writes: "Now that she was dead I could consecrate myself to her memory, without hope but also without humiliation." In an essay on the *Divine Comedy* we read: "Beatriz being dead and lost forever, Dante played with the invention of finding her as a consolation to his sadness; I believe he built the threefold architecture of his poem to include this meeting." And also: "At the beginning of the *Vita Nuova* you find that once he mentioned the names of sixty women to slip secretly among them the name of Beatriz. I believe that in the *Commedia* he repeated this melancholy game."

In Borges's poetry, however, there are many revealing lines. In one of his first books, before he left for Europe, he asked the girl he was parting from:

Where can I hide my soul  
that it may not see your absence  
which, like a terrible sun that knows no setting  
shines, pitiless and final?  
Your absence surrounds me  
like a rope round a throat,  
like a sinking man is engulfed by the sea.

Or, in another poem:

In spite of your indifference  
your beauty  
bestows its miracle through time.  
Happiness is within you  
like Spring in the new leaves.  
I am only this desire  
lost in the evening.  
Delight is within you  
like cruelty in swords.

And yet another, when remembering the day of parting:

I returned from your arms as one does from a lost meadow,  
I returned from your tears as one does from a country of swords.

In 1934 he wrote the only two poems in English he ever published, dedicated to “I. J.” and the last lines of the second of these reads as follows:

I can give you my loneliness, my darkness, the hunger of my heart;  
I am trying to bribe you with uncertainty, with danger, with defeat.

Long after writing the “I. J.” poems, in 1964, he refers to another rupture, but this time there seems to have been a mutual love. There are two beautiful sonnets, the first of which begins:

The world is no longer magic. You have been left.  
You will no longer share the bright moon  
nor the slow gardens. Now every moon is a mirror of the past,  
a crystal of loneliness, a sun of agony.  
Good-bye to mutual hands and to the temples  
drawn near by love. Today you only have  
your faithful memory and your empty days.

Sometimes in a sentence we can catch a glimpse of his desire for an elusive happiness, but there is a page in prose that is an evident confession. It is entitled “The Threatened Man.”

It is love. I must hide or flee.

As in a terrible dream, the walls of its prison grow. The lovely mask has changed, but as usual it is the only one. What use are my talismans to me? Literature, vague erudition, learning the words the harsh North used to sing with about its seas and its swords, serene friendship, the passages in the library, the common things, habits, my mother’s youthful love, the military shadows of my dead, the timeless night, the taste of sleep?

To be with you or not to be with you is the measure of my time. . .

I know it is love: the anxiety and the relief of hearing your voice, the waiting and the remembering, the horror of living in succession.

It is love with its myths, its useless little magic.

There is a corner I dare not walk by.  
Now the armies, the hordes encircle me.  
(This room is not real; she has never seen it).  
A woman’s name betrays me.  
A woman hurts me in all my body.

Another poem, “The Lover,” refers to the obsession everyone suffers when in that state of mind: the feeling that no other things exist outside of the one beloved person. After one of those long lists of different things so typical of Borges, he comes to the conclusion:

I must pretend there are other people. It is not true.  
Only you exist. You, my misery and my joy,  
Pure and inexhaustible.

Another poem, “La espera,” shows that Borges was familiar with the anxiety of waiting for the loved one: “Before the bell rings, the door is opened and you come, oh awaited one!” it says, a number of specific acts must take place in the universe. Then comes an imaginary list of some of them and Borges adds:

In my breast, the clock of blood  
Measures the fearful time of waiting.

And in another context: “The women who have left us are ours; we are no longer subjected to the agonies of waiting, nor the alarms and terrors of hope. There are no paradises but those we have lost.”

In 1981 Borges wrote a poem about Francesca da Rimini and Paolo Malatesta, who according to Dante are in Hell for their sin of adultery, in which we can see how well he knew the psychology of love:

They look at each other, marveling incredulously.  
They have discovered the only treasure.  
They have discovered each other.

And then:

They are not betraying Malatesta  
Because betrayal requires a third person  
And only the two of them exist in the world.

So Borges’s poetry is the proof that the man, so often considered cold and abnormally intellectual by people who did not know him well, was, when in love (all too often, unfortunately for him) as miserable, vulnerable, hopeful and despairing as anyone else.

He was a very lovable man, kind, generous, tolerant, timid, courteous, stubborn, courageous, self-effacing; marvelously intelligent when it came

to abstract reasoning, but also rather candid in his judgment of other people. His friendship I valued above any other in my life. Today, instead of entering into the dazzling complexity of his work, I have merely tried to give a very simple and incomplete picture of what he was to me.

*Alicia Jurado*