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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SANTA CRUZ

EL CORRIDO DE PEDRO PÁRAMO:

A thesis submitted in partial satisfaction
of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

in

THEATER ARTS

by

Francis Carolina Gonzalez Riano

June 2018

The Thesis of Francis Carolina Gonzalez Riano
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Abstract

EL CORRIDO DE PEDRO PÁRAMO:

By Francis Carolina Gonzalez Riano

The theater as a means of expression can go beyond an aesthetic ideal. It can give agency to those who due to different circumstances have either lost their voices or have remained silent. It has the power to question humanity, to speak of historical processes, and to tell stories of the people that remained marginalized.

This thesis explores how through a staging of my own version, “El Corrido de Pedro Páramo”, a bilingual (“Espanglish¹”) adaptation based on the novel Pedro Páramo by Juan Rulfo, I was able to empower the Latino community at the University of California, Santa Cruz by giving them a voice for their own cultural expression, while bringing together a diverse audience to view this iconic work through the use of a bilingual approach. My adaptation of the text reframes two central characters using a feminist lens, and incorporates the *corrido* form, a musical device that empowered the female voice. My adaptation reflects both the original identities of Rulfo’s writing, and their transposition through my innovations.

¹ DRAE’s 2014 edition will define “Espanglish” as “a form of speech used by some Hispanic groups in the United States, in which they mix deformed elements of vocabulary and grammar from both Spanish and English.” This information is taken from the online *huffingtonpost* https://www.huffingtonpost.com/2012/07/19/espanglish-accepted-by-spain-dictionary_n_1686962.htm

Acknowledgments

I would like to thank the fantastic cast that worked with me and made possible "El Corrido de Pedro Páramo". The beautiful people from whom I learned unimaginable things will always be in my heart. Someday, I hope to stage their stories. I also want to thank the wonderful non-Latino cast who made efforts to understand my Spanish and became part of something wonderful so that we totally forgot the "borders".

To the professors that worked with me and while I was empowering the Latino community through the play, you were empowering me: Professors Weems, Gallagher, Scheie, Rodríguez, Chambers. Professor Brandin Barón, gracias, gracias y mil gracias for all your support throughout the whole process, for picking me up when I stumbled. You encouraged me and gave me the extra boost to succeed. Gracias, mi mentor!

Finally, to my beautiful husband who has been there from the very start, who said "let's pack things up and go to Santa Cruz". You were one who has to check the spelling of my writing, who has been learning by my side and is proud of me. This title belongs to both of us.

Gracias a todos por su apoyo y amor

Introduction

“One of the major challenges in the creation of *Watsonville* was how to best represent the various languages the townspeople would use. The majority of the immigrant Mexican population in the real town of Watsonville speaks a beautiful fluent Spanish. (Most of the interviews I conducted took place in Spanish.) On occasional English words enter the conversation only when there is no exact Spanish equivalent. Spanish is the private and public voice of this Mexican community, its voice of prayer, of passion, and of protest. To have that voice truly resonate in this play, at least 70% of the dialogue should have been written in Spanish...

...The language in *Watsonville*, the play, occur along the spectrum² Spanish to English. Those characters who in real life would be Spanish- only speakers employ a greater and more fluid use of Spanish in the play. (Spanish phrases are interwoven to retain the “sabor” and sensuality of the original Spanish). On the other end, the monolingual and/or dominant English speakers may at times speaks entirely in English. My hope is that this balancing act between the two languages ensures both cultural authenticity and accessibility to a new (more broadly-defined) American audience.”³

Cherríe Moraga

This document analyzes the importance of my decision to adapt and stage a bilingual (“Espanglish”) version of Juan Rulfo’s novel Pedro Páramo (1955) as the required Capstone thesis research project for the MA in Theater at UCSC, as a means to give voice to empower the Latino community on campus.

It is possible to think that the identity of Latin American cultures in North America through history has been based on migration. In many instance, these migrations are due to corruption in the government, unemployment, lack of opportunities and civil conflicts that are brutal and bloody in the countries of origin. In these instances, the Latino⁴ migrants have lost their roots and experienced a denigration of their racial identity, while suffering discrimination and lack of opportunities in seeking for new opportunities. However, it is also certain that migratory processes are rich in exchanges of cultures, customs, languages, and by extension,

² Unclear what writer is saying

³ Moraga Cherríe, *Watsonville Circle in the Dirt* United States of America. West end Press 1st Edition, 2002

⁴ Although, I considered to use the word *Latinex* to name the immigrants or sons or daughters from Central and South America I have decided to use the word Latino which is found in English dictionaries as *Cambridge Dictionary* and in the dictionary of *Real Academia de la Lengua Española* (RAE).

Spanish Dictionary (RAE). Perteneiente o relativo a los pueblos que hablan lenguas derivadas del latín. *Los países latinos de América. El carácter latino.*

Cambridge Dictionary: a person who lives in the US whose family is from Latin America, or a person who lives in Latin America:

ways of understanding, symbolizing and confronting the world. Therefore, I decided that I wanted to adapt and stage my own version of one the most representative, popular and beautiful novels of Latin American literature, Pedro Páramo by Rulfo. Aligned with Cherríe Moraga's hopes when she wrote *Watsonville: Some Place not Here* (2002) to communicate to a new American audience, I wanted to produce a play in a way in which the language was not a barrier to understand the Spanish-language story and in which all Americans (North, Central and South) could enjoy it. For this reason, I decided to adapt the novel myself from the Spanish language novel, with English fragments added for essential clarity. Part of what makes me proud of being a Latina director is my bilingualism and the command I have of the Spanish language. Hence, I decided that in the effort to empower the Latino community through my production of *Pedro*, it was essential to rescue and maintain the value of the language, despite some of the initial confusion that this bilingual approach may have caused to audience that did not speak Spanish. Later in this thesis, I will explain the adaptation process that includes approaching two female characters from my feminist perspective, and the use of the *corrido* musical genre as a manner to privilege the female in the play.

Through the bilingual staging of Pedro Páramo I was able to bring to the UCSC Theater Arts Department a better understanding of our *mestizo*⁵ identity, increase the elements that promote cultural integration, and familiarize the cast and audience with the profound cultural cues found in Rulfo's writings. Moreover, in directing a version of Pedro Páramo I was able to give voice to different experiences of transculturation, raising consciousness in Latino performers and audience members towards their bilingualism and biculturalism as a possibility of artistic expression.

⁵ Def. A person from Latin America who is part European, especially Spanish, and part American Indian. Online Cambridge Dictionary

This document has four components:

1. Context around Juan Rulfo: the historical moment in which he lived; his accounts of Mexico of the 1900s, and his literary output.

2. A report on my production process divided into dramaturgy and staging. This report will include the work done from the staged reading in Fall 2017 to the actualized production of the play *El Corrido de Pedro Páramo* (the name that I gave to my own version of the novel) on the UCSC campus in February 2018. I will further explain the implications of my decision to adapt Rulfo's novel into a play, the processes around the creation of my bilingual version, my feminist stance on Juan Rulfo's novel which caused me to change some gender assignments of Rulfo's characters, and editing decisions in the adaptation script that were needed for audience clarity, performer concerns, and institutional guidelines. I will further define the directorial process I used with the student/actors to help them build their dramatic characters in order to stage Rulfo's work, my aesthetic goals on the design elements for my production, and my collaborative work with musicians as a fundamental part of creating the staging and the final ensemble of the play.

3. A literary review in which I tie ideas of my work to another professional production (*Watsonville: Some Place Not Here* by Cherríe Moraga) where bilingualism is used as a strategy to tell a story to a larger audience and to give voice to people that have remained silent.

4. A conclusion, which includes the analysis of the implementation and outcomes of my processes, with achievements, errors and questions that remain open. Was directing my version on *Pedro Páramo* by Juan Rulfo ultimately effective in giving a voice and empowering the Latino communities?

Juan Rulfo and His World

Juan Nepomuceno Carlos Pérez Rulfo Vizcaíno, the humble and lonely “Juan Rulfo,” was a man of few words who avoided crowds and interviews. His childhood was scarred by the violence of the early twentieth century in Mexico. Rulfo was born in Jalisco, Mexico on May 16, 1917; he was the third of five brothers in a wealthy family of Spanish descent. Rulfo lived during the last part of the Mexican Revolution (1910 -1971) and suffered from the looting, vandalism and destruction that occurred during the Cristeros War (1926 - 1929), a war that brought his family to financial ruin and displacement. At the age of seven, his father was murdered and his mother died four years later. He lived briefly with his grandmother and then was sent to an orphanage in Guadalajara where he remained until the age of fourteen. According to Rulfo, the orphanage was like a correctional facility⁶. He stated that his depressive character is a product of his rough childhood. Then he went to a seminary school until the age of sixteen when he moved to Mexico City and began his career as a writer and film producer. He died on January 7, 1986 in Mexico City of pulmonary emphysema.⁷

Reina Roffé published Juan Rulfo Autobiografía Armada (1973) one of the first biographical texts of Juan Rulfo. It contains nine interviews and other fragments about Rulfo’s life.

Roffé claims:

“En la familia Pérez Rulfo – los Rulfo, una familia muy numerosa, sobre todo por el lado de las mujeres – nunca hubo mucha paz; todos morían temprano..., y todos eran asesinados por la espalda. Solo a David, el último, víctima de su afición lo mató un caballo...”⁸

"The Pérez Rulfo family – “the Rulfo”, was a very large family, especially on the women’s side here was never much peace; they all died young ..., they were all assassinated shot or stabbed from behind, except David, who died when he fell from his horse..... "

⁶“ Hoy, Joaquín Serrano Soler Entrevista a: Juan Rulfo.” Soler Serrano, Joaquín, director. Radiotelevisión Española Programa A Fondo, 17 Apr. 1977.

⁷ Ruffinelli Jorge, *Prologo y Cronología. JUAN RULFO OBRA COMPLETA El Llano en Llamas/ Pedro Páramo Otros Textos*. Venezuela: Fundación Biblioteca Ayacucho. 2ª Edición, 1985

⁸ Ibid.,

About other Rulfo's family members including his father he states

"..... Lo mataron una vez cuando huía...y a mi tío lo asesinaron, y a otros y a otros...y al abuelo lo colgaron de los dedos gordos, los perdió... todos morían temprano a la edad de 33 años. Fue, una zona, hasta hace poco tiempo una zona violenta."

"... He was killed while running away ... and my uncle was murdered and so were the others... and my grandfather was hanged by his big toes, all died at an early age of 33 years old. It was a violent zone."⁹

Juan Rulfo was a writer, screenwriter and photographer. The online magazine Latin America News Dispatch stated; "Mary Louise Pratt, professor of comparative literature at New York University, considers Rulfo one of her "all-time most-revered writers"¹⁰. Rulfo was awarded with the "Xavier Villaurrutia" in 1956, in 1970 he received the "Premio Nacional de Literatura" and in 1983 the "Principe de Asturias". He published El Llano en Llamas in 1953, Pedro Páramo in 1955, El gallo de oro in 1980. In the 60's, a few of his key stories became films: *The El despojo*, *El Gallo de oro*, *El Rincón de las vírgenes* and *Anacleto Morones*. His work gave him recognition worldwide. ¹¹

A world of violence and loneliness, living in the drought that brought famine to rural Mexico in the 1900's, growing up in a world dominated by religion, superstition and the cult of the dead all influenced Rulfo's work. He portrays the tragic fate of the starving peasants, oppressed by the wealthy and powerful and living in a life full of violence under a sun that never sets and a rain that never comes.

⁹ Rulfo, Juan, and Roffé Reina. *Autobiografía Armada*. Corregidor. Argentina: Ediciones Corregidor,1972, 31,32. The translation is mine.

¹⁰ Corona Emily, *Juan Rulfo, Rediscovering a Literary Giant*. Latin America News Dispatch, February 19, 2018, <http://latindispatch.com/2018/02/19/juan-rulfo/>

¹¹ This book contains a study and a chronology of Rulfo's work. Leal Luis, *Juan Rulfo*. United States of America, Twayne publisher, University of California, Santa Barbara, 1983

Pedro Páramo

In Pedro Páramo, Rulfo shows us how reality and mystery coexist in people's daily lives. He portrayed owners who will protect and preserve what they have at any price, who will do anything to get what they want at the expense of a people's great suffering. He describes a moral degeneration of the society.

Rulfo's characters hate each other, reject each other, tolerate themselves at a distance, or kill one another. The characters carry a burden with no hope of relief. After death, their souls remain, wandering through eternity. Man is condemned to suffer in this life and in the afterlife. We can feel the power and fear of religion. The existence has a fatalistic element; man does not control his destiny.

The following is a short summary of the adaptation of Pedro Páramo I made as a part of my capstone thesis project called *El Corrido de Pedro Páramo*:

The play setting is in a Mexican town called Comala. This town was under the tyrannical rule of Pedro, who owned people, herds of animals and vast lands. The story starts when Juana Preciado, Pedro Páramo's daughter, following a promise that was made to her dying mother, Dolores Preciado, travels to Comala to look for her father to claim what belongs to her. When she arrives in Comala, all she finds is a ghost town with only restless souls wandering and complaining, not knowing they are dead.

In her journey, she hears murmurs, rumors, whispers and meets many people that tell her the story of Comala. They explain how almost every woman living in the town had a son or daughter that was fathered by Pedro Páramo and that he only recognized one, Miguelito. She learns that Miguelito Páramo died after falling from his horse.

These people also tells Juana how Pedro Páramo was insanely in love with Susana San Juan and how he moved heaven and earth to marry her, even killing her father. When

Susana grew old, she suffered from delirium and went crazy. Pedro still marries her and takes care of her, praying and hoping that she will recover, but shortly after she dies. With her death, Pedro gives up on life, sad and angry because nobody cares about Susana's death and in turn condemns Comala to die with her. It leads to a mass exodus from Comala, and the suffering that followed many spirits into the afterlife. When Juana fully comprehends Comala' story, she becomes aware she has died too.

Production process: dramaturgy and staging

1. Stage reading

In the fall of 2017, the UCSC Theater Arts Department organized *An Evening of Stage Readings*. The idea of this project was to give the Theater Arts Master of Arts candidates a directing opportunity to explore the performance possibilities of a script before staging a full production. I decided for this exercise to have a short script (40 minutes long) in Spanish mixed with English sentences to help the English-speaking viewers understand the story. I also introduced an English-speaking narrator to repeat or translate some lines.

Early in the quarter, I spoke separately with Professors Gallagher and Chemers about my wish to incorporate live music into the play. They advised me to contact Professor Russel Rodríguez from the Music Department. Professor Rodríguez was a tremendous support during the whole process, and for the performance of the staged reading, he played the guitar and sang.

I held auditions on October 25 and 27 in B100 Performing Arts Building. One of the requirements for the performers was to be bilingual. For the actual auditions, they did not need to prepare anything (no monologue, song, etc), but merely needed to read excerpts in Spanish from the play. My goal was to hear how the text sounded in their specific voices and how fluent they were in Spanish. During the auditions, I was shocked. I noticed that many of the Latinos who wanted to be in the play were not fluent in Spanish and that many of them had a strong “gringo¹²” accent. So one of the fundamental criteria for me when I chose the casting was fluency in the language they should perform, Spanish, and of course their skill as performers. I learned in the auditions that it would be challenging to make all these different

¹² Used in Latin American countries to refer to people from the US or other English-speaking countries. Online Cambridge Dictionary

accents sound like one language. I realized that as a director I had to develop a specific training for my cast: training that started the first day of rehearsals.

We had two weeks of rehearsal for the staged reading. On the first day, we read the play and I asked the performers to share their thoughts on the play. I learned that they were not familiar with Juan Rulfo's literary legacy. I was surprised; this was another challenge that was not on my "to-do" list. I provided context for Juan Rulfo's importance and explained the story of the novel, Pedro Páramo. Through this process, it became easier for them to engage with the story, Rulfo's world, his landscapes and his imagery. They connected with the mood of the play, in a way, *Pedro Páramo* has been part of their idiosyncratic lives and they were filled with Rulfo's images.

To support the performers work in finding the tone and the musicality of the text, and to develop a fluency in Spanish, we started each rehearsal with a tongue-twister exercise that contained many "r"s, which was the most difficult letter for many of the cast to pronounce. One example was "Rápido corren los carros del ferrocarril". We also read the whole script every day, slowly, focusing on pronunciation. Because of these exercises, and a deepened understanding of the play, the actors came to inhabit Rulfo's characters.

For the staged reading, I decided to create a simple scenic environment that provided a visual mood for the play. To accomplish this goal, I utilized a projection of a picture of an old colonial era (*Acceso al atrio y templo de Yecapixtla, década de 1950*) period church from the book 100 Fotografías de Juan Rulfo (2011) and nine chairs for actor placement. All of the female performers wore black clothing with a colorful shawl and *huaraches mexicanos*, a traditional sandal. The male performers wore black pants with a white shirt.

The stage reading took place on Saturday, November 18, 2017 from 1:00 pm to 5:00 pm on the Second Stage in the Theater Arts complex. This event consisted of three plays: *Pedro Páramo* by José Domingo Garzón based on Juan Rulfo's novel directed by Carolina G.

Riaño, *Feeler* written and directed Ryan Schwalm, and *The Drowning Girls* by Beth Graham, Charlie Tomlinson & Daniela Vlaskalic directed by Claire Ganem.

The event started with the actors of *El Corrido de Pedro Páramo* greeting the audience in character and giving them the production program for all three plays. After the audience had settled, Pedro's assistant director, Nicole, read a summary of the play. As the auditorium lights dimmed, Professor Rodríguez came to his chair and started to play music, while Pedro Páramo's actors entered from the wings of the auditorium singing.

For the staged reading, all three directors created a survey that included an evaluation for the three plays. My survey questions included: "Did you understand Pedro Páramo's play? Does the English text help the understanding of the play?"

From the audience's feedback I learned:

1. The music had been a success; Professor Rodríguez made a significant impact on the audience with his music.
2. Almost all of them suggested that the play should have more English in it.

2. Adaptation process

After the staged reading, and considering the audience feedback, I consulted Professor Marianne Weems, who advised me to write a brief introduction in English for the narrator and to identify the key points that connect the story that the narrator could outline in English. In a generous manner, she also told me that I could do the play entirely in Spanish, and that she and the faculty would fully support that choice. I also spoke with Professor Gallagher who advised me to experiment with the actors in which one speaks in English and the other answers in Spanish, or “Espanglish.”¹³ I loved this idea; I felt that is how I speak, and that is how the play should sound.

Motivated by the advice of Professors Weems and Gallagher. I was now determined to introduce Juan Rulfo to UCSC through a full production of *Pedro Páramo*. I also wanted the Latin Americans actors and the audience to be proud of what they are and where they come from. Hence, I decided to spend my Winter break adapting a new playscript of Pedro Páramo that that would support my approach to this new audience.

Because of Theater Arts department guidelines, I was compelled to create a version that would still keep the soul of the novel but would honor a run-time of less than 60 minutes, as my production was one of three one-act plays.

Under these circumstances and considering the audience feedback and Professors Weems and Gallagher’s advice, I started the process of adaptation as described below:

I studied *Comala* (unpublished), a Spanish-language playscript adapted from Rulfo’s Pedro Páramo by José Domingo Garzón, a Colombian professor, playwright and director.¹⁴ I

¹³ DRAE’s 2014 edition will define “Espanglish” as “a form of speech used by some Hispanic groups in the United States, in which they mix deformed elements of vocabulary and grammar from both Spanish and English.” This information is taken from the online *huffingtonpost*

https://www.huffingtonpost.com/2012/07/19/espanglish-accepted-by-spain-dictionary_n_1686962.html

¹⁴ Unfortunately, Professor Garzón does not have a web page of his own so I am using a link in which a Google statistics shows his documents being cited. I also added an Amazon link of his books on sale:

<https://scholar.google.es/citations?user=uL47GxcAAAJ&hl=es>

also read an English-language translation of Rulfo's Pedro Páramo by Armand F. Baker.¹⁵ Baker is a retired professor from the State University of New York at Albany (SUNY Albany). He has a website with publications of his translations that include authors such as Machado, Unamuno, Bécquer, Sábato, etc., and Pedro Páramo by Juan Rulfo.

I evaluated which characters I would like to include in my script based on whether they were fundamental to the storyline. The editing process was very difficult for me, as I wanted to keep almost all of the different stories of the people that inhabited the ghostly town of Comala. In editing too much, I feared I was removing Rulfo's poetry. Domingo's play is at least two and a half hours long and is very respectful and faithful to Rulfo's novel. However, I knew I could not keep that play's length because of the guidelines from the Department, and in service to the broad potential audience of UCSC, who might not necessarily be able to follow Rulfo's Spanish poetry. To address these concerns, I decided to tell just one story: Pedro Páramo's story.

In the editing process, there were many compelling stories that I could not tell, such as the abusive relationship that Susana San Juan had with her father Bartolomé San Juan, the story of the incestuous siblings who lived in sin, and Father Rentería's regrets.

In Domingo's version, other characters tell the story of Pedro and Comala, and Pedro never appears. I decided that to help the storyline in my "Espanglish" experiment it was important for Pedro to be present; he could not be an *ethereo* or metaphysical being and should be physically present in the space.

Based on the feedback from my staged reading, it was clear that part of the success of my play would be the musical adaptation. From José Domingo's version (including 10

<https://www.amazon.com/Jos%C3%A9-Domingo-Garz%C3%B3n-Garz%C3%B3n/e/B001J0INCI>

¹⁵ Index of /Translations/Novels." Armand F. Baker: Poetry of Antonio Machado, www.armandfbaker.com/translations/novels.

songs performed during his two and a half hours), I picked 8 songs for my less than an hour play.

After completing my edited version in Spanish, I started to work on the English. Following the advice of Professor Weems, I wrote an introduction for The Narrator, a character who summarizes the story of the play, and then introduces each character:

“Comala, a town located in the mouth of hell. It is under the tyrannical rule of Pedro Páramo, who owns the animals, people, and all the lands. Pedro Páramo’s daughter, Juana, keeping a promise made to her dying mother, Dolores Preciado, comes to Cómala with the hope of finding him. Juana never knew Pedro, because he abandoned her mother when she was pregnant. Juana is just another abandoned child of Pedro, who was used to imposing his will on every woman in the town and using each one of them for his own pleasure. In Cómala, almost each household has a son or daughter of Pedro Páramo. Juana enters a world in which ghosts speak from their graves. In her journey, she will learn the story of Cómala and how her father condemned the town to its death. Que viva la fiesta!”

Song: - “CORO DE ÁNIMAS EN PENA.....”¹⁶

Throughout my adaptation, The Narrator introduced each new character. I believe this decision was successful because it established for the audience that actors would be playing multiple roles throughout the production, and helped provide clarity when actors changed roles:

“Juana Preciado, arrives to Cómala looking for Pedro Páramo, her father. Dolores Preciado, Juana’s mother, Pedro’s wife, and the one that was cast away.

Abundia, one of Pedro’s many daughters and the one responsible for his death.

Damiana Cisneros, the woman that never left Cómala, Pedro’s housekeeper the one in charge of all his things.

Pedro’s mother, always taking care of all his things.

Eduviges, the woman who was about to be Juana’s mother.

Fulgor Sedano, Pedro’s right and sinister hand, his sicario!

El Tartamudo, one of many Pedro’s workers.

Padre Rentería, the one in charge of all the souls condemned in the town including his own.

¹⁶ Ibid.,

Susana San Juan, the love of Pedro's life, the woman for whom he moved heaven and earth.

Pedro Páramo, the evil himself. El mismísimo diablo."¹⁷

Once I had completed the translation, I had an enthusiastic cast who were committed to the play, and ready to give a great performance. Regarding the new English text in the script, the cast became deeply involved, questioning me about what I wanted to say in English, and suggesting edits and changes. In this process, they concentrated on my text examples, then took time to analyze the text, in order to recite their lines in English, then in Spanish, trying to find the rhythm in the script to make it sound like one piece. On many occasions, they came to me with existing lines trying to find a better way to say them. Many of them had already memorized their lines in Spanish for the stage reading, and it was difficult for them to relearn the lines in English. I believe that learning the lines first in Spanish and then translated to English gave them a deep understanding of the text. They faced the challenge to make it sound like one language. It was how Pedro Páramo's actors and I completed the bilingual version of *El Corrido de Pedro Páramo*.

A. Feminist stance on the adaptation

At the beginning of my production the narrator states that Pedro: "*was used to imposing his will on every woman in the entire town and used each and every one of them for his own pleasure. In Comala almost each household has a son or daughter of Pedro Páramo.*"¹⁸

Studying the situations of the women in Comala, I learned that it was commonplace for a powerful man to have sex with any woman, a common practice called *Derecho de Pernada*¹⁹. During the Middle Ages in Western Europe, the feudal lords were allowed to have

¹⁷ Ibid.,

¹⁸ Ibid.,

¹⁹ In the virtual *Diccionario de la Real Academia Española de la Lengua*,[#] there are three definitions of this practice, which could be summarized like this: "it is the right of the feudal lord to have sex with the servant's wife on the wedding night".

sexual relations with any maid-servant or women of his field who was intended to marry one of his servants. This practice is also described in the influential play *Fuenteovejuna* (1618) by Lope de Vega.

Yolanda Mercader, a professor and researcher at Universidad Autónoma Metropolitana de Xochimilco, states in her article “Mujer Memorias Recuperadas: El Derecho de Pernada”²⁰ that *El Derecho de Pernada* in the rural áreas was a common practice and the rapist was always the cacique or his son. “En todas ellas el derecho de pernada se ejerce sobre mujeres del campo,,”²¹

“ Los colaboradores de la violación son siempre otros varones, de la misma clase social de la mujer violada, en todos los casos es el patrón o su hijo, quienes ejercen el derecho de pernada”²²

The main theme of *Fuenteovejuna* is the uprising of the people of the eponymous village against the abusive power of The Commander. The inhabitants, tired of enduring the abuses of their lord, rebel unanimously against him after he attempts to rape a girl named Laurencia. The rebellion ends with the commander’s murder. Therefore, the King sends a magistrate to investigate who killed the Commander. When the magistrate asks the villagers who murdered the Commander, they respond only by saying, “¡Fuenteovejuna lo hizo!” (Fuenteovejuna did it!).

As a result of my study, I chose to interpret Juan Rulfo's novel using a feminist reading, adopting the following strategies to reverse the roles of power:

Furthermore, the third definition has even a broader meaning, referring to the abuse of authority. “Ejercicio abusivo del poder o la autoridad.”

<http://dle.rae.es/?id=CGv2o6x>

²⁰ Mercader Yolanda, *MUJER MEMORIAS RECUPERADAS: EL DERECHO DE PERNADA*.

https://www.academia.edu/25937960/MUJER_MEMORIAS_RECUPERADAS_EL_DERECHO_DE_PERNADA

²¹ Ibid.,

²² Ibid.,

1. Creating an adaptation composed mostly of women to give more women the opportunity to perform as a means of counteracting Latina oppression. The male characters that appear in my adaptation would only be used when necessary: Pedro Páramo, Padre Rentería, Fulgor Sedano and El Tartamudo.

2. Amplifying the power that Rulfo has given to Susana San Juan over Pedro Páramo and reframing the role of Dolores Preciado as victim

3. Changing genders to reverse the power roles from man to woman. The male characters of Juan Preciado and Abundio Martínez in Rulfo's novel became Juana Preciado and Abundia Marínez in my adaptation.

The first point is outlined in the script, included in the appendix. What follows is a detailed account of the changes in the characters mentioned in points two and three.

I was particularly drawn to the character of Susana San Juan, so I strengthened her power as a woman by omitting the abuses against her that Rulfo describes in his novel. Susana is the strongest female character in Rulfo's novel. She is the personification of a rebel and a free woman. In a world where woman must suffer, where abuses of power and misogyny are normal, she has decided to be insanely happy. Susana is the love of Pedro's life, the woman for whom he moved heaven and earth, and his obsession. Pedro Páramo spent his life waiting and looking for her. She is the reason why Pedro condemned Comala to death. Pedro has been in love with Susana since they were children. He remembers her "up on the hill, flying kites in the wind."²³ Susana and her father left town when she was still a child. Pedro waited 30 years for her to come back to Comala. When she came back, she had lost her mind. In spite of this Pedro stills marries her.

"FULGOR SEDANO: Esperó treinta años a que usted regresara, Susana San Juan. Esperó a tenerlo todo. No solamente algo, sino todo, todo lo que pudiera para que no se le quedara ningún deseo que

²³ Ibid.,

él no le pudiera cumplir. Se paró sobre un montón de muertos dizque para poder ver cuando usted apareciera, para hacerle señas, para que lo viera grande. Y usted volvió Susana, volvió al fin, pero cuando ya no era de éste mundo...”²⁴

“He waited thirty years for you to come back, Susana San Juan. He waited to have everything, not just something, but everything. He stood on a pile of dead people so he could see when you showed up, so you could see him big. You returned Susana, finally you returned, but when you no longer belong to this world....”

Susana knows that she is the ultimate desire in the life of Pedro Páramo, and she uses his love to make him pay. She is the only character that is not dominated by Pedro Páramo, rather, she dominates him. During their marriage, she spends her time dreaming about Florencio, her first husband who is dead. Florencio is the man that she really loved. She recalls telling him how much she desires his naked body by the beach. “How big was that man! How tall! And his voice was seca como la tierra más seca”.

Susana is the only female character that had a happy life. She has no regrets and feels no guilt about anything. In the play, she simply tells stories of good memories in her life. The memories of her childhood, the life he had with Florencio. She was happy with him, her life with him was a honeymoon. She only needs those memories to continue living, she does not care about anything more than the wonderful life she had with Florencio.

Furthermore, she rejects God “Señor, you do not exist!”²⁵ Susana asked God to protect Florencio, but he did not, and Florencio died. From that moment on, she rejected God. On her deathbed, Padre Renteria arrives to hear her final confession. She does not show signs of remorse or guilt and asks Father Renteria to leave and let her sleep, finally she is dying:

“PADRE RENTERÍA

²⁴ Ibid.,

²⁵ Ibid.,

I have come to give you communion, my child. Vine a confortarte, hija. (Susana acerca el cirio encendido a su cara.) Ahora, repite conmigo. I ave my mouth filled with dirt.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Yes, Father.

PADRE RENTERÍA

No digas "Yes, Father." Repite conmigo!

SUSANA SAN JUAN

What are you going to say to me? Are you going to have me confess again? Why do we have to do that again?

PADRE RENTERÍA

I only came to talk with you, Susana, and to prepare you to die.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Ya me voy a morir?

PADRE RENTERÍA

Si.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Entonces déjeme en paz, váyase, go away, tengo sueño, quiero dormir."²⁶

Susana San Juan is the most vigorous character of the play, and she carries her rebellious nature to her death. Pedro Páramo brought the whole town to their knees, but could not get Susana to love him. She, removed from reality, decided that there was no God or mortal who could subdue her.

Completely the opposite to Susana San Juan, Dolores Preciado is the perfect example of what a Cacique's wife should be.²⁷ She is docile, submissive, devoted, and available for sex. She runs a household and cooks meals for Pedro; she has a social position worthy of respect. "Pedro Páramo rose from poverty to became the most dominant figure in

²⁶Ibid.,

²⁷Cacique. NOUN 1(in Latin America or the Spanish-speaking Caribbean) a native chief. 2 (in Spain or Latin America) a local political boss.Online, en.oxforddictionaries.com.

Comala. Through premeditated steps he gains power and wealth and acquires most of the land surrounding the town. First, he marries Dolores Preciado, whom he does not love, in order to take possession of her inherited land properties. He later abandons her and his son Juan.”²⁸ Dolores, knowing that she won't have a good life with Pedro Páramo remains married him.

“Do I have to tell the judge that my properties will be jointly held? That is fine, anything for Don Pedro. I am going to try and make it come sooner. I hope it will be tonight. Pero de todas maneras, me va a durar tres días. ¡Qué felicidad! ¡Ah, qué felicidad! Gracias Dios mío por darme a don Pedro... Although afterward, he may hate me!”²⁹

However, after Pedro casts Dolores away, she was the one that at the end to abandon him. Dolores never comes back to Comala, she prefers a life in misery with her daughter than to live with Pedro again. “Ella siempre odio a Pedro Páramo” “She always hates Pedro Páramo”. The love she once had for Pedro Páramo turns into a deep hatred; on her deathbed she forces her daughter to promises her that she will look for her father to claim what belongs to them: “No vayas a pedirle nada, exíguele lo nuestro” “Do not go to ask him of anything, demand what is ours”.³⁰

In order to keep illustrating show my feminist stance on my adaptation, I will explain my decision to change the original gender in some of Rulfo's characters.

In Rulfo's novel, one of the main characters is Juan Preciado, Pedro Páramo' son. In my adaptation the character becomes Juana Preciado, Pedro's daughter. Juana starts a journey far away from home, she travels to look for her father and claim from him what legally belongs to her. This gender reversal provided a female character the opportunity to fulfill a masculine role, putting a woman of the 1900s in a position to stand and claim what is

²⁸ Leal Luis, *Juan Rulfo*. United States of America, Twayne publisher, University of California, Santa Barbara, 1983, page 77

²⁹ Taken from my adaptation . Riaño G Carolina, *El Corrido de Pedro Páramo*, 2018

³⁰ Ibid,.

rightfully hers. On the other hand, Abundio is the son who murders Pedro; in my adaptation, Abundio becomes Abundia, the daughter that kills her father. Abundia, represents the symbol of vengeance for all the women in Comala. As with Clytemnestra who kills her husband or Medea who murder her son. I wanted in my adaptation a woman strong enough to kill her own father. The tyrant Pedro Páramo. Similar to *Fuenteovejuna*, where the Commander was rightfully murdered by the whole town, in my play the landlord, Pedro, was rightfully killed by his own daughter.

3. Staging Process

An Evening of One Acts was the title given by the UCSC Theater Arts Department for the second part of the project where myself and two other Theater Arts Master of Arts Directing Candidates had the opportunity to direct a play that each of us had chosen. The department designed the project as a single show where the three productions shared the stage.

The Department scheduled auditions in the Main Stage on January 11 and 12 and we began rehearsals on January 16. The production team scheduled which of the three directors would have access to the three rehearsal spaces; the spaces were the Experimental Theater, and classrooms B100 and E100. We had five weeks to assemble our plays including technical and dress rehearsals. The rolling premiere of our plays was scheduled for March 23 /24, in a rotating two-week season that closed March 2nd. Each night two plays were performed in rotation. Each director had the opportunity to present their production five times during the production run.

My analysis of the staging process of my play “El corrido de Pedro Páramo” will be divided into five short parts:

- A. Table discussion
- B. Actors workshop
- C. Music creation
- D. Production design
- E. Aesthetic evaluation

A. Table Discussion:

The first day of rehearsals I gave the student/actors the new “Espanglish” bilingual script for them to memorize, and asked them to bring a picture of a family member that they could relate to their characters. I divided the rehearsal time into a table discussion and a workshop.

Table discussion: providing context by examining Juan Rulfo’s life during the *Cristeros War* and the *Mexican Revolution*, the wars that caused misery, displacement and impoverished Mexico. My goal for the first week of rehearsal was to show the student/actors other realities by seeing people differently from how we see them today. I wanted them to see images of rural Mexico in the 1900’s and to give them a better understanding of Rulfo’s world and his landscapes. I used the following study materials:

- The *Especial Juan Rulfo mi Padre*, a documentary of Juan Rulfo’s life by El Pais.com to commemorate 100 years of Juan Rulfo³¹.
- Different and short didactic video clips about the Mexican Revolution and the Cristeros War³²
- Video clips of *100 Fotografías - Juan Rulfo*. 100 Pictures of Juan Rulfo³³.

In my quest to inspire the performers and fill their minds with different images of different times, I showed them scenes of thematically-related films that I believed could help them to construct their characters:

Zorba the Greek (1964.) directed by Michael Cacoyannis. We watched the scene where the widow enters into a tavern looking for her goat; I wanted them to see the expression of her eyes when confronting the men who took her goat. We also watched the scene where Basil

³¹ *Juan Rulfo mi Padre*. <https://elpais.com/especiales/2017/juan-rulfo/>

³² Revolución Mexicana. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RoL5kxq3tTQ&t=450s>

Revolución Cristera video. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3wAYNJWvQbQ&t=27s>

³³ Links that contain Juan Rulfo’s pictures

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y7WYrDMfZAU>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lwU59ZOqrls&t=142s>

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_Z5nyM8DGWU

asks Zorba to teach him how to dance, a vibrant scene full of laughter and joy for life. We also watched scenes from Vittorio De Sica's *The Bicycle Thieves* (1948.), where people are struggling after the war. I was trying to inspire them how to live different characters. In addition, we watched music videos of DakhaBrakha, a primarily female Ukrainian quartet, that performs fantastic vocal work and mobilizes a great energy on the stage.

B. Actors workshop

We used the second half of the rehearsal for a workshop, in creating and connecting with their characters. Because of the small cast size, several of the performers were obligated to portray more than one character, such as Alexia Flores, who performed Dolores Preciado and Abundia Martínez and Celia Espinosa, who was cast as Pedro's mother, Damiana Cisneros and Eduviges.

One workshop exercise consisted of walking through rehearsal room while they were instructed to look at each other, connect with one another and make sure that the space was balanced. I clapped once, and that signified that the actors stopped and looked around to ensure if the space was in balance. I clapped again and they continued the next set of actions. The action was repetitive, and it accelerated towards nearly running until we ended the exercise. Then, I taught them short songs for children in Spanish, to warm up, generate a sense of community and develop fluency.

Finally, we made experiments through the picture exercises. While again walking around the space, the performers were instructed to look at the picture they brought in, and to think about the person in the picture, and to reflect about their lives. What kind of person were they? How did they live? Where did they live? What kind of lives did the women have? This was the starting point for them to build their characters and find ties with their ancestor in a rural Mexico. Then I asked them; how does the person walk? How does the person move their hands and how did the person stand? How was his or her posture, did the person have

a hump? My goal with all these questions was to make them think how the body of a person that works and live in the fields is. By the end of the week, they were trying to put their lines in the characters. It was rather challenging for them to switch between reading English and Spanish while keeping the rhythm of the text. It was in this part of the process where they gave their creative ideas in improving the script.

C. Music creation

It was clear for me that I wanted to have live music in my production. My inspiration was Mexican *corridos*, a folkloric musical genre prominent during the Mexican Revolution. The events of the Revolution were sung in detail, themed to battles, executions, burnings, etc. As I am fascinated by the female Mexican *corridos* singers,³⁴ we listened to songs by Lucha Moreno, Amparo Ochoa, and Lola Beltran. Many of these *corridos* gave voice to women, and accounted their roles in the battlefield commanding battalions and turned them into heroines, in such examples like songs *Adelita*, *Juana Gallo*, *la soldadera*, *la rielera*, etc³⁵.

“The corrido is a socio-historical, literary and musical phenomenon which can be studied in terms of its lyrical structure, but also as a reference or source for history, as it is part of the oral tradition of societies. It has a controversial origin, explained from three main positions: the hispanic, the indigenist and the mestizo. In addition, the corrido has served a means of information and as reproducer of value system, and codes, locally and regionally with greater presence during the Mexican Revolution”.³⁶

UCSC Professor Rodríguez, from the Music Department, was supportive of my project and recruited his students to be musicians for my production. We had a bass guitar

³⁴ Mexican Revolution Corridos. *La música popular en la Revolución Mexicana*. <http://www.imer.mx/xeb/la-musica-popular-en-la-revolucion-mexicana/>

³⁵ A link with 10 Mexican corridos in which the main character is the woman <https://musica.nexos.com.mx/2017/11/20/10-corridos-de-mujeres-en-la-revolucion/>

³⁶ Lira-Hernández, Alberto, *El corrido mexicano: un fenómeno histórico-social y literario*. Contribuciones desde Coatepec [en línea] 2013, (Enero-Junio) <http://www.redalyc.org/articulo.oa?id=28126456004>> ISSN 1870-0365

(guitarron) player, guitarist, trumpeter and a female lead singer. I gave Professor Rodríguez the songs from José Domingo's play and he created a beautiful musical score.

Professor Rodríguez rehearsed with his students in the UCSC Music Department, and the performers started every rehearsal warming up singing the *corridos* from the play. Professor Rodríguez and his students joined us to rehearse together on Thursdays and Fridays. We assembled total of eight songs for the play. The lead singer Alejandra Camacho performed a couple of songs by herself and was the lead voice of the group songs and the choirs. We did a great job in assembling the music; it was one of the great successes of the staging of *El Corrido de Pedro Páramo*.

D. Scenic and Costume Design

1. Scenic Design: I wanted to have a very simple stage where I could portray a small and impoverished town, so I envisioned a pair of round rustic tables, a bench for Susana San Juan, crates around the space that could be transformed and used in different ways during the course of the show, a platform for the musicians, and an altar for Padre Rentería. I wanted simple things that could be transformed by actors during the duration of the play.

2. Projection: To help the audience to understand my "Espanglish" story, I wanted to have a projection of Dolores Preciado, the mother of Juana, and Pedro's wife. With this projection, I wanted to isolate her in the space, in order to tell the audience that the woman in the image was a woman who had died far from Comala. I wanted to represent Juana looking for her mother in her memories, like when a picture of a loved one is carried in a locket around one's neck. This effect was a beautiful idea that brought magic to the play.

3. Costumes: I was inspired by the work of the Mexican Muralist David Alfonso Siqueiros (1896-1974), who portrayed the Revolution: its goals, its past, oppression and misery of the working classes. Like in the *corridos*, Siqueiros told the story of the Mexican Revolution. The clothing distinguished or separated the social status of the character. It

intended to recreate the *caste system* that was a socio-racial classification system used during Spanish colonization and the dress rule. According to Chloë Sayer in his book Costumes of Mexico (1985), despite of the official abolition of the *caste system* “the *castas* were still recognized an associated with certain dress style as in the pass” (99)

In the upper class, Dolores Preciado wore white clothing, a white pearl necklace, and earrings. Pedro Páramo dressed totally in black, with tall boots, and a leather hat to serve as a symbol of elegance. The other characters were dressed in earth tones to reflect a rustic and dusty environment. We used fabric material for the shirts and clothes for the skirts. All the female characters wore the *rebozo*³⁷, one the most important garments in any social class during the colonial period. The musicians wore black, straw hats and Mexican ponchos that attempted to recreate the Mexican *serape*³⁸, an item of clothing that according to Chloë Sayer is a “national institution” for Mexicans.

E. Aesthetic evaluation.

With regards to the acting level, I was able to train a group of students (not all of them from the Theater Department) to perform with clarity and confidence. They stood on the stage confidently and performed the role or roles that they had been rehearsing for a month with success. In the same way, with the support of Professor Rodríguez, we managed to get this group of students without musical training to sing in the play. Musicians were involved in the play, commenting and acting according to the needs of the scene. Alejandra, managed to create a character and participate in the choreographies. Our choreographies were good, although it could have been better with more time. It was rewarding to train and work with a wonderful and enthusiastic group of young students.

³⁷ Rebozo: a long woven scarf, often of fine material, worn over the head and shoulders by Spanish and Mexican women. Dictionary .com

³⁸ Serape: a blanket like shawl or wrap, often of brightly colored wool, as worn in Latin America. Dictionary .com

Ultimately, I felt that the scenography was the least successful aspect of the production. It was too simple, and I was not able to create a naturalistic atmosphere or mood of an abandoned town located in the desert that I originally wanted. With the lighting design, we tried to make up for all these shortfalls. The lights gave the play something of the cold mood of an abandoned town. However, there were elements that worked out well, such as the platform for the musicians that made them look as part of the town, and the projection of Dolores Preciado, that besides being aesthetically beautiful helped bring into the play the image of something that was part of a memory.

The costumes worked very well, and the concept of Siqueiros' and the class *system of castes* I wanted to be reflected were achieved. Perhaps Dolores Preciado should have worn something that identified her with an upper class, more in the line of Pedro Páramo. I did have challenges in one instance, when I chose a particular quality of *serapes* for the musicians, and the cast was offended because these ponchos are part of a Mexican stereotype, a stereotype against which they have been fighting. That showed me in that moment my lack of understanding of the social context. Once rectified, the colors and textures of the costumes gave the play the mood of an old town.

Incorporating a lot of music to play took my production to another level, and conveyed information about the space, time, and emotion to the audience. It gave the play more grandeur.

Bilingualism as a tool to reach a larger audience

I drew on Cherrie Moraga's innovative approach to bilingualism in *Watsonville: Some Place Not Here* to work in my own adaptation. After reading her play and a few of her interviews, I gained a better understanding on how I can use the language on my play.

My intention was to tell the story in a way that would reach a larger audience, in order to give voice to those that have remained silent. Cherrie Moraga, born in 1952 in Los Angeles, CA, is of Mexican and Anglo-Chicana and Anglo ancestry. She is a feminist activist, a poet, playwright, essayist, editor and part of the Faculty in the English Department at UCSB. She also has served as an Artist in Residence in the Department of Theater and Performance Studies at Stanford University for over twenty years, where she mentored a full generation of writers that credit Moraga as one of their most influential teachers.

The play *Watsonville: Some Place Not Here*, talks about of the struggles of Mexican workers in the Cannery of El Pajaro Valley, Watsonville, a migrant worker inhabited town in Central California. The cannery workers are fighting for better wages, health care and for their civil rights. At the time of *Watsonville's* creation, the Latino community faced divisions as anti-immigration legislation (proposition 187³⁹) was being proposed in California, intending to separate the workers into legal residents and illegal immigrants. The play reenacts the worries and the fate of illegal immigrants.

Like Moraga, I use bilingualism to impact larger audiences and to bring to light people that remain in the shadows. To illustrate Moraga's intentions, here are two quotes from *Watsonville*:

"Lucha: Pero dice ella que she was her..... de carne y huesos, que la virgen apareció entre muchas mujeres, dressed just like us...bueno like you, Amparo... como un cannery worker. Amparo: Gracias, Luchita.

³⁹ This website contains an explanation on the 187 proposition. An initiative statute, nicknamed the "Save Our State" initiative. <https://calvoter.org/archive/94general/props/187.html>

Lucha: y la Virgen left her estampa in one of the trees”

A son in Spanish language

*“Mi tierra es pura riqueza
Pero está mal repartida
En el campo allá no hay vida
Solo miseria y tristeza
Cuando a crecer uno empieza
Ver que al Norte todos van
Y no quedando otro plan
Me fui de la tierra mía
Y hoy no sé si vuelva un día
Ay dios, a mi Michoacán”*

My admiration with Moraga work goes beyond language. It has to do with ways of seeing the world and communicating with it, issues concerning the minorities and a fight for equality. I believe that theater have the power for social change.

In surveying the cast of “El Corrido” to see if my methods for incorporating bilingualism worked as a mean to give voice to the Latina community, they offered me the following responses.

- Do you believe that *El corrido de Pedro Páramo* give voice and empower the Latino Community?

" Although *El corrido de Pedro Páramo* is a fictional story, it is still a reflection of historical events that much of Latin America experienced since the days of colonization and inquisition from Europe. Following the Mexican Revolution in 1910, and before the authoritative sanctioned presidential party (PRI) formally took power, corruption, and greed from privileged landowners still existed. Caciques who were local town leaders collaborated with the Mexican government in order to have greater political influence and power among the majority of Latinos/Hispanics/Mestizos. Thus leaving indigenous people and peasants no other choice than to depend on Cacique like figures as a means of survival. This play showed classist power dynamics which ranged from Pedro Páramo to his servant Damiana Cisneros and everyone else caught in the middle. El corrido presents a specific voice stemming from recollections of a post-revolutionary time that cater specifically to some Mexicans, and even Mexican-Americans, here in the U.S."

- Why do you think is important this kind of works in UCSC?

"El corrido de Pedro Páramo proved to be challenging and rewarding, nevertheless it was a substantial piece for this institution to produce. The simple answer is yes, the theater department needs more Latino plays. There are many prestigious Latin American playwrights who have allowed for many Latinos and non-Latinos to capture glimpses of our history, art, and diverse cultures that span across North America, the Caribbean, passing through the isthmus and to South America. If future Latino plays are produced by the UCSC theater department, it is important for there to be a collaborative effort with experts from the Latin American Studies and Latino department in order to accurately portray everything from the wardrobe to the history. In this way, future directors, actors, costume design, etc can become better aware and knowledgeable about what they are performing. "

Celia Espinosa

"El Corrido de Pedro Paramo created a space for Latinx actors and artists to collaborate and create a production truly for us and by us."

"I think it is important to conduct this kind of work at UCSC because it represents the and gives space for the Latinx community on campus and in the community of Santa Cruz. Without this work, Latinx community members are merely used for white administrators to use as tokens to create a sense of diversity rather than actual representation."

Xochitl Rios

"pues la verdad el corrido representa cultura y recuerda de nuestras raices. a mi en lo personal siendo el guitarrista este show tuvo mucha cultura, la musica fue original y los trajes tambien. El show nos da vos en el sentido de que demostramos que todavia tenemos algo por nuestras raices, sino para que hacer el show verdad."

"UCSC tiene que ayudar estos proyectos porque dan un espacio a las minorias a trabajar en algo que relata de sus raices mexicanas. tambien abre una nueva dimension para los que no tienen idea de como es una historia mexicana como esta. en otras palabras el show crea un espacio para aprender de otras culturas y para los estudiantes para desarrollar habilidades que se usan en un show verdadero."

Raul Avila

Conclusions

The migratory processes are a melting pot of cultures, and it was in this pot here, at UCSC, that I was able to demonstrate another way of interpreting the world, by adapting and staging my own version of Rulfo's Pedro Páramo: *El Corrido de Pedro Páramo*.

The development of this Capstone project led me to face not only the direction, but also the voice of the author. The need and desire to bring together a larger audience of Latino bilingual or Spanish speakers in an English-speaking community, forced me to become an adapter and director. I was determined to stage a play that could be seen, understood and enjoyed by a wider audience. Some questions remain: did my bilingual experiment work? Did I achieve what I wanted? In both cases, I believe I did. I witnessed a very multicultural audience engaged with the play. Many Latinos waited for me at the end of the play to thank me for doing this kind of work

However, another question arises: if all members of the audience (the people that came to see "El Corrido de Pedro Páramo") speak English, does all this work make sense? In the book Extraños en dos Patrias, Teatro Latinoamericano del Exilio⁴⁰ Osvaldo Obregón reflects on the Aleph Theater Group (Théâtre Aleph) located in France. Aleph, originally from Chile, moved to France because of the effects of his country's dictatorship. Obregon states that the theater company changed the audience, the language and the repertoire. From this perspective, the bilingualism in theater would not have a future.

On the other hand, the response of the public that came to see *El Corrido de Pedro Páramo* would support the opposite. This is further strengthened by the ongoing work of theater makers like Luis Valdez and Cherríe Moraga, where bilingualism is part of their identity and mission. As stated in my thesis, the Spanish language was fundamental in my play. It gave a sense of belonging to the Latinos that came in as an audience and the

⁴⁰ Various, *Extraños en dos Patrias, Teatro Latinoamericano del Exilio*. Edited by Sociedad de Teatro y Medios de Latinoamerica. Madrid 203. Page 37

student/actors that were part of the cast. The theater fulfilled the sublime mission of going beyond an aesthetic proposal. It gave voice to those who have remained silent, voice to a community that is eager to talk, that has a lot to say and wait for opportunities to be heard.

Appendix

The script, adaptation based on Pedro Páramo by Juan Rulfo. “El Corrido de Pedro Páramo” by Carolina G Riaño.

El Corrido de Pedro Páramo

Personajes

Narradora

Juana Preciado

La madre de Pedro Páramo

Damiana Cisneros

Eduviges

Susana San Juan

Dolores Preciado

Abundia Martínez

Padre Rentería

Fulgor Sedano

El Tartamudo

Pedro Páramo

Primer Acto

Prólogo

Las ánimas en pena deambulan por el escenario mientras los asistentes al corrido hacen parte de la velada.

MADRE

La sal llora cuando se reviene...

CORO DE ÁNIMAS EN PENA

Ruega por nosotros.

JUANA PRECIADO

Aún estaba encendida la tarde cuando la gente se desparramó...

CORO DE ÁNIMAS EN PENA

¡Ruega por nosotros!

FULGOR SEDANO

Todo consiste en morir, Dios mediante, cuando uno quiera y no cuando él lo disponga.

CORO DE ÁNIMAS EN PENA

¡Ruega por nosotros!

DAMIANA CISNEROS

Ya no hay pájaros, ni trigo, ni ánimas benditas del purgatorio...

CORO DE ÁNIMAS EN PENA

¡Ruega por nosotros!

PADRE RENTERÍA

Por tanto descreído, perjuro, y cismático.

CORO DE ÁNIMAS EN PENA

¡Ruega por nosotros!

SUSANA SAN JUAN

¿Será que mañana podemos librarnos de los decires y de los miedos que nos dejaron los ayeres?

DAMIANA CISNEROS

De las asechanzas del enemigo malo, líbranos, Señor.

ABUNDIA

(Habla disparejo, tratando de oír su propia voz.) Vengo por una ayudita para enterrar a mi esposo que se me murió, se me murió de hambre... ¡Ayúdeme!

Deme una caridad ¿no le piensa dar una caridad a su hija?

Abundia mata a Pedro.

DAMIANA CISNEROS

Despierten, despierten! Mataron a Don Pedro. Don Pedro got killed.

CORO DE ÁNIMAS EN PENA

¡Mataron a don Pedro Páramo! Don Pedro got killed, they killed Don Pedro.

Damiana screams.

CORO DE ÁNIMAS EN PENA

Ruega a Dios por nosotros!

NARRADORA

Cómala, a town located in the mouth of hell. It is under the tyrannical rule of Pedro Páramo, who owns the animals, people, and all the lands. Pedro Páramo's daughter, Juana, keeping a promise made to her dying mother, Dolores Preciado, comes to Cómala with the hope to find him. Juana never knew Pedro, because he cast her mother away when she was pregnant. Juana is just another abandoned child of Pedro, who was used to impose his will to every woman in the entire town and uses each and every one of them for his own pleasure. In Cómala, almost each household has a son or daughter of Pedro Páramo. Juana arrives to a world in which ghosts speak from their graves. In her journey, she will learn the story of Cómala and how her father condemned the town to its death.

Que viva la fiesta!

Primera Escena

CORO DE ÁNIMAS EN PENA

Les venimos a contar,
con escenas de teatro,
la historia de un suceso
que merece ser contado.

De un pueblo en el olvido,
repleto de almas en pena,

tratará este corrido
que pondremos en escena.

Es de origen mexicano,
por don Juan Rulfo compuesto,
por nosotros adaptado,
para ustedes ya dispuesto.

Pedro Páramo se llama
el personaje principal
de esta historia que comienza
por donde debía acabar,

Y aunque ustedes no lo vean
de cuerpo y alma presente,
fue don Pedro el culpable
de la ruina de mucha gente.

Gente pobre, pobre gente
que en pecado deambula
cuando no está acostada
en el hueco de su tumba.

Cuando a su padre mataron
por tierras mal repartidas,
empezó Pedro a vengarse
con las trampas conocidas:

Desconociendo linderos,
quemando todo expediente,
falseando en las notarías,
matando a sus oponentes.

Pero una razón secreta
Don Pedro a nadie decía
Que un amor desde su infancia
el alma le retorció:

Susanita de San Juan,
mi Susanita querida...
¿A dónde andarás ahora,
mi Susanita perdida?

Vuela, vuela palomita,
extiende muy bien tus alas,
cuéntale a todo el mundo
lo que viste aquí en Cómala.

NARRADORA

(Todos los actores en escena, la narradora presenta a uno por uno.)

Juana Preciado, arrives to Cómala looking for Pedro Páramo, her father.

Dolores Preciado, Juana's mother, Pedro's wife, and the one that was cast away. Abundia, one of Pedro's many daughters and the one responsible for his death. Damiana Cisneros, the woman that never left Cómala, Pedro's housekeeper the one in charge of all his things.

Pedro's mother, always taking care of all his things.

Eduviges, the woman who was about to be Juana's mother.

Fulgor Sedano, Pedro's right and sinister hand, his sicario!

El Tartamudo, one of many Pedro's workers.

Padre Rentería, the one in charge of all the souls condemned in the town including his own.

Susana San Juan, the love of Pedro's life, the woman for whom he moved heaven and earth.

Pedro Páramo, the evil himself. El mismísimo diablo.

JUANA PRECIADO *(De pie con una talega de viaje).*

Vine a Cómala porque me dijeron que acá vivía mi padre. Mi madre me lo dijo. Y yo le prometí que vendría en cuanto ella se muriera...

DAMIANA CISNEROS

...En cambio, yo me quedé en este pueblo. Siempre. Aún después de que se quedó solo, sin hombres en la labranza. Ellos, cuando ya no vieron más futuro aquí se fueron, las tierras se llenaron de maleza y a las casas que se fueron desportillando. Dios sabe lo que hace y si esta tierra se murió es que lo merecía, porque el que no levanta su voz, que se atenga a su agonía...

SUSANA SAN JUAN

...Estoy acostada, en la misma cama donde murió mi madre, sobre el mismo colchón; bajo la misma cobija de lana negra con la que nos envolvíamos las dos para dormir... Pero eso es falso porque no estoy acostada sólo por un rato,

ni en la cama de mi madre; sino dentro de un cajón negro como el que se usa para enterrar a los muertos. Porque yo estoy muerta.

FULGOR SEDANO

Esperó treinta años a que usted regresara, Susana San Juan. Esperó a tenerlo todo. No solamente algo, sino todo, todo lo que pudiera para que no se le quedara ningún deseo que él no le pudiera cumplir. Se paró sobre un montón de muertos dizque para ver cuando usted apareciera, para hacerle señas, para que lo viera grande. Y usted volvió Susana, volvió al fin, pero cuando ya no era de éste mundo...

PEDRO PÁRAMO

A centenares de metros, más, mucho más allá de todo, estás escondida tú, Susana. Escondida en la inmensidad de Dios, detrás de su Divina Providencia, donde ya no puedo alcanzarte ni verte y a donde no llegan mis palabras.

PADRE RENTERÍA

Allá en Cómala intenté sembrar uvas. No se dan. Sólo crecen los naranjos y arrayanes agrios. A mí se me olvidó ya el sabor de las cosas dulces. En el Seminario sembraba guayabas y duraznos, y esas mandarinas que con sólo apretarlas soltaban la cáscara. Llevé a Cómala algunas semillas, pocas, apenas una bolsita... y las llevé a morir.

La tierra de Cómala

Seca se ve esta tierra,
Madura su aridez.
En la canícula de Agosto
No hay cosa que pueda crecer.
En el paisaje abierto,
olvidado de la lluvia,
sólo se ve un árbol seco,
arrugado en sus arrugas.
sólo se ve un árbol seco,
arrugado en sus arrugas.
La tierra toda cuarteada,
ni un ser que la recorra,
pero no siempre fue así,
antes fue más hermosa
¿Y quién tuvo la culpa
de tanta desolación?

tuvo la culpa un nombre
al que le dicen Amor
tuvo la culpa un nombre
al que le dicen Amor.

Segunda Escena

(A Projection of Dolores Preciado)

JUANA PRECIADO

Don't fail to go and see him. I am sure he would want to know you.... Me dijo mi madre. Entonces no pude hacer otra cosa sino decirle que así lo iba a hacer. She was dying, y de tanto decírselo se lo seguí diciendo, even after I managed to remove my hands from her lifeless hands.

DOLORES PRECIADO

No vayas a pedirle nada. Exígele lo nuestro. Lo que estuvo obligado a darme y que nunca me dió... El olvido en que nos tuvo, cóbraselo caro. Make him pay dearly, my daughter, for the way he has abandoned us.

JUANA PRECIADO

Así lo voy a hacer, madre. *(Pausa)* I never really intended to fulfill my promise... Sólo que después comencé a llenarme de ilusiones. After that a new world began to form, based on the hope of a man called Pedro Páramo, the husband of my mother. Por eso vine a este Pueblo *(Avanza hacia una mujer que arrastra sus pies en la seca tierra.)* Disculpe senora, what is the name of the town you see down there?

ABUNDIA MARTÍNEZ

Cómala.

JUANA PRECIADO

¿Y por qué se ve tan triste?

ABUNDIA MARTÍNEZ

It's the times, señora.

JUANA PRECIADO

Hace calor aquí.

ABUNDIA MARTÍNEZ

Yes, y lo sentirá más cuando llegue a Comala. Comala sits on the coals of the earth at the very mouth of hell. I can tell you that many of those who die there

come back to get a blanket after going to hell. (*Una risa hueca y persistente*)

¿Y usted que hace aquí, si se puede saber?

JUANA PRECIADO

Vine a ver a mi padre.

ABUNDIA MARTÍNEZ

Ajá. (*Se detiene, la mira a los ojos. Silencio. Reanuda su labor, se aleja, habla hacia cualquier parte.*) I'm sure he'll be happy to see you. It has been many years since anyone has visited. ¿Qué trazas se lleva su padre, si se puede saber?

JUANA PRECIADO

No lo conozco. Sólo sé que se llama Pedro Páramo. ¿Do you know Pedro Páramo?

ABUNDIA MARTÍNEZ

(*Vuelve la risa, que le sacude el cuerpo.*) I am also his daughter, yo también soy su hija. (*Se acerca a JUANA, le toma la cabeza y lo hace girar en las direcciones que va indicando.*) Do you see that ridge that looks like a pig's bladder? Ahora voltee para allá ¿Ve la ceja de aquel cerro? Look at it. Do you see that other ridge that you almost can't see from here? Well, that is the Media Luna, de cabo a rabo. All the land you can see with your eyes belonged to him. (*Lo encara.*) El caso es que su madre y la mía y las de montones de Páramos nos malparieron en la pura tierra, aunque éramos hijos de Pedro Páramo.

JUANA PRECIADO

¿Y Pedro Páramo?

ABUNDIA MARTÍNEZ

¿Pedro Páramo? Pedro Páramo se murió hace muchos años.

CORO DE ÁNIMAS EN PENA

No se le ve su cara,
ni se conoce su voz.
Pero toditos se callan
con su menta mención...
Y no hay mujer que lo diga
y se le pueda creer,

que don Pedro no la tuvo
ni la hizo su mujer.
El ya no vive aquí,
pero siempre está presente.
Si a él le adeudo mi vida,
también le debo mi muerte.

Tercera Escena

EDUVIGES

So you are Dolores's daughter? (*Juana asiente.*) She told me that you would be coming today.

JUANA PRECIADO

¿Quién, mi madre? Mi madre ya se murió.

EDUVIGES

Sí ella. (*Eduviges enciende una vela y la invita a pasar.*) Este era su cuarto.

JUANA PRECIADO

¿Qué es lo que hay aquí?

EDUVIGES

Memories. Recuerdos. The house is full of them; people left and they never came back for them.

JUANA PRECIADO

¿Y dónde está Pedro Páramo? (*Eduviges señala hacia el baño.*)

MADRE

What are you doing in the toilet all this time, Pedro?

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Nada, mamá. (*A un lado Susana San Juan, toda vestida de blanco casi transparente.*) It's time to sneak away with you, in the river, then I am going to kiss your legs, Susana. Voy a hacer de tus medias un montoncito de hilo y se nos va a llenar la boca de caricias.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

I'm going to marry you tomorrow. ¿Me prometes que te vas a casar conmigo? (*Pedro la alcanza.*)

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Al fin puedo encontrar tu boca.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Mira. The stars are raining down from the sky.

MADRE

Pedro, si no sigues ahí va a salir una culebra y te va a morder el culo.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Sí, madre... I was thinking of you, Susana, when we were up on the hill, flying kites in the wind. Below us, we could hear the sounds of the town and the wind how it pulled on the kite string. ¡Ayúdame, Susana! Y tus manos suaves se apretaban a mis manos. ¡Suelta más hilo!

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Your lips are wet as if they were kissed by the dew... (*Se va, fuertes sonidos de galope.*)

JUANA PRECIADO

What are you listening to, Doña Eduviges?

EDUVIGES

It's the horse of Miguel Páramo that is galloping out there on the road of Media Luna.

JUANA PRECIADO

¿Alguien vive en La Media Luna?

EDUVIGES

Nope, nobody lives there now. It's only the horse that runs back and forth. Miguel and his horse were inseparable. It runs all over the place still looking for him, especially at this hour. Perhaps the poor thing is cursed. Hasta los animales se dan cuenta de cuando comenten un crimen. (*El galope otra vez se confunde con los golpes en la puerta.*)

NARRADORA

Miguel Páramo se llama, de don Pedro el heredero. Miguelito was just like his father, Pedro, always taking girls however he can... whether they are willing or not. One night while riding his horse looking for his girls, the horse jumped a fence, causing Miguelito to fall to his death. Miguel, one of many children, the only one that Pedro recognizes and gave his last name. The only son that did not starve to death.

MADRE

Te dije que salieras del baño, muchacho.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Sí, madre. Ya voy. *(a Susana)* I was remembering you, when you were looking at me, with your aquamarine eyes.

MADRE

Why does it take you so long to get out of the toilet?

PEDRO PÁRAMO

The day you left, I knew I would never see you again. Ibas teñida de rojo por el sol de la tarde, por el crepúsculo ensangrentado del cielo. Sonreías. Dejabas atrás un pueblo del que muchas veces me dijiste:

SUSANA SAN JUAN

I love this pueblo because of you, but I hate it for everything else, even for having been born here.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

No vas a regresar jamás; no vas a volver nunca...

MADRE

¡Ay! ¡Ay! ¡Despierta! ¡Despiértate!

PEDRO PÁRAMO

¿Por qué lloras, madre?

MADRE

¡Tu padre, tu padre murió! ¡Mataron a tu padre! *(El grito va hasta el silencio. La mujer, de pie impidiendo la llegada del día anegada en lágrimas. Y después el sollozo. Otra vez el llanto suave pero agudo, y la pena haciendo retorcer su cuerpo.)*

NARRADORA

He was killed at dawn. Don Lucas Páramo was going to be the godfather, and the thing was Don Lucas was shot by accident, the bullet was actually intended for the groom. Since Pedro never knew who fired the bullet that struck his father, Pedro Páramo slaughtered everyone. It was the reason for Pedro's hate and vengeance.

MADRE

Tu padre murió, se le acabó la vida...

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Let me continue sleeping! Everything else is a lie. No one can die while sleeping!

MADRE

Son las cinco de la mañana. Levántate hijo, tu padre está aquí, tendido... Lo mataron y lo vamos a enterrar hoy en la tarde.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

They are not going to bury anyone. My father can't be a dead man. Turn off the light. Apaga esa luz y vete, madre. ¡Go away! Es la mentira pura. Y mi llanto se hizo agua como la sangre. Y cuando oía allá lejano el llanto de mi madre, mi sangre se hizo como el agua.

JUANA PRECIADO

And who has killed you, mother?

(Proyección de la madre.)

Canción a la madre

Ahora estoy aquí, madre,
en el pueblo en que naciste.
En este pueblo extraño,
buscando a quien ya no existe.

Casas vacías,
invadidas de mala hierba.
Puertas desportilladas,
seca toda la tierra...

Oigo caer mis pasos
sobre las piedras redondas.
Alzo la vista en vano:
aquí solo viven sombras.

Cuarta Escena

FULGOR SEDANO *(Afilando un cuchillo de carnicero contra una piedra)*

Everybody is buried, but nobody wants to die.

NARRADORA

Señores déjenme a mí presentar, con mucho gusto y afecto a un hombre muy ejemplar, cuya virtud principal fue la de darse a odiar, hasta por su misma

mamá. He is Fulgor Sedano, Pedro's Páramos right hand. He was his accountant and he was his assassin.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Sit down Fulgor.

FULGOR SEDANO

Prefiero estar de pie, Pedro.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Okay, whatever you like. Pero que no se te olvide el "don." How are things going?

FULGOR SEDANO

Mal, "don" Pedro, no queda nada. Ya vendimos hasta la última cabeza de ganado. Debemos...

PEDRO PÁRAMO

To whom are we in debt? I don't care about how much, only to whom.

FULGOR SEDANO

No hay de donde sacar para pagar. Ese es el asunto. Aunque por ahí hay uno que otro interesado en comprarle los terrenos. Y pagan bien. Se podrían cubrir las deudas pendientes y todavía quedaría algo; aunque, eso sí, algo mermado.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Are you the one looking to buy?

FULGOR SEDANO

¡Cómo se pone a creer que yo!

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Yo creo hasta en el padrenuestro, Fulgor. Tomorrow we will start to settle our affairs. We'll start with the Preciado. You say it's them we owe the most?

FULGOR SEDANO

Sí, y a las que les hemos pagado menos. La Lola, (*Pedro desaprueba la insolencia de Fulgor con un gesto*) quiero decir, doña Dolores, quedó como dueña de todo. Usted sabe: el rancho de en medio. Y es a ella a la que tenemos que pagar.

PEDRO PÁRAMO (*Silencio, Pedro Páramo reflexiona, trama algo*)

Tomorrow you are going to go and ask for her hand.

FULGOR SEDANO

¿Pero cómo quiere usted que me quiera si ya estoy viejo?

PEDRO PÁRAMO

You will ask her hand for me, pendejo. After all, she does have some charm. Tell Father Renteria to start making the arrangements. Promise him some money, tell him that by marrying us he will have his share. No te dara ningun problema el curita ese.

FULGOR SEDANO

¿Y la Toribia?

PEDRO PÁRAMO

What happened with la Toribia Aldrete?

FULGOR SEDANO

Cuestión de límites. Doña Toribia Aldrete ya mandó cercar y dice que tiene papeles...

PEDRO PÁRAMO

La tierra no tiene papeles, ni divisiones. Busca la manera de hacérselo entender. There won't be any fences. The land won't be divided, this land is mine!

FULGOR SEDANO

I'm starting to enjoy dealing with you.

NARRADORA

Fulgor Sedano,
Pero ningún encargo,
Señores y señoritas
Le trajo a Sedano
Mejor reputación,
Que cuando a la Doloritas,
De la finca de en medio.
Pidió en matrimonio para su patrón.

DOLORES PRECIADO

But there are so many others he could choose from. There are lots of beautiful women in Cómala. What will they say, when they find out?

FULGOR SEDANO

(Fulgor Sedano con un anillo de matrimonio) No duerme, pensando en usted.

DOLORES PRECIADO

It gives me the shivers, Don Fulgor. I never would have imagined it.

FULGOR SEDANO

Es que es un hombre tan reservado. Don Lucas Páramo, que en paz descanse, llegó a decir que usted no era digna de él. Y él se calló la boca por pura obediencia. Ahora que don Lucas no está, no hay ningún impedimento. Pongamos por fecha de la boda pasado mañana. ¿Qué opina usted?

DOLORES PRECIADO

After tomorrow? Es muy pronto. I don't have anything ready. I need to order the things for the wedding, los ajuares! I'll write to my sister. It's also the first day of.....*(her period)* so it's too early. Dígale que espere unas diitas.

FULGOR SEDANO

Él quiere que sea ahora mismo. Si son por los ajuares, nosotros se los proporcionamos. *(Le pone el anillo para sellar el compromiso.)* La difunta madre de don Pedro espera que usted vista sus ropas. En la familia existe esa costumbre.

DOLORES PRECIADO

(Incómoda y aterrorizada). Es que además hay algo para estos días, usted sabe, cosas de mujeres. Cuánta vergüenza me da decir esto don Fulgor. You're making me blush again. I am ashamed to say it. Me toca la luna.

FULGOR SEDANO

Con luna o sin luna la boda será pasado mañana. Y discúlpeme usted los afanes, doña Doloritas, pero tengo que atender un asunto con doña Toribia... *(Mientras se aleja va sacando un papel de notaría y un cuchillo de carnicero.)* Ah, y que le diga al juez que los bienes son mancomunados.

DOLORES PRECIADO

Do I have to tell the judge that my properties will be jointly held? That is fine, anything for Don Pedro. I am going to try and make it come sooner. I hope it will be tonight. Pero de todas maneras, me va a durar tres días. ¡Qué felicidad!

¡Ah, qué felicidad! Gracias Dios mío por darme a don Pedro... Although afterward, he may hate me!

FULGOR SEDANO

(Fulgor a Pedro) Ya está pedida la Dolores y muy de acuerdo, don Pedro. El padre Rentería pidió sesenta pesos por pasar por alto las amonestaciones, pidió además un altar y una mesa de comedor. Se los prometí. A, ya está liquidado el asunto con la Toribia. *(Hace el gesto con el dedo de pasarlo por el cuello de que lo mato.)*

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Bien Fulgor *(Le da 2 cachetadas cariñosas en el cachete.)* “Did you ask Doña Dolores some money in advance?”

FULGOR SEDANO

No, patrón, no pude.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Eres un niño Fulgor.

Quinta Escena

EDUVIGES

I was almost your mother. Didn't she ever tell you that?

JUANA PRECIADO

No. De usted vine a saber por una señora que me indicó estos rumbos, una tal Abundia.

EDUVIGES

No debe ser ella. Abundia ya murió. Pues si, yo estuve a punto de ser tu madre. Dolores llegó corriendo a decirme que no podía acostarse esa noche con don Pedro. It was her wedding night.

DOLORES PRECIADO

(Rogando a Eduviges como una niñita.) I can't sleep with Pedro tonight. Anda tú por mí. No lo va a notar.

EDUVIGES

No puedo, Dolores, tienes que ir tú.

DOLORES PRECIADO

Please go in my place. Hazme ese favor, te lo voy a pagar con otros.

EDUVIGES

(A Juana) Tu madre en ese tiempo era una muchachita de ojos humildes. Si algo tenía bonito tu madre, eran los ojos. Y sabían convencer. And so I went. I took advantage of the darkness; and something your mother didn't know that I also liked Pedro Páramo. Me acosté con él, con gusto, con ganas. I held my body against his, but the celebration of the day before had left him so exhausted that he went to sleep and snored all night long. *(a Dolores)* Ahora anda tú, ya es otro día.

DOLORES PRECIADO

¿Qué te hizo?

EDUVIGES

(Niega con la cabeza.) Al año siguiente naciste tú, pero no de mí, aunque estuvo de un pelo que así fuera. Perhaps your mother was ashamed of it. *(Pausa)* Además, ella siempre odió a Pedro Páramo, era que nunca lo veía, lo único que hacía era mandarle recados...

FULGOR SEDANO

¡Doña Doloritas! ¿Ya ordenó que le preparen el desayuno al patrón? ¡Doña Doloritas, que esto se lo devuelve, que esto está frío! Que así no le sirve.

NARRADORA

Dolores always got up before dawn. She lit the stove. The cats woke up when they smelled the fire and they followed her everywhere. Doña Dolores! Doña Dolores, this is cold, this is no good. Dolores got used to this treatment, but her humble eyes hardened and then she began to sigh.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Újule con la suspiradera, Doña Doloritas, y cómo por qué suspira?

DOLORES PRECIADO

I wish I was a bird so I could fly to the place where my sister lives.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Pues si le hace tanta falta su hermana mañana mismo se va a verla, no faltaba más doña Doloritas.

NARRADORA

The sighs were the perfect excuse for Pedro to pack Dolores's things and cast her away. Le empacó sus pocas cosas en un par de baúles y la mandó rumbo a Sayula. No volvimos a saber de ella. Pedro used to say while laughing that Dolores loves her sister more than him. *(Se oye un chillido.)*

EDUVIGES

Have you heard the whispers of death?

JUANA PRECIADO

No, doña Eduviges.

EDUVIGES

Más te vale... *(Le entrega la vela y la apaga.)*

VOCES DE ÁNIMAS EN PENA

(Alexia) ¡Diles que no me maten

(Celia) this place is filled with restless souls

(Eduardo) Pero me lleva la rejodida con ese hijo de la chingada de su patrón...

(Elias) I will not know bliss

(Robert) Todos están sepultados, pero nadie se quiere morir.

(Melissa) he has all of the signs of an evil creature

(Eduardo) Señor tú no existes

(Alejandra) she lost his soul

(Hesiquio) Señor ten piedad de nosotra

(Raul) there is no heaven for me

(Hesiquio) Pray for the purification of my soul

(Raul) Did you hear that?

JUANA PRECIADO

(Las nauseas la atragantan. Siente una punzada en el vientre, ve a Dolores)

¿Mamá? Can you hear me? Estoy aquí, en tu pueblo, with your people. Can you see me? Madre, where are you? ¡Madre, dónde estás! ¿Que se hicieron, madre, los vivos de este pueblo. Que se hicieron, madre, que no los puedo ver? ¿Y qué se hicieron tus vivos recuerdos, que no los veo, que no los puedo ver?

Una proyección de Dolores Preciado.

DOLORES PRECIADO

No, hija, no te veo... no te veo. Tu no cambies, hija, la vida de mis recuerdos,

mas bien busca para mi un lugar en que yo pueda, peregrina sin consuelo, en que yo pueda por fin descansar. *(Entran las ánimas juegan con Juana, le dan vueltas hasta que la acuestan. Vuelve la calma. Apoyándose en un ataúd.)*

Segundo Acto

Primera Escena

(El cuerpo de Miguel Páramo en un mesón)

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Padre, ábrale el camino al cielo.

PADRE RENTERÍA

No, no puedo, era un hombre malo. I remember the day I brought him to you very clearly, a few days after he was born. "Don Pedro, the mother died when she gave birth to him. She said he was yours. Take him." *(Coge un envoltorio como si fuera un bebe)*

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Padre cójalo usted y hágalo cura.

PADRE RENTERÍA

With the blood that runs in his veins. I don't want that responsibility.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Do you really believe I have bad blood, Father?

PADRE RENTERÍA

Francamente, sí Pedro.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Le probaré que no es cierto. Give him to me. There are many who would be happy to help take care of him.

PADRE RENTERÍA

Eso fue lo que pensé. Al menos con usted no le faltará que comer.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Damiana! Take care of this boy. Es mi hijo!!! *(Se lo entrega a Damiana y abre una botella de vino.)* Brindaremos por la madre muerta, por usted y por él, por qué no?

Canción de Miguel

Ese niño que lleva
En sus brazos la Cisneros
Miguel Páramo se llama,
De don Pedro el heredero.
Y si ahora va a parar,
derechito al cementerio,
Háganse que no lo ven
porque vivió mucho tiempo.
Más bien escuchen señores
el corrido que ya viene,
donde les quiero explicar
en qué consistió su suerte.

Con esta guitarra vieja que siempre viaja conmigo
quiero contarles, muchachas, la desgracia de Miguelito.
Ustedes lo conocieron como un perfecto partido
para atarlo en matrimonio y engendrar muchos hijos.

Pero el hijo de Pedro
Pedro Páramo, el patrón,
cosa distinta pensaba
pasofocar su pasión.

Con esa sangre caliente que corría por sus venas,
no dejó virgen ni santa ni en el pueblo ni en la hacienda.
Fue pendenciero el muchacho, de la estirpe del papá,
muchos crímenes le achacaron, y no eran falsedad.

Hasta que una noche andando borrachera enamorado,
Miguelito quedó muerto por su caballo lanzado
contra alambrada de púas. Alambrada de mil puntas
que le cobró una a una todas las deshonras juntas.

Ya lo vienen a enterrar, ya lo entierran sus mujeres,
ya Miguel no viola más, ya no vive en sus placeres.

MUJERES

¡Padre queremos que nos lo bendiga!

PADRE RENTERÍA

¡No! No lo voy a hacer, he was an evil man, and he will not enter the Kingdom
of heaven.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

I know you hated him, Father. The murder of your brother which according to rumors was committed by Miguel, for raping your niece Ana; for these crimes and the lack of respect he showed you, these are valid reasons to hate somebody, Father. But, please forgive him as God must have forgiven him. *(Pone una bolsa de monedas sobre el reclinatorio.)* Reciba eso como una limosna para su iglesia. *(El Padre Rentería coge las monedas, se arrodilla en el altar y se pone a llorar)*

PADRE RENTERÍA

Pedro has torn apart your church, and I let him do it. Él fue creciendo como una mala yerba.

MUJER 1 (Xochitl)

"Me acuso, padre, que ayer dormí con Pedro Páramo"

MUJER 2 (Celia)

"Me acuso, padre, que tuve un hijo de Pedro Páramo"

MUJER (Alexia)

"De que le presté mi hija a Pedro Páramo"

PADRE RENTERÍA

I always expected him to come to me and finally confess to his sins, but he never did. Then seeing a way to extend the arms of his evil, he recognized his son, Miguel Páramo, as his own. Please God, forgive me, for it was I who put that instrument in his hands. *(Pidiendo perdón.)* Ten piedad de este tu siervo, señor. *(Eleva su súplica al Creador.)*

MUJERES

¡Amén!

CORO DE ÁNIMAS EN PENA

Adiós, adiós,
lucero de mis noches.
Ya se han cerrado
tus ojos tan bonitos.
Ruega hoy por él,
oh mi padre bendito.

Dale hoy mesmo tu luz,
alúmbrale el caminito.

Dios te salve, María, llena eres de gracia, el Señor es contigo.

Bendita tú eres entre todas las mujeres, y bendito es el fruto de tu vientre,
Jesús.

Santa María, Madre de Dios,
ruega por nosotros, pecadores,
ahora y en la hora de nuestra muerte.

¡Amén!

PADRE RENTERÍA

I ask you, Lord, to condemn him. Él puede comprar la salvación, él me puede comprar... En cuanto a mí, me pongo ante tus plantas para pedirte lo justo, por mí, condénalo Señor... (*Eleva su voz desencajada mientras descarga su puño en el mesón en el que está Miguel*) I am just a poor man willing to humiliate myself to get by. Que quieres que haga señor si él me da el mantenimiento. I am a sinner. De los pobres no consigo nada, las oraciones no llenan el estómago. He is able to buy salvation. Si! Es mi culpa, I betray those who love me and those who have trusted me to intercede for them before God! Have pity on your servant, Lord.

Y ende aquí ya los muertos

Y ende aquí ya los muertos
tendrán de que conversar.
Acostaditos, por siempre,
sus penas se contarán.
Canta, canta gorrioncito
sobre las cruces mojadas.
Alégranos con tu canto
porque sufren nuestras almas.
A dos metros bajo tierra,
unos encima de otros,
estos cuerpos se revuelcan
sin encontrar su reposo.
Se asomarán a las puertas
de aquellas oscuras fosas,
como lo hacían en sus casas,
en las tardes calurosas.
y comentarán por siempre

los sucesos ya vividos,
porque en la muerte sin tiempo,
solo existe lo que ha sido.
Florecitas que marchitas
nadie, nadie cogerá,
busquen mejor un amante
que las quiera deshojar.

Segunda Escena

JUANA PRECIADO

Me faltó el aire para respirar. Porque no había más aire que el que sala de mi boca. Entonces se me heló el alma. Usted debe creer que yo estoy loca.

ABUNDIA MARTÍNEZ

You are not crazy, Juana Preciado, you are dead.

(Una proyección de Dolores Preciado.)

JUANA PRECIADO

The whispers killed me.

ABUNDIA MARTÍNEZ

Mejor no hubieras salido de tu tierra. ¿Qué viniste a hacer aquí?

JUANA PRECIADO

Ya te lo dije, en un principio que vine a buscar a mi padre Pedro Páramo.

ABUNDIA MARTÍNEZ

Another abandoned daughter of Don Pedro Páramo, it is funny that the only women in this town who did not sleep with him are his daughters... Qué buscabas acá Juana, nadie vive aquí.

JUANA PRECIADO

I told you already. Me trajo una ilusión, the illusion of finding my father.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

La ilusión del viento que baja de las montañas en las mañanitas de Febrero, pasando por debajo de las nubes, que se quedan allá arriba en espera de que el tiempo bueno las haga bajar al valle, la ilusión...

JUANA PRECIADO

Was it you who said all that? Oí a alguien que hablaba, creí que eras tú.

ABUNDIA MARTÍNEZ

It should be the one who speaks to herself. The one in the largest grave. Está aquí enterrada a nuestro lado. The last wife of Pedro Páramo. Some said she was mad, others said she wasn't. The truth is that she already spoke to herself when she was alive...

CUALQUIER ACTOR (Robert)

...Y tenía sangre, sangre por todas partes...

JUANA PRECIADO

¿Ese se oye de este lado, quién es?

ABUNDIA MARTÍNEZ

Ve tú a saber. Pedro Páramo killed half the town and the other half fled. Como nunca se supo de dónde había salido la bala que le pegó a don Lucas Páramo, Pedro arrasó parejo... (*Gemidos*) Wait, now it sounds like her.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Yo escondía mis pies entre sus piernas. Me mordía los pies diciéndome que eran como pan dorado en el horno. Dormía acurrucada, metiéndome dentro de él, sumiéndome, sumiéndome hasta el gemido. Como dolió tu muerte! Florencio!

JUANA PRECIADO

Se queja. Maybe Pedro Páramo made her suffer.

ABUNDIA MARTÍNEZ

No way. He loved her; he never loved any woman like her. When he found her, she was already long-suffering and perhaps mad y después de que ella murió he lost his will to live.

Tercera Escena

FULGOR SEDANO

Don Pedro, por ahí llegó el viejo Bartolomé San Juan, con doña Susanita.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Esa es la mujer más hermosa que ha dado la tierra. I started to think that I had lost her forever. Pero ahora no tengo ganas de volverla a perder. Dile a su padre que vaya a seguir explotando sus minas. Once he is there, me imagino que será fácil desaparecer al viejo. No lo crees?

FULGOR SEDANO

Puede ser.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Necesitamos que sea. Ella tiene que quedarse huérfana. (*Las ánimas chillan.*)

I waited thirty years for you to come back, Susana. I was hoping for everything. Not just something, but everything; so there would be no other desires, only yours, the desire for you. How many times did I ask your father to come and live here. Then I learned you had gotten married, then I heard you had become a widow and were living with your father again. You are finally back and I will not lose you again.

Cuarta Escena

(*Damiana entró en el dormitorio de Susana San Juan y puso el romero sobre la repisa.*)

SUSANA SAN JUAN

¡Damiana! ¿Qué te pasa, Damiana? ¿Por qué gritas?

DAMIANA CISNEROS

Yo no grité, Susana. Has de estar soñando.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

I have already told you that I never sleep. You don't have any consideration of me. Siempre estoy despierta. Last night you let your cat get away, and it kept me awake toda la noche.

DAMIANA CISNEROS

Durmió conmigo, entre mis piernas. Estaba helado y por lástima lo dejé quedarse en mi cama; pero no hizo ruido.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

No ruido ni hizo, se la pasó haciendo circo. I'm telling you that it spent the night frightening me with the way it was jumping. Although your cat is very affectionate, I don't want it with me while I'm trying to sleep.

DAMIANA CISNEROS

Estuvo conmigo toda la noche. You are imagining things again, Susana. Cuando venga Pedro Páramo le voy a decir que ya no te aguanto más, que me voy. No va a faltar gente buena que me dé trabajo. No todos son maniáticos

como tú, ni se viven mortificándola a una como tú. Tomorrow I'll take my cat and leave you, and you will be just fine.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Nunca me vas a dejar maldita y condenada, Damiana. You will not leave here because you will never find anyone who cares for you as I do.

DAMIANA CISNEROS

No, no me voy a ir, Susana.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Damiana! El gato. Otra vez.

NARRADORA

Damiana had cared for Susana since she was born. She had carried her in her arms. She had helped her learn how to walk. To take those eternal steps. She had seen her mouth and her eyes grow "like candy." Yellow and blue; green and blue. She entertained her by letting her suck her breasts that had nothing in them, as though they were a toy. "Play with it," she said. "Play with this little toy of yours." She could have crushed her to pieces.

FULGOR SEDANO

Susana, su padre murió, Susana. Antenoche murió, y hoy vinieron a decir que nada se puede hacer; que ya lo enterraron; que no lo podían traer aquí porque el camino era muy largo.

DAMIANA CISNEROS

Pobrecita de ti, Susana. Te quedaste sola, Susana.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Then it was him, (*sonríe*) He came to say goodbye to me (*sonríe su risa se convertía en carcajada. Damiana la mira asustada*) ¿Por qué lloras, Damiana? ¿Se te está muriendo de pena el corazón? Ya sé que vienes a contarme que murió Florencio; pero eso ya lo sé. Don't worry about me. I have hidden my pain in a safe place. Don't let your heart stop beating. ¿Verdad que la noche está llena de pecados, Damiana?

DAMIANA CISNEROS

Sí, Susana.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

¿Qué esperas para morirme?

DAMIANA CISNEROS

La muerte, Susana.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Si es nada más eso, ya vendrá. No te preocupes. *(Susana San Juan incorporada sobre sus almohadas. Los ojos inquietos, mirando hacia todos lados. Las manos sobre el vientre, prendidas a su vientre como una concha protectora. El rumor que hace la gente al despertar.)*

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Do you believe in hell, Damiana?

DAMIANA CISNEROS

Sí, Susana. Y también en el cielo.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Yo sólo creo en el infierno. *(Cierra los ojos.)*

Quinta Escena

NARRADORA

A man they called stutter came to Media Luna looking for Pedro Páramo.

Para qué lo solicitas?

TARTAMUDO

Quiero hablar con él.

NARRADORA

He's not here.

TARTAMUDO

Dile cuando regrese que vengo de parte de don Fulgor.

NARRADORA

Se lo diré. The stutter waited and finally Pedro Páramo arrived to talk to him.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Que se te ofrece?

TARTAMUDO

Necesito hablar con el patrón.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

I am the boss. What do you want?

TARTAMUDO

Pues, nada más esto. Mataron a don Fulgor Sedano. Yo le hacía compañía.

NARRADORA

They were going out to the hillside to see why there was so little water and while walking, a gang of men appeared in front of them. And from that gang a voice said: "I know that one. He's the manager of Media Luna, Fulgor Sedano."

TARTAMUDO

A mi ni me tomaron en cuenta pero a don Fulgor le dijeron que eran revolucionarios, que venían por la tierras de usted. ¡Córrale, run! -le dijeron a don Fulgor- ¡vaya y dígame a su patrón que allá nos veremos! Y él salió corriendo despavorido. Lo mataron los revolucionarios corriendo. Murió con una pata arriba y otra abajo.

NARRADORA

Pedro no le preocupaba Fulgor que al fin y al cabo ya estaba más para la otra vida que para esta.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

(a Tartamudo) "Go and tell those men that I'll be here waiting to see what they want. Let them come and deal with me."

TARTAMUDO

Si, señor.

(Tartamudo sale)

NARRADORA

Late that afternoon the men appeared. They came armed with rifles, wearing ammunition belts crossed over their chests. There were about twenty of them. Pedro Páramo invited them to eat dinner at the table, and they waited silently. When the food came, the only thing heard was the sipping of the cocoa and chewing of the tortilla. Then, Pedro asked-

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Gentlemen, may I ask why you have taken up arms?

NARRADORA

One of them said, “Le explico: nos hemos revelado contra el gobierno, because it is despicable y contra ustedes porque no son más que unos mondregos bandido y mantecatos ladrones crooked thieves and greedy robbers. I won’t say anything about the Governor, because we are going to use bullets to tell him what we want to say.”

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Como cuánto necesitan para armar una revolución? Tal vez pueda ayudarlos.

NARRADORA

Pedro les ofreció cien mil más trecientos hombres.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

El dinero se los regalo a los hombres no más se los presto. En cuanto los desocupen me los devuelven.

NARRADORA

Así quedó resuelto el lío con los revolucionarios.

Sexta Escena

SUSANA SAN JUAN

El mar moja mis tobillos y se va.

JUANA PRECIADO

Shhh. ahora sí es ella la que habla...

SUSANA SAN JUAN

The sea moistens my knees and thighs, it wraps its soft arm around my waist and flows over my breasts; it hugs my neck and presses against my shoulders. Entonces me hundo en él, entera. Me entrego a él en su fuerte batir, en su suave poseer, sin dejar pedazo. I like to make love in the sea, me gusta bañar desnuda en el mar, pero Florencio no lo comprende... He likes it more at night, when the two of us are alone together under the sheets in the darkness. The water stretched out in front of me and the waves splashed, leaving his foam at my feet when the tide came in... Florencio...

ABUNDIA

¿De quién habla? Who is she talking about?

JUAN PRECIADO

De alguien que se murió antes que ella, seguramente.

DAMIANA CISNEROS

De Florencio.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

How big was that man! How tall! And his voice was, seca como la tierra más seca.

DAMIANA CISNEROS

Florencio está muerto, señora.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

¿Qué dijiste? ¿Florencio? ¿De cuál Florencio hablas? ¿Del mío? Why didn't I cry and drown myself in tears in order to wash away my grief. Señor, you do not exist! I asked you to protect him! Que me lo cuidaras, eso te pedí. Pero tú te ocupas nada más de las almas. Y lo que yo quiero de él es su cuerpo. All I want is him here with me and warm with love, burning with desire; estrujando el temblor de mis senos y de mis brazos. Now, what am I going to do with my painful lips?

PEDRO PÁRAMO

¿Se queja?

DAMIANA CISNEROS

No, she doesn't complain any more. The dead can no longer complain. She is lost to us.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

(Pedro mira a Susana sosteniendo una vela.)

It seems like you are breaking up inside. If only I knew what was upsetting you that makes you twist and turn and not able to sleep. If it were physical pain that I might be able to find you some relief. Susana... ¿Qué va a pasar si tú también te apagas cuando como la llama de una vela?

SUSANA SAN JUAN

¿Eres tú, Pedro Páramo?

PEDRO PÁRAMO

¿Qué haces aquí?

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Wishing for you to die Pedro Páramo. I've been doing that all afternoon;
deseando que te mueras, para saber si así puedo llorar un poco.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Vámonos, Susana, te hace daño el sereno de la tarde.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Estoy bien a gusto aquí. Estaba mirando la muerte del día and I was thinking
about you, Pedro Páramo, I'm tired of fantasizing about your death and seeing
myself abrazada a tu cadaver, llenando el hueco de tus ojos con mis lágrimas.
¿Son dulces las lágrimas, Pedro? ¿O sólo son de agua? Tengo ganas de verte
enterrado debajo del arroyo para que su ruido me recuerde siempre que allá
estás tú.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Susana!

CORO DE ÁNIMAS EN PENA

Susana, Susana...

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Was it you that said my name?

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Yes, I did. Don't you remember me? Nos besábamos allá en las lomas. ¿No
ves amor en mi corazón?

SUSANA SAN JUAN

No. Sólo veo lodo. Un corazón nadando en lodo, ahogado en un lodazal negro.

PEDRO PÁRAMO

¡Estás loca!

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Claro que sí, Pedro. ¿No lo sabías?

ÁNIMAS EN PENA

Susana, Susana...

SUSANA SAN JUAN

¡Damiana! ¿Es usted, padre? Ya sé que viene a contarme que murió Florencio;
pero eso ya lo sé. *(Endereza el cuerpo y lo arrastra hasta donde está el padre*

Rentería) Adiós. No vuelva. No lo necesito. ¿Para qué viene a verme, si está muerto?

PADRE RENTERÍA

I have come to give you communion, my child. Vine a confortarte, hija.

(Susana acerca el cirio encendido a su cara.)

Ahora, repite conmigo. I have my mouth filled with dirt.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

“Yes, Father.”

PADRE RENTERÍA

No digas “Yes, Father.” Repite conmigo!

SUSANA SAN JUAN

What are you going to say to me? Are you going to have me confess again?

Why do we have to do that again?

PADRE RENTERÍA

I only came to talk with you, Susana, and to prepare you to die.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Ya me voy a morir?

PADRE RENTERÍA

Si.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

Entonces déjeme en paz, váyase, go away, tengo sueño, quiero dormir.

PADRE RENTERÍA

I will soon leave you in peace, Susana. As long as you keep repeating the words I say to you, you will soon fall into a deep sleep. However this time, no one will ever wake you again. Ahora, repite conmigo. Tengo la boca llena de tierra.

SUSANA SAN JUAN

...Tengo la boca llena de ti, de tu boca. Your lips pressed hard against mine, as if they were trying to bite me...

PADRE RENTERÍA

I swallow clumps of dirt swarming with worms. They crawl over my throat, they scrape the roof of my mouth. The gelatin of my eyes melts. My hair burns from a single flame...

SUSANA SAN JUAN

A través de mis ojos cerrados sigo viendo tu cuerpo desnudo, fosforescente...

PADRE RENTERIA

...la gelatina de los ojos se derrite. Los cabellos arden en una sola llamarada...

SUSANA SAN JUAN

And when I am sleeping you are in my dreams para raptarme y llevarme a volar pegada a ti. ¡Florencio! ¡Florencio! Cúbreme con tu voz, vísteme con tus palabras, abrígame con tus susurros...

PADRE RENTERIA

¡¡... y las venas de nuestra sangre en hilos de fuego, haciéndonos dar reparos de increíble dolor; no menguado nunca; atizado siempre por la ira del Señor...!!

SUSANA SAN JUAN

He sheltered me in his arms. He filled me with love. Me daba amor.

PADRE RENTERIA

¡Vas a ir a la presencia de Dios, y su juicio es inhumano para los pecadores!
(*Le cierra los ojos como a una muerta.*)

DAMIANA CISNEROS

Se murió, se murió Susana San Juan.

Sonidos de campana los músicos apoyan con mas sonidos

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Todos escogen el mismo camino. Todos se van. Susana, I asked you to come back.... There was a full moon in the middle of the sky. Se me perdían los ojos mirándote. The rays of the moon lit up your face. I never got tired of looking at you, como una aparición, beautiful, suave, bathed by the moon... Susana, Susana San Juan.

Sonidos de campana los músicos apoyan con mas sonidos. Los actores cargan a Susana San Juan al medio del escenario

EL CORRIDO DE LAS DOS DEFUNCIONES

Domingo ocho de diciembre,
el año no sé mentar,
cuando aquella lucecita
al fin se pudo apagar.

Ya se callaron los rezos
que Pedro rezaba a Dios.
Ya se murió Susanita,
sus rezos él no escuchó.

"Susanita de San Juan,
mi Susanita querida...
cuando más te quise amar
me llegó tu despedida".

Pedro Páramo, el doliente,
herido por tanta fiesta
que irrespeta su dolor,
el más grande de esta tierra,

se abandona a un rencor
que no conoce de treguas;
y maldice a ese pueblo
al pueblo que él alimenta:

Aquí termina el corrido
de un gran acontecimiento:
el entierro de la San Juan
y Cómala al mismo tiempo...

PEDRO PÁRAMO

Me voy a cruzar de brazos, y Cómala se morirá de hambre. Cómala will starve
to death.

Apagón.

FIN.

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