

Excerpts from *La casa gran and Nosaltres les dones*

by Maria Mercè Roca

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## Excerpts from LA CASA GRAN

### Llibre Primer

...Portbou és un poble d'escales: després del túnel de l'estació hi ha unes escales clares i amples que unes acàcies altíssimes taquen de sol i d'ombra. Anem mudats, el meu germà i jo, de la ma de la meva mare, i ella baixa al poble sense portamonedes, amb la clau de casa lligada a un mocador, perquè així no li demanem contínuament que ens compri coses... Ploro, rambla amunt i rambla avall, perquè vull patates i la meva mare només porta a les mans la clau i el mocador amb un nus. La meva mare sempre diu que no tornarem a baixar mai més.

Si plegues d'hora ens véns a buscar. És una delícia veure't de lluny que arribes: m'arrossegues, em portes a coll i em fas riure...

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Portbou és el teu poble i és a l'altre cap de món. És un poble diferent, artificial, amb una història molt curta. No hi ha pagesos, la gent no torna cap al tard del camp, com a quasi tots els pobles petits; no tenen bestiar ni un tros per fer-hi créixer res. Tot i haver-hi mar, tampoc és un poble de pescadors, i l'església de Portbou no és una ermita marinera, petita i blanca: és un edifici que domina el poble, alt, amb la façana, neogòtica; per anar-hi has de pujar, i pujar, i pujar.

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Portbou és ple de guàrdies. Guàrdies civils, policies, agents de duanes, ferroviaris com tu. Però ple de

Excerpts from *Portbou: A Catalan Memoir with Stories from We, Women*

translated from the Catalan by Sonia Alland

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## Excerpts from PORTBOU

### Book One

Portbou is a village of stairways: from the tunnel that leads out of the station there are wide, clear flights of steps that tall acacias dapple with sun and shade. All dressed up, my brother and I walk holding my mother's hand without saying a word. She goes down to the village without her wallet, with the house key tied to a hanky because, that way, we won't be continually asking her to buy something. ... I cry as we walk back and forth on the *rambla* because I want potatoes and my mother only has the key and the hanky with a knot in her hands. My mother always says that we won't come down ever again.

If you leave work on time, you come to meet us. What joy to see you approaching from a distance: you hoist me up and sit me on your shoulders and make me laugh.

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Portbou is your village and it's on the other side of the world. It's different, artificial, with a very short history. There aren't any peasants, the people don't come home from the fields at the end of the day, as in almost all the other small villages; they don't have animals or a piece of land to grow something. Even though the sea is there, it's not a village of fishermen either, and the church of Portbou is not a small, white maritime hermitage: it's a tall edifice that dominates the village, with a neo-Gothic façade; to go there you have to climb and climb and climb.

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Portbou is full of guards. *Guardia civil*, police, custom officials, railroad workers like you. But full of guards

guàrdies, per tot: passegen pel poble d'uniforme, la pistola penjada a la cintura, amb la dona i els fills. A l'estació, al costat de casa, encara n'hi ha més. Tot és ple de guàrdia civil i de policia armada, tot verd i gris. Alguns, és veritat, de tant de passar-hi pel davant, anant i venint d'escola, em coneixen i em saluden, però la majoria són inabastables al darrere de les ulleres fosques que solen portar. Jo els tinc ràbia perquè m'imposen una llengua que no és la meua, la que parlo amb tu. No t'ho he dit mai, però quan els passo pel costat els faig llengots per dins, i ric. Les pistoles, però, que no deixen mai, m'acovar-deixen.

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L'estació de Portbou no s'assembla a les estacions petites dels pobles ni als baixadors, totes iguals, de pedra, amb la teulada vermella, senzilles i acollidores. L'estació de Portbou té un punt de majestuós i d'opulent, i la distribució de les andanes i dels incomptables rails és notable i laberíntica; les vies fan un mar planer i extens, s'encreuen i s'enllacen; els vagons solts hi corren sense fre. Una gran volta de ferro i vidre cobreix les andanes i les vies espanyoles; és una cúpola per on la claror entra amb prou feines i on volen, esverats, els ocells d'un costat a l'altre; a sota hi ha un edifici gris que acull, la duana, els despatxos de l'estació, el vestibul, el bar, els pisos dels ferroviaris. A l'altra banda de l'edifici hi ha les andanes i les vies franceses, que són més estretes. Els trens fancesos arriben a Portbou i els espanyols arriben a Cervera.

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Des de casa se senten molt bé els trens: el grinyol del fre de les rodes i la sacsejada brusca de l'últim moviment dels trens que entren, i el xuilet curt i l'esbufec dels que surten. Si trigues a venir, al vespre, escolto; intueixo un tren que es para a la primera via i espero; al cap de poc sento que xiules al capdamunt de l'escala: obro la porta i arrenco a correr i tu m'esperes sempre amb els braços oberts i em fas voltar.

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everywhere: they walk in the village in uniform, guns attached at the waist, with their wives and children. In the station, next to our house, there are even more: the place is full of *guardia civil* and of armed police, everyone in green and gray. Some, it's true, with my continually passing by on my way to and from school, know me and greet me, but, in general, they're unapproachable behind the dark glasses they usually wear. I resent them because they impose a language on me that's not mine, the one I speak with you. I never told you but when I go by them I stick my tongue out at them, secretly, and laugh. Still, the guns they always have with them frighten me.

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Portbou's station doesn't resemble the stations or train stops of other villages, all alike, made of stone with red roofs, simply built and welcoming. The Portbou station has a touch of majesty and opulence, and the distribution of the platforms and of the countless rails is impressive, much like a labyrinth; the tracks create a flat and extensive sea, cross and intertwine; the detached train cars move on them without breaks. A grand vault of iron and glass covers the platforms and the Spanish tracks; it's difficult for the light of day to filter through the dome and frightened birds fly from one side to the other; below it there's a gray building for customs, the station's offices, the entrance hall, the bar, and the apartments for the railroad workers. On the other side of the building are the platforms for the French trains and their tracks, which are narrower. The French trains end in Portbou, and the Spanish end in Cerbère.

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From the house the sound of the trains is loud and clear: the grating of the brakes on the wheels and the brusque jolt of the final movement of the trains upon entering the station, and the short whistle and puffing of those that are leaving. If you're late coming home in the evening, I listen; I sense a train has stopped at the first track and I wait; after a bit I hear you whistling at the top of the stairs: I open the door and burst out running. You're always waiting for me with your arms wide open and you twirl me around.

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I tu fas contraban. Quan les campanes de l'església toquen l'àngelus plegues de la feina; a vegades, sortint d'escola, et trobo que pugues i tornem junts a casa. Dinem de seguida, tu agafes el tren de la una i comences a Cervera la segona jornada, seguida i llarga. I fas contraban. Passes, cap a Cervera, licors; cap a Portbou, cafè. Portes, dia per altre, un quilo de cafè a la mà i un altre o un parell més d'amagats a dintre els pantalons, a la cintura, amb el botó de dalt de tot descordat i el cinturó estret.

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Els nostres armaris fan olor de cafè perquè nosaltres, enmig de la roba, hi guardem els paquets que tu portes. Et veig com si fossis aquí; a la cuina, acabes d'arribar, al vespre, i sense treure't l'americana et descordes el cinturó, t'arremangues la camisa i estires els dos paquets de quilo que dus a sobre la samarreta. I jo els agafo, me'ls acosto a la cara i els oloro, m'omple els narius d'aquella olor que m'agrada tant.

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A l'estiu el meu germà i jo tornem de la platja afamats, ens asseiem a taula i dinem. Després ens estirem tots dos a la seva habitació i llegim...

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Perquè m'agradin, els llibres han de ser tristos, he de patir llegint-los, combrego amb tot aquell sofriment, el faig meu; ploro per les coses que llegeixo però és la meva pròpia pena que ploro, una pena que qui sap si no és premonitòria de la que després sentirem tots dos. Tot m'emociona extraordinàriament, i la més petita falta d'amor em fa trontollar i m'omple de desassossec.

And you deal in contraband. When the church bells ring the angelus, you stop work; sometimes, returning from school, I see you coming up and we go home together. We have lunch right away; you catch the one o'clock train and, without a break, you start your second full-time job in Cerbère. And you deal in contraband. You take liqueurs to Cerbère; coffee to Portbou. Every other day you carry a kilo of coffee in your hand and another one or two hidden in your trousers, at your waist, with the uppermost button undone and the belt tight.

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Our closets have the odor of coffee because the packages you bring are mixed in with our clothes. I see you as if you were here: in the kitchen, you have just arrived in the evening and without taking off your jacket you undo your belt, roll up your shirt and pull out the two kilo packages you're wearing over your undershirt. I catch them, press my face to them and take in their odor; I fill my nostrils with that smell I love.

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In the summer my brother and I come home from the beach famished; we sit at the table and have our lunch. Afterwards, both of us withdraw to our bedrooms and read ...

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To interest me, books have to be sad, I have to suffer reading them, empathize with this suffering, make it my own; I cry for the things that I read but it's my own pain I'm crying about, a pain that, who knows, may be warning us of what afterwards all of us will feel. Everything causes extraordinary emotions in me; the smallest slight in love unsettles me and fills me with anxiety.

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## LLIBRE SEGON

La violència entra a la meua vida d'una manera brusca, sense pietat, i hi posa por, dolor; hi posa odi. Es trenca l'harmonia: a partir de llavors la vida de tots els de casa sembla la mateixa però no ho és: tot ha canviat. És el meu primer sofriment: és familiar, compartit, però en el fons és solitari, perquè la pena i el dolor sempre són personals i absolutament íntims...Després d'això, durant temps, les alegries de casa tenen un vel enfosquit, els problemes tenen més pes, els dies, un color diferent. T'han fet mal, un mal especialíssim, complicat, molt dur. Un mal que deuen sofrir pocs homes. Un mal que quasi no et poden fer a cap lloc més que no sigui a Portbou, aquest poble estrany, difícil d'estimar i de viure-hi. Et fan mal físicament, moralment. Jo tinc tanta por que no sé si alguna vegada, aquells primes dies o més endavant, se m'acut de dir-te que t'estimo.

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...Mai no em vols ensenyar la ferida, no en vols parlar mai més, No cal. El poble, ple de guàrdies, m'ho recorda sempre, tothora. Soterra, inevitable, a dintre meu hi ha odi.

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Tu, però, no ets pas l'única víctima que plores i pateixes a la carn aquest Portbou estrany, ocupat. No el primer, certament, ni l'últim. M'impresiona sobretot aquell noi alemany, estudiant, que viatja sol i que, sense voler, se salta la frontera espanyola...I no s'imagina.. que s'ha de tornar a parar i tornar a ensenyar els papers...A dins del poble, en un revolt, molt a prop de la platja, li desapareix sense pietat; no deu tenir temps de sorprendre's ni d'imaginar-se que li està passant.

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Sempre que passa algun fet d'aquesta mena la gent del poble escolta amb horror i vergonya, s'esgarrija, i calla. No es pot dir res; a casa sí, tot tancat, però al

## Book Two

Violence enters my life abruptly, without pity, and imposes fear, pain; imposes hatred. Harmony is broken: from then on, life at home for all of us seems the same but it's not: everything has changed. I suffer for the first time: a suffering that's shared with the family, but, in reality, it's a solitary thing, because sadness and pain are always personal, absolutely intimate. ... After that, for a time, happy events at home are tarnished, problems weigh more, the days are of a different color. They have hurt you, a special kind of hurt, complicated, unsparing. A hurt that few men have to suffer. A hurt they could have inflicted at almost no other place but Portbou, that strange village, difficult to love and to live in. They hurt your body and your spirit. Overcome by fear, I'm not sure it occurred to me, those first days or later, to tell you I love you.

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You never want to show me the wound; you don't want to talk about it ever again. You don't have to. The village, full of *guardies*, reminds me of it, every minute of the day. Buried in me, inevitably, there is hatred.

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But you're not the only victim that cries and suffers in his flesh in Portbou, this strange, occupied village. Not the first, certainly, nor the last. I'm particularly impressed by that German boy, a student, who was travelling alone and, without realizing it, crossed the Spanish border ... and can't imagine ... that he has to stop and show his papers again. ... Inside the village, in a bend in the road very close to the beach, they shoot at him unmercifully; he probably doesn't have time to be surprised nor to realize what's happening to him.

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Whenever something like this occurs, the village inhabitants listen with horror and shame, are frightened, and shut up. One can't say a word; at

poble no; al carrer, fent cua al forn o a la peixateria, o als bars, què es pot dir: tot és ple de fills, o esposes, o cunyats o amics dels membres de les forces que troben justificacions inconsistents als actes més inhumans i més inútils.

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He acabat el segon de batxillerat i ja no puc estudiar més al poble, i em porteu interna en un col·legi de monges. No he marxat mai de casa, Girona em sembla molt lluny...

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Les primeres setmanes que estic interna em vénen a buscar.

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M'esperes mirant el pati, dret, amb les cames una mica separades i les mans darrere l'esquena. M'abrades i sempre que m'abrades ho fas d'una manera que tota jo cabo a dintre la rodona que fan els teus braços. "Va, anem!", et dic, perquè de cop no és pressa, és delit el que sento per sortir d'allà dintre, tota una setmana sense veure el carrer, sense ningú que m'estimi de veritat i em protegeixi. Em portes la maleta i primer caminem de pressa, sens dir res, com si tinguéssim por que ens hi fessin tornar. Quan som una mica lluny ens mirem i ens posem a riure. Anem a berenar, fem cap a l'estació, agafem el tren i arribem a casa. Pel camí em vaig tranquil·litant i l'enyorament de tota la setmana queda diluït i imprecís: res ja no sembla tan tràgic.

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Ja no ballem tant. A vegades, encara a la cuina, fem uns passos de vals, o de tango, i m'aguanten fort per la cintura i jo m'inclino cap endarere i ric. Però ja no tant. Has canviat, ho sé: estar al teu costat em continua sent comode, ets igual de tranquil, igual de dòcil, però a vegades et perds, com si somniessis. La meua mare et porta, decideix, t'empeny a actuar i a viure, però tu tens a la cara un tret d'inseguretat i de derrota que ja no et marxa mai. Jo sé què penses, què recordes. Jo també hi penso, però no diem mai res.

home, with everything closed tight, yes, but in the village, no; in the street, in line at the bakery or the fish shop, in the bars, what can one say: everywhere are children, wives, in-laws, friends of members of the police force who find flimsy justifications for the most inhuman and useless acts.

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I've completed my studies in the village and must continue elsewhere, so you put me in a school run by nuns in Girona. I've never left home. Girona seems very far away ...

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The first weeks I attend the school, you come to pick me up.

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You wait for me looking at the schoolyard, standing straight with your legs a little apart and your hands behind your back. You hug me, and you do it in a way that all of me fits into the circle of your arms. "Let's go!" I say, though suddenly I don't feel in a hurry, I feel overjoyed leaving the place: an entire week without seeing the street, without anyone there who really loves me and protects me. You carry the suitcase and, at first, we walk fast without saying anything as if we were afraid they'd make us go back. When we've covered a bit of distance we look at each other and begin to laugh. We have a snack, go to the station, catch the train and arrive home. During the trip, I calm down and the homesickness from the week becomes diluted and vague: nothing seems so tragic any more.

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Now we don't dance so much. At times we still do a few waltz or tango steps in the kitchen, and you hold me at the waist and I bend back and laugh. But now not so often. You've changed, I can see it: I still feel at ease when we're together, and you're the same calm, gentle self, but at times you seem lost, as if you were daydreaming. My mother is your support: she decides, she encourages you to act, to live, but your face has a trace of insecurity and of defeat that now never leaves you. I know what you're thinking, what

you remember. I also think of it, but we never say anything.

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## Stories from : NOSALTRES LES DONES

### From: "El dofí"

...Què és, doncs, l'amor?, es pregunta. Val la pena d'enamorar-se, de comprometre's i viure per l'altre com ha fet la seva mare tants anys, si d'avui per demà tot es pot ensorrar? I deixar-te com un arbre tallat de soca-rel. Quina esperança puc tenir, pensa, quina seguretat, qui em diu que a mi, ara o d'aquí a pocs anys, l'amor de la meva vida també em farà miques l'amor i la vida...No, no val la pena, conclou. Si el meu pare, que és un home bo, es capaç de fer sofrir la meva mare, amb qui s'han estimat tant, què no deu ser capaç de fer un desconegut que em trobaré al carrer? Una veu conciliadora li diu que, a vegades, hi ha amors que són com un miratge, eterns i illuminosos, però ella mou el cap: tot és atzar, es diu: l'amor, la fidelitat, la felicitat...tot penja d'un fil que el déu de la sort mou com li convé. A mi també, un dia - n'estic segura -, m'abandonaran com a la meva mare i em convertiré, com ella, en una estàtua consumida pel dolor.

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### From: "Profusamente ilustrados"

De cop, l'home deixa anar un reneç:  
-No he pensat a anar a la tintoreria. Em sap greu. Necessitaves els pantalons? - s'interromp perquè s'adona que la seva dona està molt seriosa, i li pregunta què li passa.  
-Han enredat la meva mare - diu ella -. Li han venut

## Stories from : We, Women

### From: "The Dolphin"

... What is love anyway? she asks herself. Is it worth falling in love, promising to live for the other as her mother did for so many years, if from one day to the next everything can collapse. And leave you like an uprooted tree. What hope can I have, she thinks, what security, who can tell me that now or in a few years the love of my life won't tear my love and life apart as well ... No, it's not worth the pain, she concludes. If my father, who is a good man, is capable of making my mother suffer, the person with whom he'd shared a deep love, what won't someone I may pick up on the street be capable of doing? A consoling voice tells her that sometimes there are loves that are like a mirage, eternal and luminous, but she shakes her head: it's a question of chance, she says: love, faithfulness, happiness ... everything hangs on a thread. The god of luck moves it as he likes. I'm sure that one day, they'll abandon me like my mother and I'll be converted, like her, into a statue consumed with sorrow.

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### From: "Profusely Illustrated"

Suddenly, the man swears:  
"I didn't think to go to the dry cleaner's. I'm sorry. Do you need those pants?" He stops because he notices that his wife is very serious and asks her what's going on.  
"They trapped my mother," she says. "They sold her

una encyclopèdia.

-Una encyclopèdia? – el seu home es posa a riure -.

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Això està perdut. Em sap greu. No sé on podem anar a reclamar res – fa una pausa, dubta, però finalment parla -: La teva mare es fa gran. Aviat no podrà viure sola. Haurem de començar a pensar-hi.

La seva dona obre un calaix i el tanca mecànicament dues o tres vegades. Després, es recolza al marbre i sospira.

- Si sabessis què penso...

-Que penses?

-No t'ho puc explicar.

-Doncs no m'ho expliquis.

-Diries que sóc molt dolenta. Per què sóc tan dolenta?

-No ho ets pas, de dolenta.

-Sí que ho sóc.

-Va, dona, deixa-ho estar. Jo t'estimo molt. Tens gana? Vols que fem el sopar? Vols que faci truites? A mi les truites em surten molt bé.

L'abraça mentre ella plora sense fer soroll. La seva filla irromp a la cuina reclamant el sopar i troba els seus pares abraçats, molt quietos, com si ballessin una canço lentíssima.

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### From: "Ritual"

Penso en el meu enterrament com si veiés una pel·lícula de Bergman; la càmera s'acosta molt als rostres abatuts, als ulls plens de llàgrimes, a les mans que s'agafen a les mans que tenen al costat, a les flors

an encyclopedia."

"An encyclopedia?" Her husband starts laughing.

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"That's a loss. I'm sorry. I don't know where we can make a complaint." He pauses, in doubt, but finally speaks: "Your mother's getting old. Pretty soon she won't be able to live alone. We'll have to start thinking about it."

His wife opens a drawer and closes it mechanically two or three times. Then she leans on the marble and sighs.

"If you knew what I'm thinking ..."

"What are you thinking?"

"I can't explain it to you."

"Then don't."

"You'd say that I'm a bad person. Why am I that way?"

"But you're not a bad person."

"Yes, I am."

"Come on, lady, let's drop the subject. I love you a lot. Are you hungry? Do you want us to fix supper? Do you want me to make the omelets? Mine are always delicious."

He hugs her while she cries softly. Her daughter bursts into the kitchen calling for supper and finds her parents in each other's arms, very quiet, as if they were dancing to a very slow song.

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### From: "Ritual"

I think about my funeral as if I'm looking at a Bergman film; the camera closes in on the saddened faces, eyes full of tears, hands holding on to other hands, the flowers and the initials of my name

i a les inicials del meu nom enganxades al fèretre... És un costum que no em va d'ara: ja fa molts anys que, anant a un enterrament o un altre, sovint em distreia del mort i començava a pensar com podia millorar la cerimònia: em fixava en la música, en la prédica i els recordatoris, i en el meu interior puntuava els mossens i la majoria de vegades els suspenia, perquè deien frases adotzenades i buides: parlaven d'una vida futura al paradís i no deien res de personal, d'autèntic, íntim, res que no es pogués dir en un altre enterrament, a un altre difunt. A vegades sortia del funeral ben enfadada, blasmant no només la poca traça del representant de l'Església, sinó la seva poca professionalitat. Si treballessin en una empresa, pensava, els farien fora, per incompetents. Ara ja no sóc tan severa – ara, de fet, ho perdono tot i ho entenc tot -, però penso que el dia del meu enterrament serà l'última vegada que es pronunciarà el meu nom en públic, l'últim cop que aquelles persones congregades a la sala pensaran en mi, i m'agradaria – digues-li vanitat – que, en sortir, diguessin que la cerimònia ha estat emotiva i una mica diferent. No hi ha cosa més decebedora que sortir d'un funeral sense que res – cap paraula, cap música, cap plor – no t'hagi commogut ni un moment.

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...Quan es va morir la meva mare vaig resar molt. I res, es va morir. “És que Déu no pot estar per a tot”, em deien. No pot estar per a tot, però de fet no està per a gaire res i permet que hi hagi molt de dolor i molta maldat al món. De petita m'agradava un nen i deia moltes jaculatòries perquè es fixés en mi, perquè em mirés – jo, de petita, no era gaire maca -. I no em va dir mai res. Però les jaculatòries m'agradaven; eren com una cançó i si en deia molts m'emborraxava de ritme i de paraules, en una mena d'èxtasi com el dels sufís, molt reconfortant.

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Veient la tria que he fet, penso que la línia que uneix la música i els textos és la nostàlgia. Abans t'ho deia: si tornés a viure, què fària? Si l'atzar em permetés tornés enrere, què canviaria?...

attached to the coffin. It's a habit that doesn't date from today: for many years, going to one funeral or another, I'd often take my mind off the dead person and begin thinking of how I could improve the ceremony: I thought about the music, the sermon and the testimonials and in my mind graded the priests and most of the time failed them because they said things that were common and empty: spoke about a future life in paradise and didn't say anything personal, authentic, intimate, nothing that couldn't be said at another funeral service, for another deceased. At times I'd leave the funeral very angry, critical not only of the clumsiness of the representative of the Church but of his lack of professionalism. If they worked in a company, I thought, they'd be fired for incompetence. Now I'm not so demanding – now, in fact, I forgive it all and understand it all – but I'm thinking that the day of my own funeral will be the last time my name will be pronounced in public, the last time that those people gathered in the room will think about me, and I'd like – you can call it vanity – that when they leave, they say that the ceremony was moving and a little different. There's nothing more disappointing than to leave a funeral without anything – words, music, tears – having touched you not even for a moment.

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When my mother died I prayed a lot. And then nothing: she died. “It's that God can't do everything,” they told me. He can't do everything, but, actually, he can do hardly anything and allows a lot of pain and much evil in the world. When I was little, I liked a little boy and would entreat God to make him pay attention to me, to look at me – when I was little, I wasn't very pretty. And he never said a word to me. But I liked praying; the supplications were like a song and if I said them over and over I became drunk from the rhythm and the words, in a kind of ecstasy like what the Sufis experience, very comforting.

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Looking at the choice I've made, I think that what unites the music and the texts is nostalgia. Earlier I told you: if I were to live my life again, what would I do? If chance permitted me to go backwards what would change?



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...De jove, m'havia enfadat molt amb l'Ignasi – tu ho saps molt bé – perquè li trobava molts defectes. No acabava de ser com jo volia. I sempre S. al pensament, una quimera. Però, al cap i a la fi, l'Ignasi ha estat el millor home possible per compartir la vida. M'ha estimat sense cap fissura, d'una manera tranquil·la, absoluta. Hem viscut junts sense fer cap mena d'esforç per viure junts: al capdavant es tracta d'això, un viure fàcil, sense haver de lluitar constantment per saber qui mana, qui és més fort, qui necessita més, qui estima més ...qui guanya i qui perd...

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Doncs ja està. Gràcies. Ho faràs molt bé. Aprofia dels dies, sobretot, perquè no tornen.

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When I was young, I'd get very angry with Ignasi – you know all about it – because I found many faults in him. He didn't turn out to be what I wanted. And always S. in my thoughts, an impossible dream. But when all is said and done, Ignasi has been the best man possible to share one's life. He has loved me without fail, tranquilly, absolutely. We've lived together without in any way working hard to do it: in the end, it's about that, an easy life, without having to constantly struggle to decide who is in command, who is the stronger, who needs more, who loves more ... who wins and who loses ...

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Now it's done. Thank you. You'll do everything very well. Above all, take advantage of each day. They don't come back.