

GENERAL BUM BUM

*Little birds sing the same way on trees,
in front of a big room, or before the
doorsteps of a kitchen with no hearth.*

*Little birds sing,
Children play.*

The cry for revolution knotted the throat of those who read it on the newspapers.

Walls became glass.

They shouted the news with more sounding headings each time, while a child free of freedom folded the newspaper and made a general's hat to play war.

General Bum Bum went to war.

Where is your home, General Bum Bum?

- On the pages of a book (ram pataplám).

What is it about?

- It has no title (ram pataplám). It's on the white pages (plám).

Firm, General Bum Bum! Take this flower; place it between the sheets of a book with white pages. After some time, when you are older, look at it and you will see what its sap will have drawn.

- Painter, where are you going?

To war.

- Take me along.

You are in it already, General Bum Bum.

- Teach me how to paint.

You know already. Try it. There is clean paper on the white pages.

He galloped through days of sun and of shadow looking for a book with white pages.

General Bum Bum, why are you wearing a general's hat with an old flower on it?

- This is not a general's hat. It's a dirty piece of paper; look, I learned how to read "REVOLUTION". The dry flower is a flower.

He threw the paper in a puddle formed by the first autumn rains. Snow and winds passed by, and spring suns returned. A piece of paper with no letters was sitting there, where there used to be a puddle. Pressed against it, a dry flower could be noted.

Child, where is your mother?

- On the pages of a book.

What' s its title?

- It has no title; it' s on the white pages.

Who put her there?

- A clean hand did. Painter, show me your hands.

Look, they are dirty.

- No, they are not dirty they are painted. Did you know that I couldn' t find any book with white pages? The flower you gave me dried out in a puddle next to this piece of paper that used to have letters. Time erased them. Take it, I give it to you. If you know where the book I couldn't find is, then place it between its white pages.

The sheet of newspaper erased by time and dampness had acquired a great texture. Interwoven with it was the dried flower. It served as the background for a human face that was painted with the extraordinary subtlety offered by the sensible sipping color of flower sap. The only casual thing was this background. The face was worked with security, strength, and it expressed a conscious, brave and sensitive woman.

The painter and the child dedicated their days to painting with the shades of prairies, skies and the atmosphere. They performed their work on those sheets of books that were erased by time.

They all had the print of a flower.

The color of our steps

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ISBN 84-400-7042-X