

Juan Rulfo * Eduardo Soro

* PEDRO PÁRAMO *





**Mi Ultimo Refugio,
Existe en la presencia de las
almas que me quidan desde
el reino de la muerte.**



Para Carmen Carrasco



★

I came to **Comala** because I had been told that my father, a man named **Pedro Parámo**, lived there. It was my mother who told me.



And I had promised her that after she died I would go see him. I squeezed her hands as a sign I would do it. She was near death, and I would have promised her anything.

★

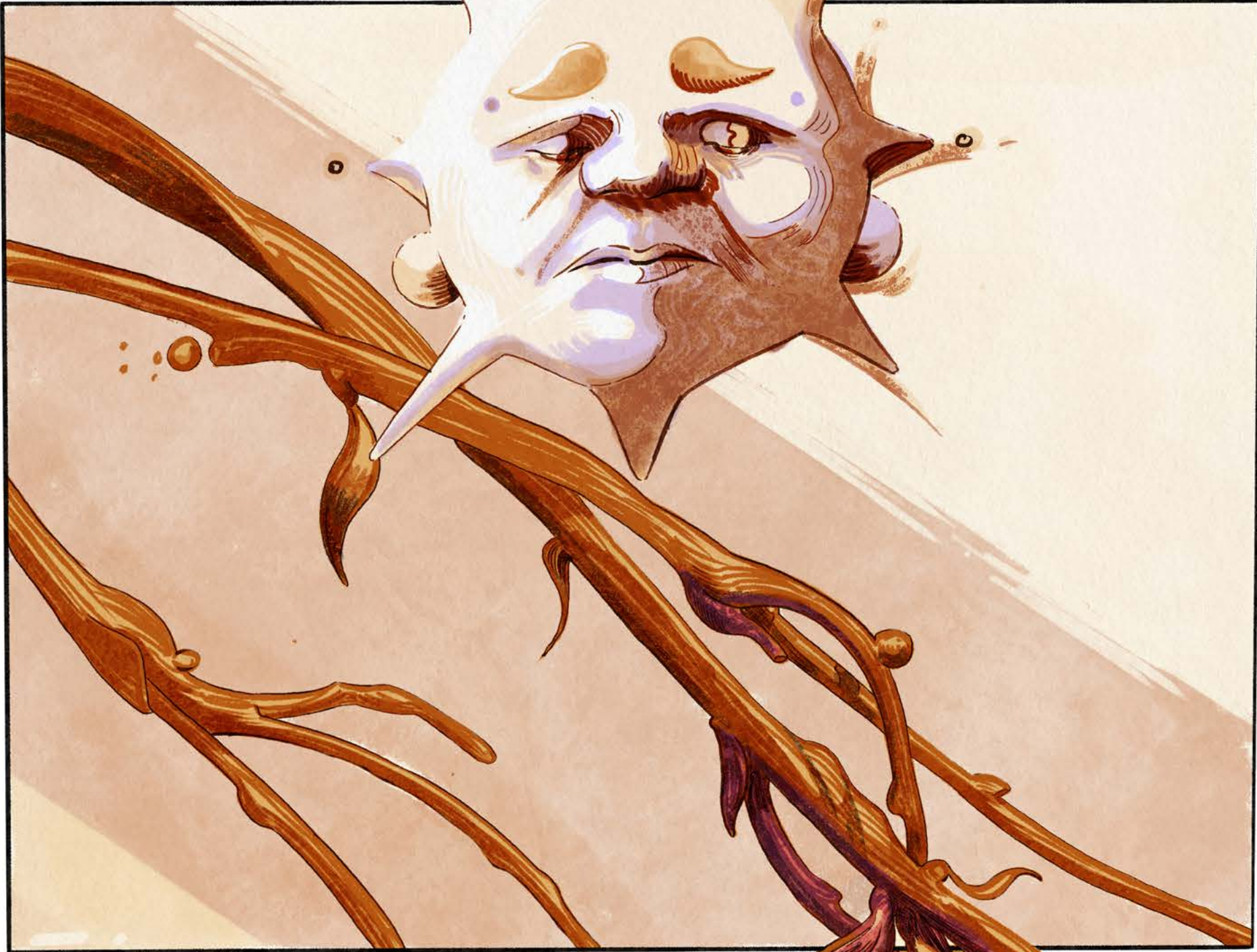


Some call him one thing, some another. I'm sure he will want to know you... Make him pay, son, for all those years he put us out of his mind.



I will, Mother.







I never meant to keep my promise...

Little by little I began to build a world around a hope centered on the man called Pedro Paramo...

The man who had been my mother's husband.

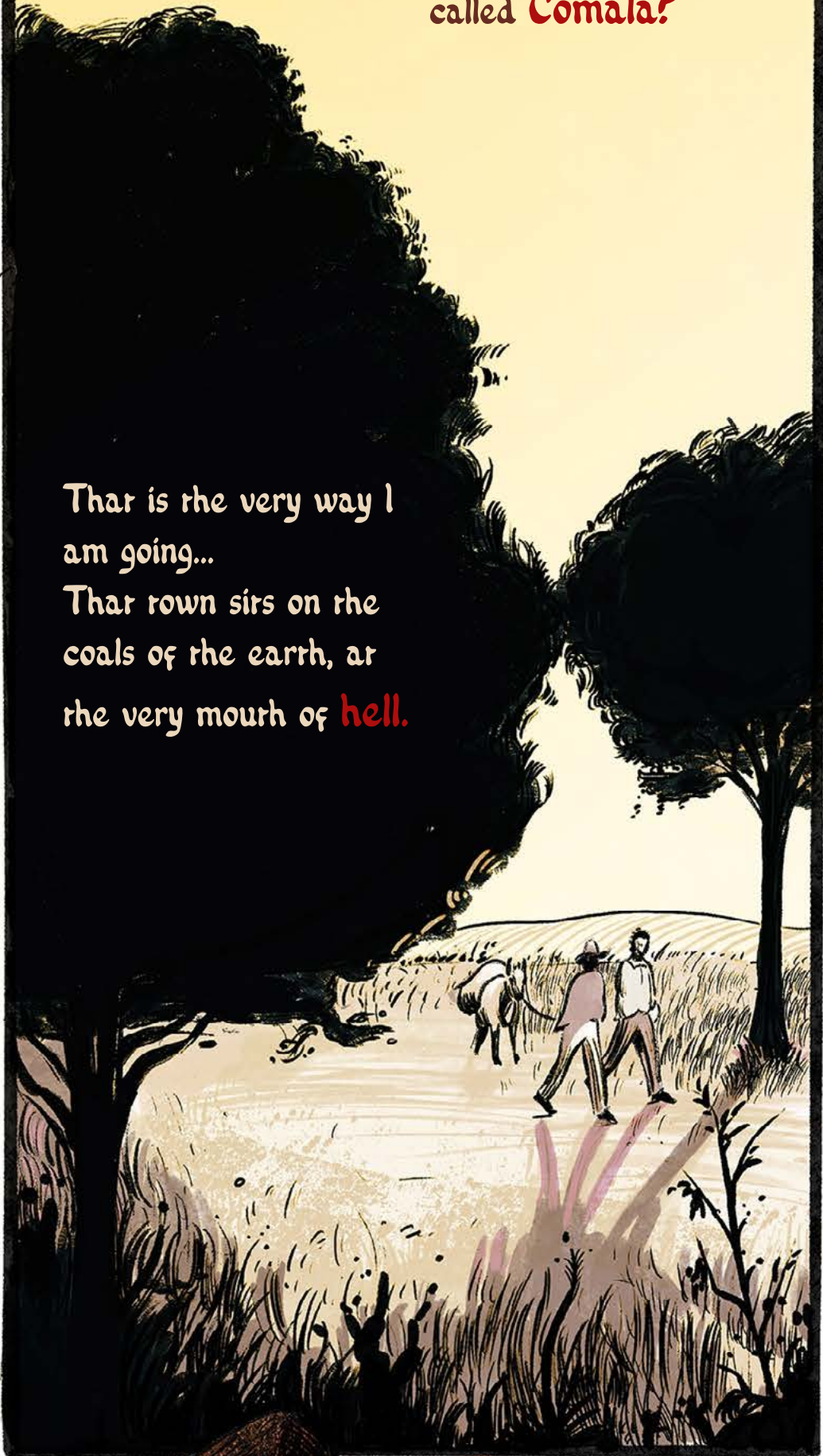


That is why I had come to Comala.





Do you know a place called **Comala?**



That is the very way I am going...
That town sits on the coals of the earth, at the very mouth of **hell.**

Do you know **Pedro Parámo?**
Who is he...



Living Bile





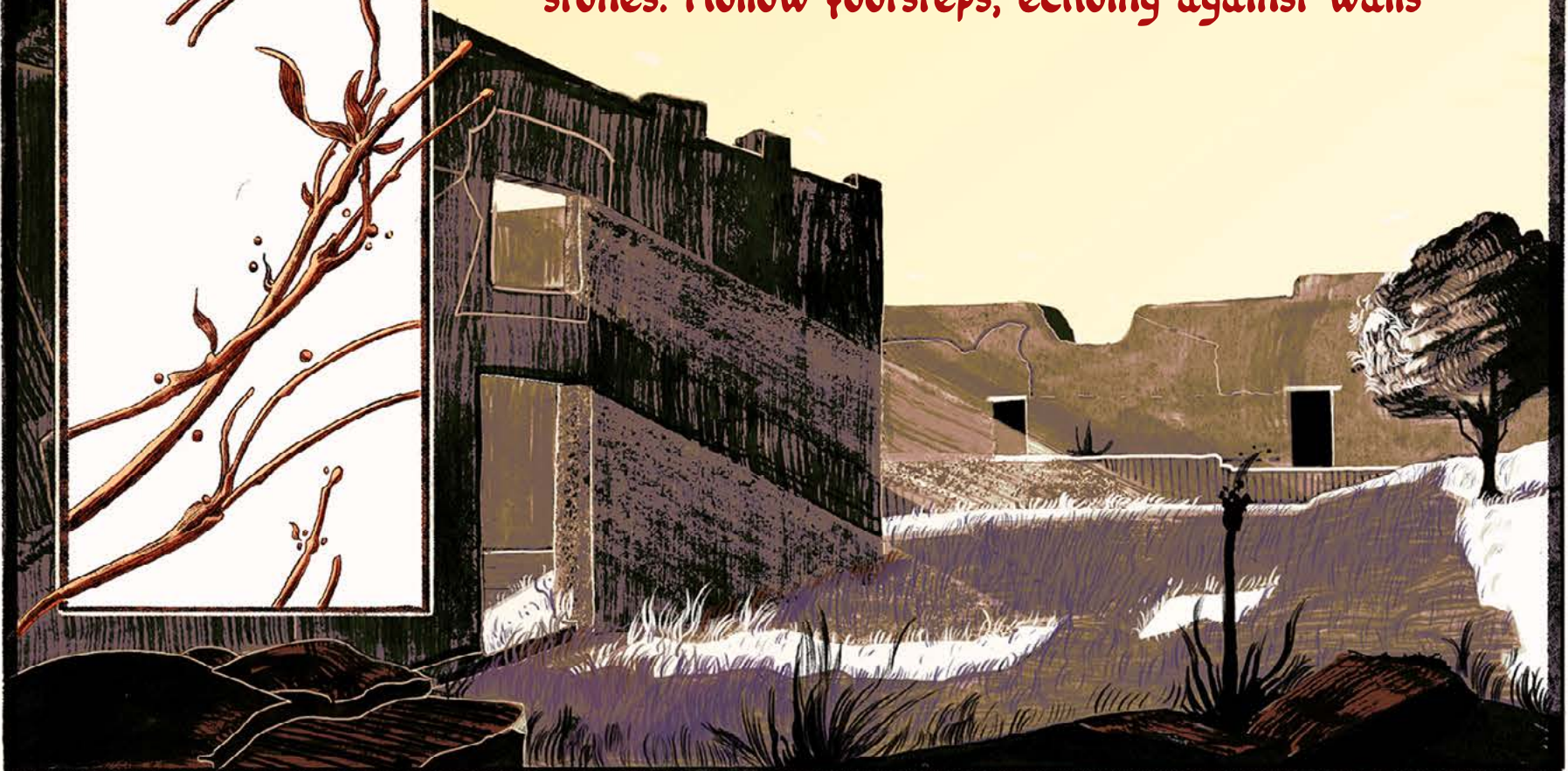
It was the hour of the day when in every little village children come out to play in the streets, filling the afternoon with their cries.



That was what I had seen just yesterday at this hour.



Now here I was in this hushed town. I could hear my footsteps on the cobbled paving stones. Hollow footsteps, echoing against walls





I am Eduviges Dyada. Come in

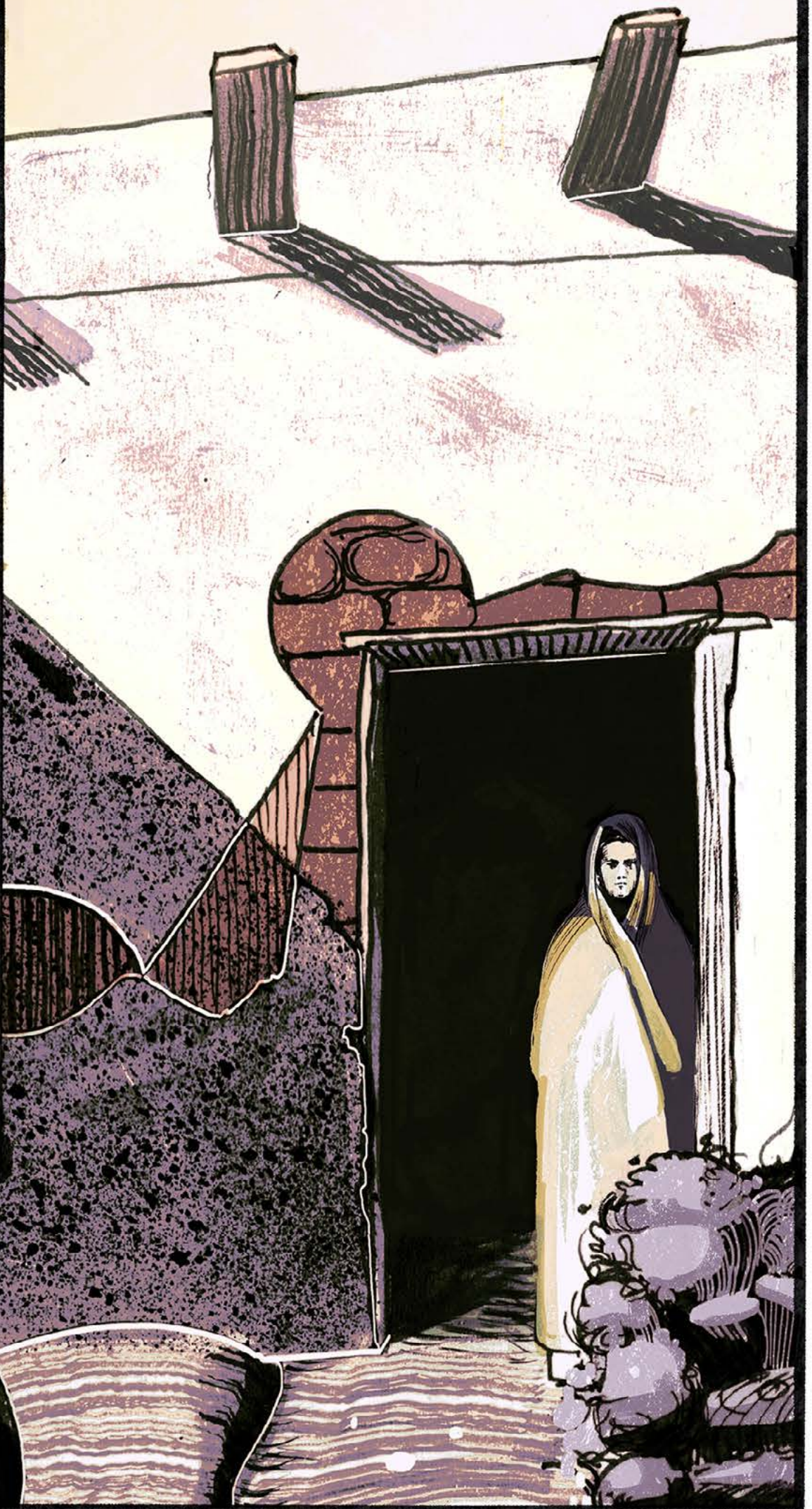
It was as if she had been waiting for me.

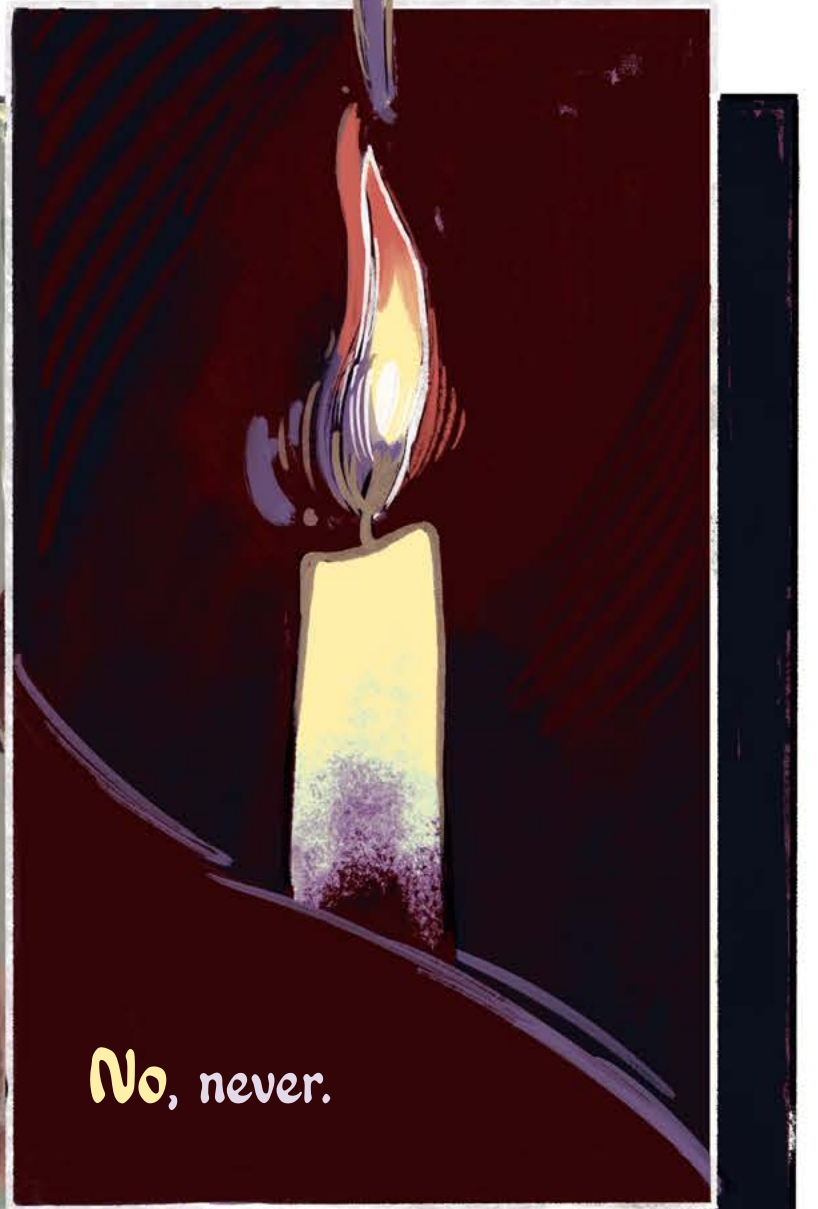
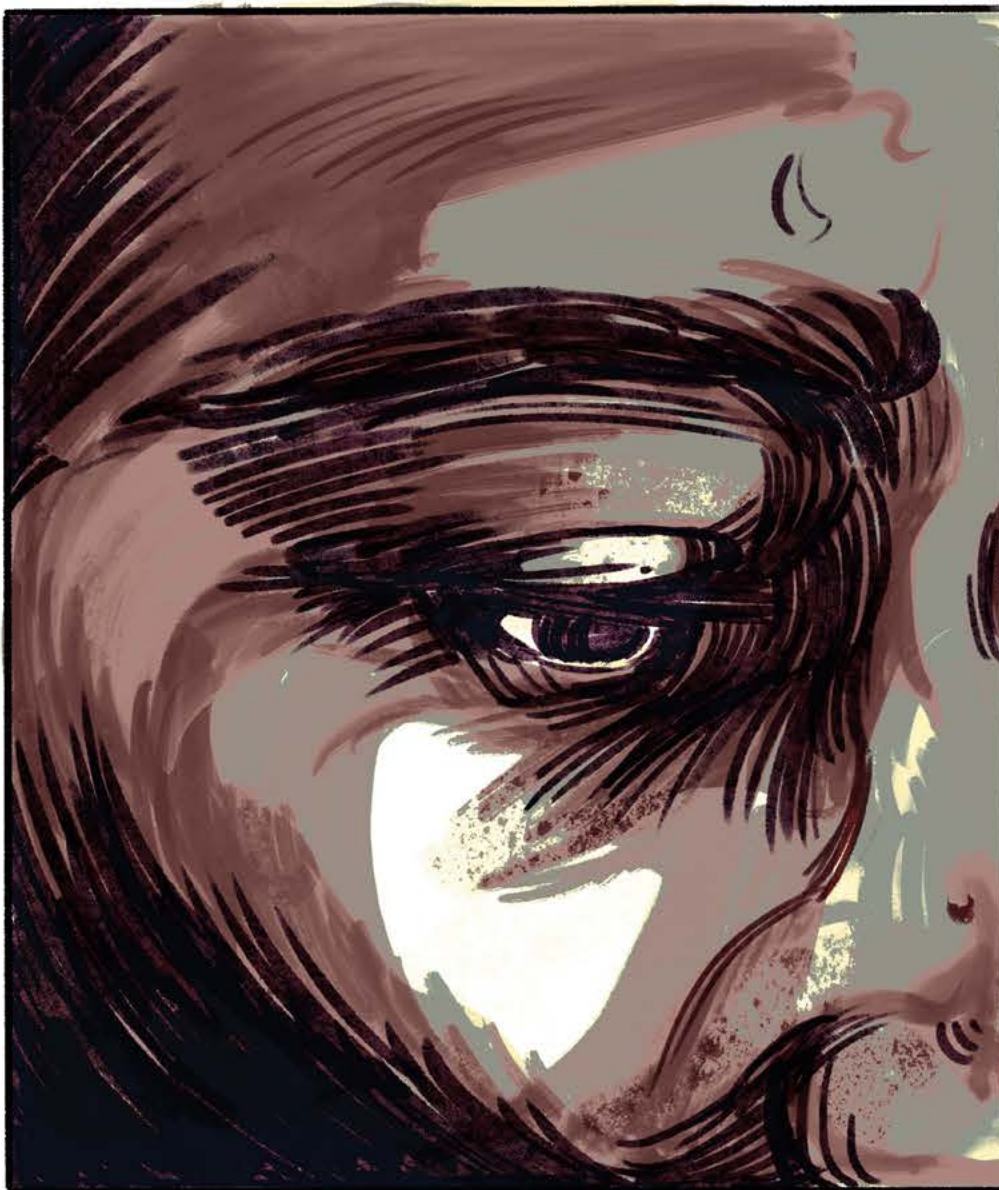
So you are her son

Whos son?

Doloriras boy

She told me you would be coming... today in fact.





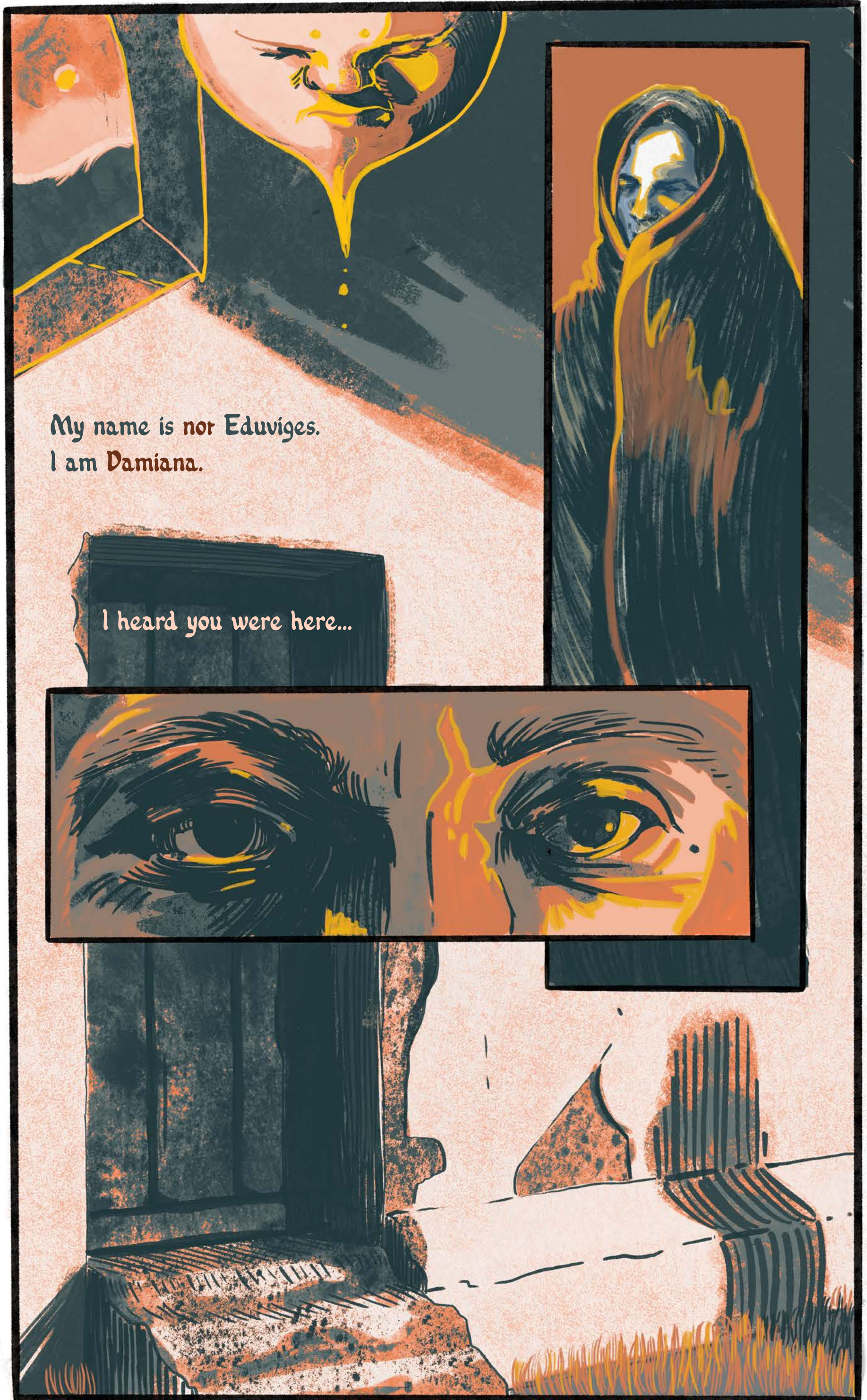
I felt I was in a faraway world
and let myself be pulled along by the current

My body, which felt weaker and weaker,
surrendered completely; it had slipped its ties and anyone who
wanted could have hung me out like a rag.



I'm tired

Is that you, Doña Eduvigis?



My name is **not** Eduvigis.
I am **Damiana**.

I heard you were here...





My mother told me about a woman named Damiana who looked after me when I was born. Was that you?

I have known you since you first opened your eyes...

This Town is Filled with Echos. It is like they were trapped behind the walls, or beneath the cobblestones. When you walk you feel like someone is behind you, stepping in your footsteps. You hear rustlings. And people laughing. Laughter that sounds used up. And voices worn away by the years...

Was it my mother who told you I was coming?

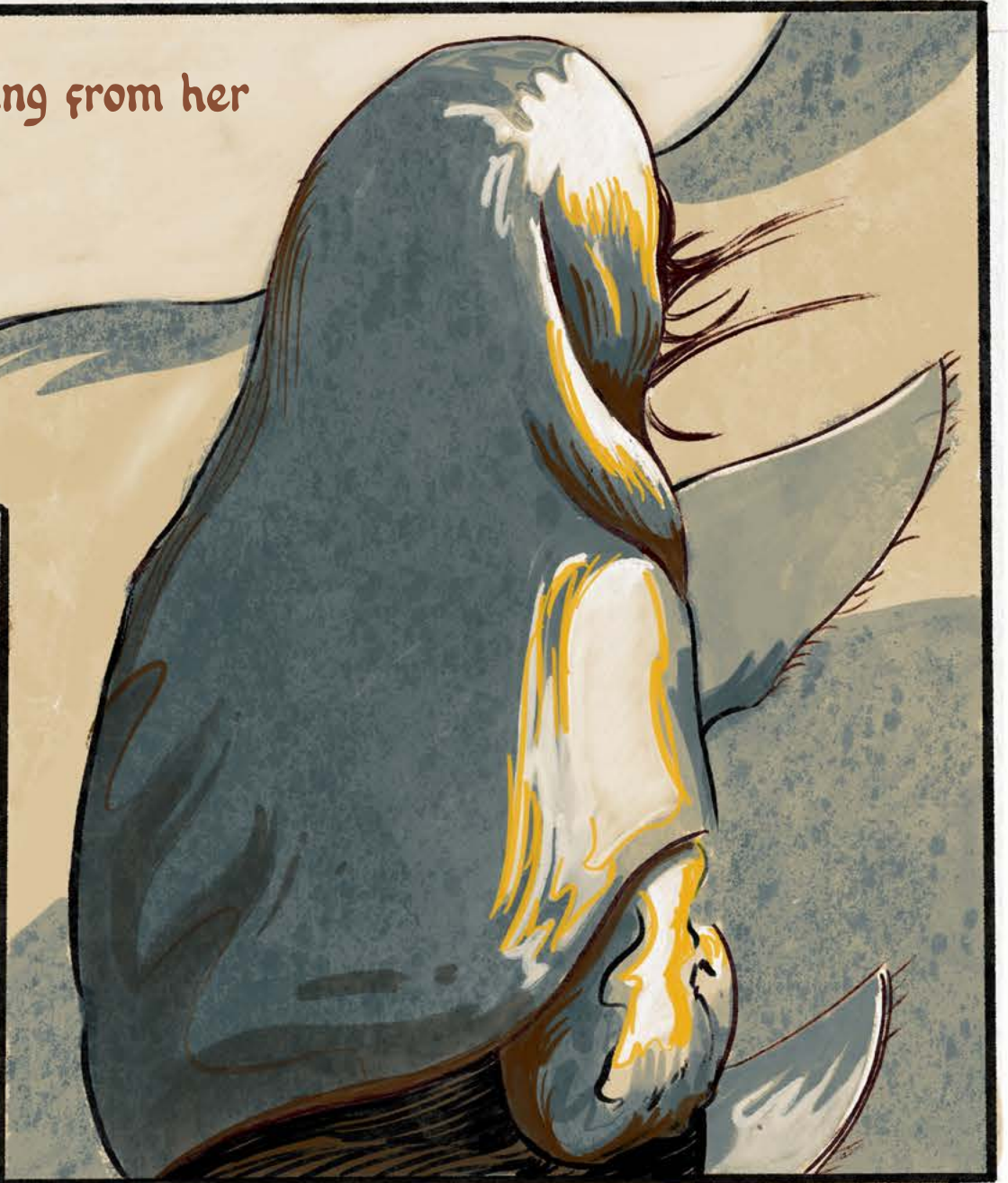




● I have not heard a thing from her
in years...



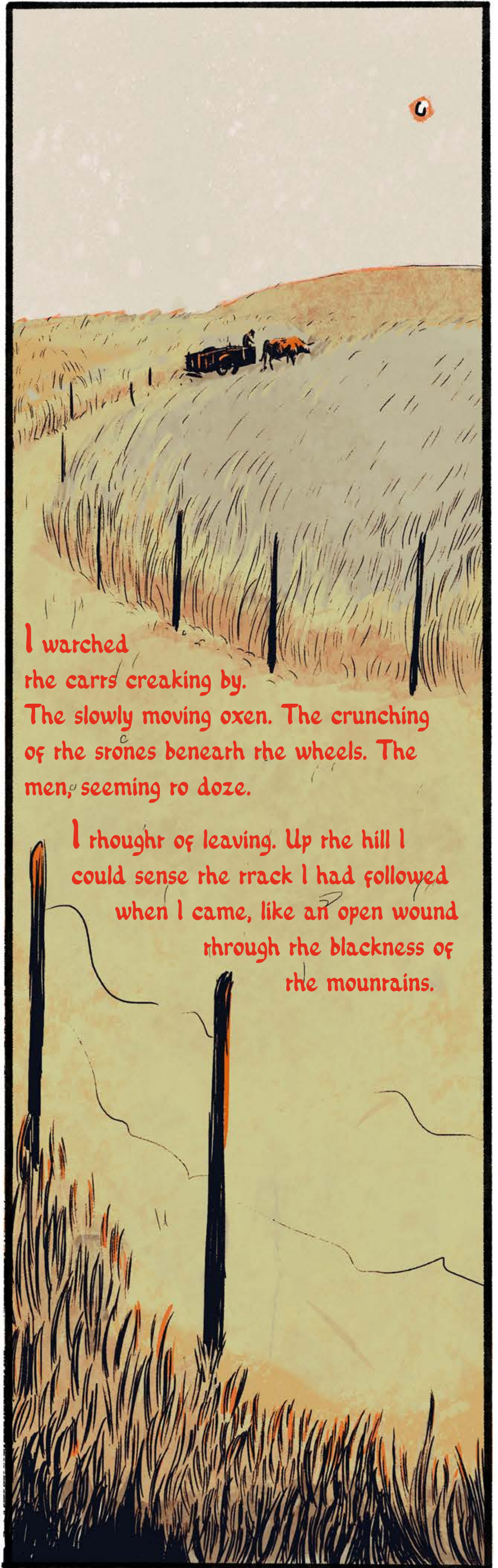
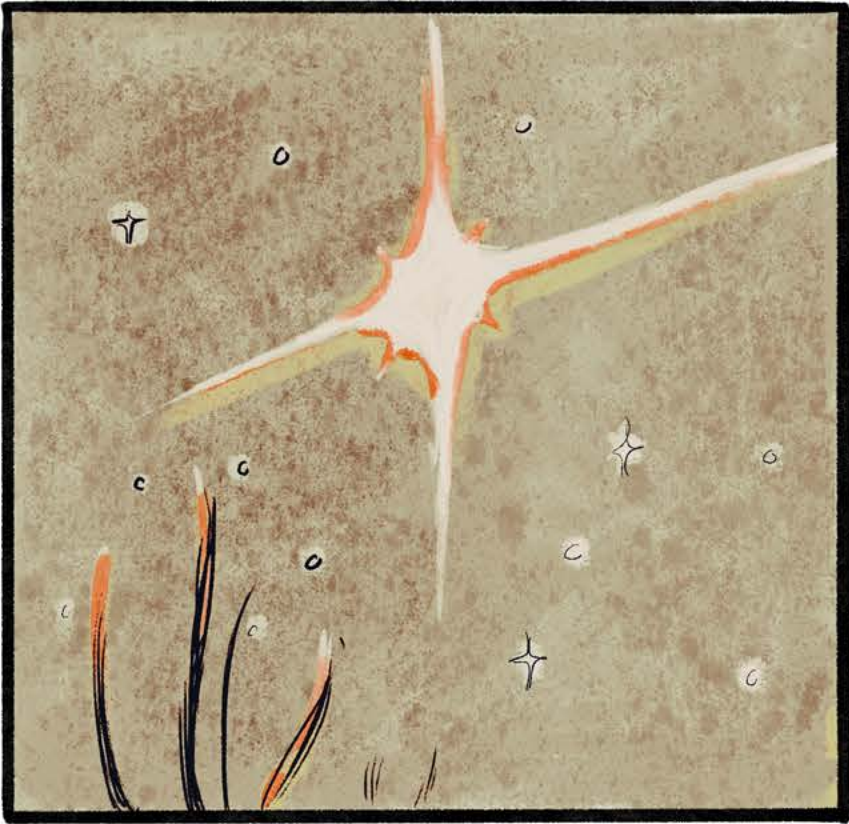
Then how
did you know
about me?



Are you alive, Damiana?

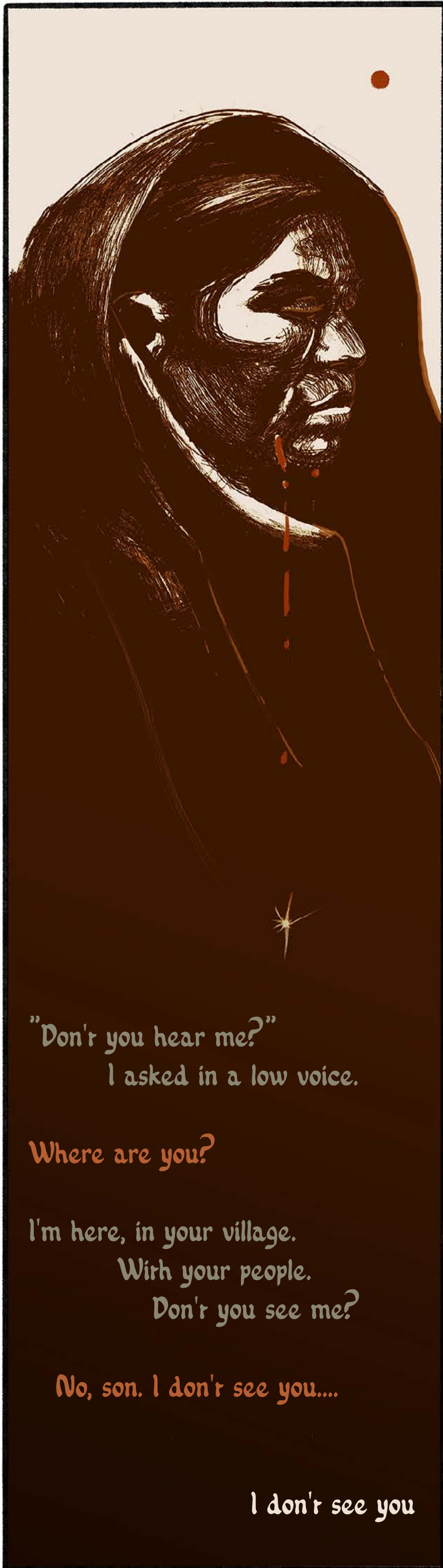
Suddenly I was alone in
those empty streets.





I watched
the catts creaking by.
The slowly moving oxen. The crunching
of the stones beneath the wheels. The
men, seeming to doze.

I thought of leaving. Up the hill I
could sense the track I had followed
when I came, like an open wound
through the blackness of
the mountains.



"Don't you hear me?"
I asked in a low voice.

Where are you?

I'm here, in your village.
With your people.
Don't you see me?

No, son. I don't see you....

I don't see you



I began to sense that whispering drawing nearer, circling around me, a constant buzzing like a swarm of bees, until finally I could hear the almost soundless words.

Pray for us

I could hear that is what they were saying to me. At that moment, my soul turned to ice.

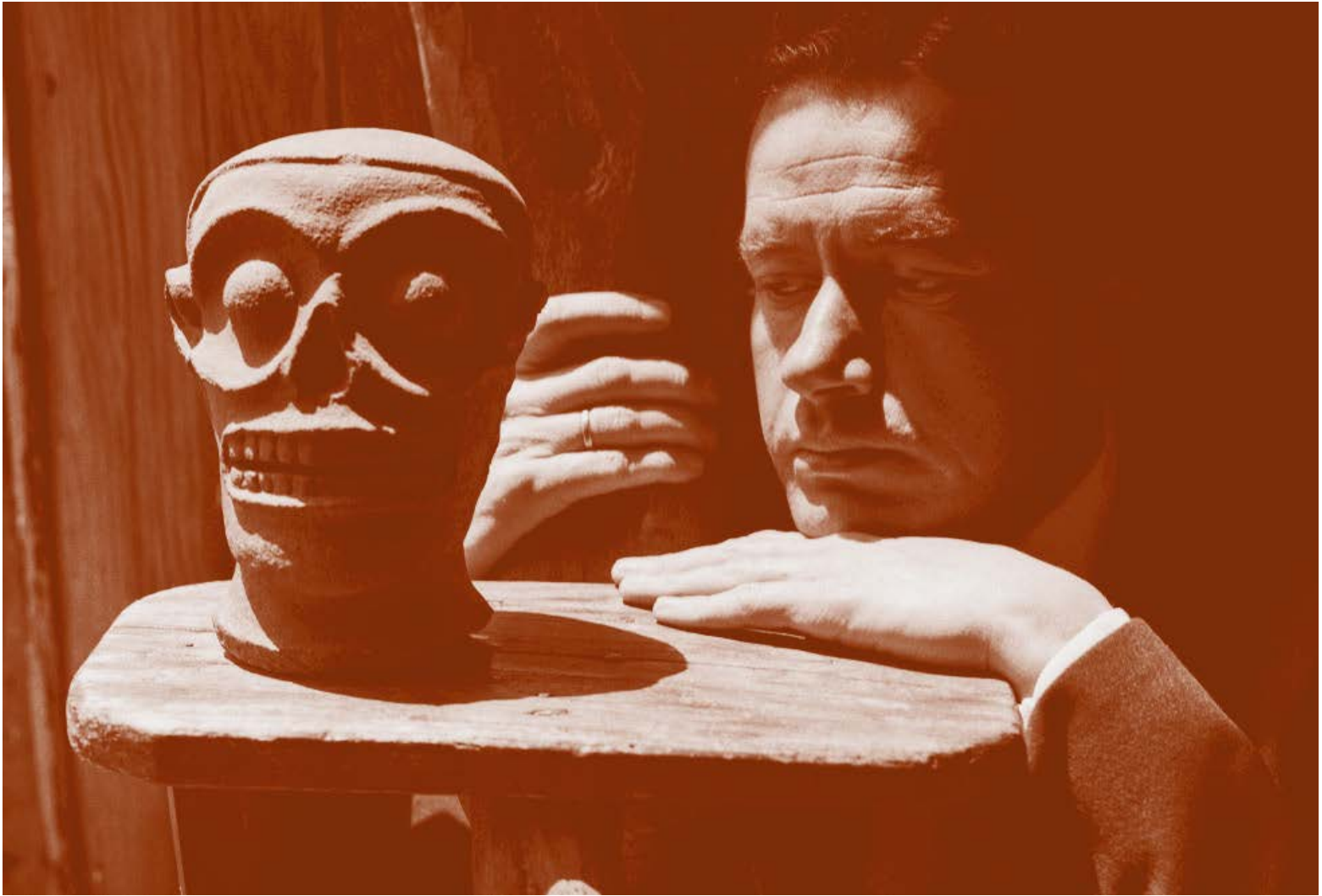
I came to find Pedro Parámo. who they say was my father.

Hope brought me here.



**Based on the events leading up to
Juan Preciado's death.**





Rulfo has said that he carried *Pedro Paramo* inside him for many years before he knew how to write it. Rather he was writing hundreds of pages, then discarding them- he once called the novel an exercise in elimination.

Rulfo only published two books; *El Llano en Llamas* and *Pedro Paramo*. It is often asked why he did not publish another book, as if the point of a writer's life is to go on writing and publishing. In fact, the point of a writer's life is to produce a great book - that is, a book which will last - and this is what Rulfo did.

- Susan Sontag



Thankyou to

◆ My lovely wife Victoria, My Family, and Zach ◆



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Eduardo Soro



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For the habitant of New York, Paris, or London, Death is a word that is never pronounced as it stings and burns when done so. The Mexican, however, is familiar with Death, he jokes about it, caresses it, sleeps with it, celebrates it. It is one of his favorite toys and his most steadfast love.

- Octavio Paz