

GOING FISHING IN *LA BARCA SIN PESCADOR*

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Some scholarly articles are conceived and written in a few weeks. Others, in a few months or perhaps a year or two. The idea for this essay goes back more than fifty years, a personal record and an appropriate one, given the occasion for this issue. In the Fall of 1972, having flunked out of the graduate program in English at the University of Miami (I stopped going to class because I thought I was getting drafted), I enrolled as an MA student in Spanish. Instead of teaching freshman composition, as I had done the previous year, I was assigned the fourth-semester language class. The "reader" we used was Alejandro Casona's *La barca sin pescador* in an edition prepared by two members of the Spanish faculty, José Balseiro and J. Riis Owre. Balseiro, an eminent Puerto Rican scholar, had retired but Owre was still active. With him I took a course on bibliographic methods that, truth to tell, didn't do me much good. All I remember is a last name, Palau y Dulcet, and a word, "incunabula."

When José Manuel invited me to participate in the fiftieth anniversary issue of ALEC, I was flattered but had no clue

what to write. Other than teaching survey courses, I have not worked on peninsular literature in a long time. It occurred to me to write about Juan Valera, a novelist I read constantly for pleasure. I checked with José Manuel and he replied that Valera would be fine. I wanted to discuss his take on what Cubans call *titimanía*, the bewitching fact of life that the English language labels, more lyrically, the May-December romance. Once I started looking at the bibliography, I realized that the topic has been addressed many times from various angles. Without getting more personal than it's safe to be, I didn't think I could add anything new.

My next thought was to do something with Unamuno's *Teresa*, a book of poems that had always intrigued me. The last time I checked, a century ago, no one seemed much interested in it. Alas, not anymore. The bibliography around *Teresa* is also substantial. And so I found myself idea-less, which is even worse than hopeless, since where there's an idea there's hope. One afternoon, more depressed than usual, I was sitting in my study at home looking at the shelves of Spanish literature books. Tucked away in a corner, I spied the copy of *La barca sin pescador* I had used in 1972-1973. I remembered that when I was preparing to teach the play I had gotten the idea that Casona must have known Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Sure enough, as I paged through my book, in addition to prompts for the students, I encountered marginal jottings: "Hem!... Bells!... Donne!" Hope began to spring internal, but I didn't want to get too excited. I was worried that in all these years someone had scooped me. I spent the next few weeks reading everything I could about Casona. It wasn't fun, but I discovered, to my surprise and relief, that the idea was pristine. What happened next is in the following pages.

As you'll see, the subtlety or brilliance of my insight is not why I wasn't scooped. It possesses neither of these virtues. The main reason, I think, is the relative neglect of Casona's theater, largely the result of the prominence of his contemporary

García Lorca, an unquestionably greater figure. But there is another factor. Unlike other dramatists who left Spain as a result of the Civil War—Max Aub comes to mind—Casona enjoyed great popularity with Spanish-American audiences. His plays were successfully staged in Argentina, Uruguay, Venezuela and elsewhere. Two of them, *Nuestra Natacha* and *La dama del alba*, were adapted for the screen. Once he returned to Spain in 1962, after twenty-five years in exile, he became a fixture of the commercial Spanish theater. In addition, school-book editions of more than half-a-dozen plays—*La dama del alba*, *La barca sin pescador*, *Los árboles mueren de pie*, *El caballero de las espuelas de oro*, *Corona de amor y muerte*, *Nuestra Natacha*, *La sirena varada*—acquainted several generations of American college students, like the ones I taught, with his work. I have a good friend, with whom I'm honored to share the pages of this issue, who acted in a school production of *Los árboles mueren de pie*.

Nonetheless, upon Casona's return to Spain he was attacked by younger Spanish critics for his political timidity. Writing in 1963 about the premiere in Madrid of *La barca sin pescador*, Enrique Llovet went so far as to call him "superreaccionario," though it may be that Llovet, a former Falangist, meant it as an encomium (93). Juan Velloso remarked that the play was "antiquated" already in 1945, the year of its debut in Buenos Aires, for its "lack of sincerity and sublimity" (quoted by Rodríguez Richart 235). And Ricardo Domenech, writing in *Ínsula*, dismissed Casona's theater as "un excelente barbitúrico—tranquilizador y evasivo—para la burguesía" (15). After his death in 1965, Casona's star continued to dim. Published in 1975, the Twayne volume on Spanish theater between 1949 and 1972 allows him all of two paragraphs (Moon). Nearly forty years later, *The History of Spanish Theater* from Cambridge University Press mentions him only in passing (Delgado), as does a recent collection of essays devoted specifically to Republican exile theater (Buffery). The MLA International

Bibliography registers thirteen entries in the past twenty years.

Wedged between *La dama del alba* (1944) and *La molinera de Arcos* (1947), which are set in Asturias and Andalusia respectively, *La barca sin pescador* indulges what Casona once called his “aversion toward exactness” (Casona, *Alejandro Casona* 163). The first act takes place in New York City, though the protagonist’s girlfriend dines at Claridge’s, a London restaurant. The second and third acts, in an unnamed fishing village somewhere in Scandinavia. As Casona acknowledges in the two *lemas* that accompany playbills and printed versions, the play was inspired by the Mandarin paradox, and more concretely by Eça de Queiroz’s novella, *O Mandarim* (1880). The paradox runs as follows: suppose you can inherit the riches of an immensely wealthy Mandarin by bringing about his demise. The Mandarin is someone you don’t know or have ever heard of and no one will connect you to his death. Would you kill the Mandarin?

Often attributed to Rousseau, the paradox seems to have originated in Chateaubriand’s *Génie du Christianisme* (1802): “Je m’interroge; je me fais cette question : Si tu pouvais par un seul désir tuer un homme à la Chine et hériter de sa fortune en Europe, avec la conviction surnaturelle qu’on n’en saurait jamais rien, consentirais-tu à former ce désir?” The misattribution to Rousseau probably owes to Balzac, who in *Père Goriot* (1835) has Rastignac say to his friend Bianchon:

“As-tu lu Rousseau?”

“Oui.”

“Te souviens-tu de ce passage où il demande à son lecteur de qu’il ferait au cas où il pourrait s’enrichir en tuant à la Chine par seule volonté un vieux mandarin, sans bouger de Paris.”

“Oui. Eh bien?”

“Bah! J’en suis à mon trente-troisième mandarin.”¹

In the Portuguese novella, the protagonist, Teodoro, makes the bargain with the devil and enjoys his serendipitous wealth until remorse sets in. What happened to the Mandarin's children? Have they and the rest of the family been left destitute? He travels to China in an attempt to make restitution for the death of Ti-Chin-Fu but unable to find his relatives, returns to Lisbon. On his deathbed he gets "immense consolation" from the thought that if other men were made the same offer, there would not be a single Mandarin left in China.

Casona recognizes what he owes to Eça by taking his second *lema* from *O Mandarin*:

Después me asaltó una amargura mayor. Empecé a pensar que el Mandarin tendría una numerosa familia que, despojada de la herencia que yo consumía en platos de Sèvres, iría atravesando todos los infiernos tradicionales de la miseria humana: los días sin arroz, el cuerpo sin abrigo, la limosna negada... (3)²

He keeps the pact between the Devil and the protagonist, Ricardo Jordán, as well as the remorse and the failed restitution, but shifts the locations and detaches the bounty from the victim by substituting a humble fisherman for the Mandarin. Most importantly, Casona uses a bit of theatrical legerdemain to absolve Ricardo of the murder.³ By the end of the play Teodoro's (and Rastignac's) cynicism has given way to an affirmation of human solidarity.

As the first act begins, Jordán, an unscrupulous and avaricious financier, sits at his desk surrounded by ticker-tape machines, phones, and economic charts. His company has major holdings in oil, and a protracted strike at the refineries has sent the company's stock plunging. To make matters worse, the new government "on the other side of the border" is threatening to nationalize the oil wells. Ricardo is in a despondent fury. The Board of Directors has lost confidence in him and even his girlfriend has sold all her shares. In the old

nick of time, the Devil shows up dressed as a Man in Black (as he does in *O Mandarin*). He reminds Ricardo that he has committed every conceivable crime except one: he hasn't killed: "Todo lo que la Ley te manda respetar, lo has atropellado; todo lo que te prohíbe, lo has hecho. Hasta ahora, sólo un mandamiento te ha detenido: 'No matarás'" (20). He offers a Faustian bargain: if Ricardo murders someone, and thereby loses his soul, the Man in Black promises that Ricardo will recoup all his losses and be even richer than before. To commit the murder, all he has to do is will someone's death. When Ricardo wants reassurance that he won't know his victim, the Man in Black goes over to a desk and spins a world globe. He stops it with his finger "on the other side of the sea. A small fishing village in the North" (23). Jordán looks up and sees a fisherman, Péter Ánderson, walking at night along a cliff. The Man in Black urges Jordán to agree to the deal. Jordán finally assents. Just then a gust of wind sweeps Péter off the cliff into the ocean and Jordán hears a woman scream.

Two years later, gloom pervades the cottage where Estela, Peter's widow, lives with her mother. A mysterious foreigner who claims to have known Péter and have learned of his death, arrives at the village. Welcomed by Estela as her late husband's friend, the foreigner rents an empty room in her house for a brief stay. Of course, he is Ricardo Jordán. Racked with remorse, he has travelled halfway across the world to relinquish his wealth to Péter's family. What happens next is predictable: Ricardo falls for Estela, but his guilt doesn't allow him to confess his attachment. The next twist is less predictable: on the day that Jordán is scheduled to leave, Cristián, Estela's brother-in-law, suffers an accident reminiscent of Péter's. Trying a new rudder for his boat, he is knocked down by a gust of wind and thrown against a reef. Then comes the clincher: Frida, Estela's sister and Cristián's wife, reveals what Estela has known all along, that Péter was not killed by a gust of wind but pushed off the cliff by a heavy hand

—Cristián's. In love with Estela rather than with her sister and envious of Péter's prowess as a fisherman, Cristián seized an opportunity to rid himself of his rival. Both sisters have known who killed Péter, yet both remained silent until a moribund Cristián fesses up. Unburdened of guilt, Ricardo declares his love for Estela.

In the next scene, the Man in Black reappears. When Ricardo confronts him with his innocence, the Devil responds that it is enough that Ricardo desired someone's death (a nod to Chateaubriand, for whom the "sole desire" sufficed): "No has matado, de acuerdo, pero has querido matar. Y para mí ésa es la verdad que vale... Mi único mundo es el de la voluntad" (84). Ricardo counters by resorting to a Pauline conceit. He is indeed going to kill a man, his old self: "El día en que no quede en mi alma rastro de lo que fui, ese día Ricardo Jordán habrá matado a Ricardo Jordán" (86). The Man in Black admits defeat: "Vine a perder tu alma, y yo mismo te he puesto sin querer en el camino de la salvación" (87). A nice touch: the Devil, who lives only in the world of will, saves Ricardo without meaning to, "sin querer." As he takes his leave, the Man in Black adds: "Buenas noches, Ricardo... Ánderon" (87). With the new last name, the rebirth is complete.⁴

So: what does any of this have to do with Hemingway? First let me mention a couple of things I didn't know until I started researching this essay. The earliest Spanish translations of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* appeared in Buenos Aires in 1942 and 1944. Not coincidentally, in 1942 a translation of *O Mandarim* was also published in Buenos Aires, where Casona had taken up residence in 1939. It's not unreasonable that Casona would want to read a best-seller by America's most celebrated writer, someone with long ties to Spain, a novel whose protagonist fights and dies for the Loyalist cause in the Spanish Civil War. That the 1943 movie version starring Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman, images of whom are included in the 1944 translation, was not allowed to be shown in Argentina for several

years could only have stoked his curiosity (Guida Bría). Both novel and movie, of course, were banned in Franco's Spain.

Hemingway's protagonist is Robert Jordan, or Roberto, as his comrades-in-arms call him. Casona's is Ricardo Jordán. During my inauspicious year as a graduate student in English I had taken a class on Faulkner and Hemingway. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was on the syllabus. When I launched into *La barca sin pescador*, I was struck by the uncanny resemblance between the two names, as if Roberto and Ricardo were brothers from another mother. My suspicions turned into probabilities when I reached the scene where Ricardo Jordán discloses what he learned about life in the fishing village: "He necesitado llegar hasta aquí para aprender esta lección tan simple: que en la vida de un hombre está la vida de todos los hombres" (78). This sounded a lot like the epigraph of Hemingway's novel, lifted from one of John Donne's *Meditations*:

No man is an *Iland*, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the *Continent*, a part of the *Maine*; if a Clod bee washed away by the *Sea*, *Europe* is the lesse, as well as if a *Promontorie* were, as well as if a Mannor of thy *friends* or thine own were; any man's *death* diminishes *me*, because I am involved in *Mankinde*; And therefore never send to know for whom the *bell* tolls; It tolls for *thee*. (Hemingway vii)

Just as Casona paraphrases Eça in his *lemas*, he has Ricardo paraphrase Donne via Hemingway. What is more, Ricardo travels to the fishing village because he believes himself responsible for the death of someone who was indeed "washed away by the sea."

In Hemingway's novel no literal bells toll (he hit upon title and epigraph after he had finished writing it), but they do in the fishing village. As Estela and Ricardo are getting ready to say goodbye, "Se oye una campana aguda, insistente, tocando a rebato" (76). Ricardo asks what it means. Replying that it's

a danger signal, Estela wonders why Ricardo cares: "¿Tanto le interesa? Hace dos semanas esos hombres no eran nada para usted" (78). With the bell tolling in the background, Ricardo answers, in effect, that no man is an island. As he phrases it, in the life of one man is the life of every man.

Once I had Hemingway on the hook, I cast more lines. Some of what I caught was small fry. Like Roberto, Ricardo is a foreigner who finds love among humble people in a land across the sea. Like Roberto, he "dies." (Another of the characters, an old man named Tío Marko, laments: "Si uno pudiera vivir dos veces..." [66]. A second life is what Casona grants his protagonist.) Other catch were evanescent fish: Ricardo's beloved is Estela; Roberto's is María. Put them together and you get... *Stella Maris!* The Star of the Sea or North Star, mentioned in the play (69), and an epithet applied to the Virgin Mary, protectress of seafarers.

For the apprentice critic that I was, too much was not enough: I even detected a punning reference to the title of the Spanish translation, *Por quién doblan las campanas*. When Jordán balks at killing Péter Ánderson, the Man in Black pressures him: "¡Tiene que ser ahora mismo, al doblar la cuesta!" (24). Later in the play, Elena recreates her last glimpse of her husband: "Al doblar la cuesta levantó la mano para saludarme... y de repente, ahí mismo, delante de mis ojos..." (61). I doubt that Casona is deliberately punning on "doblar." It's not like him. The wordplay occurred to me because I knew the *cubano* rendering of Hemingway's title, "Por quién doblan las esquinás." Blame it on my youth.

A bigger fish, something else I did not know when I taught the play, is that a bell figures prominently in *O Mandarin*. Teodoro finds the Mandarin tale in an "ancient folio" he picks up at a flea market. He begins to read (I quote from the 1942 translation):

En el fondo de la China existe un mandarín más rico que todos los reyes de que nos habla la Fábula o la Historia. De él nada conoces, ni el nombre, ni el semblante, ni la seda de que se viste. Para que tú heredes sus bienes infinitos, basta que toques esa campanilla, puesta a tu lado, sobre un libro. Él exhalará apenas un suspiro, en los confines de la Mongolia. Será entonces un cadáver, y verás a tus pies más oro del que puede soñar la ambición de un avaro. Tú que me lees y eres hombre mortal, ¿tocarás la campanilla? (Eça, *El mandarín*, 61-62)⁵

And this is Casona's version, which he attributed to Rousseau:

En el más remoto confín de la China vive un Mandarín inmensamente rico, al que nunca hemos visto y del cual ni siquiera hemos oído hablar. Si pudiéramos heredar su fortuna, y para hacerle morir bastara con apretar un botón sin que nadie lo supiese... ¿quién de nosotros no apretaría ese botón? (3)

Casona follows Eça except for the mechanism by which the death is brought about. The deviation doesn't make much sense. Had Rousseau been the author of the epigraph, he may have had someone ring a bell, but he couldn't have written about "pressing a button."

Ten years after the publication of *La barca sin pescador*, Casona was accused of plagiarism by an Argentine critic. In his response, arguing that the epigraphs prove that he wasn't hiding his sources, he corrects the attribution to Rousseau: "Si usted leyera mi obra, vería que en ella figuran en primera plana, como dos lemas, los pensamientos de Chateaubriand y de Queiroz. Así aparece en la edición argentina y en las sucesivas extranjeras (quoted in *Obras completas* 1: cxxi-cxxii).⁶ The attribution to Chateaubriand also misses the mark, not only because the wording of the *lema* is different, but because the

pressing of a button isn't—and couldn't have been—in *Génie du Christianisme* either.

According to Laurence Keates, the killer button first surfaces in an 1871 French song, "Tuons le mandarin" (502), but it must have been part of other statements of the paradox, since (as Keates also notes) Baroja mentions it in *Juventud y egolatría* (1917), though he leaves out the Mandarin:

El filántropo de Ginebra, de cuando en cuando, descubre la oreja: "Si bastara –dice– para llegar a ser el rico heredero de un hombre a quién no se ha visto jamás, de quien no se hubiera oído hablar jamás y que habitara el rincón más lejano de la China, el apretar un botón para hacerle morir, ¿quién de nosotros no apretaría ese botón?" (Baroja 31)

The quotation that Casona attributes first to Rousseau and then to Chateaubriand may well derive from several sources, some perhaps recalled from memory, but it is likely that its proximate source is *O Mandarin*, which he had recently read or reread. His decision to change the trigger may have been prompted by the use of the ringing of a bell to precipitate the climax of the play. Introducing a bell in the epigraph might dull the impact of the actual tolling. But if he was covering his tracks, it was not to disguise his debt to *O Mandarin*, which he recognizes, but to Hemingway's novel.

In the prologue to the printed version of *La molinera de Arcos*, whose source is Alarcón's novel, *El sombrero de tres picos* (1874), Casona defends his reliance on precedents:

Nada más propicio a debate y confusión que el criterio de originalidad aplicado a la creación literaria... Prescindiendo de esa acepción desmesurada que en el lenguaje corriente ha llegado a convertirse en sinónimo de "invención total" –cosa humanamente imposible– quizá el error más extendido es el de otorgar la exclusiva de origi-

nalidad a los temas, con olvido o desdén de su expresión artística. Porque fábula y desarrollo –tema y estilo– son las dos vertientes complementarias e igualmente valiosas de toda creación literaria. Atribuir todos los valores de la originalidad a la invención temática, es negar automáticamente la mitad de la literatura. (Casona, *Obras completas* 1: 889)

The distinction between “theme” and “style” fails to account for the echoes of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, since the plot and setting of the two works are unrelated. Had I written this essay in the 1970s, I might have called the relation an instance of intertextuality, a lifelessly descriptive notion that I ditched long ago. I’m interested in the writer in the writing, and what intrigues me is Casona’s incorporation of elements from Hemingway’s novel that are central to the “theme” (in the other sense) of *La barca sin pescador*. A teacher in his youth, Casona tended to infuse his plays with a moral, the result of what Entrambasaguas calls Casona’s “espíritu docente” (35). The most obvious example is *Nuestra Natacha* (1935), which in a self-reflexive turn expounds a theory of education. In *La barca sin pescador*, the “simple lesson” Casona wants to convey is the desirability of human connectedness.

The novel-play relation puzzles me. Casona’s theater has been criticized for being escapist, “teatro de evasión” (Torren-te Ballester 353). Other Spanish emigrés wrote about the events of the Civil War or the trauma of exile. Casona, who was aware of the criticism, did not. In an interview conducted after his return to Spain, he explained:

Yo vivo en el teatro y cuando llegué a América me encontré con un problema. ¿Podía plantear en una sociedad que apenas conocía una dramaturgia de las contingencias? ¡No! Hube de apoyarme en lo que es permanente y universal en el hombre. (Monleón 16)

Yet he borrows from Hemingway's most political novel, a work immersed in "contingencies." Like a fairy tale fed on horror stories, *La barca sin pescador* seems to compensate for its disengagement from history by drawing from an often brutal story set in the ravaged homeland Casona left in 1937, the year in which the action of the novel takes place.

My conjecture is that Casona read *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, or rather, *Por quién doblan las campanas*, in the early 1940s, at around the same time as *El mandarín*. A few months or a year or two later, without being aware of it, he incorporated reminiscences of the novel into the play suggested by Eça's novella. This happens to all of us. Thinking that every word we have written is ours, we discover later, with dismay, that our writing is riddled with others' words. What's difficult to believe is that Casona didn't notice the near identity of the protagonists' names as well as the other parallels, especially because Ricardo Jordán's humanistic epiphany is preceded by a reference to war. Illustrating his earlier indifference to human suffering, he says:

Un día sabemos que va a morir un pescador en una aldea del Norte, y nos encogemos de hombros. Otro, leemos que en un frente de guerra han caído treinta mil hombres y seguimos tomando café tranquilamente, porque aquellas treinta mil vidas no son para nosotros más que una cifra. (78)

The thousands of Spaniards killed in the civil war that had ended a few years earlier could not have been a matter of indifference to Casona, and yet even that possible allusion to a crucial episode in his life did not alert him to the footprints of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* in *La barca sin pescador*. Or maybe he saw them and didn't care. Or maybe he saw them and didn't think anybody else would. The Man in Black does say to Jordán: "Te prometo que nadie lo sabrá" (23).

I will end the way I began, on a personal note. (A former colleague once told me, "Gustavo, with you everything is personal," and so it is.) This may be my final fishing expedition, not because of failing health (my fear is that I will outlive myself) or because I intend to stop writing in order to "enjoy retirement." Retirement is not to be enjoyed but endured. A couple of years ago, when I had taught my last class, I decided that I was done with literary criticism (to the extent that this honorable endeavor still exists) and I began to devote my mornings to other kinds of writing. And so it's fitting that my last scholarly essay could have been my first. This is called closure. As someone once pronounced, "In my end is my beginning." Or as I would say, less grandiloquently, what goes around comes around, fifty-two years later.

NOTES

1. I take this information, including the quotations from Chateaubriand and Balzac, from Laurence Keates (501-04). Balseiro and Owre also discuss the genealogy of the Mandarin paradox.

2. The *lemas* are not true quotations. The epigraph from Eça is an edited version of the original. The one from Rousseau condenses the formulation of the paradox in *O Mandarin*, with one significant change, as we'll see.

3. This is not the only appearance of the Devil in Casona's theater. He shows up in *Otra vez el diablo* (1928), the first play Casona completed. The topic of Casona's thesis at the Escuela Superior de Magisterio reflects his interest in this figure: "El diablo en la literatura y el arte" (Casona, *Obras completas* 2: 1269-1368).

4. Apropos of the happy ending, Ruiz Ramón rightly asks: "¿Paga su culpa con sólo matar en sí al hombre viejo? ¿Y las víctimas de ese mismo hombre viejo? ¿No existen ya?" (257). It seems not, since after the first act Jordán, a wolf of Wall Street, shows no remorse about the many lives he ruined. Given the strained relations between the two sisters, it's also difficult to imagine that the "Ánderson" family can be put back together.

5. The original reads: "No fundo da China existe um Mandarim mais rico que todos os reis de que a Fabula ou a Historia contam. D'elle nada conheces, nem o nome, nem o semblante, nem a sêda de que se veste. Para que tu herdes os seus cabedaeas infindaveis, basta que toques essa campainha, posta a teu lado, sobre um livro. Elle soltará apenas um suspiro, n'esses confins da Mongolia. Será então um cadaver: e tu verás a teus pés mais ouro do que póde sonhar a ambição d'um avaro. Tu, que me lês e és um homem mortal, tocarás tu a campainha?" (300-301).

6. The exchange about the alleged plagiarism, which appeared in the Argentine journal *Noticias Gráficas* in 1955, is quoted by Federico Sainz de Robles in the prologue to Casona's *Obras completas* (cxix-cxx). Casona learned that his attribution of the epigraph was mistaken from Balseiro, a personal friend. In a letter to Balseiro, Casona writes: "No sabía que también Chauteaubriand (como Balzac) había utilizado la famosa pregunta. Gracias por el dato, que me interesa. La frase de Rousseau está en el grand Larousse, pero sin especificar obra" (Casona, [Letter]). Though the letter has no date, it was written in 1950 or soon afterwards, since Casona includes excerpts from glowing notices of the Swiss production of the play's German translation, *Das Boot ohne Fischer*, which took place that year. Casona and Balseiro got to know each other while the latter lived in Madrid in the 1920s (Balseiro).

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