

Eneko Aizpurua Urteaga
(euskal) haluzinazio bat · a (basque) hallucination





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Guztion liburuak, guztiontzat

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Eta Eneko Aizpuruarekin izan dugun bideo-elkarrizketa [hemen](#) dago.

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[a \(basque\) hallucination](#)

You can see our interview with Eneko Aizpurua [here](#).

ENEKO AIZPURUA URTEAGA
(euskal) haluzinazio bat

The time is out of joint
William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*

Azala: Ramon Zabalegi

HITZAURREA – EROEN ONTZITIK

San Sebastian egunean Gipuzkoako Konstituzio plaza Jeronimus Bosch (1450-1516) ezagunaren Eroen Ontzia bihurtzen ikusten dugu Eneko Aizpurua (Lazkao, 1976) idazle eta itzultzailearen lumaren pean. Kasik garai bereko Mossen Bernat Etxepareren Judizio Jeneralaren zantzuak ere aurkitzen ahal ditugu. (Euskal) Haluzinazioa izeneko ipuinak inkisizioaren, muturreko fededunen, epaileen, masa oihukarien eta bufoien mendeetara eramaten gaitu, behialako filma zuri-beltzetan bezala.

Lau ataletan, idazleak, Europa sartalde honen historia harilkatzen du. Hemen dira Torquemada eta De Lancre, judu erratuak eta kalbinistak, tortura saio latzak, Lapurdiko eta Zugarramurdiko sorginak, suteak eta ororen gainetik beren erraietako beldurra gaintzeko, hobendunak, errudunak gaztigatuak ikusi nahi dituen jende olde orrolari bezainitsuak. Masa suminduak beti azalduko dira biolentziaren alde. Sistema totalitarioek izua maneiatzen dute bake sozial antzeko zerbaiten mantentzeko. Gu ere bertan gaude. Irakurketa denboran pixa, goitikin, izerdi eta haragi erre usainek emokatzen dizkigute sudur mazelak!

Euskal zirkuluek azken aldiotan sortu dituzten gai zurrinak lerratzen dira lerro hauetara, ahoan bilorik gabe: bizikidetzak, etengabeko bestak kudeatzen dituen danbor jole nagusia eta gure lurralde gastronomizatuko sukaldari erraldoia, pintxo eta xintxo gabiltzala, haluzinazio batean, jada Basque Country (Free) bihurtu herrialdean, larrutzen gaituzten iraganeko mamuez eztabaidatzea ahanteraino. Eroen Ontzian edo Grande Bouffe horretatik bazter dagoenak herio zigorra merezi du. Eneko Aizpuruaren testuan, Ehun Metro (1969) nobelako pertsonaia zentrala tirokatua izan zen leku berdinean, hau da Donostiako Konstituzio Plazan, erreko dute bufoia, boteretsuen aitzinean egia erratera ausartzen dela nahiz eta askotan ez dakien berak ere zergatik punitzen duten!

Baina... baina... baina begietara jaukitzen zaigun idazkian kontatzen dena ikusgarri hutsa da, bufoiaren auzia espektakulua, espektakulu antolatua, mise en scène bat, hots. Egitura mediatikoak, Euskal Herrian barne, ikusten eta ikasten dugunaren giderrak atxikitzen ditu, aburuak, memoriak, diskurtsoak moldatzeko gisa. Telebistako ikusle merkatu zatiak biltzearen helburuarekin gainera. Eneko Aizpuruaren dibagazioaren leitzea bukatu eta begiak ixtean, haluzinazioa alde, irakurleak bere buruari galdetzen dio ea ez ote denez bera sutean kalitzen doan bufoi hori...

Idazlearen erranak, samurrak eta ironikoa, danborraren erritmoa daukan dantza batean sustengatzeko, gure lagunak oro juntatzen dira: Hamlet, Axular, Hannah Arendt, Xalbador Donostian 1967an eta The act of killing filmaren egileak.

Irakurle, zu ere, izan zaitetz aldi berean edo aldizka, epailea eta bufoia, Donostiako Konstituzio plaza aiduru daukazu. Aski da izena ematea Autodafé Reloaded izeneko show handios horretan parte hartzeko!

Euskaraz gainera...

Itxaro Borda
Baiona, 2018ko agorrilean

I

Bizikidetzaz gogoetan ari naizela, nire gogoa Donostiako Alde Zaharreko Konstituzio plazara, San Sebastian egunaren bezperako festara itzuli da berriro. Baina oraingoan plaza harresi sendoko gotorleku bihurtu da, zein baino zein garaiagoak diren dorrez inguratua eta koroatua, Toscanako Monteriggioniko Erdi Aroko gotorlekua irudi.

Plaza erdiko oholtza erraldoiaren gainean eserita angula ogitarteko bana jaten eta berriketan ari dira Gaztelubide konpainiako danborjoleak. Bat-batean, Gaztelubide elkartearen estandartea aldean daraman gizon bat gerturatu zaie piperturik. Alferkeriak utzi eta berehala lanean hasteko agindu die danborjoleei espektakulua hastera doala ohartarazi ondoren. Danborjole nagiek gogo handirik gabe erreparatu diote udal liburutegi zaharraren fatxadako goiko aldean dagoen erlojuari, zeinaren orratzak atzerantz baitoaz ziztu bizian.

Hamabiak jo dituenean, ogia eta berriketak utzi, eta danbor errepika luze bat jo dute danborjoleek oin-sabelak irmo jarrita. Liburutegiko fatxadan, Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori idatzita daukan idazkuna argiztatu da. Ondoren Donostiako orfeoiko kideak oholtzara igo, eta abesten hasi dira:

Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvat sæclum in favilla
Teste David cum Sibylla!

Une horretan janzki eta txano zuriak daramatzen eliteko sukaldarien talde bat atera da liburutegiko balkoira. Balkoiaren bazter batean biola, txelo, biolin eta lautez osatutako hari laukote batek Beotibarko Gudua abestiaren akordeak jotzen dituen bitartean, oholtzako foku handiek Botticelliren Infernuko mapa margolanaren bertsio gaurkotu baten 4K animazioko bideo erraldoi bat proiektatu dute liburutegiaren fatxadan. Margolaneko irudiak hiru dimentsioko izaki mugikor bihurtu dira haluzinaziozko mundu digital batean. Donostiako Alde Zaharreko Konstituzio plaza, deabruari saldutako arimaz beterik, Euskal 3Dko Infernu edo Pandemonium bilakatu da. Irudi luke azpimunduak bere ateak ireki eta inon diren gizatar eta etsai itsusienak askatu dituela. Zigor izugarriak dituzten deabru adardun, hegaldunak bekatari biluziak jipoitzen, «mundu pasakor hau negarrezko ibar bat da» errepikatuz heriotzaren kantua abesten ari diren hiletariak, gizaki biluzi eta bururik gabeak, gorputzak gorotzetan murgilduta edo odoletan irakiten dituzten arimak galduak, torturatuak, traidoreak, hipokritak, ustelak, ahotik kea dariola dauden izaki izugarriak. Liburutegiaren fatxadan bizi-bizirik, harat-honat dabilta denak herrestarien pare,

plazaren erdiko su sakratu garbitzailean kiskalitako liburu mordoei darien ke beltza Konstituzioaren gotorlekuko harresi garaien gainetik zeru hodeitsurantz astiro goratzen den bitartean, zeinean gaiztoak zintzoetatik bereiziko dituen Azken Judizioa iragarri baitute zazpi aingeru hegaldunek tronpeta apokaliptikoen hotsean.

Konstituzio plazako jende saldoa beldurrez, irritsez, liluraz dago begira paisaia danteskora, zurrut eta purrut, zuziak sutan eskuan, liburu kiskalien aurrean sakelakoekin selfieak ateratzen eta sare sozialetara igotzen dituela.

Margolaneko irudi bizidunak foku handien zuloetan desagertu direnean, eliteko sukaldarien burua, hots, Sukaldari Gorena karguaren izenez, Ahalguztiduna ezizenez, Michelin izar urrekarak jantzi zuriaren lepoan eta Masterchef izarren gremio globalaren xingola distiratsua paparrean, apur bat aurreratu da zamau zuri batez apainduta dagoen zurezko oturuntza mahai luzera. Gero eskua Lege Zaharren faksimile batean pausatu eta hotsandiz zin egin du:

Jainkoaren aurrean apalik,
Eusko Lur gainean zutunik,
Asaben gomutaz,
Gernikako Zuhaizpean,
Herri ordezkari on aintzinean
Nire agindua ondo betetzea zin dagit

Zin egin ondoren, «Lege Zaharren aurrean zutik» jartzeko agindu die Ahalguztidunak plazan bildutakoei. Jendetzak bere agindua esaneko bete duenean, masen lider karismadunak hotsandiz jakinarazi du: «Bizikidetzaren izenean Matxinaden Auzitegia eratutzat jotzen dut». Jende masa «Gora Odolaren Auzitegia, gora burdinazko sukaldaria» oihuka ari den bitartean, ahots sendoz akusatua oholtzara ekartzeko agindu, eta oturuntza mahaiaren erdian, mahaiburutzan jarri da zutik Sukaldari Gorena gainerako sukaldariak alde banatan dituela.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
quando iudex est venturus,
cuncta stricte discussurus!

Auzitegiaren idazkariak egindako keinuari jarraiki, Gernikako juntetxeko mazodun batek tronpeta jo du, eta Konstituzio plazako gotorlekurako sarbidea ixten duen ate lodi altxagarria astiro igo dute almenetatik abiada bizian jaitsi diren zaindareiek. Hiruzpalau zaldiko-maldikok oholtza ondora ekarri dute tiraka kaiola gurpildun handi bat. Jendetza elkarren gainka pilatu da kaiolaren inguruan.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
per sepulcra regionum,
coget omnes ante thronum.

Zaldiko-maldikoeak oholtzara igo dute kaiola polea batzuei tiraka, eta gero kaiolatik atera dute akusatua. Nano bat da. Frigiar txanoaren antza duen buruko txintxarri duna dauka, ahoan mozala eta soinean buhame jantzi zarpail, koloretsu bat. Zaldikoeak oholtza erdira eramane eta herriaren bistan jarri dute nanoa bultzaka eta laidoka:

Ai urdea, ai urdea,
urde urde handia,
ai urdea, ai urdea,
urde buhame handia.

Akusatua belauniko jarri eta otoitz egiten hasi da balkoira begira oinake eta eskuak estutzen dizkioten bilurrak kirrinka eta txanoaren txintxarriak kriskitinka:

Sukaldari deabru gurea Konstituzio plazako balkoian zaudena madarikatu izan bedi zure izen gorrotagarria. Jendetzak, asaldaturik eta zuziak astinduz, akusatuaren otoitzak eten ditu «erre ezazue bufoia» eta «bufoia sutara» oihuka.

Mors stupebit et Natura,
cum resurget creatura,
iudicanti responsura.

Zaldiko maldikoeak oholtzaren bazter batean dagoen armategira eramane dute akusatua, eta han balezta, gezi, lantza, trabuko, bala eta gainerako munizioekin batera dauden lege testu batzuetara hurbildu dute arrastaka. Bufoia hautsez betetako liburukien aurrean belaunikarazi, eta Eskritura Santuei, Espainiako eta Frantziako konstituzioei, Nazio Foralaren Lege Zaharren konpilazioei, Gernikako Estatutuari, Nafarroako Foru Hobekuntzari eta gainerako liburu profetikoei banan-banan muin ematera behartu dute.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
in quo totum continetur,
unde Mundus iudicetur.

Sukaldari Gorena mahaiburutzako besaulki zabalean eseri, eta auzitegiko gainerako sukaldariak alde banatan dituela, oturuntza eta epaiketa hasitzat eman ditu.

Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
quidquid latet apparebit,
nihil inultum remanebit.

Ataka gaiztotik ateratzeko zer egin ez dakiela, akusatua dardarka dago, akusatuen aulkian eserita, jendetzaren bistan. Bat-batean sekulako zalaparta sortu da oholtzaren inguruan bildutakoen artean. Oihuak, biraoak, txistuak entzuten dira.

Konstituzio plaza orroaka hasi da,
Konstituzio plaza orroaka ari da,
Konstituzio plazaren orroek ez dute etenik

Masa suminduek bufoiaren ehiza hasi dute. Dozenaka asaldaturik jendetzaren artetik oholtzara jauzi egin, eta bufoia jotzen saiatu dira. Zaldiko-maldikoez nola edo ahala lortu dute erasotzaileak oholtzatik jaitea. Jendetza haserre bizian dago, oro har bere eskubideak eta bereziki Frederiko II.ak 1221ean koblakarien aurka kaleratutako legean herritarrei bufoiak iraindu, kolpatu eta are hiltzeko ere aitortzen zien oinarrizko eskubidea urratu dituztela oihuka.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
cum vix iustus sit securus?

Sukaldari Gorenak bertaratuei epaiketa eta oturuntza hasiak direla ahoa betean ohartarazi, eta txilina jo du isiltasuna eskatzeko. Orfeoiko kideek abesteari utzi diote. Baina herri xeheak marru eta orro jarraitu du, ahotik listua dariola dagoen zakur gosetua balitz bezala, oholtzara eta balkoira begira, non sukaldari tripazainen mahaikada diren jaki gozo eta harrigarrienak dastatzen ari baita zentzumenen gozamen erabateko eta gorenean. Egoera lasaitu nahian, mahaiko janari hondarrak plazara jaurtitzeko agindu die Sukaldari Gorenak zerbitzariari. Jende andana bat pilatu da balkoitik jaurtitako haragi hezurren eta ogi koskorren inguruan zakur deslai gosetiak balira bezala. Jendea hezurak mihiztuz baretu denean, Sukaldari Gorenaren aginduei jarraiki, akusazioek lekukoei deitu diete.

Dultzaineroak, kilikiak eta buruhandiak aurretik dituztela, hiru erraldoi igo dira oholtzara dantzan lekukotza ematera: Fernando Katolikoa, Joan III.a Albretetxoa eta Katalina I.a Foixetxoa.

Hirurek berretsi dute akusatuak egon behar zuela nahitaez beren heriotzaren atzean, bestela ez liratekeela bata bestearen atzetik hain denbora tarte txikian hilko, «noiz eta Nafarroak Gaztelarekin bat egin berritan» nabarmendu du Fernando Katolikoa, «noiz eta Gaztelak Nafarroa konkistatu berritan» azpimarratu dute Joan III.a Albretetxoa eta Katalina I.a Foixetxoa. Eta beren lekukotzak funtsatzeko beren heriotza datak –1516ko urtarrilaren 23a, 1516ko ekainaren 17a eta 1517ko otsailaren 12a hurrenez hurren– egiaztatzen dituzten dokumentuak eta jatorrizko testamentuak aurkeztu dituzten bitartean, hiru monarkek gehitu dute akusatuak historiografia ororekin txantxak egin

dituela eta inoiz ez duela parte hartu gertakari historikoa gogoratzeko ekitaldi ofizialetan edo alternatiboetan. Esaterako, Nafarroako Gobernuak «Nafarroaren eta Gaztelaren bat egitearen 500. urteurrena» ospatzeko antolatu zuenean edo Amairuko gazteluaren defentsan parte hartu zutenen oroimenez beren monolitoaren aurrean urtero egiten diren ekitaldietan.

Horretaz gainera, nabarmendu dute jendeak monarken legitimitatea zalantzan jarri eta beraien izena eta izana ardatz dituzten oroimen, gertakari historikoak eta historia bera ahaztu ditzan saiatu dela, eta, horren guztiaren erakusgarri, akusatuari leporatu diote historia, egia-aren ama eta sorburua, aintzat ez hartzea eta bere ahotan jarri dute «Historia da beren krimenak zurrizko nolabaiteko agintea edo hitza eskuratu dutenen ahalegin narratiboa» esaldia.

Hori guztia gutxi balitz bezala, erantsi dute akusatuak Martin Azpilkueta XVI. mendeko pentsalari eta kanoniko ospetsuaren ideiak desitxuratu dituela esanez erreinuak ez direla erregeentzat eginak, baina bai erregeak erreinuentzat, edo ez dela erreinua erregearena, baina herriarena, eta, natura legez, erregeren boterea herriarena berarena dela, ez erregerena, eta gizartea begiratzeko, gobernatzeko, agintzeko, legeak ezartzeko eta epaitzeko behar den boterea emana zaiola gizaki bakoitzari, gizakien elkarteari zuzenean eta naturalki, bere burua goberna dezan naturazko gaietan, zuzen eta zorientsu bizitzeko gisan, naturazko adimenaren arabera.

Eta, beraien lekukotzari amaiera emateko, auzitegiaren aurrean jakinarazi dute akusatuak Doctor Navarrusen ideien manipulazio makur horiek guztiak baliatu dituela aldarrikatzeko ez direla erregeak edo nazioak subiranoak, baizik eta herritarrak, norbanakoak, Doctor Navarrusek defendatzen zuenaren aurkakoa hain justu.

Une horretan kiliki eta buruhandiak abesten hasi dira, haien buru gainean jira-biraka dabilen arrano beltz handi batek «Navarra shall be the wonder of the world» karranka egiten duen bitartean:

Aberria izan dadin libre,
Jendarteak izan behar du aske!
Aberri askearen alde
Jende libreak jaiki zaitzete!

Zaldikoek oholtzatik jaitziazarazi dituzte erraldoiak, kiliki eta buruhandiak aurretik dituztela, eta Tomás de Torquemada inkisidore nagusia eta sorginen mailua, Espainiako argia, bere herrialdearen salbatzailea eta bere ordenaren ohorea igo da oholtzara, danbor errepiken soinuan, lekukotza ematera, Pierre de Lancre deritzan inkisidorea alboan duela. Torquemadak lehenik eta behin esan du Inkisizioa ez dela sortzen, ez dela desagertzen,

baizik eta transformatu egiten dela etengabe. Bere inpartzialtasunaren erakusgarri, gaineratu du akusatuak gutxietsitako Errege-erregina Katolikoek izendatu zutela inkisidore nagusi eta segidan nabarmendu du akusatua, Lurra unibertsoaren erdigunean dagoela ukatzeaz eta eguzkiaren inguruan biratzen dela esateaz gainera, behin eta berriz saiatu dela alferrik ukatzen Errege-erregina Katolikoek sortutako inperio handian eguzkia inoiz sartzen ez delako egia gezurtaezina.

Jendetzaren zurrumurruen artean, bufoia izateaz gainera judua izatea egotzi dio akusatuari inkisidore nagusiak, eta froga gisa erakutsi du Espainiako juduen atzerriratzea agindu zuen Granadako Ediktua, zeinaren dokumentu erantsi batean akusatuaren izena agertzen baita. Esandakoa biribiltzeko erantsi du ez daukala zalantza izpirik akusatuaren jatorri juduari buruz, badakiela zertaz ari den, besteak beste, berak ere arbaso juduak zituelako eta akusatuak, judua izan ez balitz, ez lituzkeelako idazle juduen hainbeste liburu edukiko ezkutuan gordeta.

Jendetza asaldatuta «Juduen liburuak sutara» oihuka ari dela, Pierre de Lancrek hartu du hitza. Torquemadak egindako akusazioa berretsi du, eta horren froga gisa erakutsi du paper puska bat, akusatuak patrikan gordeta omen zeukana eta Jüdiferraren kanta izeneko abestia eskuz osorik kopiatzeko erabili zuena. Pierre de Lancrek ozenki irakurri du abestiaren zati bat Konstituzio plazan bildutakoen harridurarako.

Ote da mundu honetan deus ere gai denik Judu herratuari konpara daitekeenik? Nik ez dut uste baden nehon miserablerik Haren zorteari hurbil daitekeenik...

Judu herratuari buruzko aipamena entzuteaz bat, jendetza aztoratzen hasi da berriro. Israelgo herrian izan niz deitua, Jerusaleme famos hirian sortua, Satisfa bedi beraz zien izpiritua. Jauna ni nuzie bai judu herratua.

Pierre de Lancrek abestia amaitu duenerako, jendetzaren barbaroa eta egonezina sekulakoak dira. Oihu ozenak eta irainak entzun dira berriro.

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Bufoiaren aurkako akusazioen zerrendari akusazio berriak gehitzeko baliatu du Lancrek abagunea, zeren, judua eta herratua izateaz gainera, sorgina izatea ere leporatu baitio akusatuari. Eta horren froga nagusi gisa aipatu du akusatua euskara deritzan hizkuntza arraro eta ezezagun batean mintzatzen dela, eta, Torquemadak bezala, berak ere oso ongi dakiela zertaz ari den, zeren, deabrua, dogmak eta heretikoak ongi ezagutzeaz gainera, batzuetan euskaraz hitz egiten baitzuen nahi gabe intimitatean, bere aitona, Bernard

Errostegi baxenafarra baitzen, gero Bordelera bizitzera joan eta bertan euskal abizena aldatu eta Lancre abizen frantsesa hartu bazuen ere, ezein kristauk ezin zuelako ongi ahoskatu bere abizena.

Eta gero sorgin ehiztariak akusatuari leporatu dio masa asaldatzailea izatea, Joana III.a Nafarroakoak, Biarnoko kontubernio kalbinistaren buruak, aginduta Joanes Leizarraga sasiapaizak euskarara itzultitako Jesus Krist Gure Jaunaren Testamentu Berria banatzea kristau zintzoen artean, beren bihotza pozoitzeko, eta aberrigabea izatea ere bai, ez espainiar ez frantses, Espainiaren eta Frantziaren artean hara eta hona alderrai ibiltzea, bizileku finkorik gabe, muga nazionalik ez balego bezala, mugazainei nortasun agiri edo pasaportetik erakutsi gabe, xede bakar batekin: nazioz gaindiko sorgin elkarte bat sortzea, Europako herritarrak nazioen eta estatuen aurka xaxatzea helburu duena, bekatari lohi libertinoen bilera klandestinoak antolatuz, bai Sarako, bai Zugarramurdiko kobetan, non sagardoa, sagarrez, paradisuako fruitu madarikatuz egiten den eta haluzinazioak eragin eta deabruzko mundu berriak ikusarazten dituen edabe arriskutsua edaten, zakilak zurruputzen eta klitoriak miatzkatzen dituzten bitartean, goraki errepikatzen baitituzte nazioen zein estatuen aurkako arao ulertezinak, Europako iparraldeko lurralde zingiratsu, inhospitoetako eskeko fedegabeekin eta sorginekin egindako kontubernioetan ikasiak.

Bere lekukotzaren amaierarako utzi du, ordea, Pierre de Lancrek bufoiaren aurkako akusazio larriena, sorgin elkartearen eragina Europako errege-erreginen mendeko lurretan zabaltzeaz gainera, Inkisizioaren lana eragozteko leporatu baitio inkisidoreak akusatuari hotsandiz. Donibane Lohizuneko bakailao flotako gizona beren emazte, ama eta alabak biluzten eta sastakatzen ari zirela esan, eta, haien laguntzarekin, erretzera kondenatutako sorginez betetako konboi bat askatzea egotzi dio, eta, horren ondorioz, Inkisizioaren epaiketak bertan behera geratzearen arduraduna izatea.

Inkisidorearen hitzek sekulako zalaparta sortu dute berriro, eta jendetza «sorgina, sorgina!» eta «sutara, sutara!» oihuka hasi da.

Konstituzio plaza orroaka hasi da,
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Sukaldari Gorenak txilina jo du isiltasuna eskatzeko, erlojuari begiratzen dion bitartean. Epaiketa hasi denetik pare bat ordu igaro dira jada. Sukaldari tripazainen mahaikadak bukatu berria du oturuntza. Sabela betean eta erdi lotan daude denak. Jendetzaren aztoramena baretu eta sukaldarien sabelaldea arintzeko ordubeteko etenaldi bat egingo dutela iragarri du Sukaldari Gorenak. Baina plazan bildutakoak erabat sutu dira, eta Sukaldari Gorenari oihuka gogorarazi diote berriro, bufoiak iraintzeko, kolpatzeko eta

hiltzeko eskubidea dutela. Akusazioek, berriz, jakinarazi diote lekuko gehiago dituztela oholtzara igotzeko zain akusatuaren aurka beren lekukotza emateko.

Egoerak gairiditurik, matxinada arriskua ekiditeko, Sukaldari Gorenak iragarri du pintxopotea doan izango dela denentzat ordubetez Alde Zaharreko Pintxoaren Urrezko Milian. Konstituzio plazako gotorlekuaren ate altxagarria igo orduko, jendetza Konstituzio plazatik irten eta Alde Zaharreko tabernetan barreiatu da bozkarioz beterik Sukaldari Gorena goratzen duten bitartean.

II

Etenaldiaren ondoren, atzerapenak saihestu eta epaiketa arinago egite aldera, akusatuaren aurkako kargu nagusiak aurkezteko eskatu die Sukaldari Gorenak akusazioei. Ahalguztidunaren eskaerari jarraiki, mapa batzuk igotzeko eskatu dute akusazioek. Lehenik Euskal Herriko mapa erraldoi bat igo dute xingola zuri-gorri-berdeak soinean daramatzaten zaldiko-maldiko batzuek oholtzara. Akusazioaren eledunak eskola irakasleek arbelean azalpenak emateko erabiltzen dituzten erregela txiki batez mapa seinalatuz esan du akusatuak ez duela Euskal Herriaren milaka urteko izatea aintzat hartu inoiz, ez eta bere lurraldetasuna ere, eta horren erakusgarri, «ez dago Euskal Herririk, Euskal Herriak baizik» esatea leporatu dio. Gero kementsu gaineratu du akusatuak inoiz ez dituela aintzat hartu ez euskal nazioa, ez nazio forala, aldebakartasunaren edo aldebigotasunaren ordez aldeaniztasuna aldarrikatuz, burujabetza nazional oso nahiz partekatuak lortzeko bideak beti bezperako koplak direla argudiatuz eta, jendetza «Gora Euskadi askatuta!» aldarrika ari dela, gogora ekarri du akusatuak aberriaren alde bizia eman, burkideekin borrokan engaiatu edo Euskal Herriaren alde probetxuzko zerbait egin ordez, nahiago izan duela epelkerian eta alferkerian ibili, irri eta zirri edonorekin, hitz joko maleziatsuak eginez edo orri zuriak ziri bertsoz zirriborratzen denbora-pasa, eztarria absentaz bustita, literaturak gogoan su egin dion kultureta baten itxurak eginez, euskal literatura soilik euskaraz idatzitako literatura ez dela, baizik eta Euskal Herriko gainerako hizkuntzetan idatzitakoa ere badela aitortu zueneko hartan bezala.

Horrez gainera, suharki leporatu dio Orreagako guduaren mitoa ukatzea, Aberri Egunean etxeko balkoian ikurriña ez jartzea, Ikastolako haurrei Gartxotek Mikelot ez zuela hil behar esatea eta Bernard Goienetxe Matalaz Xiberuko apaizaz trufatzea, ezein Aberriren alde bizia emateak eta kentzeak ez duela merezi eta «egiazko euskaldünak» nor demontre diren jakiteko modurik ez dagoela esanez.

Baina akusazio larriena ondoren etorri da, Euskal Herri batu bat eta bakarra eraiki nahi ez izatea leporatu baitio, nazio eraikuntzaren eta euskal estatuaren aurka egotea, estatu berriak eraiki ordez lehendik daudenak eraitsi behar direla esatea, mundu guztiaren ageri-agerian behin eta berriz modu lotsaemangarrian ukatzea Euskal Herria superpotentzia emozional bat dela, eta, horrenbestez, etsaiarekin elkarlanean jardunez euskal aberriaren traidore eta etxekalte totala izatea. Une horretan jendetza asaldatu egin da akusazio gogorrak entzutean, eta «bufoiak ere txakurrak zarete» garrasika hasi da.

Jende masaren oihu lazgarriek Konstituzio plazako gotorlekuko horma gotorretan durundi egiten dutela, akusazioak traizioaren gaian sakondu du. Nabarmendu du akusatuak berak aitortu duela aberriari traizio egin diola eta behin eta berriz errepikatu duela jendaurrean eta inongo lotsarik gabe naziokidetasunaren aurretik giza solidaritatea dagoela, berak

gauza gehiago partekatzen dituela esaterako bavariar europazale batekin euskaldun antieuropar batekin baino, bai eta “Gu” nor garen zalantzan jarri ere, argudiatuz “Gu” ez garela gure jatorriaren, hizkuntzaren eta kulturaren arabera eratutako Herria, edota zernahi erabaki bidegabe, heriotza zigorra barne, har dezakeen jende edo jendaila, guk geuk geure buruari emandako lege legitimoekiko adostasunak elkarri lotzen dituen eta lege legitimo horien arabera erabakiak hartzen dituzten herritarrak baizik. Orduan «txakurra» ez ezik «gaskoia», «maketoa» eta «kosmopaletoa» garrasika hasi zaizkio akusatuari plazan batutakoak, «Gu gira Euskadiko gaztedi berria, Euskadi bakarra da, gure aberria» abesten duten bitartean.

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Zalaparta baretu denean, pika luzeak, mosketoiak, arkabuzak eta Flandriako Tertzioen arropak soinean daramatzaten soldadu batzuek Europako mapa erraldoi bat igo dute oholtzara. Akusazioaren eledunak, Europako mapa erregelaz seinalatuz, bufoiari leporatu dio Felipe II.a Hispaniar Monarkiako eta garaiko europar potentzia handieneko erregeari Inkisizioaren amaiera eta erlijio askatasuna eskatzeko Bredako Konpromisoa aurkeztu zioten Herbeheretako matxinoen jarrera bera izatea. Horretaz gainera, esan du akusatuak Westfaliako itunean ezarritako subiranotasun nazionalaren eta estatuen lurralde osotasunaren printzipioak behin eta berriz urratu dituela nazio-estatuez gaindiko herritar askeen Europako Errepublika baten aldeko aldarriak eginez.

Jendetzak suhartasun patriotikoaz gainezka akusatuari zuzendutako gaitzespen oihuen artean, xingola gorri-horiak eta urdin-zuri-gorriak dituzten zaldiko maldiko batzuek Espainiako eta Frantziako mapa bana igo dituzte.

Akusazioaren eledunak, mapak seinalatuz, erantsi du iragan loriatsu eta orbanik gabeko bi nazio-estatu horien aurkako adierazpen iraingarriak egin dituela etengabe akusatuak eta, horren erakusgarri, zerrenda luze bat patrikatik atera eta akusazioak egindako laidoak banan-banan irakurri ditu: Covadonga, Santiago eta Errekonkista egiazko kondaira nazionalak direla eta Espainia patuaren batasuna unibertsalean dela ukatzea, Frantzia bost kontinentetan dagoelako unibertsala dela diotenez eta Clovis, Poitiers eta Carlos Martelen kondairez trufatzea, bi aberri horiek bat eta bakarrak ez direla aldarrikatzea, gaztelania eta frantsesa desagertzeko bidean jartzea hizkuntza aniztasuna aldarrikatzeagatik eta hizkuntza gutxituak desagertzeko arriskuan daudela esateagatik, Espainiako eta Frantziako sinbolo nazionalak iraintzea, Espainiak Amerika zibilizatu ez baizik eta konkistatu egin zuela esatea urriaren 12an eta Donostiako Intxaurrondoko kuartelean Espainiako banderen zinaren ekitaldi militarretan ez parte-hartzea bertan makina bat euskal herritar torturatu zituztelako aitzakia iraingarria jarrita, eta uztailaren

14an Parisko Bastillaren hartze loriatsuaren urteurrena ospatzeko antolatuko desfile militarrean Frantziako banderari ez muin ematea frantziar Grandeur-ak zapaldu omen dituen guztien omenez.

Akusazioaren eleduna, zerrenda luzea irakurri ondoren, arnasari buelta eman ezinik dabilen bitartean, «Viva España, Viva el Rey, Viva el Orden y la Ley» eta «Allons enfants de la Patrie, Le jour de gloire est arrivé!» ozen abesten hasi da Konstituzio Plazan bildutako jendetza.

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Akusazioaren eledunak akusazioen zerrenda laburbiltzeko hotsandiz esan du akusatuak, jendaila albarazalea Estatuen ginetik jarriz eta xaxatuz, Espainiako eta Frantziako legeen aurkako albaramendua, sedizioa bultzatu duela.

«Eta aurretik aipatutakoagatik guztiagatik», gehitu du akusazioen eledunak akusazio guztiek batera adostutako ondorioak ahal duen moduan irakurriz, jendetzak akusatuari «terrorista, terrorista» deitzen dion bitartean, «kontuan hartuz akusatuak galbidera eta hondamendira eramanez nahi izan dituela nazio-estatuak, gizateriaren aurkako krimen deitu diela, bortxaz eta mugak ezarriz komunitate naturalak desegin eta komunitate horien hizkuntzak eta kulturak suntsitu dituztelakoan, baina batez ere eta oroz gain, aberriari traizio egin diola Historiaren areketan lurperatutako aberriaren etsaien izena eta izana ahazmenetik ateratzen ahaleginduz, benetan inporta duena herritarren bizi-baldintzak eta borondatea direla, eta, horrenbestez, aberriak ez baizik eta herritarrak direla egiaz subiranoak nabarmenduz, aho batez eskatzen dugu akusatuarentzat, bere desobedientzia errebelde, sistematiko eta jakitunarengatik, heriotza zigorra».

Sukaldari Gorenak akusatuari galdetu dio ea akusazioa onartzen eta errua aitortzen duen. Jendetzak eta akusazioek protesta egin dute arau prozesal inkisitorialek akusatuaren errugabetasun presuntzioa ez dutela onartzen, eta, hortaz, hitza hartzeko eskubiderik ez diotela aitortzen argudiatuz. Baina Ahalguztidunak erantzun die arau prozesal inkisitorialen arabera zilegi dela akusatuari hitza ematea baldin eta soilik baldin bere burua erruduntzat jotzeko erabiltzen badu eskubide hori, eta, horrenbestez, hitza eman dio akusatuari.

Zaldiko maldikoez mozala kendu diotenean, txano txintxarriduna kriskitinka, bufoia Ahalguztidunarengana zuzendu da lehenengo, «Ave Caesar, morituri te salutant» diosala eginez, eta gero Konstituzio plazan batutako jendetzarengana hotsandiz:

–Zuek, herri xehea, gogor lan egiteaz nazkatuta zaudetenak, zatozte errudun, traidore edo petxero honengana eta entzun infernuko sugarretan kiskali aurretik esango dizuedana. Heriozko isiltasuna egin da Konstituzio plazan. Jendetza arretaz begira duela hizketan hasi da bufoia. Bere hitzek plazako lau fatxadetan burrunba egin dute:

–Nire herritar maiteak, berdin abertzale, patriotero zein xobinistak, zuen nazioak fikzioak dira, gure nazioak haluzinazioak. Ez ote gara, honezkero, nahikoa nahigabe nozituak geure gezurrezko nazioen erruz? Ez ote genuke hobe, geure hobeharrez, nazioetatik harago joatea behingoz? Noiz arte jarraitu behar dugu, bestela, elkarri harrika, sufrimenduaren gurpilari tiraka, oinaze zaldiaren tornuari jiraka? Geure nazioen erruz, baina batez ere geure ezjakintasunaren erruz, eskarmentuaren arrastoak gorritz tatuatu dizkigute belaunez belaun gure arima-gorputzetan.

Alta, benetako borondaterik balego, ederki bizi gintezke gure komunitate naturaletan, gure eguneroko zereginak, jarduerak, harremanak eta eztabaidak, hitz batean, bizitza elkarrekin eginez, partekatuz eta horrela ezarian-ezarian gure artean lotura politiko bat sortuz, elkarri identitate komun bat aitortuz, komunitate imajinatuen, asmatuen, hots, nazioen gauzatzea baino ez den nazio-estaturik gabe. Noiz ireki behar ditugu begiak eta behingoz konturatu estatu arrazoia, nazio-estatuaren benetako arrazoia, giza arrazoiaren, autonomiaren eta askatasunaren aurkakoa dela, arrazoi totalitario bilakatzen dela bai mundu honetako erresumetan, bai etorriko diren erresumetan? Erresumin, sumindura eta ergelkeriatik aldendu gabe, giza ergeltasuna lurraren gainaldetik ezabatzen ez den bitartean, ez dugu itxaropenik berreskuratuko».

Jendetza suminak itsututa bufoiari garagardo botila hutsak jaurtitzen eta «No future for the fool» garrasika hasi da histeria kolektiboan.

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Egoerak okerrera egin eta garagardo lataren batek ezpainean jo baino lehen, Sukaldari Gorena eta bere segizioa balkoitik erretiratu eta hartu beharreko epaia eztabaidatzera joan dira Gaztelubide elkarteko gogoeta lekura.

Epaia eman bitartean, jendetza baretuta edukitzeko, Espainiako eta Frantziako banderen eta ikurriñaren koloreekin egindako soinekoak daramatzaten cheerleader batzuk dantzan aritu dira. Animatzaileen ikuskizuna bukatu denean, oinaze-zaldia ekarri dute Konstituzio plazara eta bertako oholtzako zurezko zoru etikoaren gainean jarri dute akusatua torturaren bidez herriaren aurrean bere erruduntasuna aitortzera behartzeko.

Akusatua torturatzen hasi baino lehen teknikari batzuek bereizmen handiko pantaila bat jarri dute oholtzan, herri xeheak xehetasun guztiekin jarrai dezan tortura saioa.

Ikuskizun odoltsu paregabeaz gozatzeko aukera izan dute ikus-entzuleek, akusatua gogotik torturatu baitute oinaze-zaldian lehenik, historia zirkularraren gurpilean ondoren. Haluzinazioak izan arte birrindu dizkiote gorputz-adarrak, hezurak eta giltzadurak. Zaldiko-maldiko batek bere erruduntasuna aitortzen duen galdetu dionean, lehenik eta behin torturak salatu nahi dituela esan du akusatuak. Orduan Inkisizioaren forentseari deitu diote. Forentseak akusatuaren gorpu jipoitua arretaz aztertu ondoren esan du tortura zantzurik ez dagoela, eta, beraz, tortura salaketa faltsua dela, zeina auziperatu guztiek epaiketa oztopatzeko edo atzeratzeko erabili ohi duten trikimailu juridikoa baita, adituak luze eta zabal azaldu duenez. Forentsearekin batera etorri den beste adituak, psikologoak, erantsi du akusatuak nahasmendu bipolar larria, haluzinazioak eta pertsekuzio delirioak dituela.

Zalantza guztiak argituta, mahai gainean zeuden argudio guztiak ongi hausnartu eta digeritu ondoren, Sukaldari Gorena agertu da balkoian segizioa atzetik duela. Gertakizun historikoari hasiera emateko, Matxinaden Auzitegiko idazkariak paper kiribildu zahar batean idatzitakoa irakurri du plazan bildutakoei begira.

Haeretici frexentur templa
boni nihil fecerunt contra;
ergo debent omnes patibulari

Idazkariak irakurtzen amaitu duenean, Konstituzio plazako jendetza Burdinazko sukaldariari goraka eta deika hasi da. Herriaren deiari erantzunez, Epaile Handiak urrats batzuk aurrera egin eta, mikrofonoen eta flashen itsugarrien aurrean sendo, aurpegia serio, gertaera handiek eskatzen duten bezala, hotsandiz epaia eman du:

–Akusatua kondenatu behar dugu eta kondenatzen dugu infernuko betiereko suak erreta hiltzera.

Mila aurpegi dituen borrero bat igo da oholtzara, jendetzak «heretikoak sutara!» oihukatzen duen bitartean.

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Kide batzuen laguntzarekin enbor luze bat jarri du oholtzaren erdian zutik. Gero egur mordoxka bat enborraren inguruan, eta akusatua oinak enbor aurrean eta besoak atzean

lotuta. Borreroak balkoira begiratu du. Akusatuak ere bai odolezko izerdi hotz batek hartuta. Gaztelubideko danborjoleek danbor errepika bat jo dute. Donostiako Orfeoiko kideak abesten hasi dira berriro.

Rex tremendæ maiestatis,
qui salvandos salvas gratis,
salva me, fons pietatis.

Sukaldari Gorenak buruaz baiezkoa egin du, eta borreroak su eman dio egur pilari. Hil ezkilak joka, bufoiak abesteari ekin dio:

Entzun Beaumont
Entzun Agaramont
Haltzak ez dü bihotzik,
Ez gaztanberak hezürrik.
Ez nüan uste erraiten ziela aitunen semek gezurrik.

III

Bizia salbatzeko fortunaren jainkosaren laguntza baino zerbait gehiago beharko duela pentsatu du bufoiak estutasunez Konstituzio plazan bildutako jendetzaren barre algaren artean. Haragi-errearen usaina usaindu du, oinak sutan dituela konturatu da. Sugarretan kiskaltzen ari dela, garun zulatuen, gorpu jipoituen edo gorputz atal ubelduen irudiak trumilka datozkiola, ahots bat entzun du. Hasieran haluzinazioak direla pentsatu du, baina gero sugarrek sortutako ke laino artean emakume baten itzala ikusi uste izan du. Laster antzeman dio ez dela fortunaren jainkosa. Soineko iluna eta betaurrekoak daramatza, eta zigarreta bat du ahoan. Bufoia, inguratzen duen ke lainoari begi izularrituez begira, hizketan hasi zaio itzalari:

–Ikusten duzunez, ataka gaiztoan nago.

–Bai, plaza honetan zure aurretik hiltzera kondenatu edo jazarri dituzten gizaki guztiak egon diren bezala. Gurpil zoro infernutar berean gaude itzulika atera gabe. Itzuli dira jende saldoen deiadarrak esku gogorraren eske.

Itzuli dira bermerik gabeko epaiketak eta epaiak. Itzuli dira baztertuen, kanpotarren edo desberdin pentsatzen dutenen ghettoak eta gulagak. Haien patu bera egokitu zaizu. Haien oroimena erre eta desagerrarazi nahi dute zurekin batera, baina ez kezkatu, zuri laguntzera etorri naiz.

–Niri laguntzera? –Bekainak goratu ditu bufoiak.

–Bai, zuri, zure aurretik hil dituztenei eta plaza honetan bertan etorkizunean hilko dituztenei, baldin eta iraganetik ziztu bizian jiraka gainera datorkigun historiaren gurpil zoro odoltsuak, zeinak etorkizuna geure kabuz erabakitzeko aukera ukatzen baitigu gizakioi, azpian harrapa gaitzan eragozteko zeozer egiten ez badugu –erantzun dio emakumearen itzalak zorrotz–. Horregatik ekin nion gure mundua erraustu duen ideologia totalitarioa eta bere iturburuak aztertzeari. Ulertu egin nahi dut, ulertu egin behar dut, hemen zer gertatu den. Nik ere, zuk bezala, eskubideen urraketak, kartzela eta jazarpena jasan nituen.

–Nor zaitugu? –galdetu dio bufoiak harriduraz–. Gizakia al zara?

–Jada ez naiz, baina izan nintzen. Hamalau urtez aberrigabea. Orain itzala dugu aberri, non sakon ahultzean aringarritzat dugun gauaren altzo iluna.

Emakumearen itzala hizketan ari den bitartean, bufoia zer gertatzen ari zaion ulertzen ahalegindu da. Berriz pentsatu du haluzinazioak dituela, baina oin-zangoetan sentitzen duen mina haluzinazio bat izateko benetakoegia dela ondorioztatu du. Hankak guztiz kiskali zaizkio eta izu-ikarak hartu du pentsatu duenean laster gorputz guztia kiskalita izango duela.

Bufoia lasaitzen saiatu da itzala:

–Sistema totalitarioak beldurraz baliatzen dira gizabanakoa hertsatzeko eta estutzeko. Beldurrak paralizatuta, isolatuta, bakartuta, errealitatea eta fikzioa, egia eta gezurra bereizteko gai ez den jendea da totalitarismoaren subjektu ideala, eta gizabanako autonomoa da bere arerio nagusia. Horregatik da arriskutsua pentsatzea, baina ez pentsatzea are arriskutsuagoa da.

Beraz, izan adorea, ez beldurtu, ez atzera egin beldurrak arima-barrenak jaten dizkizun une hauetan ni izango nauzu bidaide askatasunerako bide luze bihurgunetsuan.

«Erraza da adoretsua eta ausarta izateko eskatzea, batez ere norbera ez, baizik eta lagun hurkoa denean sugarretan kiskaltzen ari dena», pentsatu du bufoiak bere hanka kiskaliei erreparatzen dien bitartean.

–Ez kezkatu –esan dio emakumearen itzalak lasaitasunez–, gizaki bat hiltzen den bakoitzean, beste bat jaio eta mundu berri bat sortzen da hasieratik, zeina naturaren eta historiaren legeetatik, eta, horrenbestez, terrorearen atzaparretatik aske baitago. Erabateko terrorea da sistema totalitarioaren funtsa, naturaren eta historiaren indarrek gizakiaren jaiotza eragozteko edo gizakia desagerrarazteko darabilten baliabidea, zeren ikuspegi totalitariotik gizakien jaiotza eta heriotza naturaren eta historiaren gurpilak geldiarazteko ahalegin amorragarri bat baino ez baitira.

Horregatik terroreak gizakien aniztasuna deuseztatu eta gizaki bakarra sortzen du, indibidualtasunik eta pentsatzeko gaitasunik gabea, masa, jendetza, artaldea, zure aurrean garrasika duzun hori bezalakoa. Naturak “bizitzeko desegokiak direlakoan edo Historiak “hiltzen ari diren klaseak” direlakoan hiltzera kondenatu dituzten gizabanakoen heriotza zigorrak exekutatzeko dituzten terroreak.

Konstituzio plazako harrabotsa dela-eta bere hizketaldia une batez eten behar izan badu ere, itzalak azalpenak ematen jarraitu du, jendetzak bufoiari egindako biraoei eta oihuei erreparatu gabe.

–Etengabe aldatzen ari den ezin ulertuzko mundu batean jendetza puntu batera iritsi da, non, aldi berean, dena eta deus ez sinetsi duen. Eta horrek sorrarazten dion

axolagabekeria dela-eta jendetza, masa ezin da integratu interes komunak defendatzen dituen ezein erakunde, alderdi edo sindikatutan.

Herrialde guztietan daude, eta politika axola ez zaien, alderdi bateko kide inoiz egiten ez diren edo botoa ematera ia inoiz joaten ez diren jende mordoen artean gehiengoa osatzen dute. Axolagabekeria horrek egiten ditu, hain zuzen, zure heriotzaren konplize. Zuri bufoia zarelako barre egiten dizute, baina egiaz beraiek dira Historiaren bufoiak, Historiak engainatu ditu –esan du emakumearen itzalak ozen, plazako jendetzari begirada erronka jotzailea eginez.

Itzalaren hitzak entzun orduko bere aurka garrasika eta uluka hasi da jendetza.

–Bufoi eta axolagabe deitu dion judu nazkagarri horrek herriari? Gu abertzaleak gaitun.

–Ez nuke nahi, ez dagokit niri zuek epaitzea. Ni itzal bat besterik ez naiz. Baina argi emango dizuet nire iritzia. Zuek ez zarete abertzaleak, ezpada gaizkiaren hutsalkeriak mendean hartu dituen gaizkileak, herria hainbeste aipatu eta maitatu beharrez bizi osoan hari losintxa egitera behartuak sentitzen zareten lausengariak. Pentsatzeari uko egin diozue zuen baitako barne kontraesanak saihesteko. Horregatik ez dizue kontzientziak ausiki egiten zernahi izugarrikeria esan edo egiten duzuela ere.

–Bada, itzala bahaiz ere, entzun beharko dun horratik gure epaia. Herriaren, nazioaren etsaiek izen bakarra ditek: traidoreak. Hik Gursetik ihes egitea lortu huen, Hannah Arendt, baina hire aldamenean dagoen bufoi nazkagarri horrek ez zion ihes egingo Heriori. Heriotza bufoiari eta juduari. Heriotza traidoreei.

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–Hannah Arendt zara? Badut zure entzutea –esan dio bufoiak itzalari, jendetza garagardo botila hutsak jaurtitzen ari zaizkien bitartean.

–Lehen esan dizudanez, ni izango nauzu bide-erakusle eta maisu –erantzun dio Arendten itzalak–. Badakit zer gertatu zaizun.

Agintean dauden edo indarra erabiltzen duten erakundeek legitimitatea galtzen dutenean, herritarren eguneroko jokabidea arautzeko, baldintzatzeko boterea galtzen dute. Horixe gertatu zaie zurekin. Ezin izan dute zure jokabidea, zure pentsamoldea bideratu, ezin izan zaituzte arrastoan sartu. Eta orduan zer egiten dute erakunde horiek, botere galera horri erantzuteko? Indarkeria erabiltzen dute. Baina indarkeria boterearen

adierazle izan ordez, botere galeraren ondorioa da. Eta kasu honetan agintariek Konstituzio plazako jendetza indarkeria erabiltzera xaxatu dute nazio bat eta bakarraren ideia jendetzaren bihotz-buruetan sartuta. Gure pentsamoldean nazio-estatuaren ideia iltzez eta giltzez finkatuta daukagun bitartean, nazionalitate zehatz batek ordezkaturiko du estatua eta estatuak nazionalitate zehatz bat. Horrek esan nahi du beti egongo direla gutxiengoak eta baztertuak, nazio-estatuaren kontzeptu nagusitik kanpo egongo diren etsaiak.

Ez dute eskubide osorik izango, kanpokoak izango dira, edo herrialdetik eta taldetik kanporatuak, zu bezala heriotzara zigortuak.

Eta bufoiak pentsatu du Arendtek esan diona zuzena dela, kontua ez dela besteak gure kulturaren integrazioa, ezpada, besteak "gure" edo "hemengo" ohituretara moldatzeko eskakizunetik harago joanez, kulturaren ikuspegitik askotarikoa den gizarte multietniko bat eratzea, nazioz gaindiko komunitate bat sortzea. «Soilik besteak aitortuz izan gaitzeko geu, haiek ere gudan badaudela onartuz. Soilik horrela lor daiteke erabateko inklusioa, desberdinen arteko elkarbizitza hemen eta munduan. Horregatik da xede hori lortzeko bidean ezinbesteko lehen urratsa aniztasunean bat eginik egongo den Europa berri bat sortzea», pentsatu du bufoiak Arendten itzalak ahoskatutako hitzek adoretuta.

Gogoetan murgilduta jarraitu du suari ez erreparatzearen, baina sugarrak gero eta handiagoak dira, guztiz kiskali diote gorputz-enborra, eta jendetza gero eta asaldatuagoa dago, sugarren distira begi ordituetan, «heriotza, heriotza bufoi gogo bilauari» garrasika.

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Oinazez beterik bufoiak pentsatu du nahiago lukeela dena haluzinazio bat, amesgaizto bat izan balitz baina berreroa ikusi du hauspo handi bat gogotik astintzen sua biziagotzeko. Erre usaina hedatu da plazan. Bufoia, suzko bola bihurtuta, keagatik ezulka, intzirika eta oihuka ari da. Azkenetan da. Arendten espektroa du lagun bakar aldamenean:

–Lasai, geure buruarekiko, geure baitako bestearekiko elkarriketari, harekin eztabaidatzeko ahalmenari eusten diogun bitartean ez gara galduak, ez gara bakartuak errealitatetik. Hemen naukazu aldamenean, zuri laguntzeko prest, besteekin egiten baikara norbanako, nork bere bereizgarri, askatasun eta sormenerako gaitasun berekiak galdu gabe.

Bufoiari, herio suharrean, bihotza altxatu diote Arendten hitzek, eta geratzen zaizkion indar urriak bildu, esku kiskaliak su metako enbarrera lotzen dizkion sokatik askatu, eta,

azken hatsa eman baino lehen, Konstituzio plazan bildutakoengana bihurtuta, hau esan die: «Jakintsu itsu batek aspaldi esan zuenez, hau dagoeneko gertatu da eta berriz ere gertatuko da. Ez dut atsegin bufoia izatea baina are gutxiago zuen larruan egotea. Gaur nire bizia epaituz zuen patu iluna erabaki duzue».

Hitzok ahoskatu ondoren abesten hasi da:

Anai-arrebok, ez, otoi, pentsa neu're gustora nagonik, poz gehiago izango nuen albotik beha egonik. Zuek ezpazerate kontentu errua ez daukat ez nik, txistuak jo dituzute bainan maite zaituztet orainik.

Eta bufoiak bertsoa abesten amaitu orduko, sekulako zalaparta eta iskanbila sortu da.

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IV

Epaiketa bukatu da, baina festak aurrera darrai. Bizikidetzaren Auzitegiko idazkariaren aginduz gotorlekuko zaindarien Konstituzio plazako ate altxagarria igo, eta zaldiko maldikoen laguntzarekin, ahal duten bezala kanporatu dute jendetza plazatik. Gutxi batzuek gotorlekuko harresien aurrean bufoiaren aurka oihuka jarraitu badute ere, azkenean inguruko kale eta tabernetan sakabanatu dira.

Plazako zorua plastikozko edalontziz, janari lasterraren bilgailuz eta botila hutsez beteta utzi dute ikus-entzuleek. Oholtza gainean errautsak daude alde guztietan barreiatuta. Epaiketa zuzenean eman duen telebista kateko langileak epaiketaz ari dira solasean, bizkarra kamioiaren kontra bermatuta, tresneria jasotzen hasteko gogorik gabe.

–Espektakulu izugarria izan duk.

–Bai, arrazoi duk. Baina irudipena diat ez ote dudan beste norbaiten ahotan entzun bufoiak epaiketa bukatu baino lehen abestu duen bertsoa.

–Normala duk. Ez al zian gizon ospetsu batek esan: «Historia edo istorioak errepikatu egiten dira, lehenbizi tragedia gisa, hurrena fartsa gisa?» Nolanahi ere den, sekulako agur bertsoa bota dik bufoi zirtolari erkin, muker oker horrek.

–Eta jendetzaren txistu hotsa?

–Bertsolari txapelketako finalean entzuten diren txalo hotsen parekoa. Ez sinestekoa.

–Bada, Konstituzio plazako epaiketa inkisitorialean BECeko adorazio guneko txaloak txistu bihurtu badira ere, gaurko saioak audientzia neurgailuak txikituko ditik.

–Zertan ari zarete alfer halakoak? Amaitu dituk epaiketak eta berriketak. Hasi tresneria biltzen berehala. Ordubete barru telebistaren egoitzan entregatu behar diagu material guztia –esan die morroi bizardun batek langileei. Gizon gorbatadun batekin batera etorri da nagusia.

Langileek pantaila erraldoia eta agertokia desmuntatu eta oholtzatik jaitsi dituzte kamera, kable, soka, oihal, eta mikrofonoekin batera.

–Tira, mugi, dekoratua ere eraman behar diagu eta –erantsi du bizardunak.

Une horretan kamioi atoidun batzuk sartu dira plazan. Langileak gogotik aritu dira lanean Konstituzioaren plazako gotorlekuaren kartoi-harrizko harresi eta almena lodiak desmuntatzen eta gainerako tresneriarekin batera kamioietan kargatzen.

Langileek zamalanak bukatu dituztenean, gorbatadunak gabardinatik botilatxo bat atera eta trago bat eskaini dio bizardunari.

–Xanpaina? Zer dugu ba ospatzeko? –galdetu dio bizardunak botilatik tragoa egin ondoren.

–Agian soldata igoeraren bat izango duala aurki. Sekulako audientzia lortu diagu.

Telefono mugikorra eskuratu dio bizardunari.

–Azken Judizioa saioak % 25eko sharea lortu du –irakurri du bizardunak mugikorrean–. Ez da giro! Albistegietakoei aurea hartuko diegu.

–Bai! Aspaldi esan nieran zuzendaritzakoei emanaldia emateko une egokiena afalordua dela, familia osoa telebistaren inguruan bilduta dagoenean, begiak pantailan iltzatuta, hipnotizatuta, elkarri zer esatekorik ez dutela –esan du harro gorbatadunak–. Kosta zaiek horretaz jabetzea, baina azkenean ulertu ditek: espektakulua duk XXI. mendeko supazterra.

–Denboraldi osoan horrelako arrakasta izaten badugu, telebista kateko zuzendaritza karguren bat emango dizute ziur.

–Ez duk lan erraza izango –pentsakor geratu da gorbataduna–.

–Eta zuri bururatu zaizu bortxazko ikuskizun hori Konstituzio plazan kokatzeko ideia bikaina?

Baiezkoa egin du gorbatadunak.

–Domina bat merezi duzu horregatik bakarrik. Bortxazko giro hori hain sinesgarria egiteagatik.

–Tira, ez duk hainbesterako ere. Gainera, Konstituzio plaza ez duk inoiz bakezko leku bat izan. Alde horretatik, Monteriggioniko gotorleku gatazkatsuaren antz handiagoa dik. Ala hik ere irentsi duk Txomin Agirreren ikasle abantailatu batzuek sinetsarazi nahi diguten Arkadia Zorionsuan ipuin hori, zera, txikiteroak Konstituzio plazako tabernetan tragoak hartzen aniztasunaren ohoretan, haur irribarretsuak arkupeetan jolasean, bezero alaiak

harategian eta arrandegian erosketak egiten, irakurleak, egunkariak esku artean dituztela terrazetan, liburuak patxadaz gainbegiratzen liburu dendan, non eta liburu dendan...

Burua ezker-eskuin mugitu du hizketan jarraitu baino lehen.

–Oroimenik gabe ez gaituk ezer, baina zeinen azkar galtzen diagun. Azkar ahaztu diagu garai bateko Konstituzio plaza indarkeriazko ekintzen, erasoen, jipoiaren, mehatxuen, atxiloketen eta liburu denden erreketen gertalekua izan zela. Gezurra zirudik, hain urte gutxi igaro dituk, baina egia duk.

–Tira, ez dakit ez ote den hobe garai haiek ahaztea iraganen aztarrika aritzea baino.

–Bai, arrazoi duk. Gainera, zainak ematen zidak gure saioaren arrakastaren gakoetako bat hori dela, jendea benetan gertatu diren eta gertatzen ari diren izugarrikeriak ahazten laguntzen diola –esan du barrezka gorbatadunak–. Ea zer dioten sare sozialek emanaldiari buruz.

Sakelako telefonoari erreparatu dio solaskideak.

–Saioa amaitu berria bada ere, jada aurkitu dut iruzkin bat –esan du iruzkina irakurtzen hasi aurretik–. Ikuskizunak ongi eutsi dio tentsioari eta amaiera indartsu, iradokigarri eta erakargarriarekin iritsi da bere gorenera.

Algara egin dute pozik.

Baina hurrengo iritziak ez die horrenbesteko graziaz egin.

–Epaiketako bufoiak abestu dituen bertsoak plagiatuak dira –irakurri du solaskideak.

–Bertso pare bat. Sakrilegio galanta! –esan du gorbatadunak eskuak burura eramanez–
Nork idatzi dik mezua?

–Anonimoa da.

–Hala ere lepoa jokatuko nitek iruzkingilea Sorkuntza Sortzez Garbiaren Kofradiakoa dela –erantzun dio gorbatadunak haserre–. Sorkuntza zikina duk, sorkuntzak arrastoak uzten dizkik nonahi.

–Mezuan ez da kofradia horren aipamenik agertzen.

–Berdion zio. Modu batean edo bestean atzetik ditiagu egun osoa matraka emanez, hau plagiatu dugula, bestea kopiatu dugula... Besteren begian edozein samar ikusteko gai dituk. Ez, ordea, norbere begiko ezpala. Irakurri behar hituzke kofradia horretako kideen sormen lanak. Erdi Aroko fraide kopiatzaileak baino okerragoak dituk. Ea irakur hezak beste iritziren bat nire zainetako odola irakiten hasi baino lehen.

–Gidoigileak erabat huts egin du ikuskizuna girotu eta kokatzerakoan. Historiaren espazioa ez da ongi ageri. Tokia ez da ongi aukeratu. Donostiako Alde Zaharreko Konstituzio plaza ez da leku egokiena gisa horretako saio bat egiteko, eta pertsonaia ez da denbora jakin batean kronologikoki ageri.

Horretaz gainera, epaiketa luzeegia, sinesgarritasunik gabea eta aspergarria izan da. Irizpide juridikoei behar baino garrantzia gehiago eman zaie eta oholztan erabilitako tortura tresnak eta metodoak ezagunegiak eta bigunegiak izan dira.

–Ez dugula asmatu ikuskizuna girotzerakoan? Baina zer ari duk esaten morroi hori? –esan du gorbatadunak harri eta zur–. Toscanako Monteriggioniko harresiak Konstituzio plazan altxatzea gutxi iruditzen zaiok? A ze exijentziak. Baina hauek zer uste ditek hau Game of Thrones dela eta Amerikan gaudela?

–Tira, Gaztelugatxe harri ukaldi batera daukagu.

–Oroz gain, odola nahi ditek hauek.

–Hortaz, hurrengo saiorako tortura metodo ikusgarriagoren batean pentsatu beharko dugu. Betiere, plagiorik egin gabe.

–Geratzen ote duk ba tortura molde berririk asmatzeko? Ez duk erraza izango jendilaje honen odol egarria asetzea. Ez ote ditek ezer hoberik egiteko, ikuskizuneko xehetasun eta odol arrasto guztiei erreparatzen egotea baino?

Ez ote ditek beren etxezuloan teleamaraunari itsatsita egotea eta holako kritikak idazten egotea beste zereginik? Nik zer zekiat ba, kanpora irten, paseatu, lagunartean ibili, bazterrak ikusi, larrua jo, hitz batean egiazko bizi bizi –esan du ozpinduta gorbatadunak–. Baina ez, odola, odola behar ditek. Gero gizarte bakezale batean bizi garela esango ditek.

–Gizarte bakezale batean diozu? Hemen nonahi dago bortxa, etxeko atarian, eskolan, lagunartean, lantegian, komisaldegian, burkideen artean...

–Arrazoi duk. Batzuetan iruditzen zaidak bizitza zirku odoltsu bat dela, eta nahikoa ikuskizun erdiragarri baditugula, gu gehiago asmatzen ibiltzeko.

–The show must go on.

–Bai, arrazoi duk, bestela gureak egin dik –Xanpain trago bat egin eta barre egin du gorbadatunak–. Beraz, asma ditzagun espektakulu odoltsuak gure ikus-entzuleentzat.

–Zera, orain bat-batean bururatu zait, Erdi Aroa eta genero distopikoa berriro boladan daudenez, eta historia ezinbestean errepikatzen dela dirudenez, fede auto futurista bat antola genezake Donostia Arenan, Ilunbeko zezen-plazan. Lekuak hainbat abantaila ditu. Harmailak ikus-entzuleentzat, estalkia euria egiten badu ere, ikuskizuna telebistaz emateko azpiegitura egokiak.

–Ideia ikusgarria duk –bixkarrekoa eman dio gorbatahunak bizardunari–. Zer iruditzen zaik izenburu hau? Autodafé reloaded. Sorginak, Inkisizioa, tortura... Lancrek aipatu dituen Donibane Lohizuneko gertaerek ere askorako ematen ditek. Pentsa, seiehun emakume inguru erreta hiltzera kondenatuta... Emakume saldo bat erakar genezakek ikuskizunera.

–Bai, kalean eta hedabideetan iragarkiak jarri, sare sozialetan kanpaina abiatu eta Merchandising apur bat egin beharko genuke ikuskizunaren aurreko asteetan, sorginen irudiak dituzten txanoak, amuletoak eta pizgailuak aterata ikus-entzule gehiago erakartzeko.

–Eta ikuskizuna amaitutakoan, borreroari egindako elkarrizketa sakon bat eman genezakek, berari egindako galderen bidez jendearen arretari eusteko. Esaterako zein tortura teknika den mingarriena, zer sentitzen duen biktimak torturatzen dituenean, edo antzeko beste xehetasun morbosoei buruzko galderak. Ikusiko duk The Art of Killing filmeko borreroen adierazpenak huskeria izango dituk gure filmeko borreroaren adierazpenen aldean.

Solasean ari direla, zaborra biltzeko makina bat sartu da plazan sekulako zarata aterez zoruan metatutako zaborra biltzera. Zoldaz eta lokatzez betetako edari latak, botilak eta janari bilgailuak biltzen hasi da. Sekulako kiratsa dario Konstituzio plazari, Konstituzio plazak zabortege handi bat dirudi.

Kamioi atoidunak irten dira plazatik. Langileak ere bai. Telebista kateko bi arduradunak joatekotan direla, hurbildu egin natzaie. Erdi mozkortuta nago oraindik.

–Bazoazte? –galdetu diet.

–Bai, baina zu oraindik festa gogoz zaude nonbait –esan didate solaskideek.

–Ez duzue grabatu behar akusatua nola erretzen duten?

–Akusatua nola erretzen duten?

Entzun ez dudan zerbait esan diote elkarri ahopeka.

–Bai, oholtza gainean dagoen bufoia –argitu diet–. Jendetzaren erdian egon naiz orain arte hura noiz erreko duten zain.

–Jendetzaren erdian? –irri egin didate.

–Zeri egiten diozue barre? Nire sukaldari txanoari?

Elkarri begiratu diote berriro nire solaskideek algara batean.

–Sukaldari txanoa? Kaka nahaste ederra zaukak honek buruan –esan dio gorbatadunak bizadunari, entzuten ari dena ezin sinetsirik.

–Bakoitzak bere zoroa bizi du mundu honetan –erantzun dio solaskideak.

–Gure mundu errealean bizi beharrea, beste mundu irreal, alderantzikatu edo paralelo batean bizi duk morroi hau.

–Nondik begiratzen zaion, mundu erreal eta irrealek mundu bakar bereizezin bat osatzen dute –esan dio txantxetan zoro-barrea eginez bizardunak.

–Nondik begiratzen zaion?

–Bai, irudi luke hemen deus ez dela gehiago erreala, errealitatea bera ere irreala dela aldi berean.

–Tira, goazen hemendik guri ere burutik egin, eta mundu paraleloren batean amaitu baino lehen.

Algaraka abiatu direla, nigana zuzendu da gorbataduna ezustean:

–Ahaztu baino lehen, gogoan izan, aixkidea, ez zarela jendetzaren erdian egon, plazako oholtza gainean baizik, eta buruan daukazuna ez dela sukaldari txanoa, bufoi kapela baizik.

Esan didana ezin sinetsiz, burua ezker-eskuin mugitu eta solaskideari ezetz esaten saiatu naiz. Baina nire txanoaren txintzarri hotsa eta hil ezkilen oihartzuna entzun besterik ezin izan dut egin aho zabalik, hitz bakar bat ahoskatzeko ere ezgauza. Izaturik neure mihia erreta dudala sentitu dut. Eta bat-batean neure burua ikusi dut Konstituzio plazako oiholtzan bufoiez mozorrotuta sugarretan kiskaltzen, «Jakintsu itsu batek aspaldi esan zuenez, hau dagoeneko gertatu da eta berriz ere gertatuko da. Ez dut atsegin bufoia izatea baina are gutxiago zuen larruan egotea. Gaur nire bizia epaituz zuen patu iluna erabaki duzue» oihuka, jendetza asaldatu bat «heretikoak sutara» garrasika ari den bitartean.

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Izerdi patsetan, Konstituzio plazako orroen oihartzun urruna entzuten dudala oraindik, historiaren zama astuna sentitu dut neure baitan, kafe-etxeko hormatik zintzilikatutako 2016ko kultur ekitaldien egutegian dagoen Botticelliren Infernuko mapa margolanaren erreplikari begira.

Infernuaren irudiari begirik kendu gabe, neure gogoetetan erabat bildua, James Joyce idazleaz gogoratu naiz, eta irlandar idazle atzerriratuak arrazoi osoa zuela pentsatu dut: «Historia amesgaizto bat da, zeinetik esnatu nahian gabiltzan».

ENEKO AIZPURUA URTEAGA
a (basque) hallucination

The time is out of joint
William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*

Translation: Diana Draper

Cover: Ramon Zabalegi

FOREWORD – THE SHIP OF FOOLS

Writer and translator Eneko Aizpurua has turned Donostia's Constitution Square on Saint Sebastian Day into Jeronimus Bosch's famous Ship of Fools. Priest Bernat Etxepare's Final Judgement is from around the same period. 'A (Basque) Hallucination' puts us in the hands of the Inquisition, religious extremists, judges, screaming masses and clowns just like in an old black and white film.

The writer lays Western Europe out into four different areas. We see Torquemada and De Lancre, errant Jews and Calvinists, harsh torture sessions, the witches of Lapurdi and Zugarramurdi, fear of not being able to escape the flames and screaming, sins, the blind aggression of people who want to see the guilty punished. Angry masses have always been in favour of violence. Totalitarian systems make use of fear in order to maintain something like social peace. And we are there too. The stench of piss, vomit, sweat and burned flesh fill our nostrils.

The inflexible subjects which Basque circles have created in recent years fill these lines and nothing is held back: coexistence, the leading drummer who continually marks the beat for the others, and the enormous chef of our gastronomised country, making us eat and behave in line, in a hallucination, here in the already (Free) Basque Country, to such an extent that we forget to discuss the ghosts of the past which skin us alive. Anyone who leaves the Ship of Fools or the Grande Bouffe deserves the death penalty. In Eneko Aizpurua's story – in which everything takes place in the same place where the main character of 1969's 'Ehun metro' ('One Hundred Metres') was shot down, Donostia's Constitution Square – they will burn the clown who dares to speak against the powerful, even though often he has no idea why they are punishing him.

But everything we see is mere spectacle, the spectacle of the clown's trial, an organised spectacle, a mere *mise en scène*. Media structures, in the Basque Country too, hold the reins of what we see and learn, shaping our opinions, memories and discourse. And with the objective of turning television viewers into fragments of the market. On reading Eneko Aizpurua's rambling and closing our eyes, to see the hallucination, we readers ask ourselves if we, too, are not feeding the fire the clown is on...

The writer's tender, ironic words move to the sound of the drums, and bring all of our friends together: Hamlet, Axular, Hannah Arendt, Xalbador in Donostia in 1967, and the makers of The Act of Killing.

For you, too, reader, whether you agree or disagree, whether you are a judge or a clown, Donostia's Constitution Square awaits. All you have to do is sign up to take part in the Autodafé Reloaded!

And it's in Basque...

Itxaro Borda
Baiona, August 2018.

I

As I'm pondering the notion of peaceful coexistence, my thoughts stray back to Constitution Square in the old quarter of Donostia, and the festivities marking the eve of the city's patron saint's day¹. Only now, the square has become a fortress surrounded by sturdy walls and towers vying to see which is highest, like the medieval Monteriggioni Fortress in Tuscany.

Sitting on the giant platform in the middle of the square, chatting happily while they munch away on their elver sandwiches, are two members of the Gaztelubide drummer company. Suddenly, a man holding the company banner strides angrily over to them. He tells them to stop lazing around and get to work. Don't they realise the spectacle is about to begin? The two drummers idly glance at the clock high up on the façade of the old library building, whose hands seem to be moving backwards at an alarming rate.

When the clock strikes twelve, they stop chatting, put away their sandwiches, stand ramrod straight and launch into a long drum roll. On the wall of the old library, the inscription which reads *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* suddenly lights up. Next, the members of the Donostia Choral Society climb up onto the platform and start singing:

Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvat sæclum in favilla
Teste David cum Sibylla!

Just then, a group of elite chefs dressed in white trousers, jackets and hats appear on the library balcony. To the sound of *Beotibarko Gudua* played by a string quartet sitting in the corner of the balcony (viola, cello, violin and lute), the spotlights on the platform project a huge 4K animation video featuring a modern-day version of Botticelli's *Map of Hell* onto the façade of the old library. The images of the painting become a moving three-dimensional being, brought to life within a world of digital hallucination. Thus, Constitution Square in the old quarter of Donostia, a place filled with people who have already sold their soul to the devil, becomes a 3D Basque *Inferno* or *Pandemonium*. It is as if the doors of the underworld have suddenly been thrown open, setting loose a swarm of the meanest and most villainous creatures imaginable. Horned, winged demons with terrible whips, lashing mercilessly at naked sinners; lamenters droning a death chant, over and over again: 'this fleeting world is but a vale of tears!'; men, naked and headless, their bodies covered in excrement; lost souls boiling in rivers of blood, tortured wrecks, traitors, hypocrites, rotting corpses and fearful creatures with smoke billowing from their mouths. They scurry here and there like reptiles on the façade of the old library, while black smoke

¹ See: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tamborrada>

from the pile of books burning in the sacred, cleansing bonfire in the middle of the square slowly curls up past the walls of Constitution Fortress towards the cloud-filled sky, and the apocalyptic trumpeting of seven winged angels heralds the coming of Doomsday, when all men shall be judged.

The crowd in Constitution Square gazes at the Dantesque scene, terrified, curious and fascinated all at once. They drink and fart, lit torches in hand, taking selfies with their mobile phones in front of the burning books and uploading them to their favourite social media sites.

When the animated images of the painting finally disappear down the gaping hole of the spotlights, the chief of the elite group of chefs, i.e. the person appointed High Chef (also known as 'the Almighty') steps forward, his golden Michelin star on his collar and his shiny Masterchef sash over his shoulder, to a long banqueting table covered in a white tablecloth. Then he lays his hand on a facsimile of the Old Law² and solemnly swears:

Humbly, before God,
Here, on Basque soil,
In memory of our ancestors,
Under the tree of Guernica,
Before the representatives of my people,
I swear to faithfully do my duty.³

After swearing the oath, the Almighty commands the crowd gathered in the square to 'stand and pay tribute to the Old Law'. Once they have done as instructed, the charismatic leader makes a solemn announcement:

'In the name of peaceful coexistence, I hereby declare the Insurgency Court constituted'. While the crowd shouts: 'Long live the Court of Blood! Long live the Iron Chef!', the High Chef orders the accused to be brought up onto the platform and moves to the centre of the long banqueting table. The other chefs arrange themselves on either side.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
quando iudex est venturus,
cuncta stricte discussurus!

² 'The Old Law' is a reference to the charter of ancient rights and privileges which once governed the Basque Country. Sabino and Luis Arana, the founders of the Basque Nationalist Party, coined the slogan *Jaun Goikoa eta Lege zarra* (God and the Old Law) when laying the foundations for Basque nationalism.

³ This is the oath traditionally sworn by Basque Presidents during their inauguration ceremony.

At a nod from the court secretary, a herald holding the hammer of the Gernika Assembly House blows his trumpet and a group of guards rush down from the battlements to slowly raise the thick gate blocking the entrance to the fortress that is Constitution Square. Three or four carnival horsemen pull a large wheeled cage over to the platform. The crowd pushes and shoves to get a closer look.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
per sepulcra regionum,
coget omnes ante thronum.

The horsemen hoist the cage up onto the platform with some pulleys and the accused is taken out. It's a dwarf. He's wearing a kind of Phrygian cap with a bell at the tip and brightly-coloured gypsy clothes, like a jester. There is a gag over his mouth. The horsemen push him to the centre of the platform, where he is exposed to a shower of insults from the crowd:

You pig, you pig,
you great big pig,
you pig, you pig,
you filthy gypsy pig.

The accused falls to his knees and starts to pray, looking up at the balcony as he does so. The ropes tying his hands and feet creak and the little bell on his cap tinkles.

Our devil chef,
who art on the balcony
of Constitution Square,
cursed be thy hated name.

Furious, shaking their lit torches in rage, the crowd interrupts the accused's prayer with shouts of 'Burn the fool!' and 'Put him on the bonfire!'.

Mors stupebit et Natura,
cum resurget creatura,
iudicanti responsura.

The carnival horsemen take the accused over to an arsenal located in a corner of the platform, dragging him towards some old law books nestled among the crossbows, arrows, spears, bunderblusses, bullets and other munitions there.

They force him to his knees in front of the dusty tomes and, one by one, make him kiss the Sacred Scriptures, the French and Spanish Constitutions, the Compendium of the Old Laws of Navarre, the Statute of Guernica, the Navarra Statute of Autonomy and all the other prophetic texts.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
in quo totum continetur,
unde Mundus iudicetur.

The High Chef sits down in the presidential chair with the other members of the tribunal arranged on either side, and officially opens the feast and the trial.

Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
quidquid latet apparebit,
nihil inultum remanebit.

At a loss as to what to do to get himself out of the mess he seems to be in, the dwarf sits trembling in the accused's chair, exposed to the stares of the hostile crowd. Suddenly a tremendous commotion occurs among the onlookers standing around the platform. Shouts, curses and catcalls can be heard.

Constitution Square has started roaring.
Constitution Square is roaring.
The wave of roars emanating from Constitution Square seems endless.

The infuriated crowd starts closing in on the fool. Dozens of people manage to jump up onto the platform and try to pummel him. The horsemen somehow manage to fight off the would-be attackers and force them down again.

The crowd is incensed, shouting that their rights in general, and particularly that enshrined in the law against minstrels enacted in 1221 by Fredrick II, which grants them leave to insult, hit and even kill fools, are being undermined.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
cum vix iustus sit securus?

The High Chef soberly reminds the crowd that the banquet and trial are already under way, and rings his bell to ask for silence. The members of the Choral Society stop singing but the common people continue to howl and roar, slavering like hungry dogs. They stare

up at the platform and the balcony, where the gluttonous group of chefs sit before a splendid repast, enjoying every delicious morsel with sensuous delight.

In an attempt to calm things down, the High Chef orders his servants to throw the leftovers from the feast down to the square below. The crowd pushes and shoves like a pack of starving dogs, struggling to catch one of the scraps of meat or crusts of bread which begin to rain down. Once they have settled down to gnaw on the remaining bones, the High Chef nods to the prosecution, which begins to call its witnesses.

Preceded by dulzaina⁴ players and various smaller festival figures, three giant figures with papier maché heads dance their way up onto the platform to testify: Ferdinand the Catholic, John III of Navarre and Catherine of Navarre. All three confirm that the accused had to have been behind their demise, otherwise they would not have died so soon after one another 'just after the joining of Navarre and Castile' points out Ferdinand the Catholic, 'just after Castile conquered Navarre' clarify John III and Catherine of Navarre.

And while they present the documents and original testaments that verify their date of demise (a key part of their testimony): 23 January 1516, 17 June 1516 and 12 February 1517, the three monarchs also add that the accused has always scoffed at historiography and has never taken part in any official or alternative event designed to commemorate historic events. For example, he did not participate in the 500th anniversary celebrations to commemorate the joining of Navarre and Castile, organised by the Government of Navarre, nor in the events held every year beside the monolith erected on the site of Amaiur Castle in memory of all those who died defending it. They also explain how he has tried to make people doubt the legitimacy of the monarchy and forget the memories, historical events and history itself that is based around their names and deeds. And to prove all this, they accuse him of failing to respect history (the mother and source of all truth) and denounce him for having said that 'History is just a means for those in power to cover up their crimes; it is nothing more than the narrative created by those who dominate the written word'.

And as if that wasn't enough, they also accuse him of having distorted the ideas of the famous 16th century thinker and canonist, Martin Azpilkueta, by claiming that kingdoms are not made for kings, but rather kings for kingdoms. Or in other words, a kingdom does not belong to its king, but rather to its people, and that according to the laws of nature, a king's power is actually the people's power, not the king's, and the power required to watch over, govern and command a society, make laws and sit in judgement, is given to everyone, i.e. is bestowed directly on all humans so that they may naturally govern all

⁴ A double reed instrument in the oboe family

affairs pertaining to nature, and live happily and with dignity, according to nature's judgement.

And to round off their testimony, they tell the court that the accused used all his evil manipulations of Doctor Navarrus' ideas to claim that there are no kings or sovereign nations, but only citizens and individuals- the exact opposite of what Doctor Navarrus proposed!

As they conclude, the smaller carnival figures start singing, while a large black eagle circling overhead croaks out the words to 'Navarre shall be the wonder of the world':

For a nation to be free,
The people must be free!
Let all free people unite
in favour of a free nation!

The horsemen herd the giants off the platform, with the smaller procession figures leading the way, and Thomas of Torquemada, Grand Inquisitor and bane of witches, the light of Spain, saviour of his people and most honoured member of his order, climbs up to the sound of a drum roll to give his testimony.

He is accompanied by his fellow inquisitor, Pierre de l'Ancre. Torquemada begins by stating that the Inquisition is neither created or destroyed, but is only transformed from one form to another. To prove his impartiality, he admits outright that he was appointed Grand Inquisitor by the very same Catholic Monarchs that the accused has so maligned, and then goes on to state that the fool, in addition to denying that the Earth is at the centre of the universe and claiming that it in fact revolves around the Sun, has also tried, time and time again (albeit in vain) to disavow the indisputable truth that the sun never sets in the glorious empire built by the Catholic Monarchs.

To scandalised gasps and murmurings from the crowd, the Grand Inquisitor charges the accused with being not only a fool, but a Jew also, and to prove it, produces the Edict of Expulsion ordering all Jews to be expelled from the kingdom, which features the accused's name in one of its appendixes.

And to drive his point home, Torquemada adds that he has not a shadow of a doubt about the Jewish origins of the accused. He knows what he's talking about because, among other things, he himself had Jewish ancestors and if the accused were not Jewish, then why would he have so many books by Jewish authors hidden away?

As the terrified crowd starts shouting 'Burn the Jewish books!', Pierre de l'Ancre takes the floor. He confirms the accusation made by Torquemada and as proof produces a piece of paper supposedly found stuffed into the accused's pocket, which contains a hand-written copy of the entire lyrics of the Jüdiferraren kanta (or the Song of the Wandering Jew). To general astonishment, Pierre de l'Ancre reads an excerpt from the song.

Is there anyone in this world who can compare to the Wandering Jew? I believe there is nowhere no one more miserable, no one who comes close to his bitter fate...

No sooner does the crowd hear this reference to the Wandering Jew than the murmuring begins to grow.

I was named in the nation of Israel,
born in the famous city of Jerusalem,
Let your spirit be thus satisfied.
Lord, I am indeed the Wandering Jew.

By the time Pierre de l'Ancre finishes his rendition, the murmuring has swelled to an agitated roar. Shouts and insults can be heard once more.

Constitution Square has started roaring.

Constitution Square is roaring.

The wave of roars emanating from Constitution Square seems endless.

Pierre de l'Ancre seizes this opportunity to add some more accusations to the list, charging the fool with being not only a wandering Jew, but also a witch. As proof, he calls attention to the strange, incomprehensible language called Basque that he speaks, and like Torquemada, claims to know what he is talking about because as well as being familiar with demons, dogma and heretics, he also confesses to have unwittingly spoken Basque on occasions in the intimacy of his own home, since his grandfather, Bernand Errostegei, had originally been from Lower Navarre, before he moved to Bordeaux and adopted a French surname, l'Ancre, because no good Christian could pronounce his old Basque one. Next, the witch hunter accuses the fool of being an agitator, and of distributing copies of the false priest Joanes Leizarraga's Basque translation of Our Lord Jesus Christ's New Testament, commissioned by Jeanne d'Albret, the leader of the Calvinist Conspiracy of Béarn, among good Christians in order to poison their hearts. He also charges him with being a man of no allegiance, neither Spanish nor French, and of wandering errantly between the two countries with no fixed abode, as if national borders simply did not exist, never showing his passport or ID card to the border control guards. And all this with just one purpose: to establish a supranational association of witches, an association aimed at encouraging European citizens to rise up against their nations and states. He accuses him

of organising lascivious clandestine libertine meetings in the Sara and Zugarramurdi Caves, at which sinners drink cider (that dangerous potion made from apples, the cursed fruit of paradise) to induce hallucinations and visions of a new demonic world, while they suck each other's cocks and lick each other's clitorises, all the time shouting out incomprehensible curses against nations and states that they have learned from their co-conspirators from the swamp-like, inhospitable, beggarly, faithless, witch-infested countries of northern Europe.

But Pierre de l'Ancre leaves his most serious accusation to the end of his testimony. Not only has the accused helped spread the influence of the association of witches throughout the lands governed by the European kings and queens, he has also interfered with the solemn work of the Inquisition. He told a member of the San Juan de Luz cod-fishing fleet that his wife, mother and daughters had been stripped and stabbed, thus convincing the poor fool to help him assault a convoy of witches condemned to burn at the stake, freeing them all and, in doing so, preventing the Inquisition from proceeding with its witch trials.

The inquisitor's words trigger another wave of shouts and insults, with cries of 'Witch! Witch!' and 'Burn him! Burn him!' sounding from all corners of the square.

Constitution Square has started roaring.

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The High Chef rings his bell again to ask for silence, while glancing suspiciously at the clock. A couple of hours have passed since the start of the trial and the gluttonous group of chefs have at last eaten their fill. Sated and sleepy, they doze in their seats. In an attempt to calm the crowd down and give his companions a chance to recover from the effects of their gorging, the High Chef announces that there will be an hour's recess.

But the onlookers are incensed, and remind the High Chef in no uncertain terms that they have the right to insult, beat and even kill all fools. For its part, the prosecution reminds him that there are still more witnesses waiting to testify.

Realising that the situation is in danger of getting out of hand, and to avoid an uprising, the High Chef announces free drinks and snacks for all throughout the Old Quarter's Golden Mile of Pintxos (Tapas). No sooner is the gate lifted than the crowd streams out of Constitution Square and into the various bars of the Old Quarter, full of jubilation and raising endless toasts to the High Chef.

II

After the recess, in an attempt to avoid further delays and move things along, the High Chef orders the prosecution to bring the principal charges against the accused.

In deference to the Almighty's command, the prosecution orders some maps to be brought up onto the platform. First of all a giant map of the Basque Country is brought up by some horsemen wearing white, red and green sashes. Using a ruler much like the ones used by teachers when giving explanations at the blackboard, the spokesman for the prosecution points to the map and accuses the fool of never having accepted that the Basque Country is over one thousand years old and never having accepted the full extent of its territory, quoting as evidence his statement that 'there is no Basque Country, there are only Basque Countries'. He then adds that the accused has never accepted the idea of the Basque nation or the historic nation, advocating multilateralism instead of unilateralism or bilateralism,

arguing that the road to either complete or partial national sovereignty is nothing but an obsolete relic from a bygone era. As the crowd yells out 'Long live the Free Basque Country!', the prosecution reminds the court that, instead of giving his life for his country, fighting its enemies or doing something useful in the name of the Basque nation, the accused has preferred to waste his days in idleness and cowardliness, laughing and joking with any Tom, Dick or Harry, engaging in malicious plays on words and scribbling satirical verses on scraps of paper, while all the time sipping absinthe and pretending to be a culture vulture enamoured of literature, despite claiming that Basque literature is not just literature written in the Basque language, but rather any literature written in any of the official languages of the Basque Country.

In addition to all this, he also accuses him of refusing to believe the myth of the Battle of Roncevaux Pass, of not flying the Basque flag from his balcony on Basque National Day, of telling schoolchildren that Gartxot should not have killed Mikelot, and of making fun of the priest from Soule Bernard Goienetxe, alias 'Matalaz', saying that no nation is worth dying or killing for, and that there is no way of telling who the 'real Basques' are anyway. But the most serious accusation has yet to come. The prosecution accuses the fool of not wanting to establish a unified, single Basque Country, of being against the construction of a nation and against the Basque statute, and of arguing that instead of building a new state, we should overthrow the ones we have. The prosecution spokesman continues, saying that, time and time again, and in front of numerous witnesses, the fool has shamelessly denied that the Basque Country is an emotional superpower, and is therefore a profligate traitor to his nation and an enemy collaborator. Hearing these terrible

accusations, the crowd goes wild and shouts of 'All fools are curs!' rebound around the square.

The ungodly clamour echoes off the high walls of the fortress that is Constitution Square, while the prosecution continues to press its case for treason. It is clear that the accused himself has confessed to betraying his country, and has repeated, time and time again, with no shame or hesitation, that solidarity with one's fellow man should come before national compatriotism, claiming to have more in common with, for example, a pro-European Bavarian than with an anti-European fellow Basque. He has also cast doubt on the question of who exactly we are, arguing that far from being a nation rooted in our birthplace, language or culture, or a rabble of people empowered to make unfair and arbitrary decisions (such as the establishment of the death penalty), we are actually citizens united by our agreement regarding the legitimate laws that we ourselves have established, who make decisions in accordance with those legitimate laws.

Upon hearing this, cries of 'Gascon!'⁵, 'maketo!'⁶ and 'cosmopolidiot!' are added to the general clamour, and loud choruses of 'We are the new Basque youth, the Basque Country, our nation, is indivisible!' can be heard.

Constitution Square has started roaring.

Constitution Square is roaring.

The wave of roars emanating from Constitution Square seems endless.

When the ruckus finally dies down, some soldiers carrying long pikes, muskets and arquebuses and wearing the uniform of the Army of Flanders bring a giant map of Europe up onto the platform. Pointing at it with a ruler, the spokesman for the prosecution accuses the fool of sympathising with the Dutch rebels who signed the Brede Commitment, demanding that Philip II, King of Spain, ruler of the most powerful of all European nations at that time, put an end to the Inquisition and promote religious freedom. Moreover, he adds that the accused has, on numerous occasions, denied the principles of national sovereignty and territorial unity established in the Westphalia Agreement, advocating instead a supra nation-state European Republic of free citizens. Amidst the incensed shouts and insults directed at the fool by the crowd in a wave of indigent patriotism, some horsemen with red and yellow, and blue, white and red sashes carry a map of Spain and a map of France up onto the platform. Pointing again at the maps, the spokesman for the prosecution accuses the fool of having constantly engaged in insulting characterisations of these two nation-states, despite their glorious and stainless past. And to prove it, he takes a long list from his pocket and, one by one, begins to enumerate the accused's heinous crimes:

⁵ A disparaging term for someone who cannot speak Basque.

⁶ A disparaging term used to refer to emigrants from Spain to the Basque Country.

He has denied that the battles of Covadonga and Santiago and the Glorious Reconquista are true national legends and that Spain's destiny is to be united and indivisible. He has scoffed at those who say that France is universal because it spans all five continents, and laughed at the tales of Clovis, Poitiers and Charles Martel. He has claimed that these two nations are not united and singular, has put both French and Spanish on the road to extinction by calling for language diversity and claiming that minority languages are in danger of dying out. He has insulted the national symbols of Spain and France and said that far from civilising America, the only thing Spain did was conquer it. He has refused to take part in the military act of swearing allegiance to the Spanish flag on 12 October in the Intxaurreondo barracks in Donostia, on the basis of the lame and insulting excuse that dozens of Basque citizens have been tortured there, and has refused also to kiss the French flag in the military procession organised in Paris on 14 July to commemorate the glorious Storming of the Bastille, in tribute to all those oppressed by the Grandeur of France.

As the spokesman for the prosecution struggles to get his breath back after reading out the list, loud chants of 'Viva España, Viva el Rey, Viva el Orden y la Ley!' and 'Allons enfants de la Patrie, Le jour de gloire est arrivé!' resound around the square.

Constitution Square has started roaring.

Constitution Square is roaring.

The wave of roars emanating from Constitution Square seems endless.

Summing up the list of charges, the spokesman solemnly accuses the fool of striving to promote an uprising against the laws of France and Spain by inciting the seditious masses and placing their interests before those of the States.

'And for all the charges levelled here,' he adds, struggling to make the sentence agreed upon by the entire prosecution heard over the deafening shouts of 'Terrorist! Terrorist!', 'and in light of the fact that the accused's stated purpose was to bring about the ruin and downfall of nation-states, calling them crimes against humanity and claiming that they destroy natural communities and demolish their languages and culture by setting up borders by dint of force; and, even more gravely, given that he has betrayed his country by striving to retrieve its enemies' names and deeds from the backwaters of history to which they had been banished to oblivion, saying that what really matters are people's standard of living and free choice, and that therefore, the true sovereigns are citizens, not countries; we, the prosecution, unanimously call for the accused to be sentenced to death for his rebellious, systematic and deliberate disobedience!'

The High Chef asks the accused if he accepts the charges and admits his guilt. Both the crowd and the prosecution roar in protest, arguing that the procedural rules of the Inquisition do not contemplate the presumption of innocence and therefore do not confer on the accused the right to speak. But the Almighty calls for silence, saying that, according to Inquisitorial procedure, the accused may indeed be permitted to speak in order, and only in order, to admit his own guilt.

The carnival horsemen remove the fool's gag, making the bell on the end of his hat tinkle in the process. Once free of his restraint, the fool first turns to address the Almighty: 'Ave Caesar, morituri te salutant'. Then he turns to the crowd gathered in Constitution Square: 'You, the common people; you, who are weary with much toil; come, you guilty ones, traitors and scapegoats, come to me and listen to what I have to say before I am burnt to a crisp in the fires of Hell.'

A deathly silence falls like a blanket over the crowd. As the faces all stare up at him in fascination, the fool starts to speak and his words rebound around the square, bouncing and echoing off its four high walls.

'My beloved citizens, nationalists, patriots and chauvinists alike, your countries are nothing but a fallacy; our nations are mere hallucinations. Have we not suffered enough by now at the hands of our false nations? For our own good, would it not be better to move beyond them, once and for all? How long must we continue to fight each other? How long must we continue to be crushed by the wheel of suffering? How long must we continue to be stretched on the rack? As a result of our nations, but mostly as a result of our own ignorance, the red marks of suffering have been tattooed onto our bodies and souls, generation after generation. But if we truly wanted to, we could live happily in our natural communities, carrying on with our everyday tasks and activities, managing our relations and disputes; in a word, we could build and share our lives together and thus, little by little, we could forge a political bond and a common identity, with no need for nation-states, which at the end of the day are nothing more than a manifestation of an imagined, made-up community, i.e. a nation. When will we open our eyes and realise that the true *raison d'être* of a state goes against that of humanity, goes against autonomy and freedom, and is a totalitarian *raison d'être* in both the kingdoms of this world and all the kingdoms yet to come? Unless we leave resentment, anger and stupidity behind us, unless we wipe ignorance off the face of the Earth, unless we do this, we will never regain the hope we have lost.

Incensed with rage, the crowd starts throwing empty beer bottles at the fool's head, shouting 'No future for the fool!' in a kind of collective hysteria.

Constitution Square has started roaring.

Constitution Square is roaring.

The wave of roars emanating from Constitution Square seems endless.

Realising that the situation is on the verge of getting out of hand, and worried that one of the bottles may accidentally hit them, the High Chef and his entourage withdraw from the balcony and go off to the private room prepared for them at the Gaztelubide club to begin their deliberations.

While they do so, and to pacify the crowd, a group of cheerleaders dressed in the colours of the French and Spanish flags perform a dance. Once the performance is over, a rack is brought into the square and placed on the ethical floor⁷ of the wooden planks to force the fool, by means of torture, to confess his guilt before the good people of the nation. Before they start, however, some technicians set up a huge, high-resolution screen just behind the platform, to enable the crowd to savour every tiny detail of the fool's exquisite pain.

The viewers enjoy an unbeatably bloody spectacle as the fool is tortured mercilessly, first on the rack and later on the circular wheel of history. One by one they destroy his limbs, bones and joints, until his agony causes him to start hallucinating. When one of the carnival horsemen asks him to confess his guilt, he says that first he wants to report the authorities for their illegal use of torture. So they call in the Inquisitorial forensic scientist who, after carefully examining the fool's broken body, announces that there is no evidence of torture. He therefore concludes that the accusation is nothing but a trumped-up charge, explaining at great length that it is no more than a piece of legal trickery often used by scoundrels to put a spanner in the workings of justice.

Another expert, a psychologist who came with the forensic scientist, adds that the accused suffers from a serious case of bipolar disorder, hallucinations and persecutory delusions.

Having resolved all doubts and reflected deeply on all the arguments put forward, the High Chef reappears on the balcony, followed by his entourage. To mark this historic moment, the secretary of the Insurgency Court reads from a long scroll of parchment.

Haeretici frexentur templa
boni nihil fecerunt contra;
ergo debent omnes patibulari

⁷ This is reference to an agreement reached in the Basque parliament regarding a basic set of ethical principles upon which to build peaceful coexistence in the Basque Country.

When he finishes reading, the square explodes into a tumult of shouts and cries, all calling for the Iron Chef to come forth. In response to the crowd's clamorous urging, the Supreme Judge takes a few steps forward and, standing strong in the face of the camera flashes and microphones, pronounces the court's judgement in a serious tone befitting the occasion: 'We must and do condemn the accused to be burned to death in the eternal flames of Hell.'

An executioner with a thousand faces climbs up onto the platform to cries of 'Burn the heretic!'

Constitution Square has started roaring.

Constitution Square is roaring.

The wave of roars emanating from Constitution Square seems endless.

With the help of some assistants, the executioner positions a tall stake at the centre of the platform. Then together, they pile smaller logs and kindling around its base and bind the accused's feet to the front and tie his hands together behind it. The executioner looks up at the balcony. So does the accused, shaking with the cold sweat of panic. The Gaztelubide drummers let off a long drum roll. The members of the Donostia Choral Society start singing once again.

Rex tremendæ maiestatis,
qui salvandos salvas gratis,
salva me, fons pietatis.

The High Chef nods, and the executioner lights the bonfire. To the sound of his own death knells, the fool starts to sing:

Listen Beaumont,
Heed Agaramont,
The alder has no heart,
And the curd has no stone.
I did not think that nobles lied.

III

Amidst the sound of the crowd's guffaws and laughter, the fool reflects that he's going to need more than help from the goddess of good fortune to get out of this one. As the smell of burnt flesh begins to creep up his nostrils, he realises that his feet are on fire. Then, as frightful images of punctured heads, beaten bodies and bruised limbs run through his head and his body slowly crisps in the flames, he hears a voice. At first he dismisses it as a hallucination, but then, through the thick veil of smoke curling up before his eyes, he thinks he sees the shadow of a woman. He soon realises it is not the goddess of good fortune. The woman is wearing a dark-coloured dress and spectacles, and has a cigarette in her mouth. 'As you can see,' the fool remarks, looking in panic at the cloud of smoke billowing up around him, 'I'm in a bit of a tight spot.'

'Yes, just like all those who have been hounded and condemned to death in this square before you. We seem to be stuck forever on the infernal wheel of Hell.'

Demands for 'no mercy' and 'tough on crime' have come round again. Unfair trials and biased judges have come round again. Ghettos and gulags full of outcasts, foreigners and those who dare to think differently have come round again. Your fate will be the same as theirs. They want to burn and destroy their memory along with your body; but don't worry, I've come to help you.'

'Help me?' The fool raises his eyebrows in surprise.

'Yes. I've come to help you, all those who have been killed before you and all those who will be killed after you unless we do something to avoid being trapped forever under the bloody wheel of history that comes hurtling towards us out of the past and which seeks to deny us the right to decide our own future,' replies the woman's shadow in a stern tone. 'That's why I dedicated my life to studying the totalitarian ideology that has reduced our world to ashes. The ideology itself and its sources. I want to understand, I need to understand, what happened here. For just like you, I too was imprisoned and persecuted, my rights denied.'

'Who are you?' asks the fool in amazement. 'Are you human?'

'Alas, no longer. But I was a woman once. Fourteen years I spent as a stateless person. Now the shadows are our nation, and there, in our moments of most profound weakness, we draw strength from the dark embrace of the night.'

While the woman's shadow is talking, the fool tries to understand what is happening to him. He once again considers the possibility that it is all a hallucination, but the pain in his feet and legs soon forces him to dismiss this conclusion. By now his legs are nothing more than blackened stumps, and a wave of panic hits him as he realises that soon, the rest of his body will be engulfed by the hungry flames.

The shadow tries to calm him.

'Totalitarian systems always use fear to oppress and subjugate people.

Their ideal subjects are ones so paralysed by fear, so isolated and alone, that they are unable to distinguish between truth and lies; and personal autonomy is their worst enemy. That's why it's so dangerous to think. But not thinking is even more perilous. Take courage then, do not be afraid, do not give up in these moments in which fear gnaws at your very soul. I will be your companion on the long, winding road to freedom.'

'It's easy to talk about courage when it's not you being burnt at the stake,' thinks the fool, looking down in horror at his blackening thighs.

'Don't worry,' says the woman's shadow in a calming tone, 'every time someone dies, another is born, and a brand new world is created, a world free from the laws of nature and history, and therefore free from the claws of terror. Absolute terror is the cornerstone of all totalitarian systems, the resource used by the forces of nature and history to stop humans being born or to destroy those that have, because from a totalitarian perspective, human birth and death are nothing more than irritating attempts to stop the wheels of nature and history. That's why terror annihilates human diversity and imposes uniformity, seeking to create people with no individuality and no capacity to think for themselves. A mindless mass of empty minds. A flock of docile sheep. Just like those standing before you now. Terror is the force that executes the death sentence imposed on people by nature "because they are not fit for life" and history "because they are classes that are dying out".'

Even though she is forced to interrupt her speech for a moment due to the overwhelming din emanating from the square, the shadow soldiers on, ignoring the insults and cries directed at the fool by the rabble.

'In an incomprehensible, ever-changing world, people sometimes reach a point at which they believe nothing and everything at the same time. And as a result of the apathy that this generates, the masses are unable to accept any association, political party or trade union that works to promote the common good. There are people like this in every country: people who care nothing about politics, who have never been a member of any

political party, who hardly ever bother to even vote. And in most places they are majority. Thus, apathy is an accomplice to your death. They make fun of you for being a fool, but in truth they are history's fools. History has tricked them.' The shadow pronounces these last words in a loud voice, staring challengingly out at the incensed crowd, which immediately starts baying and howling.

'Did that odious Jew just call us fools and halfwits? We're patriots!'

'It's not up to me to judge you. I'm just a shadow. But I'll tell you what I think in no uncertain terms. You are not patriots. You are malefactors infected by the stupidity and vanity of evil. You are sycophants who, instead of really loving and singing the praises of your country, instead feel obligated to flatter and fawn over it your whole lives.

You avoid thinking so as not to face the contradictions inside yourselves. That's why your conscience does not prick you, even when you say or commit atrocities.'

'You may be just a shadow, but you'll hear our judgement nonetheless. There is only one word to describe enemies of the nation: traitors. You may have managed to escape Gurs, Hannah Arendt, but the repugnant fool beside you will not escape Death. Death to all fools and Jews! Death to traitors!'

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'Are you Hannah Arendt? I've heard of you,' says the fool to the shadow, while empty bottles of beer rain down on their heads.

'Like I said before, I'm here to show you the way. I'm here to teach you,' replies the shadow of Arendt. 'I know what happened to you. When those in power or institutions which use force lose their legitimacy, they lose their ability to regulate and condition their subjects' everyday behaviour. That's what happened with you. They were unable to control your behaviour, your way of thinking. They were unable to make you see reason. And what do institutions do to counteract this loss of power? They resort to violence. But rather than being a demonstration of power, violence is an admission of failure. And in this case, those in power incited the people gathered here in this square to use violence for them, by brainwashing them into believing in the fallacy of a single, united nation. As long as the idea of nation-states remains rooted in our minds, then a specific nationality will always mean a state and a state will always mean a specific nationality. And as long as that is true, there will always be minorities and outcasts - enemies that do not fit into any of the

nation-state's basic, underlying concepts. They will not have a full set of rights, they will be outsiders, outcasts, sentenced, like you, to death.'

The fool realises that Arendt is right. The aim is not to integrate others into 'our' culture or ask them to adapt to 'our' customs, but rather to build a culturally-diverse multi-ethnic society; in short, to create a community over and above the concept of nation. 'Only by accepting others and recognising that they are part of us too, can we be ourselves. Only by doing that will we achieve true inclusion and peaceful coexistence, both here and in the world at large. That's why, on the path to this goal, the first vital step is to create a new Europe based on diversity,' thinks the fool, heartened by Arendt's words.

He remains lost in his thoughts, oblivious to the flames lapping at his body, but the fire is growing larger and larger, and by now has engulfed his entire torso.

The crowd grows more and more agitated, the glowing flames reflected in their feverish eyes as they cry 'Death! Death to the fiendish fool!'

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Writhing in agony, the fool thinks how much better everything would be if this really were a hallucination or a nightmare. But then he sees the executioner fanning the flames with a huge pair of bellows and he knows it is not. The stench of burning flesh invades the square. Now a burning ball of flame and half choked by the smoke, the fool starts moaning and screaming. He's at death's door. His only friend is the ghost of Arendt, who remains by his side.

'Do not be afraid. As long as we remain capable of debating with ourselves and with others, we are not lost, we are not divorced from reality. I'm here, by your side, ready to help you. For it is only in our relationships with others that we can be individuals, with all our different characteristics, without losing the capacity for freedom and creativity.'

Although he feels Death approaching, Arendt's words gladden the fool's heart and, gathering the little strength he has left, he frees his hands from the bonds tying him to the stake and, just before he breathes his last, he addresses his final words to the crowd gathered in Constitution Square: 'As a blind wise man once said, many years ago, this has happened before and will happen again. I don't particularly like being a fool, but I'd like even less to be in your skin. By judging me today, you have sealed your own dark fate.'

And with that he starts to sing:

Brothers and sisters, do not think that I am happy up here, I'd much rather be down there with you, looking up. If you are not content that's not my fault, you catcall me but I still love you.

As the fool's last words fade, an almighty commotion erupts in the Square.

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IV

The trial has finished, but the celebrations continue. At a nod from the Peaceful Coexistence Court secretary, the protectors of the fortress raise the gate and the carnival horsemen start ushering as many people as possible out of the square. Although a few lingerers continue to shout at the fool from in front of the fortress walls, in the end most of the crowd wanders off into the surrounding streets and bars.

The empty square is littered with plastic glasses, fast-food wrappers and empty bottles. There is ash all over the platform. The television crew sent to cover the trial live are now talking about it while leaning against their truck, in no particular hurry to pack their equipment away.

‘What a show!’

‘Yeah, you're right there. But I've got the feeling I'd heard the verses the fool sang just before the trial ended somewhere before.’

‘That's only to be expected. As someone famous once said: “History and stories get repeated: first they're tragedies, then farces.” Be that as it may, that was some farewell verse that fragile, crafty, deformed fool gave us.

‘And what about the people booing him?’

‘That was like people applauding at the final of an improvised poetry championship. Unbelievable.’

‘Well, even if applause from the championship turned into booing at the inquisitorial trial today, the audience here must have set a new record.’

‘What are you idlers up to? The trial's finished, and so has the chatting. Start packing things up right away. We have to deliver everything to the television studios in one hour.’ The speaker is a bearded man, their boss, who is accompanied by another man wearing a tie.

The workers start to dismantle the huge screen, packing up the cameras, cables, ropes, backdrops and microphones from the stage.

‘Come on, hurry up; we've got to take the set with us too,’ the bearded man adds.

Just then some lorries with trailers rumble into the square. The TV crew work quickly to dismantle the cardboard fortress and thick battlements in Constitution Square, loading them into the trucks along with the rest of the gear.

When the work is done, the man in the tie takes a bottle from his raincoat pocket and offers it to the man with the beard.

‘Champagne? What have we got to celebrate?’ says the man with the beard after taking a swig from the bottle.

‘Maybe we’ll get a pay rise soon. Hell of an audience we’ve had tonight.’

He holds out his mobile phone.

‘The Final Judgement programme had a 25% audience share,’ the man with the beard reads from the screen. ‘That’s quite something! We’ve overtaken the news.’

‘Yeah! I told the bosses a long time ago that the after-supper spot was the best one for the show, when the whole family’s around the TV, their eyes glued to the screen, hypnotised, nothing to say to each other,’ the man with the tie says with pride. ‘They didn’t get it at first, it took some time: shows are the 21st century’s fireplaces.’

‘If we’re as successful as this throughout the season, they’re bound to make you one of the directors.’

‘That’s not likely,’ the man in the tie says thoughtfully.

‘Wasn’t it your idea to stage this violent show in Constitution Square?’

The man in the tie nods.

‘You deserve a medal just for that. For making this violent atmosphere credible.’

‘You’re overstating it. In any case, Constitution Square has never been a peaceful place. In fact, it looks a lot like Monteriggion fortress, which really has been fought over. Or have you, too, fallen for that story about Joyful Arcadia which some of Txomin Agirre’s best pupils want us to believe? Where people toast diversity when they drink wine in the bars here, children play happily under the arches, happy shoppers buy meat and fish and people read the newspaper as they sit out on the terraces and leaf through books, in bookshops, obviously...’

He shakes his head before going on.

'We're nothing without our memories, but how quickly we forget. We've already forgotten that Constitution Square used to be a place of violence, where people attacked other people, beat them up, threatened them and arrested them, and Carlist extremists got together in the bookshops. It seems unreal, so few years have gone by, but that's the truth.'

'Well, to be honest, I don't know whether it isn't better to forget about that past rather than go back to it.'

'Yeah, you're right there. What's more, something tells me that's the secret behind the success we've had today: the atrocities which happen to people and which are happening to them now help them to forget,' says the man in the tie with a laugh. 'Let's see what they're saying about the show on the social media.'

His companion looks at his phone.

'The show's only just finished but there's already one comment,' he says before reading it. 'The show kept your interest right up until its powerful, suggestive and attractive finale.' They chuckle with contentment. But they do not find the next comment so amusing. 'The verses which the trial fool sang are a plagiarism,' the bearded man reads.

'A couple of verses. What sacrilege!' says the man in the tie, his hands flying to his head in mock horror. 'Who wrote that message?'

'It's anonymous.'

'Well I bet it's a member of the Holy Clean Creation Brotherhood,' says the man in the tie angrily. 'Creation's always dirty, it always leaves traces behind.'

'There's no mention of that brotherhood in the message.'

'That doesn't matter. One way or another they're behind the rumours flying around today saying we've plagiarised this, copied that... They can see the splinter in everybody else's eyes, but not the beam in their own. You should read some of the things people from the Brotherhood have written. They're worse than Medieval amanuenses. Go on, read some other comment before my blood starts to boil.'

'The scriptwriters got it completely wrong in terms of the show's atmosphere and setting. The historical representation was totally off. A bad choice of place. San Sebastian's

Constitution Square is not the most appropriate setting for a show like this, and the character was not portrayed in a specific period, in proper chronological order. What's more, the trial was too long, it wasn't credible and it was dull. They overemphasised the legal criteria and the instruments of torture and the methods they used on the stage were too well-known and too soft.'

'We didn't choose the right place for the show? What's that guy on about?' the man with the tie exclaims in astonishment. 'He thinks putting Monteriggion walls from Tuscany up in Constitution Square wasn't enough? That's really asking too much. What do they think? That this is Game of Thrones and we're in America?'

'Well it is a bit like Gaztelugatxe.'

'And, what's more, they want blood.'

'Well I guess we'll just have to find a more spectacular method of torture for the next show. And avoid plagiarism.'

'Is it actually possible to invent any new methods of torture? It isn't going to be easy to satisfy those people's blood lust. Haven't they got anything better to do than examine every last detail of the show and examine every trace of blood? Haven't they got anything better to do than sit glued to the TV at home and then criticise everything? I don't know... Why don't they go out, go for a walk, see friends, visit places, have sex? In other words, why don't they lead an ordinary life?' the man in the tie says bitterly. 'But no, they want blood. And then they'll say we live in a peace-loving society.'

'A peace-loving society, you say? There's violence everywhere here: at your front door, at school, between friends, at work, at the police station, between colleagues.'

'You're right there. Sometimes I think life is a circus of blood, and there's already a devastating enough show going on without us having to come up with anything else.'

'The show must go on.'

'Yeah, too right; we'd mess it up otherwise'. The man in the tie takes a slug of champagne and laughs. 'So let's come up with a show full of blood for our spectators.'

'It's just come to me. Since today's society is fascinated by the Middle Ages and dystopias, and history seems inevitably to repeat itself, why don't we stage a futurist auto-da-fé at the Donostia Arena, at the Ilunbe bull-ring? The place has many advantages. They are

stands for the spectators, it's covered in case it rains and it's already set up for television coverage.'

'That's a spectacular idea!' the man with the beard agrees. 'How about this for a title? Auto-da-fé Reloaded. Witches, the Inquisition, torture... The things that happened in Donibane Lohizune, which Lancre recorded, give us a lot to go on. Just think: around six hundred women condemned to burn at the stake. We can bring a load of women to the show.'

'Yes, adverts in the street and in the media, a campaign on the social networking sites and a bit of merchandising in the weeks running up to the show: caps with pictures of witches on them, amulets and cigarette-lighters to bring out the crowds.'

'And at the end of the show an in-depth interview with the executioner, keeping people's attention with the questions we ask him. For instance, what type of torture is more painful? What do victims feel as they are being tortured? Things like that to keep people fascinated. Just wait: what the executioner says in "The Art of Killing" will be nothing compared with what our executioner will come up with.'

As they talk, a street sweeper comes into the square and makes a terrible racket as it cleans up the rubbish scattered on the ground. It starts collecting cans, bottles and food wrappers all covered in grime and mud. Constitution Square stinks; Constitution Square is like a huge rubbish tip.

The lorries pull their trailers out of the square. The workers leave too. The two TV-channel bosses are about to leave as well when I go up to them. I'm still quite drunk.

'Are you off?' I ask them.

'Yeah, but it looks like you still want to party,' they say to me.

'Shouldn't you film the accused being burned alive?'

'The accused being burned alive?'

They say something to each other which I do not hear.

'Yes, the fool on the stage,' I clarify. 'I've been in the crowd until now waiting to see when he'd get burned.'

'In the crowd?' they laugh at me.

'What are you laughing at? My chef's cap?'

They look at each other again and laugh out loud.

'Chef's cap? This guy's really pissed', the man in the tie says to the man with the beard, unable to believe his ears.

'Everyone has their demons', the latter replies.

'This guy doesn't live in the real world, he's in some other dimension, some parallel universe in which everything is the other way round.'

'Depending on how you look at it, the real and the unreal world together make up a single, indivisible world,' the man with the beard says jokingly, laughing like a madman.

'Depending on how you look at it?'

'Yeah, it could seem that nothing here is real any more, that reality itself is unreal.'

'Well, let's get out of here then, before we go mad too, or we end up in some parallel world.'

They laugh out loud and the man in the tie turns to me and blurts out:

'Before I forget, just remember, mate, that you weren't in the middle of the crowd. You were on the platform in the square, and you have a fool's cap on your head, not a chef's one.'

Unable to believe what he is saying, I shake my head and try to tell him that he's wrong. But all I hear is the tinkling of my cap's bells, and I'm dumbfounded, unable to utter a single word. I'm frightened and feel as if my tongue has been burned. And all of a sudden I see myself on the platform in Constitution Square dressed up as a fool and burning in the flames: 'As a blind wise man once said, many years ago, this has happened before and will happen again. I don't particularly like being a fool, but I'd like even less to be in your skin. By judging me today, you have sealed your own dark fate.' I scream as an enraged crowd shouts 'Burn the heretic!'

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Dripping with sweat, I hear the echo of the shouting in Constitution Square far-off still, I feel the weight of history on my shoulders. I look at the reproduction of Botticelli's Map of Hell on the 2016 cultural programme diary hanging from the wall of the cafeteria.

Without taking my eyes off it, and with it in mind, I remember James Joyce, and reflect that the exiled Irish writer hit nail squarely on the head: 'History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.'