

Fifteenth Preview from:

Meeting Each Other Alive: new translations from the letters between Manuela Sáenz and Simón Bolívar, and from Sáenz's diaries

(The original texts of these letters have been authenticated by historians and official government sources.)

The first letter here by Simón Bolívar to Manuela Sáenz was written on 3rd July, 1822, when he was in Guaranda in the Andes after the Battles of Bombona and Pichincha, after which he had entered Quito on 16 June. Soon, on the 26 and 27th July, as Manuela is writing to him from 'El Garzal' Estate, he will hold the Guayaquil Conference with the Argentine General José de San Martín, who had partially liberated Peru from the Spanish. Bolívar then took on Peru's liberation. In 1822, Sáenz had left her husband and traveled to Quito, where she first met Bolívar. They exchanged letters and she visited him. Manuela was also a revolutionary, rescuing and protecting Bolívar, subduing violence, gathering information, distributing publicity, and insisting on women's rights. She received the Order of the Sun for her role in the revolution.

In these first two letters, there is an interesting contrast in tone. He is direct, judicious but passionate. Her response is more stylized: flirtatiously formal but more sensual and evocative.

His letter speaks often of time. He feels they have reached the right moment in time for him to tell her about an earlier relationship, and that he knows that he and Manuela have time to 'love each other mutually'. These references to finite and infinite time, could imply that he feels that their relationship existed in the past, exists in the present and will exist in a future. In light of their intimacy, he addresses her with the affectionate second person pronoun (tú).

In contrast, she uses the formal second person pronoun (usted) to address him, in respect but also perhaps in jest or flirtation. She refers to him as 'Your Excellency' as she uses linguistic tools to create a description of her surroundings at 'El Garzal' estate, tools such as metaphor and adjectives with



lyrical connotations. Although the Estate and its features are technically real, she explains near the end of her letter that this description is her invention. Within this letter itself, she seems to only address him as 'Your Excellency' as part of her invented description: 'this earth should have Your Excellency's footprints.' She creates a depiction which she classifies as unreal or created, and then a space at the letter's end where she brings the discourse to clear reality, and where she moves herself and Bolívar away from invention and his persona of 'Your Excellency', to a less hierarchical sphere.

General's Quarters in Guaranda, 3rd July, 1822

To the distinguished lady, Señora Manuela Sáenz

Esteemed Manuelita:

I want, loveliest Manuela, to answer your requirements of love, which are very sound. But I have to be honest for someone - like you, she gave me everything. Before, there was no illusion, Manuela - it's not that I won't love you, it's just that it's time you know about how I loved someone else before - with an unusual passion in my youth - someone I never name out of respect.

I'm not avoiding your appeals, that are dear to my desires and my passion. I'm just thinking and giving you some time to yourself. Because your words make me return to you. Because I know I have this time to love you, for us to love each other mutually.

I only want time to become used to this, since military life isn't easy, nor retreat. I've made a fool of death a lot. And that stalks me deliriously with every step I take.



I should drink to you: to meeting each other alive, perhaps? Let me be sure of myself, sure of you, beloved friend - you'll see who the Bolívar you admire really is. He couldn't lie to you.

I never lie! My passion is mad for you, as you know.

Give me time.

Bolívar

Cuartel General en Guaranda a 3 de julio de 1822
A la distinguida dama, Sra. Manuela Sáenz

Apreciada Manuelita:

Quiero contestarte, bellísima Manuela, a tus requerimientos de amor que son muy justos. Pero he de ser sincero para quien, como tú, todo me lo ha dado. Antes no hubo ilusión, no porque no te amara Manuela y es tiempo de que sepas que antes amé a otra con singular pasión de juventud, que por respeto nunca nombro.

No esquivo tus llamados, que me son caros a mis deseos y a mi pasión. Sólo reflexiono y te doy un tiempo a ti, pues tus palabras me obligan a regresar a ti; porque sé que esta es mi época de amarte y de amarnos mutuamente.

Sólo quiero tiempo para acostumbrarme, pues la vida militar no es fácil ni fácil retirarse. Me he burlado de la muerte muchas veces, y esta me acecha delirante a cada paso.

Qué debo brindarte: ¿un encuentro vivo acaso? Permíteme estar seguro de mí, de ti y verás querida amiga quién es Bolívar al que tú admiras. No podría mentirte.

¡Nunca miento! Que es loca mi pasión por ti, lo sabes.

Dame tiempo.

Bolívar

El Garzal ['El Garzal' estate owned by the Ecuadorian Garaycoa family], 27th July, 1822

To His Excellency, General Simón Bolívar

My Dear Sir,

There is such vibrancy here - everything is a spell cast by beautiful nature. Everything invites you to sing, frisk - and finally live here. This atmosphere, with its warm, delicious air brings the vivid emotion that follows the smell of fresh sugar cane juice as it comes



off the press - it makes me experience sugar's thousand sensations. I say to myself: this earth should have Your Excellency's footprints. The woods and the poplar grove at El Garzal's entrance - sodden by night-dew - would accompany you when you arrive, giving you nostalgia for your beloved Caracas. The meadows, the orchard and the garden - which is everywhere - would serve to give you your love's shimmering inspiration, being Your Excellency - dedicated almost exclusively to the war.

The slopes and the pastures are sprouting flowers and wild grasses, a gift to the eyes and an enchantment to the soul. The great house invites rest, meditation and reading in the stillness of its structure. The dining room, saturated with light by its large windows, welcomes everyone with pleasure; the bedrooms revere rest, as if they ask to be inundated with love...

The shallows of El Garzal's riverbank start to converse about undressing our bodies and moistening them - submerged in a venusian bath, accompanied by the close bamboo forest's whisper, parakeets' songs and parrots, scared at their own nervousness. I say that I long for your presence here. This entire painting is my invention. I ask you to forgive my delirium, which is from anxiety for you, to see you present, enjoying all that is beautiful.

Yours in heart and in soul,
Manuela Sáenz

El Garzal, a 27 de julio de 1822
A Su Excelencia General Simón Bolívar
Muy señor mío:

Aquí hay de vivaz todo un hechizo de la hermosa naturaleza. Todo invita a cantar, a retozar; en fin, a vivir aquí. Este ambiente, con su aire cálido y delicioso, trae la emoción vibrante del olor del guarapo que llega fresco del trapiche, y me hace experimentar mil sensaciones almibaradas. Yo me digo: este suelo merece recibir las pisadas de S.E. El bosque y la alameda de entrada al Garzal, mojados por el rocío nocturno, acompañarían su llegada de usted, evocando la nostalgia de su amada Caracas. Los prados, la huerta y el jardín que está por todas partes, serviránle de inspiración fulgurante a su amor de usted, por estar S.E. dedicado casi exclusivamente a la guerra.



Las laderas y campos brotando flores y gramíneas silvestres, que son un regalo a la vista y encantamiento del alma. La casa grande invita al reposo, la meditación y la lectura, por lo estático de su estancia. El comedor, que se inunda de luz a través de los ventanales, acoge a todos con alegría; y los dormitorios reverentes al descanso, como que ruegan por saturarse de amor...

Los bajíos a las riberas del Garzal hacen un coloquio para desnudar los cuerpos y mojarlos sumergidos en un baño venusiano; acompañado del susurro de los guaduales próximos y del canto de pericos y loros espantados por su propio nerviosismo. Le digo yo, que ansío de la presencia de usted aquí. Toda esta pintura es de mi invención; así que ruego a usted que perdone mis desvaríos por mi ansiedad de usted y de verlo presente, disfrutando de todo esto que estan hermoso.

Suya de corazón y de alma,

Manuela Sáenz

In this next set of letters, as Manuela writes that she waits for him at El Garzal, Bolívar has just - the day before - held the Guayaquil Conference with José de San Martín, the Argentine General.

Manuela then writes to Simón from her birthplace, Quito. She writes that the victory of Bolívar's army over rebel forces in Yacuanquer (Colombia) has 'cost her dearly' paradoxically, as it keeps him 'more than sixty leagues' from her, as he continues on to Pasto to consolidate the victory.

From Pasto in January 1823, he writes to her, to tell her of his love and arrange their reunion, wishing for them to be in a space in which distances have 'no importance'. By the end of that year, distance would no longer concern them. After suggesting she assist him, in December she joined him as a member of his staff, and was redefined as a revolutionary Bolívarian - rather than parochial Peruvian - patriot.

In this letter he writes of wanting to be with her in a sphere that transcends distances. He seems to use the present tense to express this, as he writes 'You say my name and I am yours instantly. So, you may know, my friend, that in this moment, I'm singing the music and humming the sound that you hear.' Here he also switches strikingly between addressing her with the intimate second person pronoun (tú) and the formal and respectful second person pronoun (usted), perhaps showing that their discourse can also encompass warm formality and exuberant intimacy. Similarly, in her letters here, she writes about herself in first person and then in third person when she describes herself as his friend. This could demonstrate that they are open to different roles when they address each other - in their transcending discourse they are at once companions, romantic partners and effective individuals overseeing revolutions.



El Garzal, 28th of July, 1822

General Simón Bolívar

My Dear Sir,

Here *I* am, waiting for you! Don't withhold your presence from me. You know you left me in delirium, and you will not go until you have seen me, your friend - until you have spoken with her, she is crazed desperately.

Manuela Sáenz

...Here, there is everything you dreamed, and told me about the meeting between Romeo and Juliet, and my own exuberances.

El Garzal, a 28 de julio de 1822

General Simón Bolívar

Muy señor mío:

Aquí estoy yo, ¡esperándole! No me niegue su presencia de usted. Sabe que me dejó en delirio y no va a irse sin verme y sin hablar... con su amiga, que lo es loca y desesperadamente.

Manuela Sáenz

...aquí hay todo lo que usted soñó y me dijo sobre el encuentro de Romeo y Julieta... y exuberancias de mi misma.

Quito, 30 December, 1822

To the Liberator, Simón Bolívar

Incomparable Friend,



Your well-appreciated letter, dated the 22nd of the present month, made me see the interest that you took in my many matters. I give you thanks for that, but you deserve them more for being considerate of my current situation. With it being like that when you were closer, what will it be like now that you are more than sixty leagues from here?

The triumph of Yacuanquer has cost me dearly - now you will tell me I'm not patriotic because of everything I'm going to say - I would rather have triumphed over that than there be ten victories in Pasto.

I see you too much as the bored man you must be in that town, but for all the desperation in which you may find yourself, it is not like that of your closest friend of all, who is:

Manuela Sáenz

Quito, 30 de diciembre de 1822

Al Libertador Simón Bolívar
Incomparable amigo:

En la apreciable de usted, fecha 22 del presente, me hace ver el interés que ha tomado en las cargas de mi pertenencia. Yo le doy a usted las gracias por esto, aunque más las merece usted porque considera mi situación presente. Si esto sucedía antes que estaba más inmediata, ¿qué será ahora que está a más de sesenta leguas de aquí? Bien caro me ha costado el triunfo de Yacuanquer. Ahora me dirá usted que no soy patriota por todo lo que voy a decir. Mejor hubiera querido yo triunfar de él y que haya diez triunfos en Pasto.

Demasiado considero a usted lo aburrido que debe estar usted en ese pueblo; pero, por desesperado que usted se halle, no ha de estar tanto como lo está la mejor de sus amigas, que es:

Manuela Sáenz

Quito, 30 December, 1822

To His Excellency, The Liberator Simón Bolívar



My Dear Sir,

I thank you for the interest you take in my person, because you know well my presence in body and soul at your side.

What you said to me in your letter on the 25th of this month makes me feel the loneliness that goes with what is now distance.

Consider me, your love who is crazed and desperate to be at one with your essence's glory; I suppose you find yourself in the same condition as the most faithful of your friends, who is:

Manuela Sáenz

Quito, a diciembre 30 de 1822

A.S.E. El Libertador Simón Bolívar Señor mío:

Yo agradezco a usted por el interés que toma sobre mi persona, porque usted bien sabe de mi presencia en cuerpo y alma a su lado.

Sobre lo que me dice usted en su carta del 25 del presente, me hace sentir la soledad que acompaña lo que es ahora la distancia.

Considéreme, usted su amor loco y desesperado por unirme hasta la gloria de su ser; supongo que se halla usted en igual condición como lo está la más fiel de sus amigas, que es:

Manuela Sáenz

General's Headquarter, Pasto, 30 January 1823

My adored Manuelita,

I received your much-appreciated letter. It made me jump from my bed and simultaneously delighted my soul, which otherwise would have been victim to the anxiety provoked within me.



Beautiful Manuela, my Manuela, this very day I leave everything and go, like a spark that trespasses through the universe, to reach the most sweet, tender woman, who fulfills my passions and the endless craving to enjoy you here and now, with distances having no importance. How do you feel about this, then? Is it true that I am also crazed for you?...

You say my name and I am yours instantly. So, you may know, my friend, that in this moment, I'm singing the music and humming the sound that you hear. I think about your eyes, your hair, about your body's scent and your skin's smoothness, and I pack at once, as Marc Anthony left to go to Cleopatra. I see your ethereal figure before my eyes, and I hear the murmur that wishes to escape your mouth, desperately, to come out when I arrive.

Wait for me, and do so dressed in that blue transparent veil, like the nymph who captures the Argonaut.

Yours,

Bolívar

Cuartel General Pasto, a 30 de enero de 1823

Mi adorada Manuelita:

Recibí tu apreciable que regocijó mi alma, al mismo tiempo que me hizo saltar de la cama; de lo contrario, esta hubiera sido víctima de la provocada ansiedad en mí.

Manuela bella, Manuela mía, hoy mismo dejo todo y voy, cual centella que traspasa el universo, a encontrarme con la más dulce y tierna mujercita que colma mis pasiones con el ansia infinita de gozarte aquí y ahora, sin que importen las distancias. ¿Cómo lo sientes, ah? ¿Verdad que también estoy loco por ti?...

Tú me nombras y me tienes al instante. Pues sepa usted mi amiga, que estoy en este momento cantando la música y tarareando el sonido que tú escuchas. Pienso en tus ojos, tu cabello, en el aroma de tu cuerpo y la tersura de tu piel y empaco inmediatamente, como



Marco Antonio fue hacia Cleopatra. Veo tu etérea figura ante mis ojos, y escucho el murmullo que quiere escaparse de tu boca, desesperadamente, para salir a mi encuentro.

Espérame, y hazlo, ataviada con ese velo azul y transparente, igual que la ninfa que cautiva al argonauta.

Tuyo,

Bolívar

Not yet a member of Bolívar's staff, in February, 1823, Manuela writes to him, still separate from him in Quito. Soon, in July, the final battle of the Venezuelan War of Independence and of the greater Spanish American wars of Independence will take place. The engagement, the Battle of Lake Maracaibo, was won by Republican forces and the Republican ships were from the armed forces of Gran Colombia led by Bolívar.

She starts this letter by mentioning her family and her estranged marriage. She linguistically connects Bolívar to these aspects of her life and past by mentioning him in the same sentence. Later in the letter, she gives herself a new aspect of agency and control of their discourse by answering her own question to him: 'Do you believe that this cruel destiny can be just? No!' Here, she breaks linguistic convention of 'turn-taking' in conversation. She also shows her immediacy in addressing something unjust.

His next letter here to Manuela in September responds to the efficacy with which she has recently quelled a mutiny in Quito - in military uniform for the first time. At the end of the letter he arranges a position on his general staff for her.

While his earlier letters to her use sensual descriptive linguistic techniques for her state and visual appearance, he now uses active verbs to describe the vibrant actions of her self and her soul: *'Your soul is, then, the one that defeats...'*

Catahuango, 12 February, 1823

To His Excellency

General Simón Bolívar



More than finding myself doomed by my relatives in Quito, the upside-down luck in my marriage - I always knew from the start that it would be like that - you trouble me with your behaviour, your feelings detached from all reality.

Say what you think of me, love me, idolise me?

Do you believe that this cruel destiny can be just? No! A thousand times no! Do you want separation because of your own resolve, or for the protections of what you call honour? The eternity that separates us is only your resolve's blindness, you no longer see this. Run away if you, your heart, wants to, but mine - No! I keep it alive for you, yes, my adoration over all prejudices.

Yours,

Manuela Sáenz

Catahuango, a febrero 12 de 1823

A Su Excelencia
General Simón Bolívar

A más de encontrarme condenada por mis parientes en Quito, la suerte al revés en mi matrimonio (siempre supe desde el principio que sería así), usted me incomoda con el comportamiento de usted, de sus sentimientos que son desprendidos de toda realidad.

¿Dice usted que me piensa, me ama, me idolatra?

¿Cree usted que este destino cruel puede ser justo? ¡No! ¡Mil veces no! ¿Quiere usted la separación por su propia determinación, o por los auspicios de lo que usted llama honor? La eternidad que nos separa sólo es la ceguera de su determinación de usted, que no lo ve más. Arránquese usted si quiere, su corazón de usted, pero el mío ¡No! Lo tengo vivo para usted, que sí lo es para mí toda mi adoración, por encima de todos los prejuicios.

Suya,

Manuela Sáenz



General's Quarters, Lima, 13 September, 1823

To Señora Manuela Sáenz

My good and beautiful Manuelita:

My heart is profoundly anxious, all the more from my admiration for your courage in confronting the anathema that is public light alone, to the detriment of your honour and your position.

I know that you do it for the cause of freedom, not only for myself, to dissolve, with the intrepidity that characterises you, that mutiny which harassed the legal order established by the Republic, entrusted to General Solem in Quito.

You half scandalised humanity, but only by your admirable temperament. Your soul is, then, the one that defeats prejudices and the customs of the absurd; my Manuela, however, I should implore you: take care so that your excellent destiny is not impeded in the cause of the freedom of the towns and the Republic.

I prefer you to come to Lima, in order to take charge of the secretariat and my personal archive, just as with the other documents from the South Campaign.

With all my love,

Bolívar

Cuartel General de Lima, a 13 de septiembre de 1823

A la señora Manuela Sáenz
Mi buena y bella Manuelita:

Profunda preocupación tiene mi corazón, a más de mi admiración por tu valentía al enfrentarte sola al anatema de la luz pública, en detrimento de tu honor y de tu posición.



Sé que lo haces por la causa de la Libertad, a más que por mí mismo, al disolver, con la intrepidez que te caracteriza, ese motín que atosigaba el orden legal establecido por la República, y encomendado al general Solom en Quito.

Tú has escandalizado a media humanidad, pero sólo por tu temperamento admirable. Tu alma es entonces la que derrota los prejuicios y las costumbres de lo absurdo; pero Manuela mía, he de rogarte: prudencia, a fin de que no se lastime tu destino excelso en la causa de la libertad de los pueblos y de la República.

Prefiero que vengas a Lima, a fin de hacerte cargo de la secretaría y de mi archivo personal, así como los demás documentos de la Campaña del Sur.

Con todo mi amor,

Bolívar

Almost a month after Bolívar's letter applauding Sáenz's success in the rebellion in Quito, his struggle for Venezuela was won officially when Royalist forces in Puerto Caballo finally capitulated to a siege by his army on 9th October, 1823. The following year, Bolívar's armies will march south to liberate Peru. By December, 1923, Sáenz was working with Bolívar as a member of his permanent staff and part of the official entourage, including as the archivist. She sometimes arrived at the entourage's destination separately, by a different route, to protect the archives.

The series of five pleading letters below were written by Bolívar to Manuela in Lima on 29th October, 1823, and refer to a temporary recent disruption in their relationship when she discovered another woman's earring in his bed and reacted by pummeling him, biting him and then distancing herself from him. He did not defend himself physically or verbally, as he stated that he regarded her responses as correct. The first two letters were written by Manuela before the incident, and show that she was aware of an impending problem. After the earring incident, Bolívar wrote the letters below to ensure there was no long separation.

In Manuela's two letters, she recommends truth in linguistic discourse as a possibility and as something contradictory to non-lexical silence. She writes that she is honest and that she cannot be calm until Bolívar uses the truth to explain his absences. Similarly, he then implores her to continue their discourse: 'give me an opportunity to explain myself about this'. Ultimately, he



asks her to break her own silence by telling him honestly how he 'should behave in respect' to her. Here, the word 'should' translates the Spanish 'debo' - as in 'how should I act now?' - which has the connotation that the desired circumstance is the natural and proper one.

Quito, September 23, 1823

His Excellency, Simón Bolívar,

Sir,

You know well that no other woman you may have known, will be able to delight you with the fervour and the passion that unites me with your being, and stimulates my senses. You know a true woman, loyal and unreserved.

Yours,
Manuela Sáenz

Quito, septiembre 23 de 1823

S.E. Simón Bolívar Señor:

Bien sabe usted que ninguna otra mujer que usted haya conocido, podrá deleitarlo con el fervor y la pasión que me unen a su persona, y estimula mis sentidos. Conozca usted a una verdadera mujer, leal y sin reservas.

Suya,

Manuela Sáenz

Lima, October 18, 1823

My Dear Sir:

You have my honest love, with the capture of my heart for you. I am not calm until you give me your explanation for your absence, not knowing what you might have done. Is it that you do not see the danger? Or do I not interest you as much as yesterday? Decide,



because I am returning - even without your glory, which doesn't hesitate to make me suffer.

Yours,
Manuela Sáenz

Lima, a octubre 18 de 1823

Muy señor mío:

Tiene usted mi amor verdadero, con el prendimiento de mi corazón por usted. No me calmo hasta que usted me dé su explicación de su ausencia de usted, sin que yo sepa qué se ha hecho usted. ¿Es que no ve el peligro? ¿O yo no le intereso más que ayer? Decida usted, porque yo me regreso aun sin la gloria de usted, que no vacila en hacerme sufrir.

Suya,

Manuela Sáenz

I. General's Quarters in La Magdalena – Lima

October 29, 1823

Señora:

My hope is that you won't leave this - your man, for such a small and insignificant thing. Liberate me yourself from my sin, by agreeing with me about what can overcome it. Your fury already avenged itself on my humanity. Will you come soon? I die without you.

Your adored man,
Bolívar

I. Cuartel General en La Magdalena – Lima

Octubre 29 de 1823

Señora Doña Manuela Sáenz

Señora:

Mi deseo es que usted no deje a este su hombre por tan pequeña e insignificante cosa. Líbreme usted misma de mi pecado, conviniendo conmigo en que hay que superarlo. Vengó ya usted su furia en mi humanidad. ¿Vendrá pronto? Me muero sin usted.

Su hombre idolatrado,

Bolívar



II. La Magdalena, 6:30 p.m.

Señora:

Never after any battle have I encountered a man as miserable and drained as I find myself now, and as I am without your help. Did you want to relinquish your anger and give me an opportunity to explain myself about this?

Your man who is dying without your presence,
Bolívar

II. La Magdalena, 6:30 p.m.

Señora:

Nunca después de una batalla encontré un hombre tan maltratado y maltrecho como yo mismo me hallo ahora, y sin el auxilio de usted. ¿Quisiera usted ceder en su enojo y darme una oportunidad para explicárselo?

Su hombre que muere sin su presencia,
Bolívar

III. La Magdalena, 7: 30 p.m.

Señora:

In my situation, I find no other other recourse but to rise up like Lazarus and implore your benevolence with me.
You may understand that I seem like that dog of the market gardener which was punished by a pack of hounds.

Doesn't that move you? Come, come soon. I die without you.
Bolívar

III. La Magdalena, 7: 30 p.m.

Señora:

En mi situación, ya no encuentro otro recurso que el de levantarme como lázaro e implorar su benevolencia conmigo.

Sepa usted que parezco perro de hortelano castigado por jauría.

¿No se conmueve usted? Venga, venga pronto, que me muero sin usted.

Bolívar



IV. La Magdalena, 8 p.m.

Señora:

Meditate on the situation. Maybe you didn't stop helping me in these last days? I implore your mercy, which stems from your pure soul; don't let me die from love without your presence. Can I call upon it again, my beautiful Manuela? Tell me how I should behave in respect to you?

Yours,
Bolívar

IV. La Magdalena, 8 p.m.

Señora:

Meditate usted la situación. ¿Acaso no dejó de asistirme en unos días? Yo imploro de su misericordia de usted, que proviene de su alma pura; no me deje morir de amor sin su presencia. ¿Puedo volver a llamarla mi bella Manuela? Explíqueme qué conducta debo seguir respecto a usted.

Suyo,
Bolívar

V. La Magdalena, 9:30 p.m.

My adored Manuelita, the thrust into me of your mouth's iridescent porcelain was the most subtle affliction that could be demanded for someone mortal in the atonement of his sin; your fingers adhered to my flesh, like the wild terrain at the ascension in the Book of Pisha, to give this man (your man) a mortal breath of air, in the contemplation of your divinity made into woman.

Forgive me, yours,
Bolívar

V. La Magdalena, 9:30 p.m.

Mi adorada Manuelita, el hincarme la porcelana iridiscente de tu boca fue el flagelo más sutil demandado por mortal alguno en la expiación de su pecado; tus dedos se adhirieron a mi carne, como en las breñas de la ascensión al Pisha, para darle a este hombre (tu hombre) un hálito mortal, en la contemplación de tu divinidad hecha mujer.

Perdóname, tuyo,
Bolívar



In Manuela's first letter below she is still in Lima. She writes to Simón as he recovers from an illness that has forced him to remain on the coast in the town of Pativilca. While he convalesced, a mutiny was taking place between the men of the Rio de la Plata (Argentine) regiment - which stood as a vital structure in the patriot garrison. The uprising was a rejection of the new patriot leadership, and the newly elected president, the Marquis of Torre-Tagle, an ambivalent figure. It was also triggered when the Marquis withheld garrison funds and rations, and would not cede to the mutineers' demand for full pay. The mutineer's went into talks with the Spanish General, José Canterac in a move towards Spain's reoccupation of Lima. Bolívar commanded that Colombian troops undertake the city's evacuation, in light of his army's vulnerability. Sáenz took part in this mission, and travelled with an armed guard and mules to the north, to Pativilca. She and Bolívar reunited in Trujillo - the place he would set up General's headquarters and they would plan the great Andean campaign. She continues to travel with the army, sometimes in close proximity, sometimes on routes known only to her, Bolívar and a few, for her safety and that of the archive. In her next letters here to him from Huamachuco (a new base he had founded recently, preparing the army to move onwards into the Andes), she laments that distance she feels from him, the absences in his discourse, and explains her idea that his love for her is compartmentalised now, and restricted to being the love of one patriot for another. Linguistically, she expresses this fear as she turns the personalised first person pronoun, 'me' to something that is 'only' abstract and depersonalised, writing: 'Have a small amount of love for me, although it may be only for what is patriotic'. This could contrast with her earlier technique of signing off her letters by describing herself as a less defined term, then using her name as an exact and identifying proper noun: 'Your friend..., who is Manuela Sáenz'. In the subsequent two letters, however, pride in their work for the patriotic cause is something intrinsic to their actions and discourse, in keeping with their overall love for each other and never compartmentalised. In his letter, from his General's quarters in Huaraz, he writes to prepare her for the campaign she's decided to join. Linguistically, he addresses her as his 'friend', 'idolised lover', the respectful formal second person pronoun (usted) and the intimate second person pronoun (tú), incorporating different aspects of their discourse and relationship into the sphere of their practical patriotic work. Similarly, her reply incorporates their past discourse and its fluidity of gender



roles. Here, from Huamachuco she explains: 'You have told me always that I wear more trousers than any of your officials.' Ultimately she can address him in this realm of the campaign, at once as 'His Excellency', 'My darling Simón' and 'My loved one'.

Lima, 27 February, 1824

To Sir and Liberator

General Simón Bolívar

My Dear Sir:

I learned of your misfortune through mail. Can't you see for yourself, Sir? I'm running by your side until Pativilca. I'm writing with such urgency because of the apprehension I have. Tomorrow, I leave with some patriots and troops from Lima, because there is fresh news in which the Peninsulars together with the Torre-Tagle's traitors, give an ultimatum to this city; and I find justification in doing it, because your health doesn't count as far as you're concerned. With my company, I know you will feel better, throwing out all your misfortunes; I can be your afflictions' remedy. Are you waiting for me? Your friend desperate to see you, who is

Manuela Sáenz

Lima, a 27 de febrero de 1824

Al señor Libertador
General Simón Bolívar
Muy señor mío:

Por correo he sabido de su desgracia de usted. ¿No ve usted, señor, por usted mismo? Corro a su lado hasta Pativilca. Escribo muy de prisa por el ansia que tengo. Mañana salgo con algunos patriotas y tropa de Lima, pues son noticias frescas el que los peninsulares junto con los traidores de Torre Tagle, dan ultimátum a esta ciudad; y hallo justificación en hacerlo porque para usted su salud no cuenta. Yo bien sé que con mi compañía usted se



sentirá mejor, dando al traste con todas sus desgracias; que yo pueda ser remedio de sus males. ¿Me espera usted? Su amiga, desesperada por verlo, que es,

Manuela Sáenz

Huamachuco, 26 May, 1824

General Simón Bolívar,

My Dear Sir,

As sincere as it is, I have to tell you that my patience about not having your soul accessible to me, your friend, has a limit. You who would speak so much about communicating kindly with your friends is doubtful to write me a line; this causes in me a fatal agony, because I can't find a way to answer my questions about you or your austere if diplomatic behaviour.

Do I have to ask you this? No, because you do not even think about me, nor is your reply spontaneous. Have a small amount of love for me, although it may be only for what is patriotic.

Manuela Sáenz

Huamachuco, a 26 de mayo de 1824

General Simón Bolívar
Señor mío:

He de decirle a usted que mi paciencia en no ver su ánimo disponible hacia su amiga, que lo es sincera, tiene un límite. Usted, que tanto hablaba de corresponder gentilmente a los amigos, duda en escribirme una línea; esto me provoca una agonía fatal, pues no encuentro que satisfaga mis interrogantes acerca de usted o de su comportamiento austero, aunque diplomático.

¿He de preguntarle a usted mismo? No, porque ni siquiera piensa en mí, ni su respuesta es espontánea. Téngame un poco de amor, aunque sólo sea por lo de patriota.

Manuela Sáenz



Huamachuco, 30 May ,1824
General Simón Bolívar,

My Dear Sir,

I ask myself if it's worth it, such effort to recover you from the grip of that wanton who has maddened you lately. You will say that these are absurd ideas. I have to tell you that I know the circumstances from a very good source, and you know that I only trust the truth. Does my attitude bother you? So; I have the resolve to disappear from this world without 'your Honour's permission', now that you won't get to me in time, because of your many occupations...

Manuela Sáenz

Huamachuco, a 30 de mayo de 1824

General Simón Bolívar
Muy señor mío:

Me pregunto a mí misma, si vale la pena tanto esfuerzo en recuperarlo a usted de las garras de esa perversa que lo tiene enloquecido últimamente. Dirá usted que son ideas absurdas. He de contarle que sé los pormenores de muy buena fuente, y usted sabe que sólo me fio de la verdad. ¿Le incomoda mi actitud? Pues bien; tengo resuelto desaparecer de este mundo, sin el «permiso de su Señoría», ya que no me llegará a tiempo, debido a sus múltiples ocupaciones...

Manuela Sáenz

General's quarters, Huaraz, 9 june, 1824

Manuelita,

My adored:

You tell me about the pride that you feel at your participation in this campaign. Alright, my friend, accept my congratulation and at the



same time my task! Do you want to test the disaster of this battle? Let us go! The suffering, the anguish, the numerical powerlessness and the lack of equipment turn the braver man to a puppet of the war.

An encouraging circumstance is finding yourself at some turn with a straggling column of Loyalist grunts and taking their guns from them. You want to try it! You have to be ready for the bad weather, for tortuous road on horseback without giving yourself rest; your refinement tells me that you deserve worthy accommodation and there is none in the field. I'm not dissuading your decision and your audacity, but in the marches there is no place to return. For one thing, I just have an idea that you will find dangerous: pass through to the Army by the Huaraz track - Olleros, Choveín and Aguamina to the South of Huascarán.

Do you believe I'm crazy? Those snowfalls serve to cool the spirit of the patriots who swell our ranks. What makes you not sign up? A plain is awaiting us, Providence prepares it for us, for the triumph. Junín Province! What do you think of this?

To the idolised lover,

Yours,

Bolívar

Cuartel General en Huaraz, a 9 de junio de 1824

Manuelita

Mi adorada: Tú me hablas del orgullo que sientes de tu participación en esta campaña. Pues bien, mi amiga, ¡Reciba usted mi felicitación y al mismo tiempo mi encargo! ¿Quiere usted probar las desgracias de esta lucha? ¡Vamos! El padecimiento, la angustia, la impotencia numérica y la ausencia de pertrechos hacen del hombre más valeroso un títere de la guerra.

Un suceso que alienta es el hallarse en cualquier recodo con una columna rezagada de godos y quitarles los fusiles. ¡Tú quieres probarlo! Hay que estar dispuesto al mal tiempo, a



caminos tortuosos a caballo sin darse tregua; tu refinamiento me dice que mereces alojamiento digno y en el campo no hay ninguno. No disuado tu decisión y tu audacia, pero en las marchas no hay lugar a regresarse. Por lo pronto, no tengo más que una idea que tildarás de escabrosa: pasar al ejército por la vía de Huaraz, Olleros, Choveín y Aguamina al Sur de Huascarán.

¿Crees que estoy loco? Esos nevados sirven para templar el ánimo de los patriotas que engrosan nuestras filas. ¿A qué no te apuntas? Nos espera una llanura que la Providencia nos dispone para el triunfo. ¡Junín! ¿Qué tal?

A la amante idolatrada

Tuyo,
Bolívar

Huamachuco, 16 June, 1824

To His Excellency, the Liberator Simón Bolívar

My darling Simón,

My loved one:

The adverse conditions that can come on the road of this campaign - which you think will become real - don't intimidate me in my situation as a woman. It's the opposite, I defy them. What you think of me! You have told me always that I wear more trousers than any of your officials. Or not? From my heart I tell you: you will not have a more faithful comrade than me and no objection could come from my lips - nothing that could make you regret the decision to recruit me.

Do you engage me? Then I'm going there. This is not a reckless agreement, but one of valour and the love of independence (don't feel jealous).

Yours always,

Manuela Sáenz



Huamachuco, 16 June, 1824

A S.E. El Libertador Simón Bolívar
Mi querido Simón,
Mi amado:

Las condiciones adversas que se presenten en el camino de la campaña que usted piensa realizar, no intimidan mi condición de mujer. Por el contrario, yo las reto. ¡Qué piensa usted de mí! Usted siempre me ha dicho que tengo más pantalones que cualquiera de sus oficiales, ¿o no? De corazón le digo: no tendrá usted más fiel compañera que yo y no saldrá de mis labios queja alguna que lo haga arrepentirse de la decisión de aceptarme.

¿Me lleva usted? Pues allá voy. Que no es condición temeraria esta, sino de valor y de amor a la independencia (no se sienta usted celoso)

Suya siempre,

Manuela Sáenz

From Peru, Manuela writes to Simón to warn him about the Vice President of the Republic of Columbia Francisco de Paula Santander's potential to undermine him. Later, Santander would be tried for involvement in the 1828 assassination attempt on Bolívar. Bolívar pardoned him, commuted his death sentence and exiled him. After Bolívar's death in 1830, Santander would retake power and exile Sáenz.

Here, she begins, 'Did you want to tell me: what kind of man is this Santander that...you tolerate him; without doing anything to evade those infamies...?', suggesting that the truth of the situation is something that can be revealed by their discourse, and that he wishes to be honest to her about the situation's danger - and, in that way, finally take action to avoid it.

Bolívar writes his next letter to her on the day of his armies' victory over the Spanish cavalry at the Battle of Junín (Peru), in admiration for her military foresight and her minimalising of casualties. He promotes her to be the Captain of Hussars, the height of strategic and economic authority for her regiment.

He tells her that is in line with justice, and her glory's merit. He juxtaposes descriptions of her character's aspects with factual description (such as the



time of day), treating them as having the same physical reality: 'your valuable humanity in helping to plan, from your column... I hasten, with it being 16:00 o'clock', just as he congratulates himself at having her glory with him, at his side - as certain to him as time.

Huaraz, 17 June, 1824

My dear Sir,

Did you want to tell me: what kind of man is this Santander, who - being your enemy - you tolerate him; without doing anything to evade those infamies that I notice in your correspondence to be unjust - and all the while he deliberately doesn't receive your requests?

Be careful.

Yours,

Manuela Sáenz

Huaraz, a junio 17 de 1824

A S.E. El Libertador Simón Bolívar

Muy señor mío:

Quisiera usted referirme: ¿Qué clase de hombre es este Santander, que siendo su enemigo usted lo tolera; sin que haga nada usted por esquivar esas infamias por las que, en su correspondencia, me doy cuenta, cómo injusta y deliberadamente, él no acoge las peticiones de usted?

Tenga cuidado.

Suya,

Manuela Sáenz



General's Quarters, Junín, 6 August, 1824

To the Lieutenant of Hussars of His Excellency the Liberator and
President of Columbia

Señora Manuela Sáenz

My very beloved Manuela,

Considering the resolution of the Council of Divisional Generals, and having obtained their consent, and cited your personal ambition to take part in the fight; having seen the courage and valiance of your self; of your invaluable humanity in helping to plan, from your column, the actions that culminated in the glorious success of this day; I hasten, with it being 16:00 o'clock, to promote you to the rank of Captain of the Hussars, entrusting to you the economic and strategic activities of your regiment, and your greatest authority will be when you attend to the hospitals - this is the final point of contact of my officials with the army.

I fulfill this with justice, of giving to you the merit that your glory deserves, congratulating myself on having it at my side as my most beloved official of the Colombian army.

Yours with absolute affection,

His Excellency The Liberator

Bolívar

Cuartel General de Junín a 6 de agosto de 1824

Al señor teniente de Húzares de S.E.
El Libertador y presidente de Colombia
Señora Manuela Sáenz
Mi muy querida Manuela:



En consideración a la resolución de la Junta de Generales de División, y habiendo obtenido de ellos su consentimiento, y alegada su ambición personal de usted de participar en la contienda; visto su coraje y valentía de usted; de su valiosa humanidad en ayudar a planificar desde su columna las acciones que culminaron en el glorioso éxito de este memorable día; me apresuro, siendo las 16:00 horas en punto, en otorgarle el grado de Capitán de Húzares; encomendándole a usted las actividades económicas y estratégicas de su regimiento, siendo su máxima autoridad en cuanto tenga que ver con la atención a los hospitales, y siendo este, el último escaño de contacto de mis oficiales con la tropa.

Cumpro así con la justicia, de dar a usted su merecimiento de la gloria de usted, congratulándome de tenerla a mi lado como mi más querido oficial del ejército colombiano.

Su afectísimo,

S.E. El Libertador

In the next letter, Bolívar writes to Sáenz from Andahuaylas (Peru) to ask her to participate in a strategy to reassure the battalions that he, as the Liberator and President, is with them, even while he suffers from Typhus. A General would ride Bolívar's mule and Manuela would act as if she were attending Bolívar. Here, Bolívar seems to use linguistic techniques to distance himself from histrionic aspects of battle, and histrionic aspects of illness. He uses third person to describe himself as experiencing Typhus, instead of a more personal explanatory first person, and places inverted commas around the phrase 'with typhus' - the same inverted commas he uses around the actions he would like Manuela to act out in his strategy ('attending him' and 'refreshing him' with water). Ultimately, he tells her he wants her to be alive, adding that if she were dead, he would be, too - suggesting that in contrast to the planned theatrical strategy, his real incarnate existence is with her.

His following letter here is from Chalhuanca on the 4th of October 1824. He writes to advise her to stay where she is, because he feels she is a more capable and reliable witness and informer than his generals, although he's greatly conflicted by his love for her. He continues 'you are the being I love the most'. His use of language also gives an impression that he feels she can survive by remaining there, because he often describes her next actions as alive, in future tense.



On the 24th, he writes from Huancayo (Peru), fearing for the homeland after receiving the Law of the Congress of Colombia, stripping him of 'extraordinary powers' and transferring them to Santander. He takes control of pragmatic meaning, saying the refusal of power is, actually, a blunder by his detractors. Finally, he reminds her that keeping composure is obligatory in situations like this. He addresses her twice at the start of the letter, first as the informal diminutive 'My Manuelita' and then by her full name 'My...Manuela', perhaps appealing to different aspects of her self to help him.

Still in Peru, in Chancayo on the 20th of December (following the Battle of Ayacucho), he writes to Manuela telling her he has heard that she didn't follow his military orders to keep to the battle's periphery in any dangerous altercation with the enemy - and for her fearlessness he gives her the rank of Colonel of the Colombian Army. After signing, he adds: 'Viva the homeland...Viva Manuela, Viva Ayacucho!' The juxtaposition here conveys a sense that for him, it is as important that Manuela lives, as that the homeland thrives or the battle survives.

On April the 14th of the following year, Sáenz writes to him while he is away on a tour of the newly liberated southern Peru and Bolivia. Missing him, she discusses her current feelings of being ineffective, asking 'Why, then, do I let it [my hope for happiness] escape from my arms like water vanishing between fingers?' She moves between simile and metaphor like this, to more concrete description, (such as 'my tasks are never done'), problem-solving in a discourse with him that can incorporate material and subjective levels of reality.

General's Quarters, Andahuaylas, 26 September, 1824 (Confidential)

My Manuela:

The 3rd of next month, I wish you to report to 'Héctor', in order to coordinate the business that worries us. Colonel Salguero is delivering the details of the strategy, so that Héctor sees the convenience of doing it in Huamanga as opposed to Condorcunga. The motive: that all the battalions know the Liberator and President



is there, with them, in his tent, even 'with typhus'. General Solom will arrive on my brown mule, so that it is believed to be me.

You will be very helpful at Héctor's side, but it is a recommendation for you, and an order from your General-in-chief, that you take no action before the altercation with the enemy. Your task will be to 'attend to me', entering and leaving the tent of the General staff, and bringing jugs of water to 'refresh me', at the time of each departure you take one of my orders (from the dispatches that I'm sending you) to each general. Don't ignore my considerations and my anxiety for you as a person.

I want you alive! Dead, I die.

Yours,

Bolívar

Cuartel General en Andahuaylas, a 26 de septiembre de 1824 (Confidencial) Cuartel General en Andahuaylas, a 26 de septiembre de 1824 (Confidencial)

Manuela mía:

El 3 del próximo, deseo que te reportes con «Héctor», a fin de coordinar el asunto que nos preocupa. El coronel Salguero lleva los partes de la estrategia, para que Héctor vea la conveniencia de hacerlo en Huamanga frente al Condorcunga. El motivo: que todos los batallones sepan que el Libertador y Presidente está allí, con ellos, en su tienda de campaña, aunque «con tabardillo». El general Solom llegará en mi mula parda a fin de que se crea que soy yo.

Tú serás muy útil al lado de Héctor, pero es una recomendación para ti, y una orden de tu general en Jefe, de que te quedes pasiva ante el encuentro con el enemigo. Tu misión será la de «atenderme», entrando y saliendo de la tienda del Estado Mayor, y llevando viandas de agua para «refrescarme», al tiempo de que en cada salida llevas una orden mía (de los partes que estoy enviándote) a cada general. No desoigas mis consideraciones y mi preocupación por tu humanidad.

¡Te quiero viva! Muerta, yo muero.

Tuyo,
Bolívar



General's Quarters, Chalhucada, 4 October, 1824

To the Lady Captain of the Hussars of the Guard

(Personal)

My very beloved Manuelita:

I ask, following the counsel of my thoughts, that are battling with my heart's ardour, that you remain there. I do it, not to separate myself from you, because you are the being I want the most and because I'm always thinking of you. Your presence will mean you can get me detailed reports in every circumstance, that none of my generals could make known to me, more for their personal preoccupations, than for intrigues or disagreements. To stay informed of everything that happens there, I can watch two fronts, sure of finding the back-up that you will manage for me in those quarters.

I'm yours in heart,

Bolívar

Cuartel General de Chalhucada, a octubre 4 de 1824

A la señora Capitana de Húzares de la Guardia

Manuela Sáenz

(Personal)

Mi muy querida Manuelita:

Te pido con el consejo de mis pensamientos, que batallan con el ardor de mi corazón, que te quedes ahí. Lo hago, no por separarme de ti, pues tú eres el ser que más quiero y porque siempre estoy pensando en ti. Tu presencia servirá para que te encargues de hacerme llegar informes minuciosos de todo pormenor, que ninguno de mis generales me haría saber, más por sus preocupaciones personales, que por intrigas o desavenencias. Al mantenerme al tanto de todo lo que acontece allí, puedo mirar dos frentes, seguro de encontrar el respaldo que tú lograrás en ese cuartel.

Soy tuyo de corazón,

Bolívar



General's Quarters, Huancayo, 24 October, 1824

My adored Manuelita,

My beautiful and good Manuela, today I have received the Law of the Congress of Colombia, of 28 July, stripping me of all the extraordinary powers, such as the ones with which I found myself invested by the executive; transferring them all, without exception, to Santander.

My heart sees with sorrow the horrible future of a homeland that succumbs before the meanness of personal interests and benefits.

Besides everything, nevertheless, an apology. You, on the other hand, remain always loyal to me. However, for the love that you profess to me, don't do anything that could destroy us both.

Disregard the act as a blunder by my detractors, just keeping the composure that is obligatory in these cases, while I appeal to my intuition - in order to organise my relief from these responsibilities with Sucre.

Yours,

Bolívar

Cuartel General de Huancayo, a 24 de octubre de 1824

Mi adorada Manuelita:

Mi bella y buena Manuela, hoy he recibido la Ley del Congreso de Colombia, del 28 de julio, quitándome todas las facultades extraordinarias de las cuales me hallaba investido por el ejecutivo; traspasándolas todas, sin excepción, a Santander.

Mi corazón ve con tristeza el horrible futuro de una patria que sucumbe ante la mezquindad de los intereses personales y de partidos.

A todos cabe, sin embargo, una disculpa. Tú, en cambio, te conservas siempre fiel a mí. Sin embargo, por el amor que me profesas, no hagas nada que nos hundiría a los dos. Desconoce el hecho como un desliz de mis detractores, sin más que guardar la compostura



que obliga en estos casos, mientras yo recorro a mi intuición a fin de organizar mi relevo de estas responsabilidades en Sucre.

Tuyo,
Bolívar

Chancayo, 9 November, 1824

My adored Manuelita:

I'm very grateful for your opportune correspondence, which tells me in detail about the hatred of those pernicious people, the rural majority, who, without more motive than that of their mutinousness, harass the armies. Also the details about the behaviour of Generals Uno and Heres.

Sucre now has the orders pertinent to the march; you, by means of patience, stay waiting for my return, which will be very soon, as I long for your kind caresses and contemplate you, with my passion, that is crazed for you. Your only man,

Bolívar

Chancayo, a 9 de noviembre de 1824

Mi adorada Manuelita:

Estoy muy agradecido por tu oportuna correspondencia, que al detalle me informa de los odios de esas gentes perniciosas, la mayoría campesinos que sin más motivo que el de su rebeldía, hostigan a las tropas. También los del comportamiento de los generales Uno y Heres.

Sucre ya tiene las órdenes pertinentes a la marcha; tú por vías de paciencia queda a la espera de mi retorno, que será muy pronto, pues ansío tus amables caricias y contemplarte con mi pasión, que lo es loca por ti. Tu único hombre,

Bolívar



General's Quarters, Huancavilca, 20 December, 1824

Senora lady Manuela Sáenz

Esteemed Manuelita:

At receiving the letter of the 10th, in Sucre's handwriting, I could not but be surprised by your audacity, in that my order that you would keep to the periphery of any dangerous altercation with the enemy was not followed; but more than that your unreprieved conduct gratifies and ennobles the glory of the Colombian army, for the good of the homeland and as a fierce instance of beauty impresses itself on the Andes. My strategy gave me the often-repeated reason that you could be helpful there; while I take proudly for my heart the banner of your fearlessness, to name you as, it asks me: Colonel of the Colombian Army.

Yours,

Bolívar

P.s.: Long live the homeland, long live Sucre, long live Manuela, long live Ayacucho! How it is the Republic's apotheosis!

Cuartel General de Huancavilca Diciembre 20 de 1824

Señora doña Manuela Sáenz

Apreciada Manuelita:

Al recibir la carta del 10, de letra de Sucre, no tuve más que sorprenderme por tu audacia, en que mi orden, de que te conservaras al margen de cualquier encuentro peligroso con el enemigo, no fuera cumplida; a más de que tu desoída conducta, halaga y ennoblece la gloria del ejército colombiano, para el bien de la patria y como ejemplo soberbio de la belleza, imponiéndose majestuosa sobre los Andes. Mi estrategia me dio la consabida razón de que tú serías útil allí; mientras que yo recojo orgulloso para mi corazón, el estandarte de tu arrojo, para nombrarte como se me pide: Coronel del ejército colombiano.

Tuyo,
Bolívar

Adición: ¡Viva la patria, Viva Sucre, Viva Manuela, Viva Ayacucho! ¡Qué es la apoteosis de la República!



Lima, 14 April, 1825

To His Excellency General Simón Bolívar

My dear Sir:

I know my unique hope for happiness has left with you. Why, then, do I let it escape from my arms like water vanishing between fingers? In my thoughts, I'm more than convinced that you are the ideal lover, and your memory torments me at all times.

I find that by fulfilling my fancies my senses are inundated, but I don't manage to satisfy myself, when it comes to it, you're who I need; there is nothing that may compare with the force of my love. Buying perfumes, expensive dresses, jewelry doesn't please my vanity. Only your words achieve that. If you wrote giant letters to me, with minute handwriting, I would be more than happy.

My labours never finish, because one starts and it doesn't end, and I already have another begun. I confess that I'm as if blunted and I can't accomplish anything. Tell me what I should do, for I can't hit any target, and all because of your absence here.

If you told me come, I would go flying, were it to the end of the world!

Your poor and hopeless friend,

Manuela Sáenz

Lima a 14 de abril de 1825

A S.E. General Simón Bolívar
Muy señor mío:

Sé que ha partido con usted mi única esperanza de felicidad. ¿Por qué, entonces, le he permitido escurrirse de mis brazos como agua que se esfuma entre los dedos? En mis



pensamientos estoy más que convencida de que usted es el amante ideal, y su recuerdo me atormenta durante todo el tiempo.

Encuentro que satisfaciendo mis caprichos se inundan mis sentidos, pero no logro saciarme, en cuanto a que es usted a quien necesito; no hay nada que se compare con el ímpetu de mi amor. Comprar perfumes, vestidos costosos, joyas, no halaga mi vanidad. Tan sólo sus palabras logran hacerlo. Si usted me escribiera con letras diminutas y cartas grandotas, yo estaría más que feliz.

Mis labores no terminan nunca, pues empieza una y no termina y ya tengo otra empezada. Confieso que estoy como embotada y no logro hacer nada. Dígame qué debo hacer, pues no atino ni una, y todo por el vacío de usted aquí.

Si usted me dijera venga, yo iría volando ¡asífuera al fin del mundo!

Su pobre y desesperada amiga,
Manuela Sáenz

A few months before the Congress of Upper Peru took place and the Republic of Bolivia was created, Bolívar writes to Sáenz, fearing that her honour and social standing will be jeopardised by their relationship and her former marriage, but she responds angrily that there is too much hypocrisy in social standards for one to be able to live by them. She quotes him: 'You, my Sir, proclaim it in every direction to the four winds: "The world changes, Europe transforms, America as well"... We are in America! All these circumstances change too'. Linguistically, on one level this seems to give him distance from his words, as if asking 'you said this, do you believe it?'. On another level, in presenting him with his own words, she allows him to remember them and be connected with them again.

Ica, 20 April, 1825

My beautiful and good Manuela:

Every moment, I think about you and the destiny that has affected you. I see that nothing in this world can bring us together under innocence and honour's auspices. I see that well, and I groan at such



a horrible situation for you; because you should reconcile with someone you didn't love; and myself, because I should separate myself from someone I idolise!!! Yes, I idolise you more today than ever. Severing myself from your love and your possession has multiplied for me the feeling from all your soul and divine heart's - unprecedented heart's - enchantments.

When you were mine, I loved you more for your genius than for your delicious attractivenesses. But now, it seems that now an eternity separates us, because my own resolve has placed me in the torment of severing myself from your love, and your just heart separates us from ourselves, since we sever from us the soul that gave us existence, giving us the pleasure of living. In the future, you will be alone, albeit at your husband's side; I will be alone in the centre of the world. Only the glory of having been victorious will be our consolation. Obligation tells us that we are no longer guilty! No, no, we will not be any longer.

Bolívar

Ica, 20 de abril de 1825

Mi bella y buena Manuela:

Cada momento estoy pensando en ti y en el destino que te ha tocado. Yo veo que nada en el mundo puede unirnos bajo los auspicios de la inocencia y del honor. Lo veo bien, y gimo de tan horrible situación por ti; porque te debes reconciliar con quien no amabas; y yo, porque debo separarme de quien idolatro!!! Sí, te idolatro hoy más, que nunca jamás. Al arrancarme de tu amor y de tu posesión se me ha multiplicado el sentimiento de todos los encantos de tu alma y de tu corazón divino, de ese corazón sin modelo.

Cuando tú eras mía, yo te amaba más por tu genio encantador que por tus atractivos deliciosos. Pero ahora, ya me parece que una eternidad nos separa, porque mi propia determinación, me ha puesto en el tormento de arrancarme de tu amor, y tu corazón justo nos separa de nosotros mismos, puesto que nos arrancamos el alma que nos daba existencia, dándonos el placer de vivir. En lo futuro, tú estarás sola aunque al lado de tu marido; yo



estaré solo en medio del mundo. Sólo la gloria de habernos vencido será nuestro consuelo. El deber nos dice que ya no somos más culpables! No, no lo seremos más.

Bolívar

General's Quarters, Ica, 21 April, 1825

My adored Manuela:

I go accompanied by, I mean with the company of, your most pleasing memories. I think, within my relationships, that much must be the work that I have to accomplish and I know that Grandeur and Glory are expected. However, everything clouds over in the recollection of your vestal and beautiful image, almost causing this internal struggle of my heart, finding itself among my duties; discipline, my intellectual work and love. You do not know, Manuela of mine, how much this old and tired heart longs for you, in the fervent wish that your presence rejuvenate it and make it beat again in a rhythm, like one healthy.

On the basis of my dread, I know it is not good to insist on your journey here, since you could miss obligations with your husband. However, I cannot deceive myself. Your luck that has affected you makes me so sad about your sacrifices, that you want only with me. I am grateful to you for that. My feelings intensify, together with my desires, on thinking of you, and all that is enchanting in your spirit with no equal, as well as your feminine captivation.

Very soon, I will know what decision we will have to take, faced with this situation that destroys our soul. For now, we have to have a Franciscan's patience.

Yours in soul,

Bolívar



Cuartel General Ica, a 21 de abril de 1825

Mi adorada Manuelita:

Voy acompañado, quiero decir, con la compañía de tus gratísimos recuerdos. Pienso, dentro de mis relaciones, que mucho ha de ser el trabajo que debo realizar y sé que me esperan la Grandeza y la Gloria. Sin embargo, todo se empaña en la remembranza de tu imagen vestal y hermosa, casi causante de esta lucha interna de mi corazón que se halla entre mis deberes; la disciplina, mi trabajo intelectual y el amor. No sabes, Manuela mía, cómo te ansía este corazón viejo y cansado, en el deseo ferviente de que tu presencia lo rejuvenezca y lo haga palpar de nuevo al ritmo de como sano!

Sobre la base de mi temor, sé que no está bien insistir en tu viaje acá, pues faltarías a las obligaciones para con tu marido. Sin embargo, ni yo mismo puedo engañarme. Tu suerte que te ha tocado, me entristece mucho por lo de tus sacrificios que quieres sólo para conmigo. Yo te lo agradezco. Mis sentimientos se agigantan junto con mis deseos, al pensar en ti, y en todo lo arrobador de tu espíritu sin igual, además de tu encantamiento femenino.

Muy pronto sabré qué determinación habremos de tomar ante esta situación que nos destroza el alma. Por lo pronto, debemos tener paciencia de franciscano.

Tuyo en el alma,
Bolívar

General's Quarters, Ica, 26 April, 1825

My adored Manuelita:

My love, today I go with Upper Peru, Chuquisaca, as my destination, full of projects that make up my ideal of creating a new Republic. And so, the demand must be a lot of work that is accomplished under the direction of Providence, by which I will achieve my most great glory - that has me thinking about you, at every moment your image accompanies me on all sides, turning living ideas into the sumptuous nectar of my life and my labours.

That said, I am imprisoned by an interior battle between obligation and love; between your honour and dishonour, to be guilty of love. Severing from each other is what prudence and moderation indicate, in justice - I hate obeying those virtues!



I'm yours in soul and heart,

Bolívar

Cuartel General en Ica, a 26 de abril de 1825

Mi adorada Manuelita:

Mi amor, marchó hoy con destino al Alto Perú, a Chuquisaca, lleno de proyectos que son mi ilusión de crear una nueva República. Y por lo tanto, la demanda ha de ser mucho trabajo que realizar con la dirección de la Providencia y donde alcanzaré lo más grande de mi gloria, que me tiene pensando en ti, a cada momento en que tu imagen me acompaña a todo lado, haciendo de ideas vivas el palaciego almíbar de mi vida y mis labores.

Sin embargo, soy preso de una batalla interior entre el deber y el amor; entre tu honor y la deshonra, por ser culpable de amor. Separarnos es lo que indica la cordura y la templanza, en justicia ¡Odio obedecer estas virtudes!

Soy tuyo de alma y corazón,
Bolívar

Lima, 1 May, 1825

My dear Sir:

I received your letter, which disgusts my soul, not only for the little that you write to me, but also for your interest in cutting the relationship of amity that unites us, at least in respect of knowing yourself triumphant about everything that is proposed. Nevertheless, I say to you: it is not necessary to flee happiness when it is found so close. And we should only regret the things that we did not do in this life.

Your Excellency knows well how I love you. Yes, with madness!

You speak to me of morals, of society. Then, you know well that all that is hypocritical, with no other ambition than making a position



for the satisfaction of the miserable, egoistical beings that there are in the world.

Tell me: who can judge us by love? All plot and unite to impede two beings uniting; but tied down with conventionalisms and full of hypocrisy. Why cannot Your Excellency and my humble person love each other? If we have found happiness it has to be prized. Following the auspices of what you call moral, should I then continue sacrificing myself because I committed the error of believing that I would always love the person I married?

You, my Sir, proclaim it in every direction to the four winds: 'The world changes, Europe transforms, America as well'... We are in America! All these circumstances change too. I read your reminiscences fascinated by your glory.

Perhaps we share the same thing: I do not endure hearsay, and it does not inconvenience my dream.

Notwithstanding, I am a decent woman in the honour of knowing myself to be a patriot and your lover.

Your beloved, through distance,

Manuela Sáenz

Lima, a mayo 1 de 1825

A S.E. General Simón Bolívar
Muy señor mío:

Recibí su apreciable, que disgusta mi ánimo, por lo poco que me escribe; además de que su interés por cortar esta relación de amistad que nos une, al menos en el interés de saberlo triunfante de todo lo que se propone. Sin embargo yo le digo: no hay que huir de la felicidad cuando esta se encuentra tan cerca. Y tan sólo debemos arrepentirnos de las cosas que no hemos hecho en esta vida.



Su Excelencia sabe bien cómo lo amo. Sí, ¡con locura!

Usted me habla de la moral, de la sociedad. Pues, bien sabe usted que todo eso es hipócrita, sin otra ambición que dar cabida a la satisfacción de miserables seres egoístas que hay en el mundo.

Dígame usted: ¿Quién puede juzgarnos por amor? Todos confabulan y se unen para impedir que dos seres se unan; pero atados a convencionalismos y llenos de hipocresía. ¿Por qué S.E. y mi humilde persona no podemos amarnos? Si hemos encontrado la felicidad hay que atesorarla. Según los auspicios de lo que usted llama moral, ¿Debo entonces seguir sacrificándome porque cometí el error de creer que amaré siempre a la persona con quien me casé?

Usted, mi señor, lo pregona a cuatro vientos: «El mundo cambia, la Europa se transforma, América también»... ¡Nosotros estamos en América! Todas estas circunstancias cambian también. Yo leo fascinada sus memorias por la gloria de usted.

¿Acaso no compartimos la misma? No tolero las habladurías, que no importunan mi sueño. Sin embargo, soy una mujer decente ante el honor de saberme patriota y amante de usted.

Su querida, a fuerza de distancia,

Manuela Sáenz

Days later she writes to him again, as the Congress of Upper Peru nears. She tells him that she knows staying in love with him is what she should do. Using the abstract adjectives 'cruel and merciless', she explains that he sees destiny as something sinister. She says that she believes the opposite, that destiny made them meet, and gave them the opportunity to see each other, speak together and relate. In this way, her grammatical choice of factually descriptive verbs with positive connotations in depicting 'destiny' shifts the concept from something abstract, malign and cruel to something active, benign and effectual, reassuring him that 'fate' is actually humane in the universe surrounding them and in their discourse.

Early in the following letter, she writes 'tell me where you are', while she continues to use discursive conventions associated with a physically close conversation, such as warmly commanding imperative verbs and the asking of questions. Perhaps this is to make the discourse between them seem unaffected by distance or separation. In another linguistic act of transcendence, she continues to address him in the respectful, formal 2nd person when she writes that she loves him with candid affection.



Lima, 3 May, 1825

To His Excellency General Simón Bolívar

My idolised love:

In the past, I spoke to you about my decision to continue loving you, if at the expense of some obstacle or conventionalisms that create no anxiety in me to follow them. I know it is what I should do and that's it! We do not need to fool ourselves about destiny. According to you, it is cruel and merciless. No, I believe, to the contrary, that it has made us meet, given us the opportunity to see each other and exchange opinions on whatever interested us about the patriotic cause and, of course,...if we do not know how to harness this, it will avenge itself on us later, and then it will have no mercy or pity.

You, with the very little love you had for me, have allowed the aspiration of you to become lost, and I see it all with hopelessness. In all that you write to me, I hope to know something of your thought, just as I wanted to convince myself in my way and to myself that you are not willing to sever our relationship either. See it for yourself: there is nothing in the world that could separate us against our will. Mine is to continue, at the expense of my rest and my happiness. What do you say?

Yours,

Manuela Sáenz

Lima, a mayo 3 de 1825

A S.E. General Simón Bolívar
Mi amor idolatrado:

En la anterior, comenté a usted de mi decisión de seguir amándole, aún a costa de cualquier impedimento o convencionalismos que en mí no dan preocupación alguna por seguirlos. ¡Sé qué es lo que debo hacer y punto! No hay que burlarse del destino (este según usted es cruel, despiadado). No, yo creo que, por el contrario, nos ha hecho encontrar, nos dio la oportunidad de vernos e intercambiar opiniones de aquello que nos interesaba, de la



causa patriota y, desde luego,... si no sabemos aprovechar esto, después se vengará de nosotros y entonces no tendrá misericordia ni piedad.

Usted que me tenía un poquito de amor ha permitido que la ilusión de usted se pierda, y yo veo todo con desesperanza. En todo lo que usted me escribe, deseo conocer algo de su pensamiento, como queriendo convencerme a mi manera y a mí misma, que usted tam-poco está dispuesto a cortar nuestra relación. Véalo por usted mismo: nada hay en el mundo que nos separe, que no sea nuestra propia voluntad. La mía es seguir, a costa de mi reposo y mi felicidad. ¿Qué dice usted?

Suya,
Manuela Sáenz

Lima, 5 May, 1825

To His Excellency General Simón Bolívar

My dear Sir:

Why have you gone without me? Do you not see that you have made me suffer much? Tell me where you are? I'm very unhappy, but I cannot judge you. I know that, by distancing yourself, you wanted to guard me against great sorrow.

You have a heart of gold, I know that. However, I do not want you to dement yourself about me. Me, I am sick from anxiety and crazed by your absence. Only at your side can I support it all; I have so much left over, too much love to be given to it! The single thing that matters to me is your love, feeling secure in your arms.

Now you will say that I am libertine because of everything that I am going to tell you: kiss me all, as was my teaching. Do you not see? How will I arrange things without your presence? I ask, why have you left me in love? With my soul in pieces! You say that love liberates us. Yes, but if we are together. That was established by [the battle of] Junín; otherwise, I feel imprisoned in my restlessness.



I do not ask you to think of me - tell me that you have loved me, me more than any other. Forgive the irritation of my delirium, but it is that I adore you. I am a woman in love; have a small amount of compassion and consideration for me.

I know that I am going to tell you what you will not like, but yes: I die of jealousy to think that you could be with another; but I know that no woman on the face of the earth could make you as happy as me. Pride? You may think so, but the truth is the damnedest luck! For your love I will be your slave, if the end justifies it, your beloved, your lover; I love you, I adore you, because you are the being that made me awaken my virtues as a woman. I owe all, being as well as that, also a patriot.

Yours,

Manuela Sáenz

Lima, a 5 de mayo de 1825

A S.E. General Simón Bolívar
Muy señor mío:

¿Por qué se ha ido usted sin mí? ¿No ve que me ha hecho sufrir mucho? Dígame dónde está. Estoy muy triste, pero no puedo juzgarlo. Sé que al alejarse ha querido evitarme un gran dolor.

Usted tiene un corazón de oro, eso lo sé. Sin embargo, no quiero que se desobligue de mí. Yo, que estoy enferma de ansiedad y loca por la ausencia de usted únicamente puedo soportarlo todo a su lado; me sobra mucho, ¡Demasiado amor para dárselo! Lo único que me importa es su amor, sentirme segura en sus brazos.

Ahora dirá usted que soy libidinosa por todo lo que voy a decirle: que me bese toda, como me dejó enseñada, ¿No lo ve? ¿Cómo me las arreglaré sin la presencia de usted? Pregunto, ¿Por qué me ha dejado enamorada? ¡Con el alma en pedazos! Usted dice que el amor nos libera. Si, pero juntos. Eso fue comprobado por lo de Junín; de lo contrario me siento encarcelada en mi desasosiego.

No le pido que piense en mí, dígame que me ha amado a mí más que a ninguna otra. Perdóneme el fastidio de mi delirio, pero es que lo adoro. Soy una mujer enamorada; tenga usted un poquito de compasión y consideración por mí.



Sé que lo que voy a decir no le gustará, pero sí: me muero de celos al pensar que podría usted estar con otra; pero yo sé que ninguna mujer sobre la faz de la tierra podría hacerlo tan feliz como yo. ¿Orgullo? Piense usted que sí, ¡Pero es la verdad más dichosa! Por su amor seré su esclava si el término amerita, su querida, su amante; lo amo, lo adoro, pues es usted el ser que me hizo despertar mis virtudes como mujer. Se lo debo todo, amén de que soy patriota.

Suya,

Manuela Sáenz

Sáenz continues in Lima, far from Bolívar and contemplating the hypocrisy she sees in society's concept of honour. She asks him, 'How high is honor that it may overcome the great Bolívar, and what are the caution and moderation that oblige the Liberator to indict against himself?' Just as he wrote of himself in third person earlier, to distance himself from the illness he was experiencing, Sáenz might use the linguistic technique to distance him from the caution and moderation she feels are overcoming him because of his social persona and obligations - perhaps suggesting that by separating himself from the persona of 'the great Bolívar' and 'the Liberator' he could separate himself from the cautiousness affecting it. She continues: 'If one of the of the primordial virtues is obedience to love, then the same providence provides for every human being.' Her choice of the abstract noun 'love' - one open to all its meanings, not a single personal significance - seems to help create the effect that the affection between her and Bolívar is part of a powerful universal sense, unregulated by honour or society. In the subsequent letter, she writes, 'the shadow of you, my glorious Liberator, is what is cast over me.' This metaphor appears to create a context of 'closeness' between them - such closeness that their shadows are cast on one another - surpassing the physical distance separating them.

She asks: 'Answer me... yes?', a question that implies they can continue communicating through the space that divides them. Then, she concludes by explaining she is a 'woman made bitter by circumstances', perhaps entailing that the noun 'woman' in this sentence is an entity that exists independently from 'circumstances' that have only affected her. Linguistically here, 'woman' is a something separate and distinct from her 'circumstances', because she is



able to be affected by them. Her word choice here seems to present her as free-willed and autonomous from the inhumanity of her situation.

Lima, 9 May, 1825

To His Excellency, General Simón Bolívar

My dear Sir:

It makes me very happy to know of your sound ambition to create that new republic, there is so much lacking in the balance with the political organisation of the South, making the space to establish an order and principle, regulation for Peru and Argentina over the space of their territories.

I hope with profound anxiety to see your aspirations fulfilled - yes, they are very just, on the other hand your internal fights are not. Why deprive yourself from love's infinite enjoyment? How high is honor that it may overcome the great Bolívar, and what are the caution and moderation that oblige the Liberator to indict against himself? If one of the of the primordial virtues is obedience to love, then the same providence provides for every human being.

Grant me my obstinacy, but I am correct in this; otherwise my lack of shame will burn against me, guilty of its restlessness.

Who loves you today more than ever,

Yours,

Manuela Sáenz

Lima, a 9 de mayo de 1825

A su Excelencia, General Simón Bolívar
Muy señor mío:



Mucho me alegra conocer su sana ambición de crear esa nueva república, que tanta falta le hace como equilibrio a la organización política del Sur, dando lugar a establecer un orden y principio, regulando al Perú y a la Argentina el espacio de sus territorios.

Espero con profunda ansiedad ver colmadas sus aspiraciones, que sí son muy justas, en cambio en las lides de su interior no lo son. ¿Por qué privarse del goce infinito del amor? ¿Qué tan alta es la honra para que sobrepase a la del gran Bolívar y cuál es la cordura y la templanza que obligan al Libertador a enjuiciarse a sí mismo? Si una de las virtudes primordiales es la obediencia al amor, que la misma providencia auspicia en todo ser humano.

Dispéñeme usted mi terquedad, pero en esto tengo razón; de lo contrario, mi desvergüenza arderá en mi contra como la culpable de su desasosiego. Quien lo ama hoy como nunca,

Suya,

Manuela Sáenz

Lima, 18 May, 1825

General Simón Bolívar,

My dear Sir:

I only know that you make yourself more difficult as you entertain yourself with tributes, ones very justly paid in honour to your glory; which, in a certain way compensates me for your absence and nourishes me, that in me which reflects the shadow of your glory.

Yes, because only the shadow of you, my glorious Liberator, is what is cast over me, in the absurdity of my coexistence in this home that I hate with all my heart. My mortification moves in the feeling of your absence, although it still does not make me sad, because I keep your constant image as an incentive in this crazy marriage; that, far from enriching me, devalues me, because of the displeasure with which I attend to things around the house as its matron.

Answer me, although it may only be a line, yes? Give life to this poor woman bitter by circumstances, only wishing to be at your side and not remote from you.



Yours,

Manuela Sáenz

Lima, a 18 de mayo de 1825

General Simón Bolívar
Muy señor mío:

Yo sólo sé que usted se hace más difícil en cuanto se entretiene en homenajes, muy justamente rendidos en honor a la gloria de usted; cosa que, en cierto modo, me resarce de su ausencia y me alimenta, en lo que en mí, refleja su sombra de gloria.

Sí, porque sólo la sombra de usted, mi glorioso Libertador, es la que me cubre, en el absurdo de mi convivencia, en este - que aborrezco con todo mi corazón. Mi mortificación va en el sentido de la ausencia de usted, aunque no me entristece todavía, pues guardo su imagen constante como aliciente de este desatinado matrimonio; que lejos de enriquecerme me envilece, por el desagrado con el que atiendo las cosas de la casa como matrona.

Contésteme usted aunque sea sólo una línea, ¿sí? Déle vida a esta pobre mujer que amargada por las circunstancias desea sólo estar a su lado y no apartada de usted.

Suya,
Manuela Sáenz

On the 28th of May, 1825, Sáenz answers one of Bolívar's letters about the creation of the Bolívarian Republic, as if using her distance from the immediate political situation and negotiations to give him the benefit of her overview. In light of this, she incorporates this distance and detached viewpoint in her diction. For example, she writes, 'the way I see it, it is very valid that your staff worry for your life'. On a lighter level, however, she finds his 'escapes' from adulatory gala functions entertaining from her vantage-point.

She sends him possessions and describes the history of these, making them seem actual and tangible: 'Use the handkerchief that I embroidered for you, with my love and devotion, just like the shirt, which is English' - objects as real as her being as she keeps watch.



From Arequipa, Peru, Bolívar begins the subsequent letter by writing how her letters have made him 'reflect on all the circumstances that affect us mutually', adding: 'I am longing because you are not at my side in these lands'. He goes on to describe for her the situation where he is: 'Everything is joy here... receiving me with triumphant arches and conducting me under a canopy'. He continues 'I know, my love, that there is nothing in this but daydreams in your wonderful imagination.' There may be ambiguity in this sentence: in one sense, what he is seeing must only be a dream to her and confined to her imagination because of her physical distance. In another sense, however, her imagination is responsible for the dream - his situation and the start of the Bolívarian Republic.

Lima, 28 May, 1825

His Excellency General Simón Bolívar

My dear Sir:

Lieutenant Salguero came and left me your much-appreciated letter of the 17th - in reading which your escapes from the reception gala functions and from homages in honour of your glory entertain me.

Know truly that I share in the strategies for your safety; because, the way I see it, it is very valid that your staff worry for your life, since the malign people search for you, as if you were the only thing responsible for all that happens here.

It gave me much joy to read about your enthusiasm when it comes to the Decree and Laws for the creation of the República Bolívar or 'Bolivia', as Your Excellency always affirms it.

Truly know that, yes, in you, I see that there is reason and good judgement for such goals, and not in those of Santander's creation. I think it very opportune that you address in correspondence to that gentleman your position and education, such as everything Your



Excellency knows from instruction by the learned books that you have studied, as from the military instruction you have had since childhood, to calm for him his doubts and intrigues, to the satisfaction of his own ignorance.

Your Excellency's wisdom surpasses the thinking of this age, and I know well that the new generations of that province and America will continue the result of your good ideas, achieving stable liberty and healthy cultivation.

I am sending you some tokens and sweets that Your Excellency enjoys. Use the handkerchief that I embroidered for you, with my love and devotion, just like the shirt, which is English. I bought it from a salesman who brought merchandise from a sailing boat that ship-wrecked close to Callao, and about these goods without customs, do not think another thing. I love you from the most profound part of my soul. Be careful with these offered things. How you forget me forever!

Yours,

Manuela Sáenz

Lima, a 28 de mayo de 1825

Su Excelencia señor General Simón Bolívar
Muy señor mío:

El teniente Salguero vino en dejarme su apreciable del 17, en que me hace gracia de sus escapadas a las funciones de gala en los recibimientos y homenajes en honor a la gloria de usted.

Bien sabe que comparto esas estrategias por su seguridad de usted; pues a mi modo de ver, es muy válido el que su Estado Mayor se preocupe por su vida, siendo que los malvados lo buscan como si fuera usted el único responsable de todo lo que pasa aquí.

Me dio mucha alegría leer su entusiasmo en lo referente al Decreto y Leyes para la creación de la República Bolívar o «Bolivia», como S.E. se empeña en llamarla. Bien sabe



que en usted veo que sí hay razón y juicio para tales fines, y no en los de creación de Santander. Estimo muy conveniente que usted resuelva en correspondencia a este señor, su posición y educación de usted, así como todo lo que S.E. conoce y sabe, tanto en instrucción de libros sabios que usted ha estudiado, como en instrucción de milicia desde niño, para que le calme las dudas e intrigas, a satisfacción de la propia ignorancia de él.

La inteligencia de S.E. sobrepasa a los pensamientos de este siglo, y bien sé que las nuevas generaciones de esa provincia y de América, seguirán el resultado de las buenas ideas de usted, en procura de una libertad estable y hacienda saludables.

Le envío unos cariñitos y dulces que le encantan a S.E. Use el pañuelo que le bordé para usted, con mi amor y devoción, así como la camisa, que es inglesa. La compré a un vendedor que trajo mercadería de una goleta que naufragó cerca del Callao, y por su mercancía sin aduana, no piense usted otra cosa. Lo amo desde lo más profundo de mi alma. Cuidado con las ofrecidas. ¡Qué de mí se olvida para siempre!

Suya,

Manuela Sáenz

General's Quarters, Arequipa, 8 June, 1825

My adored Manuelita:

My love: your beautiful letter from the 1st of May and the later one from the 3rd, has made me reflect on all the circumstances that affect us mutually. I am longing because you are not at my side in these lands enjoying glorious meetings with those who lauded the genius of my project for the Political Constitution of May 16th, for the creation of the Bolívarian nation.

Everything is joy here because by receiving me with triumphant arches and conducting me under a canopy, they adorn my vanity - nothing else but the satisfaction of seeing my wish achieved of creating a fifth Republic; remaining constituted of the four provinces of Chuquisaca: Charcas, La Paz, Potosí and Cochabamba. This is my great interest, so it does not consist as part of the nation Argentina,



because of the declaration of year 10, nor of Peru, which is another that belonged to it.

I know, my love, that there is nothing in this but daydreams in your wonderful imagination. Do not torment yourself any more. Your fortunate heart must strive with restlessness that are only the vain hexes of your husband's incomprehension. I could abandon with pleasure all that happens here to the whirlwind with which my passion longs to invade your intimacy and mine.

My gratitude is for all your attentions and anxieties that arrive in a procession of successive, consecutive caresses, delights and cares that make my disorganised state feel poor - it is only because of the strength of my obligations here. Yes, forgive me. From today on, I will dedicate a little time to this agreeable task of writing to you.

Your lover,

Bolívar

Cuartel General Arequipa, junio 8 de 1825

Mi adorada Manuelita:

Mi amor: tu hermosa carta del 1 de mayo y la perentoria del 3, me han hecho reflexionar en todas las circunstancias que nos afectan mutuamente. Añoro que en estas tierras no estés a mi lado, disfrutando de encuentros gloriosos con quienes premiaron al genio de mi Proyecto de Constitución Política del 16 de mayo, sobre la creación de la nación Bolívar.

Aquí todo es alegría, pues con recibirme con arcos triunfales y conducirme bajo palio, engalanan mi vanidad que no es otra que la satisfacción de ver cumplidos mis anhelos de crear una quinta República; quedando constituida por las cuatro provincias de Chuquisaca, Charcas, La Paz, Potosí y Cochabamba. Esto es mi vivo interés, para que no conste en parte de la nación Argentina, por lo del pronunciamiento del año 10, ni del Perú, que es otra a la cual perteneció.

Sé, mi amor, que en esto no hay otra cosa que los ensueños de tu maravillosa imaginación. No te mortifiques más. Tu corazón venturoso debe empeñarse con inquietudes que sólo son los hechizos fatuos de la incompreensión de tu marido. Relegaría con gusto



todo lo que aquí acontece, con el torbellino que mi pasión ansía invadir tu intimidad y la mía.

Mi agradecimiento es a todas tus atenciones y desvelos que llegan en procesión de sucesivos cariños, delicias y cuidados, que hacen sentir pobre mi descomedida actitud, que es sólo por la fuerza de mis obligaciones aquí. Sí, perdóname. A partir de hoy, dedicaré un poco de tiempo a esta agradable tarea de escribirte.

Tu amante,

Bolívar

Bolívar writes to Sáenz from his quarters in Tunja, Columbia, describing his imagining of her. He depicts her with adjectives, from the point of view of someone actually watching her. He writes, for example, 'Your dark, vivid eyes attract me.' Then, he suddenly uses adjectives to describe other entities. For instance, 'the simple... carpets of the campaign.' By this shift of focus, he could suggest that their discourse is not one of watcher and watched, but rather, they share the same view point describing and analysing entities around them, as when he writes here: 'Morals, as you say, are relative in this world.'

Her next letter has no date. She writes of no outside context, except the velvet wrapped around her. Perhaps this is a note or a timeless record. Her earlier letters could indicate she has a belief in a transcendent, eternal spirituality, as when she wrote to him: 'you know well my presence in body and soul at your side.' In the current letter, she writes that she wishes to be in a space with him 'where day and night do not signify, without a past'. Within the letter itself, she seems to create the sense of a timeless mood by only using the present tense, and the conditional but used from an immediate viewpoint (as when she writes 'I would give even my last breath'). In this text, she seems to conjure just such an enduring space for herself and him, by immutable words.



General's Quarters, Tunja, 16 June, 1825

To my dulcet one, very dulcet and adored Manuelita

My love:

I know you are much disposed towards me and that you have learned all the arts of strategy in love. That has created a delicious intimacy of thought and mutual affections, that are now for me a pleasing cause for happiness. Do you continue being the sacred and sensual jewel, full of beauty's attributes and spells? Well, beloved friend, I continue thinking and enjoying my imagination, although I know that you do not ignore your sacrifice's magnitude if you resolve to come here. Yes, I'm inviting you. Long live love in satin and silk, soft beds with gentle mattresses, red velvets, carpets, the glory of seeing a woman more lovely than Cleopatra, exercising all the power of her spells over my senses; the teasing of tearing your clothes without their cost mattering, at the same time, undoing your laboriously dressing table-styled hair.

Your dark, vivid eyes attract me, they have the spiritual enchantment of nymphs; yes, it intoxicates me to contemplate your beautiful body, nude and perfumed with the most exotic essences, and making love to you on the simple fur mats and carpets of the campaign.

All this is an obsession, the most intense of my emotions. What have I to do? Your reverie envelops me in the febrile desire of my night's delirium. Morals, as you say, are relative in this world; the society that developed itself and arose in this disastrous epoch of colonialism is pernicious and hypocritical; and therefore, as you say well, we should not have acted but by our hearts' cry.

Within my soul, I am yours,

Bolívar



Cuartel General en Tunja, junio 16 de 1825

A la dulce, muy dulce y adorada Manuelita
Mi amor:

Sé que tienes mucha disposición hacia mí y que has aprendido todas las artes de la estrategia en el amor. Esto ha creado una deliciosa intimidad de pensamiento y afectos mutuos, que son ahora para mí un grato motivo de felicidad. ¿Sigues siendo la joya sagrada y sensual llena de encantos y atributos de belleza? Pues bien, querida amiga, yo sigo pensando y gozando de mi imaginación, aunque sé que no ignoras la magnitud de tu sacrificio si resuelves venir acá. Sí, yo invito, ¡Viva el amor en el raso y la seda, las camas mullidas con blandos colchones, los terciopelos rojos, las alfombras, la gloria de ver a una mujer más linda que Cleopatra, ejerciendo todo el poder de sus encantos sobre mis sentidos; el ludibrio de rasgar tus vestidos sin importar su costo, deshaciendo al mismo tiempo tu laborioso peinado de tocador.

Me atraen profundamente tus ojos negros y vivaces, que tienen el encantamiento espiritual de las ninfas; me embriaga sí, contemplar tu hermoso cuerpo desnudo y perfumado con las más exóticas esencias, y hacerte el amor sobre las rudimentarias pieles y alfombras de campaña.

Todo esto es una obsesión, la más intensa de mis emociones ¿Qué he de hacer? Tu ensoñación me envuelve en el deseo febril de mis noches de delirio. La moral, como tú dices, en este mundo es relativa; la sociedad que se gestó y ha surgido en esa desastrosa época de colonialismo es pernicioso y farsante; por eso no debimos actuar, como tú bien dices, sino al llamado de nuestros corazones.

Soy tuyo de alma,

Bolívar

General Simón Bolívar

My dear Sir:

My genius, my Simón, love of mine, love intense and merciless. I would give even my last breath only for the grace of our meeting each other, to yield myself entirely to you with the whole of my love; to satisfy ourselves and to love in a kiss of yours and mine, without set times, where day and night do not signify, without a past, because you, my Sir, are the present moment for me, all days, and why I am in love, feeling the relief on my flesh of your caresses.



I keep the springtime of my breasts for you and the velvet surrounding my body (which are yours).

Your Manuela

General Simón Bolívar
Muy señor mío:

Mi genio, mi Simón, amor mío, amor intenso y despiadado. Sólo por la gracia de encontrarnos daría hasta mi último aliento, para entregarme toda a usted con mi amor entero; para saciarnos y amarnos en un beso suyo y mío, sin horarios, sin que importen el día y la noche y sin pasado, porque usted mi Señor es el presente mío, cada día, y porque estoy enamorada, sintiendo en mis carnes el alivio de sus caricias.

Le guardo la primavera de mis senos y el envolvente terciopelo de mi cuerpo (que son suyos).
Su Manuela

Next Bolívar writes to Sáenz from Pucará, saying that they 'should have faith that [they] will be together very soon'. He perhaps uses linguistic tools to create the idea of a time sequence that might lead to their reunion. He continues, for example, 'we will try to be better each day, more improved than on the previous', and 'you were born good and humanitarian'. By building up a logical concept of time, he may try to make the possibility of them reuniting soon seem real and sequential.

Then, he writes from his quarters in El Cuzco, analysing with her some important correspondence. The letter tells her he is sending her his correspondence with the General Santander, someone he feels is dismissing his intelligence. After Bolívar's death, Santander would exile Sáenz. Bolívar describes his letter to Santander, using close and relational aspects of discourse such as humour (in phrases like 'my modesty') and intimacy, as in his use of the intimate second person verbs and pronoun. Here, the Santander letter may be redefined by Bolívar therefore as part of his private discourse with Sáenz, and it also shows how closely he was following her political advice.



In the following letters, both Bolívar and Sáenz incorporate teasing irony into their intimate diction, but the effect is to underline their passion.

Later, she writes to him from Lima, describing herself reading one of his earlier letters. She describes the way it caused her to laugh, sing, cry and dance from 'emotion and happiness', before being cheered by her correspondence with him, she explains that she had been smoking so many cigarettes that she had a hoarse voice and her lady African servant, Nathán, warmly ridiculed her because of it. Manuela continues that she embraced Nathán with such energy that she almost killed her, the same way she feels she would embrace Bolívar: 'as if she were you'. She seems to use that comparison, too, to show that a General, and a servant have a level of equality for her. In fact, Nathán was Manuela's compatriot, as was her other African lady servant, Jonatás. Like Manuela, they would dress as soldiers: the role of a 'servant' seems nominal here.

General's Quarters, Pucará, 17 June, 1825

My adored Manuelita:

My love, I liked what you say so much, that you have gone to pray, because in truth we should have faith that we will be together very soon; but for that we will try to be better each day, more improved than on the previous; although it is superfluous to tell you that, because you were born good and humanitarian. I feel fully proud of you for that, because I know of your charities and benevolences. I like very much that you can be pious, though you are not like that so much, as well as that you deeply care for the deprived. In passing, I know that you give respect for the image of the Republic with fervor and zeal, only that brings you a thousand oppositions.

Every time that I remember your beautiful figure the enjoyment of the unending nights of love comes to me, where you are the



delicious lover, and we are two beings absorbed by the love that is elusive to us, inasmuch as your obligations and mine are very far from drawing us close, for little or none, there is a similitude between them.

If you had obligations here, then we would be more fortunate, because your work would have to do with me. Perhaps this is a supposition; then, we could not sever anymore.

Yours in heart and soul,

Bolívar

Cuartel General en Pucará, a 17 de junio 1825

Mi adorada Manuelita:

Mi amor, me gustó mucho lo que dices, que has ido a rezar, porque en verdad debemos tener fe en que estaremos juntos muy pronto; pero para ello trataremos de ser cada día mejores, más buenos que el anterior; aunque sobra decírtelo, porque tú naciste buena y humanitaria. Por esto me siento plenamente orgulloso de ti, porque sé de tus caridades y benevolencias. Me encanta que seas piadosa (aunque no lo eres tanto), amén de que te desvives por los desposeídos. De paso sé que haces respetar la imagen de la República con fervor y ahínco; solo que esto te trae mil contrariedades.

Cada vez que recuerdo tu hermosa figura viene a mí el goce de las noches de amor interminables, donde tú eres la amante deliciosa, y somos dos seres absorbidos por el amor que nos es esquivo, en tanto tus obligaciones y las mías distan mucho de acercarse, por la poca o ninguna, similitud de las mismas.

Si tuvieras obligaciones acá, entonces seríamos más dichosos, pues tu trabajo tendría que ver conmigo. Esto acaso en una suposición; entonces no nos separaríamos más.

Tuyo de corazón y de alma,

Bolívar



General's Quarters, El Cuzco, 10 July, 1825

Benevolent and beautiful Manuelita:

Now all has significance in the grandeur of being free, transforming itself into glory with the taste of triumph. I have really taken into account your estimation of the assumptions that Santander has about me, and I have written to him with my heritage of proprietary and culture, expanding the concept of me that he carries: my culture acquired by the contact with my illustrious friendships, by the permanent knowledge in the inexhaustible springs of valuable books, and the intelligence with which Divine Providence has distinguished me. I send you a copy of the same letter, to consider it illustrious in my modesty; since I have no tact with anyone, and least with Santander. In respect of my condition and integrity of a citizen and of a free man, he knows it.

Yours,

Bolívar

Cuartel General en el Cuzco, 10 de julio de 1825

Benevolente y hermosa Manuelita:

Ahora todo tiene significado en la grandiosidad de ser libres, transformándose en gloria con sabor a triunfo. He tomado muy en cuenta tu estimación sobre las apreciaciones que tiene Santander sobre mí, y le he escrito con mi acervo de propiedad y cultura, ampliando su concepto que de mí se lleva: mi cultura adquirida por el contacto con mis ilustres amistades, por el permanente saber en las inagotables fuentes de valiosos libros, y la inteligencia con que la Divina Providencia me ha distinguido. Te remito copia de la misma, por considerarla ilustre dentro de mi modestia; pues no tengo blanduras con nadie y menos con Santander. En lo que respecta a mi condición e integridad de ciudadano y hombre libre, él lo sabe.

Tuyo,

Bolívar



To His Excellency General Simón Bolívar

Lima, 14 July, 1825

My idolised love:

Today I have received your appreciated letter from the 16th of June this year, that after reading with vivid emotion it set me to laughing, singing, crying and dancing from emotion and happiness. Until the arrival of this, I have smoked so many cigarettes that I am hoarse and with solemn voice; for which Nathán has begun ridiculing me, and I almost kill her by an embrace, as if she were you.

Let me be happy with my fancies and my voluptuousnesses, that, of course I will tell to you with details; I know, you will enjoy yourself immensely with your strange mental pleasures. It is quite good that my image has brought itself to you, so, never lose it! I continue being beautiful, provocative, sensual and delectable. Ah! My enchantments are yours and any sacrifice whatever would be nothing, so as to be in your proximity.

You have your memory so clustered with portraits that they make me blush, but from desire, without destroying my intimacy or my modesty.

At once I have finished reading your letter and I dedicate myself to answering it, with the invariable security that you will continue writing me love letters, that they are the pretext of continuing with life. I love you so much, that I felt myself die when Your Excellency left. I could not live without at least receiving some news of yours. Do you see the intensity with which I think about you?

Yours,

Manuela Sáenz



Lima a 14 de julio de 1825
A S.E. General Simón Bolívar
Mi amor idolatrado:

Hoy he recibido su apreciable del 16 de junio próximo pasado, que luego de leer con viva emoción me ha puesto a reír, cantar, llorar y bailar de emoción y alegría. Hasta la llegada de esta, he fumado tantos cigarros, que estoy ronca y con voz grave; por lo que Nathán se ha puesto a ridiculizarme, y casi la mato de un abrazo, como si fuera usted.

Déjeme usted estar feliz con mis caprichos y mis voluptuosidades, que desde luego contaré con detalles a usted; que sé, usted gozará en inmensidad de sus placeres mentales peregrinos. Bastante bien se ha llevado usted mi imagen, pues ¡no la pierda nunca! Sigo siendo bella, provocativa, sensual y deliciosa. ¡Ah! Mis encantos son suyos y cualquier sacrificio no sería nada, con tal de estar en la proximidad de usted.

Tiene su recuerdo tal cúmulo de retratos, que me hacen ruborizar, pero de deseo, sin romper mi intimidad o mi modestia.

Presto he terminado la lectura de su carta y me dedico a contestarle, con la invariable seguridad de que usted me seguirá escribiendo cartas de amor, que son el pretexto de seguir con vida. Lo amo tanto, que me sentí morir cuando S.E. partió. Yo no podría vivir sin siquiera recibir alguna noticia suya. ¿Ve usted la vehemencia con que lo pienso?

Suya,

Manuela Sáenz

He then writes to her from La Paz, close to a month after the republic of Bolivia was created. He places his next letter to her here in the linguistic context of a war-field. In this context, he switches her role flexibly, describing himself as her adversary 'in battlegrounds of love', then herself as his most beautiful and adored official. While this context might be seen as merely ironic, erotic or teasing, his concept of her here can transcend rigid compartmentalisation. In this situation, writing that she 'gives spirit, necessary to [his] most alive desires and feelings' also reminds that she has assisted with a battle strategy that utilised similar intense emotions. Writing to her lets him temporarily reduce power and punishment to a jest, as he writes teasingly of reprimanding her for insubordination and failure to follow orders. Her political and military influence are tacit but evident, as he seems so certain of her efficaciousness as a military leader that their discourse permits him to tease her without appearing critical or confrontational.



In his following letter, he describes his political and diplomatic itinerary for her scrutiny, and later adds 'you exist and I exist for love'. Through juxtaposition, linguistically connecting concepts of 'love' to his new public administration, as well as distinguishing between public and private lives.

La Paz, 29 September, 1825

To Manuela the beautiful

My adored Manuelita:

A grain of barley has more value than an anxious man awaiting love! Because this is a right of nostalgia. Me, I glory in quietness. I am in the shadows of my restlessness! I think only about you, about nothing but you, and about all delicious aspects of your shapes. The thing that is always - in my mind tormented by your beautiful memories - is the image of what I imagine in perennial fervor of your love and mine.

You alone exist in the world for me! Your pristine purity and protective dew are like an angel that gives spirit, necessary to my most alive desires and feelings. For you I know that I am going to have the immense good fortune of enjoying the pleasures of this and of the other world (that of love), because from the beginning I knew that in you exists all that I long for in my most dear aspirations.

Do not declare my attitude indifferent and thoughtless, as if it lacks tenderness. See that this distance, from one place to the other, where you and I are, only serves to feed on a larger scale the increasing fire of our passions. For me, at the least it stokes for me the delight of your memories.

Forget that cataract of invalid suspicions about my loyalty to you, that are only going to age your spirit and mislead your good desires.



Reflect on all that you cannot deny me, and act according to my veneration for you.

Answer me, at least this, and lessen the fever of my words. I already became tired of doing this without your answers.

Oh! Indolent ingratitude. Do it as an express order, from your finest adversary in the battlegrounds of love! If not, submit to the next Guerrilla council meeting, for indiscipline and insubordination, lacking compliance to a superior order.

For the most beautiful and adored of my officials, 'Manuela the finical'.

I am yours in heart,

Bolívar

La Paz, 29 de septiembre de 1825

A Manuela la bella
Mi adorada Manuelita:

¡Vale más un grano de cebada que un hombre ansioso en espera del amor! Porque este es un derecho de nostalgia. Yo, que me jacto de tranquilo, ¡Estoy en penumbras de mi desasosiego! Sólo pienso en ti, nada más que en ti y en todo lo que tienen de deliciosas tus formas. Lo que siempre está en mi mente atormentada por tus bellos recuerdos, es la imagen de lo que imagino en perenne fervor de tu amor y el mío.

¡Tú solamente existes en el mundo para mí! Tu prístina pureza y rocío tutelar es como un ángel que da ánimo, necesario para mis sentidos y mis deseos más vivos. Por ti sé que voy a tener la dicha inmensa de gozar los placeres de este y del otro mundo (el del amor), porque desde el principio supe que en ti existe todo lo que yo ansío en mis más caros anhelos.

No tildes mi actitud de indiferente y poco detallista, al igual que falta de ternura. Mira que esta distancia, de un sitio a otro, de que tú y yo estamos, sólo sirve para alimentar en mayor escala el fuego creciente de nuestras pasiones. Al menos a mí, me aviva la delicia de tus recuerdos.



Olvida esa catarata de inválidas sospechas sobre mi fidelidad hacia ti, que sólo van a envejecer tu ánimo y descarriar tus buenos deseos. Recapacita en todo lo que tú no puedes negarme, aun a través de la distancia, y hazlo por mi veneración hacia ti.

Contéstame, al menos esta, que lleva la fiebre de mis palabras. Ya me cansé de hacerlo yo sin tus respuestas.

¡Oh! ingratitud indolente. ¡Hazlo en favor de una orden expresa, de tu más fino adversario en los campos del amor! Si no, atiende al próximo «Consejillo de guerrilla», por indisciplina e insubordinación, al faltar acatamiento a una orden superior.

Para la más bella y adorada de mis oficiales, «Manuela la quisquillosa».

Soy tuyo de corazón,

Bolívar

General's Quarters, Potosí, 9 October, 1825

To the Señora Manuela Sáenz

My most beautiful Manuela:

I find myself truthfully euphoric today, for having received your news, brought by Heres. I do not find the time I need to sit down and write to you at length yet. My situation demands for now more ordeals and all is past without more than commenting on the matters of the new Public Administration here. I will go to Chuquisaca, where Sandes will reach me, when he returns.

My passion kindles towards you with the breeze that brings me your aroma and your memory. You exist and I exist for love, do we not? Come here to delight me with your secrets. Are you coming?

Your idolised love always,

Bolívar



Cuartel General en Potosí, a 9 de octubre de 1825

A la señora Manuela Sáenz
Mi hermosísima Manuela:

Me encuentro verdaderamente eufórico hoy, por haber recibido noticias tuyas, traídas por Heres. Aún no encuentro el tiempo adecuado para sentarme a escribirte largo. Mi condición exige, por ahora, otras pruebas y todo es pasado, sin que se tenga más que comentar de los asuntos de la nueva Administración Pública aquí. Pasaré a Chuquisaca, donde me alcanzará Sandes para cuando él regrese.

Mi pasión hacia ti se aviva con la brisa que me trae tu aroma y tu recuerdo. Existes y existo para el amor, ¿o no? Ven para deleitarme con tus secretos. ¿Vienes?

Tu amor idolatrado de siempre,

Bolívar

His next letter, from Potosí, in what is now Bolivia, is to give Sáenz information about a safe escape place if she feels in danger: 'I wrote to you, telling you that, if you were wanting to escape the evils that you fear, you would come to Arequipa, where I have friends who will protect you.' The abstract plural noun 'the evils' ('los males') could seem enigmatic here.

While 'los' can indicate an indefinite, undefined quantity (just as 'los gatos' can mean all 'cats' as a general, non-specific entity), 'los males' seems to be something specific that Sáenz fears practically. In this case, it gives the impression of only being abstract in the sense of not having a universally understandable referent.

Some historians have supposed that 'los males' referred to retribution or punishment of Sáenz by her estranged husband, but another interpretation might be suggested by the fact that Bolívar does not mention Sáenz's spouse explicitly in this letter, while Bolívar tended to refer to him openly in letters to her. An example might be the letter that follows here: 'What you tell me about your husband is painful and funny at the same time. I wish to see you free....'

In light of her role as a revolutionary and a political influence, perhaps 'los males' was a political threat or perhaps it referred to actual people who were



threatening her. Whatever the complexity of 'los males', its meaning appeared to be clear at once to Sáenz and Bolívar, and her practical ability to escape seems vital to them both.

In the following letter here, he wished for her to be liberated from her distant husband, but to be innocent of dishonour in entangling conservative social ties. He concluded: 'it is not about [an untangling] sword or about force, but... about my love, finally, with Manuela', wishing to be freed with her, not from her.

Potosí, 13 October, 1825

My beloved friend:

I am in bed and I am reading your letter of the 2nd September. I know not what surprises me more: the mistreatment that you receive because of me or the strength of your feelings, which I admire and with which I sympathise at the same time.

On route to this town, I wrote to you, telling you that, if you were wanting to escape the evils that you fear, you would come to Arequipa, where I have friends who will protect you. Now I say it to you again.

Forgive me for not writing to you in my own writing: you understand this.

I am yours in heart,

Bolívar



Potosí, 13 de octubre de 1825

Mi querida amiga:

Estoy en la cama y leo tu carta del 2 de setiembre. No sé lo que más me sorprende: si el maltrato que tú recibes por mí o la fuerza de tus sentimientos, que a la vez admiro y compadezco.

En camino a esta villa, te escribí diciéndote, que, si quisiérais huir de los males que temes, te vinieses a Arequipa, donde tengo amigos que te protegerán. Ahora te lo vuelvo a decir.

Dispénsame que no te escriba de mi letra: tú conoces esta.

Soy tuyo de corazón

Bolívar

Plata, 26 November, 1825

My love:

You know that your beautiful letter has given me much delight! It is very lovely, the one Salazar has delivered. Its style has a merit that could make you adore your admirable spirit. What you tell me about your husband is painful and funny at the same time. I wish to see you free, but also innocent; because I cannot stand the idea of being the thief of a heart that was virtuous, and is not that now, through my fault. I know not what to do to reconcile my bliss and yours with your duty and mine: I know not how to cut this knot that Alexander with his sword could not do more than tangle more and more; since it is not about sword or about force, but about pure love and about culpable love; about duty and about fault; about my love, finally, with Manuela, the beautiful.

Bolívar



Plata, 26 de noviembre de 1825

Mi amor:

¡Sabes que me ha dado mucho gusto tu hermosa carta! Es muy bonita, la que me ha entregado Salazar. El estilo de ella tiene un mérito capaz de hacerte adorar por tu espíritu admirable. Lo que me dices de tu marido es doloroso y gracioso a la vez. Deseo verte libre, pero inocente juntamente; porque no puedo soportar la idea de ser el robador de un corazón que fue virtuoso, y no lo es por mi culpa. No sé cómo hacer para conciliar, mi dicha y la tuya, con tu deber y el mío: no sé cortar este nudo que Alejandro con su espada no haría más que intrincar más y más; pues no se trata de espada ni de fuerza, sino de amor puro y de amor culpable; de deber y de falta; de mi amor, en fin, con Manuela, la bella.

Bolívar



To Be Continued

