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*Imagination magnifies small objects  
with fantastic exaggeration  
until they fill our soul . . .*

BLAISE PASCAL, *Human Happiness*





1991

*"It sat silently, hoarding its secrets."*

**T**HIS PARTICULAR STORY BEGINS IN THE DUSKY HOLLOWES OF 1991, remembered as a rotten year through and through by almost everybody living, dead, or unborn. I'm sure there were a few who had it good, maybe even made millions off other people's misfortune, but for the rest of us, there wasn't a glimmer. January dawned with tracers over Baghdad, the Gulf War. It was a bad year for Saddam Hussein and the Israeli farmer (Scud missiles, weak harvest), the Politburo of the Soviet Union (dissolved), and the sawmills of British Columbia (rising stumpage fees, etc.). An estimated one hundred and fifty thousand people died in a Bangladeshi cyclone. The IRA launched a mortar attack on 10 Downing Street, shattering the windows and scorching the wall of the room where Prime Minister John Major was meeting with his Cabinet ("I think we'd better start again, somewhere else," said the prime minister). In the Philippines, Mount Pinatubo erupted, ejecting 30 billion metric tons of magma and aerosols, draping a thick layer of sulfuric acid over the earth, cooling temperatures while torching the ozone layer.

It was a brutal year for the ozone layer.

Here in America, it was no better: the rise of Jack Kevorkian, Magic Johnson's HIV diagnosis, Donald Trump's dwindling empire. Rape, mass murder, and masturbation.\* The country slogged along in a recession, and meanwhile, I wasn't feeling so good myself.

To kick things off, I got dumped in January. I was twenty-six years old, making about \$5,000 a year, pretax. I lived in a two-bedroom apartment in Ann Arbor, Michigan, with my roommate, Miles, both of us graduate students in the creative writing program for fiction, a.k.a. Storytelling School. We each had a futon and a stereo—and everything else (two couches, black-and-white TV, waffle iron) we'd foraged from piles in front of houses on Big Trash Day.

That year, I toted around a book entitled *The Great Depression of 1990*, one bought on remainder for a dollar, and that predicted absolute global meltdown . . . *in 1990*. But I, for one, wasn't going to look like an idiot if it hit a year or two late. The advantage I had over most everyone else in the world was my lack of participation in the economy, except to issue policy statements, from the couch, before our blizzardy TV screen of black-and-white pixels. The eleven o'clock news brought us Detroit anchorman Bill Bonds and all the bad acid and strange perversions of the year—the William Kennedy Smith trial, the Clarence Thomas hearings, the Rodney King beating—all delivered from beneath his superb toupee, woven it seemed with fine Incan silver.

Nineteen-ninety-one was the year we were to graduate, and as the months progressed toward that spring rite of passage, a funny thing happened: We, the storytellers, could not get our stories published—*anywhere*. We typed in fits of Kerouacian ecstasy, swaddled our stories in manila envelopes, sent them out to small journals across the country. The rejections came back in our own self-addressed envelopes, like homing pigeons.

So we stewed in our obscurity—and futility. We were Artists. We

\* Mike Tyson, Jeffrey Dahmer, Pee-wee Herman.



worked as course assistants and teachers of Creative Writing 101, reading Wallace Stevens poems to the uvulas of the yawning undergrad horde, moving ourselves to inspiration while the class spoke among itself. We kept office hours in a holding pen with sixteen other teachers, and then went and drank cheap beer at Old Town Tavern, swapping lines from our rejection letters. As it began to dawn on us that the end of our cosseted academic ride was near, the tension ratcheted so high that we started spending extra time with the only people who were consistently more miserable than we were: the poets.

In pictures from our graduation, we—my posse and I—look so innocent, like kids really, kids with full heads of hair and skinny bodies and a glint of fear in our eyes, gazing out at the savage world and our futures. You can almost see our brains at work in those photos, now just hours away from the cruelest epiphany: Those preciously imagined short story collections and novels, copied and bound lovingly at Kinko's, called *The Shape of Grief* or *What the Helix Said*,\* qualified us for, well, almost . . . exactly . . . *nothing*.

Which is what led me to a local deli, a place called Zingerman's, to see if they needed an extra sandwich-maker on weekends. This was Zingerman's before it did \$44 million in annual sales and possessed a half million customers, but it was already an Ann Arbor legend, a fabled arcade of fantastic food, a classic, slightly cramped New York-style deli in the Midwest, with a tin ceiling, black-and-white tiled floor, and the yummiest delicacies from around the world. The shelves overflowed with bottles of Italian lemonade, exotic marmalade spreads, and tapenades. The brothy smell of matzo ball soup permeated the place. On Saturday mornings, before Michigan football games, people thronged, forming a line down Kingsley Street. The sandwiches cost

\* Mine was entitled *Augie Twinkle's Lament*, and detailed—some might say excruciatingly—the progress of a minor league pitcher to his final game on the mound, where, after being shelled, he exits over the center-field fence, discarding his uniform, piece by piece, in grief-stricken striptease. From there, left only in his codpiece, he goes on a laundry-stealing binge . . . and the rest, you'll have to trust me, is heartrending, humorous, and deeply compelling.

twice as much as anywhere else, and whenever we splurged as students, we'd go there and stand in the long line, the longer the better actually, just to prolong the experience. Then we'd order from colorful chalkboards hung from the ceiling, detailing a cornucopia of sandwiches with names like "Gemini Rocks the House," "Who's Greenberg Anyway?," and "The Ferber Experience," each made on homemade farm bread or grilled challah or Jewish rye, stuffed with Amish chicken breast or peppered ham or homemade pastrami, with Wisconsin muenster or Switzerland Swiss or Manchester creamy cheddar, and topped with applewood-smoked bacon or organic sunflower sprouts or honey mustard.

In the days before the rise of gourmand culture, before our obsession with purity and pesticides, before the most fetishistic of us could sit over plates of Humboldt Fog expounding on our favorite truffles or estate-bottled olive oil, Zingerman's preached a new way of thinking about food: Eat the best, and eat homemade. Why choke down oversalted, processed chicken soup when you might slurp Zingerman's rich stock, with its tender carrots and hint of rosemary? Why suffer any old chocolate when you might indulge in handcrafted, chocolate-covered clementines from some picturesque village in northern Italy, treats that exploded in your mouth, the citrus flooding in tingles across the tongue with the melted cocoa spreading beneath it, lifting and wrapping the clementine once again, but differently now, in the sweetest chocolate-orange cradle of sensory pleasure? Judging by the towering shelves of rare, five-star products from around the world—the quinces and capers, the salamis and spoonfruits, the sixteen-year-old balsamic vinegar and Finnish black licorice—the quest for higher and higher gustatory ecstasies never ceased.

If Zingerman's preached a new way of thinking about food, it was by practicing the old ways, by trying to make latkes as they'd been made a hundred years ago, by returning to traditional recipes. The idea was to deepen the experience of eating by giving customers a sense of culinary history and geography, to ask questions like: *Why* are bagels round?

To my mind, such inquiry and excellence deserved me, and even if I was only going to build sandwiches, I would beam my own excellence in perfect slathers of mayo and mustard. After all, I needed a job, and the food and the karma were so good at Zingerman's, it felt like a place I could make home for a while.

So one June day found me hiking up the steep stairs to the office above the deli and presenting myself as the answer to Zingerman's problems, whatever its problems were. I came armed with my résumé bearing the proud monogram MFA, and within three minutes, two of them spent waiting, one of the deli mistresses set me straight.

"We don't have anything right now," she said, as seven phones rang at once, and turned back to business.

A few days later, the deli called. They wanted to see me regarding a special opportunity. I beelined back to the office and stood before the deli woman again. "I noticed you've done some proofreading," she said casually, her eyes skimming my résumé to jog specifics. "Ari writes all the newsletters himself, and we could use someone to check it each month." It wasn't for sure, my new boss cautioned. And it might be four to six hours a month. We could try one first. To see how it went.

I thought I heard something like eight dollars an hour. "Done," I said.

I left with a folder clutched tightly under my arm and a new *sproing* in my step. The newsletter, the monthly newsletter! It sat in stacks in the store. Everyone from the ebullient hard-core gourmands to the morose doctoral students read it while waiting in line, especially because it contained a menu and you couldn't read the chalkboards from a mile away. But it was more than that: It was part foodie bible, part travelogue, in which Ari brought to stirring life his global search for goodies as he played out the thrilling Indiana Jones lead. From a business point of view, the newsletter had always been a bit of marketing genius, and now it had become Ari's trademark, one his followers craved reading as much as their latest *New Yorker* issues.

The Ari in question was Ari Weinzwieg, co-owner of the Zinger-

man universe and a man of panache, chutzpah, and wide-roaming palate. Once he'd been a University of Michigan history major and collector of anarchist literature; now he was caught in a daily downpour of money from the clouds of patrons at his doorstep. Ari was tall, handsome, with dark ringlets of hair, the overeducated man's Jeff Goldblum. Everybody seemed to want a word. He was ARI, gourmet argonaut, the Sherlock Holmes of nosh and niblets.\* I'd seen him once or twice in the deli, wearing spandex shorts, just in from a run. He was always trailed by a gaggle of pretty people. Long, lean, hypnotic, the magic man of food—AHHHH-REEE.

And so, naturally, the newsletter was a revved-up reflection of Ari's peregrinations, and as such was never meant to be literature. His was a breezy, conversational style, full of exclamations (*This is the best!*) and enthusiasms (*You gotta try it!*), a pleated high-school pep squad for his personal pantry. His greatest strength was a knack for making you hungry. Back at my apartment, even as I imagined Ari up in first class on a flight to St. Petersburg in search of the world's best beluga caviar, I dug a couple of pencils from the drawer, then pulled the folder from my backpack, placed it on the desk, and began perusing the pages. On first read, it was good, if a bit rustic. There was the occasional clunker, but that was to be expected. I made some marks, deleted a few words, added a suggestion. I got up and fixed a grilled cheese. Sat back down. Made more notes. Were we being a little *too* effusive about the Jewish noodle kugel? Couldn't we add a more savory detail re: the sour-cream coffee cake? What about expanding our adjective horizon beyond "tasty" and "delicious"?

By late afternoon, I'd completely rewritten the thing. Ari's style was now more . . . *Cheeveresque*. I couldn't wait for him to return from St. Petersburg, or wherever, so I could entirely rewrite his next newsletter about beluga caviar. I put the folder aside, revisited it once more

\* In a *New York Times* article from the Business section on May 3, 2007, about the populist rise of Zingerman's, Michael Ruhlman, a food industry expert and writer, summed up the deli's success over the decades like this: "There's not a lot the consumer can do, really, to get Iberian ham, but Ari can."

late that night while eating cold noodles. Yes. Perfect. Bill Bonds came on: Boris Yeltsin was standing on top of a tank in front of the Kremlin; the Soviet regime had been toppled.

Things were looking up.

Back at the deli a few days later, reaction to the revolution—my first edit—was surprisingly muted. “I think we’re trying to keep Ari’s voice intact,” said my boss, handing back my edit. *Maybe we should let Ari be the judge of that*, I wanted to say. But really, I needed the job. So I gathered the pages into the folder again and, home at my desk, armed with a plump red eraser, brought him back to life. I added more exclamations. In the margins, I wrote: “Wouldn’t this be a good place for a ‘delicious?’” I reminded myself that I was thrilled not only to get paid for reading but also to be reading anything besides lit-crit books that quoted heavily from Lukács’s theory of reification.

During a time when microwave popcorn passed for dinner, the subject of fine food also offered a vicarious thrill. While I couldn’t afford to eat well, I could certainly *aspire* to. So I read with an enthusiasm that matched Ari’s on the page. I could taste the pickles and smoked fish. I could hear the cow moo and the butter churn. I was drawn deeper and deeper into his savory world, though I never forgot my place as foot servant. The truth is, Ari Weinzwieg never would have recognized me if we’d smacked into each other before the loaves of rye.

That, however, didn’t dampen my enthusiasm about our next order of business together: the October newsletter, which was Zingerman’s second annual celebration of Spanish food. The deli was working in concert with the Spanish tourist board and artisanal food makers there, and sometime earlier that year, Ari had eaten his way across the country in search of delectables. Something about the evocation of warm sun, sangria, and gluttony just as the low ceiling of gray lake clouds closed over Michigan for the next half year struck a chord, and while *my* only visit to Spain had come on a chilly European jaunt during my junior year abroad in London—there were Uzi’d *policia* in the streets of Madrid ten years after Franco’s death

and an elaborate night trying to find Salvador Dalí on the Costa Brava\*—the country flashed back now through Ari's prose.

That October newsletter was his aria, his masterpiece, his opus. The writing seemed to come from a different man. The passion was unbridled. ¡Vaya! He sang the praises of Spanish olives and Rías Baixas wine, Salamancan ham and a host of cheeses that included Manchegos, Cabrales, Majoreros. I tightened and added a few "delicious"es. I padded an entry about sherry, lightened another about olive oil. I turned the page—and suddenly, from nowhere, came an entry that needed no intervention whatsoever. It was about a special cheese Ari had hunted down, and it appeared under the heading "New and Amazing," three paragraphs buried among six type-packed, oversized pages—crammed between a primer on Sephardic Jewish cooking and an ad for a paella-making clinic.

"Though I've saved this one for last," wrote Ari, "don't let me mislead you. This is really an outstanding piece of cheese . . . so anonymous I discovered it by chance in London. It's also the most expensive cheese we've ever sold. Makes me a little nervous just putting it on the counter."

The item went on to describe how this piece of "sublime" cheese was made in Castile, in the north-central part of the country, and how, when Ari had visited the cheesemaker himself, the Spaniard had shared vivid memories of his grandmother making the very same cheese and imploring him to keep the tradition alive. When asked by Ari how he justified making such an expensive cheese, the man had said, "Because it's made with love."

But there was more: Each day this cheesemaker collected fresh

\* We ended up at Dalí's seaside villa in Cadaqués, where a friend and I crept to the door at midnight to hear the artist's favorite music, *Tristan and Isolde*, at full volume. When our knocking went unheeded, we retreated to Dalí's high garden wall and drank two bottles of wine, which, along with high winds and a bevy of bats, fanned the flames of that haunted night until, terrified, we leaped at some sound and, entirely misjudging the drop, ended up sprained and bloody, limping miles before we found our backpacker hostel again.

milk from “his flock of one hundred Churra sheep.” The milk was poured into vats, stirred, and after it had coagulated, the curd was hand-cut into tiny pieces “in order to expel as much liquid as possible.” Each wheel of the cheese was then pressed to rid it of any remaining moisture and transported to a nearby cave. After the first aging, the cheese was submerged in extra-virgin olive oil and aged again, for at least a year. The stuff of his job—the minutiae, the care, the importance of time—happened to sound a lot like the job of a writer.

“It’s rich, dense, intense,” sang Ari, “a bit like Manchego, but with its own distinct set of flavors and character.”

There was something about all of it, not just the perfection of Ari’s prose, but the story he told—the village cheesemaker, the ancient family recipe, the old-fashioned process by which the cheese was born, the idiosyncratic tin in which it was packaged—that I couldn’t stop thinking about, even as I went on to contend with misplaced modifiers in a passage about marzipan. It occurred to me that there we were, living through cursed 1991, in a crushing recession—when the national dialogue centered around whether Clarence Thomas had uttered the question “Who has put pubic hair on my Coke?”—and along came this outrageous, overpriced, presumptuous little cheese, almost angelic in its naïveté, fabulist in character, seemingly made by an incorruptible artiste who, with an apparent straight face, had stated that its high price tag came because it was “made with love.”

Was this for real?

I went to the deli. At \$22\* a pound for the cheese, I had no intention of buying any. I’d come, however odd it sounds, to gaze upon it. Thus I timed my visit for in-between rushes. I picked up the finished newsletter at the door and stood for a while, reading as if the words were not only brand-new to me but the most fascinating thing I’d ever had occasion to trip over. I watched a few other nicely dressed

\* Twenty-two dollars equaling eight chili dogs, or seven falafels, or five bibimbaps, i.e., a week’s worth of dinners.

people—quilted jackets, colorful scarves—reading it, taking pleasure in their pleasure. Then I dove in, jostling through holes in the line, moving across the black-and-white-checked floor until I found myself face-to-face with the cheeses behind the nursery glass: There were the Manchego and Cabrales, Mahón and Garrotxa . . . and there was *my* cheese. It seemed to hover there, apart in its own mystical world. It came in its white tin with black etching that read PÁRAMO DE GUZMÁN. The package, which was almost oval in shape, bore the emblem of a gold medal for supreme excellence above all other cheeses, an honor from some agricultural fair, it appeared. And perched there in the display, before a pyramid of the tins, was a piece cut into three wedges. Unlike its paler Manchego and Mahón brethren, it possessed an overall caramel hue. It may sound strange to call a cheese soulful, but that's what this cheese seemed to be, just by sight. It had traveled so far to be here, and from so long ago. I let myself fantasize about what it might taste like, as I could only fantasize about a gourmandizing, dandy's life in which I might pen the words “. . . discovered it by chance in London.”

And this is when an odd shift occurred inside: That little hand-made cheese in the tin, and its brash lack of cynicism in a rotten year, gave me a strange kind of hope. I sensed the presence of purity and transcendence. I felt I knew this cheese somehow, or would. It sat silently, hoarding its secrets. How long would it wait to speak?

A long time, as it turned out. But when it did, the cheese had a lot to say. Unlike that day in 1991, when I felt so pressed to leave the deli in order to put the finishing touches on another one of my overheated homing pigeons of prose, it became nearly impossible for me to walk away.



## THE OFFERING

*“Ambrosio Molinos, it’s your time to kick ass!”*



ONCE UPON A TIME, IN THE VAST, EMPTY HIGHLANDS OF THE Central Plateau of Spain . . . in the kingdom of Castile . . . in a village on a hill . . . on a bed in a house where the summer temperature hovered at one hundred degrees . . . a woman named Purificación lay writhing in labor. For hours the baby’s soon-to-be father had come and gone from the dark bedroom as the woman, sylphed in shadows, rode the wave of each contraction. “Anyone here yet?” said the man, smiling, sipping a cold drink. His wife, a woman of owlsh beauty and a certain refinement, said to the midwife, “Get that donkey’s ass away from me!”

Eventually, the baby was born—in the same room, on the same bed, beneath the same roof as his great-grandfather—making him the youngest of three boys belonging to the husband and wife. He had almond-shaped eyes, a body as hefty as a bag of oats, and, even then, lungs that never quit, emitting a loud, gravelly cry. He was not to be overlooked. He ate more than his brothers; slept less. And he had inordinate passion. From the beginning, he endeared himself to his par-

ents by loving them as hard as he could, with an exquisite kind of ardor. When he learned to walk, he followed them everywhere; when he could speak, he spoke to them.

Incessantly.

While basking in his mother's love, he came to idolize his father. But it wasn't just that: From the start, he wanted to *be* his father, an immensely likeable, tough-minded farmer—of big ears and strong, curled fingers the reddish color of the earth here—who had a story for any occasion, a punch line for every dull moment. Each morning, his father zipped himself into his *mulo*, his blue farmer's jumpsuit, put on his black beret, and, whistling contentedly, strode the eighth of a mile to the barn along a dirt path that looked down on the high flatlands of Castile, those harsh, empty steppes that make up Spain's Meseta and that bring scouring gales and then burning sun. Living half a mile above sea level, the Castilians often described their weather as nine months of winter and three months of hell.

This was 1950s Spain, bitter times to be a farmer, bitter times to be a Spaniard. In the second decade of Franco's dictatorship, poverty was a fact of life; there was little food or electricity in the hinterlands.\* Meanwhile, people were migrating in droves away from the semiarid Meseta to the big industrial cities—Bilbao, Barcelona, Valencia—while those left behind farmed the land mostly as they had for centuries, plowing, planting, and threshing by hand. Even the language of the fields was antiquated. Sometimes the boy's father would greet a friend by proffering a hand with an old salutation that translated as “Hey, shake the shovel.”

\* “Country, religion, family—this is our eat and drink,” Franco says in stumbling English in a newsreel from the time when it's estimated that there were as many as 200,000 deaths in Spain due to hunger. Franco, who himself was a strange kind of cipher (depending on accounts, a homicidal kleptomaniac or the father of new Spain), became enamored of a cockamamie scheme to feed Spain's population of 30 million with sandwiches made of dolphin meat to be pulled from local waters. It wasn't until 1959, when economic control was wrested from Falangist ideologues, that fortunes changed and the seeds of the “Spanish Miracle,” a period of intense growth, were sown.

The village in which they lived bore the name of the Guzmán family, prominent nobles (statesmen, generals, viceroys) instrumental in the workings of the kingdom of León beginning in the twelfth century. Sometime along the way, a Leonese monarch had bequeathed the Guzmáns 3,000 hectares in the Duero River region for a retreat. In the 1700s, Cristóbal Guzmán built the castle—known in the village as the *palacio*—over the span of sixty years, as an exact replica (if seventeen times smaller) of the family's castle in León. Around it, the village flourished, populated at its height by thousands of inhabitants whose patronage sustained restaurants and bars, barbershops and several markets. Though the father—and his father, and his father's father, and so on—had lived his entire life in the village, it was unclear how deep the family roots ran in the region, even as they flourished. At the height of the family's influence, they'd come to own the palace. But by the 1950s, the family was in the process of diminishment, losing more of their field hands to the city as they sold off more of their land. The father had an uncanny knack for making the worst of times seem like the best of times. No matter what the crisis, he remained undaunted in his happiness, singing and drinking his homemade wine. He played cards at crowded tables and told story after story, some about his youthful indiscretions, meeting girls in the fields for the old *chaca chaca*, some about his days in Morocco with the Spanish army, where the troops seemed to spend more time changing punctured truck tires than anything else. One he loved to tell had occurred when he was younger, when Castile was being heavily bombed by planes during the Civil War. Whenever the church bells tolled a warning, everyone ran and hid in the caves that pocked the countryside here. Except for him and his friends. They would jump on their motorbikes and, beneath the roar of fighter planes, leaning low over the handlebars, they would gun the twenty miles to the nearby city of Aranda de Duero, where they found all the restaurants and bars abandoned, with food and drink still on the tables. The perfect *comida*: a partial *chuleta* and freshly poured red wine, a piece of fish and *cerveza*, a half-eaten flan with digestif. All the better if there was

some cheese on the table, for he adored cheese. They went from establishment to establishment until the bombing ceased, and with the first signs of a return to normalcy fled again, zigzagging back up the hill to home.

And so it was after this man—the happy-whistling guzzler of life, the father-farmer-gadfly—that his baby was named: *Ambrosio*, suggesting the food of the gods, but meaning “immortal.” After a time, the villagers called father and son “los dos Ambrosios,” the two Ambrosios, which later was shortened to “los Ambrosios,” such was the power of their stamp on each other and the town. If you were talking to one of the Ambrosios, it was understood that you were talking to both of the Ambrosios, and all the ancestral Ambrosios, too, even poor great-grandfather, whose ashes were kept in a porcelain vessel in the downstairs dining room, partly in memoriam and partly to make them laugh, as they did, at the misspelled inscription on the jar: *Anbrosio*.

FOR A CERTAIN KIND of boy, the kind that the younger Ambrosio happened to be—a bit rough, mischievous, full of irrepressible joy and physical energy—Guzmán was a wonderland of ruins and hiding places, broad fields and indentations called *barcos*, perfect for ambush. The main street wound upward, snaking between the stone homes, past the church to the palace, past *caseta* and pig barn, out into a whole other infinite world above—what was called *arriba* here, a polar cap of fertile soil. In this landscape, Ambrosio ran feral with the local kids, playing *la talusa* and *linka*. Even in school, he dreamed of his afternoon freedom, when he’d be at play again, or hanging out at one of the natural springs or fountains (where the people did their wash, collected their water, filled tanks for irrigation). He celebrated the village’s annual fiesta by keeping himself awake for as long as he could over the course of five September days: to be chased by the exploding bull—a man dressed in a costume with Roman candles for horns—and watch the fireworks and sing *jotas* and dance with the grown-ups.

He bore witness to the wonders of the outside world, on those occasions when they penetrated. Sometime in the sixties, Gypsies brought the first moving pictures to town, projecting them on the side of the *palacio*, old black-and-white films from the thirties. Another time, a magician named Barbache the Seal-man balanced an enormous hand plow on his nose. If he'd sneezed, he would have chopped himself in half.

Above all, there was the *bodega*.

This region of Castile is littered with *bodegas*, handmade caves dating back to a time before refrigeration. In Aranda de Duero, the Bodega de las Ánimas, built in the fifteenth century, is a maze of three hundred caves, equaling seven miles of underground tunnel, in which seven million bottles of wine are produced each year. In Guzmán, there existed two dozen or so caves, located in the hill that marked the village's northern boundary. Some of the *bodegas* here were said to date back as far as the Roman occupation of Spain, just before the birth of Christ. Each autumn, the fruits of the harvest were brought to the caves and stored—bushels of grain, vegetables, and, in particular, cheese and wine, the latter transported in casks made from cured goat carcasses—to be accessed during the long winter and spring. Legend had it that a man would sit in a room built above the cave and itemize what went down into the cellars. This room became known as *el contador*, or the counting room.

As all the families in the village built or inherited *bodegas*, they also added these counting rooms, sometimes sculpting a foyer and perhaps stairs that led up to a cramped, cozy space that included a fireplace. Soon, people gathered at the *contador* to share meals around a table and pass the time. And as the centuries unfolded, as refrigeration techniques improved and the caves came to serve a purpose less utilitarian than social, the room took on the other definition of *contar*, “to tell.” The *contador*, then, became a “telling room,” or a room in which stories were told. It was the place where, on cold winter nights or endless summer days, villagers traded their histories and secrets and dreams. If one had an important revelation, or needed the inti-

mate company of friends, one might head to the telling room, and over wine and chorizo, unfolding in the wonderfully digressive way of Castilian conversation, the story would out. On weekends, casual gatherings might last an entire day and night, with stories wandering from details of the recent harvest to the dramas of village life to perhaps, finally, the war stories of the past, all accompanied by copious wine. In this way, the *bodega*, with its telling room, became a mystical state of mind as much as a physical place. It was here where the young Ambrosio first fell under the trance of his father telling stories.

Something about those stories chimed loudly inside the mind of the boy, something he could never have articulated at first, but that insisted itself over time. It was a feeling of wonder, an aliveness that came in the timeless hush and clamor of the telling room, in the presence of his father narrating stories. Young Ambrosio was transfixed. He would listen for hours, and then think about the tales afterward, haunted by some weave of detail his father had spun. As garrulous as the boy was, he had the same Pavlovian response to any story being told: He would shut up and listen in a state of mesmerized joy.

Ambrosio possessed no interest in school, and yet his mother had dreams that maybe one day he'd become a doctor. Like his brothers, he was sent to Catholic boarding school at a young age, about fifty miles away in the Castilian capital of Burgos. His real education, though, came in the streets and fields of home, watching the ways of the farmers, collecting the stories that filled the airspace of life here. He spent more and more time out beyond the clustered houses of the village, in that unbroken landscape stretching for miles, a patchwork of vineyards and wheat fields, walking with his father or the old men. The Meseta was littered with stories, too, there like stones to pick up. What occurred in the vineyard known as Matajudío—or Jew Killer Vineyard? What was the strange collection of perfectly round rocks, like pterodactyl eggs, doing embedded in the earth in the Barco de Palomas? Or the broken stars of bone fragments in the High Field?

So he listened, and as he traveled his patch of the earth, he asked

himself over and over, *What happened here?* Even as a child, Ambrosio took the lead of his forebears: He spoke to ghosts.

EVENTUALLY, AMBROSIO ENTERED A new kind of restlessness, wandering in search of stories and storytellers, peers with whom he could align himself for life. He started down the hill, in the neighboring village of Quintanamanvirgo, where people seemed more inward and shifty. The village was known by those in Guzmán as *el pueblo de los toros*, because it was said the inhabitants hid in the dark of their alcoves like cowardly bulls when released into the bright center of a bullring. But those people had a story, too, about a secret tunnel that ran through the mesa, joining them to the spirit world.

Another village, Roa, lay beyond—larger and more raucous, self-assured if not prideful, with a multitude of stores and bars and, most important, a flock of young people like himself. It was here that Ambrosio first heard a story, “The Asses of Roa,” which he himself later perfected.\*

\* This would have been in the days before the Civil War, when there lived in Roa a priest of such arrogant demeanor that he would never allow himself to be seen without his collar. If confronted with bad behavior—excessive drinking, children fighting in the street—he badgered people with his Bible. Catching sight of him from afar, the townspeople dodged into alleys to avoid His Holiness. In short, he was a priggish, pious bore whose biggest problem was that he’d never been laid.

Now, one day came word of a man suddenly dying in a nearby village, perhaps six miles away. The priest was needed at once to administer the last rites. The priest owned no horse of his own, so he began knocking on doors: the right-hand neighbor’s mare needed new shoes; the left-hand neighbor’s stallion was already in the fields; and on and on. Finally the priest found a man who had a donkey—and who was only too glad to be of assistance. “May the Lord have mercy on you,” the priest said, clambering aboard, making the sign of the cross. And off he rode at break-neck speed.

Not long into his ride, his holiest thoughts were penetrated by a faint braying sound. With slight annoyance, he ignored it. Still, as he rode the braying intensified and became a strange, frantic chorus. Irrked now, forcibly distracted from his prayers, he peered behind and to his alarm discovered a pack of donkeys in hot pursuit. The villagers along the road saw a vision they’d never forget—a wild pack of male donkeys chasing a female in heat, the priest with an expression of

And finally, the outer ring of Ambrosio's universe became the metropolis of Aranda de Duero, his father's wartime watering hole, where his best friend, Julián, lived. They'd met at nine years of age, playing basketball for their separate boarding schools. On the court that day Ambrosio was assigned to cover Julián, who was tall and thin, with brown hair. The kid had gangly legs, long arms, and spindly fingers, hands exactly like Ambrosio's—and a body exactly like his, for that matter. They both had big knees. If their *baloncesto* careers were short-lived, something more lasting took root that day. In the changing room, Ambrosio heard a familiar singsong accent, and being congenitally extroverted, he sought out the opposing team and said, "Which one of you is from Aranda?"

Shy and introverted, Julián blushed and raised his hand. "I am," he said. "Why?"

"Because I'm from Guzmán," said Ambrosio.

It turned out that Ambrosio's cousin Nacho was Julián's best friend. Julián named others in his group of friends, and Ambrosio said, "Those are friends of mine, too."

"If you're Nacho's cousin, then why don't I know you?" asked Julián, and a memory clicked for Ambrosio. A family gathering, a Communion party a few years earlier, when they were all of six. "You were smoking cigarettes in the stairwell, and I smoked with you," Ambrosio said. And that had been it.

A beautiful beginning.

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alarm. The priest did the only thing he could do: He urged his mare on at a greater clip even as the male donkeys became more aggressive, bumping up hard against one another. Finally, one was able to launch himself forward, attaching to the haunch of the lady burro, landing with either hoof in the priest's pockets, pinning him there, in the middle of what soon became donkey in flagrante.

Those who saw the unholy act say that had the priest's garment been less well made, he might have escaped with fewer injuries. As it was, the priest rode on, head whiplashing, pretending that none of it was happening, making the sign of the cross. By the time the priest arrived, the sick man had miraculously recovered, and the priest took to his bed, some say so traumatized he never returned to Roa—or its asses—again.



If Julián was outwardly more serious, Ambrosio appreciated his stealthy bemusement at life, his sidelong smile and sly humor. And Julián loved Ambrosio's shock-at-all-cost abandon, the impulse that led him, time after time, to be expelled from the Catholic schools he attended. Ambrosio was the ringleader and carnival-maker; Julián became his happy conspirator.

They walked the streets yelling silly things at passersby. They hunted in the fields, not great shots like Ambrosio's brother Angel, but good enough to kill the occasional rabbit. One day they felled a wild boar and shared it with friends at the *bodega*, as Ambrosio played his guitar and sang. They took any excuse to be together. At dances and parties—for soon their focus was on women and wine—they might catch each other's eye over the heads of others and communicate telepathically: a pursed smile, a cocked eyebrow, a wink said it all.

As time passed, Julián became more intense about his studies, practicing to be a lawyer in Valladolid, while Ambrosio gave up his studies altogether. And yet they became closer still. They regularly visited each other's homes, a particularly intimate act in Spain, where one's social life is lived in the streets, bars, and *bodegas*. Accordingly, Julián was considered a part of Ambrosio's family, as Ambrosio was considered a part of Julián's. For all of their differences, they grew to be the same tall height, sprouted identical beards, bought motorcycles. They wore baggy shirts and jeans with wide, elephant cuffs. While Julián possessed a contained handsomeness—lantern-jawed, broad-shouldered, implacable, but with shy brown eyes that suggested deeper vulnerabilities—Ambrosio was all outward energy, an open invitation of comic expressions. Their devotion to each other was unwavering, cemented by Julián's sweet attentiveness and Ambrosio's extroverted mythologizing of their friendship.

Later, Julián would be there when Ambrosio met his wife; and Ambrosio was there when Julián met his. They attended each other's weddings. Julián had a standing invitation to eat at Ambrosio's house every Wednesday. And often, as young men, they sat on a Sunday afternoon, up at the *bodega*, in the telling room, staring out across the

vast tablelands, sharing red wine. To Ambrosio's mind, Julián was a master storyteller, even better than he, and he reveled in his friend's ability to weave a yarn, his recall for detail and syntax. As they'd shared so much together, and because they spoke a secret kind of shorthand language, there was nothing in these moments they needed to keep from each other. While their interests became the foundation of conversation—the system for growing the best grapes, say, or a particular misadventure in the fields—the real stories that animated their lives, the deepest dreams and fears and feelings of men, are what became their bond.

AS AMBROSIO REACHED HIS teenage years, the modern world, as it existed beyond the primitive dreamscape of Guzmán, began to move more quickly: mechanizing, industrializing, mass producing. In the end, a village like Guzmán offered little to hold its inhabitants except the rhythms of habit and nostalgia. With her husband's blessing, the matriarch, Purificación Molinos—for Molinos was their last name—had sent her children far and wide for their education. Roberto, the oldest, was smart and studious, and over time he developed his own artistic sensibility and became a photographer in Madrid. The second son, Angel, studied engineering, while his fluency with people led him to a successful career working for an energy company that took him to Buenos Aires. And then came the third son of Purificación Molinos, the would-be doctor, the ribald heretic, the untamed horse who was Ambrosio. He was kicked out of school in Burgos, where he rebelled against the priests, and was sent to Madrid, where he rebelled again. Living with relatives, he left the house each day for school but never made it, stopping off at bars and pool halls, sharing stories and drinks, showing no interest in books or in making good.

It was now 1972, three years before Franco's demise. Ambrosio was seventeen, a man in size if not maturity walking the barrios of Madrid, killing days, pausing before trees to look up into their branches at their living blossoms and dying leaves, among the dirt

and exhaust fumes, if only because they brought back memories of Guzmán. November came and his uncle appeared at the door one evening, saying that he'd come to bring Ambrosio home. A blizzard descended, huge white snow-moths inundating the road. Nothing was discernible. Up the national highway to Aranda, through Roa, and on to Quintanamanvirgo—he was lost, and he still had no idea why he was headed back to Guzmán.

When Ambrosio burst through the downstairs door to the house and climbed the stairs three at a time, with that hulking, prodigal body of his, he rushed past his mother to his father, who lay in bed, pale and motionless, covered in oozing sores. Everything about the room—the stench of putrefying flesh, the lack of light—seemed like a death chamber. As a salve, Purificación had taken a cream made of sheep's milk and rubbed it on her husband's sores, a folk remedy practiced in Guzmán. But it hadn't helped. It had made things worse. Ambrosio's father descended into delirium. His bones were losing calcium and had literally started to bend. He could no longer stand.

“When I saw him,” Ambrosio would remember, “I knew that I was never going back to the city, that this was my moment to shoulder the load. I heard a voice that said, *Ambrosio Molinos, it's your time to kick ass!*”

For months the doctor made house calls, confounded by his father's illness, expecting him to die by week's end, but for months Ambrosio's father dimly struggled. He was only forty-five years old; until now, it had never occurred to his son that death might separate them at so early an age. The rugged farmer, salt of the earth, his idol: He couldn't imagine a day in the fields, around the dinner table, up at the *bodega*, in the telling room, without his father. The old man had shown him everything: how to wake early and work, how to fix a tractor, how to swear with panache. He'd shown him how a grape grows, and, in that moment when the purple clusters are flooded with sugar on the vine, how to harvest them. He'd taught his son how to make and drink wine, because wine had to be drunk carefully, with joy. But it was more than that, more than the constant tutorials and

stories, the easy joking and shared rituals. His father had all along been silently teaching him to be an Old Castilian by being one himself, guided by a chivalrous code long past. He'd taught him how to listen to the earth, how to speak to the animals, how to love and look after your kind with ferocity.

Ambrosio, the son, took to carrying talismans of his father now, wearing the old man's black beret, conscripting his walking stick. And then there was his mother, who would soon be a widow, who kept on with her daily routine of running the house while wearing a brave face, washing the breakfast dishes that clattered in the sink, making shopping trips, preparing the *comida*, sweeping and polishing and watching the news. Sometimes he might find her sitting before the bleak headlines of that year—plane crash on Ibiza, killing a hundred; train accident near Seville, killing seventy-six—in a catatonic state. The pain he felt for her was unbearable. But at least she had church, and her God there. Ambrosio's God was the wind rushing over the Meseta, and the silence of stars at night. To the voice that came from the ether, urging him to “kick ass,” Ambrosio eventually spoke back, offering a trade: my life for my father's. And then he waited.

IN THE MEANTIME, THERE was work to be done. Come morning he rose in darkness, went to the kitchen, ground some coffee, brewed and drank it. Fully awake, he walked in his father's footsteps, pulling on his boots, zipping into his blue *mulo*, emerging into the cool morning air, dogs running loose beside him as if borne along by a stream, in that high, thin atmosphere laced with the scent of loam and faint pig shit. He made his way to the barn, below which spread the sweeping *coterro*, the elevated farmland of Castile.

This was an age-old ritual practiced by the Molinos clan, to see what one's hands could turn of this patch of earth. Planting in the spring (*trigo, uvas, habas*—wheat, grapes, beans), watering against the horrific dragon-fire of the summer sun, timing the harvest in those

September days before the frost came to kill everything: The farmer's life was days of repetition, of wary watching (not just the crops in the field, but weather forecasts and other farmers and the rise and fall of prices), of constant mending (tractors and sheep pens, rotors and ripped sweaters), of eternal hope and leveling reality. One took one's solace in the little things.

"There's immeasurable glory in riding a tractor," Ambrosio would say. "You start by taking a lap around the fields, smelling the aroma, admiring the colors, day after day, until one morning everything smells ready, as if it's opened and unfurled, and you ask the wheat, *Is it time?* And the wheat says, *Yes, friend, it's time.* And then you know to begin the harvest."

By the time of that first harvest, a second doctor had diagnosed the senior Ambrosio with a disease transmitted by livestock. Brucellosis, or Bang's disease, is characterized by fevers and excessive sweating that smells like wet hay, followed by intense joint and muscle pain and eventually, if left untreated, the erosion of vertebrae, the loss of vision, and a breakdown of the autoimmune system. Made of unpasteurized sheep's milk, the cream meant to heal his wounds had nearly killed him. And if that wasn't enough, cancer was metastasizing in his stomach. A course of treatment was settled on, and over the slow passage of months, he recuperated, could sit upright, then stand with a wobble, then walk again, Lazarus-like. The first time his father stepped from the house under his own power, Ambrosio felt an overwhelming sense of relief. But why had he been spared? And what could Ambrosio offer the universe in return for the miracle?