

Inmaculada Or the Pleasures of Innocence

(FRAGMENT*)

By Juan García Ponce



In the city, Manuel no longer went horseback riding with Inmaculada. She went to school; she had her homework and he had a girlfriend. By contrast, Inmaculada had the right to become the owner of the dollhouse that had belonged before to her different sisters. It was up against one of the walls next to the orchard. She had lots of dolls and now, she also had a house for them. She moved them there from her room, guided not by her brother Manuel or by Rosario, but by another sister, Carmen, who also went to school and increased Inmaculada's doll collection by giving her her own, just as the older sisters had done for her. It was also Carmen who guided Inmaculada to the dollhouse and showed her how to enter, bending over, and helped her arrange the dolls next to her own. Right away, Inmaculada took Joaquina to the

house. There, Inmaculada and Joaquina played with the dolls until it was impossible to see in the improvised semi-dark house where no window let the light in. Rocking them to sleep, changing their dresses over and over again, on their knees or sitting on the packed earth floor. Then something happened, just before inviting Joaquina to the hacienda. In the dollhouse, sitting or on their knees on the floor, wearing the same school uniforms, looking at each other with a doll in their arms, they were always so alone, not only in the dollhouse, but also in the middle of the other girls at school, it felt so good to walk hand in hand with Joaquina and go to the house, knowing that she had a friend. Inmaculada was taller than Joaquina who, strong and robust, made Inmaculada look even thinner and more fragile; Joaquina had lighter hair and her skin was fairer; she was always the one who decided what they should do and Inmaculada obeyed. One afternoon, Joaquina proposed a new kind of game.

* Juan García Ponce, *Inmaculada o los placeres de la inocencia* (Mexico City: Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1989), pp.19-23.

She had undressed one of the dolls and showed it to Inmaculada. The little naked body without any hair, like their own bodies but, in contrast with them, without an opening in the front, enclosed completely inside her imitation skin, although neither Inmaculada nor Joaquina were as rosy as she.

“What if I got undressed, too?” asked Joaquina. Inmaculada didn’t understand what her friend wanted. Joaquina had to repeat herself.

“Don’t you want to see me naked, too?”

“Naked, you? What for?” answered Inmaculada.

“To look like the doll, to be another doll,” murmured Joaquina.

And, without waiting for an answer from Inmaculada, who stared ahead without knowing what to expect or feeling she could oppose anything, Joaquina had already lowered the straps of her uniform and began unbuttoning her blouse. Her slip was just like the kind Inmaculada wore. Doing nothing, she watched Joaquina undress completely. Inmaculada looked at her. In contrast with the dolls, just like her, she had an opening between her legs, but it showed less than Inmaculada’s. Joaquina lay down on the floor.

“Rub the doll’s hand over my body,” she ordered Inmaculada.

Surprised and also fascinated, without taking her eyes off her friend’s body for a moment, Inmaculada, never doubting that she should and wanted to obey, that she liked having to obey, without looking at the line of dolls, took one and holding it in her hands, stopped for a moment, indecisive, looking at Joaquina’s body.

“Where?” she asked finally.

Joaquina had closed her eyes.

“Wherever you want, on my whole body.”

The doll Inmaculada had in her hands was dressed. She took off the little suit and then put it next to Joaquina.

“What are you waiting for? Don’t you want to do it? Rub the doll’s hand very slowly, wherever you want,” begged Joaquina, without opening her eyes.

Inmaculada took hold of the doll by the torso in one hand and with the other, raised its arm. The stiff little doll’s hand stroked Joaquina’s shoulder

and then went down to her body. It didn’t stop at her breasts, still flat despite the protruding nipples. It rotated several times around her navel.

“Like that, very slowly,” said Joaquina in a small voice, breathing deeply.

Inmaculada felt transported by the force that made her obey; it was nothing more than obedience; she wasn’t excited, but as though suspended by something, empty of herself. Very slowly, very slowly, despite her immobility, feeling it alive as though it were an extension of her own, she continued to lower the doll’s hand on one of Joaquina’s thighs. She had begun to move her body.

“Put it in there, put it in me there, her hand, the doll’s hand first,” she finally begged Inmaculada.

Inmaculada had stopped the doll’s hand on Joaquina’s thigh. She looked at the opening that she also had and the doll didn’t.

“Where?” she asked.

“There, in between my legs, inside,” said Joaquina, opening her eyes and looking at Inmaculada, who, doll in hand, was next to her on her knees.

“No,” answered Inmaculada, frightened.

“Yes, please, be good, just a little bit. I need to know what it feels like. Do it,” begged Joaquina—though her raspy breathing didn’t let her say it very clearly—looking at Inmaculada, with her eyes wide open, staring at her, with her legs spread, one arm caressing her body and the other flung out with the fingers bent just like the doll’s hand.

Kneeling next to her, Inmaculada was then obedience and strength. Her strength was in the fact of being able to obey. It was impossible to know anything about this; but there she was, doll in hand, Joaquina naked on the floor, raising and lowering her pubis as though she were inciting her and begging with her movements to do what she asked. She had shut her eyes again. To obey, Inmaculada had to overcome her fear and follow her curiosity. She looked at her another moment, with the fine line of her almond-shaped black eyes and the gesture of disdain and contempt that even then her lips could form without her will intervening at all, but that on this occasion was directed not at Joaquina or herself, but was rather a result of the surprise at what she was feeling, at what Joaquina’s white, robust

body and the sharp awareness of having the doll in her hands made her feel: an extreme coldness that is all ardor; the superiority of her distance and the weakness of her nearness; curiosity and rejection: all of which she had already felt when she heard noises at a door when she didn't want anyone to see her and which, since then, in the dollhouse, would be the signs that she would feel in herself and that she could see in Joaquina; it was love for what she did not hesitate to recognize as the forbidden and that she wanted to give in to, as though instead of seeing it she could be the protagonist of what she had heard even though it didn't look like it at all and was just like it. It was all there, even if she didn't think, there on her knees with a doll in her hand and Joaquina in front of her, naked with the doll, begging her, ordering her and at her service, with the signs of life that the dolls would never have, who asked that she connect the immobility of the doll's hard, small hand with Joaquina's movements. Inmaculada, because of the way she would react and feel in her when she did it, brought the doll's hand close to where Joaquina waited for it and had asked that she put it. There was little resistance. Joaquina was only waiting for the contact; the very red lips between her legs were visible. Inmaculada knew for the first time, as though she were purely an instrument, the feeling of giving pleasure; and the pain in others, taking into account the feeling that she experienced only as pleasure, joined with the others' pleasure and increase her feeling. But even though her hand was the doll's hand and she had the lips open and her eyes fixed on the hand that was lost inside Joaquina, she could not recognize her pleasure by just seeing Joaquina's. The doll's entire arm had entered Joaquina who moved her body downward and her head from one side to the other as she moaned and sighed. Inmaculada began to move the arm inside Joaquina. With a catch in her voice, she kept on asking for more, "More, more, more," and Inmaculada obeyed.

"Now you do it yourself, with your hand," murmured Joaquina later.

It was impossible to say no; it had always been the doll's hand and arm and, even without knowing it, she just wanted to be asked to touch the inside.

She took out the doll very slowly and brought first one of her fingers and then another and then a third close, while the palm of her hand also moved against Joaquina.

"Touch my body with the other hand," asked Joaquina, looking from Inmaculada's face to the hand inside her.

Inmaculada obeyed. Joaquina's soft, white body and her dry, darker hand running over that body. They stayed that way for an indefinite time, seeking, without meaning to, a peak they didn't know they could reach, and, however, for both of them, it was limitlessly intense. The dollhouse was now something else. Inmaculada finally took her hand out of Joaquina's sex. In a tone of voice completely devoid of the anxiety it had betrayed before and in exactly the same way that she would take her hand a long time before when they left school, she asked Inmaculada to lie down on top of her. Inmaculada obeyed immediately. Even though she was dressed in the uniform Joaquina had taken off, she needed to feel her under her body. She stayed on top of her and neither of them moved at all. Then Joaquina put her arms around Inmaculada's waist. Inmaculada's face was pressed against Joaquina's and both of them had their eyes shut when they heard Rosario calling them. They separated immediately. Inmaculada got up. Her head reached the ceiling of the dollhouse. Joaquina dressed rapidly and the doll was left naked. Inmaculada watched her do it. She had been on top of that body that she was now discovering as a body and that she wanted so much. She was neither afraid nor ashamed. In her dollhouse, Joaquina was her guest and she protected her. The two were participants in new knowledge and without having to say so, they knew that everything would be much more interesting and they would repeat what they had done. They left a little later, Joaquina first and Inmaculada following her. Rosario put her arm around both of them, drawing them to each side of her body. They were two little girls who played in the dollhouse that her father had built for her. Inmaculada had longer legs and knobbier knees; both of them were dirty.

"It's almost dark. They must be waiting for you at home," said Rosario to Joaquina. **MM**