Industries of false memoirs: Representing Salvador Orlan*

P. Louise Johnson
Senior Lecturer in Catalan and Spanish
School of Languages and Cultures (University of Sheffield)
p.l.johnson@sheffield.ac.uk

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Abstract
Miquel López Crespí’s proposed trilogy of novelized memoirs of Llorenç Villalonga (1897-1980), as narrated by Villalonga’s own alter ego, Salvador Orlan, raises questions about the motivation for and place of such pseudo-memorialistic literature, both in the local Mallorcan context and in the testimonial space more generally. The second of two volumes so far published, Les vertaderes memòries de Salvador Orlan (2012), draws on previous auto- and pseudo-autobiographical writing by Villalonga to present an exculpatory and at times petulant first-person narrative whose stylistic flaws alone seem unlikely to endear the subject to the reader. This essay explores why Villalonga, through his own tradition of mystification, might seem to lend himself to re-writing but not to empathy, and suggests that positioning him as a whipping boy/victim who has still to make reparation for his Civil War allegiance is both ethically problematic and pragmatically futile. It concludes that this contribution to the culture of historical memory responds as much to the market as it does to political exigency or a need to remember.

Keywords
Miquel López Crespí, Llorenç Villalonga, Salvador Orlan, Mallorca, Spanish Civil War, memory, xuetes

Indústries de memòries falses: Representant Salvador Orlan

Resum
La trilogia de memòries de Llorenç Villalonga (1897-1980) proposada per Miquel López Crespí, narrades per l’alter ego de Villalonga, Salvador Orlan, planteja preguntes sobre la motivació i el lloc d’aquesta literatura pseudomemorialística, tant en el context local de Mallorca com en l’espai testimonial de manera més general. El segon dels dos volums publicats fins ara, Les vertaderes memòries de Salvador Orlan (2012), fa servir escrits autobiogràfics i pseudobiogràfics de Villalonga per a presentar una narrativa en primera persona exculpatòria i a vegades malhumorada els defectes estilístics de la qual ja fan poc probable que el subjecte es pugui guanyar

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In “Memory and modernity in democratic Spain: The difficulty of coming to terms with the Spanish Civil War” (2007), Jo Labanyi refers to a “memory boom” in testimonial creative production from the 1990s onwards. In 2008 she observes that the two-hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the War of Independence against the Napoleonic invasion becomes the renewed focus for publications, while “the flood of novels set in and after the civil war […] seems to have abated” (Labanyi, 2008, p. 119). This “tells us much about how memory has become an industry generating public interest for economic ends”, with Labanyi further noting that “prolonged media debate […] risks reaching saturation point” (ibid.). We should nevertheless bear in mind that Carmen Martín Gaite was already bemoaning the “phone book” quality of “the then-current plethora of Spanish testimonials” as early as 1978 (Lipman Brown, 1987, p. 163).

It is important to remember that public consciousness is not saturated. Jacques Terrasa, for example, identifies an almost generalized amnesia in Mallorca at the turn of the century, resulting from an inclement political climate and the rise of tourism (Terrasa, 2007, pp. 281-2). Terrasa’s perception of ‘amnesia’ is certainly questionable if we understand it in broad terms as referring to popular, insular memory and to cultural production which has not enjoyed a significant international or even national profile. This raises the question of dissemination and marketability of ‘memory’, which must, however, remain outside the scope of this essay.

Terrasa’s study of two exceptions to his perceived generalized forgetting — Agustí Villaronga’s adaptation of Blai Bonet’s El mar (1958/1999) and Antoni Maria Thomàs and Pere Salom’s documentary Nosaltres els vencuts (2003) — merely underlines the apparent disconnect between the reality of experiential lives, the want of truth and closure and a memory boom in literature, culture and scholarship that readily follows market imperatives.

Within this boom, it seems valid to speak of an ‘industry’ of effort, a diligence to look back, articulate suffering, re-contextualize and give voice to others’ experiences, with the concomitant difficulties that speaking for others entails, which is a case in point for us here. An alternative interpretation of ‘industry’ in the context both of memory and memorialization is offered by Llorenç Buades Castell, Mallorcan activist for the political party Esquerra Alternativa i Anticapitalista de les Illes: Buades holds a disloyal Catalan cultural establishment responsible for what he perceives to have been the cultural rehabilitation of Mallorcan novelist Llorenç Villalonga (1897-1980), who joined Falange at the outbreak of the Civil War. He suggests that Villalonga has been recycled for democracy through the creation of “una memòria biogràfica molt més falsa que la del Villalonga/Salvador Orlan” (Buades undated [a]). In other words, there exists an industry of “desmemòria”, according to Buades, in relation to Villalonga’s wartime activities. This extends to the novelist’s attitudes and beliefs in general, which Miquel López Crespi adjudges to have remained unaltered over time: “[N]o […] podem trobar la més petita reflexió sobre el significat de la sagnant repressió en què va participar, malgrat ni que fos indirectament, a través dels seus articles de suport al feixisme” (López Crespi, 2012c).

For Buades, López Crespi’s appropriation of the voice of Salvador Orlan — the fragmentary subject of Llorenç Villalonga’s 1967 Falses memòries de Salvador Orlan — first in the novelized biography Una arcàdia felic (2010) and then in Les vertaderes memòries de Salvador Orlan (2012), is an urgent and necessary corrective to an industry of unremembering.

In his prologue to Villalonga’s Diario de guerra (1997), José Carlos Llop suggests that Villalonga falls short of being “un joseantoniano puro y duro, quiero decir, como Ridruejo, el bonvivant Foxá, Pemán, Sánchez-Mazas u otros de la primera hornada”
(Llop, 1999, p. 14). Indeed, while more detached observers might concede Llop’s sympathy for the novelist on account of the “el fácil y repetido sambenito de una larga descalificación personal” (ibid., p. 13), his more flamboyant defences can look like demagogy: “[c]uando oigo o leo que Llorenç Villalonga fue falangista y anticalatanista, me pregunto cuántos años va a tardar en descubrirse que también fue Jack El Destripador” (Llop, 2010). Fully immersed in this very Mallorcan “discursive civil war” (Balfour, 2008, p. 179), Buades advocates revision of a ‘revisionist’ tendency that is still very much active. To this end, López Crespi constitutes “un dels pocs que és on era, al seu lloc de la barricada, amb la ploma abans i l’ordinador ara, capaç de defensar la memòria històrica des del punt de vista dels de baix” (Buades, undated [b]). Labanyi for her part explains how she has become “increasingly uncomfortable at the number of studies of representations of the civil war and its repressive aftermath that engage in textual analysis with little or no mention of the public debates inflecting the texts’ production and reception” (Labanyi, op. cit., p. 120). This is manifestly a way of moving the debate on historical memory forward, and in the dialogue — explicit and otherwise — between Llop, Buades, López Crespi and distinguished historian Josep Massot i Muntaner, there is emotion, scorn and hostility, but textual analysis must play its part too. For interwoven in Les vertaderes memòries de Salvador Orlan, there is a second, less explicit but just as pressing historical memory, older than the War of Independence: the fate of the Mallorcan xuetes11 in 1691 at the hands of the Spanish Inquisition, cruelly anticipated in Llop’s application of the now conventional idiom llevar el sambenito to a writer whose treatment of xuetes and Jews alike remains tremendously problematic. We return to this below.

II

Les vertaderes memòries is the second of López Crespi’s proposed trilogy of fictional biographies of Villalonga. The first, Una arcadia fecil, does not form part of this discussion but is stylistically similar; and the third is still in preparation at the time of writing. In Cultura i antifranquisme, López Crespi refers to Villalonga as a ferocious enemy of Catalunya (López Crespi, 2000), a designation amply supported by Villalonga’s journalism and his biographers and also in numerous studies, notably those of Massot i Muntaner. Why, however, might López Crespi choose to talk about Salvador Orlan, rather than the character Llorenç Villalonga, especially given the precedent of his blog series “Les falses memòries de Felipe González”? This appears to be a simple distancing mechanism or buffer in the context of the violence about to be visited on Villalonga, but it is also a knowing and ironic engagement with the writer’s characteristic, shifting play with autobiographical literature (literatura del jo) as examined by Patrícia Alberola, Raúl-David Martínez Gili and Vicent Simbor, amongst others. Less generously, the dominant, excusatory tone adopted by the first-person narrator, and the reiterative, humourless exposition affect readability and seem indulgent to the point of voyeurism on the part of the author.

In the context of Labanyi’s questioning “of what should be done with Nationalist memories of suffering” (Labanyi, op. cit., p. 111) and of López Crespi’s contributions to this field, I would like to explore the former’s contention that “it is only by capturing the resistances to narrativization that representations of the past can convey something of the emotional charge which that past continues to hold today for those for whom it remains unfinished business” (ibid., p. 107). And as political and judicial moves to acknowledge crimes against humanity in a Spanish frame begin to gain traction (the xuetes and the Aviazione Legionaria Baleares, below), what might the implications be for literature that seeks to address the lacunae and ‘masks’ of Nationalist, perpetrator memory?

5. “he was an out-and-out Falangist, I mean like Ridruejo, the bonvivant Foxá, Pemán, Sánchez-Mazas and others who were there at the very beginning” (Author’s translation).
6. “facile and often evoked sambenito [burden, shame] of long-standing discredit” (Author’s translation).
7. “When I hear or read that Villalonga was a Falangist and anti-Catalanist, I ask myself how long it will be before he is also revealed to have been Jack the Ripper” (Author’s translation). Llop subsequently accuses Josep Massot i Muntaner of creating a long trail of anti-Villalonga disciples (Llop, 2012). Llop’s own literary and memorialistic relationship with Llorenç Villalonga is seductive and complex, but outside the scope of this essay.
9. See Balfour (op. cit.) for a discussion of a more operational understanding of the term.
10. “is one of the few who is still where he used to be, manning the barricades, with his pen before and now his PC, ready to defend historical memory from the point of view of the oppressed” (Author’s translation).
11. Xuetes is a term used to refer to a descendant of a converted Jew in Mallorca, and specifically to those who can trace their lineage to the ‘new Christians’ who were sentenced by the Mallorcan Inquisition in 1691. I use it here in this sense. Note, however, that in contemporary texts (e.g. Francisco Garau, La fe triunfante, 1691), xuetes referred despectively to the converted Jews themselves, and it has retained a similarly negative charge in some discourses to this day.
Les vertaderes memòries de Salvador Orlan confronts the deliberate mystification of Villalonga’s 1967 Falses memòries de Salvador Orlan, which is referred to as a “novel·la” (novel) on the title page. The cover artwork for the former (Figure 1) enters fully into dialogue, intentionally or otherwise, with Villalonga’s writing about the war: the screaming, open-mouthed figure is taken from the far right of Picasso’s Guernica, positioned here as if reacting to an approaching curtain of bombs not present graphically in Picasso’s work. The arm with fist clenched in defiance at the bottom of the frame apparently belongs to a prostrate, second figure (rather than heft from the body as in the original) and no longer clasps the hilt of a broken sword, but performs the iconographic closed-fist gesture of resistance. Although the narrative that emerges can be read in this conventional sense, it also bears crucially on a major lacuna of both texts: the Italian bombing of mainland Spain from Mallorca.

Villalonga’s ‘suffering’ is articulated by López Crespí as a form of cowardice engendered by a fear of reprisals for his propagandistic Radio Mallorca broadcasts and press articles in the service of the Falange. It is perhaps given a veneer of humanity by two episodes in particular: in the first, Salvador Orlan tries to evade Serrano Súñer’s request that he compose a pamphlet contesting Georges Bernanos’ Les grands cimetières sous la lune (1938), which had depicted Francoist brutalities. In the second, providing something of a conscience-laden vertebrating thread in a rambling narrative, we learn of his sense of impotence over the execution by firing squad in February 1937 of Emili Darder, doctor, civic reformer and last Republican mayor of Palma (López Crespí, 2012a, p. 205). But evidence of suffering beyond a suggestion of personal guilt or regret is more difficult to sustain in the monologue and, in López Crespí’s rendering, can border on petulance: “Passats els anys encara m’ataquen; continua, més viva que mai, la llegenda negra en contra meva. Jo no vaig ser cap assassí” (ibid., p. 117).13

In Salvador Orlan’s enraged reaction to the Catalan Generalitat’s wartime relationship with Mallorca in the form of the planes sent to bomb the island, we encounter an ironizing of Orlan’s position — although not of the atrocities of war — through the hugely resonant visual borrowings from Guernica. Orlan asks:

Què pot saber un historiador que no hagi viscut els fets que patirem, el que significava viure sota l’amenaça constant de possibles invasions organitzades des de Barcelona, València i Menorca? I la por que sentíem quan ens comunicaren que, a mitjan agost, els rojos ja eren a Portocristo, avançant cap a Manacor? A tot això cal afegir els constants bombardejaments de l’aviació. No hi havia dia que no arribassin avions per llançar bombes damunt Palma. Malgrat que fossin bombes petites si les comparim amb les de la Segona Guerra Mundial, sentíem que podíem morir de la forma més estúpida: anant a comprar el diari al quiosc, passejant per la ciutat… (ibid., pp. 59-60)14

In Les vertaderes memòries as in the Diario de guerra, the threat of bombs alternates with mention of Juan March’s financing of military aid from Italy, but both Villalonga qua Orlan (in Falses

13. “After all these years, they still attack me; the black stain against my name is darker than ever. I am no murderer” (Author’s translation).
14. “What can a historian who has not lived through the events we suffered possibly know what it meant to live under the constant threat of invasions organized from Barcelona, Valencia and Menorca? And the fear we experienced in the middle of August when they told us that the reds were in Portocristo, advancing towards Manacor? To all this add the constant aerial bombings. Not a day went by without planes coming to drop bombs on Palma. Even if they were small bombs compared with those of the Second World War, we felt we could die in the most stupid of ways: going to buy a newspaper, strolling along the street…” (Author’s translation).
memòries) and López Crespi’s Orlan eschew any mention of the Aviazione Legionaria’s bombing raids on Barcelona and other mainland centres from the Son Bonet airfield on the island between 1937 and 1939. Instead, and perhaps more in tune with Villalonga’s heroic vitalism, Orlan comments repeatedly and with a strange fascination on the so-called ‘Dragons of Death’ under the command of the Fascist, self-titled ‘Count’ Rossi (otherwise known as Arconovaldo Bonacorsi, a “homicidal maniac” according to Preston, 2012, p. 216). Rossi had attempted to influence if not take over command of the Nationalist forces on his arrival from Italy, and was responsible for a campaign of brutal repression on the island following the flight of Captain Bayo’s Republican militia in 1936 (see Massot i Muntaner, 1988, chapter 2). In Falses memòries de Salvador Orlan, recollection of the war is brief and dismissed as little more than an annoyance, the marked use below of the dialectal article, the “article salat”, signalling (at a safe temporal distance) a certain domestication and belittling of the marauding Republican planes (see also Villalonga, 1997, p. 38):

La temptativa d’invasió de l’illa per les forces del capità Bayo havia resultat tan contraproducent com allò d’enviar-nos cada dia “s’avió” a bombardear-nos. [A] l’illa — a part dels avions, o de “s’avió”, que seguia molestant un poc — es podia gaudir d’una pau i una tranquil·litat paradisíiques si un s’abstraia de tot. (Villalonga, 1967, pp. 159-60)16

The mobilization of Picasso’s Guernica in the service of resistance both to “desmemòria” from within Mallorcan and other circles and to what has been for some the unwarranted exculpation of Villalonga, draws its intensity from the defiant, clenched fist and establishes a continuity with present, unfinished business. (Buades uses the arm and fist icon as a favicon, that is, the image on the browser tab of the online journal.) In the letter to Joan Sales that prefaces Falses memòries, Villalonga writes: “fou vostè qui em suggerí la idea d’escriure aquestes confessions que, al revés de les de Rousseau, aspiren a ser tènues per falses. En certa manera, doncs, vostè n’és quasi tan responsable com jo” [my emphasis] (ibid., p. 7).17 A reading open to Villalonga’s characteristic irony notes the sharing of blame here, an allusion perhaps to Sales’ recently adopted Catholic faith and the importance of confession as a sacrament. Having established a strategic complicity with his editor/publisher, Villalonga affirms that “a mi no em doldrà que em discutesquin” (ibid., p. 10)18 before affirming his gratitude to Sales for raising his profile as a writer in Barcelona. In contrast to the apparent openness of these sentiments, López Crespi’s much reduced Salvador Orlan exclaims:

M’adon que mai no podré dissimular la meva participació en els fets de la guerra. Els papers no m’enteixen. El que vaig escriure, el que vaig fer roman intacte, indeleble en la memòria de moltíssima gent. Ni jo mateix, amb totes les trames d’escriptor que he emprat, no ho podré amagar. Ni cap investigador amic, d’aquells que, com pertoca, expliquen que el que fa un autor no té gens d’importància, que sola-ment s’ha de valorar l’obra literària al marge de qualsevol plantejament ètic i polític, no ho podran dissimular. És una tasca impossible cremar els diaris on vaig col·laborar. Inútil tot el que he fet per esborrar el passat. (López Crespi, op. cit., pp. 90-91)19

The archly performative dimension of Les vertaderes memòries is most evident here, in a metafictional key. Very literal resistances, temporarily surmounted, to this particular narrativization of the past emerge following the work’s publication: M.A. Antich reports in the Última Hora news website that “[a] la trilogia sólo le falta encontrar una editorial para la última novela, ya que la época falangista de Llorenç Villalonga ‘no es un tema que guste demasiado’ y puede ‘complicarse’ encontrar una buena editorial” (Antich, 2012, López Crespi clarifies that it has not been his intention to judge the writer, but simply “meter[se] en su piel” (put myself in his place). In El Mundo newspaper, Laura Jurado observes that the work is not “un ajuste de cuentas con la Historia”20 (Jurado, 2012), while in an interview with Sebastià Bennasar for L’Esperl, the culture supplement of the Diari de Balears (Bennasar, 2012), López Crespi acknowledges that “de vegades ens hem quedat massa enlluernat per la història oficial que diu o apunta que el seu falangisme és occasional i de circumstàncies i que no ens hi
hem de fixar gaire”.

The writer’s aims seem irreconcilable, and perhaps opportunistic: “putting myself in his place” implies a quest for understanding and empathy with the subject, whereas the dissatisfaction with official history does indeed indicate a desire to settle accounts or revise a received version of events.

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III

On 5 May 2011, Francesc Antich, at the time President of the Govern Balear, welcomed a group of Israeli rabbis to Palma, together with leaders of Shavei Israel and other Jewish cultural organizations, to celebrate an act of historical reparation to the xuètes who were sentenced to death by the Mallorcan Inquisition and burnt at the stake in 1691 (the subject of Carme Riera’s 1994 novel Dins el darrer blau). Albert Moragues, the Govern’s point of contact for the Jewish delegation, explained that although the government should not be asking for forgiveness for acts where no responsibility is implied, it did have an obligation to repair the social injustice which had left the matter of the converted Jews forgotten in a drawer (Llull, 2011); he clarified: “Perquè no s’està parlant només de morts, sinó ‘de 300 anys de discriminacions’”.²²

Riera’s novel created polemic, which revealed the extent of the social injustice which had left the matter of the converted Jews forgotten in a drawer (Llull, 2011); he clarified: “Perquè no s’està parlant només de morts, sinó ‘de 300 anys de discriminacions’”.²²

Les vertaderes memòries is published under the pseudonym “Dhey”.²³ The explicit connection established here between two different circumstances of violent repression (in 1691 and 1936) is further underlined by the description of the searches and interrogations after the Republican defeat, the reliance on second- or third-hand information (gossip) and fabricated evidence to establish disloyal or treacherous intent that mirrors very closely the modus operandi of the Inquisition’s officers.

Through the horrific evocation of the iron mask, López Crespí illuminates a collective history, but also the reality of the persecution that followed for the xuèta descendants of the dead. The section is positioned early in the novel, before Orlan envisions his own execution and before he strains to make out the darkened depictions of processions of penitents, whose “gramalletes” or “sambenetos” would be displayed publicly in the cloister of the Church of Sant Domènec in Palma until well into the nineteenth century. The masks haunt Orlan whose own caricature of Aina Cohen in Mort de dama (1931)²⁶ and his scornful rejection of the Jewish/xueta narrative of victimhood might be added as an indicative element of the persecutory discourse against the xuètes.

In López Crespí’s re-imagining of Villalonga’s past through the unstable ‘other’ ego of Salvador Orlan, Villalonga’s myriad masking techniques are shown to have failed utterly to save him from lasting and public examination — by the protagonist’s admission in the diegesis, but more so by the fact of the book’s publication itself — and the work thus provides its own justification. But does Les vertaderes memòries really address what Buades considers to be the deficit of memory surrounding Villalonga, perhaps in opening up a space for discourse that is not wholly or simply condemnatory? I would argue rather that the repetition of this basic narrative of victimization might be seen as parasitic on the literature of memory as far as it seeks to refashion Orlan, since the
thematic and metatextual haunting of the protagonist is unproductive and the legacy of Villalonga is unchanged. At the same time, the re-articulation of masking mechanisms in *Les vertaderes memòries*, their distillation and embodiment in the memory of the physical iron mask, can be understood as a (rather banal) injunction to confront issues of memory rather than allow their sidelining from official, revised or rehabilitated histories. However, such a reading seems eclipsed by Francesc Antich’s apology and also by the decision of the Provincial Court of Barcelona, on 23 January 2013, to sanction the investigation of twenty-one Italian aviators of the Aviazione Legionaria expeditionary force believed to have flown from Son Bonet to saturation-bomb Barcelona in 1938.

Where might memory literature situate itself as such small but significant developments enable a more inclusive version of history to be told? López Crespi presents us with a false apologia narrated in the first person by a fictional subject who stands metaphorically for a real person (who, as the writing subject, created Orlan as his alter ego). An apologia, moreover, which is composed by a writer whose political affiliations are diametrically opposed to his subject’s, is both ethically suspect and aesthetically problematic (in its execution). López Crespi, consistent with his confused aims, both speaks for/as Villalonga/Orlan with poetic but not political authority and, within the larger discursive space of twenty-first century Mallorca, he explicitly situates his ‘true memoirs’ as a challenge to received history—or History, as Jurado tellingly writes in her article in *El Mundo* (Jurado, 2012). Whether countering an industry of cultural rehabilitation (Buades, *op. cit.*) or contributing more broadly to the culture of historical memory, *Les vertaderes memòries* poses questions about the motivation of a writing subject who is determined to have the last word: even though López Crespi engages with a politically divisive figure to speak for him, “political effectivity” (Alcoff’s term) is not a possible outcome. Representing Salvador Orlan is thus less about a perverse demasking of Llorenç Villalonga than it is about perpetuating a fictional construct which benefits few, artistically or otherwise.

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P. Louise Johnson
p.l.johnson@sheffield.ac.uk
Senior Lecturer in Catalan and Spanish
School of Languages and Cultures
University of Sheffield

Louise Johnson was an undergraduate and postgraduate at St John’s College, University of Oxford, before joining the Department of Hispanic Studies at the University of Sheffield in January 1996. Louise is Director of Catalan studies within the Department and Director of Postgraduate Research within the School. She teaches Catalan and Spanish language, literature and culture at undergraduate and Masters level, and supervises research students in the area of Catalan and Hispanic studies more broadly. Louise’s research interests centre on modern Catalan and peninsular Spanish literature and culture (in particular narrative fiction, gender and sexuality and sporting culture). Her current research focuses specifically on modern literature, and on intellectual discourses and physical culture in pre-Civil War Spain.

She has published extensively on modern Catalan literature (Llorenç Villalonga, Manuel de Pedrolo, Guillem Viladot and Maria Antònia Capmany amongst others), on Catalan and Spanish sporting culture of the twentieth century, and has edited two collections of articles on twentieth-century Catalan culture. Her monograph on Villalonga, La tafanera posteritat, was awarded the first Premi Casa Museu Llorenç Villalonga in 2001.

University of Sheffield
Jessop West
1 Upper Hanover Street
Sheffield
S3 7RA
United Kingdom