



TRANSLATORS' RINCON de TRADUCTORES CORNER



“Torn Lace” *and* “Native Plant”

by Emilia Pardo Bazán

translated by Francisca González Arias





Introduction

Emilia Pardo Bazán was born in 1851 in A Coruña, Spain, and died in Madrid in 1921. She was one of the foremost writers of late nineteenth century and early twentieth century Spain. In this year that marks the centennial of her death, we continue to reflect on, and marvel at the intensity of her curiosity, the breadth of her interests, the extraordinary range of her talents, and the relevance that her writing has for the present day. Pardo Bazán was also a committed feminist and defended women's rights and access to education, the professions, and cultural institutions.

'Doña Emilia' —as she is often referred to in Spain— wrote nineteen novels, countless essays, seven plays, and she collaborated widely in the Spanish and Latin American press. Author of some six hundred short stories, she is a creator of the short fiction genre in Spanish. Ever attuned to literary currents beyond Spanish borders, Pardo Bazán introduced French Naturalism into Spain through her essays in *La Época* collected in *La cuestión palpitante* (1883) (*The Burning Question*). She produced her own brand of Naturalism in novels of the 1880's, such as *Un viaje de novios* (1881) (*A Wedding Trip*), *Los pazos de Ulloa* (1886) (*The House of Ulloa*), and *La madre naturaleza* (1887) (*Mother Nature*). *La Tribuna* (1883) (*The Tribune of the People*) is the only novel by a major novelist of the time to portray a proletarian protagonist, a woman labor activist who leads a strike at the cigar factory where she works. In the 1890's Pardo Bazán continued to explore social issues: *La piedra angular* (1891) (*The Angular Stone*), an examination of the death penalty, and the two linked novels *Doña Milagros* (1894) and *Memorias de un solterón* [Memoirs of an Old Bachelor] (1896) which trace the coming-of-age of the feminist protagonist. Doña Emilia's novels of the early twentieth century such as *La Quimera* [The Chimera] (1903), a portrait of a painter based on her protégé Joaquín Vaamonde, whom she nursed during his battle with tuberculosis, and who died at her Meirás home in Galicia, reflect her alertness to Symbolism and fin-de-siècle tendencies.



Early in her writing career, Pardo Bazán corresponded with Antonio Machado y Álvarez, founder of anthropological studies in Spain, and at his behest she launched The Galician Folklore Society and encouraged studies on the customs, rituals, beliefs and culture of her native region. Her novels and collections of short stories of Galician ambiance —*Cuentos de Marineda* [Stories of Marineda] (1892), *Historias y cuentos de Galicia* [Tales and Stories of Galicia] (1900), *Cuentos del terruño* [Stories of the Native Soil] (1907), and *Cuentos de la tierra* [Stories of the Land] (1923)— together constitute a kind of ethnographic document that portrays the Galician people in all their diversity and with deep insight and empathy.

The two stories published here represent different facets of her narrative work. **“El encaje roto** (1897) —translated into English as “Torn Lace”¹— is set within the upper-class society that the author herself frequented and that appears in such novels as *Insolación* [Sunstroke] (1889). Its themes highlight female agency and the double standard which prevented women like the protagonist Micaelita from enjoying the same freedoms as her fiancé. This short story also alludes to the issue of domestic violence, which Pardo Bazán portrayed throughout her narrative work as pervasive and transcending social class.

“Planta montés” (1890) —which also appeared in the collection *Historias y cuentos de Galicia* and is presented here for the first time in English translation, as “Native Plant”— takes place in Marineda, doña Emilia’s fictional name for A Coruña, and as such it belongs to the author’s cycle of Galician stories. The narrator, an educated woman, an urban dweller who traces her family’s origins back to the land, is a study in contrasts. While she readily displays her familiarity with contemporary pedagogical theories (Friedrich Fröbel was a founder of modern early education and created the concept of the “kindergarten”), she also defends “the lost tradition” of service originating in the medieval *foro*, the contract between landowners and the peasants who rent and labor on their land. Pardo Bazán enriches the story with descriptions of traditional Galician garb derived from her research as President of the Galician Folklore Society and her visit to the Ethnographic Museum in Paris, which she documented in *La Revista de Galicia*.

¹ An English translation of “Torn Lace” was published in *“Torn Lace” and Other Stories*, The Modern Language Association, 1996, translated by María Cristina Urruela.



One of the challenges of translating the story is to render in English the expressions in *gallego*, a strategy that doña Emilia adopted to lend more authenticity to her Galician stories, and to highlight the link between language and culture. (She included a glossary of Galician terms in *Historias y cuentos de Galicia*). Words are crucial to the development of character as the narrator adopts the young mountain boy's own language when dialoguing with him:

“Señora mi ama, no me *afago* aquí.”

“Y pasado algún tiempo, ¿no te *afarás* tampoco?”

It is a scene that endows the young man with his own voice and presages the epiphany experienced by the narrator —that of the bond that all Galicians share, regardless of social status.

About the translator

Francisca González Arias completed her doctorate at Harvard University with a dissertation on the nineteenth century novelist and short story writer Emilia Pardo Bazán, and she has taught in various universities in the New England area. Her research interests are focused on women writers of the Spanish-speaking world. She has numerous translation projects underway of works by Soledad Puértolas and the Mexican author Cristina Rivera Garza. Her translation of Soledad Puértolas's second novel *Bordeaux* appeared in the European Women Writers Series of the University of Nebraska Press (1998), and her translations into Spanish of Emily Dickinson were published by the University of Valencia Press: Fascicles 7 & 8 (2016) and Fascicles 9 & 10 (2018).

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TORN LACE

I had been invited to the wedding of Micaelita Aránguiz and Bernardo de Meneses but I was unable to attend, so I was astonished to find out the next day —the ceremony was to have taken place at 10 p.m. at the bride’s home— that at the very foot of the altar, when the bishop of San Juan de Acre asked her if she took Bernardo for her husband, Micaelita let out a clear and energetic “No.” And when the clergyman repeated the question in a puzzled tone, the denial was pronounced once more, while the bridegroom, after enduring for a quarter of an hour the most ridiculous situation in the world, had no choice but to leave, dissolving the celebration and the ceremony simultaneously.

Such cases are not unheard of, and we often read about them in the newspapers, but they tend to happen among people of humble origins, of more modest means, in circles where social conventions do not hinder the frank and spontaneous expression of feeling and choice.

The singularity of the scene instigated by Micaelita was the environment in which it occurred. I conjured up the tableau, inconsolable at not having been able to see it with my own eyes. I imagined the packed reception room, the select assembly, the women dressed in silk and velvet, bedecked with jewels, their white mantillas over their arms, ready to cover their heads as soon as the ceremony began. The men with gleaming dress shirts and medals of various military orders pinned to their tuxedo jackets. The bride’s mother, richly attired, busy, solicitous, going from group to group, accepting congratulations. The bride’s pretty little sisters overcome with emotion: the older one dressed in pink, the younger in blue, showing off turquoise bracelets, gifts from their future brother-in-law. The bishop who was to bless the ceremony, alternately serious or



affable and smiling, exchanging witty banter or bestowing discreet compliments as he saw fit. Meanwhile, one could glimpse the aura of mystery of the chapel sheathed in flowers, a flood of white roses rising from the floor to the little cupola crowned by wreaths of roses and snow-white lilies artistically crafted on green branches. And on the altar the statue of the Virgin, guardian of the aristocratic mansion, was half hidden by a curtain of orange blossoms, a train-carload of which was sent from Valencia by the wealthy landowner Aránguiz, the bride's uncle and godfather, who had not come because of old age and bad health. These details spread from mouth to mouth while calculating the magnificent inheritance that was to be Micaelita's, another sign of good fortune for the couple, who were to travel to Valencia on their honeymoon. I imagined the bridegroom in a small group of men, somewhat nervous, slightly pale, inadvertently biting on his mustache, bowing his head to respond to the amiable jokes and the flattering words addressed to him...

And finally, I see emerge in the doorway a kind of apparition —the bride, whose features can barely be seen under the cloud of tulle, the silk of her dress rustling as she passes, while in her hair, as if sown with dew, sparkle the gemstones of the nuptial heirloom... And now the ceremony comes to life. The best man and the matron of honor lead the couple forward, and the innocent figure kneels next to the bridegroom's slim and graceful shape... The family crams into the front, while the curious and friends search for a good spot, and amid the silence and respectful attention of the guests..., the bishop formulates a question, to which the bride responds with a "No" as sharp as the click of a trigger, as fatal as a bullet. And —once again in my imagination— I note the bridegroom's gesture, as he turns, wounded. The mother's energy as she springs forward to protect and shield her daughter. The bishop's insistence, and the look of his astonishment. The tremor of the crowd; the anxious questions relayed in an instant: "What happened? What's going on? Is the bride indisposed? She said 'No'? That's impossible... But is it true? What a scene!"

In society, all of this constitutes a terrible drama. And in Micaelita's case, a riddle as well. The reason for the unexpected "no" was never known for sure.



Micaelita would only say that she had changed her mind, and that she was completely free and had the right to turn back, even at the foot of the altar, as long as a “yes” had not issued from her lips. The family’s closest friends wracked their brains, offering unlikely suppositions. What was beyond a doubt was that, until that fateful moment, everyone had seen two people who were very much in love and happy with each other. The bride’s girlfriends reported that, when they entered to see her in all her finery minutes before the scandal, she was mad with joy, and so hopeful and content that she would not have traded places with anybody. These were facts that clouded even more the strange enigma that for a long time would give rise to gossip, irritated by the mystery and determined to decipher it unfavorably.

Three years later, when almost nobody remembered what had happened at her wedding, I came across Micaelita at a fashionable spa where her mother was taking the waters. There’s nothing like the routine of a spa to encourage friendships, and the young woman and I became so close that one afternoon as we strolled toward the church, she revealed her secret to me, declaring that she gave me leave to divulge it, secure in the knowledge that such a simple explanation would not be believed.

“It was the silliest thing, so silly in fact that I didn’t want to say it. People always attribute events to profound and transcendental reasons, unaware that sometimes our fate is determined by trivial matters, the littlest things... But they’re little things that have meaning, and for some people, they mean too much. I will tell you what happened; and I can’t believe that nobody noticed, because it occurred right there, in front of everybody. If they didn’t notice, it’s because it was over in a flash.”

“As you know, my marriage to Bernardo de Meneses seemed to meet all the conditions and the guarantees of happiness. In addition, I admit that I was considerably attracted to my fiancé, more than to any other man that I ever knew or know. I believe that I was in love with him. The only thing that I lamented was not being able to study his character: some people judged him to be violent, but I always saw him to be courteous, deferential, and soft as a glove. Yet I was suspicious that he was adopting appearances aimed to deceive me and to hide a fierce and disagreeable personality. A thousand times



I cursed the subjection of single women, for whom it is impossible to follow their fiancé closely, to delve into his reality, and obtain reports that are true and brutally sincere —the only ones that would have satisfied me. I tried to submit Bernardo to several tests, which he passed with success. His behavior was so correct that I came to believe that I could entrust my future and my happiness to him without any fear whatsoever.”

“The day of the wedding arrived. Despite my understandable emotion, when I put on my white dress, I noticed once more the superb flounce of lace that adorned it, a gift from my fiancé. That ancient piece of authentic Alençon had belonged to his family; it was a foot wide —a marvel—, and of an exquisite design, perfectly preserved, worthy of a museum showcase. Bernardo had praised its value to the skies, which had begun to annoy me because, however much the lace was worth, my future husband should have realized that I was worth even more.”

“At that solemn moment, as I observed the lace highlighted by the dress’s dense satin, it seemed to me that the very delicate piece of handiwork symbolized the promise of good fortune, and that its texture, so fragile and yet so resistant, subtly meshed two hearts together. I was entranced by this daydream while I walked toward the chapel at the entrance of which my fiancé awaited me. As I hurried to greet him, full of joy for the last time before I became his in body and soul, the lace snagged onto an iron nail of the door, with such bad luck that, as I tried to free myself, I heard an unmistakable ripping sound and noticed a strip of the magnificent lace hanging on the dress. But I saw something else: Bernardo’s face, contorted and disfigured by the most vivid rage; his eyes ablaze, his mouth half-open ready to berate or insult me... He didn’t, however, because there were people all around him; yet in that fleeting moment a curtain rose and a naked soul appeared behind it.”

“I must have turned pale, but fortunately the tulle of the veil covered my face. Something shattered and broke into pieces inside me —the joy with which I had entered the room turning into profound revulsion. I could not let go of the image of Bernardo with that angry, hard, and contemptuous expression I had just glimpsed on his face. This certainty took hold of me, and with it the realization that I could not, that I would not give



myself to such a man, not then, not ever... And yet I continued to go toward the altar; I knelt down, I listened to the bishop's admonitions... But when I heard the question, the terrible and impetuous truth sprang to my lips... That 'no' burst forth, unplanned. I was saying it to myself... so that everyone could hear!"

"But why didn't you reveal the true motive, when so many different commentaries were made afterwards?"

"I repeat, because of its very simplicity... No one would ever have believed it. What is natural and ordinary is never acknowledged. I preferred to let people think that there were reasons of the so-called serious kind."



NATIVE PLANT

There was long deliberation, and a kind of family meeting took place to decide if it was convenient to bring that native of Galicia's most rugged mountains to enter service in the regional capital. The truth is that we were undertaking the taming of a young colt. We would have to begin by teaching the novice the name of the most common household objects, imparting 'lessons of things' that would make Froebel's educational theories pale in comparison. But we were so fed up with the servants recruited from Marineda's restaurants and cafés, given to roguish habits and untrained in the niceties of social intercourse, experts at pilfering wine and sacking the house for gifts for their lady-friends, that we opted to give acclimatization a chance. At the bottom of our hearts we harbored the sweet hope that after finding in the bosom of the mountain an innocent and half feral young man, a descendant of the people who had tilled our lands since time immemorial, we would exercise over the servant a kind of lordly dominion, renewing the lost tradition of old fashioned service, affectionate and patriarchal, in sum. Those were the days when servants died at home of old age!

It was a calm and clear morning. Marineda's sky justified the lyrics that declare it 'azure-colored', when the native of Cenmozas arrived at our home. He was accompanied by his father, the caretaker of our land. Father and son were like two peas in a pod and shared the same features —high cheekbones and a dark complexion, the color of rye bread, with small, deep-set eyes, restless like those of a captive bird; and with thin, almost invisible lips, and an oblong pear-shaped cranium. They differed in their expression: the old man's, astute and humble; sullen and mistrustful, the youth's. They were also set apart by their hair. The father's was closely cropped, while the son's was long in the fashion of



peasants bound to the land, and hung from both sides of his dark wool cap. The two wore the authentic costume of the mountain district, akin to the garb of Brittany or the Vende, except that instead of wide pantaloons they used tight linen breeches under brownish cloth ones. Despite the radiant beauty of the day, the mountain men were leaning on enormous red umbrellas.

The old man exuded satisfaction and contentment like one who is sure of having found his offspring a position that would thrill even the king, and a provocative smile danced about on his sly features. But the young man, silent and faded despite his suntanned skin, seemed indifferent to exterior things. When they were offered a seat, they let themselves fall into it heavily and timidly, imbued with respect towards the chair. Before stipulating our conditions, the father duly launched into a panegyric of his Ciprián or Cibrao, for that was what he called him. The laudatory comparisons were taken from the animal life of the countryside. Cibrao, as gentle as a sheep; Cibrao, as loyal as a dog; Cibrao, as hardworking as a wolf (so he said, though I was unaware that the wolf was known for its industriousness); Cibrao, as affectionate as a dove; Cibrao, thrifty like the ant; Cibrao, sturdier than a hinney mule. You didn't need much to provide for him because —praise the Lord! — he was used to everything, and his body was none the worse for wear. If he disobeyed in the slightest, hit him without regret (and the father mimed the movement of someone beating a hide with a stick). And if not, just call *him*, Uncle Julian! He would come down from Cenmozas to give his son a thrashing such as he wouldn't be able to move about in five weeks! Wages, whatever we wished —we had too fine a reputation as good Christians to play anyone a dirty trick! And not a nickel in the young man's hand: for it was common knowledge that whatever lads had they'd spend on rascally girls and at the tavern... He, Uncle Julian, would take it upon himself to collect, let's say, two or three months at a time... If he was in fact paying such an amount today, and his boy earned so much, then that sum could be subtracted when the rent became due. And speaking of the rent, in these difficult years, couldn't we just lower it a bit? Also, the house was falling apart. A strong wind would simply... whoosh! knock it down and... good-bye



to their dear little house! And with so many cracks... they were *quivering* with cold! We understood that Uncle Julian had come equipped with the firm resolve of selling us his “lad” in exchange for rent, reconstruction of the house, and money to buy a couple of oxen, which he reckoned would get him out of trouble. In token of this tacit agreement he presented us with two cheeses hard as stone, four ounces of rancid lard, and about half a bushel of plump chestnuts.

When the old peasant said good-bye, after he was well fed and regaled, the son stayed immobile and mute. He didn’t even seem to want to accompany his father to the door, or to show any sign of affection and send regards to those left behind in the mountains to which the old man was returning. At night we saw the new servant curled up in a corner of the kitchen, unwilling to come to the table for his supper. Neither our words, nor the jokes of the merry young lady’s maid, not even the compassionate remarks of the cook, an older woman who had a son “in the service of the king,” managed to cheer him up. He refused to taste a thing.

We understood well enough this initial homesickness or *morriña* and hoped it would not last. Marineda is so festive on Sundays! It offers innumerable distractions to a young peasant boy raised among brambles and gorse. There’s so much marching music and military parades and, at Mardi Gras, all those groups in fancy dress. And so many processions during Holy Week! Cibrao would come to relish it all.

The first thing was to make him decent, so that he could appear in front of people and his mates wouldn’t make fun of him. A barber cut his hair and showed him how to use a comb; a tailor readied some cast-off clothing, and he was supplied with shirts and socks and suspenders. White neckties were ironed for him and his calloused hands were stuffed into cotton gloves. The metamorphosis suddenly had a favorable effect. One would have thought that the mountain man was going to shake off his apathy. Perhaps because his long locks had made his face seem emaciated, or for some other unknown reason, when his hair was cropped his appearance improved, as well as his appetite and his spirits, and we were all of the opinion that the transplant was taking place most favorably.



But, oh! our satisfaction vanished in a flash! The young man's initiation in service was disastrous. A young mare from Arzúa let loose in the house would not have caused greater damage. Accustomed to the scythe and pitchfork, Cibrao's rough hands were unable to grasp a bauble or a glass without reducing it to dust. He'd pick it up with infinite precautions, and then —crash! It hit the floor in a thousand pieces. He'd blame the gloves with which, he affirmed, he "had no touch." Crystal exerted a strange fascination over his rough peasant senses. He could not distinguish it from the transparency of the air. If he had a wineglass or a bottle in front of him, he positively "did not see it," or at least he did not distinguish its shape. "It makes me dizzy," he'd say when he picked up any translucent object.

He'd mix up the silverware: forks for the soup, and spoons for the meat course. He'd bring out the vinegar cruet at dessert time. He'd flail the paintings with the duster handle and pull out the curtains when dusting them. He'd clean the inkwell with the tea towels, and there was no oil lamp that he did not break. One night, thanks to him, the house was immersed in darkness.

With all this our household furnishings gained little, and their destroyer, even less. The tumult of our constant warnings and scolding, the vertiginous rhythm of the city, or perhaps more intimate causes closer to the transplanted being's soul, were wasting away his face and dimming his eyes in what came to seem to us an alarming manner. Some compassion and a lot of weariness and impatience prompted us to call the young man to account and advise him paternally to return to his mountain refuge. "Let's speak clearly and without fear, young man. Nobody wants you to be in this house against your will. You've been here two, three weeks. You know by now how things are going for you. You're not happy." A luminous spark lit up his concave pupils, and his tight lips articulated energetically:

"Madam, my Lady, I can't *'custom* myself here."

"And, after some more time, would you still not *'custom* yourself?"

"Not even then. No, ma'am".



In view of this categorical response, we wrote without delay to Uncle Julian to come fetch his puppy. And that he fetch him as soon as possible, or else nothing in the house, not even the lad himself, would be left standing. Our administrator transmitted the old man's response. If he came to Marineda he would break every rib in his son's body for "spitting on his luck." And if he brought him back to the mountains it would be to "ill-use him with beatings." This way of understanding parental authority alarmed us a bit. We gave up on our determination and communicated the "Old Man's" orders to Cibrao.

No response. He resigned himself and fell into a kind of apathy. He did whatever we asked him to, but as soon as our backs were turned, he'd curl up in a corner, letting his arms fall, his jawbone piercing his chest. It was the sad calm of an animal, silent and soporific, without protest or complaint, the enigmatic and stubborn affirmation of will in the zoological world. One day, when asked if he was ill and if the doctor should be sent for, he answered:

"Doctor *ain't* no use. The land is calling me inside."

It was November, that lugubrious month in which one can make out the rattling of the bones of the dead and muffled otherworldly lamentations beyond the ground drenched in rain and the whistling of the south wind. Marineda was putting on her winter dress. Window glass shook with hurricane force, and the roar of the city's two seas —the drydock's and the bay's— played the bass in a terrifying concert, while the wind's strident voice seemed to laugh mockingly. In our solitary street, one didn't hear the nocturnal hours but rather the rhythmic and forceful step of the night watchman, the water's plaintive flow, the bewitched mewling of a cat rabid for love, and a knock that echoed as if from the hollow of a tomb. After the stormiest and saddest night of the entire month, we learned that Cibrao didn't want to get out of bed. The doctor came and we guffawed with laughter when he told us what the young man was suffering from.

"That loafer! Nothing's wrong with him. No fever, no pain. I'll say it again: nothing! He says he doesn't feel like getting up. Why, do you think? I wager you can't guess. Well, because last night he heard a dog bark, that is, howl, and he swears that dog was *foresaying* his death."



Once our laughter had died down, a fit of humanitarian feeling came over us.
“Doctor, soup and wine? Doctor, how about a mustard plaster? Doctor, sometimes a foot bath...?”

The doctor shrugged his shoulders and arched his eyebrows:
“I don’t see a remedy because I don’t see a sickness. If there’s one, it’s in the ‘gray matter’ and I don’t know how to place leeches or apply emetics there. For a superstitious malady, try incantations. Call the parish priest. Have him bring a little cauldron and a hyssop to remove the enemy from his body.”

And Doctor Moragas left, half smiling, half furious.
We’ve often deplored not following the doctor’s ironic advice immediately. Who knows if the sight of the blessed cauldron would have cured the mountain boy’s passion of spirit?

The next night I too heard, mixed with the whistling of the wind and the Cantabrian Sea’s deep turbulent roar, the voice of the dog that howled with a sad and prolonged sound. I lay awake, and an odd uneasiness pressed down upon me until dawn, the time in which sleep usually recompenses the weariness of insomnia.

Will the outcome of this authentic case be believed? It’s not as surprising to us who were born in the misty lands of the prophesying Celts as it is to those who were raised in sunnier climes.

The fear of incredulity paralyzes my hand. I can hardly bring myself to inscribe here that at dawn Cibrao was found dead in his sleep.

We gave him a good burial and even had Masses said for his gentle and primitive soul.





Rincón de Traductores/Translators' Corner

Disponibles en/available at: <http://cervantesobservatorio.fas.harvard.edu/en/translation-corner>

1. RT/TC 001 (2019). "A Letter of Federico García Lorca to his Parents, 1935". Author: Federico García Lorca (Spain); Translator: Christopher Maurer; Genre: Letter.
2. RT/TC 002 (2019). "Like a Night with Legs Wide Open". Author: José Alcántara Almánzar (Dominican Republic); Translator: Luis Guzmán Valerio; Genre: Short Story.
3. RT/TC 003 (2019). "In the Parks, at Dusk" and "I Only Think of You". Author: Marina Mayoral (Spain); Translator: María Socorro Suárez Lafuente; Genre: Short Story.
4. RT/TC 004 (2020). "The Guide through Death" and "The Fat Lady". Author: Guadalupe Dueñas (Mexico); Translator: Josie Hough; Genre: Short Story.
5. RT/TC 005 (2020). "The Case of the Unfaithful Translator". Author: José María Merino (Spain); Translator: Erin Goodman; Genre: Short Story.
6. RT/TC 006 (2020). "The Guerrilla Fighter" and "May as Well Call it Quits". Author: Albalucía Ángel Marulanda (Colombia); Translator: Daniel Steele Rodríguez; Genre: Short Story.
7. RT/TC 007 (2020). "Miguel Hernández' Speech to His Companions in the Ocaña Jail". Author: Miguel Hernández (Spain); Translator: Constance Marina; Genre: Speech.
8. RT/TC 008 (2020). "On the Road to Houmt Souk". Author: Soledad Puértolas (Spain); Translator: Francisca González Arias; Genre: Short Story.
9. RT/TC 009 (2020). *Rincón de Traductores / Translators' Corner – Volume 1: Compilation 2019-2020*. Various Authors; Various Translators.
10. RT/TC 010 (2020). *Waiting for the Revolution: Cuba, the Unfinished Journey* (excerpt). Author: Gustavo Gac-Artigas (Chile); Translator: Andrea G. Labinger; Genre: Chronicle.



11. RT/TC 011 (2020). “A Bad Girl”. Author: Montserrat Ordóñez (Colombia); Translator: Clara Eugenia Ronderos; Genre: Short Story.
12. RT/TC 012 (2020). “Claudia and the Cats”. Author: Ivanna Chapeta (Guatemala); Translator: Lindsay Romanoff Bartlett; Genre: Short Story.
13. RT/TC 013 (2021). *Song of Being and Nonbeing*. Author: Santiago Alba Rico (Spain); Translator: Carolina Finley Hampson; Genre: Poetry.
14. RT/TC 014 (2021). “Christmas Eve in the Hills of Jaruco”. Author: Robert F. Lima Rovira and Robert Lima (Cuba/USA); Translator: Robert lima; Genre: Chronicle.
15. RT/TC 015 (2021). *Three Poems*. Author: José Luis García Martín (Spain); Translator: Claudia Quevedo-Webb; Genre: Poetry.
16. RT/TC 016 (2021). *A Manifesto for reading* (excerpt). Author: Irene Vallejo (Spain); Translator: Erin Goodman; Genre: Essay.
17. RT/TC 017 (2021). *Parallel 35* (three excerpts) and “The Dead Woman”. Author: Carmen Laforet (Spain); Translator: Roberta Johnson; Genre: Chronicle/Short Story.