

**The Translation of Original
Metaphors from Spanish to English
in Two Novels by Carmen Laforet:
Nada and *La isla y los demonios***

A Practice-Based PhD

by

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Preface

I was introduced to Carmen Laforet while studying for my Spanish 'A' Level. *Nada* was one of my set texts. I was the same age as the main character in the novel, which was probably why it appealed to me. During my four-year BA (Hons) Spanish course, I wrote my dissertation on *Nada* (Matthews, 1977) and read all Laforet's novels and short stories. I was moved by her writing, which has a strong visual element to it, and I thought then that I would like to translate some of her work into English. Many years later, on becoming a professional translator, I decided to put this ambition into practice. I tried my hand at translating *La isla y los demonios*, Laforet's second, less well-known novel, which has always been a favourite of mine.

I quickly discovered that the most difficult, and the most interesting and rewarding parts of the novel to translate were those sections of the text which contained strong visual imagery and striking comparisons. These were usually found in descriptive passages conveying the heightened emotions of Laforet's characters, which is where she excels as an author. I wanted to discover how other literary translators tackled the problem and went first to look at existing English translations of *Nada*. I was fascinated to discover how much the translations differed one from another. Eager for more translations to examine, I decided to ask translators to translate some of the original metaphors in *Nada*; and the PhD was born.

Acknowledgements

First and foremost, I would like to thank my tutor and mentor, Dr Anna Milsom, who has been with me every step of the way during these five years in pursuit of the PhD. I have been privileged and most fortunate to have her as my advisor and my friend. I cannot thank her enough for the time she has spent, her ideas and contributions, her patience and expertise, and particularly her unfailing enthusiasm for translation research which could not fail to rub off on me. She has kept me motivated throughout, and I would not have progressed at all without her. She inspired me to start my PhD in the first place and has helped me over every stumbling block.

I would especially like to thank my tutor Dr Nadia Rahab, who offered me the opportunity to undertake the research in the first place, and has been unfailingly supportive and helpful. Any question I asked she responded straight away with practical help and solutions, despite being extremely busy herself. She has always been there for me. A thank you also goes to Dr Carolyn Hart, my excellent creative writing advisor, and to Cathy Larne who uncomplainingly smoothed out any administrative problems with such efficiency and panache. I have been extraordinarily lucky in the support given to me by the university. Thank you all very much.

I must also thank my team of literary translators, who helped me in my research by translating original metaphors and commenting on them. They fell upon this task with such enthusiasm and good humour that it inspired me and gave me confidence in my own work, specifically because these translators are talented professionals with tough schedules and work deadlines. I am indebted to them.

Finally, I would like to thank my husband Andy, who has been my constant support and quality control, and has had to put up with me being constantly glued to a laptop. Without him there would be no PhD. I extend this thanks to my children Joe, Amy and Alice, all of whom have looked after me instead of vice versa throughout this process and have all turned into excellent cooks.

Abstract

This thesis is about ‘new’ metaphor, conceived and created by authors, often called ‘original metaphor’ in the world of Translation Studies. It is the most extreme form of figurative language, ‘often dramatic and shocking in effect’ Newmark (1982, p.84). The translation of original metaphor can produce unexpected juxtapositions of language, suggesting as many different results as there are translators. Nevertheless, many theorists (e.g. Reiss, 1971; Newmark, 1988; Ribé, 1997) say this type of metaphor should be translated ‘literally’, or word for word as far as possible, suggesting there might be uniformity between translators’ solutions.

This study investigates how literary translators approach this challenge, focusing on Spanish-English translations of a novel containing plenty of original metaphors: *Nada* (1945), by Spanish author Carmen Laforet (1921 – 2004). Original metaphors from the text are compared to four published English translations by Inez Muñoz (1958), Charles Franklin Payne (1964), Glafyra Ennis (1993) and Edith Grossman (2007) in a corpus based study. It shows that they use a variety of methods to translate the metaphors, but translate ‘literally’ in well over half of them. In a two-part translation exercise and questionnaire, professional literary translators are asked to translate some of these metaphors. Again, many different strategies are employed, but over half of them are translated as literally as possible within the confines of English grammar and syntax.

Although this investigation is limited to one author and language pair, it gives a clear indication that although literary translators vary exceedingly in their solutions, on the whole they prefer to translate original metaphors as literally as possible. Given that the essence of original metaphor is that it reflects the author’s personality, this demonstrates literary translators’ seeming desire to reproduce an author’s distinctive character as exactly as possible for their readers.

The finding is applied to a new English translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*, Laforet’s second novel, which forms the practice part of this PhD. A literal strategy has been used to translate the original metaphors in the text, some of which have then been reviewed by an experienced editor of literary texts in English for a further insight into their acceptability.

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RESEARCH

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Chapter One – Introduction to the PhD

1.1 Introduction

The research in this PhD came about because of a genuine translation challenge. How do you translate unusual metaphors from one language to another? The metaphors in question are those which invoke startling images, or make surprising, or even shocking, comparisons which appear to have sprung from the author's imagination and individuality.

This question arose while trying to translate, into English, some of the figurative language in *La isla y los demonios* [The Island and the Demons¹] (1952), the second novel by Spanish novelist Carmen Laforet (1921-2004). Laforet's first and highly acclaimed novel *Nada* [Nothing] (1945) won the prestigious Spanish literary award, the *Premio Nadal* in 1944 and has been translated four times into English, first by Inez Muñoz (1958) and Charles Franklin Payne (1964), then by Glafyra Ennis (1993) and more recently by Edith Grossman (2007). Both *Nada* and *La isla y los demonios* contain vivid imagery and a high proportion of unusual metaphors. These metaphors, conceived and created by the author, are often called 'original' metaphors (Newmark, 1982, p.84; Nida, 1982, p.98; MacCormack, 1985, p.136; Meyer et al, 1997, p.3; Snell-Hornby, 1995, p.5; Fuertes-Olivera, 2005, p.61), and they are the focus of this research.

Why this particular author and these particular texts? *Nada* is the coming-of-age story of a young girl in a country emerging from civil war into a Fascist regime. I studied this text at 'A' level and, captivated by the novel, went on to study Laforet's work at degree level, producing a dissertation on the autobiographical nature of *Nada* (Matthews, 1977). The fact that the novel is a set text for the study of Spanish literature in schools and colleges in the UK is an indicator of the importance of the author. Of all her novels and short stories, *La isla y los demonios* comes closest in content to *Nada*, being semi-autobiographical with a protagonist slightly younger than Andrea, the heroine of *Nada*. *La isla y los demonios* is set on the island of Gran Canaria where Laforet herself spent her first 18 years. Although written eight years later, it is a kind of 'prequel' to *Nada*, never matching the latter's fame, but still

¹ All translations, unless otherwise specified, are mine.

well received and approved by critics, especially recently (Schumm, 1999; Quevedo, 2012). No English translation of *La isla y los demonios* has been published or commissioned to date.² I set out to try to address this situation as a personal challenge, and in doing so discovered that the original metaphors in the text presented a translation challenge worthy of investigation.

1.2 Metaphor and Original Metaphor

In the words of Lakoff & Johnson (1980, p.5), “the essence of metaphor is understanding and experiencing one kind of thing in terms of another”. As will be demonstrated throughout this study, metaphors abound in our everyday speech and writing. Metaphors vary as to their degree of subtlety and can be so entrenched in our language that they become clichéd to the point where we hardly notice them any more: ‘a ballpark figure’ ‘once in a blue moon’ ‘baptism of fire’, ‘a shot in the dark’ and so on. More startling metaphors, especially in literature, can reveal uncommon characteristics about something by likening it to something else: ‘Life is a fiddler, and we all must dance’ (Service, 2015, p.32). ‘the sun, Far off, a shrivelled orange in a sky gone black’ (Henderson, 2010, p.45).

For the purpose of translating metaphor, Newmark (1988) grouped metaphors into six types, namely, dead, cliché, stock, adapted, recent and original. An original metaphor is one which makes a very unusual or unexpected comparison, and so enters uncharted territory as far as metaphors go. Original metaphors are also known by other names, sometimes called ‘new’ (MacCormack, 1985; p. 136, Booth 1978, p.54) or even ‘poetic’ metaphor (Sweetser, 1990). The present study focuses on two novels with a high incidence of original metaphor. Referring to the translation of metaphor in literary texts, Ghazala says that the way is wide open for translators to introduce their own original interpretations of the metaphors, or ‘construct newly introduced metaphorical domains’ (2012, p.65) which suggests that the appearance of an original metaphor in a text is an invitation to allow translators free rein to their creative imaginations, something that could be both exciting and daunting at the same time, as I discovered when attempting to translate one of my favourite novels.

² Confirmed to me by Carina Pons from the *Agencia Literaria Carmen Balcells* (Laforet’s literary agent) on 27th June 2016.

Instances of original metaphor that arise in a novel present an interesting challenge for the translator. Odd comparisons may sound strange or might not ‘work’ in another language and it is frequently the translator’s brief to render novels readable, or ‘acceptable’ in the target language. ‘Acceptability’ in translation is a concept introduced by Toury (1995) in which the translator follows the norms of the target language as far as possible; she or he may be expected to tone down unusual, jarring language to suit the target reader’s ear. This policy of smoothing over has been a popular approach to translation in the US and UK in recent years. It was coined as ‘domestication’ by Lawrence Venuti (1995, p.20) as a criticism of another eminent translation theorist, Eugene Nida, who advocated complete ‘naturalness of translation’ (1964, p.163). Venuti himself advocated an opposing approach to which he called ‘foreignization’ which retains the foreignness of the text in the target language (TL). Venuti criticised translators who sought to ‘domesticate’ or minimize the foreignness of the target text and felt they had an ethical duty to retain it as much as possible. Domestication describes the type of translation in which a familiar, fluent style is adopted to minimize the strangeness of a foreign text for target language readers; while foreignization means that a target text is produced which deliberately breaks target conventions by retaining something of the foreignness of the original (Shuttleworth & Cowie 1997; Yang, 2010). Could either of these approaches be applied to the translation of original metaphors, or perhaps a mixture of the two?

Original metaphors are new and poetic, an intrinsic part of an author’s personality and creativity (Newmark, 1982). The domestication or smooth translation of original metaphors in a literary text could be viewed as a policy of ‘watering down’. However, if the translator’s brief is to produce a text that reads as naturally as if it had been written in the TL, then it might be appropriate to change the metaphor slightly, or try to make sense of it. One of the main aims of this research is to discover how original metaphors are translated in literature.

1.3 A Translation Challenge

‘Translation is fraught with compromise’ (Hervey et al, 2006, p.27). Translating any kind of text means reconciling oneself to the fact that there is not going to be a perfect translation every time. Cultural and authorial style differences alone make this unlikely, before considering subtler influences such as subject matter, the intended reader, the intention of

whoever commissioned the translation, the translator's personal preferences, personality, background, mood, and so on. The translator of a technical document may sacrifice perfect grammatical flow to make sure he or she conveys the literal meaning intact, while the translator of an article in a newspaper will tailor the target text to suit the target readership. Given that Laforet has been widely praised for her colourful and evocative figurative language in both *Nada*, (Palomo, 1958; Sender, 1966; Delibes, 1980; Bruner, 1993; Casariego, 2006) and *La isla y los demonios* (Cano, 1952; Sosa, 2008; Quintana Tejera, 1997; Martínez de Villareal Chico, 2005), the translator of such a novelist will want to do justice to the richness of language and might be obliged to lose or change a little of the literal meaning to make this possible.

As an introduction to this research, what follows is a brief insight into the intricacies of translating original metaphor. Here is an example of an original metaphor from the first chapter of the first part of *La isla y los demonios* (Laforet, 1991, p.11): '*La ciudad de Las Palmas, tendida al lado del mar, aparecía temblorosa, blanca con sus jardines y sus palmeras*'. A direct, 'literal' translation into English might read as follows: 'The city of Las Palmas, lying by the side of the sea, appeared trembling, white, with its gardens and palm trees'.

The term 'literal' translation in this research is used for a mostly word-for-word translation, where each word is translated by its most common meaning, but only as far as possible within the confines of the grammar and syntax of the target language. Newmark's definition of a literal translation is as follows: 'in which the SL grammatical constructions are converted to their nearest TL equivalents, but the lexical words are. . . translated singly, out of context' (1988, p.81). Hervey et al describe literal translation as being 'where the literal meaning of words is taken as if from the dictionary (that is, out of context), but TL grammar is respected' (2006, p.12). In the above original metaphor, the metaphor lies in the personification of the city of Las Palmas. The city is portrayed as a sunbather, lying by the sea accompanied by its gardens and palm trees. 'White' could refer either to the intense sunshine or to the whitewashed houses typical of this area. 'Trembling' could describe a heat haze. The metaphor 'city as sunbather' is an unusual but evocative image. An English translation of this sentence might read: 'Stretched out along the sea front, with its gardens and palm trees, the city of Las Palmas seemed to shimmer with white light'. This would convey both the city as a sun worshipper, and the image of the city's gardens and palm trees seen through a

shimmering white heat haze. This translation achieves two things: it retains the metaphor (city as sunbather) and describes the scene at the same time, or at least in terms of the translator's interpretation of the Spanish original. Another solution would be to leave out the metaphor altogether and place more emphasis on the description of the scene: 'By the side of the sea the city of Las Palmas seemed to shimmer, white, with its gardens and palm trees'. The personification of the city would be lost but the sentence flows nicely in the target language, and the effect is satisfyingly visual. A more literal translation of this, following the Spanish, could be rendered in English as follows: 'The city of Las Palmas, lying by the sea, appeared trembling, white, with its gardens and palm trees'. As with the Spanish, the meaning is ambiguous, with unusual English syntax, but as in the source text itself it is simple and effective.

To illustrate the difficulty involved in translating these original metaphors, I have chosen three more unusual metaphors from the novel below. Each one is followed by a literal translation underneath, then a sentence setting out the likely meaning clearly in English.

1. *Cuando las gentes viven encerradas en un círculo absurdo, terminan contagiándose* Laforet (1991, p. 75)

Literal translation: 'When people live locked in an absurd circle, they end up infecting each other'

Likely meaning: 'When people live near one another, they end up influencing each other'. This translation makes sense of a sentence containing elements seemingly at odds with one another in both languages.

2. *Las sirenas del barco le arañaban el corazón de una manera muy extraña* (1991, p.29)

Literal translation: 'The sirens of the ships scratched her heart in a very strange manner'

Likely meaning: 'The ship's sirens tugged strangely at her heart strings'. This sentence replaces the unusual 'scratched' with a well-known English metaphor.

3. *Una agria luna salía de detrás de las montañas, siguiendo el último suspiro del crepúsculo* (1991, p.103)

Literal translation: ‘A bitter moon came out from behind the mountains, following the last sigh of dusk’

Likely meaning: ‘As dusk fell, a pale-yellow moon emerged from behind the mountains’. This sentence has a clear meaning, and paints a pretty picture as does the original Spanish.

In all three cases the original Spanish, or source text (ST), translated as literally as possible, contains odd combinations of words, for example ‘absurd circle’, ‘scratched her heart’ and ‘bitter moon’. These words when used in conjunction with each other are unexpected. In English they are also surprising, almost jarring. In English, we do not normally speak of people infecting each other with emotions, or being locked in circles, or sirens scratching hearts; nor do we describe the moon as bitter or dusk as sighing. These are quite unusual juxtapositions of words, but in all three cases an image emerges. Such language sets the scene, communicates emotion, and demonstrates the author’s imagination, personality and skill. The novel *Nada*, rich in imagery, is an ideal novel to showcase the original metaphor, which according to Newmark ‘contains the core of an important writer’s message, his personality, his comment on life’ (1998, p.112). In the novel Laforet constantly creates new metaphors in which ordinary objects are charged with either negative or intensely positive emotional values. These metaphors ‘reveal Andrea’s feelings before the character herself is consciously aware of or can rationally explain her feelings enabling the reader to experience the process of development as Andrea experiences it’ (Schumm, 1999, p.25) Andrea is the 18-year-old protagonist of the novel on a journey of self-awareness in bleak post-war Barcelona. These original metaphors that Laforet creates ‘illustrate what James Olney describes as “a psychological process...to grasp the unknown through the known” and to fit in to one’s experiential knowledge’ (Schumm, 1999, p.26). The original metaphors are the very stuff of the novel, of Laforet’s persona, her message, her work, and this is why they are also the focus of this research.

To return to the above original metaphors in discussion, the three English ‘likely meaning’ sentences are arguably more prosaic than the literal translations, and they also conform to the reader’s expectations, i.e. they use stock phrases or clichéd expressions that most readers will have heard before. However, it is not certain that they are better translations than the literal translations which are more likely to surprise the reader with their originality.

The above is a brief look at the intricacies of translating original metaphor, which is the subject of this study. Original metaphor is the most extreme form of metaphor, created or quoted by the source language (SL) writer. Original metaphor is ‘often dramatic and shocking in effect’ according to Newmark (1982, p.84), whose strategies for the translation of metaphor will be detailed in Chapter Three, Section 3:6 of this thesis and whose clear-cut opinions on original metaphor are a point of departure for this study.

1.4 Aims of the Research

The research element is Part One of this practice-based PhD. Practice-based research is an original investigation undertaken to gain new knowledge partly by means of practice and the outcomes of that practice (Candy 2006). The practice part, or Part Two of this doctoral thesis is an English translation of part of a Spanish novel, and as the act of translation of this same novel originally gave rise to the challenges examined in the thesis, it is the right vehicle for this research.

The aims of the research are:

- a) To investigate translation theory and practice with a view to identifying the most commonly used translation strategy for translating original metaphors in literature and
- b) To apply that strategy to the original metaphors in my own translation of *La isla y los demonios*, by Carmen Laforet, which forms the practice part of this PhD.

These are the means by which the research aims will be achieved:

1. By taking a highly acclaimed, prize-winning Spanish novel with a high incidence of original metaphors: *Nada* by Carmen Laforet, and to study the four English translations in print to analyse the way these original metaphors have been translated.
2. By designing and implementing a translation exercise and questionnaire asking practising literary translators to translate some of the same original metaphors from *Nada* and analysing the way in which they have been translated. As a subsidiary to the

main aim, also asking them to comment on their translations to gain insight into the reasoning behind their translation choices.

3. By using the analyses of 1 and 2 above to identify the most commonly used strategy and using that strategy to translate the original metaphors in the practice element of this thesis (the translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*); then examining the metaphor translations themselves and commenting on the results. As part of this process a professional editor will be asked to comment on the translation of some of these metaphors.

The examination of the above will seek to answer the following questions, corresponding closely to the aims of the research:

- i) What methods do translators use to translate original metaphors in literature?
- ii) How do the translations of each original metaphor in *Nada* differ from one another?
- iii) What is the most commonly used method or translation strategy as shown by the translations of original metaphors in this study?
- iv) How is the practice part of the PhD (the translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*) improved by the application of an overall strategy (i.e. of the most commonly used strategy as shown by the translations of original metaphors in this study) ?

As subsidiary to the main aims of the research, the following questions will be asked of the literary translators in the ‘Translation Exercise and Questionnaire’ section of the research:

- v) How satisfied are the literary translators, taking part in the ‘Translation Exercise and Questionnaire’ section of this research, with their translations (into English) of original metaphors in *Nada*?
- vi) To what extent did these same literary translators feel they lost or gained meaning with their translations of original metaphors in *Nada*?

The answers to these questions will show ways in which literary translators translate, into English, the original metaphors in a Spanish novel. They will show the different choices they make, and in some cases the reasons they have for their choices, and whether they are

satisfied with the results. This information is interesting to the discipline of Translation Studies because there has been little research into the translation of original metaphors in literature up to now, although three notable exceptions to this are Fuertes-Olivera (2005), Jones (2006), and Flynn (2007), all of whom have produced work that underpins this study.

The results of the research element (Part One) of this PhD will be put to immediate good use. The outcome of the whole thesis will be an English translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios* by Carmen Laforet, created partly by using information gathered from the research element to translate the original metaphors in the text. This translation will form Part Two of this practice based PhD. Perhaps surprisingly, given the author's stature, this novel has no published English translation to date. If published in the future, the translation would make available a text by an important Spanish author who is under-represented in English translation.

As a prelude to the Literature Review in Chapter Three, the next chapter will serve as a brief introduction to Carmen Laforet herself, whose work is the focus of this research. A study of the author is an integral part of this research because she is the inspiration, the focus and the essence of the thesis. The novel studied and the novel part-translated are both semi-autobiographical. An intimate knowledge of the author, her background, her work, her writing style and her importance to Spanish and world literature is therefore an important aspect of the whole.

Chapter Two – Carmen Laforet

2.1 Rationale

How does a biography of Carmen Laforet contribute to the research questions? The present research was inspired by Laforet's second novel *La isla y los demonios*, which contains some lively original metaphors. How should they be translated? To investigate the way in which Laforet's original metaphors have been translated in the past by English translators, Laforet's first novel *Nada* presents an obvious opportunity: there are four English translations in print. To gain more insight, it was possible to ask current literary translators to translate some of the same metaphors. Original metaphor is central to a literary text, created as it is by authors revealing their individual thought and style as will be seen in Chapter Three. In this research, a study of the translation of original metaphor, an analysis of the translation of original metaphors in both *Nada* and *La isla, y los demonios* and the many comments made by contemporary literary translators regarding their own translations of original metaphors in the Translation Exercise and Questionnaire, all demonstrate the importance of original metaphors both to literary texts and to the translators themselves. The existence of four English translations over the years testifies to the enduring popularity of *Nada* which is famous for its high incidence of vivid, visual and sensual original metaphors. *Nada* and its sister novel *La isla y los demonios*, and the rest of Laforet's work are full of autobiographical detail. This is why a full biography of Camen Laforet appears here within the research element of this PhD. Biographical details of the author, her youth, her situation in life, her experiences, and her work, will underline the importance of *Nada* to Spanish and world literature, will provide a better understanding of Laforet's personality and the intrinsic importance of her original metaphors – in order to translate them adequately, a thorough knowledge of the life, work and the personality of the author is paramount.

2.2 Introduction

Carmen Laforet is one of Spanish literature's great enigmas (ABC, 2015), for although there is a strong autobiographical element in her writing, she herself insisted that her novels were 'made from my own substance and reflect my own world...in none of them, however, did I wish to portray myself' (Laforet, 1957, p.11). When she was just twenty-three she wrote the

extraordinarily mature and beautiful semi-autobiographical novel, *Nada*, which won the inaugural *Premio Nadal* in 1944. It was an outstanding achievement to win this prize as a female novelist in Spain then, when women, suffering greatly under the repressive regime of Spain's dictatorship (1939 - 1975) under General Francisco Franco, were not permitted to hold high state positions, were forbidden from furthering academic careers, and had virtually no individual freedoms (Swier and Riorden-Goncalves, 2013). *Nada*, one of the key novels signalling the resurgence of Spanish literature after the Spanish Civil War (1936-39), was not overtly political but focused instead on the physical and emotional hardships endured by the Spanish people in the aftermath of the war.

‘It still surprises that this powerful, albeit implicit, indictment of Franco's dictatorship got past the censors. At the time, it was seen as a sensationalist novel about violent, mad, abnormal people. Today, when *Nada* is recognised as one of the few great novels to be written during the dictatorship, its portrayal of a crushed, starving middle-class family in a sordid Barcelona reveals how violent abnormality was the norm of life under fascism (Eaude, 2007).

Nada had, and still has, a big impact on the literary scene in Spain. Its principal themes are ‘the study of adolescent psychology, rites of passage to self-identity, the fulfilment of artistic vocation from a female point of view, the limitations of women's roles and the harsh realities of civil war and Francoist Spain’ (Pérez and Ihrie, 2002, p.333). These themes are reprised in Laforet's second novel, *La isla y los demonios*, and its closeness in style and content to *Nada* is partly what makes it a good choice for the English translation which forms the practice part of this research.

2.3 Laforet's Life and Work

As Laforet's novels, notably *Nada* and *La isla y los demonios*, are semi-autobiographical, a brief outline of her life and work will provide some background to the novels which contain the original metaphors examined in the research process and will add a more personal angle to an appreciation of the product of this research, the translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*.

Laforet was born in Barcelona, Spain, in 1921, in her grandparents' house at 36, Calle Aribau, the same house to which she returned to attend university in 1939 and which partly inspired her to write *Nada* (Web oficial de Carmen Laforet, 2009). When Carmen was two, the family moved to Gran Canaria where she spent her childhood and adolescence, and which provided the foundation and inspiration for *La isla y los demonios*. Her mother died when she was twelve, and her father married again, to a woman that she and her four brothers and sisters did not like (Caballé and Rolón, 2010, p. 41-57). Even though she had more freedom than she had while her mother was alive, her dislike of her stepmother shaped her life and influenced her work, especially *La isla y los demonios*, which contains a very detailed (and not entirely unsympathetic) portrait of Marta's sister-in-law Pino (Marta is the sixteen-year-old protagonist of the novel), a character who is thought to be drawn from Carmen's stepmother (Quevedo, 2012). This character features prominently in my English translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*. Consequently, as will be revealed in the next chapter about the autobiographical nature of Laforet's work, any information about Carmen's upbringing not only makes fascinating reading, but is also pertinent to this study.

Laforet returned to Barcelona in 1939, at the end of the Spanish Civil War, at the age of 18 to study in the *Filosofía y Letras* Faculty at Barcelona University. She completed the three-year course in September 1942 then went to study Law at the *Universidad Computense* in Madrid. However, she left in her second year of law school to concentrate on her writing, which is when she wrote *Nada*. The novel is written in the post-war narrative style which came to be known as *tremendismo*, characterized by a tendency to emphasize violence and grotesque imagery, started by Spanish novelist Camilo José Cela with his novel in 1942 *La Familia de Pascual Duarte* (the Family of Pascual Duarte). *Nada* has been hailed as a 20th century *tremendista* classic of Spanish literature (Umbral, 1985). There are certainly passages of violence in both *Nada* and *La isla y los demonios*, and both contain strong visual imagery, a fact that has inspired both the research in this thesis and the translation itself.

Laforet published five novels, seven *novelas cortas* (novellas) and many short stories. She followed *Nada* eight years later with the 1952 publication of *La isla y los demonios*. This was followed by *La Mujer Nueva* (The New Woman) in 1955 which won her the *Premio Menorca*, then in 1963 *La insolación* (Sunstroke) which was the first instalment of her unfinished trilogy *Tres pasos fuera del tiempo* (Three Steps Out of Time). The second instalment, or second 'step out of time', *Al volver la esquina* (Around the Corner), was

written in the seventies but published after her death in May 2004, and is regarded by some as being one of her best psychological works (Del Mastro, 2008; Johnson, 1986). Unfortunately, as far as we know, she never began writing her third ‘step out of time’.

Most of Laforet’s short stories were published between 1945 and 1954. Ten were published as collections: *La muerta* (The Dead Woman) in 1952 and *La llamada* (The Call) in 1954, then the remaining four: *El infierno* (Hell), *Recién casados* (The Newlyweds), *El alivio*, (Relief) and *El secreto de la gata* (The Cat’s Secret) were published in the periodicals *Ínsula* (1944 and 1952), *Bazar* (March 1952), and *Destino* (June 1953) respectively. Most of her novellas and short stories were published after her death in a single volume entitled *Carta a don Juan* [Letter to Don Juan] (2007) which contains seven stories written between 1938 – 1942 (predating *Nada*), eight stories written between *Nada* and *La isla y los demonios* (1945 – 1951) and ten more dated between 1952 and 1955, around the time of the publication of *La mujer nueva* (2007, p.15-16).³ Her seven novellas, *El piano* (The Piano), *La llamada* (The Call), *El viaje divertido* (The Amusing Journey), *La niña* (The Girl), *Los emplazados* (The Summoned), *El último verano* (The Last Summer) and *Un noviazgo* (A Courtship) were published together in 2010.

In 1961 Laforet wrote a travel book about her childhood home entitled *Gran Canaria*; she visited the USA as a guest of the State Department in 1965 and published her travel notes entitled *Paralelo 35* in 1967. Here she made friends with fellow Spanish author Ramón J. Sender, a friendship that was revealed in a series of letters published in 2003 entitled *Puedo contar contigo* (I Can Count on You).

The above is a list which belies fellow author Juan Goytisolo’s comment in 1958 of ‘*Después de Nada, nada*’ [‘After *Nada*, nothing’] (in del Mastro, 2014). Presumably he was referring to content rather than quantity, but more recently Laforet’s works other than *Nada* have been widely discussed and admired (Cano, 1952; del Mastro, 2003-4, 2006, 2008, 2010, 2014; Cavestani, 2006; Minardi, 2008). Considering the popularity of *Nada*, Laforet’s novels have not been widely translated into other languages. There appear to have been only 18 translations of *Nada*, four of them English as we have seen, and among the others there include translations into Dutch, French, German, Russian and Chinese (Web oficial de Carmen Laforet, 2009). There are two translations of *La isla y los demonios*, into French

³ This information is detailed in *Carta a San Juan* (Laforet, 2007) in a ‘note to reader’ by Laforet’s son, Agustín Cereales.

(Laforet, 2005) and German (2006). There have been seemingly no other translations of any of her novels or short stories, according to the *Web oficial de Carmen Laforet* (2009). The reason for this sad lack of translations of any work other than *Nada* is possibly attributable to the fact that Laforet did not capitalise on her success and write another novel soon after. Her follow up novel ‘failed to participate in the social realism literary movement of her more successful contemporaries’ (del Mastro, 2014) and was deemed not as good as *Nada* by some (Goytisolo in del Mastro, 2014); Montero, 2010). Yet it has been hailed as better constructed than *Nada* (Encyclopaedia Britannica, 2016) and many have praised it highly (Quevedo, 2012; Sosa, 2008; Cano, 2008; Carrasco 1982; Castillo Puche, 1952).

The novel, once more with a semi-autobiographical main character, Marta, is set during the Spanish Civil war, in a part of Spain (Canary Islands) which was not directly affected by the war. Once again, the author writes about adolescent psychology, the difficulties facing women in a male - dominated world and reports on the hardships of the civil war and repressive regime. It may be that this second novel was overlooked because it was slightly less emotionally charged, being written in the third person rather than the less remote first person, and for this reason had less direct appeal at the time. Whatever Laforet’s readers wanted, it appears that it was not *La isla y los demonios*. However, I would like to demonstrate that *La isla y los demonios* is a novel of great charm and intelligence, and the translation of the first part that accompanies this thesis is testament to that. It will give English readers a chance to read this underappreciated gem from an author at the peak of her powers.

2.4 The Autobiographical Nature of Laforet’s Work

Laforet was very secretive about her life while revealing a great deal about herself in her writing. Her biographers (Caballé and Rolón, 2010) describe her life as absorbing but difficult to unravel with many gaps. Many things remain unexplained, for example the lack of information about her mother. Very little is known about the illness that killed her mother, leaving Carmen an orphan at the age of twelve, except that it appears to have been the same type of neurodegenerative disease that Carmen herself began to suffer in her early sixties. Carmen is elusive, so readers and biographers tend to look to the characters in her books to complete the picture, but in the end they find themselves unsure as to whether they are in the

realms of fact or fiction. Of course, it is this very elusive quality that makes it all the more interesting to try to piece together the story of her life, like a jigsaw puzzle or a detective novel, both helped and hindered by her semi-autobiographical novels.

Carmen Laforet spent her childhood in Las Palmas, where her second novel, *La isla y los demonios* is set. Her father remarried when her mother died, and as we have seen it appears that her stepmother made her home life uncomfortable (Caballé and Rolón, 2010), and that this discomfort is reflected in the character of Pino in *La isla y los demonios*, a character that is very well defined and detailed both in her actions and in the workings of her mind. This character did indeed try to make the life of her protagonist, Marta Camino, very uncomfortable, and it is hard not to assume that the young Laforet was writing at least partly from her own experience. However, the character does transcend her stepmother's behaviour by keeping aloof from her as much as possible, and Laforet uses the third person narrative technique (writing as a narrator about the protagonist in the third person) to look back and try to understand and sympathise with her stepmother from the point of view of increased maturity. Laforet reveals much of her personal life as an adolescent growing up in this novel which is an excellent recommendation for *La isla y los demonios* to be made available to English readers already captivated by *Nada*. Carmen Laforet dedicated *La isla y los demonios* to her father, saying of Gran Canaria: '...the island, where I spent the best days of my life... without demons' (1952, p.7).

So, it appears that her home life in Gran Canaria was, despite her stepmother, not a completely unhappy time.

At the age of 18, like Andrea from *Nada*, Laforet 'escaped' to the Spanish mainland to study Philosophy at Barcelona University (Web official de Carmen Laforet, 2009). She lodged with her paternal grandmother and uncles and aunts in their first floor flat in the calle Aribau, as portrayed in *Nada*, a novel which reflected a desolate post-war Barcelona in a claustrophobic world of hunger, family bitterness and poverty.

The runaway success of *Nada* was a surprise for Carmen Laforet at the tender age of twenty-three. She was by all accounts a shy girl with something informal and dreamy about her, yet she voiced controversial opinions in public and either because of or despite her shyness, she displayed a strong anti-intellectual attitude to her life and work. It appears that she was

insecure and lacking self-confidence, something that is reflected in the character of Andrea in *Nada*.

After the success of *Nada*, Laforet married journalist Manuel Cerezales in 1946, with whom she had five children (Web oficial de Carmen Laforet, 2009). According to her daughter Cristina she was a devoted mother (Cerezales Laforet, 2009), yet still managed to publish some short stories and eventually, (hardly surprising with five children to look after) *La isla y los demonios*, which has many similarities to *Nada*, and is considered by some to be every bit as passionate as its predecessor (Quevedo, 2012), subtly interlaced with humour, with a similar semi-autobiographical central character, and demonstrating her ability to write prose highly charged with emotion and powerful imagery; this last which has prompted the present research.

Laforet wrote her next novel *La mujer nueva* in 1955 which spoke of a ‘rapto místico’ (religious experience) rather perfectly in tune with Spanish Catholicism (Laforet, 1956). It was a very religious novel completely at odds with her previous work. She admitted writing from personal experience, and that she herself, like her protagonist Paulina in *La mujer nueva*, had her own religious experience and embraced Catholicism. Carmen Laforet famously confirmed her Catholic faith in 1961.

She was a devoted family woman and was constantly involved in her children’s lives. When she finally separated from Cerezales in 1970 after twenty-four years of marriage, she blamed him for her descent into darkness, but in fact it was after he left that the shadows began to claim her (Montero, 2010). Eventually she developed graphophobia, or fear of handwriting, which causes an inability to write in the physical sense. At the age of 65 Laforet borrowed a school text book from her niece and tried to relearn how to form letters. Unfortunately, the deterioration was irreversible. She gradually stopped speaking, something which also happened to her mother, and to Marta’s mother in *La isla y los demonios*. When she died in her eighties she had spent several years unable to say a word, but thankfully this time was spent in the bosom of her family (Caballé and Rolón, 2010).

Carme Riera, the celebrated contemporary Catalan novelist, has recollections of Carmen Laforet from her parents. Riera’s father, who studied with Carmen at Barcelona University’s faculty of *Filosofía y Letras* (as did the main character, Andrea, in *Nada*) spoke of her ‘peculiar intelligence, Canary Islands aspect, charm and sensitivity’ (Riera in Laforet, 2007, p.7). Real incidences of Laforet’s life found their way into her fiction, for example Carmen

used to visit the Riera household, which was situated near the university and near to the house where Carmen was living with her relatives in the *calle Aribau*, once again like Andrea in *Nada*. Laforet apparently came to borrow Riera's mother's Greek dictionary – as Andrea borrows her friend's dictionaries in *Nada*.

Laforet may have thought that because she wrote from personal experience, her writing therefore lacked genuine creativity. In an article about Caballé and Rolón's biography of Laforet, Rosa Montero made the following comment:

“Laforet fell into the trap of thinking that profoundly autobiographical literature like her own was automatically inferior to genuine creativity. She did not have the required bravery or confidence at that time to follow her completely correct instinct, her deep need, to write about herself and her demons, as she had done in her first novels, which were the best of her work” (2010, p.1).

The blurred autobiographical nature of Laforet's novels sparks an interest in her life story and her life story inspires her readers to read more of her work. It is a two-way process which explains the presence of her life story in the introduction to this research. Both novels discussed in this thesis feature strong visual imagery. Perhaps the fact that Laforet wrote from personal experience explains that intensity of emotion revealed in her writing. Its semi-autobiographical nature adds another dimension of interest for the reader who asks, “in which parts is she speaking directly from personal experience?” This in turn makes the translation process more challenging when considering how to convey this emotion and imagery in another language. This research hopes to lead the reader through a discussion on this subject and result in a credible translation of Laforet's second novel.

2.5 Conclusion

There is no doubt that Carmen Laforet is an outstanding novelist who has contributed much to Spanish literature. The enduring success of *Nada* has proved that. As recently as 2007 it was translated into English by a celebrated, established and award-winning literary translator, Edith Grossman⁴. *Nada* has been used as an ‘A’ level text for the exam in Spanish. It is well

⁴ Edith Grossman is well-known for her consistently highly acclaimed translations of Spanish and Latin American fiction, most notably García Márquez's *Love in the Time of Cholera* (1988) and Cervantes' *Don*

known for its powerful imagery (Manguel, 2007) and use of metaphorical language (Schumm, 1999). It has been said of her second novel that it is not as good as her first (O'Byrne, 2014) but it has also been said that this novel is equal to *Nada* in imaginative writing (Caballé & Rolón, 2010). It deserves an English translation and the first part of the novel appears now translated into English in Part Two of this practice based PhD.

Quixote (2003). As well as Carmen Laforet she has translated works by Mario Vargas Llosa, Jaime Manrique, Mayra Montero, Ariel Dorfman, Carlos Fuentes, and Antonio Muñoz. she won the PEN-BOMC Translation Prize in 2001 for her rendering of Mario Vargas Llosa's *Feast of the Goat*. In 2006, she received the PEN/Ralph Manheim Medal for Translation for her lifetime achievement in the field.

Chapter Three – Literature Review

3:1 Introduction

In the past, metaphor has been dismissed as decorative language used by poets. Aristotle coined the term metaphor (from the Greek *meta* ‘beyond’ and *pherein* ‘to carry’) to explain how abstract concepts could be understood by comparing them to everyday things. Although he recognised the power of metaphor as a tool for broadening knowledge he also saw it as a ‘flight of fancy...not a cognitive system for understanding the world’ (Danesi, 2013, p.189). In the same way, classical writers have described metaphor as an embellishment of ordinary language (Foss, 1939, Hawkes, 1972), and until 1980, metaphor was considered primarily linguistic (Lakoff, 1992) and described by scholars as ‘a device of the poetic imagination and the rhetorical flourish’ (Lakoff and Johnson 1980, p.3) which could be ‘peeled away to leave the language largely intact’ (Deignan, 2005, p.3).

In 1980, Lakoff and Johnson (1980) argued that on the contrary, metaphor provides an essential point of reference when trying to comprehend things that cannot be completely understood, such as our emotions, aesthetic experiences and spiritual awareness. This has revolutionised our thinking about metaphor, which is now thought to be ‘pervasive in everyday life, not just in language but in thought and action’ (1980, p.3). Metaphor can still endow literature with rich imagery (we call this ‘poetic’ metaphor) but since Lakoff and Johnson’s revelation, it has become clear that metaphor also plays an important structural role in the organization and processing of conceptual knowledge. The phenomenon of metaphor is not restricted to similarity-based extensions of meanings of individual words, but can also activate fixed mappings that reconceptualise one whole area of experience in terms of another (we call this ‘conceptual’ metaphor). This research project is concerned not only with poetic metaphor in literature but also with the importance of the use of metaphor in our everyday lives and therefore how we respond to its use in literature.

The present study is concerned with ‘novel’ or ‘new’ metaphor, as conceived and created by authors of literary fiction. It will be referred to as ‘original’ metaphor in this research, a term used particularly by translation theorist Peter Newmark, who described original metaphor as the most extreme form of figurative language, ‘often dramatic and shocking in effect’ (1982, p.84). The issue at the heart of this research is to underline how important metaphor,

especially original metaphor, is to our language and literature, and therefore that its translation into other languages is especially significant. Studying English translations of Laforet's original metaphors in one novel to gain insight into translating the original metaphors in another of her novels is a fascinating and I hope, useful undertaking.

There has not been a great deal of research into the translation of original metaphor in literature, maybe because it has been partly dismissed by theorists such as Klopfer (1967) as simple to deal with. On the other hand, original metaphor produces unexpected juxtapositions of language; posing a translation challenge which might be expected to produce as many different solutions as there are translators. Klopfer (in Snell-Hornby 1995, p.57) and Newmark (1988, p.112) agree that original metaphor should be translated as literally as possible; by this Newmark means that grammatical constructions in the metaphor are converted to their nearest target language equivalents while each word is translated singly, out of context (1988, p.81). This suggests there might be similarity between translators' solutions to original metaphor. Meanwhile other theorists, such as Mary Snell-Hornby, do not believe that any guidelines can be laid down for any translation of metaphor: "Translatability cannot be decided by an abstract set of rules but must depend on the structure and the function of the particular metaphor within the text" (Snell-Hornby 1995, p.58).

Newmark, on the other hand, sets out a distinct and detailed set of guidelines for translating metaphor, listing seven types of metaphor and seven distinct rules for translating them (1982). These are described later in this chapter in Section 3:6. Newmark analyses metaphors prescriptively⁵, while other theorists such as Van den Broek (1981); Toury (1995) and Schaffner (2004) analyse them descriptively⁶. Newmark's descriptive approach gives an excellent structure and point of departure to start looking at how original metaphors can be translated, in order to examine what literary translators do in practice.

3.2 About Metaphor

What is metaphor and why is it of significance to translators of literature? Terence Hawkes summed up metaphor as a 'set of linguistic processes whereby aspects of one object are 'carried over' or transferred to another object, so that the second object is spoken of as if it

⁵ See Section 3.3 for the 'prescriptive' versus 'descriptive' method of translating metaphors.

⁶ *ibid*

were the first' (1972, p.1). The Collins English Dictionary defines metaphor as 'a figure of speech in which a word or phrase is applied to an object or action that it does not literally denote, in order to imply a resemblance, for example *he is a lion in battle*' (2006, p.749). In other words, our understanding of one thing is illuminated or enhanced by seeing its similarity to something else.

Cameron (in Maybin and Swann, 2006) has drawn attention to the fact that philosophers and literary scholars in the past have always concentrated on the linguistic side of metaphors, calling them 'figures of speech'. Metaphors and similes, for example, were identified in phrases and sentences, then pulled out and examined as individual units. Today we recognise metaphor as being not only a matter of the written or spoken word but as part of our everyday thought processes. Rather than being considered as a figure of speech, classified with other linguistic terms such as 'personification' and 'alliteration', metaphor began to be seen as a 'figure of thought' (Lakoff, 1986, p.215). Lakoff and Johnson labelled it 'conceptual metaphor' instead of simply 'metaphor' (1980, p.6) and announced that metaphor constitutes one of the main ways we have of understanding the world: '...metaphor is pervasive not just in language but in thought and action. Our ordinary conceptual system, in terms of which we both think and act, is fundamentally metaphorical in nature' (1980, p.3).

This is known as their 'conceptual metaphor theory', ground-breaking at the time, and over 20 years later they still upheld their theory (2003, p.243) and metaphor scholars still do so today.

To underline the importance of metaphor to thought, to speech, to the written word, and therefore to literature, a 'conceptual metaphor' consists of a target, a source, and a 'mapping' between them (Turner 1990, p. 465). 'Conceptual metaphor mapping' describes how people understand complex concepts by relating them to how things work in more basic domains. For example, people often use the financial yardstick 'Time is Money' (Lakoff and Johnson 1980, p.7) so that they can then think about doing with 'time' what they know they can do with money, e.g. '*spend* time', '*save* time' and assess the '*value*' of doing different things with their time. In other words, conceptual metaphors are basic building blocks for complex systems of reasoning.

This is Lakoff and Johnsons' theory about conceptual metaphor, and stemming from this, a cognitive approach to the translation of metaphor has been suggested by scholars such as Kurth (1999), Mandelbilt (2000), Schäffner (2004) and Kövecses (2010), and indicating that

the focus has actually moved away from a pure linguistic to a conceptual perspective. Kövecses (2010) illustrates how Lakoff and Johnson's view of metaphor has been taken up by dictionary preparers such as Collins, who list examples of metaphor in everyday language, such as (metaphorical words in italics) 'Her career was *in ruins*', 'Scientists *have taken a big step* in understanding Alzheimer's disease', 'the coffee was perfect and by the time I was halfway through my first cup *my brain was ticking over much more briskly*' (Kövecses, 2010, p.147). In other words, metaphor is now seen as an important way of using language – people use metaphor to explain ideas or to find indirect but powerful ways of conveying feelings and emotions (Cameron 2010, p. vii), and they often do this automatically, without thinking. In the words of Mark Shuttleworth, 'metaphor in language is like the lettering in a stick of Brighton rock; whatever genre or area of language use you examine, metaphor will be found to be present' (2014).

From the point of view of translation, however, metaphors will always be considered in terms of their linguistic expression. In literary translation especially, they will always be pulled out, analysed and reproduced as far as possible in the target language. In the past, perhaps they may have been left out, mistranslated, changed or deliberately avoided. Now metaphors in the source language rarely go unrecognised because since the Lakoff and Johnson revelation the importance of metaphor has been widely documented and accepted.

It has been recognised that metaphor is of considerable importance to our language. Literary translators more than any type of reader are aware of this, and eager to capture every nuance of metaphorical meaning, and this lends weight to the present study.

3.3 Metaphor in Translation

'The translation of metaphor has always been a source of discussion and conflict.' (Fuertes-Olivera, Samaniego Fernández and Velasco Sacristán, 2005, p.61) Metaphor in translation began to be discussed in earnest in the late 70s and early 80s by translation scholars such as Dagut (1976), Newmark (1982), Nida and Taber (1982), and Van den Broek (1981). These theorists shared a mainly prescriptive approach (devising ways to translate metaphors) as opposed to a descriptive one (looking at how metaphors are translated). The former was a desire to 'isolate' metaphors from their surroundings; translators wished to identify them, lift

them out of their context, and examine them as separate entities. This research project owes something to these theorists by doing just that – picking metaphors out of a text and examining them one by one.

It was Van den Broek who introduced the latter ‘descriptive’ approach of translating metaphor. ‘Translatability keeps an inverse proportion with the quantity of information manifested by the metaphor and the degree to which this information is structured within a text’ (1981, p.84). By this he meant that the more densely information is packed into a neatly structured metaphor, the harder it is to translate, and the truth of this statement is revealed over and over again in the difficulties encountered when translating original metaphor in *Nada*. Van den Brock’s ‘descriptive’ approach to this problem meant keeping metaphors within their contexts and coming up with translation solutions which considered every aspect of the surrounding text. Snell – Hornby advocated a similar ‘integrated’ approach by highlighting the textual nature of metaphors. She insisted that metaphors are not isolated phenomena suspended in a vacuum but an integral part of the culture in which they occur (Snell-Hornby, 1995, p.41). These theorists with their descriptive approach were also pertinent to this project, because surrounding text and cultural issues are both vital to the translation of metaphor and no piece of literature would be translated without regard to these issues. Gideon Toury developed the descriptive approach even further by applying more lateral thinking and suggesting a two-way perspective focused on the target text (TT) equally as the source text (ST), allowing for strategies of compensation (1995, p.259-79). This more modern way of thinking about translation also has its relevance highlighted within this project when will see, in the translation exercise and questionnaire, contemporary literary translators using strategies of compensation in their translations of Laforet’s *Nada*.

However, Newmark’s prescriptive approach is the most useful in terms of this study because of his detailed categorization of metaphor types and methods of translating them, from which I was able to create a model for identifying strategies used by literary translators for translating the original metaphors in Laforet’s *Nada*.

Ordudari (2007) highlights the terms ‘translation methods’, ‘strategies’ and ‘procedures’ and how different translation theorists define the term. Krings (1986) considers a translation ‘strategy’ to be an overall plan of campaign for attempting the translation (such as translating without pausing to correct first time around); to Loescher (1991) it is a conscious procedure for problems in the text. Venuti (1998) uses the terms to describe the implementation of

styles of translation, giving as examples the processes of foreignization and domestication (1998, p.240). Bell (1998) and Jääskeläinen (1993, p.116) split the term ‘strategy’ into two types, ‘local’ (for problems in the text) and ‘global’ (for the plan for the text overall). Newmark (1988, p.81) uses the terms ‘method’ when referring to the text in its entirety, ‘procedure’ when referring to smaller units of text, and ‘strategy’ when listing ways of translating certain linguistic expressions such as metaphors. It is this last (Newmark’s) meaning of the term translation ‘strategy’ which has been adopted in this research, because, as we have seen, it is Newmark’s classification of metaphor types, along with his strategies for the translation of metaphor feature strongly in it.

3:4 Metaphor as a Translation Problem

‘Metaphor presents a particularly searching test of the translator’s ability’ (Dagut, 1987, p.77).

‘[The translation of metaphor is] ...problematic however we look at it’ Fuertes- Olivera, 1998, p.85.) Translating metaphor is regarded as a problem, or as a challenge, by translation theorists, students and translators themselves. It is noteworthy that the literary translators who took part in the translation exercise and questionnaire part of this research rose to this challenge with enthusiasm.

What makes the translation of metaphor challenging or problematic? Schäffner (2004, p.1253) argues that metaphors can be regarded as a translation problem because transferring them from one language to another may be hampered by *both* linguistic and cultural differences. She draws attention to different translation procedures proposed and says that the two main issues in Translation Studies have always been

1. The ‘translatability’ of metaphors (how successfully can they be translated?) and
2. The elaboration of potential procedures (how should they be translated?) (2004, p.1256)

With regard to her first point, it is not easy to measure how far a translation is successful because opinions vary so much. As discussed later in this chapter, translation theorists disagree as to the extent of ‘translatability’ of an original metaphor. This thesis will look at translations of original metaphors in terms of the strategies employed in their translation

rather than their success, even though some reference to the latter does seem inevitable, and the literary translators who contributed to this research have commented on the success of their own translations to a certain extent.

As for Schäffner's second point, the elaboration of potential translation strategies, this is an aim of this thesis because data derived from the study will be used to form an overall strategy (Newmark called it a 'global' strategy, 1988, p.81) for my translation of original metaphors in the first part of *La isla y los demonios* (Laforet, 1952).

For this study it is relevant to look at some of the ways that the translation of metaphor specifically has been tackled by theorists and practitioners within translation studies to establish a theoretical framework within which to examine the translation of original metaphors in *Nada* and *La isla y los demonios*.

One of the main issues in translation generally has always been whether a translator should be faithful to the original text by adopting a 'literal' (word-for-word) approach or whether a 'free' (sense-for-sense) approach should be taken (Schleiermacher, 1831 in Lefevre 1977, p.74; Bassnett 1998; Hodges, 2009). The distinction is important in terms of this thesis because some theorists believe, as is shown later in this chapter, that original metaphors should be translated as literally as possible. From the mid-sixties translation theorists took a linguistic approach which meant focusing on the source text, and transferring meanings from source text to target text without so much focus on TT naturalness of style (Catford, 1965). This approach appears in the work of translation theorists Jakobson (1956), Vinay and Darbelnet (1958), Nida (1964), Catford (1965) Koller (1995), and also Newmark (1982). To handle the intricacies of a metaphor the linguistic approach was to cut it up into small units and deal with each one separately (Steen, 2002), looking at each lexical unit within the metaphor individually without considering the effect of the whole text on the addressee.

In contrast, an equivalence-based approach to translation rests on the principle of 'equivalent effect' i.e. the relationship between the original SL message and 'receiver' of the message should aim to be the same as that between the original message and receiver. For 'equivalent effect' in the act of translation, the source and target texts are on an equal level of importance (Nida, 1964). To achieve equivalent effect, once a metaphor is identified, its meaning should ideally match the SL in the target language as fully as possible. More recently equivalence has been held at arm's length. Cultural differences have often been pinpointed as the reason

for actively preventing an ‘intact transfer’. ‘It is difference, not sameness or transparency or equality, which is incumbent in the operation of translation’ (Hermans, 1998, p.61).

When considering original metaphor in the light of this comment, too literal a translation might over-emphasize differences in meaning, language or customs, leading to an awkward-sounding target text.

Have there been any guidelines set out for the translation of metaphor, original or otherwise, which may help with the present research? Translation theorists in the 1980s tended to present lists of ‘advisable’ translation procedures for each type of metaphor (see Nida & Taber (1982), Van den Broek (1981), and Newmark (1982). This is a ‘prescriptive’ approach (how should you translate?) to the translation of metaphor. However, source-orientated faithfulness-seeking translations have been increasingly disregarded of late in favour of target-orientated studies e.g. Toury (1985, p.25) Snell-Hornby (1988, p.44) Baker (1995, p.239). This approach, the ‘descriptive’ approach (‘how are metaphors translated?’) has introduced a more investigative study of metaphor translation.

At the ‘Research Models in Translation Studies II’ conference in April 2011, Mark Shuttleworth suggested that although research into the translation of metaphor has been dominated by the cognitive approach ever since Lakoff and Johnson wrote ‘Metaphors we Live By’ some thirty years ago, this is by no means the only theoretical framework in existence. He points out that metaphor scholars now ‘use a wide range of theoretical concepts, categories and parameters for the purposes of identifying and describing metaphor’ (2011, p.1). He says that this all-encompassing approach can form the basis for profound investigation into metaphor in translation, a statement which has encouraged me greatly in this present research.

To illustrate his point, Shuttleworth mentions Al-Harrasi (2001), who produced a radical new list of strategies for translating metaphor: a classification which distinguishes between three types of source domains: physical, human-life and inter-textual (2001, p.113-115). Al-Harrasi’s view is that modern Translation Studies sees itself as an empirical discipline because translations are described both as products and as processes, to explain why translators act in certain ways. There is a requirement to produce texts of a specific profile and to assess effects of translations. ‘By describing the strategies chosen by translators when dealing with metaphors and explaining the effects a specific solution has had on readers and

cultures or predicting its potential effects the discipline of TS (Translation Studies) can provide a valuable contribution to the study of metaphor' (Al-Harrasi, 2001, p.71).

A-Harrasi's views on the contributions made to metaphor study by TS had an immediate impact on the general perception of the concept of equivalence which is now understood as the relationship existing between a source text (or source item) and a target text (or target item). It is 'redefined for each and every act of translation' (Chamosa & Gonzalez, 1997, p. 44-45, their translation) which does not pursue 'perfect' solutions, just more acceptable ones. The prescriptive approach, and with it loyalty to the source text, lost a little favour in consequence (Toury, 1995, p.35).

Translation Studies has embraced Lakoff and Johnson's conceptual metaphor theory and the cultural issue, focusing on the target text, and considering metaphor as a translation challenge that goes further than linguistics (Deignan, 2005; Steen, 1994). Despite this, Fuertes-Olivera, Fernandez and Sacristán posed the question at the International Cognitive Linguistics conference in Spain in 2003: are translators following this advice?

Translators, say Fuertes-Olivera et al, are so traditionally minded that they still seem to judge translations in terms of their source text. In their opinion, many traditionally labelled 'incorrect' translations, such as literal translations, do introduce new linguistic metaphors into the TT and most likely also new conceptual structures and cognitive networks (Fuertes-Olivera and Pizarro Sanchez, 2002). Fuertes - Olivera et al (2005) tested their theory that metaphor is a translation problem that goes further than linguistic transfer on a sample of 244 newspaper texts and their corresponding 122 translations (122 of each English and Spanish) published in Spanish *El Mundo del Siglo XXI* in 1995. Original metaphors were the subject of this investigation, albeit in journalism rather than literary texts, making this investigation of particular relevance to the present research. Fuertes - Olivera et al discovered many aspects of the translation of metaphors in general that hindered the creativity process. They discovered that in practice translators omit, alter and expand all the time. In their research, they list all the factors that affect the result, including the reference material used by the translator, the time pressures, alterations introduced by editors, idiolect, the 'inevitable pecuniary factor' (2005, p.67) and of course the translator's own viewpoint. Many translation theoreticians have attempted to classify the degree of translatability of metaphors in general, and Fuertes-Olivera et al (2005) highlight the wide range of viewpoints among them by reducing them to four basic standpoints which can be summarized as follows:

1. Metaphors are untranslatable Nida (1964), Vinay and Darbelnet (1958), Dagut (1976 & 1987)
2. Metaphors are completely translatable Klopfer (1981), Reiss (1971) and Hatim and Mason (1990)
3. Metaphors are translatable but have inequalities between source and target text Van Den Broek (1981) Rabadán Álvarez (1991), Toury (1985 and 1995) and Newmark (1988)
4. Conciliatory approach – you can sometimes translate metaphors, but it depends, Snell-Hornby (1995)

The conclusion they came to is that one cannot generalise about the translatability of metaphors (Fuertes – Olivera et al, 2005). However, it does highlight the challenging nature of metaphor translation; would the outcome of the present research reach the same conclusion, especially as it also focuses on a specific type of metaphor, i.e. original metaphor? Section 3.5 of this chapter focuses specifically on original metaphor.

3.5: Original Metaphor

Newmark is one of the translation theorists who have tried hardest to list types of linguistic metaphor and suggest strategies for translating them. He divided metaphors into six types: dead, cliché, stock, adapted, recent and original: (1982, p. 84-96)

Dead: Where one is hardly conscious of the image it evokes because the word or phrase has been in use for so long, e.g. *space, field, top, bottom*

Cliché: Having through usage temporarily outlived its usefulness, e.g. *backwater, breakthrough*

Stock: In general use and ‘rolls off the tongue’, e.g. *run over, kick the bucket*

Adapted: These are ‘expanded’ stock metaphors e.g. *almost carrying coals to Newcastle*

Recent: New, e.g. *wicked* for ‘good’, *far out*

Original: Created or quoted by the SL writer.

Newmark is important to this study for two reasons. Firstly, even if everyone does not agree with his metaphor classifications and criteria for translating metaphor, he has tried to be all-encompassing and precise. Secondly, this study focuses on original metaphor, which

Newmark has singled out as the most important and the most creative type of metaphor, and he appears to be the first translation theorist to use the term ‘original’ metaphor to any extent. His description of an original metaphor is as follows: each one contains ‘the core of an important writer’s message, his personality, his comment on life’ (1982, p.84).

This statement is important to this research and is the reason why Newmark features so prominently in this thesis. If original metaphor is the core of an important writer’s message, personality and comment of life, and Carmen Laforet is an important writer as we have seen, then the translation of the original metaphors in her work are well worth attention.

Various terms are used by metaphor and translation scholars to describe original metaphor. Fernandez et al chose the term ‘novel’ metaphor. Authors using this term are Rabadán Álvarez (1991), Indurkha (1992) and Lakoff and Johnson in their latest research, also Pisarska (1989) and Meyer et al (1997). Others have different options such as ‘similarity-creating metaphor (Indurkha, 1992), ‘poetic metaphor’ (Sweetser, 1990), ‘private metaphor’ (Van den Broek, 1981) ‘creative metaphor’ (Sperber and Wilson, 1986), ‘innovative metaphor’ (Pisarska, 1989), ‘live’ metaphor (Larson 1984, p.331-332) or simply ‘new’ metaphor (MacCormack, 1985, p. 136; Booth 1978, p.54). The term ‘original metaphor’ has been chosen for this research study because ‘originality’ because it is Newmark’s term, and because it can be interpreted as new, innovative, creative and unique (and possibly poetic), all in one word.

There have been various attempts at defining original metaphors. MacCormack says they are created ‘when an individual juxtaposes conceptual referents never before combined, producing both a semantic anomaly and a new conceptual insight’ (1985, p.136). Meyer et al (1997, p.3) highlight individuality by saying that they are ‘created by a single person for a particular context’. Fuertes-Olivera et al (2005) offer a definition of original metaphors, which they call ‘novel’ metaphors. They describe them as the ‘linguistic expression of a conceptual metaphor’ (ibid, p.61). Here is their six-point definition which I have summarized and explained briefly.

1. Figurative component (they evoke an image).
2. Present in many linguistic forms (any part of speech).
3. No length restrictions (often a long sentence or an entire novel)
4. Not institutionalised, i.e. not incorporated into common usage). In principle, they will not have entries in dictionaries or reference works or databanks.

5. The receiver finds ‘novelty’ or ‘communicative surprise’ in them, so they flout addressee expectations (Rabadán Álvarez 1991, p. 142)
6. They may be divided into three major groups (see Steen, 1992):
 - i. Pure novel metaphors creating similarity between source and target domains
 - ii. Metaphors based on a pre-existing similarity but used in a completely new way, e.g. unusual phraseology, or cognitive domain
 - iii. Simultaneous exploitation of literal and metaphorical mappings (Le Guern 1976, p.126)

The fact that an original metaphor may not be universally recognised as such and is open to interpretation means that in order to examine these metaphors in this research there needs to be a clear definition from the start, so the above description by Fuertes-Olivera is a good point of reference. The criteria to be used when identifying original metaphors in *Nada* and *La isla y los demonios* will take into consideration the above features, and will be set out clearly in Chapter Four.

3.6: The Translation of Original Metaphor

Translation theorists disagree about how easy or difficult it is to translate original metaphor. Dagut says that novel metaphors are ‘virtually untranslatable’ (1976, p.29) but are *not* the most difficult of metaphor types to translate even though generalisations about metaphor translation are impossible (1987, p.79-82). This seems to be a contradiction but must mean that original metaphors can be translated (presumably literally) easily enough but the results may not quite reflect the original intention. On the other hand, Nida disagrees with Dagut saying the number of original metaphors that resist translation is so small that it does not constitute a problem (1982, p.98).

Newmark disagrees with both above and maintains that original metaphors are the hardest of all metaphor types to translate, requiring similarities in culture and language to be successful, but whatever the difficulty regarding these, to Newmark the rule is always the same; they should be transferred ‘neat’ by which he means as ‘word-for-word’, or as ‘literally’ as possible (1988, p.112).

Van den Broek (1981, p.73) calls original metaphors ‘private’ metaphors, found in literary texts, and considers them more translatable than more common ‘conventional’ metaphors because they are less culturally bound (more universal). Rabadán Álvarez reaches a different

conclusion. To him they are ‘novel’ metaphors, which are ‘very difficult’ to translate and become even more so the wider the cultural gulf between SL and TL (1991, p.146).

Katharina Reiss, agreeing with Nida and Van den Broek, draws attention to and agrees with the following sweeping statement made by Rolf Klopfer: ‘the bolder and more creative the metaphor, the easier it is to repeat it in other languages’ (Klopfer in Snell-Hornby 1995, p.57, her translation).

The sensible conclusion to draw from these diverse and opposing views on the translation of original metaphor would be that some will be easier to translate than others. Newmark (1982) suggests a strategy: translate literally (word-for-word as far as possible) regardless of cultural and linguistic differences. It is one of the aims of this research to determine whether or other solutions have been used.

One of the frameworks of this study is Newmark’s suggested procedure for translating metaphors, for which he suggests seven strategies, as seen below (Newmark, 1982, p. 84), and applying them to the translation of original metaphor.

- 1. Reproducing the same image in the TL (Target Language).** This is Newmark’s ‘literal’ strategy. By this Newmark means ‘reproducing the same image in a similarly structured metaphor as the ST’. It sounds simple to do this, and should be the best possible solution, but the resulting translation may ‘sound wrong’, or the words and images translated word for word may have different connotations in the target language so it is not always appropriate or aesthetically pleasing.
- 2. Replacing the image in the SL (Source Language) with a standard TL image.** This is a ‘safe’ strategy which would avoid a “clash with the TL culture” (Newmark, 1982, p.89) but it is not always easy to choose a ‘similar’ image. It is likely that different translators would choose different images, and this suggests rather a ‘hit and miss’ way to achieve “analogous aesthetic effect” (Nord 1991, p.83). Also as the metaphor used would be a ‘stock’ or ‘standard’ metaphor, so the force of the original metaphor would be severely reduced.
- 3. Translation of metaphor by simile.** This would preserve the image in the TL but would ‘modify the shock’ of the metaphor on its audience. It is already becoming clear that numbers 2 and 3 are not ideal methods of translating original metaphor, which is supposed to ‘shock’ its audience.

4. **Translation of metaphor (or simile) by simile plus sense.** This strategy is a bit like putting an explanation of the metaphor in brackets. It is extra explanation, which would work in the case of an original metaphor, but the interpretation would be the translator's and therefore the sense further away from the original.
5. **Conversion of metaphor to sense.** This is explanation only, without the metaphor at all, and although this would be a good idea in an informative text that required a very precise transference of meaning, in a piece of literature it seems to lose the point.
6. **Deletion.** Omitting the metaphor entirely is a possible solution, depending on the translator, if the metaphor itself is not vital to the TL meaning. Newmark believes this is not a strategy available in the case of texts that are authoritative and expressive, such as literary texts, as metaphors reflect the author's personality (1998, p.112).
7. **Same metaphor combined with sense.** Using the same metaphor with a brief explanation can be a good idea, especially if, as Newmark says, the metaphor recurs in the text and can be used again without explanation. However, the force and probably ambiguity of the metaphor (leaving it open to interpretation) may be lost, and of course, the explanation is the translator's, not the author's. In the case of original metaphor, this is not ideal, as we have seen that an original metaphor contains an author's message, personality and comment on life, and this should be reproduced as far as possible in the target text.

Newmark's list is a useful, clearly defined reference when looking at strategies used by the translators in this research to translate original metaphors. More information will be found in Chapter Four, Section 4:4:1.

3.7: Identifying Metaphor

'The notion of metaphor itself is shaped at any given time by linguistic and social pressures, as well as by its own history: it has no pristine form' (Hawkes 1972, p.5).

Before examining the metaphors in this study, they need to be identified, or accepted, as original metaphors. The first task in this study will be to identify metaphors in their linguistic form, so that they can be examined. Al-Harrasi has drawn attention to the fact that there is a

need to define metaphor (2001, p.112). For this research, they will need to be identified in a reliable way before examining them. The reliability of metaphor identification is important for authoritative studies and future researchers. How should metaphor be identified? One can refer to Cameron (1999), Schmitt (2005) or more recently the Pragglejazz Group (2007). Steen (2002) also offers a highly systematic theoretical exploration of the many issues surrounding this problem and an 'identification procedure' for metaphor. His procedure has seven steps and looks very closely at each component of the potential metaphor to determine what he terms as a 'non-literal mapping between correspondences between two different domains' (2002, p.25). Cameron acknowledged that metaphor identification is not easy (Cameron and Low, 1999) and explores the problems and ambiguities that arise, suggesting techniques to ensure reliable and trustworthy metaphor identification. She believes that we need an operational definition (i.e. a description that we can use in analysing data) even if a watertight definition is not always possible.

This is Cameron's overview of the Pragglejazz Group method for testing for 'metaphoricity', or the degree to which a word/phrase/sentence/concept can be considered a metaphor: they call it their metaphor identification procedure (MIP):

1. The researcher (translator, in the case of the present research) familiarises him/herself with the discourse data (in this research, the translator reads the novel)
2. The researcher works through the data looking for possible metaphors
3. Each possible metaphor is checked for
 - a) Its meaning in discourse context (this would need to be thoroughly digested beforehand)
 - b) The existence of another more basic meaning of the same thing
 - c) An incongruity or contrast between these meanings and a transfer from the basic to the contextual meaning
4. If the possible metaphor satisfies each of the manoeuvres, it is coded as metaphor.
(Cameron, 1999)

Kövecses gives an excellent example of the Pragglejazz Group's 'test' for metaphoricity in his recent work (Kövecses, 2010). In it he runs through the procedure on the metaphor 'He's without direction in life'. After familiarising himself with the text in which the metaphor is embedded he establishes that it is part of a larger text about someone's life.

He takes all the lexical units '**he**' '**is**' '**without**' '**direction**' '**in**' '**life**'.

'**He**' is a male person previously mentioned in the text

'**Is**' means exist

'**Without**' means not having something

'**Direction**' indicates the person's general attitude or behaviour

'**In**' expresses a state

'**Life**' is a state in which one is alive

Two of these have a more basic meaning than their contextual meaning: '**direction**' and '**in**'.

'**direction**' taken out of context can mean the (geographical) path someone or something takes, e.g. North/ South, towards the sea, away from London etc.

'**in**' has a more basic positional meaning, 'in London, in the teapot and so on.

'Since the two contextual meanings contrast with their non-contextual meanings but can be understood in comparison with them, we can identify the two words as being metaphorically used in our imagined discourse' explains Kövecses (2010, p.5). The Pragglejazz Group's procedure is perhaps long-winded, and could be said to be too formulaic to be applied to something so intuitive as a metaphor, but here is something that can be logically applied, and produces a clear result that can be accepted and worked with. It is perfect for the task in hand, which is to establish the metaphors used in the study as metaphors.

The metaphors under scrutiny in this study are often complex so it is necessary to set some criteria by which they can be confirmed as metaphors and, to make matters even more complicated, to be confirmed as *original* metaphors. Not all cases of metaphor identification are as simple as the one we have discussed, but the procedure serves us well as 'a research tool that is relatively simple to use and flexible for adaptation by scholars interested in the metaphorical content of realistic discourse' (Pragglejazz Group, 2007, p.2).

It is the less conventional, the novel, the new, or to use my own terminology, the original, metaphors in literature that I will be investigating. For the purposes of this research, the text has to be screened all the more rigorously in order to look for just one type of metaphor.

So, identifying metaphor, and more specifically original metaphor, brings the researcher face to face with difficulties. A set of clear criteria must be made at the outset. It must also be

decided where each metaphor begins and where it ends; some of the original metaphors are long sentences. Recognition of a metaphor in a certain text or speech may also be easier for native speakers so translators who would normally be translating into their mother tongue would find it more of a challenge. More clarification of the way in which metaphors will be identified and their translations examined will be outlined in Chapter Four, Section 4:4:1.

3.8 Conclusion

To conclude, this chapter has touched on metaphor and its history, especially in literary texts, and has described the change in the general perception of metaphor brought about by Lakoff and Johnson's seminal work in 1980. It also discussed the challenging nature of the translation of metaphor. The focus of this research is original metaphor, and translation theorists' definitions of original metaphor have hopefully been laid out clearly. Newmark's definition and classifications of metaphor provide a good point of departure for this research, so they have been described in detail here, along with a discussion of why it is so suitable for this research. An excellent method for identifying metaphor, thanks to the Pragglejazz group, has been described here along with reasons why it will be used to test the authenticity of the original metaphors in the PhD. Likewise, criteria for describing a metaphor as 'original' suggested by Fuertes-Olivera et al (2005) has been adopted for this research and an argument supporting this has also been put forward in this chapter. The many differing opinions among translation scholars about how original metaphors should be translated, particularly those that occur in literature, have been discussed. What has not yet been established is how original metaphor in literature is translated, and this is one of the aims of the thesis: To investigate translation theory and practice with a view to identifying the most commonly used translation strategy for translating original metaphors in literature. The original metaphors under scrutiny are taken from the work of an important Spanish author, Carmen Laforet. A further aim is to seek to form an overall strategy for translating original metaphors in literary texts and apply it to my own translation of *La isla y los demonios* by Carmen Laforet, which forms the practice part of this thesis. Would a work of literature, a novel containing a high proportion of original metaphors, benefit from a predetermined overall strategy in their translation? This is a question which arose from the motivation behind this research, which is to make available a text by an important Spanish author who is under-represented in English translation.

Chapter Four – Methodology

4.1 Theoretical Framework

‘First, metaphor is a fundamental part of language. As such it plays a vital role in communication, and one that cannot be ignored by the translator’ (Shuttleworth, 2016, p.8.).

The point of departure for this thesis is Newmark’s term ‘original’ (1982, p.61), his metaphor classification (ibid, p.84-96), and his strategies for the translation of metaphor (ibid), all of which have been explored and described in Chapter Three.⁷ This research focuses on original metaphor, which Newmark describes as containing ‘the core of an important writer’s message, his personality, his comment on life’ (1988, p.112), which is a good reason for believing that in literature, any original metaphor is a vital part of the text and should be translated with the utmost care and consideration of the translator’s own interpretation of the text and the corresponding effect on the target reader.

There has been little research into the translation of original metaphor, although Fuertes-Olivera et al carried out an excellent corpus-based investigation into original metaphor (termed ‘novel’ metaphor by Fuertes-Olivera et al, 2005, p.69) found in newspaper articles, and this thesis draws inspiration from it. Fuertes-Olivera investigates 370 original metaphors in news articles from *The Guardian* and their Spanish translations in *El mundo* during 1995. In total they analysed 740 metaphors. My research considers four translations each of 135 Spanish original metaphors from the novel *Nada* and another 130 Spanish original metaphors and their English translations from the first part of *La isla y los demonios*. This equals 800 metaphors altogether so the total amount of data analysed is not dissimilar to Fuertes-Olivera’s’ investigation.

Regarding translation practice, the present study also builds on a previous work in which Flynn conducted a corpus-based analysis of Dutch translations of Irish poetry combined with a questionnaire involving thirteen translators in 2006. This was an ethnographic study of literary translation practice in the Netherlands and Belgium. It argued that linguistic

⁷ Metaphor types – Section 3:5; strategies – Section 3:6.

ethnography can provide a clear indication of patterns of translation practice (Flynn, 2007). He suggested that social and cultural issues, differences between customs and habits and therefore the language of different peoples are being considered more and more by translators and this is relevant to the present research. In it I am looking at the way in which four literary translators, whose English translations were published in 1958, 1964, 1993 and 2007 respectively, have tackled the original metaphors in *Nada*. Subsequently I am looking at how literary translators tackle it today. There is a difference between published translations and translations produced during the translation exercise and questionnaire. The former is the result of translating, reviewing and editing, while the latter comes from a simulated environment. However, the same conditions have been recreated as far as possible: the literary translators have been given a and have been paid for their work, and have not had any restrictions apart from time, and this last was only a suggested time limit. Obviously, their work has not been edited by a third party and the metaphors translated are isolated phrases/sentences. As a sentence is the largest unit of analysis in the project, compensation techniques could not be employed except within the sentences themselves. However, it is important to note that an original metaphor, as we have already seen, is important enough to be considered as a stand out item, an important reflection of the author's personality on its own as well as part of the text. In this way it is likely that literary translators, whether working for publication or for a mere exercise, would look at these metaphors as a single unit to be translated 'neat' to quote Newmark. It is likely for this reason to be left alone by reviewers and editors.

As far as translators' typical choices, strategies, and approaches to translation are concerned, in a mixed-method study by Jones (2006), five literary translators took part. This was 'a small-scale study into the working processes of professional poetry translators' (2006, p.59) which included the gathering and analysis of think-aloud protocols, which are real-time taped records of translators translating. Jones was attempting to record the process of translating poetry 'as-it-happens' (2006, p.61). The questionnaire part of the present study attempts to look at translating 'as-it-happens'. Talk-aloud protocols such as these were considered for this thesis, but it was decided that gathering and organising the resulting data was too expensive and time-consuming to organise and analyse with the time and budget available for this research. It would nevertheless be of interest to Translation Studies to do so in the future. Instead, a questionnaire was devised to reflect the translators' working processes, with three set questions, as are described in Section 4:4:2 of this chapter.

The above precedents having been set, the present research into the translation of original metaphor in the novels of Carmen Laforet, using a mixed method study of corpus analysis combined with a translation exercise and questionnaire, has its roots in previous research, and as far as numbers of translators and texts are concerned, this study can be considered thorough enough, and on a scale large enough, to be of interest to Translation Studies.

Before embarking on the research, the Spanish original metaphors analysed in this thesis should be identified as metaphors in an authoritative way, and established beyond reasonable doubt as original metaphors. A theoretical underpinning for this was found in Newmark for the term ‘original’ (1982, p.61) and in his metaphor classification (1982, p. 61) which lists types of metaphor, outlined in Chapter Three, Section 3:5. As to how the metaphors in this study were first identified as metaphors per se, be they dead, stock, clichéd, original, or any other kind of metaphor, the process of identification follows the Metaphor Identification Procedure proposed by the Pragglejazz Group (2007, p.3). This logical test for ‘metaphoricity’ (ibid) is described in Chapter Three, Section 3:7, and has been praised and reinforced by such important theorists as Shuttleworth (2016), and Kövecses (2010).

Within the aim of identifying strategies used by translators to translate original metaphors, this research will identify and classify the methods that they use. These can then be quantified and analysed in a logical way. Once again Newmark is the point of departure for this. He outlines seven ways of translating metaphors which he refers to as ‘strategies’ (1988, p.112). These are described in Chapter Three, Section 3:6, and the translation strategies used in this research to define how literary translators translate original metaphors are modelled on Newmark’s classification and are described in detail in this chapter, Section 4:4:1.

Pivotal to the research is Lakoff and Johnson’s cognitive turn regarding metaphor (1980). When metaphor generally ceased to be just a decorative device in literature and became recognised as pervasive in our speech, writing and even in our thinking, it produced a sea change. Metaphor became increasingly the subject of research, and the importance of metaphor in everything we do was recognised by psychologists and translators alike. This ‘interdisciplinarity’⁸ (Shuttleworth 2016, p.12) between translation studies and cognitive linguistics provides a conceptual framework for descriptive translation studies research and

⁸ overlapping with other disciplines (such as psychology, computer science, ethnology, etc.) according to the particular focus of study or research (Snell-Hornby in Ramírez Jaimez, 1996, p.333)

lends weight to the present research. If metaphor is not only important but essential to our thinking and reasoning, then the way that we transfer the true meaning of an original metaphor into another language, particularly one that is written by an important author, must therefore be essential.

The original metaphor lies at the far end of the metaphor scale, and having recognised that, there needs to be a convincing way of establishing it as such. Fuertes-Olivera's workable definition of novel metaphors (Fuertes-Olivera et al, 2005, p.61-81), as set out in this chapter (p.49-50), is the inspiration for this within this thesis. Their formula for identifying a metaphor as original (or 'novel' as they call it [ibid]), has been adopted for the present research. Shuttleworth (2016, p. 19) points out that there is likely to be a certain amount of intuition in this process. The metaphors chosen in my thesis however, are supported 'by a set of procedures that are as rigorous as possible' (ibid).

4.2 Research Methods

This thesis implements a 'mixed-method' approach (Olohan, 2004, p.64) to the analysis of data, utilizing corpus-based research methods alongside both qualitative and quantitative data collection methods. Data has been gathered from source and target texts and tables compiled to analyse the material, and a translation exercise with an accompanying questionnaire organized to be undertaken by practising literary translators. Firstly, a corpus of original metaphors from *Nada* was compiled, and the four English translations in print compared to each other, focusing on the strategies used by the translators to translate the original metaphors. The different translation strategies used have been sorted into groups to ascertain the most popular. This is quantitative data designed to see if there is one strategy used more often than others, and whether this shows a recognisable pattern of translation practice as regards the translation of original metaphors, which is one of the aims of this research.

The dates of the four published translations of *Nada*, from 1964 to 2007, make this a particularly interesting exercise from a historical point of view, to see if there have been any changes over the years. Subsequently a translation exercise and questionnaire was compiled, in which fourteen literary translators were asked to translate ten of the original metaphors from Chapter One, Part One of the same novel, *Nada*. The translation strategies that they

used were also sorted into categories to establish the most commonly used. Again, this is quantitative data designed to see if one strategy is used more than another by these more recent practising literary translators, and to compare this data to that of the corpus research.

To increase the amount of data available for analysis, a further fourteen translators were asked to translate ten more metaphors from the novel, this time from Chapter Ten of *Nada*, being the first chapter of Part Two of the novel. The two sets of metaphors, translated by two separate groups of translators, will be known as the translation exercise parts 1 and 2.

The questionnaire accompanying the translation exercise is of qualitative design, and this was added to see if any information could be revealed about how the respondents felt about their own translations. Were they happy with their own strategies? If they had used a literal strategy for example, did they feel satisfied with the result? In what did their satisfaction lie? This information would add an extra dimension to one of the main aims of the research: to examine the translation solutions of original metaphors in literature and seek indications of patterns of translation practice in this area. It should be made clear that the subject of investigation is linked to the translations of original metaphors, not the translators themselves. However, the primary aim of the research is to discover what translators do in practice, and what they do is linked to how they feel, so the extra dimension is justified.

The results of the corpus analysis and the translation exercise (parts 1 and 2) and the questionnaire combined are used to achieve the second aim of this research, which is to form an overall strategy for translating original metaphors in literary texts and apply it to the original metaphors in my own translation which forms the Part Two of this thesis. The completion of this translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios* is intended facilitate the third aim of this research, which centres on the novels of Carmen Laforet: to make available a text by an important and much-loved Spanish author who is under-represented in English translation.

4.3 Data Processing Methods

The original metaphors and their translations, and answers to the questionnaire are entered on spreadsheets. These can all be viewed in the Appendices A - G, pages i to lix.

Part Two of this thesis, my English translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios* is presented bound within this thesis after the research element. The original metaphors in the translation are shown in slightly lighter grey than the bulk of the text. Original metaphors from the translation are also presented in table form for ease of reference. This can be viewed in Appendix H, pages lx – lxix.

No specialised systems or programmes other than word-processing and spreadsheet packages such as *Word* and *Excel* are used. Texts are held in electronic form (as per Bosseaux, 2001) but corpus processing tools such as parallel concordancing tools (software for text analysis) were not required. The reason for this is that it is not relevant to see how many of the translations are identical, or how many translators used the same words in their solutions. Two literal translations of the same original metaphor would surely use different word choices, as there is inevitably more than one ‘literal’ choice in English for each word in Spanish. Because of this, original metaphors and their translations have been aligned manually. ‘...the more qualitative the analysis, the less useful corpus tools can be’ (Olohan 2004, p.63).

4.4 Research Design

The research design is of crucial importance because it determines the success or failure of the research. Thyer in De Vos and Fouché (1998, p.77) defines the research design as a blueprint or detailed plan of how a research study is to be conducted. This chapter will now describe how the research aims as outlined in Chapter One, Section 1:4 (Aims of the Research), will be realised. The findings will have an immediate application because they will serve to form an overall approach to the translation of original metaphors in my new translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios* by Carmen Laforet.

4.4.1 The Analysis of the Corpus of Original Metaphors in *Nada*

The first part of the study uses corpus-based research techniques. This is research carried out by comparing original source texts (STs) side by side with their translated target texts (TTs) and implies computer-aided research methods. The availability of both original texts and translated texts in machine-readable format was predicted by Mona Baker to have a major effect on translation research and usage for the training of translators themselves (1995,

p.248). Baker states that corpus-based methodology is crucial for identifying the distinctive features of the language of translation (2005). According to Laviosa, corpus-based research helps to ‘understand the specific restraints, pressures, and motivations that influence the act of translating and underlie its unique language’ (1998, p.474). The texts used in this research, i.e. the novels *La isla y los demonios* and *Nada* and their translations are not available electronically at this point. The Payne translation was only available to view in The Bodleian Library where they do not allow photographs or photocopies to be taken of multiple pages. The original metaphors and their translations in print, and the metaphors translated in the translation questionnaires, have for this reason all been transcribed on to tables and spreadsheets for ease of reference (See Appendices, pages i to lxviii). The resulting corpus of 135 Spanish original metaphors and their translations is not large but as Shuttleworth indicates (2016), there are no hard and fast rules about corpus size.

As mentioned by Deignan (2005), many corpus-based investigations into metaphor have been carried out in the field of critical discourse analysis. Van Teefelen’s study of metaphors occurring in popular fiction depicting the Palestine – Israeli conflict in popular fiction (1994), Patthey-Chavez *et al*’s discussion of metaphors in women’s erotic fiction (1996) and Block’s work on SLA research (2007) are three examples of this. For each of these studies the writer built his or her own specialised corpus, and this is the method adopted for the present research. Baker would describe it as a unidirectional parallel corpus (1995, p.243-245), and McEnery & Xiao would call it a ‘bilingual parallel corpus’ (In Anderman and Rogers, 2008, p.19). It consists of original source texts in Spanish and their translations into English.

All the most obvious original metaphors in *Nada* have been identified in the source text and studied alongside their translations from the four published English versions of the novel.

Nada has 3 parts, is made up of 25 chapters and totals around 80,000 words. 135 original metaphors have been identified in the text according to the criteria described in Section 4.6 of this chapter. The original metaphors were also examined individually as follows:

1. The original metaphors were checked for ‘metaphoricity’, a term used by The Pragglejazz group (2007, p.2) when describing their metaphor identification procedure (MIP). As described in detail in the Literature Review, p. 40, they devised a method of checking

whether phrases or sentences were metaphors. To show an example of this from *Nada*, take the original metaphor *Las luces siempre tristes* [the lights always sad⁹] (Laforet, 1945, p.11):

las (**the**)

luces (**lights**)

siempre (**always**)

tristes (**sad**)

‘**the**’ is the definite article of the noun lights

‘**lights**’ are those illuminating a station in Barcelona at night

‘**always**’ refers to the constant nature of something

‘**sad**’ is probably referring to the dim colour of the lights, because light and brightness suggests happiness, so conversely darkness and dimness suggest sadness.

Using the Pragglejazz Group’s method, the only word that has another meaning, (‘a more basic contemporary meaning’ [2007, p.3]) out of context is ‘sad’ which means ‘unhappy, feeling sorrow’ (Collins English Dictionary, 2006, p. 1061) and, being a feeling, is applied to living beings as a rule. Therefore, the phrase can be considered a metaphor. All the 135 original metaphors examined in this research qualify as metaphors by these criteria.

2. The metaphors were checked for originality by looking them up on Spanish reference corpora to discover if they were in general use already. ‘A Reference Corpus is designed to provide comprehensive information about the language’ (Leech, 2005, p.1). The following corpora were used:

Spanish FrameNet (2000)

Corpus del Español (2002)

Real Academia Española CREA (2008) and CORDE (2008)

These large Spanish language corpora (the largest for the Spanish language) were used in conjunction with each other, along with searches via Google, as suggested by Mark Davis (Davis in Aston et al., 2004), creator of the 100-million-word *Corpus del Español* to exploit their combined strengths.

⁹ Word-for-word translation

The main difficulty encountered during these searches was the length of the metaphors themselves. The metaphors needed to be pared down to a noun and adjective, or a noun and verb. For example, it was easy to enter ‘*luces tristes*’ (Original Metaphor no.1, Appendix A, page i) into a language corpus, and in fact this did elicit two positive results. There was no result at all for pared down versions of the remaining 134 metaphors.

The 135 original metaphors from *Nada* are listed on a table in Appendix A, pages i – v alongside the four English translations of each metaphor in print by Ines Muñoz (1958), Charles Franklin Payne (1964), Glafyra Ennis (1993) and Edith Grossman (2007). The above translations were compared to observe and examine the strategies used in the translation of the original metaphors. Strategies used have been identified as follows:

- L** – Literal Translation Strategy (Newmark’s solution no 1¹⁰).
- R** – Replacement of Metaphor by a more standard Metaphor (Newmark’s solution no 2)
- S** – Translation of Metaphor by Simile (Newmark’s solution no 3) or simile plus sense (Newmark’s solution no 4).
- C** – Conversion of Metaphor to Sense (Newmark’s solution no 5).
- E** – Same Metaphor plus Explanation (Newmark’s solution no 7).
- D** – Replacement of Metaphor with a Different yet still unusual original metaphor. (Newmark’s solution no 2 slightly adapted. Newmark does not cover this option. Toury does, however (1995, p.81-83), and his description of the strategy is ‘metaphor into different metaphor’.
- O** – Omission if the translator opts to leave out the metaphor altogether, and decides not to translate it at all, (Newmark calls this ‘Deletion’, his strategy no 6).

4.4.2 The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire

The second part of the research uses a mixture of quantitative and qualitative data collection methods as described, for example, by Cresswell (2003), Johnson et al (2007), Driscoll et al (2007) and Shuttleworth (2016). Translations of some of the original metaphors from *Nada*

¹⁰ Newmark’s solutions 1 – 7 for metaphor translation (1982, p.84-96) are discussed in the Chapter Three, Section 3:6.

are collected from the respondents and recorded in such a way that they can be entered on to a spreadsheet and analysed. Quantitative research analyses a problem by generating numerical data or data that can be used to produce statistics, and uses measurable data to formulate facts and uncover patterns of behaviour, as in the corpus analysis of original metaphors in *Nada* described in the previous section. Quantitative data collection methods include various forms of surveys such as online surveys, paper surveys, mobile surveys, kiosk surveys, face-to-face interviews, telephone interviews, longitudinal studies, website interceptors, online polls, and systematic observations. Quantitative data collection methods are much more structured than qualitative data collection methods.

Qualitative research is primarily exploratory research. It is used to gain an understanding of underlying reasons, opinions, and motivations. It provides insights into the problem or helps to develop ideas or hypotheses for potential quantitative research. Qualitative research is also used to uncover trends in thought and opinions, making deep investigations into a problem. Qualitative data collection methods vary using unstructured or semi-structured techniques. Some common methods include focus groups (group discussions), individual interviews, and participation/observations. The sample size is typically small, and respondents are selected to fulfil a given quota (Wyse, 2011).

The present study is mainly of qualitative design, although some of the data is quantitative in nature. Firstly, it is aiming to look at how literary translators translate original metaphors. This is qualitative because it is exploratory research that it is looking for insights into the challenge of translating original metaphors. The two-part translation exercise and questionnaire uses individual participation, with respondents making their own personal observations on their translations. The sample size is small, and the focus limited to one novel, but this is an internationally respected prizewinning novel. Small sample size is more a feature of qualitative research according to Shuttleworth (2016), who observes that there are 'no hard and fast rules concerning corpus size' in translation research (ibid, p.11). The present research does have a quantitative element however, as the metaphors analysed are entered on to a spreadsheet, sorted into types of response and the resulting data used to produce percentages to see which translation strategies have been used the most. However, as translations are by nature subjective, as are the answers to the questions elicited by the questionnaire in this study, the analysis of the data collection material is largely qualitative.

The following section will discuss the development of the translation exercise and accompanying questionnaire to ask practising literary translators to devise and comment on their own translations of original metaphors from *Nada* by Carmen Laforet.

The Translation Exercise

Professional literary translators were asked to translate 10 original metaphors from the first chapter of the novel *Nada* from Spanish to English.

The conditions were as follows:

1. Participants must have had at least one Spanish – English literary translation published in print or online.
2. Participants should translate into English as their mother tongue.

A questionnaire was produced to discover how translators arrived at their solutions (described on p.54). The participants were given no time limit, but the suggested time was 2 hours. The translators were offered payment for the following reasons:

1. These are professional translators and would expect to be paid for their work.
2. Many participants were happy to do the work for free in the name of research, but then may not have had the same motivation to finish quickly.
3. The translations were done under the same conditions as their normal work, so the results were more likely to be representative.
4. This research looks at the methods translators use when translating original metaphors. The results reflect normal practice as far as possible, giving participants a brief similar to one they might receive for any other translation commission.

The completed design of the translation exercise is made up of the following parts:

1. The Introductory Email
2. The Translator Information Sheet
3. The Consent Form
4. Chapter One of *Nada*
5. The Translation Exercise

6. The List of Original Metaphors

These documents can be viewed in full in Appendices C1- C9 inclusive (pages xxxi to xl) and are described below for ease of reference.

1. The Introductory Email introduces the researcher, the reasons behind the research, a brief outline of what the task entails, and the remuneration offered. The intention was to send it out to prospective candidates to stimulate interest. The key is in the subject title: ‘Help required translating original metaphors Spanish-English for PhD research (paid work)’. This was designed to describe and entice at the same time.

If a prospective participant replied showing interest, they were then sent the remaining five documents 2 – 5:

2. The Translator Information Sheet states the purpose of the study very clearly, what is expected of the participants, who is arranging, vouching for and financing the research, the ethical questions and the remuneration arrangements.

3. The Consent Form is an indemnity form which the translator participants are asked to sign and email back to the researcher before undertaking the work. This is required by the London Metropolitan University Ethics Board and was both submitted and passed by the Board before the questionnaire was implemented. The Ethics Board found that the consent form and the questionnaire itself were adequately worded and not of a sensitive nature, and the way the data that the respondents were going to produce was to be used and shared with others was clear enough to satisfy the Board. The consent form told respondents that their translations and names might be mentioned in the written PhD and they should sign the consent form if they were content for this to happen.

4. The First Chapter of *Nada* by Carmen Laforet is the literary text from which original metaphors have been extracted for the translator-participants to translate. These are the metaphors under scrutiny in this part of the research. As was mentioned before, the translator would need to be familiar with the text before translating the metaphors. This is typical of a translator’s job. It would be unusual for translators to translate literary texts without first familiarising themselves with the source text. In a true situation, the literary translator would read the whole novel at least once before beginning to translate it, but this would be too time consuming for the translators for the purposes of this exercise. To ask the participants to read the chapter which contained the metaphors seemed a good compromise.

5. The Translation Exercise is the actual task in hand, detailing what to do and how to do it.

6. The List of Original Metaphors is the list of 10 original metaphors from the first chapter of *Nada* by Carmen Laforet for the respondents to translate. These 10 metaphors were chosen because they were all concentrated in the first chapter, and as the translators would need to read the whole chapter before attempting the translations, the first chapter is a good place to start from a comprehension point of view. The target reader, like the source text reader, would be in an introductory phase of understanding of the plot and characters. The first chapter of *Nada* is particularly descriptive and contains much powerful imagery, and within this are many excellent original metaphors.

The Questionnaire

The questionnaire was intended to be simple, as it was recognised in advance that the results would be difficult to quantify because of their subjective nature. The main reason for doing it was to see what sort of translation strategy gave the most satisfaction to its creator and the questions asked were designed to reflect this. It was thought that some very simple questions at the end of the translation exercise would at least reflect the reasoning process going on in these literary translators' minds whilst they applied themselves to the task of translating challenging prose. Three questions were chosen to be asked of the respondents in relation to each original metaphor they translated.

- Are you satisfied with your solution?¹¹
- Have you lost any nuance of meaning in your opinion? Explain (briefly) if you can
- Have you added any extra meaning in your opinion? Explain (briefly) if you can

The answers could be quantified as whether the respondents were happy or unhappy with each of their solutions. This could also be analysed depending on the strategy that they used. For example, it was expected that if they could find a literal solution with no loss of meaning in their opinion, they might be satisfied that. This would depend on whether they agreed that the original metaphor, unusual as it was, should be carried over intact to the target language

¹¹ This question was open to a (quantifiable) yes/no answer or a more descriptive answer which might provide an insight into what the translators felt about their translations.

in that case. It might depend on their overall strategy, or their own personal preference, or their own regard for grammar rules, or whether or not they minded producing odd sounding text in their own language, notwithstanding the source text original. Would the translator prefer to have added extra shades of meaning from his or her own individual interpretation of the text? Some comments would be harder to quantify, such as those giving alternative answers, pondering their choices and settling for an unsatisfactory answer, or specifically choosing musical or alliterative words for effect rather than meaning. Some of these answers are discussed in Chapter Six, Section 6.5.

4.4.3 Pilot Studies

1. In preparation for the analysis of the corpus of original metaphors in *Nada*, a pilot study was undertaken in the form of a translation exercise focusing on six original metaphors from the first chapter of *Nada*. These were compared to just two of the published English translations (Glafyra Ennis and Edith Grossman) and the translations of one literary translator under test conditions, resulting in early indications of the results of the research. These were incorporated in a paper ‘The Translation of Original Metaphor in Literature’ (Matthews, 2012). This gave an indication of how the larger scale research might go. There were 18 translations in all, 3 for each metaphor.

Simile:	Translation by simile (Strategy S above) = 1 example
Explanation:	Same metaphor combined with sense (Strategy E above) = 1 example
Conversion:	Conversion of the metaphor to sense (Strategy C above) = 2 examples
Replacement:	Replacing the SL image with a more standard TL image (Strategy R above) = 2 examples
Literal:	Replacing the SL image with the same image in the TL (Strategy L above) = 12 examples

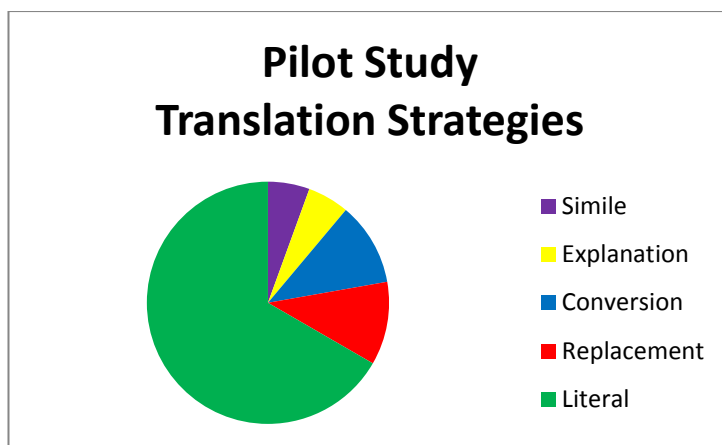


Fig. 1: Pie chart showing proportion of strategies used for translating original metaphors in the pilot study

The pilot study showed that the Literal translation strategy was by far the most common, an outcome which was exciting because of the clear and overwhelming demonstration of the preference for the use of the Literal strategy, showing a definite indication of a pattern of translational practice in this area, one of the aims of this research. It indicated that a longer, more comprehensive translation exercise, using more translator participants, might show the same clear outcome, and with more data the result would be more commanding, and the evidence that this was a common tendency would be stronger.

2. A second pilot study was undertaken with one translator prior to the start of the research, this time in relation to the translation exercise and questionnaire. The intention was to gauge what sort of questions would produce meaningful answers, and pre-empt organizational problems. The results of this helped to shape the design of the translation task, conditions (time, size and materials allowed) and wording of the questions in the following ways:

- The pilot translator took too long to finish the exercise. She was not paid for it and spent more than 6 hours on it. It was felt that professional literary translators in general would not wish to spend such a lot of time on a PhD exercise, even an enjoyable one, as this one would most likely be. It was felt that the completed exercises would be returned late or not at all. It was decided that unlike in the pilot study, there should be a suggestion to limit the time that should be taken for the exercise, and that it should be paid work, to ensure a quick turnaround and an enthusiastic take up.
- The pilot exercise required the translator to translate the metaphors before reading the ST, then comment on any changes they would have made after reading the ST. This

proved to be time consuming and unrealistic. The original idea, that translators should tackle the original metaphors without knowing anything about the story or plot, was originally devised to elicit a truly literal translation. However, it was felt that this was a false scenario and not in tune with what translators do in practice. It was decided that the exercise should be more straightforward, and the literary translators should simply read the chapter, translate the metaphors and be paid for their two hours of work. This would hopefully encourage more respondents.

4.5 Analysis of Translation Solutions

Data from the first section of the research, ‘The Analysis of Original Metaphors from *Nada*’, was analysed to see which strategies (described in this chapter, Section 4:4:1) had been used to translate these metaphors. The data is entered and presented on a spreadsheet which can be viewed in Appendix B, pages xxv-xxx.

Data from the second section of the research, ‘The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire Parts 1 and 2’, was analysed with the same objective. Data was entered and presented on two spreadsheets, being Part 1 and Part 2 of the translation exercise and can be found in Appendices D and E on pages xlvii - xlix.

Data from the questionnaire was also entered and presented on a spreadsheet and the results can be found in Appendices F and G, pages l – lix.

The findings of the above are discussed in a written report and commentary which forms the next chapter (Chapter Five) of this research.

4.6 Formulation of an Overall Translation Strategy

The practice component of this research is the first translation into English of Part 1 of Carmen Laforet’s second novel *La isla y los demonios*. This novel appeared eight years after *Nada* and confirmed Laforet’s ability to produce writing full of powerful imagery. *La isla y los demonios* is not as universally well-known as *Nada*, although there is a translation into French (Laforet, 2005) and one into German (Laforet, 2006). Carmen Laforet’s family’s

literary agent confirmed that there is no English translation of this novel to date (June 2016), or one planned for the future.

The original Spanish novel consists of around 90,000 words and, like *Nada*, is divided into 3 parts. Because of the length of the novel, for this study only the first part has been translated, consisting of approximately 30,000 words. This forms the artefact, Part Two of this thesis. One of the main features of the novel is its powerful figurative language, and abundance of emotive original metaphors. Translating the original metaphors in the novel proved a challenge which prompted the present research, and now the results of the research can be employed in the production of the artefact. The original metaphors have been extracted from the source text, chosen according to the following criteria:

- Metaphors containing unusual figurative language or powerful visual imagery
- Metaphors involving uncommon comparisons
- Metaphors assigning human attributes/feelings to inanimate objects or abstract ideas, or vice versa
- Similes are not included.
- No original metaphor included is more than a sentence in length.

The original metaphors from the artefact have been re-translated in the light of the preceding research, and also compared to the original translations (the first draft). They have been analysed with the results of the previous study in mind. The translations of the original metaphors in the first draft can be viewed in Appendix H on pages lx-lxix alongside their Spanish originals and the final post-research translations. A full commentary accompanies the translations of the original metaphors, detailing the methods used in their translation, and the reasoning behind translation solutions in Chapter Seven of this thesis.

The first chapter of the translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios* has been reviewed and edited by a professional publisher's editor. She edited both the first draft, and the one with the original metaphors translated in the light of the preceding research, in other words, with the newly formulated translation approach applied. A commentary on the editor's opinion is also provided in Chapter Seven, Section 7:4:2.

4.7 Conclusion

The Methodology has three main elements: a theoretical underpinning, where it looked at past research relevant to the analysis of the translation of original metaphors and how this is tackled by literary translators; a research methodology in the form of a research design, data-collection methods, spreadsheet analysis, sampling and data analysis; and a description of the research itself and how it will work. The implementation of data collection and the analysis process follows. As well as defining and analysing the translation strategies that the literary translators in the research use, the main questions that are being asked are as follows (as outlined in the Chapter One, Section 1:4).

- i) What methods do translators use to translate original metaphors in literature?
- ii) How do the translations of each original metaphor in *Nada* differ from one another?
- iii) What is the most commonly used method or translation strategy as shown by the translations of original metaphors in this study?
- iv) How is the practice part of the PhD (the translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*) improved by the application of an overall strategy (i.e. of the most commonly used strategy as shown by the translations of original metaphors in this study) ?

The key challenges that will be faced are as follows: Firstly, how to identify different translation strategies in a clear and comprehensible way; will a clear tendency or pattern emerge? Secondly, the administration of the translation exercises; will there be enough respondents, will the instructions be clear enough to elicit enough useful data? Again, will a clear tendency or pattern emerge? Will it be possible to draw some conclusion from the answers to the questionnaire? Finally, when considered and analysed together, will the results of the analysis of original metaphors in *Nada* and the translation exercise and questionnaire (both parts) indicate an overall strategy for the translation of original metaphors in Part 1 of *La isla y los demonios*? Will it be possible to gauge if this is of interest or of use? These questions will be revisited in the next chapter which will deal with the presentation and analysis of the results of both the ‘Analysis of Original Metaphors in *Nada*’ and the ‘Translation Exercise and Questionnaire Parts 1 and 2’.

The results of the research should

- show some pattern of behaviour in the translation of original metaphor
- provide a model for the translation of the original metaphors first part of *La isla y los demonios* (*the practice part of this practice based PhD.*)
- facilitate and enhance the artefact itself, which is an original piece of work, the first English translation of Part I of this novel.

The desired result is an English translation of part of a comparatively little-known book by a celebrated author, along with new insights into the translation of original metaphor in literature that it is hoped will have a wider application in research and translation circles.

Chapter Five – Analysis of Translations of Original Metaphors in *Nada*

5.1 Introduction

This first part of the research was designed to examine how published translators of *Nada* translated the original metaphors in the novel. The Spanish novel, rich in original metaphor as we have seen, has been published in four different English translations. The aim is to analyse the way in which these metaphors have been translated by these four translators in order identify the most common way of translating original metaphor in literature, and subsequently to put the findings to good use in my translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*.

The translations date from 1958 – 2007, published over a period of nearly 50 years. Has there been a change in translator behaviour over the years regarding the translation of original metaphors? Translators scrutinize texts more closely than any other type of reader. Juan Gabriel Vásquez has said, ‘Translation...must be the most perfect way of reading’ (Vasquez, 2009, p. 211). It would follow that translators would recognise the importance to the text of these creative metaphors and pay them special attention, just as they would with any other translation challenge. Newmark first published his taxonomy of metaphor types and translation strategies in 1981, before the two most recent translations of *Nada* were published. He believed that original metaphors should be translated literally (1982, p.61). It is possible that translators would have referred to theorists’ guidelines for the translation of original metaphor, and also likely that they would each have their own individual style.

The ‘literal versus free’ argument, which is basically a distinction between ‘word-for-word’ (sticking closely to the text) and ‘sense-for sense’ (producing a natural-sounding TT) in translation theory goes back to Cicero (first century BC) and St Jerome (late 4th century AD) and has been debated constantly up until the present day. In many kinds of text, including novels, the imaginative and idiomatic natural-sounding ‘free’ translation is still largely preferred (Munday, 2001). However, a respect for the ‘foreignness’ of the text was voiced by Schleiermacher as far back as 1831, whose preferred tactic was to leave ‘the writer alone as much as possible and move the reader toward the writer’ (1831 in Munday, 2001, p. 28) by which he meant that one should translate as literally as possible to preserve the foreign feel of the text. This theory was to have considerable influence over scholars in modern times (Pym, 1995) and was taken up by Venuti in 1995 in a debate between what he called the

‘foreignization’ (a literal rendering to give the text a foreign feel) and the ‘domestication’ (a TT which captures the sense of the original, yet which flows in the TL) of a text (Munday, 2001).

Whether we will find that the translations under scrutiny have been translated as ‘literal or free’, and whether they owe anything to theorists such as Newmark, one would expect to find solutions based on the individual translator’s knowledge of the source and target languages, the whole text (a novel, in the case of *Nada*) and understanding of their target audience. Every translator’s solution is likely to be unique (Hermans, 1998).

As has been outlined in Chapters One and Three, this analysis of translations of original metaphor focuses on translations into English of metaphors from a novel high in visual imagery: *Nada* (1945), the first novel by Spanish author Carmen Laforet (1921 – 2004). It has been translated into English four times to date; by Inez Muñoz in 1958; Charles Franklin Payne in 1964, Glafyra Ennis in 1993 and more recently by celebrated North American translator Edith Grossman in 2007. Argentinian author Alberto Manguel commented on the ‘fiery genius of her (Laforet’s) first, incandescent masterpiece’ in *The Guardian* on 23 June 2007, when reviewing Grossman’s translation.

How were the translations received? Reviews of Inez Muñoz’s early translation are hard to find and not even the book jacket reveals a clue as to how the translation was rated by contemporary readers, and there was only one edition published. Charles Franklin Payne’s slightly later version was noticed by Ramón J Sender, who clearly understood the problems involved in literary translation, and wrote as follows:

‘Charles F Payne’s translation is discreet and respectful, but could be better. Translations always seem as though they could be improved when the reader knows both languages.

The original is superior, and in this case it is not the translator’s fault but that of the difficulties implicit in the structure of the English language. Some of the subtleties of meaning in Spanish are lost or falsified’ (1966, p. 1).

Glafyra Ennis’ translation in 1993 was acclaimed as ‘flawless’ by Helena Percas de Ponsetti (Laforet, 1993, back cover), excellent and lively’ by Randolph D. Pope (Laforet, 1993, back cover), while Cola Franzen, had this to say: ‘Glafyra Ennis’s love for the work and respect

for the author show through in her fine translation, which deserves to be as widely read as the Spanish original' (Laforet, 1993, back cover). It was not until 2007 that real notice was taken of any translation of *Nada* into English, and that year saw the publication of a version by Edith Grossman, a translator already recognised and praised for her translations of such celebrated Spanish and Latin American authors as Cervantes and Gabriel García Márquez, and the author of 'Why Translation Matters' (2011).

Matthew Tree of the Times Literary Supplement said of Grossman's translation of *Nada*,

'Edith Grossman's translation makes the rich, dense descriptions...sound perfectly natural in English; not a beat is missed, not an adjective misplaced. Let us hope that her fine, readable version will enable *Nada* to achieve, in the English-reading world, the perennial popularity of a great twentieth-century novel' (2007)

Jonathan Yardley of the Washington Post was equally impressed:

'...this new translation [of *Nada*] by the redoubtable Edith Grossman is especially welcome. Its frank, unsparing depiction of Barcelona in the aftermath of Spain's destructive 1936-39 Civil War caused a sensation, and its spare literary style -- impeccably rendered by Grossman -- had considerable influence on subsequent Spanish and European literature' (Yardley 2007)

The existence of four English translations provides fertile ground for this investigation. How have these professionals tackled the original metaphors in the novel, do their solutions vary from one another, and how have they differed over nearly half a century? To begin the investigation, the original metaphors were identified as described in the next section.

5.2 Criteria for Identification of Original Metaphors in *Nada*

135 original metaphors were identified in the Spanish text of *Nada* after careful reading and re-reading of the complete novel. It will be noticed that the original metaphors are spread unevenly throughout the novel, as there were more incidences of original metaphor in those passages of the novel where the narrative was more description than dialogue. It is not surprising that the author was more inclined to give her imagination free rein in descriptive passages, while dialogue is more akin to natural speech and therefore less likely to be either unusual or elaborate. The 135 metaphors are listed on a table in Appendix A, pages xi to v,

entitled 'Table of Original Metaphors in *Nada*'. These metaphors were all identified as per Fuertes-Olivera's workable definition of novel metaphors (see Chapter Three, Section 3:5), and particularly chosen according to the following criteria, written for the purposes of the present research, based on Newmark and outlined in Chapter Four, Section 4:6.

- **Metaphors containing unusual figurative language and powerful visual imagery,**

eg: *una languidez de sábana colgada* (Laforet, 1945, p.15)

Word for word translation: 'a languidness of sheet hanging'

The metaphor describes the appearance of Gloria, who has awoken from sleep and come to the front door to meet her cousin, Andrea, who has arrived at the house in the middle of the night.

This is an evocative picture of a sheet draped loosely, possibly around Gloria's shoulders, emphasising her sleepy and insouciant appearance. The unusual metaphor lies in the human characteristic, languor, given to the inanimate object, the sheet.

- **Metaphors involving uncommon comparisons**

eg: *la mancha blanquinegra de una vieja decrepita* (Laforet, 1945, p. 14)

Word for word translation: 'the stain black and white of an old woman decrepit'

The metaphor is a description of Andrea's grandmother, also appearing at the door in the middle of the night to welcome her granddaughter.

This can be considered a metaphor involving an uncommon comparison because one would not normally compare an old lady to a stain or blotch. One is a human being and the other is barely visible.

- **Metaphors assigning human attributes or feelings to inanimate objects or abstract concepts**

eg: *la seda azul de su traje tenía una tierna palpitación* (Laforet, 1945, p.21).

Word for word translation: 'the silk blue of her dress had a tender palpitation'

The metaphor refers to a portrait of Andrea's grandmother hanging on the wall of her bedroom.

‘Palpitación’ in Spanish translates as ‘palpitation’ in English and means ‘beating rapidly’ or ‘throbbing’ or ‘fluttering’ or ‘trembling’ (Collins English Dictionary, 2016, p.857). The sentence is referring to a picture of a (person in a) dress. To suggest that the blue silk in the picture is beating like a heart, or quivering, is assigning a human attribute (having a heartbeat) to an inanimate object (silk material).

- **Ideas not normally associated with each other**

eg: *La locura sonreía en los grifos torcidos* (Laforet, 1945, p.15).

‘Word for word’ translation: ‘The madness smiled in the taps twisted’

The metaphor describes the appearance (to Andrea) of the taps in the bathroom as she takes a cold shower in the middle of the night.

This can be considered an original metaphor because taps, whether twisted or not, are inanimate objects which here have been assigned the human affliction of madness, (unusual because it is a condition not normally associated with the prosaic items which are bathroom taps). The metaphor is powerfully visual because it conjures up a mental image of taps that are not straight and symmetrical as they should be – rather ‘crazily’ misaligned, perhaps.

Alongside each Spanish original metaphor in the table ‘Table of Original Metaphors in *Nada*’, five different translations into English are shown.

- a) A literal translation (mine) ¹²
- b) Translation by Inez Muñoz (1958)
- c) Translation by Charles Franklin Payne (1967)
- d) Translation by Glafyra Ennis (1993)
- e) Translation by Edith Grossman (2007)

The objective by the end of this section of research, as stated Chapter One, Section 1:4 of this thesis, is to examine the translation solutions that these four professional literary translators

¹² A ‘literal’ translation is ‘a translation that follows closely the form of the source language’ (Larson, 1984, p.10)

have chosen to see how much they vary from one another, if a pattern emerges, or if any translation strategy is used more than another.

5.3 How the Metaphors were Chosen

The entire text of *Nada* was examined in depth to find all the original metaphors. The characteristics required to identify them as original metaphors are discussed in Chapter Four, Section 4:6, and previously in this chapter, Section 5:2.

The original metaphors were then tested for ‘metaphoricity’ by applying the ‘Pragglejazz’ principle, which was described in the Chapter Three, Section 3:7 as a possible method for deciding if a phrase or sentence was, or contained, a metaphor, and examples are given in Chapter Four, Section 4:4:1.

Once established as metaphors in this way, the ‘originality’ of each one was checked by running the metaphors through four major Spanish databanks, Spanish FrameNet (2000), Corpus del Español (2002) Real Academia Española CREA (2008) and CORDE (2008), to determine whether anything similar had appeared before in Spanish literature (as explained in Chapter Four, Section 4:4:1). The length of some of the metaphors made this a challenging task, and the results were a negative in nearly all cases.

5.4 Translation Strategies

Each translated metaphor was analysed to determine which of the following seven strategies was used by the translators to translate it. These were introduced in Chapter Four, Section 4:4:1, and below they are described and colour coded so that the strategies used can be demonstrated visually in tables and pie and bar charts.

1. **Literal strategy:** A straightforward rendering of the metaphor whether or not it sounds natural to the TL ear, in which the SL grammatical constructions are converted to their nearest TL equivalents, but the lexical words are again translated singly, out of context (Newmark, 1982). This strategy is labelled L for Literal and colour coded green on the spreadsheet Appendix B, pages xxv-xxx.

2. **Explanation strategy:** Retaining the same or similar metaphor plus some added explanatory text, or Newmark's 'same metaphor combined with sense'. Usually this would make the phrase or sentence longer and more involved with a possible loss of immediacy and 'shocking' effect (1982, p.84). This strategy is labelled E for Explanation and colour coded yellow.
3. **Replacement strategy:** Replacing the original metaphor with a more standard metaphor, using a similar but more everyday metaphor to make it more acceptable to the TT reader, causing a 'watering down' of the original metaphor. This strategy is labelled R for Replacement and colour coded red.
4. **Different strategy:** Translating the metaphor with a completely different original metaphor, invented by the translator. This strategy differs from no. 3 because although the metaphor is being replaced by another metaphor, it is still unusual, and instead of being 'created by the author' (Newmark, 1982, p.84-96) it is created by the translator in response to the ST. The distinction between strategies 3 and 4 is this: offering an 'original' metaphor makes the audience 'sit up' (Newmark, 1982) – in this taxonomy, D - whereas offering a 'more standard' metaphor or cliché does not (R in this taxonomy). This strategy was labelled D for Different and colour coded pink.
5. **Simile strategy:** Replacing the original metaphor with a simile. A simile is 'a figure of speech that expresses the resemblance of one thing to another of a different category, usually introduced by as or like' (Collins English Dictionary, 2006, p.1121). A simile is sometimes considered to be a type of metaphor because it compares something to something else, for example, 'Sleep is like gold' (i.e. heavy and precious) or 'her hands were as cold as ice' which is self - explanatory. The novel *Nada* contains many evocative similes, but in the interests of clarity this research is restricted to considering original metaphors only. Similes do not require a 'double think' because the similarity has been explained to the reader. It is a simple way of translating a metaphor because it enables the translator to 'decode' the metaphor for the benefit of the ST reader. However, although the imagery may be intact in the TT, it is likely that some of the mystique will be lost. This strategy was labelled S for Simile and colour coded purple.
6. **Conversion strategy:** The translator finds a solution by writing a sentence or phrase describing the meaning of the metaphor but losing the metaphor itself. This strategy is not necessarily a last resort. If it was important to convey the sense only, this would be a good solution. However, this is literature, and if the exact meaning of the text is

favoured at the expense of imagery, then ambiguity is lost as well. In a novel which is renowned for its visual imagery such as *Nada*, it would be a disaster to lose this aspect of the language. If a metaphor is 'converted to sense' in this way, the possibility of more than one interpretation by the target reader is lost along with the metaphor. For the sake of faithfulness to the source text, and in the name of literature, it might be better to keep the mystique. The strategy was labelled C for Conversion and colour coded blue.

7. **Omission strategy:** The metaphor is left out altogether. The translator most likely leaves out the difficult text because he or she feels that it does not add anything to the text, which flows better without it. This is Newmark's strategy of 'Deletion'. It was labelled O for Omission and colour coded black.

5.5 Examples and in-depth scrutiny of the translations

There is an overwhelming balance in favour of literal translation in the translations of the original metaphors in *Nada* by Payne, Ennis and Grossman, and a reasonable one in the case of Muñoz. There is a small but varied mix of other solutions, very few in the case of Grossman. Original metaphors by nature do not always lend themselves to a literal translation, and often a literal translation into the target language (in this case from Spanish to English) fails to make semantic sense or 'flow' grammatically, however hard the translator tries to make it do so. Newmark himself admits that the argument against literal translation in the case of original metaphor is that the metaphor may jar with the style of the text. If, he suggests, an original cultural metaphor appears a little obscure you can sometimes replace it with a descriptive metaphor or reduce it to sense (1988, p.112). The translator who is using the literal translation has done so with the intention of keeping as close as possible to the ST, in meaning, grammatical structure and word choice. Grossman particularly repeatedly seeks a literal solution, producing a phrase or sentence surprising to the TL ear, which she knows will have a similar result to the effect on the reader of the original Spanish. Muñoz, on the other hand, seems to be making more concessions to the target language, and possibly lessening the 'shock' effect. There could be many reasons for this. It may be a historical trend; for it was in 1964 that Eugene Nida introduced his theory of Formal and Dynamic translation (Newmark [1988] later called these Semantic and Communicative translation) in which he argued that there are two types of message to be translated. In some, the form is of primary consideration, and in others the meaning must be given a higher priority. Nida proved that Translation

Studies is a much more complex discipline than may first appear, with the translator having to look beyond the text itself to deconstruct on an intra-textual level and decode on a referential level. The translator must assess culture-specific items, idiom and figurative language in order to achieve an understanding of the source text and embark upon creating a translation which not only transfers what words mean in a given context, but also recreates the impact of the original text within the limits of the translator's own language system. As an original metaphor might well qualify as requiring Formal Equivalence (and which Newmark later insisted should be translated 'neat' (1982, p.61), this could explain the difference in strategy choice of Muñoz and Payne even though their translations were published only six years apart. The publisher of Muñoz's translation may have insisted on a translation which appeared as far as possible to be written in original English, with no jarring of the text to alienate the target reader. There is also the possibility that it was simply the translator's personal style. However, the fact that the three later translators' patterns are so similar, that is more likely that is an historical issue – that either the publisher or Payne himself was styling the translation on Nida's theory of Formal and Dynamic Equivalence, which was making waves in translation theory at the time, and revolutionised translation and still holds force today.

In the 'Table of Original Metaphors in *Nada*' (See Appendix A, pages i-xxiv), an example can be found in original metaphor no. 16, *la seda azul de su traje tenía una tierna palpitación* (Laforet, 1945, p.21) which Grossman translates literally as 'the blue silk of her dress held a tender palpitation'. The phrase describes the material of a dress worn by Andrea's (the protagonist of the novel) grandmother, shown in a picture on the wall. The unusual metaphor lies in the fact that dress material, real or painted, cannot have or hold a heartbeat or a beat of any kind, tender, gentle, soft or otherwise. The metaphor tells us that the artist has captured the quality of the silk and the living human who wears it. The metaphor is unusual but evocative in Spanish, with a repetition of the 's' and 't' sounds which echoes the sound of rustling silk as the lady moves. Grossman's literal translation is an unusual thing to say in English, but it is a powerful image accompanied by sound effects. Ennis has chosen the 'conversion' strategy with 'there was a faint shimmer in the blue silk suit she was wearing', in which she has captured admirably the sound of the shimmering silk but has lost the original metaphor. Muñoz has also 'converted to sense', and considerably simplified the phrase with 'her blue silk dress shimmered'.

An original metaphor tends to draw attention to itself in the source text because it is unusual, or ‘original’, i.e. something the reader has not come across before. An original metaphor translated using a literal strategy is very likely to have the same effect on the target reader. If the translator translated the unusual metaphor with a more common metaphor in the TL, or converts to sense, or uses a simile to explain, or adds in their own explanation, then the element of ‘shock’ might be lost. The literal translation strategy, used increasingly more often by Payne, then Ennis, then Grossman, appears from the results of this research to have increased in popularity over the years, despite any unusual sounding results in the target text. A further illustration of this increased tendency to translate literally between 1958 and 2007 can be found in original metaphor no. 37, *aquella fantasía de muebles en el crepúsculo* [‘that fantasy of furniture in the dusk’] (Laforet, 1945, p.78) which once again Grossman and Payne translate literally as ‘that fantasy of furniture in the twilight’, alluding to a pile of furniture as a ‘fantasy’. This highlights the fantastical properties that the furniture might acquire when viewed in a shadowy, gradually fading half-light. As with the Spanish original the result is neat, effective and rolls off the tongue but is, like the source text, is an unusual juxtaposition of words. Ennis and Muñoz have been more explicit, or ‘converted to sense’ respectively: ‘fantastically surrounded by the strange furniture in the dusk’ and ‘the furniture made ghostly at dusk’ (‘conversion’ strategy).

Another good example of this is metaphor no 74, *el alto sueño de la Catedral volvió a invadirme* (Laforet, 1945, p.123) which Grossman has translated literally as ‘the lofty dream of the Cathedral invaded me again’; the unusual metaphor centring around the verb ‘to invade’. The protagonist of the novel (Andrea) is being ‘invaded’ by a dream. In other words, she was not prepared for the dream and it was not exactly welcome, but it penetrated her being. The use of the verb ‘to invade’ in this way is unexpected in English as it is in Spanish. Ennis compromises by altering the metaphor to something similar but more usual in the target language: ‘my lofty dream of the cathedral once more overcame me’. The difference between ‘overcome’ and ‘invade’ in this sentence is subtle, although clearly ‘to invade’ is not necessarily synonymous with ‘to conquer’, but use of the passive ‘to be overcome by’ to describe a dream is probably more likely in English. Payne uses the same verb as Ennis: ‘The high dream of the Cathedral again came over me’, while Muñoz has reworked the sentence, making sense of the metaphor with ‘In their place came vague memories of ... the image of the great Cathedral’. Grossman is the only translator who uses a literal translation. The resulting English is odd, but it is highly evocative and emotional, as is the source text. There

is a movement ever nearer to the source text in literary translation suggested by this research and shown in the graphics in Section 5:6 of this chapter, at least up until 2007 when Grossman's translation of *Nada* was published. The next chapter, 'The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire Parts 1 and 2' will investigate how these original metaphors are being translated currently.

The list of metaphors showing the translations of each one by the four translators, and indicating in colour which strategies they chose, can be viewed in full in the Appendix B, pages xxv –xxx. It is the propensity of original metaphors to sound unfamiliar in the target language when translated literally. To highlight the difficulties involved in translating them literally, here is a closer look at five of the original metaphors and their solutions by Grossman, Ennis, Payne and Muñoz.

5.5 Discussion of Five Original Metaphors

This is a selection of five original metaphors from the text of *Nada*, showing how, overall, they have been translated literally even though the result produces an unusual juxtaposition of words in the English language – as does the original metaphor produce in the Spanish text, which is the essence of an original metaphor.

1. Original metaphor *las paredes tiznadas conservaban la huella de manos ganchudas, de gritos de desesperanza* (*Nada* [Laforet, 1945, p.17]. Part 1 Chapter I)

Literal translation	the stained walls conserved the trace of hooked hands, of cries of despair
Inez Muñoz	the stained walls bore the prints of crooked fingers, and seemed to echo with cries of desperation
Charles Franklyn Payne	the smeared walls showed traces of claw-like hands, of cries of helplessness
Glafyra Ennis	the smeared walls preserved the imprint of clawlike hands, shrieks of despair
Edith Grossman	the stained walls had traces of hook shaped hands, of screams of despair

Why is this original metaphor? The walls have been attributed with the ability to record cries of despair, as if walls could record sound. The meaning of the trace, or imprint of hooked or hook shaped hands can only be guessed at by the source text reader, but what is gathered is that some handprints are visible on the stained walls. Someone could have been pushed against the wall, and the idea of hands being wrung in despair is also evoked. The crooked nature of these imprints coupled with the cries of despair (that could obviously not be seen) suggests scenes of past misery that can only be surmised.

The choice here is either to translate literally in an equally enigmatic way or to take a guess at the true meaning and write it in English, either using a metaphor or a straightforward explanation, such as Muñoz has done. ('conversion' strategy). The Grossman, Ennis and Payne translations are literal. Although '*huella*' does not actually have to mean 'imprint' but could mean any other type of print or impression (Vox, 1974, p.1108), a metaphorical one perhaps, all the translations describe claw-like handprints visible on the walls.

2. Original metaphor *los desconchados abrían sus bocas desdentadas rezumantes de humedad* (Nada [Laforet 1945, p.17] Part 1 Chapter I)

Literal translation	the chips in the paintwork opened their toothless mouths, oozing moisture
Inez Muñoz	there were cracks everywhere, like toothless mouths exuding dampness
Charles Franklyn Payne	bare spots opened their toothless mouths, oozing dampness
Glafyra Ennis	chipped places opened their toothless mouths oozing moisture
Edith Grossman	the scaling walls opened their toothless mouths, oozing dampness

What makes this an original metaphor is the personification of the walls, with the chips in the plaster that look like toothless, dribbling mouths. The walls in this sentence have mouths, giving the walls a human characteristic, which according to the criteria adhered to in this study makes it an original metaphor because in English it is not at all typical to describe 'chips in the plaster' as 'mouths'. On the other hand, is it not unusual to see faces in one's surroundings – outlined in furniture, wallpaper, walls and ceilings – if one stares at them for long enough? Andrea, the protagonist in *Nada*, is having the same experience.

Three of the translations in this example are literal (except the Muñoz solution which is a simile), and all three literal translations are extraordinary. The chips in the plaster are not opening their mouths, they ARE the mouths. The ST reader is aware of this. Grossman's sentence has been adapted accordingly: 'The scaling (peeling) walls 'open their toothless mouths' in her version. As we have seen, this preserves the image – but modifies the 'shocking' effect (Newmark, 1982, p.84). Ennis and Payne's versions are translated literally, and convey the following impression to the ST reader, in a vivid way – that the ugly cracks in the wall are mouth shaped and look as though they are dribbling in the damp, humid room.

3. Original metaphor *la locura sonreía en los grifos torcidos* (Nada [Laforet, 1945, p.17] Part 1 Chapter I)

Literal translation	madness smiled in the twisted taps
Inez Muñoz	the taps were twisted crazily
Charles Franklyn Payne	madness smiled in the twisted faucets
Glafyra Ennis	madness smiled on the twisted faucets
Edith Grossman	madness smiled from the bent faucets

Taps in England are faucets in the USA, but either way, how can they be mad? It is the twisted nature of these taps which conjures up the notion of madness.

The three later translations contain mostly the same words but the image changes from solution to solution with the use of three different possibilities for the translation of the Spanish preposition 'en'. For Payne, 'madness' is *in* the faucets, for Ennis, 'madness' is smiling *on* the faucets and for Grossman it is emanating *from* the faucets. In the taps or coming from the taps - the taps are the personification of madness. To have madness smiling on the taps is a different image – madness is then separate from the taps. It is not possible to say which is the most effective solution, but except for Muñoz, who has converted to sense very neatly, the translations are literal and all conjure up the crazy crookedness of the taps.

4. Original Metaphor: *sobre nosotros resbalan las horas cortando aprisa la tela de una vida completamente gris* (Nada [Laforet, 1945, p.238] Part 3 Chapter XIX)

Literal translation - the hours slid over us, quickly cutting the cloth of a completely grey life

Inez Muñoz:	The time passed quickly, slipping away in the grey material of our life
Charles Franklyn Payne:	the hours glided by quickly, cutting the cloth of a completely gray life
Glafyra Ennis:	the hours slipped past, quickly cutting the cloth of a life that was completely gray
Edith Grossman:	the hours were slipping past us, rapidly cutting the fabric of a completely gray life

Ambiguous and strange, in the original Spanish and in the translations, the metaphor lies in the comparison of rapidly elapsing time with a sharp blade cutting through cloth quickly and easily. The impression is that this happens so fast that it is hardly noticeable. Muñoz's version offers a different metaphor, none the less strange, of time almost evaporating into the grey material of life. All the other translations, despite the ambiguity and abstruse nature of the image, are translated literally, producing a translation equally puzzling and obscure.

5. Original Metaphor: Lejanías azules zumbaban en mi cráneo con ruido de moscardón (*Nada* [Laforet, 1945, p.238] Part 3 Chapter XIX)

Literal translation:	Blue distances buzzed in my skull with the noise of a blowfly
Inez Muñoz:	The blue distances buzzed in my ears, like flies
Charles Franklyn Payne:	Blue distances buzzed in my skull
Glafyra Ennis:	Blue distances buzzed in my skull like the noise of a hornet
Edith Goodman:	Blue distances buzzed in my brain with the sound of a blowfly

What are blue distances? *Lejanías azules* sounds rather beautiful in Spanish but equally vague – are they expanses of blue sky stretching out to the horizon? Does it make sense that this would cause a buzzing noise in the brain? All four translations have been translated literally, leaving the reader to make up her or his own mind. The five metaphors above have been chosen to demonstrate how a variety of strategies are used by the translators overall, but that the general preference is for the literal strategy, even though the result is a surprise, a shock, jarring to the ear, unusual, or ‘foreign-sounding’. Having discussed some of the examples, the next section will evaluate the results of the exercise.

5.6 Results of the Analysis

The full results of the analysis, showing all 135 metaphors, their translations by Muñoz, Payne, Ennis and Grossman, and the translation strategies employed by these translators shown in colour coding, can be viewed in Appendix B, pages xxv-xxx. The strategies are colour coded for ease of reference and the overall results can be seen below in the following four pie charts (Figs. 2, 3, 4 and 5).

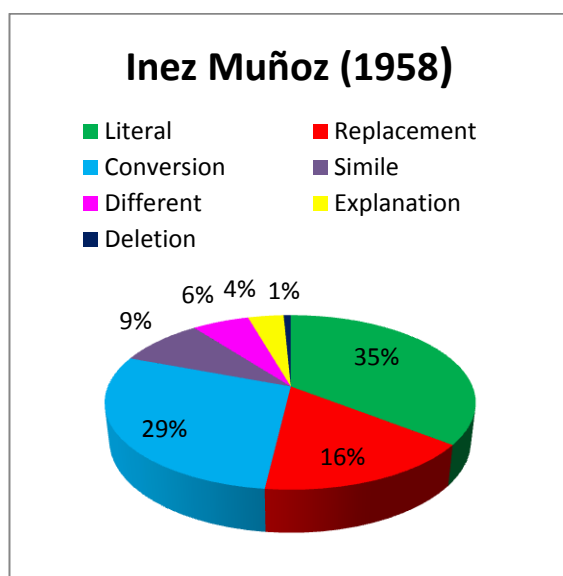


Fig. 2: Pie chart showing strategies used by Muñoz translating original metaphors in *Nada*

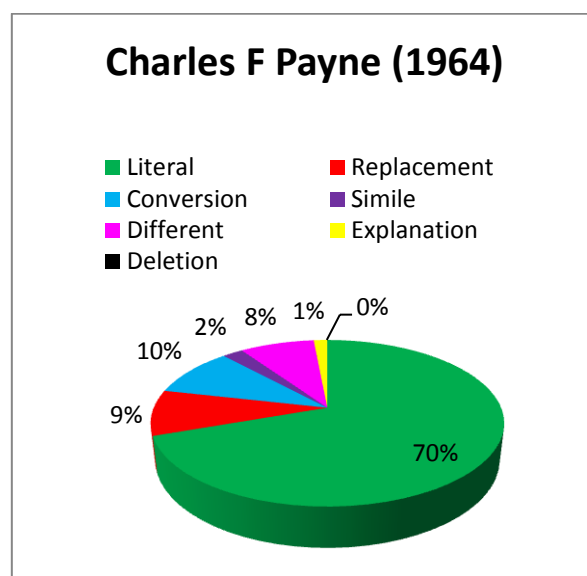


Fig. 3: Pie chart showing strategies used by Payne for translating original metaphors in *Nada*

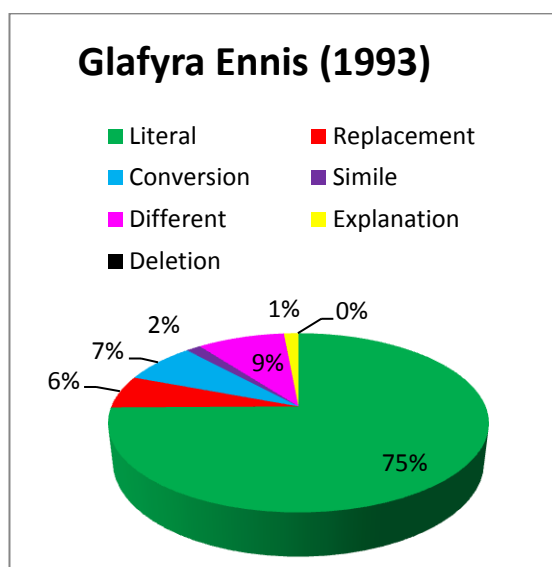


Fig. 4: Pie chart showing strategies used by Ennis translating original metaphors in *Nada*

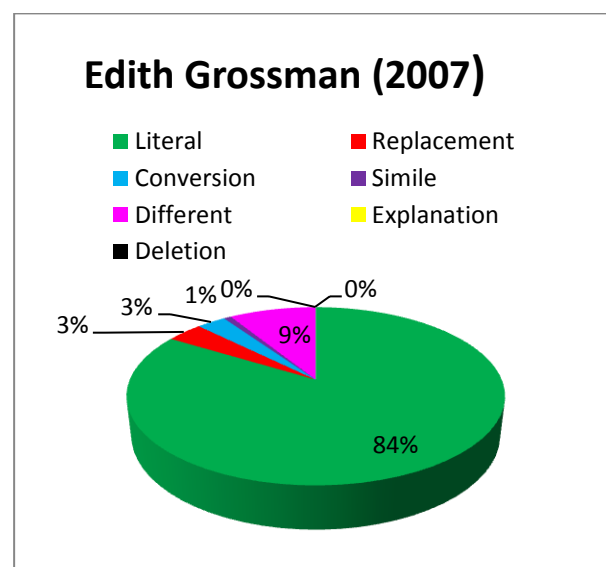


Fig. 5: Pie chart showing strategies used by Grossman translating original metaphors in *Nada*

When viewed as a pie chart in percentages, it is obvious that in all cases there is a clear preference to translate literally, especially in the case of the most recent translation by Edith Grossman. The tendency to translate the original metaphors using the literal strategy becomes more marked as time progresses. The difference between the 1958 and 1964 translations – only 6 years separating them – is striking because the percentage has doubled from 35% to 70% of original text. The difference between Inez Muñoz’s strategies and the rest is a remarkable result. She has used the ‘conversion’ strategy almost as much as the ‘literal’ strategy, with a fairly liberal use of the ‘replacement’ strategy.

Figs. 6-9 inclusive below show how the use of strategies has changed over the years.

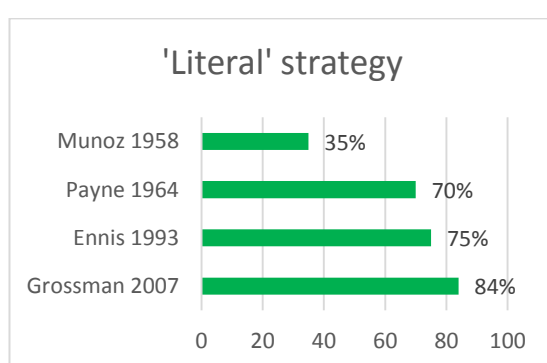


Fig. 6: Bar chart showing the percentage of original metaphors in *Nada* translated using the ‘literal’ strategy by each of the four published translators (in date order)

The graphic above shows a significant rise in the use of the ‘literal’ strategy. It is accompanied by a corresponding and dramatic drop in the use of other strategies as can be seen in Figs. 7, 8 and 9 below.

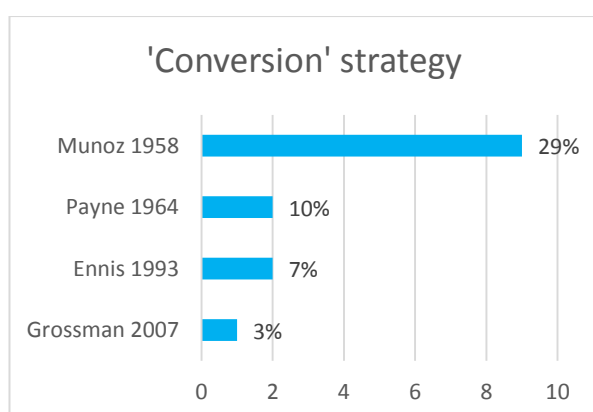


Fig. 7: Bar chart showing the percentage of original metaphors in *Nada* translated using the ‘conversion’ strategy by each of the four published translators (in date order)

The drop in the use of the ‘conversion’ strategy from Muñoz in 1958 to Payne in 1964 is considerable, and suggests that some of Laforet’s unusual metaphors, if translated literally, might have been considered too unusual for the target reader’s ear at the time. However, it is quite surprising that the Payne version, as far back as 1964, uses the strategy comparatively seldom, as do Ennis and Grossman, 29 and 43 years later respectively. Grossman uses the strategy very rarely.

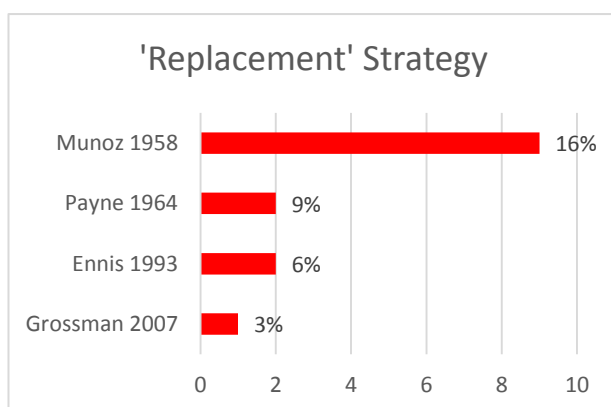


Fig. 8: Bar chart showing the percentage of original metaphors in *Nada* translated using the ‘replacement’ strategy by each of the four published translators (in date order)

The same startling decrease in use of the ‘replacement’ strategy on the part of Payne, only 6 years later than Muñoz. The ‘replacement’ strategy when used would most likely lessen the powerful effect that Laforet’s prose is now famous for having on today’s target reader.

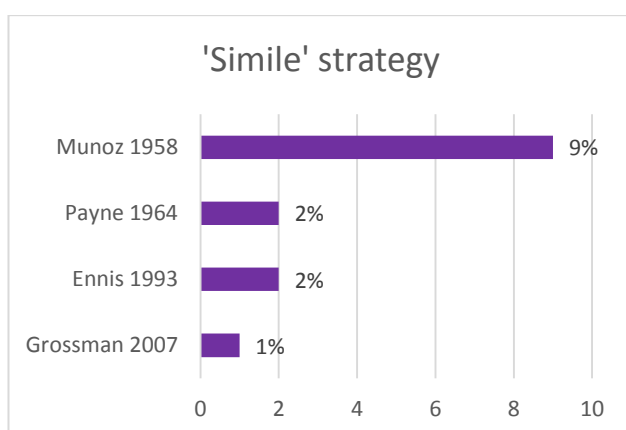


Fig. 9: Bar chart showing the percentage of original metaphors in *Nada* translated using the ‘simile’ strategy by each of the four published translators (in date order)

Translating a metaphor by using a simile is an effective way of making the meaning clear, one would think, and the resulting text could preserve the image in a way that converting to sense may not. However, judging by the above statistic the ‘simile’ strategy seems never to have been in favour. Muñoz does use it a little – Grossman hardly at all. It appears to have gone almost completely out of fashion.

The above data (Figs. 6-9 inclusive) shows a clear tendency for translators to translate increasingly literally at the expense of other strategies. There is seemingly more of a desire on the part of these translators to avoid losing the metaphor. They tend not to use the ‘conversion’ or ‘simile’ strategies which convey the meaning without the mystery inherent in a metaphor. Using a more conventional metaphor, or a different, equally unusual metaphor, or even the same metaphor with some added explanation are strategies employed by all, but latterly quite seldom, and in Grossman’s case hardly ever. She uses the literal strategy a huge 84% of cases, which makes the translation exercise and questionnaire an exciting prospect: how would translators translate some of these original metaphors today? The other obvious revelation is the fact that Muñoz makes little use of the ‘literal’ translation compared to Payne, translating only six years later. Is this due to a historical trend or translator style? An investigation of current translator patterns, such as the translation exercise in this thesis, would be interesting to compare.

5.7 Evaluation of Results

The objective of the corpus analysis was to take a highly acclaimed, prize-winning Spanish novel with a high incidence of original metaphors, *Nada*, and to study its four English translations in print to analyse the way in which these original metaphors had been translated. Questions asked were as follows: What methods have been used to translate these original metaphors? How do the four translations of the same metaphor differ from each other?

Edith Grossman, from the evidence shown in the pie chart in Fig 5 has chosen a literal solution an astounding 113 times out of 135 metaphors (84%). Rarely, only four times, has she converted to sense (‘conversion strategy’), or explained her interpretation of the metaphor in plain language. Twelve times she chose to lose the original metaphor in the source text and

settle for another equally unusual comparison ('different' strategy). Only once did she opt to use a simile ('simile' strategy) and never used the 'explanation' strategy to help the reader understand what she thought it meant. On only five occasions did she use a metaphor that is more common ('replacement' strategy). Grossman appears to have made a point of sticking to the original text as much as possible without actively seeking potentially strange sounding results such as metaphor no. 75, 'There was a free-floating joy in the air' (Laforet, 2007, p.109) or metaphor no. 95, 'The signs winked their eyes in a tiresome game' (Laforet, 2007, p.140).

Grossman, being the most recent, the most well-known, the most successful and the most obviously admired of the translators of *Nada* translates the original metaphors in the text literally whenever she can, and in doing this, does seem to follow a plan or rule of thumb when she translates the metaphors.

In the case of Glafyra Ennis, the picture shows the same overall pattern, except that she has used a greater proportion of strategies other than the literal one. Her preferred strategy is still mainly 'literal', in 101 out of 135 metaphors (75%). Three quarters is an appreciable amount. She sometimes coins a new original metaphor ('different' strategy – 12 examples) converts to sense ('conversion' strategy - 10 examples), or resorts to more regular metaphors ('replacement' strategy - 12 examples) but only twice uses a simile and extra explanation to explain the metaphor. She tends to try to make sense of the ST more often than Grossman, but her pattern is markedly the same, as is demonstrated by the similarity of the two pie charts (Figs. 4 and 5). Like Grossman, she is not afraid to translate literally and produce an unusual juxtaposition of words in the TL, for example metaphor no 132 'a warm smell of closed windows and tears' (Laforet, 1993, p.235) and metaphor no. 110 'so much burning thirst from the asphalt and stones' (Laforet, 1993, p.184). Although Ennis has not such a definite seeming 'plan' as Grossman, and is not averse to finding other ways of translating the metaphor, she does opt for the literal strategy enough times to reinforce the findings we saw in Grossman's translations: that literary translators seem to translate original metaphors literally as a rule.

Going back further into the past, further underlining the tendency to translate literally, Charles Franklin Payne's mix of strategies is curiously like Ennis's, quite surprising when you consider there are nearly 20 years separating the two translations. The similarity can be easily seen in the pie chart (Fig.3) which is very like that of Ennis, and not too dissimilar to

Grossman's. Like Ennis, Payne has used the 'conversion' strategy (13 examples), the 'different' strategy (11 examples) and the 'replacement' strategy (12 examples) most apart from the 'literal', and like Ennis and Grossman he hardly ever uses a simile or extra explanation. He has used the literal strategy 94 times out of 135 which is 70%, a large proportion, and he is quite fond of translating 'word for word', for example metaphor no 23: 'that is the fault of the things which are asphyxiated, suffering and burdened with sorrows'(Laforet, 1964).

The source and target readers know that 'things' cannot be asphyxiated, suffering or burdened with sorrows. The language, however, is powerful and charged with emotion. The Spanish, and the English as per Payne, communicates pain and suffering on two levels. The 'things'he mentions, are they solid (items in the house) or are they abstract (circumstances)? A literal translation such as this one leaves that ambiguity intact, and the words retain their emotional appeal. This is the power of an original metaphor, and this must surely be the reason that Payne has translated literally. Here is another of Payne's literal translations, metaphor no 54, which although is at first read almost bizarre, does in fact evoke an image of hands communicating without words: 'a sensual hand, now shameless, shouting with the twitching of its fingers' (Laforet, 1964)

Payne has also managed, with his choice of words, to reproduce the repetition of the 's' sound to increase the idea that the hands are speaking. This is a tendency that we will see replicated again and again in the metaphor translations in the next chapter, 'The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire, Parts 1 and 2'). When asked for reason for their choices, the translator participants often cite alliteration and assonance as their rationale for word and strategy choice. The question when applied to the aims of this research is as follows: would this strategy be suitable for all original metaphors? When considering the most recent three translators of Nada, Payne Ennis and Grossman, it appears that the answer to this is that the strategy can be applied in all cases, although sometimes the result is a little unwieldy, like in Payne's translation of metaphor no 78: 'the shapeless and portentous mass which was Barcelona, and which rose up and spread as we went away' (Laforet, 1964).

This sentence does not scan particularly well in English, but then neither does the original in Spanish. The overall effect on the target reader is that, like the sentence itself, Barcelona is sprawling mess of a city, so the literal translation does work on that level.

Inez Muñoz' mix of strategies presents a different picture. The literal strategy is her most preferred, but with a total of only 48 of the 135 original metaphors translated this way, this represents just over a third of the total, and almost exactly half the number translated literally by Payne. Muñoz's translation was only six years earlier than Payne's. She makes much more of an effort to provide a translation familiar to the TL ear. Her second favourite strategy is the 'conversion' strategy, which she has used frequently, a total of 39 times. 22 times she has used a more everyday metaphor. She has opted for the 'simile' method (12 examples) more than any of the others, and the 'explanation' strategy, unsurprisingly more than the others; five times in fact. At one point in the text she has left out the metaphor (a particularly ambiguous one) out of her target text altogether ('omission' strategy). Muñoz is not afraid to make the novel 'sound more English' at times, more of domestication than a foreignization¹³ policy than her fellow translators. Whether this is due to personal preference, the wishes of her publisher or the translation trends of her time (1958), it is still fact that she has translated literally in 35% of the metaphors; her favoured strategy by some margin. The 'conversion' strategy is her second favourite at 29%. Why is there so much less evidence of the literal strategy in Muñoz's case? The answer could lie in the date, the fact that it is a relatively early translation. It was penned before the novel became renowned internationally, and was not yet feted for its powerful imagery in English speaking circles. By the time Payne's translation was published, *Nada* was being used as a set book in English schools and colleges for new students of Spanish literature.

The pie charts in Figs. 2-5 show the percentages of strategies used by each translator but do not show the diversity of strategies used by the different translators, i.e. they do not show that the four translators do not necessarily use the literal strategy for the same metaphors. This is demonstrated on the Excel 'Table of Original Metaphors in *Nada* Showing Strategies in Colour' which can be viewed in the Appendix A on pages i to v. It shows an overview of the strategies chosen by each translator in blocks of colour so that it is quite evident that it is not always the same metaphors that the literal, or indeed any other strategy from all the translators. What this tells us is that original metaphors, by nature, are unusual enough and ambiguous enough to have different effects on different people, and rarely elicit the same translation. This makes them very personal, with a subjective element and the translator is not immune to this. Does this mean that the translation of original metaphors is dependent on the

¹³ See Chapter One, Section 1:2 for an explanation of foreignization and domestication.

personality and feelings of the translator? Yes, up to a point, but this research shows there is a more dominant tendency to translate literally, and as it is not always the same original metaphors attract the literal strategy. The indication is that it is a general trend, and not merely because some original metaphors are more likely to be translated literally than others.

What the tables and pie charts do not show at a glance is that in all the translations of original metaphors from the four translators, no two translations are exactly alike. The diversity of the strategies used, and the proliferation of different strategies do underline the complexities of the translation of original metaphor. There is an indication that the literal translation is the most popular solution, and the resulting, sometimes striking and extraordinary, text is transferred and celebrated for deviating from common conventions of TL prose. These literal translations, have the effect of making the reader ‘sit up’, being vividly descriptive even if sometimes slightly ungrammatical. They could be described as effective literal translations of figurative language.

There is an indication from this investigation of the translations of original metaphors in the novel *Nada* by four literary translators that the literal translation is their main strategy of choice. Although Muñoz uses it less often than the others, it is still her favoured strategy. This strategy, for translating original metaphor has shown be successful on a purely aesthetic level and any ambiguity of meaning out of the ordinary language is clearly to be expected in the case of an original metaphor as defined by this research.

5.8 Conclusion

The main conclusions from this exercise are that these four translators seem to prefer to use a literal strategy for translating original metaphors; that this tendency has increased in the years since 1958; and that original metaphors produce an infinite number of different translations, highlighting the diversity and personal nature of translation in general. The fact that the translations of original metaphors seemed to be translated with a more literal strategy as the years went by indicates a greater perceived need to domesticate texts for audiences in the mid-20th Century; more so than today with our multi-cultural awareness and easy inter-society contact via the internet and more acceptance of translations that sound unusual. Edith Grossman is the translator of the four who appears the boldest with her translations, happy to

reproduce Laforet's emotionally charged original metaphors more or less as she found them. Muñoz, on the other hand, produces a text to read smoothly as if written in English and is not afraid to leave out metaphors altogether for the sake of sense and flow. Venuti (1995) introduced the idea of the translator's invisibility (domestication)'making the translation more fluent and as if it was written in the target language. He was in favour of producing texts in which the translator does not need to hide, producing a text that is not only different from the ST but also not trying to masquerade as a text in the TL. This Venuti termed foreignization and maybe as a result of this trend the indications, according to this research, are that translators seem to translate more and more literally as an active strategy when faced with these unusual metaphors.

This is a specialised corpus with a substantial amount of metaphor translations investigated, but in terms of the aims of this research, to discover how original metaphors are most commonly translated in literature, and to use this knowledge to enhance my translation of *la isla y los demonios*, further investigation would lend weight. Would there be the same result with contemporary literary translators? For this reason, the translation exercise and accompanying questionnaire were devised to examine the same metaphors translated by a larger pool of current practising literary translators.

This chapter has described an investigation into the translation of original metaphor in *Nada* and four English translations in print. The following chapter will document how other literary translators solve the problem of some of these same metaphors by asking them to translate a fixed number of original metaphors from the same text, as if they were translating them for publication. In this way the research may be able to establish whether contemporary literary translators use the same methods as Muñoz, Payne, Ennis and Grossman. It will then be possible to build up a more definite picture of translational practice in this area.

Chapter Six - The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire

6.1 Introduction

From the analysis of the original metaphors in the four English translations of *Nada* discussed in the previous chapter, it appeared that the strategy used most frequently by the four translators was the literal translation strategy, as defined in Chapter Five, Section 5:4. This is a straightforward rendering of the metaphor whether or not it sounds natural to the TL ear, in which the SL grammatical constructions are converted to their nearest TL equivalents, but the lexical words are again translated singly, out of context (Newmark, 1982). The translation exercise and questionnaire element of this research, which is discussed in this chapter, was devised to discover how present-day practising literary translators, other than Muñoz, Payne, Ennis and Grossman, would translate some of the same original metaphors.

The intention was to see if the resulting data would reinforce the patterns and trends in translation behaviour suggested by the corpus-based research in the previous chapter and ultimately to form an overall strategy to guide the practice element of this practice based PhD. This current chapter will now discuss the creation of the translation exercise and questionnaire, its progress and the difficulties encountered along the way; then present the results and evaluate them.

6.2.1 Writing the Exercise

The translation exercise and questionnaire is made up of seven documents, which can be viewed in Appendices C1 – C9 inclusive (pages xxxi to xl) and are described in detail in the Chapter Four, Section 4:4:2.

The initial email, inviting translators to undertake paid work to help with research into the translation of original metaphors in literature, was sent to prospective participants. The translation exercise and questionnaire was then sent by email to interested respondents, accompanied by a consent form to sign, full instructions, the list of original metaphors to translate and the corresponding extract from the novel *Nada*.

6.2.2 Which Original Metaphors Should be Used, and How Many?

Ten original metaphors from Chapter 1 of *Nada* were chosen for the first translation task. The choice of chapter was not difficult because it made sense to use the first chapter of the novel so that the translators could be as familiar as a first TL reader with the storyline and characters to aid their translation choices. Furthermore, the first chapter is descriptive and has a high incidence of original metaphors.

There was an encouraging response to the first wave of emails to prospective participants in the translation exercise and questionnaire (see Chapter Four, Section 4:4:2 for details of what, how, and to whom these were sent). A total of fourteen respondents completed and returned the exercise.

The results of the completed exercise from fourteen literary translators showed a clear tendency towards a literal strategy on their part. It was decided that more examples were needed to reinforce this finding. As was set out in the Introduction in Section 1.4, the objective of the translation exercise and questionnaire was to discover if literary translators follow a set rule when they translate original metaphors; if they translate literally as far as possible or find another solution; whether their translations differ from one another; do they gain or lose any nuances of meaning in their translations, and are they satisfied with their solutions as a rule?

It was considered a more representative collection of data to choose a further 10 metaphors from a different part of the novel for translation by a further set of translators, because in this way there would be double the number of translators and double the number of metaphors being translated, for only a small amount of extra time and resources. The more examples of original metaphors translated, the more compelling the findings might be. The favoured strategy could then be implemented to enhance the translation which is the product of this research. Therefore, the first wave of fourteen respondents was labelled part 1 of the translation exercise and questionnaire, and the subsequent wave, part 2.

This choice of ten more original metaphors to be used in part 2 of the translation exercise and questionnaire were chosen from the first chapter of the second part of the novel (Chapter 10). The chapter constituted a ‘new beginning’ that the translators could read from the start, making it easy to understand what was happening in the narrative. Also, as with the first chapter, Chapter 10 is descriptive and has a higher incidence of original metaphors than some

of the chapters containing dialogue. Once again, as with the first set of metaphors, fourteen respondents completed the exercise. This meant that there were 28 completed exercises from parts 1 and 2. The resulting data would yield a strong result.

Why were these original metaphor chosen particularly? The metaphors chosen are all unusual, paint striking pictures, and use arresting comparisons. This novelist is well-known for her vivid imagery (Jordan, 1993; Johnson, 2002; Muñoz-Basols, 2005; Manguel, 2007; Swier and Riorden-Goncalves, 2013), and these two sets of 10 metaphors were chosen mainly because they were found concentrated in two particularly descriptive chapters: the first set of ten in Chapter 1, Part 1 and the second set of ten in Chapter 10, the first chapter in Part 2.

6.2.3 Finding the Translators

In the study of metaphor conducted by Flynn (2007) described in Chapter Four, Section 4:1, a corpus-based analysis of Dutch translations of Irish poetry combined with a questionnaire involved thirteen translators of different types including technical translators and student translators. Five of them were literary translators. It was decided in the case of the present research that the translators approached should only be professional literary translators. This was simply because the source text being studied is a work of great literary importance and of a high standard of writing. For this reason and the fact that one of the aims of this research is to discover how original metaphors are translated in literature, it was decided that only professional literary translators would be approached, and a proviso was made, in the interests of parity and to obtain authoritative and skilled work, that participants had to be working literary translators with a least one piece of translation in print. To find enough literary translators to complete the task was challenging, and it was decided to approach the Emerging Translators Network¹⁴, Proz.com¹⁵ and The British Centre for Literary Translation¹⁶. Many more translators were approached than responded.

¹⁴ The Emerging Translators Network is a forum and support network for early-career literary translators working into English (primarily) and focussed mainly on the UK at present.

¹⁵ Proz.com is a membership-based website for language professionals such as translators, interpreters and translation companies, and their clients, mainly for posting and responding to offers of work.

¹⁶ The British Centre for Literary Translation is Britain's leading centre for the development, promotion and support of literary translation and contemporary writing from around the world. If quoting from websites in these three descriptions, you must cite them.

6.2.4 The Translation Brief¹⁷

To investigate the way in which literary translators tackle original metaphors it was decided to recreate the literary translator's normal working practice as far as possible. The translators would be paid an agreed amount on completion of the task, so would not be inclined to spend a huge amount of time on it (two hours was suggested). The translators would be free to use any translation aids they wished to or would normally employ, such as dictionaries, parallel texts, on-line translators, thesauruses, monolingual dictionaries, friends and colleagues' help and so forth. These are all the stock-in-trade of a professional literary translator. It was not considered an issue that the translators were at liberty to find and copy the translations by Muñoz, Payne, Ennis and Grossman, nor was it stipulated in the instructions that these were forbidden territory. Had any of the respondents wished to consult these published versions, it did not seem likely they would copy them to any extent, as each individual translator brings their own personal ideas and style to the text, something that is evident in the results of this research. None of the original metaphors in the entire study were translated with the exact same word and word order more than once. As it was, even though the literal strategy turned out to be the favoured strategy once again, the translations that emerged were all slightly different, both from each other and from those of the published translators, which is a demonstration of the diversity of translations.

6.2.5 Payment

Although many literary translators would probably have agreed to take part in this research without payment (many of them offered), it was judged to be more like a genuine translator's job, and more efficient timewise, to give an incentive. £50 for two hours' work is a reasonable remuneration. The hourly rates of pay in the UK for translation in September 2015 according to online world salary review and comparison website, www.payscale.com, ranged between £7.50 and £25.76 (2016).

The translator had to read and assimilate the ST, translate each metaphor and comment on what they had done each time. It could easily take two hours, and £50 seemed an amount that compensated the effort required.

¹⁷ Instructions for the translator (Reiss and Vermeer, 1984; Nord, 1991)

6.2.6 Gathering the Results

There was a varied response to the invitation. Some translators answered straight away, returned the consent form, completed the exercise and questionnaire, returned it and were paid in a matter of days. Others were slower and took several weeks to complete the work. Some said they would undertake the work and signed the consent form, but then were not able to complete the assignment for one reason or another. Some agreed to do the task then returned their results long after they had been given up on. The requests to translators had to be staggered for there to be sufficient funds to pay them all as soon as they finished. In this way, there were several waves of requests sent to prospective participants to undertake the task, and hence the process took many months to complete, and the process was then repeated for the second part.

6.3 Results of the Translation Exercise

Two spreadsheets showing the results of the first and second parts of the translation exercise can be found in Appendices D and E on pages xlvi - xlix. For ease of reference, pie charts indicating the results of both parts of the exercise are shown as follows in Figs. 10 and 11.

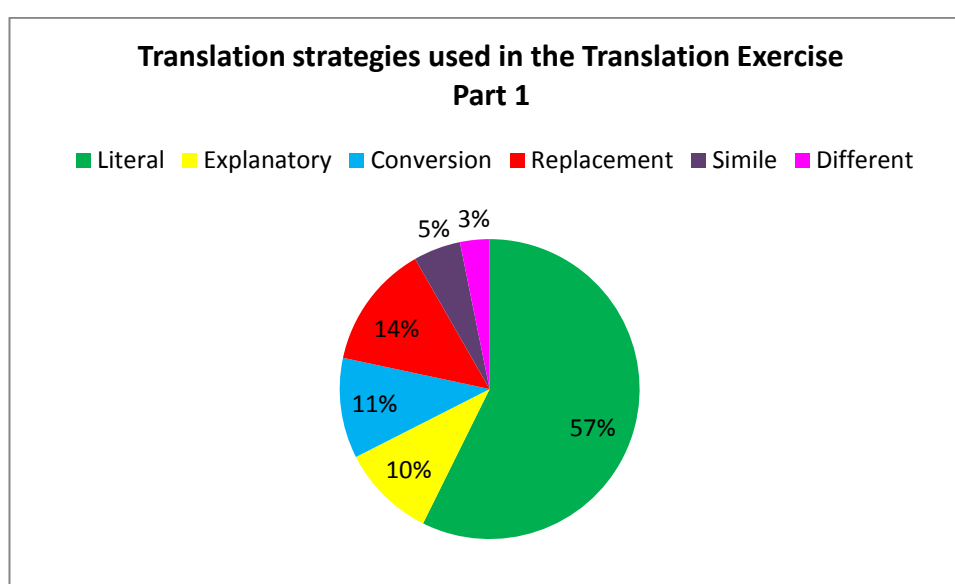


Fig. 10. Translation strategies used in the Translation Exercise Part 1: 10 original metaphors from Chapter 1, Part 1 of *Nada* by Carmen Laforet.

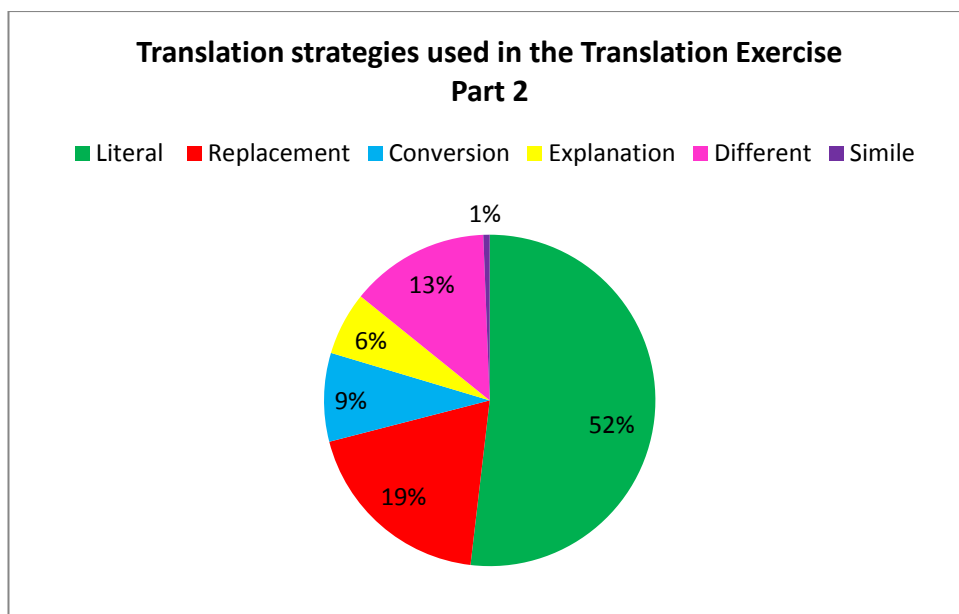


Fig. 11. Translation strategies used in the Translation Exercise Part 2:
10 original metaphors from Chapter 1, Part 2 of *Nada* by Carmen Laforet.

In both sets of results, it is evident that the literal translation strategy was the most often used. Even though in the second batch of original metaphors the difference is less marked, there are still more than twice as many literal solutions than any other. If the translations of the original metaphors themselves (in both sets of metaphors) are examined closely, the following findings stand out:

1. No one single original metaphor is translated with the same strategy by all translators.

This suggests that none of them has an obvious solution, and this is to be expected in the case of original metaphors because of their unusual nature. The literal translation is still the most common. For example, original metaphor No. 9 in Part 1 of the translation exercise part1, *la locura sonreía en los grifos torcidos* (Laforet, 1945, p. 17) [literal translation: ‘madness smiled in the twisted taps’] is translated using a literal strategy by most of the translators in that part (twelve out of fourteen), but two translators have used a different metaphor altogether (‘different’ strategy): ‘the twisted taps grinned madly’ and ‘the twisted taps grinned crazily’. In these versions,

the taps are doing the grinning, rather than ‘madness’ which is personified in the ST original.

2. There is an astounding diversity of solution for these original metaphors

Regardless of the strategy used, each original metaphor has ended up with fourteen different translations. No two translations of the same original metaphor were completely alike. This is indicative not only of the intrinsic complexity of original metaphors, but also the diversity of translations in general (Venuti, 1995; Bush, 1998; Lambert, 1998). Cultural differences, personal viewpoints and rich vocabulary choices offer so many different interpretations, all perfectly acceptable. In the words of Landers, who was referring to all aspects of literary translation, ‘literary translation entails an unending skein of choices’ (2001, p.9.).

For example, the following original metaphor No. 9 in part 2, *Algún quejido del aire en las puertas palpitaba allí* (Laforet, 1945, p.115) [literal translation: ‘some complaint of the air in the doors beat there] produced the following fourteen translations:

‘Intermittently, a low wail could be heard in the doorway’; ‘The moaning of the air in the doors quivered there’; ‘the throbbing moan of the wind through a door’; ‘wind pulsed and sighed in the doorways’; ‘an occasional sigh of wind pulsating in the doorways’; ‘The occasional sound of groaning wind throbbing through doorways could be heard’; ‘There was the quiver from the air which moaned in the doorways’; ‘An occasional gust of wind moaned through the door jambs’; ‘A mournful sigh of air pulsed in the doorway’; ‘The closed doors seemed to throb with the groaning wind’; ‘Only the moan of the wind keened in the doorways’; ‘A wind pounded its complaint in the doorways’; ‘The doors were occasionally buffeted by the wailing wind’; ‘Some moan of air in the gates was throbbing there’. These are all excellent, inventive solutions, and what diversity is there!

3. There are very few translators who use the ‘literal’ strategy no more than other strategies when translating original metaphors.

This is in fact only in evidence in the second set of original metaphors. Berni A uses the ‘conversion’ and the ‘replacement’ solutions more than the ‘literal’. Christine W uses the ‘replacement’ and the ‘different strategies more than the literal. Lucy W uses the ‘replacement’ solution more than any other. The translators do not the same strategies for the same original metaphors as each other, once more highlighting the ambiguity of these unusual metaphors. The two colour coded tables, ‘Translation Strategies by Translator’ Parts 1 and 2, clearly demonstrate this fact, and can be seen in Appendices D and E on pages xlvii - xlix. For example, in translation exercise part 2, metaphor no 1, *el cielo se descargaba en una apretada lluvia de estrellas sobre las azoteas* (Laforet, 1945, p. 113) [literal translation: the sky discharged itself in a tight rain of stars over the roofs], there are eight ‘literal’, four ‘different’, two ‘simile’ and one ‘replacement’ strategies used. Again, in part 2, metaphor no 2, *Aquella voz había despertado todos los posos de sentimentalismo y de desbocado romanticismo de mis dieciocho años* (Laforet, 1945, p. 113) [literal translation: That voice had awakened all the dregs of sentimentality and unbridled romanticism of my eighteen years], has produced nine ‘literal’, two ‘different’, two ‘replacement’ and one ‘conversion’ strategy. Metaphor no 3, part 2, *sentir las oleadas de luces de los anuncios de colores* (Laforet, 1945, p.114) [literal translation: feel the waves of lights from the coloured advertisements] prompted six ‘literal’, three ‘explanation’, two ‘different’, two ‘replacement’ and one ‘conversion’ strategy. These are typical results: mostly literal, with a mix of other strategies. It can clearly be seen that translators choose a literal translation if they can, but they do not limit themselves to it, and they all have their own styles and interpretation of the text.

4. Translators take original metaphors seriously - there are relatively few translations that have lost the metaphor altogether.

The ‘replacement’, ‘explanation’ and ‘different’ strategies all have a metaphor in the translation. The ‘simile’ and the ‘conversion’ strategies simply describe the meaning, so the metaphor is effectively ‘lost’. The percentage of use of these last two together are 16% in the first exercise (11% conversion and 5% simile) and 10% in the second (9% conversion and 1% simile) which suggests that overall the translators recognise the importance of original metaphors to a text, being ‘a source of enrichment for the target language’ (Newmark, 1988, p.112). It suggests that translators like to translate a

metaphor with a metaphor, be it the same one, an equally unusual one or a more well-known one, rather than lose it altogether. Possibly a reason for losing the metaphor altogether is if the translator feels that the sense must be communicated for the sake of understanding the text. However, as is clear from the different translations of the original metaphors in both Parts 1 and 2 of the exercise, the conversion and simile strategies are used here and there by all the translators, but not necessarily for the same metaphor. Different interpretations of the text are seemingly endless.

Percentages of translation strategies used for the original metaphors from both part 1 and part 2 of the translation exercise (20 metaphors altogether) can be seen below in Fig. 12.

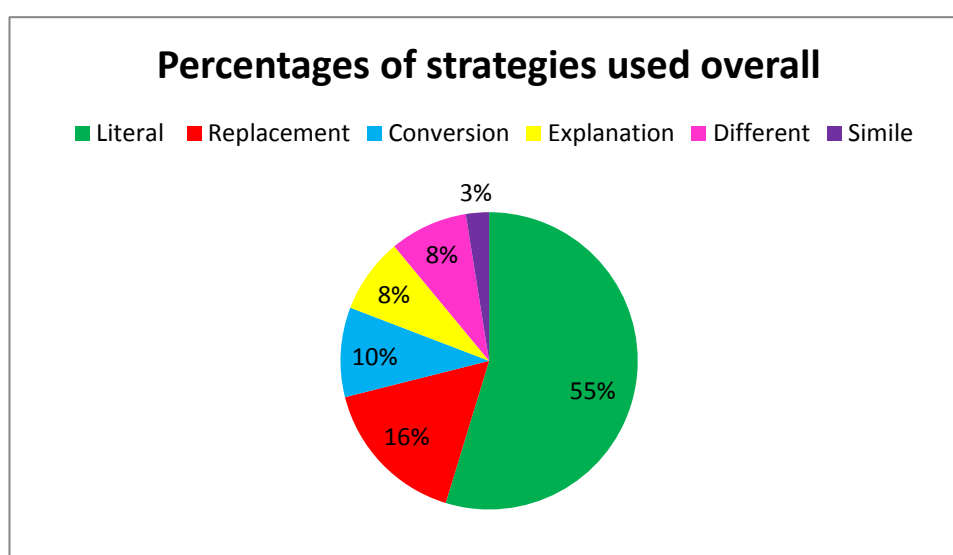


Fig. 12: Pie chart showing percentages of translation strategies used for the original metaphors from both part 1 and part 2 of the translation exercise (20 metaphors altogether)

The results are overwhelmingly in favour of the literal strategy, showing it to be more popular than all the other strategies put together.

How did the translations of original metaphors given by the literary translators in the translation exercise parts 1 and 2 compare to the four published translations examined in the previous chapter? When compared to the results of the four published translations, (see Figs. 2-5, Chapter Five, Section 5:6) the result is like that of Payne, Ennis and Grossman, with the

‘literal’ strategy being used in more than 50% of cases. The latter three used the ‘literal’ strategy a great deal more than the respondents however, and were not so fond of the ‘replacement strategy’, which favours a more common metaphor more acceptable to the target reader’s ear. The result also shows a slight similarity to Muñoz’s choices, who uses fewer translations, and makes constant use of the ‘replacement’ strategy. The reason for this could be as follows. The participants in the translation exercise Parts 1 and 2 read only the first chapter of *Nada*, and translated the metaphors as separate entities, which does not necessitate an overall plan or strategy. They were not considering the novel as a publication and had received no style brief from a publisher. Payne, Ennis and especially Grossman would have been well aware that the novel was famous for its unusual images and powerful figurative language, and that it was incumbent upon them to reflect this in their translations. They may have had a translation brief, and may have felt that a literal translation strategy was the best way of communicating the emotions reflected in Laforet’s prose. In the case of Muñoz, her brief may have been to concentrate on rendering the story clear and the sense more important than producing a potentially unusual sounding target text.

6.4 Results of the Questionnaire

Subsidiary to the main aims of the research, accompanying the translation exercise was a very short questionnaire designed to discover the options translators consider during the translation process. Why did they make the choices that they made? Did they have other, equally appropriate solutions that they rejected for some reason? Did they deliberate over some words more than others? Did they consult dictionaries? Did they agonise over lost meaning? Provision was made in the instructions for the translator participants to record their decision-making process if they wished to. In the event, every respondent made an answer of some kind to the following questions.

For each original metaphor translators were asked to comment as follows:

- 1 Were they satisfied with their translation?
- 2 Did they think they had lost any nuance of meaning?
- 3 Did they think they had added any nuance of meaning?

Once it was established that the 'literal' strategy was the most common translation strategy, the answers to the above questions were used to discover the following for each original metaphor:

1. Did they like their final solution if it was a literal translation?
2. Did they like their final solution if they used a strategy other than literal?
3. Did they think they had lost meaning if they used a literal strategy?
4. Did they think they had lost meaning if they used a strategy other than literal?
5. Did they think they had added meaning if they used a literal strategy?
6. Did they think they had added meaning if they used a strategy other than literal?

The questionnaire was originally designed to find out more about translators' feelings and mental processes when translating original metaphors in literature. One of the research questions outlined in Chapter One, Section 1:4 was 'are translators satisfied with their solutions?' Once it was established that the literal strategy was the most commonly employed, the data resulting from the questionnaire was used to test the hypothesis that translators are more likely and indeed happier, to translate literally when translating an original metaphor. This happened in the following way. Firstly, the whole of the research was motivated by the challenge which arose when translating original metaphors in *La isla y los demonios*, the translation of the first part of which is Part Two of this thesis. The theory that original metaphors should be translated literally, as suggested by Newmark, seemed too simplistic because these metaphors are unusual and sometimes complex and ambiguous. However, the first part of the research, the analysis of original metaphors in *Nada*, shows a distinct preference on the part of the published translators to translate literally. This tendency is compounded by the results of the translation exercise. Many of the translators' comments reflected this. For example, Katie S, regarding metaphor no. 8 in part 1, *La locura sonreía en los grifos torcidos* (Laforet, 1945, p.17) [her translation: 'Madness smiled from the twisted taps']:

'This metaphor was so wonderfully original that I tried to remain as faithful to the Spanish text as possible, and...was quite happy with the outcome of this rather literal translation'

Again, Jennifer A. regarding metaphor no.7 in part 1, *los desconchados abrían sus bocas desdentadas rezumantes de humedad* (Laforet, 1945, p.17) [her translation: the flaws opened their toothless mouths oozing with damp] says

‘I want to keep this one as literal as possible. I don’t think it’s necessary to change the sentence round. I think Laforet has written it with a purpose, and it seems perfectly viable in English’.

The comments written by the participants in the translation exercise in answer to the questionnaire section justifying or explaining their translation choices is a fascinating insight into translators’ reasoning. 26 out of the total of 28 respondents responded to some extent to this. The remaining two participants just said they were happy with all their translations without giving any reasons.

The comments for each original metaphor solution were sorted into two groups: those which indicated that the translator was satisfied with his or her own translation of the original metaphor, labelled ‘Happy’, and those which indicated dissatisfaction, labelled ‘Unhappy’. A summary of these comments can be found in Appendices F and G on pages l - lix. Brief notes are made as to the translators’ given reasons for their satisfaction or dissatisfaction, and whether they thought they had lost or gained any nuance of meaning in their solutions. The findings, summarised in Figs. i and ii below, are revealing.

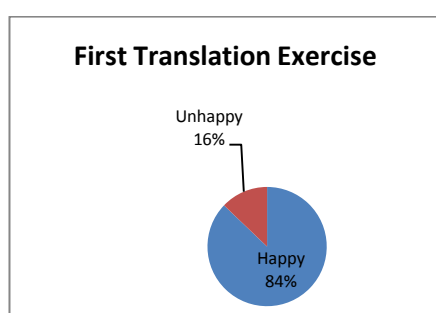


Fig. i
In 118 of the 140 original metaphors translated in the first translation exercise, translators were satisfied with their solutions.

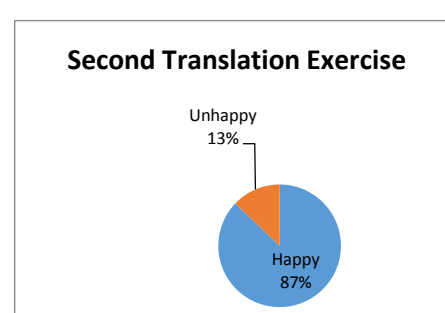


Fig. ii
In 122 of the 140 original metaphors translated in the first translation exercise, translators were satisfied with their solutions.

The main points are as follows:

1. Overall the translators were happy with their solutions. Of the total of 280 separate translations in the two exercises, only 61 (approx. 22%) were pronounced as unsatisfactory by their translators. Interestingly, in 39 of these 61 translations, the reason was because something was lost in translation, such as some nuance of meaning, the metaphor itself, the grammatical ‘flow’ or the force of the word choice. If the translation gained anything, usually alliteration or some aesthetic element such as lyricism or poetic quality, then the translator was generally content. There are thirty examples of a translator mentioning that they have used alliteration, sibilance or onomatopoeia in their solution, and in every one of these, the translator pronounced him or herself ‘happy’ with their translation. For example, this is what Clare G says of metaphor no 2 in part 2 of the exercise, *Una respiración grande, dificultosa, venía con el cuchicheo de la madrugada* (Laforet, 1945, p.113) [her literal translation: ‘A large, laborious breath of air entered with the morning whispers’]:

‘This version adds alliteration, echoing the difficulty of the breath, and reflecting the (rhythmic) stress in the first half sentence that tapers into the lightness of flow reflecting the half-grasped whispers’

Also as an example, Elena F says of her translation of metaphor no. 7, in part 1 of the translation exercise, *Los desconchados abrían sus bocas desdentadas rezumantes de humedad* (Laforet, 1945, p.17) [her literal translation: Flakes of paint opened their toothless mouths oozing with damp]:

‘toothless mouths oozing’ is perhaps stronger in alliteration than the original, but I think it flows rather well’

Another example is that of Lindsey S for metaphor no. 10, part 2: *Una paz, una imponente claridad se derramaba de la arquitectura maravillosa* (Laforet, 1945, p.116) [her translation: ‘A sense of peace, an imposing clarity, flowed from those spectacular structures’]:

‘I also changed ‘architecture’ to ‘structures’ because I like the alliteration with ‘spectacular’

2. In most cases, if a translator gave a ‘literal’ solution, she or he was happy with that solution. There were 167 metaphors translated literally (out of 280). Only 21 of these caused the translator to return an ‘unhappy’ verdict. This is a mere 12.5%. Those translators using strategies other than the literal (113 in total) expressed dissatisfaction in 38 cases (33.6%).

This does suggest that the literal strategy was the most satisfying way of dealing with this challenge.

Andrew N, Lindsey F, Clare G, Lisa C and Annie M all refer at least once to the sometimes ‘jarring’ nature of a literal translation. For example, Andrew N says of metaphor no. 5 in part 2 of the exercise, *aquella ciudad gótica naufragando entre húmedas casas construidas sin estilo* (Laforet, 1945, p.115) [his translation: ‘that Gothic city sinking between musty houses built with no style’]

‘these decisions could justify the use of the passive construction in the translation which jars in quite a pleasant manner’.

Lindsey F says of her translation of metaphor no. 8 part 1 of the exercise, *La locura sonreía en los grifos torcidos*: (Laforet, 1945, p.17) [her literal translation: ‘Madness smiled from the crooked taps’]:

‘I think this jarring adds to the sense of unease’.

Comments such as these suggest that one of the down sides of translating original metaphors with a literal strategy is the possible ‘jarring’ of the juxtaposition of two very different words or ideas, but even this drawback can be an advantage and perfectly acceptable.

3. Translators like to achieve effects in their translations which in their view enhance sound, flow, ‘aesthetic effect’ or extra meaning when they feel the target text benefits from it. Lost meaning can be compensated for by adding some assonance, alliteration, or a word that relates to other parts of the text. For example, Lucy W, in part 2 of the translation exercise, translated the metaphor no. 1, *el cielo se descargaba en una apretada lluvia de estrellas sobre las azoteas* (Laforet, 1945, p.17) as ‘the sky above the rooftops exploded in an intense display of shooting stars’. Her comment is: ‘I think ‘shooting stars’ sounds more poetic than meteor shower and I liked the idea of the sky exploding with shooting stars, like a firework display. I think perhaps I have lost the idea of a heavy shower but I think I’ve added nuance with ‘exploded’.

This is an example of how these literary translators like to ‘balance’ their solutions. If they feel something has been lost in translation, they appear to compensate with another shade of meaning that they feel the author was trying to convey. In an example in the translation exercise part 1, Simon B has translated *Una respiración grande, dificultosa, venía con el*

cuchicheo de la madrugada (Laforet, 1945, p.12) as follows: ‘With the whispering of the small hours came a great, awkward wind’. His revealing comment is:

‘Logic suggests that *respiración* refers to the air rather than ‘breathing’, and I felt that the adjectives ‘great’ and ‘awkward’ collocate more readily with ‘wind’ than with ‘air’, plus there is some subtle alliteration and onomatopoeia with ‘whispering’ and ‘awkward’.

Simon has interpreted the ambiguity of the words and reinforced this meaning with his choice of adjectives which he uses as subtle sound effects. This is a typical is comment and technique used by the translators throughout the two exercises.

4. How about those translators who were unhappy with their translations? What made them unhappy? The overriding reason was loss or change in sense or meaning, of which there were twenty cases of an ‘unhappy’ response, almost a third out of a total of sixty-two. This does underline the fact that translators are concerned with meaning. Other reasons were various: loss of the force of the metaphor (ten cases) or losing the metaphor altogether (eight cases), the last two suggesting that the translators are aware of the importance of original metaphors to an important author’s writing. Other reasons were ‘jarring’ effect (six cases), word choice (three cases) struggling with the sentence structure (four cases) and loss of personification (one case). In the remaining six cases the respondent gave no reason for being unhappy. Five of these had produced a literal translation but clearly did not like it. Sophie P remarked about metaphor no 9 in part 2 of the exercise, *el gran corro de sombras de piedra ferveroso* (Laforet, 1945, p.116) [her literal translation: ‘a great circle of shadows of fervent stone’] that she ‘didn’t really know what to do with this one’. This suggests that a literal translation can be a default for difficulties encountered with original metaphors.

6.5 Evaluation of the Results of the Translation Exercise and Questionnaire

The translation exercise was a success because enough respondents participated to make the exercise valid in comparison with the Fuertes-Olivera (1998), Jones (2006) and Flynn (2007) studies, producing a viable amount of data to work with. The exercise ‘worked’ in that the respondents came back with exactly what was asked for. Difficulties of time lapse and

payment were easily overcome. The way that I, as the author of this research have categorised the translated metaphors by trying to define the strategy used is, naturally, subjective. However, definitions of these strategies were discussed in Chapters Three and Four, and they have largely been modelled on strategies outlined by translation theorists such as Newmark. The properties of original metaphors and methods of translating metaphors in general will always be subject to differing opinions and this makes them a good subject for research.

The first part of the research, the analysis of original metaphors in *Nada* suggested that the literal solution was the most popular. This immediately suggested two things, one that more data was needed for analysis to see if it would give the same result. The other that a literal translation could conceivably be used in all cases for the translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*. The translation exercise, parts 1 and 2, with a total of 280 translations of original metaphors, also produced the same result, showing a definite tendency amongst literary translators to translate literally when faced with original metaphors.

Once it was obvious that the literal translation was the most popular, I used the questionnaire answers to see what made translators happy with their own solutions, and most importantly, how did their comments relate to a literal strategy. Also, how would this help the translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*?

6.7 Conclusion

What the results of the Translations Exercises part 1 and 2 clearly shows is a tendency among practising literary translators to translate literally when translating original metaphors. They use a variety of other strategies if the literal solution does not work for them, and they differ greatly one from another in their strategy use, but in some aspects they are the same. A great part of their satisfaction with their own work lies in the sounds that the words produce, double meanings, target text 'flow', or aesthetic effect of their word choice. Do they choose a literal translation that is a little awkward grammatically in the TT for aesthetic effect? Judging by the comments gleaned from the questionnaire section of the translation exercise parts 1 and 2, the answer is 'yes'. Approximately half of the literal translations in the first exercise and a third of those in the second exercise displayed slightly odd-sounding (in the translators' view) TT syntax and/or word choice which clearly reflected the original text.

Good examples of this are ‘A breath, great and difficult, came with the whispering of the dawn’ (Laforet, 1945, p.12) [metaphor no 2 in the part 1 of the translation exercise] and ‘Some moan of air in the gates was throbbing there’ (Laforet, 1945, p.115) [metaphor no 7 part 2]. The favoured solution is a literal translation, as straightforward as possible, and in the words of one translator participant in the translation exercise and questionnaire, a ‘neat, crisp, literal translation’, especially if there is no lost meaning, and often if there is some aesthetic effect added.

As to what made the translator participants happy and what did not, it is easy to over-complicate the results of the questionnaire with figures. What stands out is the desire on the part of the translators to create a literal translation for each original metaphor if possible, along with a preference to preserve the metaphor if at all possible and to create aesthetic effect appropriate to their own interpretation of the ST. Also, a loyalty to meaning and comfortableness with added meaning is evident.

Along with the security of knowing that a literal translation is a good and reliable strategy to implement for the original metaphors in the practice part of this PhD, there is also the consideration that the research shows that there is a huge diversity of possible translations of original metaphors. In all the metaphors studied, there were as many translations as there were translators. Of course, all the translators in both the analysis and in Parts 1 and 2 of the translation exercise chose strategies other than the literal solution on occasion, which appeared to be due not to the ‘degree of originality’ of the metaphors themselves, but to translator preference and individuality. Looking back at the analysis of original metaphors in *Nada*, Muñoz, Payne Ennis and Grossman, particularly the latter, chose to translate the using a literal strategy, and so did most of the subsequent translator participants. The fact that literal translations of original metaphors sometimes sound awkward or ‘jarring’ in the TT was not regarded as unfavourable.

The results of the research could be put to immediate use regarding the translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*. I would use the results to formulate an overall strategy for the translation of the original metaphors in the text. I would translate all the original metaphors in the translation using a literal strategy, if I could do so without compromising my own idea of the integrity of the text.

Chapter Seven - Analysis of Translations of Original Metaphors in *La isla y los demonios*

7.1 Introduction

The translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios* forms Part Two of this practice based PhD. The research part of the thesis was inspired by the challenge faced when translating the many original metaphors in the novel. A first draft of the first part of *La isla y los demonios* was completed before the research part of the thesis, which has been described in the previous two chapters, was completed. The research indicated that literary translators prefer to translate original metaphors by using a literal strategy, so I examined the original metaphors in the *La isla y los demonios* to consider if this translation strategy could be applied to all of them. I decided to take each original metaphor from the text of *La isla y los demonios* and deliberately apply a literal strategy. I extended this policy to the whole of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*, which is made up of ten chapters. A total of 94 original metaphors were discovered in the source text and can be viewed on a Word table in Appendix H on pages lx - lxix. Shown alongside are the English translations from the first draft (pre-research) of the translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*, and the English translations from the final draft (post-research), translated with a literal translation strategy deliberately applied.

The first chapter, containing 20 original metaphors, was then given to a professional literary publisher's editor to edit as if for publication. The editor looked at both versions, the first draft written before the research took place (pre-research) and the final draft, with the original metaphors translated using a literal translation strategy.

7.2.1 Similarities between Pre-and Post-Research Translations

I, as the author of this research and the translator of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*, used a literal translation strategy to translate roughly two thirds (63 out of 94) of the original metaphors in the text, having translated it before completing the research element of this practice based research. While in the process of translating, I spent a long time pondering over choices for translating these original metaphors. I approached each original metaphor as

a new challenge, and applied the translation strategy I felt to be suitable in view of the novel, the surrounding text, the syntax, meaning, sense, flow and aesthetic quality. Without analysing my own translation strategies, I had translated two thirds of the original metaphors in the text using a literal strategy, which is a very similar result to that of the four published translators of *Nada* and my twenty-eight translator participants in the translation exercise and questionnaire parts 1 and 2.

However, it seemed to me that these metaphors were not easy to translate, and I consulted translation theorists. As outlined in Chapter Three, Section 3:6, there are differing opinions as to how to approach the translation of original metaphors. The theorist with the most straightforward advice was Newmark who suggest they should be translated literally (1988), although others disagreed with him (Dagut, 1976; Snell-Hornby, 1995).

I examined the published English translations of *Nada*. How had these four translators dealt with the original metaphors in the novel? As was clear from the ‘Analysis of Original Metaphors in *Nada*’, all four chose a literal strategy above all others, progressively more frequently as time went on, Grossman being the most prolific user of a literal strategy. I set out to discover what my peers would do, and devised the translation exercise, and by adding a questionnaire I also tried to look into the literary translator participants’ minds to discover the reasons behind their strategy choices. The results of this exercise and questionnaire corroborated the evidence that the literal strategy was the most used, and the use of this strategy also appeared to give most translator satisfaction. Based on these results I decided to retranslate all the original metaphors in the first part of *La isla y los demonios* using a literal strategy.

7.2.2 Original Metaphors Translated Literally in the Pre-Research Translation

None of the original metaphors presented an easy literal translation without sounding at least slightly unusual, as is the nature of original metaphors. Nevertheless, I had already translated 63 of the list of 94 metaphors the first draft with a clear literal translation regardless of this. This meant that 67% of the total list of original metaphors the pre-research solution had already been translated using the literal strategy so there was little or no change to those in the post-research version. For easy reference, these have been highlighted in green on the

table in Appendix H (pages lx - lxix), labelled the ‘Table of Original Metaphors in *La isla y los demonios*’.

For example:

Original Metaphor no 17	<i>Cuando las gentes viven encerradas en un círculo absurdo, terminan contagiándose</i> (Laforet, 1952, p.75)
Translation (Pre-and Post-research)	When people live locked in an absurd circle, they end up contaminating each other

This can be considered an original metaphor because people cannot be locked in an absurd circle, as it is an abstract concept. Also, it is hard to imagine an ‘absurd’ circle. It could be said however, that people can ‘infect’ or ‘contaminate’ each other if they come near them when they have an infectious disease. The situation in Marta’s house in the novel is being compared to an absurd circle. She is suggesting that the people in the house are being influenced by one another despite themselves, because they are forced together constantly without relief. The literal translation sounds bizarre, as does the source text, but both the ST and the TT readers can easily interpret its meaning.

Original Metaphor no 79:	<i>El jardín se volvió misterioso, con un pedazo de luna verde y el rebullir de unas alas negras</i> (Laforet, 1952, p.91)
Pre-and Post-research	The garden became mysterious, with a slice of green moon and the stirring of black wings.

The garden is being spoken of as a place of mystery suggested by two images: a slice of green moon and a stirring of black wings. The two conspire to form an image in the mind of the garden at night. The image is powerful and the language poetic. It is easily transmitted literally from ST to TT, and in both the result is surreal, or dreamlike, with the words offering suggestive colours and sounds rather than a definite description.

7.2.3 Original Metaphors Translated with Other Strategies

Regardless of whether a literal translation resulted in unusual juxtaposition of words or ideas, or slightly unfamiliar syntax, a significant 67% of the metaphors were translated with a literal translation in the pre-research translation, and although I translated them myself, this supports the results of this present research: that literary translators use a literal strategy more than any other when translating original metaphors. Nevertheless, it leaves 33% of the original metaphors translated (by me) using another strategy. The strategies I used other than the literal strategy are: the ‘replacement’ strategy (18 times); the ‘different’ strategy (4 times); the ‘conversion’ strategy (5 times); the ‘explanation’ strategy (twice) and the ‘simile’ strategy (twice). The complete list of original metaphors and the colour coded strategies used to translate them can be clearly seen in the table ‘Table of Original Metaphors in *La isla y los demonios* in the Appendix H on pages lx - lxix. Fig. 13 below is a pie chart to illustrate this.

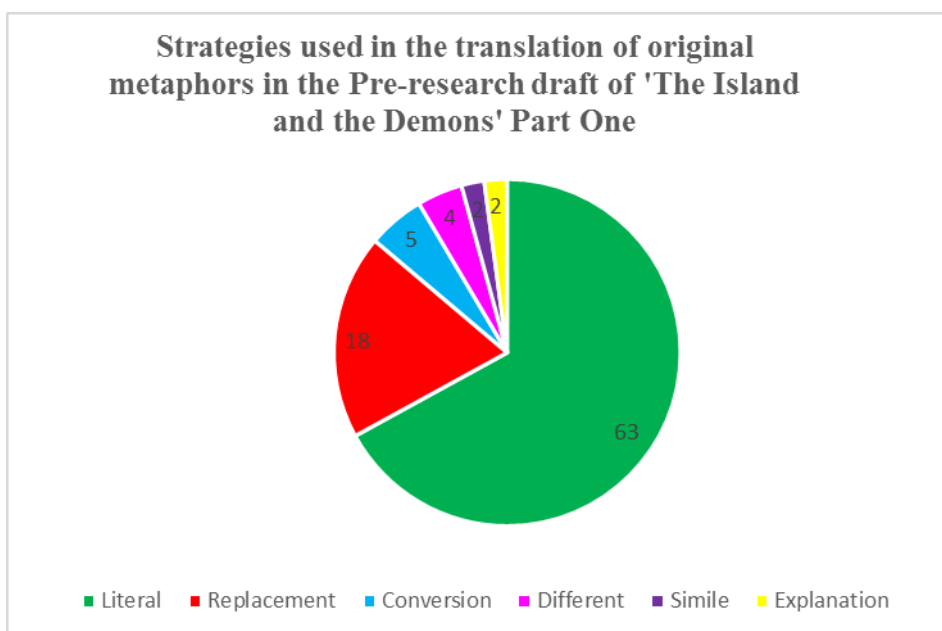


Fig. 13: Pie chart showing strategies used in the translation of original metaphors in the pre-research draft of ‘The Island and the Demons’ Part One

Other than the literal strategy I favoured ‘replacement’: replacing the original metaphor with a more standard metaphor. Here are four detailed examples:

Original Metaphor no 1: *Una niebla de luz difuminaba los contornos de los buques anclados* (Laforet, 1952, p.11)

Pre-research: A misty light played around the outlines of the moored boats

Post-research: A mist of light blurred the outlines of the moored boats

Why should this be labelled an original metaphor? Light normally sharpens focus rather than blurs it. In this example the light is obscuring rather than defining the outlines of the boats and has been given the attributes of mist or fog. In the pre-research translation, the subject is no longer a mist but a light, which is ‘playing around’ rather than blurring the outlines of the boats. This is an attractive image, very acceptable in the TT, evoking something playful rather than mysterious or sinister; I have used the ‘replacement’ strategy, using an image familiar in the target language. The ST and its post-research, the literal translation suggests something hidden or obscured, or something that is not quite what it seems, while the first draft translation has lost that angle.

Original Metaphor no 3 *Las sirenas del barco empezaron a oírse cortando aquel aire luminoso* (Laforet, 1952, p.11)

Pre-research: The mail ship began to sound its sirens, blasting through the dense sea air

Post-research: The ship's sirens began to be heard, cutting through that luminous air

The original metaphor lies in the sound which ‘cuts’ through the luminous air. Both the idea that sound can cut and the act of cutting through light are unusual, and in the pre-research translation it is the ship’s sirens which ‘blast’ their way through thick sea air. It is familiar to the English ear for sound to ‘blast’ (an example is the ‘ghetto blaster’) making this a more standard metaphor: I have used the ‘replacement’ strategy to translate it in the pre-research version. In the post-research translation, the solution is more literal.

Original Metaphor no 19: *En frente de ella las montañas ponían su oleaje de colores* (Laforet, 1952, p.20)

Pre-research: Before her the mountains revealed their colour range

Post-research: The mountains laid their wave of colour before her

Here the unusual nature of the metaphor lies in the fact that the mountains are personified – they are displaying their colours to the girl, Marta. The colours are shown in waves, and the

outlines of mountains in the distance could well resemble waves. The metaphor paints an attractive picture. In the first draft, I have used a more standard metaphor, ‘range’ of colour, (echoing mountain ‘range’), which is natural sounding to the TT ear; although it may not be quite as evocative of the palette of colours and the flow of the mountains as the literal solution used in the post-research version.

Original Metaphor no 22: las sirenas de los barcos le arañaban el corazón de una manera muy extraña (Laforet, 1952, p.29)

Pre-research: the ships' sirens tore at her heart in a very strange way

Post-research: the ships' sirens scratched at her heart in a very strange way

The Spanish verb 'arañar' means ‘to scratch’ (Concise Oxford Spanish Dictionary, 1998, p.49)’ in English, and this is an original metaphor because the sound of a boat’s sirens cannot scratch your heart. In English, we do not normally speak of hearts being scratched. So, I altered metaphor in the pre-research version slightly to read that the sirens ‘tore’ at her heart. This is a more common metaphor. Furthermore ‘tearing at one’s heart strings’ is almost a hackneyed phrase. The post-research solution is a much more startling translation, reverting to the more literal ‘scratched’. This is a fine example of the difference between a literal a non-literal strategy in the translation of these original metaphors from *La isla y los demonios*. The ‘replacement’ strategy has been used (by me) in the first case. The post-research translation could be considered ‘better’, more startling, more authentic even, but it may be less acceptable to a target reader, and it would not automatically satisfy a publisher or an editor in case it appeared that the translator had made a mistake, or that it was a misprint, so unusual is it to the TL ear.

Original Metaphor no 14: *Él veía casas pequeñas, gentes despaciosas, aplastadas por el día lánguido, pesado, soñoliento*

Pre-research: He saw small houses and slow people, bowed down by the sultry day, heavy and sleepy

Post-research: He saw small houses and slow people, crushed by the languid, heavy, sleepy day

The unusual nature of this metaphor lies in the fact that a day is being considered as something that could physically crush people. The first draft reveals a different interpretation:

the day has merely bowed the people rather than crushed them to the ground. The result is possibly a little less violent and maybe more likely in English but ‘bowed down’ does not have the force of the literal ‘aplastadas’, to squash, crush (Concise Oxford Spanish Dictionary, 1998, p.45), so it should be categorised as the ‘replacement’ strategy once again. In the post-research version, the originality of the metaphor is clear and its immediacy is striking to the TL reader.

Where I used the ‘conversion’ strategy in the pre-research translation, I did because I felt that the metaphor was ‘jarring’ to the ear and I wanted to make sure I communicated the meaning. I felt at the time that this was more important to the text than the metaphor itself. Here is an example (one of five cases) of where I have used the ‘conversion’ strategy:

Original Metaphor no 64: *le desbordaba una curiosa solidaridad por todas las mujeres del mundo* (Laforet, 1952, p.75)

Pre-research: she felt a curious solidarity with all the women in the world

Post-research: there flowed from her a strange solidarity with all the women in the world

What makes this metaphor extraordinary is the flowing of solidarity from this woman (Matilde) to all women. In the pre-research translation, this flowing motion is interpreted as a feeling in an attempt to make sense of the sentence, because solidarity, in English, usually collocates with the verbs ‘to show’ or ‘to feel’ (Concise Oxford Dictionary, 1998, p. 1113). However, the literal translation conjures up the overflowing of emotion which the author surely wished to portray, as the post-research translation shows.

A few of the original metaphors I translated at first with the ‘different’ strategy. My pre-research solution was to preserve the metaphor but change it, not to a more conventional metaphor, but to one which I believed was equally as unusual as the ST. Here is an example: (one of four cases)

Original Metaphor no 6: *el barco pasó delante de unos acantilados secos, heridos por el sol* (Laforet, 1952, p.13)

Pre-research: the boat passed in front of some barren cliffs, parched and lacerated by the sun

Post-research: the boat passed in front of some dry cliffs, wounded by the sun

Although it is easy to guess what the author means by wounded cliffs (one supposes ‘damaged’) it is unusual in both Spanish and English to suggest that cliffs can be wounded in the same way as flesh and blood.

Pre-research, my solution was to change the original metaphor by explaining the presumed damage made by the sun in words other than ‘wounded’. ‘Parched’ conveys the adjective ‘dry’ and that is something that we know the sun can cause. ‘Lacerated’ is an equally unlikely verb to apply to the sun, and conveys the violence suggested by ‘wounded’. The adjective ‘barren’ has been added to heighten the unsightly aspect of the cliffs. In hindsight, this propensity by literary translators to ‘add meaning’ or add a word here and there which they think makes the sense clearer, has been seen in the translation exercise and questionnaire, often linked to aesthetic or poetic effect. It is entirely subjective, and indicative of the number of possible interpretations there can be for one small sentence.

The first draft works well, and can be put in the ‘Different’ strategy category. In the final translation, of course, I have reverted to a simple literal translation.

Here is an example (one of two instances) of where I have used the ‘explanation’ strategy:

Original Metaphor no 58: *luego lloró más, suelta ya la pena a chorros* (Laforet, 1952, p.72)

Pre-research: then she cried properly, unburdening her sorrow in a flood of tears

Post-research: then she cried more, her pain let loose in torrents

An original metaphor can strike the translator as particularly important so that they strive more than usual to convey it in the TT without losing any nuance of meaning. In the above original metaphor, I had did want the target reader to realise that Marta’s tears had been long pent-up and simply burst forth in a gush, hence the lengthy translation. My solution is the ‘explanation’ strategy, used seldom by the literary translators analysed in this thesis.

In this example I have translated literally to convey the idea that Marta’s unhappiness is rushing out of her like a spring torrent, but have explained what is happening as an

afterthought. The final, literal version is neat but slightly ambiguous as is the original Spanish.

Lastly, here is an example (one of two cases) of where I have used the simile strategy in the pre-research version.

Original Metaphor no 57: *un complejo de perro apaleado* (Laforet, 1952, p.69)

Pre-research: made her feel like a beaten dog

Post-research: whipped dog complex

The simile strategy is a useful, if slightly outdated way of translating a metaphor. Instead of referring to the character in terms of a dog, i.e. one which has been beaten, all mystery and ambiguity is taken away and the similarity is explained. In this case Marta is attributed the characteristics of a beaten dog. My first draft, to say that Marta feels like a beaten dog, is probably the more natural and obvious way to translate it. However, in the final version, ‘whipped dog complex’ is undoubtedly strange sounding, but is the literal and more evocative solution.

7.3 Evaluation

I produced the first draft of the first part of *La isla de los demonios* before undertaking the research part of this thesis. During this process, I decided not to impose upon myself any particular strategy for the translation of the original metaphors within the text. Examining them later, I discovered that I had translated a large proportion (67%) of the original metaphors using a literal strategy. Contributory factors to this result could be as follows.

1. Translators’ style: The results of this suggest that literary translators translate original metaphors literally most of the time, and it is the strategy that pleases them the most.
2. Theorists’ guidelines: Peter Newmark, whose guidelines for translating original metaphor feature in this research, suggests that original metaphors should always be transferred ‘neat’ (1988, p.112), and this may have influenced my decisions.
3. Language similarity: There is a general similarity in both words and syntax between English and Spanish, both Romance languages (i.e. derived from Latin, [Collins English Dictionary, 2006, p. 1046]).

The above may be contributory factors but the prevalence of the literal strategy resulting in is significant, especially as in the preceding research, the literary translators taking part in the translation exercise and questionnaire showed a similar tendency.

In the post-research or final translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*, or Part Two of this PhD, a literal strategy was deliberately applied to the original metaphors in the text. Did it make sense to use a literal translation every time in this way, and was it an easier option? It helped with the struggle to make an original metaphor sound natural in the TL, especially as an original metaphor, ‘newly created by the author’ (Newmark, 1988, p.112) is by nature likely to sound a little extraordinary in the SL. However, this strategy might make uncomfortable reading in the TL, and any translator may risk being judged a ‘bad writer’ for producing jarring prose. The reader might sit up and take notice for the wrong reasons.

In the end the metaphors in the final draft were purposely translated as literally as possible without sacrificing intelligibility. The question then to be addressed was the following: ‘Would the final translation satisfy an editor or publisher wanting to appeal to an English-speaking readership?’

7.4.1 The Professional Editor’s View

The pre-research and post-research translations of Chapter One of *La isla y los demonios* were given to a professional publisher’s editor, Gemma W, to edit as if they were being edited for publication. Gemma’s brief was to edit the pre-research draft of the translation, then repeat the process concentrating only on the 20 original metaphors (post-research – now all translated using a literal strategy) highlighted within the text. The object was twofold – to have an editor’s experienced eye cast over the translation itself (style errors and suggestions could then be applied to the rest of the translation) and to find out if the original metaphors, once given their literal translations in the post-research version, were likely to be acceptable to a prospective publisher.

Here is a summary of the editor’s thoughts regarding each of the 20 original metaphors in the chapter, and what she thought of them, pre- research and post research.

In half of the metaphors (ten out of twenty) she preferred in the final, literal version:

1. Source text: *Una niebla de luz difuminaba los contornos de los buques anclados*
(Laforet, 1952, p.11)

Pre-research: A misty light played around the outlines of the moored boats

Post-research: A mist of light blurred the outlines of the moored boats

In this sentence the mist ‘tones down’ the outlines of the boats. The Spanish verb ‘difuminar’ is used in painting terminology to mean ‘to soften’ or to ‘tone down’ (Vox, 1974, p.1001). The scene is being compared to a painting. In the first draft, I used a different metaphor (‘different’ strategy) in which the light is the subject which ‘plays around’ the outlines of the moored boats, a slightly different metaphor. The editor preferred the final (literal) version.

2. Source text: *La ciudad de Las Palmas, tendida al lado del mar, aparecía temblorosa, blanca, con sus jardines y sus palmeras* (Laforet, 1952, p.11)

Pre-research: Stretched out along the sea front, with its gardens and palm trees, the city of Las Palmas seemed to shimmer with white light

Post-research: The city of Las Palmas, lying beside the sea, appeared white and trembling with its gardens and palm trees

The personification of the city of Las Palmas is the unusual feature of this metaphor, and it has been translated as such in the first and final versions. The personification of ‘city as sunbather’ is stronger in the final version, as humans are more likely to ‘tremble’ than cities are. The editor preferred the final, almost word for word version.

3. Source text: *Una barca de motor cruzo a lo lejos y su estela formaba una espuma*

lívida, una raya blanca en aquella calma (Laforet, 1952, p.12)

Pre-research: In the distance a motorboat shot past leaving a wake of bright foam, a stark white stripe in the stillness

Post-research: A motorboat crossed in the distance, its wake forming a trail of pale foam, a white stripe in that stillness

The original metaphor is the comparison of the wake to a white stripe which is formed in ‘stillness’. We can see ‘stillness’ in the way that it suggests that nothing is moving, but it is

abstract, so a white line cannot be drawn on it. The final edit is nearer to the original but both versions keep the white stripe in the stillness. The editor liked the final, literal version.

4. Source text: *aquella costa llena de acantilados tristes y estériles* (Laforet, 1952,

p.11)

Pre-research: the coastline of dreary, barren cliffs

Post- research: that coastline of sad sterile cliffs

The first draft shows a conversion to sense – the originality of the metaphor is in the humanisation of the cliffs, as they are both ‘sad’ and ‘sterile’. The editor expressed a distinct preference for the final, literal version.

5. Source text: *La ciudad desfilaba, se abría al paso del parabrisas* (Laforet, 1952,

p.19)

Pre-research: the city ... was paraded past, opening up in the path of the windscreen

Post-research: The city marched past, unfolding in the path of the windscreen

The editor was more in favour of the final, literal version. The city is the subject of the sentence and it does two things: it ‘parades’ or ‘marches past’. The Spanish verb used here is ‘desfilar’ meaning ‘to parade’ or ‘to march past’ (Concise Oxford Spanish Dictionary, 1998, p.207). The city also ‘opens up’ or ‘unfolds’. This is the reflexive verb ‘abrirse’ (1998, p.4). The editor was in favour of the final version which is more of a literal translation than the passive ‘it was paraded’ of the first draft.

6. Source text: *El veía casas pequeñas, gentes despaciosas, aplastadas por el día lánguido, pesado, soñoliento* (Laforet, 1952, p.19)

Pre-research: He saw small houses and slow people, bowed down by the sultry, heavy, sleepy day

Post-research: He saw small houses and slow people, crushed by the languid, heavy, sleepy day

The people are being crushed, or squashed, by the languid day, which is causing them to be slow. The sultriness or languor of the day, i.e. its heat and closeness is being compared to something that can literally crush a person. In the first draft the translator has chosen to replace the original metaphor with a more standard metaphor in English ‘bowed down’ by the sultry day. The final, literal translation is more startling, and preferred by the editor.

In the following metaphors, the editor was happy with both pre and post research versions.

7. Source text: *Marta sentía que estaba flotando en una especie de niebla de dicha*
 (Laforet, 1952, p.19)
 Pre-research: Marta felt that she was floating in a sort of mist of happiness
 Post-research: Marta felt she was floating in a kind of fog of bliss

Comparing her state of mind to a fog of bliss, or a mist of happiness, in which Marta could float, was the unusual aspect of this metaphor. The editor was happy with both these solutions, preferring the final because it avoided another use of the word ‘happiness’ in the next paragraph of the ST.

8. Source text: *Casi no podía oír las conversaciones de los otros porque aquella dicha le ensordecía* (Laforet, 1952, p.19)
 Pre-research: She could barely hear the others’ conversation because that very happiness made her deaf.
 Post-research: She could hardly hear the others’ conversation because that happiness made her deaf.

Happiness cannot cause deafness of course, hence the original metaphor. The final version is virtually the same, and the editor had already crossed out the only difference, consisting of the word ‘very’ in the first draft.

9. Source text: *La carretera enseñaba sus curvas violentas, subiendo la montaña áspera, calcárea* (Laforet, 1952, p.20)
 Pre-research: The road showed its violent curves, ascending the dry, limestone mountainside

Post-research: The road showed its violent curves, climbing the dry, calcified mountain

This sentence is strange mixture of a road personified, showing its ‘curves’ as if it is wearing a tight garment, and the curves are ‘violent’, but how can curves be violent? One supposes that the curves of a road would require extreme turns of the steering wheel for a driver if they were tight, or extra boost of power if they were steep. The first and final versions were translated literally, and the editor accepted both versions. She did prefer ‘calcified’ to limestone, giving the reason that is sounded more ‘ancient’.

10. Source text: *le fuera posible vencer su salvaje timidez* (Laforet, 1952, p.20)

Pre-research: she considered conquering her shyness

Post-research: she considered conquering her savage shyness

The ‘savage shyness’ of the final, literal translation is the original metaphor, and because of its apparent contradiction has been taken out of the first draft. The editor’s view was that the final version sounded ‘odd’ but would keep it in the TT because its contradictory nature reflected the author’s personality.

In a further eight original metaphors the editor was happy with both the pre-research and the post research versions:

1. Source text: *Las sirenas del barco empezaron a oírse cortando aquel aire luminoso* (Laforet, 1952, p.11)

Pre-research: The mail ship began to sound its sirens, blasting through the dense sea air

Post-research: The ship’s sirens began to be heard, cutting through that luminous air

The sirens are doing the cutting, which makes this an unusual comparison. ‘Air’ in English is not normally described as luminous because it is invisible. The air needs to take on some substance in order to be luminous. That is why the pre-research version sounds more sensible: sirens can ‘blast’ and ‘dense sea air’ sounds thick enough to require this. This

required the addition of the conjunction ‘through’ to keep the ‘sirens cutting’ metaphor. The editor liked both translations.

2. Source text: *Marta se notó envuelta en un doble griterío* (Laforet, 1952, p.12)
Pre-research: Marta found herself in the midst of a double cacophony of shouting
Post-research: Marta found herself enveloped in a double cacophony of shouting

The first draft of this metaphor, in which the protagonist is enveloped or wrapped in sounds, has the translator using a more standard metaphor to convey the idea of having different sounds coming from different directions. The editor was satisfied with either solution.

3. Source text: *La ciudad parecía bella, envuelta en aquella luz de oro* (Laforet, 1952, p.12)
Pre-research: The city looked beautiful, encased in golden light.
Post-research: The city looked beautiful, wrapped in golden light

The first draft takes a liberty with the Spanish word ‘envuelto’ (wrapped, enveloped, surrounded [Concise Oxford Spanish Dictionary, 1998], as ‘encased’ is less fluid than ‘wrapped’. Again, the editor accepts either version.

4. Source text: *que pasaba con síntomas de gran virulencia el sarampión literario* (Laforet, 1952, p.13)
Pre and Post- research: whose bout of the literary measles was producing highly virulent symptoms

The two versions were the same, and approved by the editor.

5. Source text *participaba en el encanto de aquellos seres mágicos* (Laforet, 1952, p.18)
Pre and Post-research: she shared in the charm of those magical beings

Once again, the editor was happy to accept this literal translation of the original metaphor which compares Andrea's aunt and uncle to 'magical beings'.

6. Source text: *Las vides crecían enterradas en innumerables hoyos entre lava deshecha, negra y áspera* (Laforet, 1952, p.17)
- Pre-research: The vines grew in endless tangles amongst the dry, black, broken up lava rock
- Post-research: the vines grew buried in the innumerable cracks in the rough black lava rock

The first draft is a conversion to sense, and the translator has tried to imagine what the vines were doing, and how they could grow even though they were buried. The literal translation leaves it up to the reader's imagination, and the editor is satisfied with either version.

7. Source text: *el cálido picón que jamás había recibido la caricia de la nieve* (Laforet, 1952, p.20)
- Pre-research: the warm gravel that had never felt the gentle caress of snow
- Post-research: the warm gravel that had never received the gentle caress of snow

The idea that snow can caress, like a human can caress, is the essence of the original metaphor here. The first draft goes even further and gives the gravel human feelings too. The editor is satisfied by either version, although she hails the choice of the verb 'felt' as a 'good call' in the pre-research version.

8. Source text: *la tierra, que después de varios días de navegación dejaba sentir su perfume* (Laforet, 1952, p.18)
- Pre-research: the land, which gradually released its perfume after several days at sea.
- Post-research: the land, which released its perfume after several days at sea.

The first draft was a literal translation, so no change was made in the final version. The editor accepted both solutions even though she felt that the sentence did not make perfect sense. She was in favour of changing the sentence around so that the land was no longer responsible for releasing its perfume, although in that case the metaphor would be lost.

There were only two literal translations that did not quite meet with the editor's approval.

1. Source text: *Enfrente de ella las montañas ponían su oleaje de colores* (Laforet, 1952, p.20)
Pre-research: Before her the mountains revealed their colour range
Post-research: The mountains laid their waves of colour before her

The literal translation in this case was not acceptable to the editor who said that it sounds like a mixed metaphor to 'lay' 'waves of colour'. The first draft uses a more standard metaphor, with the mountains personified revealing different colours whereas in the final version you have the mountains spreading out their colours for Andrea to admire. The result is ambiguous and could be regarded as slightly nonsensical; the editor was not convinced that it is an improvement.

- 2 Source text: *el barco paso delante de unos acantilados secos, heridos por el sol* (Laforet, 1952, p.13)
Pre-research: the boat passed in front of some barren cliffs, parched and lacerated by the sun
Post-research: the boat passed in front of some dry cliffs, wounded by the sun

In the final version, the idea of the cliffs being wounded by the sun is the literal translation, presupposing that all vegetation on these cliffs has been lost because of fierce sunshine. The translator in the first draft has opted for a 'replacement' strategy, because 'lacerated', although not a verb normally associated with the sun, does not have the human connotations of 'wounded'. The editor's comment on the final draft with its literal translation: 'I think this version might be a bit too strange-sounding in English'.

7.4.2. Evaluation of the Professional Editor's View

Of the 20 original metaphors identified in the first chapter of *La isla y los demonios*, in the pre-research draft, half of them were translated using the literal strategy. The other strategies used were 'replacement': 5; 'different': 2; 'conversion': 2, explanation: 1. In the final version they were all translated using a literal strategy.

Nine of the original metaphors were judged by the editor to be satisfactory and acceptable for publication in BOTH the pre- and the post-research versions.

Seven were judged by the editor to be *more* acceptable in the post-research version, four of which were deemed better by GW in the final version despite, and even because of, their awkward, ungrammatical or contradictory nature.

There were four cases in which the editor preferred the pre-research solution, but thought they were still publishable, except for the last two described above; one too strange – sounding (although this is possibly not a drawback for an original metaphor), the other a mixed metaphor (something that is already in the ST). These were the only two original metaphors which were unsatisfactory in the professional editor's view. The one rejected, original metaphor no.6 above, she found 'strange sounding to the English ear'. However, she did admit to liking the 'odd' sound of 'savage shyness' in metaphor no 16 because of its contradictory nature which she suggests reflects the personality of the author.

To have most of the literal translations of the metaphors approved and sometimes preferred to the first draft goes a significant way towards a positive validation of the literal strategy for the translation original metaphors in *La isla y los demonios*.

What are the limitations of imposing a strategy on a piece of literature in this way? It makes sense to say that there cannot be a hard and fast rule for something that has so many variables, as this research has proved. Translators produce widely differing translations for the same original metaphor. Some translators are focused on producing alliterative and sound evoking translations. Some are more willing than others to produce text with unusual vocabulary, others more wedded to sense. A potential editor, publisher, target reader and the brief in the first place must also be considered. Translation loss and gain, as shown by some of the respondents in the Translation Exercise and Questionnaire, as in all literary translation, is a matter of individual choice on the part of the translator. Editor GW did not agree with two of the literal translations of original metaphors in my revised version of the translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*. I have chosen not to change these in the final version. If this translation is approved for publication, an editor might disagree. Here is a simplified description of this research project and its results:

Question: How should original metaphors be translated?

Answer: Newmark says they 'should be translated neat' (literally).

Question: How are they translated in practice?

Answer: They are translated literally in well over 50% of cases stretching to over 75% in recent years.

Question: Should they always be translated literally in that case?

Answer: No, but it is clearly a good guideline to follow if in doubt.

7.5 Conclusion

This practice based research about the translation of original metaphor in literature, which revolves round one author, and is all in aid of my new English translation of the first part of one of her novels, so it was relevant examine all the original metaphors in the first part of *La isla y los demonios*. Firstly, more than half of them were already translated with a literal strategy which reflects the results of the research in Chapters Four and Five: 'The Analysis of Original Metaphors in *Nada*' and the 'Translation Exercise and Questionnaire parts 1 and 2'. In the post-research translation, the literal strategy was deliberately applied in all cases. Unusual results were not avoided. When the first chapter of the translation was given to a professional to edit, there were only two out of twenty original metaphors that she suggested changing completely which is a very small proportion. The final version of the translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios* appears with all the original metaphors translated using a literal strategy. It would be fascinating to follow up this research by translating the second and third parts of the novel using the same strategy and give the whole novel to a professional publisher's editor to seek their opinion.

Chapter Eight - Conclusion

8.1 What the Research Set Out to Achieve

The research set out to discover how original metaphors in literature are translated, focusing on the novels of Carmen Laforet. The question arose when I encountered many unusual metaphors while translating a novel by Laforet from Spanish to English. The novel was *La isla y los demonios*, a new translation of the first part of which forms Part Two of this practice-based thesis. The aims of the research element were twofold – to examine how original metaphors are translated in literature by looking at English translations of *Nada* by Carmen Laforet and to use the resulting information to translate original metaphors in *La isla de los demonios* by the same author. The motivation for the research in the first place was to produce an English translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*.

To begin with, the works of translation theorists in the field, their definitions of original metaphor and suggestions as to how these metaphors should be translated, were discussed in Chapter Three. The way the research was carried out was also in two parts – firstly to compare the four English translations of *Nada* already in print, and secondly to ask practising literary translators to translate some of the same metaphors in *Nada*, and to comment on their translation choices. An analysis of the data gathered in this way was designed to show insight into strategies used to translate original metaphors in literature and to some extent the reasoning behind the translators' choices.

The resulting data from the two-part research was used to help form an overall strategy for the translation of original metaphors in the first part of *La isla y los demonios*.

In accordance with the aims of the research, the questions identified in the introduction to this thesis were as follows:

- i) What methods are used to translate original metaphors in literature?
- ii) How do the translations of each original metaphor in *Nada* differ from one another?

- iii) What is the most commonly used method or translation strategy as shown by the original metaphors in this study?
- iv) How is the practice part of the PhD (the translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*) improved by the application of an overall strategy? (i.e. the most commonly used strategy as shown by the analysis of translations of original metaphors in this study).

8.2 What the Research Found

In answer to the research questions i) to iii) above, the research found:

As far as original metaphors are concerned, the results of this research suggest that they are translated literally as far as TL syntax will allow, with other strategies being used less often, the most popular according to the criteria set out in this thesis, being ‘replacement’ (replacing the metaphor with a more common metaphor), ‘different’ (replacing the metaphor with an equally original but different metaphor) and ‘conversion’ (conversion to sense) strategies.

The research showed that solutions differ markedly, as it revealed very few instances of one of these metaphors being translated identically. Even within the confines of a literal translation, many differences in word choice arose. If a literal strategy was not employed, the solution chosen would be a different original metaphor, a more obviously well-known metaphor, a paraphrase, a simile or even some extra explanation along with the literal translation. This research does demonstrate that literary translators, when translating original metaphors, differ enormously in their translations, even when translating literally.

During the research, twenty of the original metaphors in *Nada* were translated by eighteen different translators (the four published translators and the two sets of fourteen translator participants). There were no repetitions. This underlines the ambiguity and hence the importance to a text of the original metaphor: one phrase or sentence can produce eighteen different translations. The first part of the research, the study of four English translations of original metaphors in *Nada*, was an analysis of 135 metaphors. Each one produced four different translations. In the second part of the research, the translation exercise and

questionnaire, in the two sets of ten metaphors analysed, each one produced fourteen different translations – as many translations as there were translators.

There is no indication that literary translators follow any plan or overall strategy to translate original metaphors, but on average the results show that they implement a literal strategy at least twice as often as any other.

In answer to question iv) above, initially I translated the first part of *La isla y los demonios* without employing an overall strategy to the translation of original metaphors. I called this the ‘first draft’. Post research, I examined the original metaphors in the text to see what strategies I had used. This exercise was one of self-assessment. Self-assessment in translation has been investigated for example by Campbell (1998), Melis and Alba (2001), Lee (2005), and Robinson et al (2006), who believe that self-assessment is an essential element of translation assessment, especially for student translators, although Al-Emara (2006) concludes that the general assessment of a tutor or multiple peer ratings are more credible. However, in this research I have not assessed the translation for its level of excellence, I have only analysed the strategies I used to translate the original metaphors in the text.

Not unexpectedly, bearing in mind the results of the research part of this thesis, well over 50% (63 out of 94) of the original metaphors in *La isla y los demonios* were translated literally, by myself, in my first, pre-research draft. The results of the research showed that the published English translators of *Nada*, this celebrated, important, highly visual novel, full of powerful imagery, had translated the original metaphors within the novel as literally as possible. Examining the same original metaphors translated by my own peers, contemporary professional literary translators strongly suggested that they also tend to use a literal strategy and also feel happier if they do. In response to this evidence, I retranslated the remaining 31 metaphors (those that had been translated using a variety of different strategies) using a literal strategy.

This was the point at which I sought some authoritative input rather than self-assessment for my translation. The first chapter of the translated *La isla y los demonios* Part 1 was given to a professional editor to edit as if for publication for an English readership, in both the pre-

research first draft and the post-research final version. The editor was satisfied with the retranslations of the original metaphors, liking all but two of them, and in half of them she preferred the retranslated, literal version. Quite often the post-research version she thought was more forceful, more powerful, or ‘showing the personality’ of the author, despite being ‘strange sounding’ to the English ear. As we have seen that that ‘strange sounding’ is the essence of an original metaphor, Gemma W’s comments and edit gave me the confidence to present my final draft of the first part of *La isla y los demonios* as Part Two of this thesis with all the original metaphors translated using a literal strategy.

Subsidiary to the main aims of the research, the following questions were asked of the literary translators in the Translation Exercise and Questionnaire:

- v) How satisfied are the literary translators, taking part in the Translation Exercise and Questionnaire section of this research, with their translations (into English) of original metaphors in *Nada*?
- vi) To what extent did these same literary translators feel they lost or gained meaning with their translations of original metaphors in *Nada*?

The literary translators showed themselves to be very aware of loss of meaning when they translate – deliberating over possible solutions and regretting lost nuances of meaning. They tended to compensate for lost meaning by adding extra elements such as alliteration or other aesthetic effects or by intensifying their own interpretation of the original metaphor with an extra or more powerful word.

Parts 1 and 2 of the Questionnaire demonstrated that the literary translators who took part were mostly happy with their own translations, which suggests an encouraging confidence on the part of literary translators in general. These respondents were particularly satisfied if they produced a perfect solution, in their opinion. In the case of these original metaphors, the translators showed a distinct satisfaction if they produced a literal translation which conveyed the correct meaning, metaphor and effect on the target reader (in the translator’s view).

Chapter Three revealed that the question of how to translate original metaphors is a subject that translation students and theorists have debated at length and that there are diverse

opinions about how they should be translated. It transpired that Peter Newmark (1982 and 1988), who put forward a very detailed and clear-cut breakdown of types of metaphors and strategies to translate them, believed they should be translated literally.

The ‘Translation of Original Metaphors in *Nada*’ corpus comparison experiment revealed that for the original metaphors identified in the novel *Nada*, the four English translators, Grossman, Ennis, Payne and Muñoz had all overwhelmingly used a literal strategy rather than any other, even though Muñoz, the first English translator to be published, had used it appreciably less than the others. Edith Grossman, the most recent and celebrated of the published translators, used the literal strategy extensively to translate the original metaphors. Other strategies had been used by all, but except in the case of Muñoz, only a few of each.

Parts 1 and 2 of the translation exercise revealed that the literary translator participants, when asked to translate some of the same original metaphors scrutinised in the corpus comparison, once again used mainly the literal strategy in over 50% of the metaphors. Some translators used it more than others, but in all cases, it was the dominant solution. Other strategies were used, but once again, only relatively few of each by each individual translator.

Parts 1 and 2 of the questionnaire revealed the following supplementary information – that for the most part, the literary translators who took part in the exercise and questionnaire, when they effected a good, literal translation, were nearly always happy with their work.

The research suggests that if a literal strategy is the strategy of choice for literary translators of original metaphors in *Nada*, translated from Spanish to English, then it could be generally so. It does appear to be the strategy of choice for original metaphor, the strategy that gives the most satisfaction rather than some other reworking of the metaphor an effort to make ‘sense’. It does appear, however, that translators are not averse to adding extra dimensions to their translations; some alliteration here, an extra explanatory word there.

8.3 What Lies in Store for the Translation

Part Two of this thesis is my new English translation of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*. Although the first part of this novel is a unit on its own, there are two more parts to

be translated to complete it. I intend to seek permission to finish translating the novel with a view to publication by an English or US publisher, using the translated first part to promote the possibility. This would fulfil a lifelong ambition of mine. I have wanted to create an acceptable English translation of this novel since reading it in 1977, only recently having the opportunity to do so in earnest.

8.4 How has the Research Contributed to Translation Studies?

One of the key points of this research is the impact that reflection on the translation of original metaphors, as well as self-reflection on the activity of translation more broadly, could have on the translation profession. I hope that this thesis has gone some way to demonstrate the importance of original metaphor in literary texts, and why focusing on past and present translations of original metaphors can help translators understand the ‘restraints, pressures, and motivations that influence the act of translating and underlie its unique language’ (Laviosa 1988, p.474). The model for analysing original metaphors featured in this thesis was inspired by Newmark’s strategies for translating metaphors in general. I decided to adapt them specifically for use with original metaphors. In order to distinguish between the strategies on paper or screen to produce an immediate response, I colour coded the strategies and found this worked well for demonstrating percentages in pie charts, making the data shown on tables and in bar charts clearer, and quite frankly, less tedious to read. Because of these advantages I believe this is a model that could be used as an analysis tool for translators in training courses.

This thesis has been an ambitious programme of research in the translation of original metaphor in literature beyond the texts themselves. This I achieved first through my own experience as the translator of the first part of *La isla y los demonios*, and second by elaborating a questionnaire on the translation of original metaphors and obtaining data from other translators, and third, by involving an editor to assess my own translations of the novel. This process I was able to carry out more easily because I was able to connect with the profession from the inside whilst also maintaining a scholarly view of the implications that come into play in literary translation, which are: the work itself in the source language, the translator as cultural mediator, the work in the target language, and the reception of the translated text by the readers; not to mention the reactions of different translators of the same

text.in which I incorporated an ethnographical approach by investigating translation activity

The importance of original metaphor to a literary text has been highlighted throughout, and demonstrated in translations of works by Carmen Laforet, a celebrated Spanish author with a propensity to produce powerful visual imagery of an unusual nature, often encapsulating creative ideas, offering visual feasts or causing readers to contemplate by suggesting unexplored comparisons. Translation theorists have described original metaphors as ‘poetic’ (Sweetser, 1990), ‘creative’ (Sperber and Wilson, 1986), ‘innovative’ (Pisarska, 1989) and ‘novel’ (Meyer et al, 1997). These words describe how important these metaphors are to a literary text. The more widely read the author, the more people will be influenced by these original metaphors.

My research has shown an insight into how translators approach the challenge of translating these original, ‘new’ (MacCormack, 1986) metaphors. On the face of it these original metaphors seem to present a problem to the translator because of the worry that the resulting text will jar on the target reader’s ear. However, my research has shown that literary translators strive to translate these metaphors as literally as they can, without compromising the TL syntax too obviously or losing too much of the meaning. The research has also shown some insight into the translators’ thought processes. It has revealed how much they like to use words which convey sounds and images, how they like to compensate for lost meaning by adding aesthetic effect to their translation solutions. An especially fascinating result of the research was the revelation of how overwhelmingly diverse are their actual solutions.

Looking back to the aims of my research, I wanted to identify the most common translation solutions of original metaphors in literature and by studying the translation of original metaphors in *Nada* I discovered that literary translators not only overwhelmingly choose a literal strategy, they also prefer to do so if they can. I sought to form an overall strategy for translating original metaphors in literary texts and apply it to my own translation. This I did when I not only applied a literal translation to the original metaphors in *la isla y los demonios*, I also had part of this approved by a professional publisher’s editor. Lastly, I wanted to make available a text by Carmen Laforet, an important Spanish author who is under-represented in English translation. I did so by making the translation presentable as the practice part of this thesis.

8.5 Further Research Prospects

Is there any possibility of further research in to the translation of original metaphor in literature, and does this thesis suggest further research? It would be an interesting exercise to investigate how original metaphors are translated in other language pairs, especially into languages other than English, bearing in mind that Rabadán Alvarez said that original metaphors are ‘very difficult’ to translate and become even more so the wider the cultural gulf between SL and TL (1991, p.146). Widespread availability of corpus comparisons using online texts makes this an easily accessible task. I personally would like to develop the aspect of my thesis which involved the questionnaire. The result from this part of the research revealed some fascinating insights into a literary translator’s mind, feelings and reasons for word choice. I would like to take this much further in the sphere of literary texts translated into English which is a vast area for more detailed research. This thesis has shown that a large proportion of the translator respondents were happy to share their thoughts and choices. If the right questions were asked it could elicit information about choices, strategies, time constraints, and techniques and would produce interesting, as well as insightful and useful information for literary translators themselves and for Translation Studies in general.

Laforet prefaced *Nada* with a fragment of Juan Ramón Jiménez’s poem of the same name. She clearly felt that the fragment encapsulated the meaning of her novel’s title. I would like to end this thesis with this fragment, to highlight Laforet’s love of the unusual image, of the power of the juxtaposition of words, and of the sensory metaphor.

Nada

Sometimes a bitter taste,
A bad smell, a strange
Light, a discordant tone,
A repellent touch
Reach our senses
Like fixed realities
And seem to us to be
The unsuspected truth...’ (Laforet, 1945, p.7)

I

5

This story begins on a November day in 1938.

Marta Camino stepped up to the water's edge on the quayside where the mail ship was about to arrive from the mainland. Her slim adolescent figure in a dark skirt and pale jumper was silhouetted for a moment against the sunlight. The sea breeze, barely noticeable that day, gently lifted her short fair hair, which glinted the colour of straw. She shielded her eyes with her hand, her whole face shining with passion and longing. At that moment, the ship rounded the vast jetty and entered Puerto de la Luz.

15 The bay was sparkling. A mist of light blurred the outlines of the moored boats and the yachts with languid sails. Lying beside the sea, the city of Las Palmas appeared white and trembling with its gardens and palm trees.

20 The great port had seen a lot more action in the days before the civil war. Despite this there were crates of bananas and tomatoes stacked high on the quayside ready to ship. The air reeked of iodine, straw, dust and tar.

25 The mail ship began to sound its sirens, cutting through that luminous air and scattering the seagulls. The craft approached slowly in the midday sun. Moving between the city gardens and the huge wharf it loomed large toward the young girl. She felt her heart beat wildly yet the sea was so calm that in some parts it appeared to turn red as if someone was bleeding underwater. A motorboat crossed in the distance forming a wake of bright foam, a white stripe in that stillness.

30 When she could almost make out the crowded decks, and even some waved handkerchiefs, Marta suddenly found herself surrounded by people, both beside her and behind her, crowding in to greet the new arrivals. In those days the mail ship

from the Spanish mainland always arrived crammed with soldiers on leave from the front line.

35

José Camino, a tall, thin, blond man, grabbed his sister's arm and pulled her away from the quayside.

‘Are you mad? Pino is fretting; she thinks you're going to fall off’. He forced
40 her to take a few steps back so that she stood between her brother and her sister-in-law. Beside the two of them she appeared childish and insignificant.

Marta was really the same height as Pino, who was a dark, well-built young woman with wide hips and a narrow waist, dressed with a degree of luxury rather
45 inappropriate to the occasion and the time of day. She wore enormously high heels, which made Marta in her flat sandals look smaller next to the other woman.

José looked serious and imparted an air of importance. He was fairer haired and paler-skinned than his sister, with skin that resembled a Nordic person because it
50 did not tan. He blushed red in an instant because of the air, the sun, or simply from his own emotions. He and Marta's only common feature was their blond hair, fortunately for the young girl. José had a strange dead look about his features. His nose was over large and hooked. His staring eyes were of an unpleasant faded blue. He always wore black and his suits were impeccable.

55

The boat came so close that Marta found herself enveloped in a double cacophony of shouting. The people on the wharf were frantically straining to make out the faces of the passengers, who in turn were practically overbalancing in their enthusiasm. Only Marta noticed that on the decks there stood soldiers, men of war
60 wrapped in their blankets. Many of them had beards. She could almost smell them.... She searched anxiously amongst them and above them and finally, up on the highest deck she spied some civilians. A few of them were women and she thought that her relatives must be among them. She glanced at José who just at that moment took his handkerchief out of his pocket and began to wave it. He seemed to be looking in the

65 same direction. After waiting so long for them, and after two months of fantasising
about their arrival, Marta suddenly felt shy.

A few minutes before, the new arrivals had been plunged into depression as
the boat passed in front of some dry cliffs, wounded by the sun.

70

Leaning on the side up on the high deck were two women and two men who
were coming to the island for the first time. Three of them, both the women and a
mature man with red hair, belonged to the Camino family. The fourth was a young
friend who had been wrenched from his own family by the civil war and who on
75 hearing that the Caminos were coming to the Canary Islands, decided to come too.
This young man was neither elegant nor well-groomed, but he had the unprecedented
good fortune in these difficult times to possess enough money to allow him to live
wherever he wished, even if in no great luxury. His occupation also made it possible:
he was an artist, although to tell you the truth, it was a long time since he had actually
80 sold a painting.

Propped up on the balustrade next to the exuberant and mature ‘senorita’
Honesta Camino, Pablo the painter looked very young. He was even more so than he
looked because his dark features and sensual, sympathetic expression bore the marks
85 of a life that had not always worked out well for him. Pablo was really old enough to
be called up, but he had suffered from a limp since childhood that let him off his
military obligations.

The other three, Honesta, Daniel Camino and his wife Matilda were coming to
90 the island as refugees. They sought refuge with their well-to-do cousins in those
turbulent times. Their lives from the beginning of the civil war had been bitter, and
events in Madrid, where they had always lived, had taken them by surprise. They
decamped to France and stayed there until receiving the offer from José Camino.
Now they strained against each other to catch a glimpse of this strange new land. The
95 air on the island warmed their already middle aged features, revealing weariness in
Matilda’s thin face and a faintly stupefied expression on that of the Camino siblings.

Honesta had shuddered as the boat passed by that coastline of sad sterile cliffs. 'I thought we were coming to a paradise!'

100

Matilde, a tall, pale woman amply wrapped in a large greatcoat in spite of the spring season, and who had been horribly sick throughout the voyage, looked at her ironically. 'Paradise my foot. These are terrible islands.' Matilde, who had a degree in History, considered her own judgement to be the last word.

105

Pablo, his eyes twinkling under black eyebrows, intervened to tell them not to be so pessimistic. Daniel Camino, who in contrast to his wife was short in stature, chubby and covered in freckles, looked uncomfortable.

110

'We must be going around the island.' said Matilde. Out of her overcoat she took a map of the archipelago that she had kept close to her person ever since they had decided to make the journey. There were the seven islands labelled with their names: Tenerife, Gran Canaria, Fuerteventura, Lanzarote, Gomera, Hierro and La Palma...During the journey they had all been used to seeing Matilde with the map in her hand, and it had amused them; but now they clustered round it eagerly. Even Pablo leant over Honesta's shoulder to look at the scrap of paper that the breeze lifted and flapped every other second.

115

Their destined island was Gran Canaria, once named *Tamarán* of the 'Guanches', who were the indigenous aboriginal inhabitants of Gran Canaria. It was situated almost exactly in the centre of the archipelago. On the map it appeared circular in the shape of a cat's head with only one ear in the northwest. This ear is the islet – and east of the strip of land which links it to the rest of the island is the bay known as Puerto de la Luz (Port of Light). To the west lies the beautiful natural beach of Las Canteras, which is by no means the only beach in the city of Las Palmas.

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The city stretches from the foothills of the islet that forms the harbour, across the isthmus through the '*ciudad jardín*' (city garden) opposite the port, and continues along the coastline until it reaches the districts of Triana and Vegueta, where its true heart lies. Rising up behind these two areas of the city are hillsides crammed with

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narrow streets, quaint flights of steps and little terraced houses, all whitewashed or painted in bright colours.

The newcomers were oblivious to all of this. Matilda merely pointed to their
135 exact location on the map at that moment as they rounded the islet poised to enter Puerto de la Luz. Her authoritative teacher's voice rang out clearly:

'Gran Canaria...We are in the exact centre of the archipelago, between
27°44' and 28°12' latitude North and 9°8'30" and 9°37'30" longitude West!' She
140 folded up the map and added, 'Unamuno never explained why they named this archipelago 'The Fortunate Islands' and Paul Moran said that Las Palmas, precisely Las Palmas, was the ugliest place on Earth.'

Pablo smiled. Matilde made him chuckle, especially when he saw her next to
145 her husband. She looked at him sharply with her huge round, ugly eyes.

'What are you talking about, Matilde? They have a marvellous climate here. There are lots of high, high mountains and all sorts of crops, from tropical coastal plants to trees that only grow in cold countries, so I've heard...Now look! Does that
150 look like the ugliest place on earth?'

They were entering the harbour. The city looked beautiful, wrapped in that golden light.

155 It stirred the hearts of the soldiers crammed on the decks, and they started to shout and come to life. They had spent the entire journey continuously carousing, strumming guitars or singing songs about the islands and the foolhardiness of the people.

160 'Islands have always struck me as terrifying...especially volcanic ones. I can't help it; I keep thinking they are suddenly going to erupt.' Hones turned to Pablo and heaved her bosom with a sigh. She smiled up at him, childish. 'If that's how Matilde feels, who is brave, just imagine how it will affect *me*, Pablito! All the same,

I prefer to picture forests of cockatoos and ukuleles and things even though I know
165 they don't exist...I'm like a little child!

Daniel remarked in a feeble voice that he was not going to recognise his
cousin.

170 'Oh, Daniel! I'm sure the boy won't have changed that much. He was quite
tall when we last saw him...' That came from Hones. Matilde had never met José.

'My poor brother Luis,' explained Daniel for Pablo's benefit, 'was forced to
come to these islands because his wife had TB and they said that the climate would
175 be good for her. He brought her and the boy with him, but after a few months his wife
died anyway. Later he married again and they had a baby, whom we don't know.'

Matilde, her protruding eyes scanning the port and its quays, and the horizon
they were approaching closer every minute, interrupted him to say, '...she will be
180 more than a baby if your brother died twelve years ago!'

'Yes, he died in a car accident. As far as we can tell from their letters, his
second wife is in poor health, and the boy...I mean my cousin José, that's what we
always used to call him, is all grown up and already married and everything...I think
185 he is actually older than you, Pablo.'

Honestá lifted her head, which was enveloped in a green veil, from under
which shone bleached blond hair. Talk about age made her uneasy. 'What a beautiful
day Pablito...! We have arrived.'

190

'There he is!' exclaimed Daniel excitedly. 'He is unmistakeable.'

Honestá looked. On the quay she saw the thin dark figure topped with white
blond hair, and saw also that this man was waving a handkerchief at them. Something
195 flashed on his hand...a diamond ring.

She waved a handkerchief too. Then, overcome with emotion, she lifted it to her eyes. 'Family, Pablito...! It's so utterly moving. Blood ties are the strongest! I know I'm a fool...'

200

Pablo simply laughed, showing his white teeth, fascinated by the scene at the harbour and at the same time listening intently to what Hones was saying. He found the Camino family extremely amusing.

205

He flared his nostrils at the smell of the land, which gradually released its perfume after several days at sea.. He found himself entranced by the spectacle on the quayside and unconsciously narrowed his eyes to better appreciate the subtle gradations of light. After one or two very unhappy years he had the welcome feeling of having found a refuge. He had the liberating impression that he was finally beginning to rid himself of certain bitter, intimate obsessions.

210

Marta Camino watched Honesta and Pablo descend the boat's walkway followed by Matilde and Daniel. Pablo was quickly introduced and left straight away. 'He's a friend of ours', explained Honesta. 'A famous artist...and actually very nice too...'

215

For a few moments Marta's eyes followed this small, lean, tousle- haired young man who, in spite of his limp, advanced with agile step aided by his walking stick, luggage porters in his wake. She was not surprised to find that her aunts and uncles from Madrid had well-known, interesting people for friends. Daniel, despite his strange appearance, neat yet insignificant at the same time, was the conductor of an orchestra and a composer too: an outstanding musician in fact. As for Matilde...Marta eyed her longingly, almost fearfully. This tall young woman with sharp features and a handsome chestnut plait encircling her head was a celebrated poet. Marta, who was studying for her baccalaureate, and whose bout of the literary measles was producing highly virulent symptoms, was overjoyed that a real live writer was coming to live in her house. Honesta, very blonde and plump, with lazy, affected gestures, was their sister. She breathed the same artistic atmosphere of

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intellectual preoccupations in which Marta imagined the newcomers to be immersed;
230 she shared in the charm of those magical beings.

The magical beings took little or no notice of their quiet, shy niece. Only Hones, who had expected her to be dressed in a mantilla despite being sixteen years of age, registered surprise at how much she had grown. Otherwise they all
235 concentrated on José and Pino, and admired the magnificent car that awaited them.

Daniel was very old. His frizzy, red and balding pate contained not a single grey hair, and his flabby face had very few wrinkles, but he was in fact quite advanced in years. Maybe this impression was enforced by his fluting voice full of
240 false notes. ‘Not a bad little motor, José,’ he fluted. ‘Is it the latest model?’

José showed his ugly teeth. ‘I change it every two years.’

The car was spacious. José drove, with Daniel and Marta alongside him in the
245 front seat. The other three women were in the back.

Marta felt that she was floating in a kind of fog of bliss. She could hardly hear the others’ conversation because that happiness made her deaf. The city marched past, revealing itself in the path of the windscreen.
250

‘What would a city that you had never seen look like?’ wondered Marta. She tried to imagine that she was a newcomer just arrived herself. It seemed to her, simply by thinking it, that the sky became more deeply blue, the white clouds more disquieting, the gardens more full of flowers.
255

Ensnconced in her dream she noticed how the car crossed Las Palmas from end to end. The thoroughfare Leon y Castillo, which all along its length links the harbour to the town, was full of cars, trucks and local buses crammed with passengers. In places the road ran along by the sea in between the city gardens and the
260 Alcarabaneras beach, where on that beautiful day there were people bathing. To Marta, all this appeared filled with colour and life. Daniel’s eyes however, when she

consulted them, held not the faintest admiration. He saw small houses and slow people, crushed by the languid day, heavy and sleepy. There was something rather heavy and sleepy about his own face.

265

The car left the city by way of the central highway. 'We live in the country because of my stepmother', explained José to Daniel.

270 'Oh...! Of course...! You wrote to tell us that the poor lady is not well. Is it a nervous complaint or something?'

Marta became uneasy. The car passed through a valley planted with bananas, on the way out of the city. You could see the central mountain peak as a backdrop to the countryside. The road showed its violent curves, climbing up the dry, calcified
275 mountain. Up to that moment Marta had believed that the mainlanders already knew about her mother. 'That's right...a nervous disorder.' José frowned slightly, changing gears.

280 From the back seat there came a very unpleasant little laugh from Pino. 'What do you mean, a nervous disorder? Why can't you just say that Teresa's crazy? It's hardly a secret!'

'Oh!' exclaimed Honesta, from behind.

285 Marta noticed that Daniel was blinking rapidly with emotion. His eyes were the same watery blue as his nephew's, but smaller and less protruding. Marta wondered why José was not saying anything, when it was quite obvious that everyone needed calming down. For a moment she considered conquering her savage shyness to explain things herself. Finally José spoke.

290

'You can't really say that Teresa is crazy...she was with my father in the car on the day of the accident, when he died. My stepmother suffered a shock...although the doctors think that whatever is wrong with Teresa could have happened anyway without the accident. There was talk of a blood clot in the brain. In fact, nobody

295 knows what really happened. She has lost her mental faculties; she never speaks and shows no sign of recognising anyone. Her craziness, if you can call it that, is peaceful. She stays in her own rooms all the time. You won't notice she's there.'

The car carried on up the mountainside through bright, cheerful countryside.
300 Green valleys, with plantations of bananas arranged in stepped rows. Houses covered in flowers. Palm trees dotted around. The air became fresher and clearer than in the city, even though it had only taken a quarter of an hour to climb to those heights. Marta returned to her reverie.

305 'If I didn't know this old palm tree on the corner which makes the countryside look so pretty, if I didn't know these gardens full of bougainvillea, if I didn't know this tarmac road, shaded by hundred-year-old eucalyptus trees, or the high blue peak of the mountain top, how would it seem? What would I be feeling at this moment?'

310 José drove the car along a side road between farmhouses and vineyards. As if she had just remembered something, Marta turned around to announce with pride, 'We live in the skirts of an ancient volcano.'

She noticed that Matilde was looking at her in fright. Everyone was silent.
315 Pino, who was sitting between the two mainlanders, wore a little sarcastic smile which was all her own. Her face when seen between the sharp features of Matilde, with her ridged nose, and Honesta's ruddy face, looked exotic, with black African features even though her skin was pale and white. She spoke in a very soft, whining voice. 'It is horrible living here, when we have an empty house in Las Palmas! You
320 have no idea what my life is like!'

'Oh, but it is quite near the city.' Matilde said this because at that moment they were driving through some big iron gates and down an avenue of eucalyptus between banks planted with vines. The vines grew buried in innumerable holes in the
325 dry, rough black lava rock. These stones produced a curious squeak when crunched by the wheels of the car.

The avenue led into a charming old garden set into the hill like a ledge. In it stood ancient trees and beds planted with flowers. The farmhouse did not look that big, but it was attractive in its simplicity. José stopped the car in a little square by the front door. There was a fountain there. He sounded the horn and a gardener appeared. He was very young but tall, almost a giant, and fair-haired and dark-skinned like a genuine '*guanche*', with his white childlike smile. He was in his shirt-sleeves.

Once everyone was out the gardener, whose name was Chano, climbed into the car and drove it down a short avenue which led to the garage. Honesta clasped her hands together in admiration. She screwed up her eyes. 'What a perfect little house for newly-weds! How sweet!'

Pino glared at her. 'You like it, do you? I'd give anything never to see it again!'

Marta thought Hones was very affected.

There was a silence before they all went in the house. During that silence you could hear the bees buzzing, which seemed to intensify the perfume of the thick clusters of roses. The bright yellow fruit on the row of lemon trees along the edge of the garden gleamed distinctly.

'This peacefulness is almost too much,' said Matilde, 'you'd hardly believe that Spain is in the middle of a civil war.'

The simple front door to the farmhouse opened to reveal an enormous man with a mournful, good-natured expression and a huge belly adorned with a watch chain in the old traditional style. 'Welcome, ladies and gentlemen...'

Pino felt obliged to stand on ceremony. Everyone could sense her awkwardness. 'I would like to introduce you all to my godfather. He has come along today to eat with us and to meet you.'

360

‘He’s my godfather too!’ said Marta rather pointlessly because no one was listening to her.

While the big round man opened his arms to them all, José added: ‘Don Juan
365 is the doctor of the house. He was Marta's grandfather's childhood friend...now he is like one of the closest members of our family.’

‘Come in, my children,’ said Don Juan familiarly, as if he actually owned the house, ‘Come in and make yourselves at home...’
370

Everyone went in but Marta stayed behind, undecided whether to follow. For the first time she considered the house in which she had been born. She looked at it with a critical eye, as a stranger might. Chrysanthemums were already out in the garden and dahlias were still in bloom. Growing up the walls were heliotropes,
375 honeysuckle and bougainvillea, all in flower. They produced a heady mix of scents.

Marta felt satisfied with all that beauty, that luxurious abundance. ‘In other countries, it is already cold at this time of year. The leaves are falling from the trees, maybe it is snowing...’ She tried to imagine coming from a very cold country full of
380 shadows, and then arriving at this house. She sat on the front step and laid her hand against the warm gravel that had never felt the gentle caress of snow.

The sun shone into her eyes, making her squint. The mountains lay their waves of colour before her; the tall distant central peak shone pale blue, seeming to
385 sail towards the girl just as, a few hours before, the huge ship had navigated towards her that very morning.

Marta thought about the three people who had disembarked. She heard their voices through the open window. In the distance she could hear the crunch of gravel.
390 The strong voice of Chano could be heard singing a song with deep rich notes. He stopped briefly and in the silence you could hear the voice of a maid calling him to the kitchen for his lunch.

Everything was sufficiently peaceful and charming, just as she had wanted it
395 to be for the newly arrived refugees fleeing from the war. But Marta was not feeling
tranquil. Inside the house all that peace and serenity would disappear. Inside there
was neither happiness, nor understanding, nor tenderness. Marta frowned.

Through the window came the voice of her sister in law answering an
400 insinuation from Honesta. 'Nonsense! The child is no companion whatsoever for me.
She's always studying. Also - if you could only see what she's like! Can you believe
that only this morning we found her asleep in the dining room clutching a bottle of
wine?'

405 Marta's heart thumped disagreeably, because Pino was right. She could not
deny it. The previous night she and Pino, after having ignored each other for several
months, had met each other face to face. Marta was still resentful, especially as she
herself had acted in a cowardly and stupid way. Pino's comment hurt her deeply, but
one day these newcomers would realise that she, Marta, had suffered from the petty
410 jealousies and vulgarity that lurked within these walls and this childish thought
consoled her.

'I have suffered.' She said this to herself and felt tears welling up in her eyes.
Then she realised that someone was watching her.

415

She turned her head and saw, separated from her by several clumps of
flowers, the figure of a woman dressed in a full skirt like peasants of olden times. She
wore a black scarf on her head over which she had balanced a large straw hat, as if
she was just about to go out into the garden or the orchard. It was Vicenta, the
420 household cook. They all called her the '*majorera*', because this word describes a
woman from Fuerteventura and she was a native of that island. Marta did not realise
that Vincenta had been tucked away in the dining room with the new arrivals. They
had missed Marta in the family reunion and Vicenta had come out to find her.

425 She said nothing at all. Marta likewise, but she stood up obsessed with the
idea that the servant had caught her in a moment of weakness. She felt herself slowly

turning redder and redder as a result of her own thoughts. She opened the door of the house with care, and with wild, rather moving awkwardness she disappeared inside.

430 The woman, who had been standing by the corner of the house, departed at the same time. The garden was left alone, filled with midday light.

II

435

As always, the previous night had started with a boring family meal. Midday meals were less of a drag. José had the unpleasant habit of isolating himself behind a newspaper, and Pino and Marta barely spoke to one another. They finished lunch quickly. José looked at his watch and Marta hurried to get herself ready to go with
440 him to Las Palmas. José went to his office and dropped Marta off on the way.

In the evening José and Pino were in the habit of discussing household affairs or money. Marta isolated herself in a kind of haze behind her own imaginings. Now and then she smiled, which annoyed Pino intensely. José took less notice of her.
445

Recently, since the news that their relations were coming, Marta had started to take notice. In such a monotonous life the arrival of these folk took on enormous importance. Pino was excited because José said that these were people accustomed to living in society, and who liked to go out and socialise.

450

‘Have you arranged to have the silver cutlery polished?’

‘Of course...what a fuss you are making and what a lot of grief you are giving me about getting the house ready!’

455

When speaking of his relatives, José always used a tone that was both mocking and bitter at the same time. He described them as disorganised and bohemian. From José’s description, Marta could not tell whether they were used to

luxury or whether they were practically beggars who would be impressed by a simple
460 roast chicken cooked by Vicenta.

Marta had formed her own ideas about them. 'Bohemians' and 'vagabonds' -
these two words placed alongside 'artists' were extraordinarily suggestive to the
young girl. Her own father had been somewhat bohemian or a bit of a drifter, or at
465 least she had heard him being described as such; but Luis Camino had not been an
artist nor did he really deserve either of the descriptions that José applied with such
scorn.

'If you think they are such idiots, then why on earth are you bothering to bring
470 them here? You could have given me all that money to buy clothes!' So Pino had said
that night. José lost his temper.

'I'm bringing them here because I want to, understand? I want them to come
here and see how I live and what I have. They always said I would never amount to
475 anything and that I would be miserable all my life. Now it is they who are
unfortunate. Also, they are Teresa's guests. She would have invited them if she could.
This is her house and here we do things as she would have wanted.'

'Don't I know it?' Pino started to shout. 'I know it and I'm up to here with it!
480 Up to here...! I've had it up to here with Teresa from you!' Pino put her hands up to
her throat, incensed. At times like these you could see the slight squint in one of her
huge dark eyes.

Marta instinctively glanced at the long table, one end of which was empty and
485 in darkness. The table was always decorated with a green crystal vase of yellow
roses, and this was one of José's obsessions, because Teresa had loved this particular
ornament. There were lots of yellow rose trees on the farm that bloomed all the year
round.

490 The dining room, which was a large spacious room with three doors leading
from it (one was the main door to the house), preserved Teresa's favoured

arrangement of furniture intact and in general the whole house was the same as when it had been decorated for Marta's parents' wedding. One of the walls of the dining room, which languished in the darkness that evening, was adorned with a huge, dark,
495 waxed wooden staircase leading to the next floor. Marta glanced at this staircase. In an alcove at its foot stood a bench made of wood and wickerwork, and a grandfather clock.

‘Soon,’ thought Marta, looking at the clock face, ‘it will be time to go to bed.’
500 She was not tired but desperate to retire, alone, to her bedroom and hear no more arguments. From the window came a noise like rain as the wind pushed the young shoots of the creepers against the glass.

‘If you’re fed up with Teresa then you’ll just have to grin and bear it!’ snapped
505 José. This is how the discussion ended that night.

Not long after that the three of them filed up the stairs, Indian fashion. At last Marta was alone, as she craved, in her large room where the furniture seemed to swim in the shiny-waxed floor. A very pretty window looked out over the quietest and
510 warmest part of the garden. The window was open and outside breathed peace and quiet. Suddenly, dimly in the distance, she heard the long moan of a ship's horn as it entered or left the harbour. It startled Marta.

The acoustic phenomenon that brought the sound of a ship's siren into her
515 room through so many obstacles always struck her as a miracle. It never failed to move her, and make her deeply nostalgic as if someone very dear to her had called her from far away.

‘I’m a vagabond too.’ She smiled as she said this, remembering Teresa's
520 father, her grandfather, who had been a kindly, cultured gentleman. Teresa had been his only daughter and Marta his sole grandchild. She had lived with him for many, many years in his house in Las Palmas, from the death of Luis Camino and Teresa's illness until he also died. One day Grandpa had said to her in answer to one of her questions:

525

‘You must take no notice when people say that your father was a bad man and a scoundrel...he was a bit unlucky, you know. You see, he was shackled here on the island and he was not cut out for that sort of life. He had a bit of the gypsy and the vagabond in him, which is almost certainly why he quarrelled with his family in
530 Madrid. There are some men like that. It's a pity, but they can't seem to settle anywhere. They always want to be moving on.’

‘And are there women like that too?’

535 Grandpa burst out laughing and stroked her hair. ‘No, not women, no...I never heard of that. That would go against nature.’

All the same, Marta was convinced that in spite of everything, she herself had something of the vagabond in her. She was always dreaming of far off lands. The
540 ships’ sirens scratched at her heart in a strange way.

When her grandfather died José, who had been her tutor, allowed her to continue studying for her baccalaureate, but for two years she studied unofficially in a convent of nuns. She would have been quite happy to stay there, apart from the
545 oppressive feeling of knowing you are a prisoner inside a building, because it fitted their circumstances well. Later José, who never moved out of the farmhouse, married one of Teresa’s nurses. This had happened the previous year, and Marta had returned to the house with the newlyweds, and to her formal studies.

550 As she undressed, Marta noticed that the drawers of the desk had been carelessly left open and were completely empty. That same afternoon she had taken her books and papers to a desk in the little music room, a room on the ground floor where she was going to sleep when her relations came. She was going to let her aunt Honesta have her room. There was only one guest room in the house, which was to be
555 occupied by Daniel and his wife.

She put out the light and lay with her eyes open, thinking a thousand foolish thoughts. She saw the stars shining through the windowpane. A faint ray of light came through from the garden, telling Marta that Chano the gardener was getting
560 ready for bed in his little room above the garage. The light went out straight away.

Marta could not know that the towering young gardener was scared of the dark and was enduring the worst part of his day. He had locked his wooden door and window carefully and was left listening to the black thumps of the wind on the walls
565 of the isolated garage. The walls of his room, covered in photographs of film stars he had cut out from magazines, seemed hostile at that moment. He looked carefully under the bed before getting into it, and when he turned out the light he pulled the sheet over his head. Nobody ever knew anything about the terrors this young lad suffered. Soon both he and Marta, and surely the whole household, were asleep that
570 night.

Someone opened the door out into the garden and the dogs barked furiously. Chano shuddered in his sleep. Immediately the dogs stopped, and the sleeping boy relaxed once more.
575

It was at this moment that Marta awoke. This did not normally happen to her, and she would have sworn that she had not slept at all, so focused, awake and trembling did she feel. It was as if she had heard the ship's sirens once more, or as if someone had shouted her name in anguish.
580

She had fallen asleep thinking about her exercise books and papers. She had not taken everything to the music room. Sometime ago she had hidden some of them in various old books that lay forgotten in an old packing box in the attic. She had done this when she discovered that Pino went through her drawers. Also that room,
585 the attic, had always held an attraction for the young girl, having found it whilst she still lived with her grandfather. In those days every Sunday the old man and the child, accompanied by the doctor, would go up the mountain to see the invalid and spend the day there. Marta discovered the chest full of her father's books, and elicited great pleasure in reading them one by one in secret. Not even her grandfather, who

590 supervised her studies meticulously, dared to show her anything like that. Later when she started to write fantasy, she preferred to write them in that place.

She was thinking about her poems, or 'legends' as she called them, that night. Since she had known about the imminent new arrivals, these 'legends' had started to
595 take shape within her. She invented things about the island and mixed with things that were happening in her own life, and with myths about 'Guanche' gods and demons, and wanted these to serve as a kind of offering to the newcomers, for whom Gran Canaria was an unknown and undiscovered land. Recently these stories she had written had become of utmost importance to Marta. They made her happy and by
600 writing them she felt in some way worthy of these artists, these creators of beauty that were her uncle and aunt.

The desire to write wrapped her in a warm wave of enthusiasm. She leapt from her bed, barefoot and in her nightdress, looking like a small ghost. Without
605 switching on the lights she found herself in the bedroom corridor. Two windows provided a dim light from the sky. At the end of the corridor a spiral staircase, completely in the dark, led up to the attic. These stairs creaked at every step. Marta felt a slight feeling of vertigo and she clutched the banisters to stop herself from falling, but the desire to write was very strong within her. She carried on climbing
610 and gasped with relief to find the door with its huge key in the lock. The door squeaked loudly as she opened it, and the sound was chilling in the silence of the night. A cold, black draught of air blew in her face. She felt around nervously for the light switch.

615 Many years before that room, a kind of turret on top of the house with four windows, was a favourite of Luis Camino, who thought he would turn it into his library. Like so many others the project was abandoned in the apathy that presided over the final years of that man's life. His books remained in the chest, amongst discarded furniture and old suitcases.

620

Marta approached the chest and pulled open two panels with ease. There lay a notebook containing her diary and another with her 'legends'. Her heart was

pounding. There was always a pencil there, ready. She chewed it then began to write all in a rush. ‘Gran Canaria...

625

‘The green light of the morning has a salty, marine freshness, as if the island came out of the water every sunrise

‘Marta, after a sleepless night, full of ideas, sleeps at last. The small sea of her
630 sheets swells until it covers her and the ocean is infinite and brilliant from the day that Alcorah, the ancient god of the Canaries, plucked the seven fortunate islands from the blue depths. A warm, humid wave emanates from the newly formed lands. Her heart beats brutally, blind amidst the thick sea fog. Images and shadows from the islands are seen dancing.

635

‘Alcorah’s voice fills ravines with gold, creates names and dissolves mists. Palm trees, mountain peaks and volcanos surge up into luminous, imposing solitude... Marta is named Marta in a field of warm vines on Tamarán, the round island.

640

‘Myths of giants and mountains rise up around him like the misty midday haze.

‘Thus Bahama, the black mountain which Marta beholds before her own eyes,
645 appears with all its ancient history. Bahama is the giant who in the days of chaos on the island created the great caldera* where the first component parts of devils’ lives boiled in the fires of hell. This was hellfire and madness that could not resist the smile of Alcorah, and in this way the vast, bubbling caldera turned into a huge bird’s nest.

650

‘This will happen to your heart’, said Alcorah to Marta on this night of dreams.

‘Shadows of clouds cross past the old extinct volcano and the voice of the island god rings out through the valleys, leaving only vague echoes and anguish.

655 Marta saw herself at the foot of the caldera near her home, which even yet does not
exist, alone amid the agony of the vines and fig trees.

‘Can the heart of a young girl, lost on an island in the ocean, become a
bubbling crater or a giant bird’s nest?’

660

On finishing this passage, she read it two or three times, flushed with exertion.
Afterwards she began to grow cold. For all the affection she had for her efforts, she
was sufficiently cultured to know how many defects her poems contained and how
hesitant they still were. The uncle and aunts would understand, when they read them,
665 that she was still a very young, rather solitary, girl.

She put her notebooks away and for the first time her body felt cold, as she
was naked under her nightgown. One of the windows had a broken pane, and the
current of air was blowing on the dustsheet that covered an old dismantled cot
670 making a cold and insistent ‘plop, plop’. The light bulb, dangling on a wire, swung to
and fro creating bizarre shadows in the corners of the room.

Without knowing why, Marta went up to one of the windows. She cleaned the
dust from the glass with her hands and pressed her nose against it. She was aware that
675 from here between two hills you could see the sea in the distance. If she turned off the
light she would be able to see it shining beneath the stars. However, she did not put
out the light, because suddenly the light itself, the silence and the novelty of being in
this room so late, were beginning to make her feel scared.

680 The window panes returned her own reflection, her child’s face, with its
rounded temples and slightly obliquely focused eyes like two streams of green water.
There was something timid and startled in that face that frightened her even more.
Behind her the furniture creaked with mysterious life. She became aware of her bare
feet, defenceless against possible cockroaches, then thought she heard panting and
685 seemed to feel human eyes boring in to the back of her neck. She stood as if
hypnotised, staring through the glass, while her hands became colder and her heart
hardly dared to beat.

690 The door of the attic, perhaps pushed by the wind, opened behind her; she shrank back, shut her eyes and waited hopefully for the draught of air when it closed again. Then suddenly it all seemed an absurdity to her and she turned round abruptly.

695 She thought that her heart had stopped because there was in fact a tall human figure standing in the doorway holding a lighted candle. Her terror was such that it took her a few moments to recognise her sister-in-law Pino, and then the relief was so intense that she was left weak at the knees and almost with a desire to laugh.

700 The reality was Pino, something very solid which swept the fear from the night and the insects from the attic. Reality was something familiar and a little comical with thick frizzy hair, kimono blown open and nightdress stuck close to her body by the wind. A candle, no doubt recently taken from her bedroom dressing table, trembled in her shaking hands. As usual when she was anxious, Pino's squint was more apparent. It seemed strange that she said nothing. So strange that it was Marta who was the first to speak. 'What's the matter Pino?'

705

Pino was breathing deeply as if she was preparing to speak, but no words were coming out. As Marta approached she pushed past her to peer out of the same window where the young girl had been standing with her face pressed up to the glass. Her hand was shaking so much that the candle became an encumbrance. She put it out by crushing it against the wall then threw it to the floor. Marta was surprised because she knew how much Pino valued even the smallest object belonging to her bedroom.

710 Clearly Pino did not see anything of note in the darkness outside, even though she opened the window and put her head out, the night breeze messing up her hair.

Marta was staring at her open mouthed. All the feelings of familiarity that her presence had brought disappeared. It was like seeing her for the first time. She rubbed her eyes.

720

Pino shut the window with a bang. One of the panes was cracked and it creaked as if it might burst out of its frame. She turned to face Marta, still in silence, looking at her with her eyes straying out of focus. Then she struck her hand to her forehead and started to walk around the small space left in the room that was free
725 from furniture. Marta made a move towards her but was once again pushed away, so violently that she fell against the packing chest and was left sitting on it in a slightly comical attitude.

Pino paced about. She bumped into various bits of furniture. She began to
730 murmur phrases which become more and more audible, interlaced with swear words between each phrase. Marta was already familiar with this kind of language from her sister-in-law, because she used it whenever she was annoyed with the servants. The first time she had heard it was when she had just come from the sweetness and brightness of the convent nuns, and at the time she had thought it quite fun. Later, all
735 Pino's gestures and expressions struck her as vulgar. Now she was very frightened, her mouth falling open with surprise, because she had never seen anyone act so crazily. Even her mother, who everyone said was mad, had never had an attack like this.

740 Pino began to laugh and burble.

‘...all very well planned. The fool Pino is asleep. The brother and little sister make a pact with one another. How could she suspect? But I'm a light sleeper.... I can hear footsteps on the stairs up to the attic quite clearly. José is not in his bed. It is
745 not the first time he has done this to me; he says he suffers from insomnia... Insomnia! Pigs! Where is he?’

The last question was aimed directly at Marta. She grabbed Marta's shoulders. Now Marta understood. So, José had the same idea as her, getting up in the
750 middle of the night. She would have laughed if Pino had not been so agitated. Without wishing to she thought about how much Pino had changed since she had first met her the previous spring, newly wed to her brother. These days everything upset her.

755 Marta's voice sounded very calm as she spoke. 'I don't know where José is,
Pino. What makes you think I would know? It was silly of me to come up to the
attic... Let's go back down.' Marta's tone did little to calm Pino down.

 'You don't know...? What about the window? What were you looking at?
760 You definitely know something. The old woman tells you'.

 'Which old woman, for God's sake...? I don't know what you mean.'

 Pino looked her up and down. 'Oh yes, you little angel. Do you think I was
765 born yesterday? You know everything and you're going to tell me, right now, see?'

 'Don't shout.'

 'I'll shout if I want to! Why shouldn't I? I'm in my own house!'
770

 Marta shrugged her shoulders. 'Ok fine... I'm going to bed.'

 Pino was disconcerted for a moment while Marta turned her back and made
for the staircase. Pino began to shout for her to come back in such a tone of voice
775 that the young girl stopped in surprise and fright. The truth was that Marta was not
very sure of herself. She was embarrassed to be discovered there in the middle of the
night without being able to give a proper reason. That little word that she liked to use,
'inspiration', how ridiculous it would sound if she used it to justify herself to Pino at
a time like this!

780

 Pino was shuddering. Suddenly she seemed to collapse against the wall,
covering her face with her hands as if she was going to cry. She was breathing
heavily and shaking.

785 Marta was at once very cold. She felt very small, and afraid that someone would come and find them there, however unlikely. ‘Pino, she said, ‘you are not very well.’

 Suddenly Pino ran to the window as she had done before. Once again she tried
790 to open it but failed. She said she was suffocating, and as if her clothes were constricting her she pulled off her nightgown, tearing it. Finally she burst into tears, her body went limp, and Marta thought she might fall over. She came closer, took her by the shoulders and made her sit back down on the chest. As she spoke it occurred to her that she seemed to be destined always to have to look after people who were of no
795 importance to her whatsoever. At the convent she always had the job of pacifying a hysterical girl. She recalled the methods she had used.

 ‘Pino, tell me what is wrong. We have behaved like a couple of lunatics, and I don’t know why. How could I know where José is?’

800

 Pino, who had gone quiet, huddled into her kimono, and fell into a slump, covering her face with her hands. She was freezing cold. Finally she decided to speak in grumbling voice.

805 ‘I just don’t know what to think if I hear footsteps on the stairs and my husband is not in bed. A month ago I ordered the three maids to sleep in the same room. Vicenta, the old woman, guards them well, but that devil woman can’t stand me. Maybe she pretends not to notice when one of the others comes out looking for José, for all I know! I don’t know if it’s that shameless hussy Carmela or the other
810 one, Lolilla, who looks like a hypocrite.’

 Marta's eyes grew very round as she heard all his. The idea that her brother might go out to meet the servants at night was quite impossible. It was genuinely inconceivable to her. She was aware that there are men that do this kind of thing but
815 she thought they were vicious and horrible beings that do not live in one’s own house. José was an annoying man, a vulgar man, but it was very hard to imagine him as a satyr. It was a truly monstrous idea to think of him there being even the slightest of

relations, even a little joke, between him and the plump Carmela, or Lolilla, who in spite of Pino's efforts was so unpresentable that they had to hide her whenever any
820 visitors came to the house... José, who could almost be Marta's father, kissing Carmela in the darkness, breathing in her sweat, listening to her silly laugh, or going up to the attic to wait for her!

Marta frowned because although she knew it was untrue, once this image had
825 entered her mind it seemed to burn and cause her harm. She carried on listening to Pino.

Pino asked Marta if she would sit with her. Marta thought they could do with a glass of wine each after such a fright and she said so. She had heard that wine was a
830 good idea in cases such as these. Pino shook her head. 'We would have to go all the way down to the dining room to fetch it. I don't want you to go anywhere until José comes back!'

So of course it was impossible to get away from her. Perched on the side of
835 the bed, Marta concentrated on talking to her sister-in-law, who listened to her with half-closed eyes. She had no idea what she could say to soothe her. Now and then Pino made an impatient gesture because time seemed like something heavy that was passing too slowly. A long dark hour passed in Marta's life. The bedroom belonging to Pino and José, which had a faintly clinical air, was quite unlike the other rooms in
840 the house. Pino had chosen the furniture when they were married and had created an alcove of nickel and glass like those you might see in a 1938 film. With the thick walls and high ceilings, the low shiny metal furniture seemed incongruous and soulless.

845 Pino regained the power of speech, and Marta, the first shock over, was becoming weary of her sister-in-law's manias. On top of her boredom it continued to annoy her, like a tap dripping interminably in the night until it becomes an obsession and interrupts your sleep.

850 Pino's voice dragged her out of her reverie. 'Do you think he has the right...? He marries me. He locks me up with that mad woman. He keeps me like a miser and never takes me out anywhere, and then at night he sleeps with the servants!'

This was too much. She had said it enough times.

855

'Are you sure?' Marta felt a shiver of disgust go through her. Perhaps it was a silly mistake. She would never have expected to feel so emotional on hearing her brother described in such a way. She did not consider herself a child. She was fully sixteen years old and had read everything there was to read about certain subjects.

860 Nevertheless, she had a sick feeling listening to Pino. She looked at her in horror.

'If it was me and I was absolutely sure of it I would break up with José. You can't know something like that about your husband and carry on loving him.'

865 Pino burst into disagreeable laughter. 'You don't know anything about life. Idiot!'

Marta lost her temper. She was determined to say what was on her mind right away. 'I know more than you about life... I know that friendship exists, as do good
870 and noble feelings, which are things that you know nothing about. As for wicked things, I know a bit about those too. You took it upon yourself to teach them to me yourself!'

'You were pretty keen to listen to them...! You pestered me to tell you...isn't
875 that so, hypocrite?'

Marta was ashamed. It was true. When she returned from the convent, Pino had captivated her for a few days, revealing a whole dark and dirty world. Marta was fascinated and had listened eagerly to secrets about physical relations between men
880 and women. And it was clear that to Pino this was 'life', and it was as if for her there was nothing else. Pino had gone too far. Her smutty conversations seemed to contaminate everyone that Marta knew and loved. Pino weaved Marta's own friends

with their innocent crushes and decent families into her stories. Marta suddenly found herself in a sort of sewer of daily confidences and whisperings with Pino and became
885 ashamed of herself. She developed a desperate longing for purity. She began to avoid her sister in law completely. She shunned her from the refuge of her books and dreams. Pino carried on trying to involve Marta in her stories.

‘It’s true. I didn’t want to listen to you any more, do you understand? If you
890 believe my brother is a horrible man then why don’t you just leave him? I have never known anyone as bad as you two!’

Pino threw her a look like an insult. She sat up in bed.

895 ‘Don’t give yourself airs. Everyone knows that your grandfather’s parents were shameless thieves. Your own mother was a mad goat who had an affair with José, don’t put your fingers in your ears...why do you think your brother has stayed here living here alone with her locked up for years and years? Why do you think he keeps me sacrificed here?’

900

‘If you say one more word I’m leaving!’

Marta’s pale, frightened, furious face also scared Pino as Marta leaned over her. Infuriated, the girl ended up by grabbing Pino’s wrist and shaking it. Pino yelled.
905 Then they both fell silent, as if turned to stone, because they heard José’s footsteps in the corridor.

Marta froze. She kicked herself for being so stupid. Nothing that Pino said was of any real importance. It did not make sense to feel hurt or offended by someone
910 as worthless as Pino, even though she had insulted her mother so terribly. Pino was the mad one. She turned her eyes towards the door.

José appeared very clam. His raincoat smelled of eucalyptus and night dew that seemed to disprove any ideas that Marta had just learned about him from Pino.
915 He seemed tired and actually happy.

José turned on the light in the bedroom and received a big surprise. He had been prepared for a scene with Pino. What he did not expect, and that shocked him disagreeably was the presence of his sister in the bedroom. Even though she was
920 always a bit afraid of her brother, Marta had an impertinent look on her face. ‘Pino was ill...’

José, without listening to the explanation, ordered her to leave.

925 ‘...I’m not here out of choice.’

Marta saw José blush, as he always did when he was angry. He was very stern and arrogant. Pino, her hair tousled, sat up in bed and began to scream at her husband. ‘This is all very cosy, don’t you think?’

930

José pushed his sister. ‘Go on, off you go’.

Marta shut the bedroom door behind her and shrugged her shoulders as she heard the couple start to argue. When she first heard their quarrels they shocked her,
935 and she even used to take Pino’s side against José. But lately Pino seemed so crazy that she no longer worried about it. She was still simmering with resentment from the last thing her sister-in-law had said about her mother. It was sacrilege to her. Directly opposite their bedroom door there opened another, mysterious and sad. Marta felt a slight anguish to think that she could not knock on that door and tell her mother about
940 the strange events of the night and how hard they were to bear. This impossibility pained her for the first time. She had never felt such an overwhelming desire to weep in the arms of someone sympathetic and good.

She did not need to turn on electric lights in the corridor where the light of the
945 sky came in through the windows. She slipped noiselessly to the staircase leading to the dining room which was also lit up by the night sky. When Marta was small she used to sit at the top of these stairs so that she could stay hidden but still watch what

was happening down below, leaning her head against the wooden banister. Now she stopped, a little sleepy, to look at that room.

950

The dining room was the prettiest room in the house. At the same time it was their lounge, the place for family gatherings. When Marta was small, and her mother was a happy young woman, when her father was still alive, they had held dinner parties and fiestas in that room. It seemed as if centuries had passed since that time.

955

The dining room had a mysterious beauty lit by the starlight which came in through the large windows with open curtains. In that light you could almost make out the bright colours of the curtains, and the cloth covering the divans beneath the windows.

960

Marta began to descend the staircase very slowly. When she reached the bottom step, the great big room, the stairs behind her, and the whole sleeping house, moved together and began to vibrate.

965

The old grandfather clock was like the beating heart of the dining room and when it prepared to strike everything around it seemed to be filled with life. The colourful china danced on the grand old dresser and produced unique delicate music. Two o'clock...a surprisingly early hour of the night considering how much had happened in it.

970

Marta glanced at the windows. It was a long time before daybreak. That very day her relations would come and she would no longer be lonely. She stopped for a moment hesitating. The cold that came up through her bare feet was making her teeth chatter. This decided her.

975

There was a large dark cupboard which housed various bottles in its depths. She opened it and felt around in the darkness until she found one that had already been opened, pulled out the cork and smelled its aroma. She had never done anything like this before. It was possible that she would never do it again. But she felt

980 compelled to put the bottle to her lips and let the concentrated warmth it contained
slide down her throat.

This splendid wine came from her home estate. It was an old wine from the
Canary Islands which was famous worldwide and sold very well there on the island;
985 *Vino de Monte*, a more expensive wine than any other on the peninsula, dark,
aromatic, one of the best wines in the world.

She felt the contact with the glass on her lips. She took a long draught, eyes
closed, like someone kissing. Straightaway she felt its comforting effect. She drank
990 again and again.

She smiled...Someone seemed to be calling from the windows, outside, in the
night, joyfully. Now and then the creepers, pushed by the wind, hurled tender green
fingers against the windowpanes, overgrown branches that the gardener would soon
995 cut down. Behind them, the face of the sky winked infinite brilliant eyes. It made
them spin in a Spring dance. It made them burn more warmly than on any night in
Marta's memory.

1000

111

If I have described the events that took place that night that ended up with
Marta lamentably intoxicated, it is because later they became mixed up in Marta's
mind with the rest of the things that happened while her relations were living in their
1005 country house.

For years nothing exciting of note had happened in Marta's life. For sixteen
years deaths, weddings and quiet days had slipped by, giving her life a placid rhythm.
Not even the war had stirred it up. But the arrival of her relatives was the first thing
1010 that genuinely affected her spirit. The whole house seemed in turmoil and she had the
feeling that she was emerging from her past life to be plunged into a world of new
sensations and feelings.

The relations disconcerted her a little. She had expected them to be different
1015 from anyone she had met before, but they were turning out to be different to the point
of disorientating her utterly.

The first day of their stay passed quickly, as if charged with electricity. Daniel
played the piano for everyone. He played well, and the music room which was dark
1020 even though the French window opened on to the garden, was transformed for Marta
into a strange, dreamlike place where figures in the semi darkness took on fantastical
forms.

Pino loved music. Her face softened and she leant against José, subdued and
1025 distracted. Don Juan, the doctor, demonstrated his enthusiasm by moving his head to
the music.

The music room was one of the few rooms that had not been decorated for
Marta's parents' wedding. It was a room full of glass cabinets and tables laden with
1030 old photographs on the walls and in albums. There were two guitars and a traditional
Canarian 'timple' or ukulele, and the piano that José had tuned now and then, even
though since Teresa's illness no one had played it until the chubby Daniel revived its
harmony. There was also a sofa covered in brightly coloured cushions that which
stood out from the rest. The bed in which Marta was going to sleep that night was
1035 pompously called the 'divan'.

The young girl was sitting in the corner on this divan. Next to the window
reposed the ample bosom of Honesta who looked as though she might burst into song.
Sometimes Marta was afraid that she would actually do so, and with her loud,
1040 powerful voice would destroy them all.

She did not like that feeling of comic effect that involuntarily brought a smile
to her lips. She did not want her relatives to appear comical. The person she watched
most was Matilde, who seemed sad, quiet and severe.
1045

When the concert was over, Daniel turned to face everyone. He wiped his brow with a handkerchief and for a moment nobody said anything. Then something peculiar happened. A strange noise broke the silence.

1050 ‘Cloc, cloc, cloc, cloc...’

It was not quite like the noise that chickens make. Marta had never seen a swan, so she did would not know how to describe it. But someone was imitating a swan. The girl jumped. She looked at everyone. Everyone looked at each other...Then everyone began to talk at once and to congratulate Daniel. Only Matilde looked angry.

During supper, when Don Juan had already left, the strange noise was repeated.

1060 ‘Cloc, cloc, cloc, cloc...’

‘Whatever is that?’ Marta could not stop herself from asking. Matilde threw her a cold look, as if she had interrupted her explanation to Pino regarding Daniel’s diet, about how he only ate things that had been boiled, along with plenty of fresh butter and his own special flan for pudding. Honesta herself was going to make it for him the next day.

1070 ‘No dear’, said Pino rather fastidiously, ‘Vicenta will make it.’

‘Then I’ll show her how to do it’ proposed Hones, ‘It’s a special flan.’

José intervened. ‘You’ll have to get used to what we have here in the house. I didn’t think that Daniel would have become so fussy during the war.’

1075 ‘Oh, poor Daniel has a very delicate constitution,’ said Hones, ‘these artists are so sensitive...’

José looked at Honesta with the ugly smile which he had made his own
1080 exclusive property. ‘My dear aunt...’

Hones lifted her hands as if to cover her face. She looked a bit like a silly
child blushing red with embarrassment. ‘For the love of God please don’t call me
aunt...! We’re practically the same age.’

1085

‘My dear Aunt, you will remember very well that when I was a small boy I
always had to eat at your house. I was genuinely ill at the time, but I never had any
special treatment. Daniel himself told me I’d have to get used to it.’

1090 Pino was listening nervously and remarked that her husband was the most
tight-fisted man in the world. ‘It’s only a flan, whatever does it matter!’

Juan looked at her with his face still flushed but without losing the smile,
‘Whatever you wish!’

1095

‘Cloc, cloc, cloc, cloc...’

Then Marta realised that it was Daniel making the sound with his tongue and
his throat at the same time. Pino turned round to look at him too, surprised. Hones
1100 explained casually, ‘It’s a tic he has had since the war, poor thing...A nervous tic.’

At that moment the maid, a rather plump young girl, who was making such an
effort to contain her laughter that tears were streaming silently down her face, rushed
to the door leading out to the kitchens, knocked against it with her tray and sent the
1105 gravy boat flying. Pino snapped at her, using two or three explosive swearwords.
After doing so she noticed that Matilde was staring at her nervously, so she burst into
tears.

There was no doubt that this was all very lively. Marta looked at Daniel and
1110 noticed that her uncle was apparently lost in contemplation of Carmela’s legs as she
bravely picked up the sharp pieces of china and wiped the spilt sauce from the floor.

Hones and Matilde ate in silence as if nothing had happened, while José administered Pino with a glass of water.

1115

A moment later, after a period of serious meditation, Daniel's fluting voice piped up. 'Tomorrow I will explain to the cook myself exactly how to make my flan...'

1120

José went bright red.

Marta wanted to jump in her chair, she was so tense. She watched Matilde continually, but the poet did not seem to notice her. At the end of the meal, Matilde proposed a prayer. 'Let us pray for those who have fallen today on the field of battle.'

1125

José and Pino looked at each other. 'In your room. We're not religious here.'

That was how José, in a very irritated voice, drew a close to the first family supper.

1130

Marta awoke the next morning to the sound of Chano singing in the garden. As she opened her eyes she felt a bittersweet sensation as she thought about her relations. She was happy they were there but at the same time it seemed to her that something, some promise, had been thwarted with their arrival.

1135

She went out into the garden and Chano approached her and handed her a letter. The young lad could read but his brother, who was on the front, had such bad writing that he could make neither head nor tail of it. Marta was helping him to decipher it. He had managed to understand at least some of its contents. After many exhortations of 'Long live Franco!' and '¡Viva España!' and 'Fight till the death!' because Chano's brother was a legionnaire, and after much desiring that all the family members were well, the letter went on to say that life at the front was the best life for a man. Chano's brother had officially gone to war. He wanted to persuade Chano that

1140

he should enlist 'before he was forced to go', so that they could be together, which
1145 was what they must always strive for.

'Are you going to enlist'?

Chano showed his white teeth. 'I would like to go, but I can't tell my mother,
1150 you see? I would like to see what it's like out there before the war is over.'

'I would go too if I was a man', Marta said thoughtfully, 'and if I didn't have
to kill anyone.'

1155 'About killing people...! The trouble is that people kill *you*, don't they, little
one? My brother says that clever people can dodge the bullets.'

That morning neither Marta nor Chano himself could know that the young
gardener would eventually march to the front; that he would reach the war in its very
1160 last moments, and after three days in the trenches would have his head blown apart by
a grenade.

As Marta left, Chano called her. 'Don't tell anyone, will you Martita?'

1165 'Of course not!'

While she was talking to the gardener, she had seen Matilde at her bedroom
window. She seemed the embodiment of energy to Marta, with her neat plait. She had
no idea that Matilde was sunk in dejection at that moment. The pretty countryside
1170 around her seemed as silent and as dark as a prison to the poetess. She was irritated
almost to the point of despair. Hones and Daniel felt at their ease in this house which
Daniel said smelled of money. Honesta found it very interesting. The previous
evening when she and Daniel were getting undressed, Honesta had crossed the
corridor, knocked on their bedroom door and bade them come into her room, which
1175 was the one that normally belonged to Marta.

‘Come and look!’ Honesta was excited, wrapped in a dressing gown with cream all over her face and her hair in curlers. ‘Come and look!’

1180 She led them to the window and when they looked out they saw nothing but a very quiet corner of the garden and an almost secluded patio, very romantic with huge climbing plants and a bench underneath. ‘No! Can’t you see? She is over there, opposite.’

1185 Almost at right angles to that window, at the same height, there were two more windows with bars. Hones whispered, tragic but at the same time enchanted: ‘The mad lady...so near me!’

 Daniel looked at her thoughtfully. Matilde was worried that they might hear
1190 the swan clucking once more, so she cut her off. ‘So you’ve brought us out here just for that? Let’s go back to bed, Daniel.’

 ‘No, wait, you’ll see...I found out something really interesting just now.’

1195 Hones went over to a desk in the room. She had transformed it into a dressing table by putting a multitude of pots of cream and powder along with a mirror, and above it was a large photograph in a silver frame. Hones brought it over to the light. ‘Who would you say that is?’

1200 They all looked. It showed the head and shoulders of a very young woman with her hair in a style fashionable a few years previously. She had beautiful clear eyes. She was very lovely. ‘Is it the mad woman?’ asked Matilde. Hones was crestfallen. ‘Oh! You already know.’

1205 ‘I don’t know, I just presume.’

 ‘I thought it was a film star that the child had a picture of in here...how could I have imagined such beauty? Because she is beautiful, isn’t she? I asked Marta who

1210 she was and she said it was her mother. Isn't it strange? I though Teresa was already quite old.'

'But that picture is from a while back, she wouldn't be like that now.'

1215 'No...but, I'm so curious to see her! Aren't you Matilde?'

'Not in the slightest. Let's go to bed.' Matilde was not interested in gossip about the household.

1220 Honesta was also thrilled that José, almost immediately after he had gone to bed that night, had gone out again, slamming the door behind him after an argument with Pino.

1225 Standing there at the window for a moment on that beautiful November evening, Matilde sighed. All these family affairs made her weary and depressed. She did not know how to behave amongst them after the world of adventure she had been living in since the beginning of the war.

1230 In the dining room Daniel had sent for the cook. In front of him and his breakfast plate was a pile of little packets of strange powders that eventually became so popular. Vicenta had never seen them up until then.

'They are food substitutes, my good woman.'

1235 'Yes sir.' This tall, arid woman, her headscarf knotted beneath her chin, looked at the floor and cast a glance from under her eyelids up at Daniel, who was seated at the table with a cup of lime flower tea in front of him.

1240 'They are food substitutes...I have to replace them bit by bit with real eggs so that my stomach can tolerate them. To make the flan today you mix this powder with half an egg yolk, tomorrow with a whole egg yolk, then two, three, four until one day the flan contains half a dozen...at the same time gradually reducing the quantity of food substitute. Do you understand?'

‘Yes, sir.’

1245 José was coming down the stairs at that moment, and had stopped to listen with a curious expression on his face. ‘Listen – is this a flan or a cake you are making?’

1250 Daniel started when his nephew approached the table. Vicenta disappeared quietly. ‘You see, normally we, I mean normally I...don’t eat very much of anything else and...’

1255 ‘It’s fine.’ Joe opened his newspaper. The windows were open. There was a smell of coffee, lime flowers, gofio (Canarian toasted meal) that had appeared on the table in crystal dishes, and of flowers on a spring morning. José exclaimed at something he had read in the newspaper.

‘What’s the matter, sonny?’

1260 There was no reply. Apparently José did not think it worthy of discussion. Daniel, left all alone at the table, with the sun shining on the empty porcelain cups, teaspoons and a vase of flowers, felt a momentary panic as he felt his tic rising in his throat. He inflated his cheeks, he shook his head. In the end he could not help it.

1265 ‘Cloc, cloc, cloc, cloc...’

José shut his newspaper. ‘Please don’t make those idiotic noises.’

1270 ‘I can’t help it, I’m not well...’

Down the stairs came Matilde and Honesta, who was looking very rosy in a summery kimono. Marta came in from the garden and they all sat round the table. José folded his newspaper.

1275 ‘By the way, now that you are all here I would like to talk about matters of economy. I prefer my wife not to be present because Pino is too sensitive.’

Marta suddenly felt anxious because José was always very disagreeable when he spoke about affairs of economy, as he called them. He said that he could not
1280 mispend a single cent of Teresa’s money with which he had been entrusted. That day he made his aunts and uncle fully aware of the situation; they would have to contribute to the household expenses. Marta saw Daniel start in surprise.

Honestá opened her eyes very wide. Matilda’s face, on the other hand, lit up
1285 slightly.

‘All three of us can work if you help us. Also I think it might be better if we live independently in Las Palmas until the war is over.’

1290 José flushed. ‘I did not go that far, and nor did I mean straight away.’

Daniel and Honestá took his side against Matilde. ‘For heaven’s sake, you’re so aggressive! My God!’

1295 Marta would have liked to intervene somehow, but did not know how. The subject was shelved for that day. José went straight off to Las Palmas and Marta would have liked to be left alone with Matilde to talk to her about her poems. She did not manage this because Matilde was very cold towards her and not disposed toward conversation. Instead she found herself propelled into the garden by Honestá.

1300

‘We’re going to be great friends, aren’t we? In the middle of all this we are the only single girls in the house. What do you think? You are very pretty, did you realise? But you ought to put a bit of make up on and wear high heels.’

1305 ‘That’s what Pino says.’

‘Tell me everything...what about your boyfriends?’

‘I haven’t got one.’

1310

‘Ah! Well, you are not particularly attractive, but that’s because you don’t want to be. You need to look after yourself better.’

Marta found herself walking through the rose bushes, Honesta gripping her
1315 arm, breathing in the perfume of her morning facial. This conversation did not bear any relation to the ones she had dreamed of having with her relations. Just as Pino would have done, Honesta questioned her about life on the island, and whether there were any entertainments to be found in the city...

1320 Marta answered quickly and then, almost in desperation, as if the news could reach Matilde by way of Honesta, she explained to her aunt that she wrote poems and had been looking forward to their arrival so that she could show them.

It was Honesta’s turn to be surprised, but straightaway she replied, ‘Oh! How
1325 interesting. I also write poems, and Matilde is a genius...Don’t show anything to Matilde, though. She’ll say your poems are corny. That’s what she says about mine!’

It was quite obvious that Honesta was talking just for the sake of it. Marta remembered her friends, a group of students as uncompromising as youth itself, to
1330 whom she had spoken at length about these admirable relatives, and who were waiting, agog with excitement, for news about them. What would they think if they saw Hones? They would laugh at her a little.

Miserably she lifted her head to gaze at the garden paths they were enjoying. She was mortified to think that she would have preferred to go up to the attic and read
1335 rather than carry on talking to Honesta.

Her aunt steered her towards a swing seat with a sunshade so that she could carry on talking about herself, her lovers, family opposition to her affairs and friends, and a thousand other trivialities, told with minimal charm. Marta wanted to yawn or
1340 cover her mouth to stop her talking. However, a few minutes later Honesta began to

talk about the friend who had disembarked from the boat with them, the painter Pablo, and Marta started to take notice. According to Honesta, he was a most unfortunate man because he had married, for money, a horrible woman who smoked cigars and bullied him. Fortunately, the war had separated them. Pablo was very
1345 interesting. He had been living in Paris, having escaped from his house at a very young age in an incident- packed journey which included fleeing from the Guardia Civil and crossing the border on foot.

‘Because he is very strong, you know? His slight limp is the result of a
1350 childhood illness. Don’t get the idea that he has a leg missing or anything. He is very well formed...’ Honesta blushed as she said this, but it went over Marta’s head. While she was listening to her aunt she could hear the piano being played by Daniel in the music room.

1355 ‘He married his wife out of gratitude, because she is a daft old woman who bought all his paintings. He could get out of the marriage; it was only a civil wedding...’

Of course, Marta did not know that Pablo’s wife was much younger than
1360 Honesta, but she did notice that Honesta had contradicted herself that morning on the subject of Pablo’s wedding.

‘So did he marry her for money or out of gratitude? Did he tell you?’

1365 ‘He’d hardly tell me that, babe.’
‘Couldn’t it have been for love?’

‘No...his wife is horrible. She won’t let him paint... Pablo did tell me that much. He says that now at last he can start to paint again. And also, you’d never guess
1370 what! She smokes cigars, and...’ she lowered her voice, ‘she’s a red, and that’s definite. You can’t tell anyone because it would implicate poor Pablo, but she is one of those women who organises political meetings and that sort of thing.’

1375 ‘Have you met her?’

 ‘Yes, one day in Madrid...she's horrible...poor, poor Pablito.’

 ‘Didn't you say he was a genius?’

1380 ‘Yes.’

 ‘Then you can hardly call him poor.’

1385 Marta's voice sounded so angry that Honesta was left open mouthed. Marta also felt confused. She didn't know how she had dared to speak to Honesta like that, or why she felt so angry. Nor did she have any idea that the wide mouth of the woman sitting next to her, to whom she was beginning to take a profound dislike, bore a strange similarity to her own.

1390 The seat they were sitting on swung gently to and fro. Opposite, a wall covered with climbing roses produced a strange sensation of passion, full of sunshine. Opening out above the rose bushes was Pino's bedroom.

1395 Pino awoke late, in a mood of heavy melancholy. This happened to her now and again. After several days of furious outbursts there would come a monumental sadness. José had arisen much earlier, barely disturbing her. The blinds on the bedroom window were carefully closed. Only a faint ray of light filtered through on to the ceiling. The semi-darkness that enveloped the room was due to the light coming through the bathroom door that José had left open. Pino moved, her narrow

1400 waist aching as if it would break under the weight of her hips, and her heart beat loudly and erratically. She was paralysed for a moment by a terrible panic and then the very strength of her fear sent her heart beating wildly and brutally in her chest again.

1405 ‘Am I really ill? Might I die?’

Terrified, she remembered Vicenta, the *majorera*'s face as she gave her a sideways look as she passed by. Pino was terrified of her. Her mother was always warning her about this woman when Pino went to visit her, to cry about her misery in
1410 her strong arms. People said that the *majorera* knew straight away when she saw the sign of Death in peoples' faces. Recently she had said that Lolilla, the skinny little maid who nevertheless had good colour in her cheeks, 'stank of death'. Looking closely Pino had noticed that the young girl had to stop, breathless, on the way upstairs, her lips a strange purple colour. She did not want to believe Vicenta, but she
1415 had asked Don Juan, the doctor. Don Juan was a sweetheart but no one could call him a lynx.

He appeared to emerge from his daydreaming to take Lolilla's pulse and made her stick out her tongue. Then he pronounced her well and healthy. In confidence to
1420 Pino he said that from what she had described to him, the girl could have problems with her heart. The best idea would be to get rid of her to avoid a nasty shock. Pino did not sack her because it was hard to find anyone else as unattractive. Also it was not easy to hold on to servants in their place, with so much work to do and a mad woman in the house who scared them. If only they lived in Las Palmas...

1425

'If I lived in Las Palmas, it wouldn't be like this, like being eaten alive', she thought. The family had a house in Las Palmas, an old two-story house in La Vegueta district, unoccupied since the death of don Rafael, Marta's grandfather. It was a crime to own that beautiful house, completely furnished, and not to live in it, and instead to
1430 be stuck out in this wretched countryside with absolutely nothing to do.

She did not really know what she expected when she married a man like José, stuffy and formal, with a reputation for being rich. Perhaps she hoped for a feeling of security that she did not have before. Sometimes, driving through the city streets in
1435 the big new car, she felt a flicker of pride about her situation, but most days she regretted a marriage that seemed to have tricked her out of her youth.

'Be patient,' her mother told her, 'men change. He will take you out, he will take you to places...'

1440

Then the optimist would lose patience with her daughter. ‘But at the moment, because of the war, there is nowhere to go...I really don’t know what the devil you want. There are four or five women out there dying of envy.’

1445

Pino continued to cry, so her mother thought about it, and finally came up with the desired solution.

1450

‘What you need to do is to go and live in Las Palmas. You should hire a nurse for the nutcase and she can stay out there in the country with Vicenta and the daughter...’

1455

When Pino heard this she calmed down. She almost laughed, as if something black and heavy that she carried in her chest had been lifted. Her mother was a practical woman who was never bored. She was housekeeper for Don Juan, the Camino family doctor. Gossip mongers she was something more than this, and lately Pino’s pride had made her impatient and angry with her mother for not insisting that the doctor marry her.

1460

‘For heaven’s sake, leave me in peace! Do you want me to marry so that I can become as neurotic as you? That’s for youngsters. I don’t have those aspirations anymore.’

1465

She did have aspirations however. She liked looking after Don Juan’s house, finding out about his patients’ illnesses, going to the cinema with a girlfriend, eating well. When Pino complained too much she gave her a resounding slap on the buttocks.

1470

‘You think you’re unlucky, with a backside like yours? Anyone can see you have a good life. At your age I was working like a slave to support you, child...what more do you want?’

Pino returned from these visits comforted. She stretched out comfortably next to José in the red car. But as soon as the car left the warmth of Las Palmas and started to thread its way down the central highway and Mount Coelho road towards Tarifa,
1475 Pino returned to her dark misery. It was as if the dark avenue of eucalyptus trees that sloped between the vineyards on the road leading to their garden was a throat that was swallowing her. A quarter of an hour was all it took to reach the house by car, yet it seemed as if it was taking her to another world.

1480 What time could it be? It must be eleven o' clock in the morning. At any moment the *majorera* would be coming to wake her, to help with Teresa's restorative injection. Vicenta would not care if Pino had breakfasted or if she was feeling well or ill. Teresa had to have her injection. If Pino rebelled against it then Vicente would tell José straightaway that they needed another nurse now that Pinito was too tired to do
1485 it. Vicenta had complained enough times that leaving Teresa alone at night was not a good idea, even though José and Pino's bedroom was nearby. Vicenta wanted to sleep in Teresa's apartment, but Pino would never allow that. While José went out at night, the young maids needed to be well guarded below. She would not have brought another nurse in for all the world. There were already too many women in the house.
1490 José was already sitting pretty among so many skirts. She was tormented by all these thoughts. Every time she suggested, almost obsessively, that the only way she could be happy would be to go and live in Las Palmas, leaving Teresa there, José went wild with anger. Pino wept.

1495 'I don't see why you are so angry...Don Rafael was fine living in Las Palmas with his niece, and he was Teresa's father, not like you, who is nothing to do with Teresa, yet you sacrifice me for that mad woman'.

 'When you married me, did you or did you not know you were going to live
1500 here?'

 'I knew I was marrying you.'

‘Well marrying me means living here, understand? Here, with Teresa. When
1505 my father married Teresa she was a child, but because I had a weak chest she found
this house and made it our permanent home. For me, understand? I was never happy
my whole life until I came to this house. This is where I became a man, where I
discovered the joy of having a proper roof over my head, happiness, and a home.
Teresa knew how to be a proper mother, see? I will not leave her, not for you or for
1510 anyone. As long as she is alive, I’m going live here...that’s final.’

‘That’s final’. A young, healthy woman has her life tied to that of a mad
woman. She lifted her hands to her temples. They beat dully. Why was she destined
to suffer so badly? Was it possible that no-one loved her, not even her own husband?
1515 From far away, separated by the walls of the house, she heard the sound of a piano.
Then she remembered the mainlanders, and without knowing why, her soul filled
with bitterness. Those people had already taken possession of the house...until
yesterday she had high hopes of them. A helping hand extended...she didn’t know
how. What they were like? They were horrible! Hones seemed like an old prostitute
1520 with lots of pretensions and affectation. The other one, Matilde, was worse. So cold,
so superior, and delighted by that old fusspot she was married to. Fine folk! Their
noses wrinkled in case they smelled something bad. How could she have thought they
could make a difference to her sad life? They had come to sniff around and disturb
things. José did not have any respect for them or their presence in the house. His walk
1525 proved that. He blamed it on insomnia...after arguing with her about the
housekeeping. He said he was not going to give her a cent more in spite of the arrival
of the relations. That he was sure that Pino had more than enough... now she would
not even be able to spirit any away for her own little treats and God knows that the
misery of living with José necessitated such thieving. She must have been mad to
1530 hope for relief from the newcomers. Now she thought she hated them. All her
thoughts that morning seemed to poison her. The piano thumped in her head.

‘I shall go and call the girl and demand that she orders whoever the bastard is
who is playing to stop right away...’ She rose from her bed, the palms of her hands
1535 damp.

‘That means I’m ill.’ The wave of terror that had gripped her before, swept over her once more. She went to open the window blinds. She sat at the dressing table to pin back her thick hair a little. She loved the dressing table, and seeing herself in the mirror calmed her down a bit. As she did this she noticed that one of the silver candelabra was missing a candle, and she remembered the events of two nights before. It was like looking at the face of her hypocrite of a stepsister. For a moment that girl had shown her true colours: arrogant, raving, with a bloodless pallor on her freckled face, and greenish eyes pale with fury...

1545

Pino shuffled to the window in her slippers. She opened it. Behind the glass the splendour of the day hurt her swollen eyes. Nevertheless, she stopped to look. Someone was sitting in the swing seat. She recognised Honesta’s plump, well-formed legs, and those of Marta, sunburned, with her skirt casually riding up to her knees, and her white sandals , which she was punishing mercilessly against the gravel. Seeing them there together, all at once, it was as if those two women had smashed into her.

Once again she had the disagreeable sensation that her heart was beating like a drum in her chest. She was certain they were talking about her. Marta would pour her venom into the ears of the relatives, and everyone in the house would hate Pino. She had been an idiot not to realise that sooner. She seemed to hear the girl’s voice, with its hateful precision.

1560 ‘Pino? Take no notice of her. She is a slut, the daughter of a servant. She says that the doctor Don Juan is her godfather, and he isn’t, and not only that, he’s actually my godfather...’ She wears my mother’s jewellery any time she feels like it. Really she owns nothing. She is a servant who has managed to appear a little classier because her mother was lucky enough to enter Don Juan’s house as a housekeeper. 1565 You can all laugh at her; she is a nitwit and would never notice. Yesterday when she knocked over the tea, and Matilde said it didn’t matter, and laughed at her, she didn’t even notice. She and I loathe each other. Ever since I came home from the convent, I have snubbed her. Yes, I despise her. She began to talk to me about my boyfriends and suitors and I wouldn’t even listen to her. She had all sorts of wild ideas then. She

1570 was newly married. She thought that the mothers of all my friends would welcome her with open arms and she would not have minded knitting jumpers for the soldiers on the front line so that she could socialise with these women. Then when it didn't work out she started saying nasty things about them...she watched me going out on trips with my friends all through the summer, laughing, coming back tired and happy
1575 while she was alone in the house.

One day just to see what she would say, just for fun, you know, I asked her, 'Don't you have any friends Pino?' Guess what she did? Don't take any notice of her. No one takes her side here except maybe Don Juan the doctor, who comes on
1580 Sundays to eat and stay the afternoon. Her husband stays out all night...'

It seemed to Pino that she could hear Marta saying these things, and at that moment God only knows how much she hated Marta, everything around her, and everything that blackened her life. That cursed Teresa...
1585

Pino was so abstracted that she did not hear the knock on her door. Vicenta came in and stood staring at her.

The day before, the mainlanders had found Vicenta rather picturesque. She
1590 was a woman with countrified look about her, with salient features, and wild, lively eyes which belied the heaviness of her face. Those eyes narrowed as she looked at Pino at that moment. She remained by the door for a few seconds, making a gesture of drying her hands on a non-existent apron. Pino's face had a grey look about it next to the brightness of the window. She dug her nails of one hand into the palm of the
1595 other. Vicenta saw all this. The *majorera's* soul was dry. Other people's suffering was like a kind of refreshing rain to her. Her dark face seemed to swell with a malign joy, but only for a few seconds. Suddenly she jumped as if she had seen a ghost in the face of Pino. Her whole body shuddered, as if an electric current had passed through her. She moved back.

1600 Pino turned around quickly to face her. The two looked at each other. Vicente was calm, although her fleshy, earth-coloured lips were a little paler than usual. Pino

stared at her with terrified eyes, one hand clasped to her chest where her heart pounded blackly.

1605 Abruptly Pino swept in front of Vicenta, an expression of scorn on her lips. She opened the door of her room, crossed the corridor and brusquely, almost brutally thrust herself into Teresa's room. The invalid had to have her injection. It was understood.

1610 Vicenta, the *majorera*, followed her into the room. She aspirated her 'esses' and her 'aitches' as if they were preceded by an invisible Spanish 'j'. 'See you don't hurt her...' There was a stifled command, a veiled threat, in the way she said it.

1615

IV

Later Marta looked back on the time when her uncle and aunts were living in the house as rather misty and strange.

1620

Since the day after they arrived, the atmosphere in the house had been charged as if there was a storm brewing. Until then Marta had scarcely noticed any atmosphere in the house. She had not been interested in any of the beings who breathed in those rooms. Now, however, three people had arrived who meant something to her because she had weaved them into her fantasies. Now she saw things that shocked her and sometimes wounded her.

1625

Pino's behaviour towards the relatives was insufferable during the first few days. God only knows what she felt in her heart, but she badgered them incessantly. She spied on them. If Marta approached one of them to talk to them for a while, Pino would creep up to them noiselessly in her slippers saying 'carry on, so long as you are not talking about me' which froze them in their tracks.

1630

Marta was very vague when telling her college friends about the newcomers.
1635 The girls were curious about them, so she said they were eccentric like all artists and
that one day she would invite them all to her house to meet them.

Marta could not imagine life without sharing all her troubles with her group of
friends. She felt much closer to them than to her own family, at least up until the
1640 moment that her relations arrived. Her friends were united by a common love of
study, by their similar age group, and by a common worship of the creator of any
kind of art whatsoever. She felt that she was part of, and bound to, a kind of magic
circle that saw things differently from other people. They had a curious moral code,
and it must be said to their credit that while their code was inflexible amongst
1645 themselves, they were extremely tolerant of other peoples' behaviour. These other
people being girls who were not in their gang, because they had no idea how to judge
men at all.

They generally took very little notice of other generations. They were
1650 favoured with indulgent smiles, unless they were famous for something or other, or
were worthy of admiration for some reason. However, none of them except Marta
could boast extraordinary beings in the bosom of their family. They peppered her
with questions. 'Is it true that your uncle is composing a symphony about the island?'

1655 Marta felt flushed and confused. Before these people came she had never lied
to her friends. She felt so attached to them that it seemed to her that they were all one
and the same. She had no secrets from them. But now she was more loyal to the
recent arrivals and she changed her behaviour in the fear that they would not be
judged well. The island symphony was an invention of hers in honour of Daniel.

1660

It was true that he continuously scribbled pages of music, then he would sit at
the piano and a few hesitant notes could be heard from every corner of the house.
Then he would write some more, and finally, to relax, he would play something so
pretty that Marta, with her terrible lack of musical knowledge, was convinced that it
1665 was the finished symphony.

Marta had tried to talk to him about the island, about Alcorah and demons in the form of male goats. One day she described these to him specifically while he regarded her with little interest in his watery blue eyes. He was seated on the piano stool and played a few notes here and there.

‘I have always thought the high mountain peaks inspire a kind of music, the music of the island. You could write that music. Daniel.’

There was a knock on the door and Carmela came in. ‘Mistress Pino has a headache. Would Mr Daniel please stop playing the piano.’

Pino had sent a similar message three times when Marta and Daniel were together. That was the last time. Daniel fled from her. ‘We must be sensible, little one...cloc, cloc, cloc! I beg your pardon! What is the point of upsetting our good Pino, my child?’

Daniel feared Pino and became very nervous around her. He picked flowers from the garden for her. He flattered her. He kissed her hand at every opportunity. All this was pointless because Pino, who like all islanders was sensitive to ridicule, thought he was joking and told the astonished Daniel to stop making fun of her.

On the day that her friends demanded an answer about Daniel's symphony, Marta heard her own voice coming out with a very feeble ‘yes’. Yes, Daniel was writing a symphony, but clearly it was a very hard thing to do and took a lot of time and effort.

‘What do your relations say about your Alcorah poems? Do they like them?’

‘I haven't plucked up the courage to show them to them yet.’

Because she was lying, the circle of eager faces on the patio at the Institute irritated her. For the first time she would have liked to be alone, away from them. Her

1700 friends had read her tales, and judged them impartially. They thought they were not good yet but had potential. Marta ought to show them to her relations.

1705 It was very annoying. Her friends had always reproached her for taking her passion for literature too seriously, and not concentrating on what they considered the important things in life. But as soon as the mainlanders arrived, the 'kids' felt proud of Marta's talents.

1710 Out of all her friends Marta liked one best. Everyone did; her name was Anita, and she was warmth personified. She in her turn worried about all of them, and one day she took Marta aside. 'Listen, I have been thinking that your relations ought to be looking out for you in all sorts of ways. My mother says that your brother isn't really interested and your stepsister is a bit daft, poor thing...'

1715 Marta replied anxiously, 'But they do look out for me, a lot! They want to know all about me. They really like me. They have realised that Pino and José are not very nice and they want to take me with them when they go to Madrid.'

1720 Anita was thoughtful. 'They don't need to take you to Madrid. Wouldn't you be unhappy if you had to leave the island? You should find a nice boy and get married. You are not bad looking, you know? Sixto, Maria's brother, says he likes you... He will soon be coming back on sick leave from the front because he was injured... Your relations can help you with this, seeing as your brother never takes you anywhere. Also, according to my Dad, he will not be pleased if you get married. I don't know why.'

1725 Marta shrugged her shoulders. She explained vaguely that Hones had also said she ought to look for a boyfriend... But she felt sad straightaway, because that was not she hoped for from her relations.

1730 She felt like crying when she remembered the way that Matilde had rejected her. She would never tell her friends about that. She had followed Matilde around like

a little dog, hinting whenever possible how eager she was that they should discuss literature together, but her aunt had managed to avoid her every time.

One day when Matilde was sunbathing in the garden as usual, she approached her. 'I would like to show you what I have written...'

1735

'Why don't you ask your teacher?'

'I have more faith in you because you are a writer too,' she looked up at her and continued very fast, 'also, you have misjudged me. You think that I am happy and you despise me. You think I am an idiot living in this house completely unaware of how vulgar Pino and José are.'

1740

'You don't know what you are saying. I think it is bad taste to speak ill of your brother and sister.'

1745

'Yes...would you like to read my writing?'

'No.'

1750

From behind her dark sunglasses Matilde saw the disappointment in Marta's face. She could not sympathise with her. The girl annoyed her.

'Look, I'll tell you why I don't want to read your writing. I don't know if you have talent or not. Probably you haven't, but at the end of the day it makes no difference. It disgusts me to see you doing nothing but think of yourself all day. You are obsessed with yourself from morning 'til night. You don't realise that there is something cataclysmic happening in your country and that young men who are worth infinitely more than you are dying every day? Many of my friends have died, others are starving, others have had to flee the country. You expect me to get excited by bogus adolescent problems and their literary fancies? It revolts me. You never give a thought to the war, do you?'

1755

1760

'Yes, yes I do.'

1765 ‘Do you know what I would do if I was your age? Help with all my strength.
Be natural. Live. Write to pen pals on the front line. Do something. Anything but
write silly rhymes.’

 ‘They're not rhymes.’

1770

 ‘Are you stupid or do you just not get it? I don't want to read your scribble.’

 Such a clear rebuff gave Marta a *whipped dog complex*. She recognised that
she really did think about herself too much. But she thought about them too, the
1775 refugees, and loved them. She counted on her fingers the number of times that Pino
and José showed them a lack of hospitality. Even though it was not her own wish, she
still suffered for it. In Canarian households, guests are sacred. They are offered the
best, even the humblest of households uphold this tradition, and Marta carried this
sentiment in her blood. Pino herself appeared to understand this when she made grand
1780 preparations for the arrival of their relations, and was angered by José's miserliness
when he refused to buy anything new in honour of their arrival. On the day they came
she ordered the preparation of a meal fit for kings, bringing out the oldest and
handsomest dishes, the finest starched tablecloths and silver cutlery belonging to
Teresa, which had stayed hidden for years. Correspondingly on the beds she put
1785 sheets of ancient silk edged with embroidery which was also part of Teresa's dowry,
and had been passed down from Marta's grandfather.

 None of this made sense when followed by the bad-tempered gestures they
endured the following day, and the constant innuendos. Marta would have liked to
1790 explain to them, at least, that on the island people were hospitable, even if they were
not so in their house. But they avoided her.

 One day the family storm broke at last, and from then on Marta had the
strange sensation that she had been left completely alone in this life. That curious,
1795 insistent feeling never left her.

Pino and José had argued before supper, as usual about money.

‘First you lumber me with this bunch of layabouts then you do nothing but criticise me...’ This sentence from Pino was shouted down the stairs from the top
1800 storey within earshot of the whole house. Everyone pretended not to hear as usual.
Later as they were still seated at the table, with the arrival of the sweet course came Daniel's enormous flan, like a sacrificial offering. Pino announced that she had worked with her own hands since she was a young girl, and had always earned her keep, something of which many people did not approve. José ate as voraciously as
1805 ever, and with complete calm.

‘I have never been a burden to anyone.

In the silence that followed, Daniel asked Marta for the salt cellar. He did not
1810 dare to produce his tic in front of José, who gave him a withering look.

‘There are spoilt kids like Marta who don’t even darn their own stockings. They only want to read, and when things don't go well for them then sure enough they run to their relatives’ houses to sponge off them.’
1815

Matilde replied, ‘If you are referring to us, then my husband can say the word as to when we start work. Daniel speaks English and would be useful in the office. The other day he was saying that they needed help. We would like to live independently in the city.’
1820

‘Well of course! We treat you so badly here...!’

‘For heaven’s sake, my dear Pino...! No one has suggested anything. Let us not fall out, please! You have done so much for us...’
1825

Matilde, taking no notice of Daniel, carried on regardless. ‘We had an awful time in France. But there were others who were worse off. We never wanted to be a nuisance here in this house.’

1830 She stopped for a moment and to everyone's surprise Marta's voice rang out loud and clear. 'Who said anything about being a nuisance? This is my mother's house; do you hear? My mother's and mine. We are very pleased to have you.'

 José stopped eating. He went bright red and his pale blue eyes bulged. No-one
1835 knew what he was going to say, because at that moment Pino became hysterical and shocked everyone. She started to scream and clutch at the table cloth, pulling it towards her. Glasses toppled, water and wine ran over the tablecloth which soaked it up then after a while began to drip reddish water on to the floor.

1840 'This is all I needed to hear! I am not in my own house! I am not in my own house! I am bound to a mad woman, sacrificed, deserted by my husband at night!'

 José stood up and called Pino a simpleton, half furious and half afraid. 'What do you mean, deserted at night? What does that have to do with anything?'

1845

 Lolita, who was serving at the table at the time, ran back to the kitchen with her hand over her mouth to stop herself from laughing. In the doorway she bumped into Vicenta who was hurrying in to hear the scandal.

1850 'Deserted by *you*, yes...' Pino was crying and choking. Joe held a glass of water between her teeth. They chattered against the glass and water spilled down Pino's chest.

 Matilde was the one who helped Vicente hold Pino up and help her to her
1855 room. Marta followed, confused. She waited at the bottom of the stairs in the end, unsure of what to do. José saw her on his way upstairs, swore at her then gave her two resounding slaps. You could see the marks of his hands on her face. Marta did not make a sound...

1860 She noticed that old Vicenta, common and contrary, stopped what she was doing for a moment to watch her humiliation, but Matilde did not turn round. In those few nightmare seconds, she saw that at one end of the corridor Daniel and Honesta

pretended not to notice. No-one cared that she was being punished. Probably they thought she deserved it because she had provoked Pino's attack. She turned and went
1865 out into the garden. The sun and the breeze, cold and bracing, pressed upon her chest and hurt her. She began to walk blindly. She reached one end of the garden and continued along the paths, between the winter vines, trudging through the rough loose gravel up to her calves. Then she threw herself to the ground. The slight pain produced by the little porous chunks of lava stuck to her arms and body made her cry
1870 at last. In front of her, in an indentation in the stones there hung a dead vine, with its last dried leaves, burnt and hanging miraculously from a thick spider's web. She began to tremble from trying to hold back the tears. Then she wept again, her pain let loose in torrents, and saw no more.

1875 Later she found herself lying on her front, leaning on her arms, and that her mouth, very close to the ground, was breathing in its deep aroma.

She was quite alone on the vineyard, lying with the cold air on her back like a tiny insect lost in the vegetation on this vast Earth.

1880

The sun and wind caused vast golden spaces to tremble above her body, suspended between hills, filling voids. cutting through roads with huge trees and crashing into the deep blues of the mountain peak. She was absolutely alone with God. Her heart's chosen ones had rejected her. She had dreamed of finding her soul
1885 mates. But she had scarcely been able to glimpse their pain or their wisdom in their troubled faces...nor did they want to look at her. They ignored her outstretched arms and turned their back on her.

She sat on the ground and let the wind cool her face and body. Afraid, she saw as if in a flash of lightning, what loving parents, good teachers and tender friends are
1890 always hiding from us...the immense and desolate solitude in which we move.

She closed her eyes as if something was genuinely hurting them. Then she returned to the house. Her thoughts focused on one phrase that she repeated to herself all the time: 'This is what it is like to be grown up, I am growing up'.

1895

From that day on she came and went to the Institute, feeling a slight pain and a faint resentment whenever she met her uncle and aunts. Even Honesta, the most approachable and the least interesting, laughed at her a little when she discovered that she was sixteen and had not yet been able to get a boyfriend.

1900

After Pino's episode the whole house seemed to calm down. It was decided that from January the relations would live in Las Palmas in the empty house where Marta had lived with her grandfather when she was little. José would give Daniel a well-paid job.

1905

It was strange for Marta to see how Pino was so unhappy after that, because the people who seemed to upset her so much were leaving. She said that she would be horribly lonely and abandoned when they left. She became very friendly with Hones, who was very amicable and went up to her bedroom all the time to keep her company and whisper interminably with her.

1910

Marta spent some anxious days amongst all these lives that were indifferent to her own. She also felt different amongst her friends. Her old, absolute intimacy with them did not now seem possible. During the last days that her relations were staying, Pino became as excited and lively as in the days that Marta remembered when she was recently married. She came and went to Las Palmas all the time to help Hones to prepare the house in town. In spite of Pino's improved mood, José did not seem to be very happy about these trips. One day he planted the question in front of everybody:

1915

1920

'If you keep leaving the house so often we must look for another nurse for Teresa. I am not keen on allowing Vicenta to think she has the freedom and right to manage the invalid entirely.... next thing we'll be having a spiritual healer round here. It's happened before.'

1925

José's tone was dry. Everyone was having coffee under the dining room window. Pino had put on a new dress and was ready to go to Las Palmas that afternoon. She listened angrily to her husband. Marta, who was sitting in the corner, went into the garden as she always did these days when it looked as though an

argument was brewing. The mainlanders kept their lips tightly sealed. Only Daniel
1930 burnt himself on the coffee. Pino started to get agitated. José looked at her. ‘I don’t
want a scene...we are all witnesses to the fact that I am not stopping you doing what
you fancy, but we need to leave Teresa in good hands.’

‘Just so you can sleep with the nurse that you hire? No thank you!’
1935

The faces of everyone reflected the awkwardness of the situation. Matilde was
impatient and did not understand this furious jealousy of Pino’s. She shrugged her
shoulders fastidiously. ‘If only they would remember the people caught up in the
war...’, she thought to herself, ‘...and that there are so many things they could do
1940 instead of wasting time with these pointless arguments...’ She looked out of the
window and saw Marta in the garden, sat with the cat on her lap. The attitude of this
young girl also irritated her. She felt profoundly discontent with everything and
everyone. Sometimes it seemed to her that she would never again be the lively
woman that she was before the war began.

1945
The argument between José and Pino ended as expected. Pino stayed at home
angry and unhappy, Daniel felt ill and asked someone to make him a cup of tea. José
marched off to his office with Honesta and Marta in the car.

1950 Pino’s sobs could be heard for a long time that evening. She locked herself in
her room. Matilde, who had nothing much to do, had gone up to her own room and
could hear her from afar. She went up to the window and made a point of looking up
at the sky as if from a prison. This is how she sometimes saw light clouds cover the
mountain peak and then quickly disperse, becoming stormy and terrible. That
1955 spectacle of the sky charged her with strange electricity.

Daniel, who did not dare play the piano for fear of annoying Pino, was pacing
around in the same room, and Matilde could feel his anxiety. It started to rain
suddenly. Lightning flashed and it rained hard and in torrents.
1960

‘My God!’ said Daniel, my head is splitting...Isn’t this supposed to be winter? This climate is not good for my nerves...I thought you didn’t get storms in winter.’

‘Here on the islands they only have storms in the winter.’

1965

Daniel looked at the outline of his wife, so arid, against the window pane. ‘You sound like a teacher.’

‘Isn’t that what I am?’ Matilde turned back round to look at him, scornfully.

1970

‘You’re a lady...don’t you forget that. You married me.’

Matilde felt a desire to laugh as if she also was hysterical. This man, her own husband, struck her as a fool. ‘If only I had never done so.’

1975

‘What a thing to say! Have you caught this from Pino? Cloc, cloc! Ehem!’

Matilde felt that electricity and overflowing of rain inside her. ‘Yes, that’s it exactly. I’ve caught it from Pino. When people live locked in an absurd circle, they end up contaminating each other.’

1980

Noticing that Matilde was shaking, Daniel looked at her curiously and with a certain eagerness. Matilde moved away from him. She sometimes had strange impulses but none like the one she felt at that moment. The storm touched her, stirring up a series of feelings and impulses in her

1985

She ran out of the bedroom in front of an astonished Daniel. She had made the decision to stay out of the affairs of this family she was living with, but this time she went up to Pino’s bedroom to console her. It was the first time in ages that she had felt any sympathy towards another human being. She felt that there flowed from her a strange solidarity with all the women in the world in this impulse that sent her towards Pino. She did not try to analyse it. She had never felt any sympathy for members of her own sex before, but in this moment that sympathy and solidarity,

1990

1995 focused on Pino, were so strong that they caused her heart to pound and her hands to shake. She remembered how she had once cried like Pino, locked in her room, after an argument with her husband.

2000 Pino had locked herself in. When Matilde knocked on her door, she replied with a swear word. She was not going to open the door, not for anyone.

V

2005 ‘You’ve missed your vocation.’

2010 José said this to Daniel. The two of them were sitting in the commercial offices. Through the window was the sun-drenched port and the smells of the sea and boats wafted through. The staff had all gone home. Daniel now came docilely every day with José. ‘My vocation? I don’t know what you mean.’

2015 José pointed his large nose in his direction. ‘You could have been a first-rate office worker instead of a mediocre musician, that’s what I mean!’

2020 José was in an excellent mood that day. He had worked out his personal finances and things were going well. He had even factored in the possibility that there might be a child on the way soon. He did not want this to happen until he was absolutely sure that he could offer this hypothetical child certain things that he himself had gone without in his childhood, most importantly security for the future. He had just finished a small ‘job’ as he called it, raising a further sum of money for the coffers. Whenever this happened, thoughts regarding an heir came to him more strongly.

2025 His uncle Daniel was sweating. He had no idea why José insisted on embarrassing him and treating him well at the same time. He pursed his lips so that his mouth appeared miniscule.

‘Son...it’s just that when you were little I used to sit you on my knee and you would...well, show a bit of respect!’

2030 José looked at the old man with a kind of gleam in his eye. ‘You yourself predicted that I would become an office worker. Don’t you remember? “This poor little boy”, you called me, didn’t you? Now I’m your boss. You were a prophet.’

2035 Daniel looked so upset during this conversation that in the end José had to smile. Ever since his uncle and aunts had written to him about their desperate situation, José had thought about many things, but most of all about how to repay one by one a thousand old humiliations which he had stored up in a whole life of boredom. He remembered the horrible house belonging to his grandfather; the unbearable young man that was Daniel, always mouthing off in his piping voice
2040 against José’s father, his spendthrift ways and his dim-witted son. He had carried this word ‘dimwit’ ringing in his ears all his life. But once he had this same Daniel of these cruel memories in his clutches it was as if he was a different person; a ridiculous old man who in fact did not lack dignity, and who pushed himself to work as hard as he possibly could in the job that José had given him. Furthermore, he
2045 showed admiration, and José was sensitive to this. It was true that at home Pino with her idiotic behaviour had spoiled the image of family harmony that he would have liked to present to them, but it was also true that the relatives had shown themselves to be very prudent, almost with their tails between their legs, and never interfered with their arguments. Now José could only smile at that disconcerted face.

2050 ‘Daniel, you’ll soon be able to talk about me at mealtimes.’ José’s friendliness and joking always seemed a bit eerie.

2055 ‘I don’t understand you.’ Daniel was shocked. That day was Saturday, and the following Monday the Camino mainlanders were going to start living in the town house.

 ‘I don’t care what you say behind my back, but there are certain things that I don’t like. One of them, even though this is another subject entirely, is that Hones is

2060 so friendly with my wife. What on earth do they talk about all day? You ought to keep an eye on the women in your house, like I do with mine, and a firm hand. Do you understand?’

2065 The two men sat opposite each other separated by an office desk. With his sad face, Daniel looked a bit like a damp sheep. ‘If you don’t like Honesta being friendly with your wife...I don’t see why, but if it annoys you...she will stop straight away. Hones has always been a gentle and obedient girl. She used to hold you in her arms...’

2070 Hones is a slut, always has been. When I was a boy I was fed up with hearing things about her. I don’t want her to influence Pino.’

2075 Daniel moved his head as if he was fighting for air. Whilst he fought down his tic he decided that he would not lose his temper with José for anything in the world. He understood that José wanted him to get angry, but he would not do it. He was too weary of fear and hunger since the beginning of the war. One of his brothers had been shot...

2080 ‘Who is this guy with a limp who goes around with Hones?’

‘You are wrong about your aunt, José...’

‘Didn’t you hear me?’

2085 ‘We all see him. He is a friend who was very good to us in France. He is an excellent artist I believe...there is nothing bad in their relationship as far as I can see.’

2090 His humble tone and his resignation disarmed José eventually. He vacated his chair with a faintly disgusted air.

‘Let’s go home...you can all do as you like. Also, Don Juan the doctor wants to celebrate your last day in the house with a get-together tomorrow evening. I’m not

opposed to it...I'm not an ogre. You can smile when you talk to me, I'm not going to eat you, I'm only joking.'

2095

Daniel followed him with his mouth set.

'I'm not joking about the friendship with my wife though. Pino is very young and Hones messes with her head a bit.' Matilde is more discreet and also seems like a good woman. Where on earth did you find her?'

2100

Daniel cleared his throat. He had a sudden happy vision of a submissive Matilde in a good mood, the whole house trembling under his orders, at a supper after a concert...his gaze become lost somewhere in the ceiling.

2105

'Let's go,' said José again. 'Everyone else has gone home.'

When they reached the door he turned round to his uncle. 'I hope you will have good memories of your time here on the island'.

2110

'Oh, yes...!' Daniel was in a reverie. He saw himself amongst his friends describing these few months. 'In my nephew and nieces' magnificent home.... when we were living in the splendid country residence of...'

2115

'I hope you don't think I am making you work. Your wife prefers independence. That's all.'

They went down the stairs in silence. As they reached the car, José said, 'Your wife is very dominant, isn't she? Poets are all like that.'

2120

Daniel emerged from the clouds. He said weakly, 'Matilde has always obeyed me. She has been a good wife to me.'

2125

'Yes... but I don't want her getting too close to Pino either. At the moment she has come up with the idea that she wants to join the Falangists and help to reorganise the world. Am I right?'

‘She says it is her duty in these times.’

2130 ‘Then if Pino set her heart on a silly idea like that, goodness knows what
would happen in this house. My dear Daniel, when I was a boy you used to call me
stupid all the time, but I’m telling you that the things in my life and my house are
very much to my liking and going very well. Very well indeed!

Daniel looked at his nephew’s horrible profile, like a nightmare, beside him.
2135 Every day he saw it and every day José would come out with similar things. Daniel
could have used a thousand different arguments to reply to him, but he always
remained silent and patient. He did not really like working in the office, but the
thought that he would soon be in his own house and could rid himself of all the
bitterness he was storing up inside by shouting, or however he liked, consoled him.

2140

When they arrived at the country house that morning, José suffered one of his
sudden and overwhelming blushes. The dining room was full of women. Marta was
reading a book; Matilde was knitting, sitting bolt upright and as serious as if she was
orchestrating a battle with her needles; a maid was laying the table, and Honesta and
2145 Pino were confiding privately on one end of the divan.

The entrance of the two men had the effect of causing a slight stir, a clucking,
rather like that a couple of cockerels would produce if they were introduced into a
corral of hens. It was this image that occurred to José and made him blush.

2150

Sunday dawned cloudy. José was kind enough that morning to take everyone
to the *Caldera de Bandama*, the volcano near the house. Hones clapped her hands at
the impressive crater, flying around in the depths of which were Canarian ‘*guirres*’ or
Egyptian vultures. Daniel felt sick. Marta watched everyone anxiously, reading the
2155 expressions in their eyes. She was a bit worried because she had finally been given
permission to invite some of her friends to the house that evening. They were coming,
and amongst them were two boys. She was so disillusioned with her family, and had

invented such fantasies in describing them, that she feared what her friends would think of them.

2160

After dinner, whilst they were all gathered waiting in the dining room for the guests to arrive, Honesta and Pino disappeared upstairs followed by an uneasy glance from José.

2165

The truth was that Hones had a huge preoccupation and curiosity which had tormented her for some time. She had already told Pino about it. She wanted to see Teresa before she left the house. She wanted to see her the very day of her departure so that she would not dream about her at night, knowing that she was so near. Ever since her arrival she had been obsessed by those barred windows so near to her own and the huge eyes in the photograph that seemed to follow her from her dressing table. She needed to see what the ravages of illness had done to that face. Perhaps it was the photographer's artistry that made it seem so suggestive...Hones did not know why she was affected by that beauty. She confirmed with a certain satisfaction that Marta's face bore no resemblance to the portrait of her mother. She herself, although she was not in the habit of analysing her own feelings, surprised herself with this strange type of envy. Pino had told her that there was nothing left of that beauty, absolutely nothing, and almost believed that Teresa had never been beautiful. Hones did not want to leave without finding out for certain, without seeing it with her own eyes. That day after dinner she decided to accept Pino's invitation.

2170

2175

2180

'Come and see it if you like.'

Pino climbed the stairs with Hones behind her. At the end of the corridor she opened the mysterious door roughly. Hones, her eyes open wide, very blue and round, followed Pino into a huge room in semi darkness. Next to the wooden frame of a window was a chair, and in it sat a person.

2185

Pino had told Hones that Teresa was not paralysed or anything like that. Only that in order to motivate her, to move, eat, or to do anything, she had to be treated like a very young child. Vicenta, the *majorera*, was in charge of washing and dressing

2190

her. Often when they entered the room, they found Teresa standing, looking stupidly into the void with her hands resting on the bedrail or against the wall. They had to lead her to the armchair, and once there she would spend hours without moving until someone came to make her walk around the room for a while, as advised by the
2195 doctor. Making her eat was the hardest thing, because she shut her mouth firmly. When she was in her armchair she looked vaguely out at the garden, but if anyone passed in front of her vision she would cover her face with her hands, and the same if she heard strange noises. To try to take her out in the fresh air was something they had all given up long ago. Then she would try to defend herself and even scream.

2200

Pino, without looking at her at all, went up to the window and opened it a bit. Immediately the person in the armchair covered her face with her hands, but Hones had already seen. Pino tried to remove her hands by force.

2205

‘Let yourself be seen, stupid. You have a visitor...’

‘Stop, stop, for God’s sake...I already saw her...’

Teresa was very thin. She was dressed in black, in a long, loose dress. Her
2210 hair was cut very short for easy cleaning and it shone black without a single grey. It must have been absolutely beautiful, thick with a blue sheen. Her young looking skin had a nun’s pallor. Her face was marred by the dumb animal expression which Hones had seen. But those green eyes, devoid of intelligence and filled with fear, were still extraordinary. They seemed even bigger than in the photograph. Honesta had seen
2215 them only for a moment, but it was as if they devoured the whole of that wasted face. Pino had been unjust in her description; there was no doubt that Teresa was a very beautiful woman.

Pino, standing in front of the armchair, looked more upset than the invalid.
2220 Hones was afraid of her. She knew she should not have come.

‘Because of this piece of dirt, for *this*, I am a miserable woman. My mother told me that José was in love with her...because of it I will die here in this diabolical house.’

2225

‘Come on, let’s go!’

Honestá’s chest rose and fell rapidly. How she wished in that moment that she was back in the cheerful dining room, or better still, in the car on the way to the new
2230 house! Her curiosity had led her astray. Pino was taking no notice of her. She even kicked one of Teresa’s feet, causing her to clutch at her knees, leaving her doubled up like an old woman. Pino was beyond reasoning, and Hones could not summon up the courage to leave. She was horribly fascinated by the scene.

2235 ‘And the wretch is healthy...nothing hurts her. She will live to see us all buried, if this is living... Don Juan says her heart is weak. I don’t believe it...here she is, treated like a queen, while young men die like flies in the trenches... Let’s go.’

She faced Hones, looking at her intently, her expression changed. ‘Now you
2240 know what my life is...to keep guard over this *thing*, this sack of bones...this is what I got married for.’

Hones, almost dead with fright, felt Pino came towards her and throw herself into her arms, in a rapid transition, embracing her and crying on to her breast. She had
2245 to caress that thick curly hair.

‘I’m telling you that I can’t go on; you are the only person who has understood me a little bit in this house.... I need affection; affection and happiness.’

2250 ‘I understand you?’ Hones was more and more scared.

Teresa stood up. Hones, terrified, saw how tall she was and that she walked like a mechanical doll. She went to the wall and stayed there with her back to them, like a child being punished.

2255

‘Come on, come on...shall we close the window?’

‘Shut it. Help me to take it back to the armchair. Otherwise it’ll be like that all day.’ Pino blew her nose loudly, her expression back to normal, weary.

2260

Incredibly, and in spite of Honesta’s fears, Teresa did not put up any resistance as they moved her again. She came with her head bowed and her eyes lowered. In spite of her confusion, Hones noticed her thick long eyelashes. Luis, her brother, must have spent many years with this woman. How was it possible that what
2265 Pino had suggested regarding her and her stepson was true? What rubbish! She almost wanted to cross herself, as if Pino, who at that moment seemed so soft and gentle, was actually a devil...She said that Hones understood her...that was all she needed! They had laughed together about Matilde’s passion for the war, and how silly Marta was.... sometimes they had agreed that the only important thing in the world,
2270 for a woman, was the love of a man, and Hones had the weakness to confess that she liked Pablo the artist very much indeed, but that he was married and therein lied the difficulty. Pino had made a very explicit and vulgar exclamation to say that a married man, away from his wife, was the same as a single man. But Hones had explained then that being single and the sister of a man as fussy as Daniel meant that you had
2275 certain obligations.... she would never have unburdened herself to Pino, as Pino had just done to her, and she was thankful for it.

Pino looked ashamed as they left the room. She did not lift her head with her usual arrogance. Hones descended the stairs with her eyes opened so wide and her
2280 eyebrows so arched that Matilde, not knowing what her sister in law had been doing upstairs, asked her if she had seen a ghost.

Hones blinked for a few seconds. The whole family were gathered there, as they had been a little while before. They had hardly moved, but she felt bewildered.
2285

Marta broke the strange silence that seemed to have struck the two women who had just come downstairs by jumping to her feet suddenly. ‘I can hear our godfather’s coach...they are here!’

2290 Hones remembered that Don Juan, the doctor, had promised to bring Pablo. She had the feeling that she was dirty and that her nose was shining, and her hair dishevelled. This was not the case, because Hones had carefully applied makeup before her visit to Teresa’s room, but, mumbling that she was going to freshen up a little, she turned and went back upstairs to find her room and her mirror just as Don
2295 Juan pulled up in front of the house.

José followed his aunt with a veiled look. Then he turned to his wife. ‘What has she been saying to you? What were you doing up there?’

2300 ‘Leave me alone! She didn’t say anything to me...’ She flung off her husband’s arm and ran to the door to receive the visitors.

That night, Marta went into the music room after everyone had gone. The French window was open to the fresh night air, to let the smoke out. The ashtrays
2305 were overflowing with cigarette stubs. The throw which covered the sofa was rumpled and the cushions squashed. The piano was still open, and the guitar and Canarian *timples* had been left out, still vibrating.

As if held there by a strong spell, the child sat on her own bed, time forgotten.
2310 She looked at her own grey skirt, her blue jumper, as if they were of exceptional importance. She had tanned legs, and never wore tights or high-heeled shoes - always white sandals. She began to laugh quietly but stopped herself.

She did not know that the evening had ended badly for Pino. José became
2315 angry when he heard her sing a rousing party song accompanied by the young boys and the potbellied Don Juan, the family doctor. Pino had looked attractive, with her head flung back and those huge, shining eyes of hers.

Marta thought that Sunday was under a strange spell, making it very short. A
2320 short yellow day. Not a single day since the arrival of the strangers had been happy,
until that Sunday. Every day since they came had brought with it a frustrated promise.
But they had brought a promise...that was the truth. That Sunday the young girl
thought that they had fulfilled their promise.

2325 Her friends, shy and lively at the same time, had not laughed at her relations.
Judging people at an evening fiesta was a very different matter to discussing things in
the wild and fierce intimacy they experienced when they were alone. Also, that man
Pablo was there, who was not a relation and did not really count, but nevertheless was
someone important in everyone's view.

2330

First they played the gramophone and danced, and Marta felt herself held
tenderly in the arms of a handsome young man in uniform. It was fun flirting with
him. She felt a slight sadistic pleasure to see that Hones, wearing too much make up
and her seams straining, old in comparison with the group of youngsters, was
2335 watching her. At that moment she intensified her affectionate air. She began to enjoy
herself.

Don Juan intervened to stop the gramophone. They needed something typical
in honour of the mainlanders... Don Juan, with his air of a bored pigeon, sometimes
2340 had good ideas, and was tireless when organising entertainment.

Later the afternoon turned yellow and strange and full of passion. Pablo the
artist, with his white teeth and sad features which stayed sad even when he laughed,
was not as scruffy as she remembered. He caught her by the arm.

2345

‘Tell me, Marta Camino, why do you keep looking at Hones while you are
flirting with that boy?’

It had almost been a whisper. Marta was astonished. It affected her
2350 enormously, but at the same time she didn't know why. It seemed as if no one had

ever asked anything so personal before. It was if they had touched a zone of wickedness in herself that she would never have recognised without this question.

It was during a moment when she and Pablo were standing apart from the rest.
2355 Nearly everyone had gone to the music room to look for guitars and *timples*, and to restring them with the strings that Don Juan had brought with him. As Vicente disappeared leaving only the rather silly maid Lolilla, most of the females went into the kitchen with Pino to help bring things out. Pablo, that lofty being, at whom she had hardly dared to look since the humiliation of those early days, was holding her
2360 arm, and asking her this shocking question with gentle humour in his smile.

Marta was about to say ‘It’s not true’ or something similar, but she stopped for a moment. Pablo seemed to her to have extraordinary intelligence, and be capable of reading her mind. She would never be able to deceive him. She said in a trembling voice, ‘How do you know that I’m looking at Hones?’
2365

Pablo was amused to see her so taken aback. He could almost hear her heart beating. ‘My dear girl...Isn’t that what the Canary Islanders say, ‘my dear girl’? I like looking at people.’

2370 ‘I thought it was only me who liked doing that...’

‘Yes, I already know. Hones tells me that you are a writer! Is that right?’

‘You can laugh! None of my stuff is any good, I know that...they are fables
2375 about Alcorah, the god of the island, the one that all the old ‘*guanches*’ worship...they like to worship him in the form of high mountain peaks, the Nublo and the Bentayga... I’ve also written about demons with goats’ feet... I don’t know why I am telling you this. You’ll be bored.

2380 ‘No, my dear, not at all; I like it. Why are you so nervous? I will draw you a picture of your demons.

Marta felt like crying at this unusual display of kindness. In any case, this man was wonderful. Hones had said so herself. How nice it was to feel his strong grip on
2385 her arm! A nervous hand, very brown and nicotine stained, but full of intelligence...

‘Where does Alcorah live? On that mountain top? There was no irony or joking in his voice. He smiled kindly, He pointed at La Cumbre, the highest peak.

2390 ‘That is the Saucillo...yes, I always imagine him there, but the Nublo and the Bentayga are more imposing. You can see if you go up the road towards the port of Tejada, looking over at the other side of the island...there is an unusual landscape, full of shadows, ravines and mountains; there are all the shades of red and all the violets, in that sea of stones. You would be amazed. You should see that
2395 landscape....’

Hones came to join them on the other side of Pablo, and took his arm. The artist let go of Marta’s arm, smiling.

2400 ‘Are you looking at the scenery, my darlings?’

Marta left them. Hones was lucky to have this man as a friend. She, Marta, was a person of no importance. But he had looked into her soul...she was still shaking.

2405

The boys came in armed for a jamming session. They began to strum the *timples*. Don Juan conducted everything with his fat pigeon belly, his sad face and his great good humour. He asked them to invite Chano the gardener, who was there by chance. He had left a few days previously because he had decided to enlist as a
2410 volunteer, and at the end of the week he would be heading for the front. Once he had made that decision, Chano felt important; so much so that on Sunday he stayed close to everyone, ready to help them string their instruments, and joined them with confidence and totally without embarrassment. He was a confident singer, and chorused:

2415

‘There are two kinds of Canarian
Neither of which
Sing in a cage
Canarians from Tenerife
2420 Nor Canarians
From Las Palmas’

He sighed, and as if in confidence both sadly and proudly at the same time, he repeated:

2425
‘Neither of which
Sing in a cage.’

Marta glanced at Pablo. She realised that at last someone had been capable of taking an interest in what was going on around them. It made her feel strangely proud
2430 of her friends, the beautiful and strange winter evening and even of Pino, who suddenly became animated and came out to sing a typical Canarian song or *isa*, flinging her head back like a diva.

Sometimes Pablo looked at Marta, as if they shared a secret. ‘Are you happy,
2435 child?’

‘Yes’.

‘You are always this happy, I suppose?’

2440

‘No! Certainly not!’

‘No?’

2445 ‘No, no.’ She repeated her answer when she was alone. A few days earlier, when she realised that her relatives would never love her, she had felt sadder than she had ever felt. But this enchanted Sunday she reached heights of happiness never before experienced in her whole life.

2450 Sitting on the sofa her hand felt a small pad of drawing paper. She picked it up
as if in a dream and was deeply interested in its contents. It had to belong to Pablo.
He had been sitting there. He had obviously brought it in the big pockets of his
overcoat. She examined it standing up under the lamp. She saw Honesta's legs on one
of the pages. Just legs, but she was sure they were Honesta's - slightly apart, stretched
2455 out with a look of abandon which she had sometimes when she sat down. She turned
the page. There was a sketch of a demon with goats' feet...a sort of faun. She felt a
thrill go through her. The drawing was crossed out...then some bewitched sketches,
full of movement, which was without doubt depicting José with his arm raised to
strike the naked back of a woman, which was Pino.

2460

Profoundly astonished, Marta looked at it again. She thought she had spent the
whole evening watching Pablo but she had not noticed him making these
sketches...Pablo had imagined José hitting Pino! Why?

2465 She thought she heard footsteps and she jumped. Having that sketchpad in her
hands was like having a great secret. 'Lucky it was me who found it!' she murmured.
Almost trembling, she hid the book under the sofa cushion and put out the light.

Her whole body vibrated the way she thought she had seen the stringed
2470 instruments vibrate, still warm earlier that day.

The garden became mysterious, with a slice of green moon and the stirring of
black wings. It was the cook coming back from her walk. Marta recognised her
footsteps on the gravel.

2475

Life seemed to flow past drop by drop in the garden fountain, an ancient
fountain where a bronze child could be seen pouring water from the holes in a boot
which he held aloft.

2480 Someone was moving around in the house...Marta, there in the dark, hardly noticed. She heard footsteps on the gravel path again. José had dragged Pino there to have an argument. She heard Teresa's name mentioned.

 'Ah! So it is me, me, who is annoying Teresa by singing! Me!!
2485 José was not shouting quite as loudly; his answer went unheard. Then Pino:

 'Damn this house! Blast Teresa! Curse everything...'
2490 Then nothing.

 It was all the same. The strange period in which Marta had become fascinated by the goings on in the house had come to an end.

2495 A strange cry, like the trumpet of Jericho, destroyed walls, and caused fences, rooms and everyone around them vanish. There in the dark she neither listened nor heard anything except the deep and distant murmur of her own blood.

2500

V1

 That Sunday afternoon, Vicenta the *majorera*, changed from her long brown skirt into a black dress, put a new scarf on her head and covered her shoulders with a
2505 black woollen shawl with a long fringe. The wool smelled new but musty.

 She left the house with a calm, unreadable expression on her face. She climbed the hill along the avenue of eucalyptus trees which led to the main gates. The tracks of a car sunk two grooves in the loose gravel. It was cool. That morning a
2510 downpour had cleared the air and the mountain top was gleaming.

Vicenta, who had climbed the hill rapidly, stopped at the main gate. She would have liked to light up a cigar. The strong smoke, taken into her throat, numbing it, was for her the best thing in the world. She did not have time however.
2515 She looked back at the house, spat, and went out on to the road.

A strange afternoon hung dark clouds with tears and legs like enormous spiders on a yellow sky. There at Vicenta's shoulder the road led up the mountain of La Caldera, so that tourists could go to see the impressive view of the round crater
2520 and the huge stretch of coastline and horizon that could be seen from there. The old woman followed the road, lost in thoughts quite opposite to that road so prettily adorned with geraniums, white garden walls, thorny fences covered in wild roses, and flowering unfenced vineyards. The winter was turning the roadsides green. There had been showers, and amongst the black and cold trunks of the vines there leapt a carpet
2525 of yellow poppies.

Vicenta looked at that sky whose dramatic aspect troubled her. She saw that La Cumbre was covered in cloud. She inhaled the clean air with the scent of grass and was cheered. The old woman liked the humidity. She would have liked to keep all the
2530 clouds that pass by, mocking, during the dry winters.

From a field fenced with barbed wire she turned once more to look at the house. From there it could be seen much more easily through the garden. She could even see the confusion of people. In the uncovered dining room, which was like an
2535 advance party on the hillside, they had placed a portable gramophone on the stone table. This was for the youngsters who wanted to dance. Luckily this scandalous thing was taking place a long way from Teresa's room. Vicenta had her reasons for thinking that when the mainlanders left then peace would return to the house.

2540 She set off once more. She wanted to be back by supper time. She had left without telling anyone. She never went out, and if she did she reserved the right to do so without prior warning. She had wanted to make this journey for several days. Three nights earlier, she had woken up before dawn broke. She had opened the little bedroom window above her bed to save herself from suffocating amidst the snores of

2545 the other two girls and their working girl smell. Vicenta never woke before it was
time to get up. A great sorrow was nagging at her. She heard a cock crow. Lolilla
turned in her sleep. Carmela snorted in her sleep like a wild animal. Neither of them
concerned her. Not fat sweaty Carmela or the other poor creature who in her sleep
had thrown off her bedclothes to reveal large pale feet and whose arm, heart
2550 wrenchingly thin, was hanging as though vanquished by the enormous hand at the
end of it. Neither they nor any of the succession of others who had come and gone
alongside Vicenta to had made any impression on her whatsoever. One single being
in the world had succeeded in moving her amongst all those she had known. For this
person Vicenta had passed over her own flesh and blood, which should have been
2555 cherished by her, there on the other island. She was preoccupied only with her, and
Vicenta was aware that she was the only person in the world who worried about her.
That person had been loved passionately by many people, as her jealous heart knew
only too well; but today, if it had not been for the *majorera*, she would be as solitary
as the dead.

2560

For ten years Vicenta had belonged to a strange friendship group of
physicians, clairvoyants and faith healers from whom she hoped for the miracle that
the doctors could not bring. Vicenta had persuaded herself that Teresa, the most
brilliant, and the most envied woman that she had ever known, had been the victim of
2565 a curse. One day Teresa would once more see things with the same interest as she did.
She would recover her beautiful swaying gait. Her slightly muffled voice, her laugh
would inspire all around with the desire to live. Vicenta, alone in the world as before,
would be confidante to her tears and secrets, and sometimes even be inspired to laugh
by Teresa's lively charm.

2570

Whoever falls ill quickly, can recover quickly. Vicenta recalled the days of
fever that followed the accident which cost Luis his life and traumatised Teresa.
Afterwards there came the slow and horrible convalescence. Teresa did not ask any
questions at all, and no one dared to tell her of Luis's death. She scarcely spoke, but
2575 in those days she did speak a little, although it was only to ask for something
concrete. She kept her eyes tightly closed and gave no answering squeeze to those
who held her hands. Then as her body healed she became less and less aware of

peoples' faces and voices. She stopped asking for anything. She became frightened by lights and people looking at her. She shrivelled up like a dead leaf. Then, away
2580 from the *majorera* in the sanatorium, so they told her, the terrible cures and the cries of fear; apparently she had been in many sanatoriums. At length, the despairing return home. Vicenta knew it was a curse, under which she lived disinterested in everything around her.

2585 Some people believed that during the long periods of time that Vicenta calmly smoked her yellow cigarette, she was thinking of her dead children back home. But Vicente no longer considered memories, only the present. Her face was wrinkled and people called her old, but her body was straight. Every day gave her new hope.

2590 She walked stiffly along the sunny road. Carrying along it would have brought her to central highway which led back down to Las Palmas or up to the mountain peaks. Vicenta took a pathway on the left, going upwards. She was not going on the main road.

2595 Not even a sigh escaped from her breast. That hill flanked by blackberry bushes smelled of warm cow dung. There were loose stones, but the gravel had now been replaced by mud.

 She went on climbing, patiently walking along the desolate path. She passed
2600 by some humble whitewashed cottages finished with indigo. Between two of them was a kind of path or twitten, which ended surprisingly on the crest of a mountain which descended beneath one's feet.

 A whole troglodyte village revealed itself on the hillside, illuminated and
2605 seemingly burnished by the sun. Hundreds of caves with façades painted either white or in colour appeared one above the other, interlaced by narrow streets of stones and mud. They smelled of dark wet mud and red earth. A welcome scent reached the woman's nose. The last time she had been in this village of La Atalaya, the day had been dry and stifling; she had inhaled lime and dried manure; and swarms of flies had
2610 obscured the vision of eyes already blinded by the relentless light. The same was

caused today by the reflection of the sun and the bright colours. Vicenta narrowed her eyes and began to walk down one of the streets. She walked calmly, looking around her carefully. She could now smell the sweet penetrating smell of the pigsties next to the caves in whose open patios in the front, built around a small whitewashed
2615 construction which was used as an oven for cooking and boiling pans, were grouped arrays of red clay pots and pans, because La Atalaya is a village of potters. All these little patios, like anterooms to the caves, were also filled with flowering plant pots, mostly geraniums, some roses and foliage plants.

2620 There was nothing sad about the village. Although Sunday seemed to cast a shadowy quiet over the place, the flowers made such a bright show that the grunts of the pigs and the dirty streets were forgotten.

 Vicenta looked around. It was three years since she had come, but she had
2625 instinct. She remembered. She did not wish to ask. She went past a group of day trippers, a group of girls with coloured headscarves who had come to buy clay pitchers. She stepped aside, glancing at them. She did not know why they annoyed her. She had an instinctive mistrust of rich people; more than that, it was a savage hatred, formed from the residue of many placid, poor generations leaving their
2630 mistrust over the years. Rich people were, without distinction, all those who had a slightly elevated standard of living. These girls, for example, with their coloured head scarves, their laughter and their carefree tranquillity. They were like Marta's friends. Teresa had come from the rich people but this person had become unique and Vicenta's own, unlinked to any category. Her soul was saved from hatred and
2635 indifference. There at the side of the road, Vicenta spat in the path of the jolly girls. Then she continued on her way.

 In spite of it being a day of rest, and siesta time, she saw three women with tins of water on their heads. Water to water the flowers, to drink and to soften the
2640 clay, carried from the depths of the valley. The *majorera* instinctively looked at the sky. The fantastic clouds had opened and the afternoon had calmed down into blue and yellow. It would not rain any more.

As she continued slowly on her way, looking closely at every house, she
2645 jumped to hear own name. A thin man with a grey, drooping moustache like don
Quijote, was sharpening a cane with a Canarian knife, sitting in the doorway of his
house.

‘Greetings, my friend.’
2650

‘Hello Panchito.’

Panchito the goatherd had been bringing goats’ milk to the farm until up to a
year ago, when Vicenta managed to persuade them to buy their own goats. The old
2655 man watered down the milk in every way he knew. He filled up from any tap he saw
or any old tank full of green rain water in the garden. On days that he didn’t manage
to falsify the measures, he just filled them half full. Vicenta did not complain,
because everyone makes a living however they can, but that milk was for Teresa, and
she did not rest until they had goats of their own on the farm so that she could milk
2660 them herself, by her own hand. She carried on quickly, because she did not want to
answer any questions. Panchito then called his grandson and sent him after her to see
where she was going. In that village of La Atalaya, Vicenta was well known. Many of
the maids at the farmhouse had come from there. Lolilla herself had a cave with her
parents there. Many eyes, as well as those of the little blond boy in her wake dressed
2665 in his Sunday best, followed her down the road.

She was slightly weary when she finally found what she was looking for. She
stopped in front of a cave painted in blue with a patio in front decked with the usual
flowers and red flowerpots. A solitary woman, grey haired and in widow's weeds was
2670 sewing by the late afternoon light in the open air on the patio, careless of the day of
rest. She lifted her plump face when she felt Vicenta's shadow fall on her. She had
beautiful deep black eyes. Part of one leg was missing. Pretty matt earrings, big and
black for mourning, adorned her ears.

2675 ‘Oh! What are you doing here Vicentita?’

‘No need for alarm, my friend...’

2680 The woman stood up. Another woman, younger, plump and dressed in mourning like her mother, came out of the house bringing chairs. Out of her capacious skirt pocket Vicenta produced a packet of ground roast coffee.

‘Make us some coffee, Mariquita. You make a good cup.’

2685 There followed many thanks and compliments in Canary Island voices.

2690 ‘It is a vice that my husband gave me, may he rest in peace, when he came over from Cuba...my daughter will grind it straight away... The trick with coffee is to strain it well. An old sock, clean of course, will do it, there's nothing better. He taught me that.’

A heavy silence fell.

2695 ‘Off with you, kids!’ the woman shouted at a group of little children who had gathered here to stare at the visitor.

2700 Vicenta surveyed the red jars wounded by the sun, the whitewashed patio floor and the wizened body of the woman who looked at her encouragingly, waiting. There was nothing supernatural or frightening about her. However, she was a fortune teller.

‘Any news, Vicenta?’

2705 ‘What have you heard?’

‘Folk from the mainland on the farm is it? Are they siblings of Don Luis?’

‘Yes.’

2710 ‘Señorita Teresa?’

 ‘Herself.’

 ‘She should see that man from Telde...!’

2715

 ‘If only she could...but there is no way. I can't arrange for her to see him or anyone else secretly either.’

 ‘Won't the daughter help?’

2720

 ‘The daughter doesn't believe in anything. Perhaps when she grows older...’
 She sighed, and changed the subject. ‘How about you?’

 ‘You already know, Vicentita: my son in law killed in the war and the
2725 daughters and nephews fixed on me...’

 There was a silence. The *zahorina* was scarcely fifty; she had good legs and pointed shoes buckled at the side.

2730 The daughter returned to ask where they wanted their coffee.

 ‘Inside. We don't want sniffers.’

 They entered the main room inside the cave. It was thoroughly whitewashed
2735 and warm, with coloured almanacs and blown up photos on the walls. It was dark so the daughter lit a candle. Next she would prepare a carbide lamp, she said.

 The three of them drank their coffee which filled the room with its aroma. Through the half pulled curtain of a door you could see an alcove, and in this same
2740 room, in spite of being called the dining room, there stood a handsome iron bed next to the wall with shiny golden handles and a starched mattress. It smelt almost suffocatingly of dry cleaning. The smell of a poor but lovingly kept house. This was a

good smell to Vicenta's nose, like the good smell of coffee and a cigar freshly lit up and inhaled greedily.

2745

The daughter disappeared soon afterwards, locking the door. The fortune teller told her not to worry about the carbide lamp for now. She and Vicenta could manage with the candle.

2750

Out of the corner of her eye Vicenta had taken in all the details of the room. Next to the bed there was a section of the wall which framed together a lithograph of Franco and a photograph of a soldier with huge round eyes distorted by the enlargement of the photo. Between these two items had been religiously placed a bunch of dried flowers tied with a little red and yellow ribbon of the colours of the Spanish flag.

2755

The fortune teller followed her gaze. 'My son in law who died in the war.'

Vicenta looked over at her and saw her lower her eyes. 'Listen, tell me... Your son, the one who was a 'Red', don't you have a picture of him, Mariquita?'

2760

'I keep that in my bedroom.'

Mariquita the fortune teller was aware that there was nothing more than simple curiosity in Vicenta's question, to whom reds and nationals, war and peace meant very little. She only had one preoccupation. 'You came for a reason, Vicentita.'

2765

'I want the cards.'

2770

'To tell the future?'

'Yes.'

'Mistress Teresa again?'

2775

‘Yes.’

‘What brought this on?’

2780 ‘A dream I had.’

‘Good?’

‘Bad.’

2785

Vicenta was smoking like a trooper. Sitting comfortably on the black backed chair she saw things which were familiar to her soul. Chairs lined up against the wall, a corner shelf with wax figures on it, a box with a broken doll's head. The light from the candle trembled. She saw the shadow of the fortune teller shuffling the pack and
2790 fanning them out...with the cards held aloft she stopped; her shadow showed the huge profile of a nose shaped like a beak.

‘You can see things which have already happened better in a bucket of water.’

2795 ‘I've seen those already three years ago and that's why I have come today. I want the cards.’

There followed an almost sighing silence. The fortune teller's eyes looked enormous. Vicenta moved her cigarette towards the candle: it went out. The other
2800 woman waited until the smoke had been drawn well down to the *majorera*'s lungs so that she was calm. Then she began. However, something must have upset her. She looked at the door and up at the sky through the ventilator. Then she wanted to fidget, shuffle the pack, and was watching and hesitating.

2805 ‘Nothing is appearing.’

‘Go on.’

2810 ‘There is a man leaving. Is that anything?’

 ‘No.’

 ‘I’ll have to shuffle again.’

2815 ‘Shuffle then.’

 Now nothing in the world existed except for this quiet house, carved into the earth, enveloped in the almost animal smell that these caves exude. This subterranean odour, fresh in summer and warm in winter, is incomparable to those who are used to
2820 it. Nothing more than the shadows of the two women; large shadows face to face, leaning in to each other. A head with a big bun and a head with a headscarf which fluttered and trembled on the round ceiling.

 Behind them rose the bare mountain, already wounded by the sunset, bleeding
2825 in the twilight. Behind were the airy pathways. In the distance were the farm, the mainlanders and their troubles, and Pinito, daughter of Antonia, and the child Marta with her friends. Further still, the city and the sea. Behind the sea were other islands. But within the closed walls there was a world apart. The only world at that moment.

2830 The faded figures on the pack of cards made faces. The fortune teller spoke in a low voice. ‘Think about your stuff.’

 Vicenta thought. She smoked and thought. The bitter smoke warmed her chest completely. She saw Teresa’s big green eyes, and heard her say

2835

 ‘I have no one but you, Vicenta.’

 The smoke stopped warming, the cigar would no longer pull.

2840 ‘It’s working. I see a man and a lot of women.’

‘Go on!’

‘There is a dark woman they don't like.’

2845

The fortune teller stopped. The flame, which trembled at her words, was still once more. Vicenta could taste the bitter saliva on the cigar butt, now extinguished, on her lips.

2850

‘I see a death.’

‘A stabbing?’

‘I said a death.’

2855

‘Of a woman?’

‘Yes.’

2860

The *majorera* wanted to know more. Here, in this very same room, in a plate of water, she had seen things from years gone by, terrible and forgotten things.

‘Tell me’, she said huskily. ‘Isn’t that what has already happened?’

2865

‘It is what will happen in the future.’

The pain and shadow weighed as heavy as lead in the breast of the *majorera*.

A bitter moon came out behind the mountains following the last sigh of dusk.

2870

It clutched the last of the black clouds with its two pale horns. She rose. She blossomed, shining brightly for anyone who cared to look at her that December night.

A great silence fell over the countryside. The smell of eucalyptus spread all around.

2875

Marta was in the music room alone. Vicenta saw her from the darkness of the garden. The child was in the middle of the untidy room. She was looking attentively at some papers: a pad of white paper. She was Teresa's daughter. Without the charm or the beauty of Teresa, fair like her father, but she was her child! A slim girl with
2880 straight eyebrows and brown hands.

In that moment the soul of the *majorera* was tormented by the sight of her. Her face was distracted and curious, peering by the light of the lamp that she held in her hands. She had a young, vulnerable face, and something in it attracted Vicenta. She
2885 had watched her being born and had long since felt an obscure jealousy of the child because of whose child she was, and also because the creature had the power to keep her there in the dark, gazing at her.

The *majorera* wanted to go up to her and say something. But Marta lifted her
2890 head as if to listen, shut the pad of white paper and hid it under the sofa cushions. Then she turned off the light.

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No	Pg*	Original Metaphor	Literal Translation	Inez Muñoz	Charles F Payne	Glafyra Ennis	Edith Grossman
1	11	<i>las luces siempre tristes</i>	the ever sad lights	the unchanging sadness of the station lights	the uniformly sad lights	the ever dreary lights	the invariably sad lights
2	12	<i>Una respiración grande, dificultosa, venía con el cuchicheo de la madrugada</i>	A great laboured breath, came with the whisper of the dawn	The air was heavy with the approaching dawn	A great, labored breath came with the whispering of the dawn	Laboured breathing came with the murmur of the dawn	Heavy, laboured breathing came with the whispering of the dawn
3	12	<i>su silencio vívido de la respiración de mil almas detrás de los balcones apagados</i>	its silence vivid with the breathing of a thousand souls behind the dark balconies	the silence was alive with the breath of a thousand human beings behind the dark windows	the silent street was alive with the respiration of a thousand souls behind the darkened balconies	a vivid silence born from the breath of thousands of souls behind the darkened balconies	its silence vivid with the respiration of a thousand souls behind darkened balconies
4	13	<i>Las ruedas del coche levantaban una estela de ruido, que repercutía en mi cerebro</i>	The wheels of the car lifted up a wake of noise, that resounded in my brain	The wheels of the carriage left a trail of sound which echoed in my brain	The carriage wheels raised a trail of noise which resounded in my brain	The wheels of the coach elicited a trail of noise that reverberated in my brain	The carriage wheels raised a wake of noise that reverberated in my brain
5	14	<i>la mancha blanquinegra de una vieja decrepita</i>	the black and white stain of a decrepit old lady	The shadowy form of a decrepit little old woman	the black and white shadow of a feeble old woman	the grayish blur of a decrepit old woman	the black white blotch of a decrepit little old woman
6	15	<i>una languidez de sábana colgada</i>	a languidness of hanging sheet	as limp as a sheet hung out to dry	languid as a hanging sheet	a droopy sheet that added to the pathetic picture	the languor that clung to the sheets
7	16	<i>mi compañera de viaje me pareció un poco conmovedora en su desamparo de pueblerina</i>	my companion of the journey seemed to me a little moving in its vulnerability of the villager	My travelling companion did indeed seem rather pathetic, and had a helpless, countrified air	my traveling companion seemed to me a little pitiful in its small-town poverty	my traveling companion looked pathetically rustic	my traveling companion seemed somewhat touching in its small-town helplessness

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8	17	<i>Las paredes tiznadas conservaban la huella de manos ganchudas, de gritos de desesperanza</i>	The stained walls conserved the trace of clawed hands, of cries of desperation	The stained walls bore the prints of crooked fingers, and seemed to echo with cries of desperation	the smeared walls showed traces of claw-like hands, of cries of helplessness	The smeared walls preserved the imprint of clawlike hands, shrieks of desperation	The stained walls had traces of hook shaped hands, of screams of despair
9	17	<i>los desconchados abrían sus bocas desdentadas rezumantes de humedad</i>	the chips in the wall paint opened their toothless mouths oozing moisture	There were cracks everywhere, like toothless mouths exuding dampness	bare spots opened their toothless mouths, oozing dampness	chipped places opened their toothless mouths oozing moisture	the scaling walls opened their toothless mouths, oozing dampness
10	17	<i>La locura sonreía en los grifos torcidos</i>	Madness smiled in the twisted taps	The taps were twisted crazily	Madness smiled in the twisted faucets	Madness smiled on the twisted faucets	Madness smiled from the bent faucets
11	18	<i>la ducha, el cristalino y protector hechizo</i>	the shower, the crystalline and protective spell	the shower – its cool magic no longer protected me	the shower, the crystalline and bewitching protector	the shower, my crystalline and protective spell	the shower, that crystalline, protective magic spell
12	18	<i>la sombra de los muebles, que la luz de la vela hinchaba llenando de palpitaciones y profunda vida</i>	the shadow of the furniture, that the light of the candle swelled up, filling with palpitations and profound life	the shadows of the furniture, which the candle enlarged and filled with a deep, palpitating life	the shadows of the furniture, which the light of the candle enlarged, filling them with movement and profound life	The shadows of the furniture that the candlelight magnified and infused with throbs and profound life	the shadows of furniture that the candlelight exaggerated and filled with quivering, profound life
13	19	<i>Tres estrellas temblaban en la suave negrura de arriba</i>	Three stars trembled in the soft blackness of above	Three stars trembled in the soft darkness above	Three stars twinkled in the soft blackness above	Three stars were twinkling in the soft darkness above	Three stars were trembling in the soft blackness overhead

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14	19	<i>Aquel iluminado palpar de las estrellas me trajo en tropel toda mi ilusión a través de Barcelona</i>	That illuminated palpitating of the stars carried all my illusion in a mad rush through Barcelona	The bright quivering of the stars brought back with a rush all that I had been dreaming as I drove through Barcelona	That bright shining of the stars brought rushing back all my illusions when crossing through Barcelona	Those twinkling stars brought forth precipitously all the dreams that I had had while crossing Barcelona	That illuminated twinkling of the stars brought back in a rush all my hopes regarding Barcelona
15	19	<i>este ambiente de gentes y de muebles endiablados</i>	this atmosphere of demented people and furniture	this world of bewitched people and furniture	this environment of bedevilled people and furniture	this milieu of bewitched people and furniture	this atmosphere of perverse people and furniture
16	21	<i>la seda azul se su traje tenía una tierna palpitación</i>	the blue silk of her dress had a tender palpitation	her blue silk dress shimmered	The blue silk of her dress fell in soft folds	there was a faint shimmer in the blue silk suit she was wearing	the blue silk of her dress had a tender palpitation
17	22	<i>Luces, ruidos, el oleaje entero de la vida rompía contra aquellos balcones con cortinas de terciopelo</i>	lights, noises, the entire wave of life broke against those balconies with velvet curtains	light, noise and tide of life beat against the windows with the velvet curtains	Lights, noises, the entire wave of life broke against those velvet-curtained balconies	Lights, noises, all the torrent of life broke against the balconies with their velvet drapes	Lights, noises, the entire tide of life, broke against those balconies with their velvet curtains
18	23	<i>Las viejas chucherías y los muebles sobrantes fueron una verdadera avalancha</i>	The old knick-knacks and the surplus furniture were a real avalanche	An avalanche of unwanted furniture and old odds and ends	The old trifles and extra furniture were a real avalanche	A real avalanche of knickknacks and excess furniture	The old trinkets and excess furniture formed a veritable avalanche
19	28	<i>no era la única que sentía en la garganta el sabor a polvo que da la tensión nerviosa</i>	I was not the only one to feel in the throat the taste of dust that gives nervous tension	I was not the only one whose throat was dry with nervous tension	I was not the only one who felt in the throat the taste of dust caused by nervous tension	I was not the only one who had a dry throat caused by nervous tension	I wasn't the only one who had the dusty taste of nervous tension in her throat

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No	Pg	Original Metaphor	Literal Translation	Inez Muñoz	Charles F Payne	Glafyra Ennis	Edith Grossman
20	36	<i>Un espíritu dulce y indigno a la vez palpitaba en la grácil forma de sus piernas, de sus brazos, de sus finos pechos</i>	A gentle and at the same time malign spirit beat in the graceful shape of her legs, of her arms, of her fine breasts	The graceful limbs and the small breasts were alive with sweetness and perversity	A spirit both sweet and malevolent was evident in the graceful form of her legs, of her arms, and of her beautiful breasts	A sweet yet malicious spirit throbbed in the gracefully slender shape of her legs, arms, and beautiful breasts	A spirit both sweet and malevolent quivered in the graceful form of her legs, her arms, her fine breasts
21	36	<i>Una inteligencia sutil y diluida en la cálida superficie de la piel perfecta</i>	a subtle and diluted intelligence in the warm surface of the perfect skin	the warm surface of her skin seemed to exhale a subtle and diffused intelligence	a subtle and diluted intelligence in the warm surface of her flawless skin	A subtle intelligence permeated the warm surface of perfect skin	a subtle, diluted intelligence along the warm surface of her perfect skin
22	36	<i>Esta llamarada del espíritu que trae en las personas excepcionales, en las obras de arte</i>	This flame of the spirit that is carried in exceptional individuals, in works of art	a spark of that flame which burns in exceptional people and works of art	that flame of the soul which attracts in unusual persons or in works of art	that spiritual flare-up so alluring in exceptional persons, in works of art	this call of the spirit that attracts us in exceptional people, in works of art
23	38	<i>eso es la culpa de las cosas, que están asfixiadas, doloridas y cargadas de tristeza</i>	that is the fault of the things, which are strangled, in pain, and filled with sadness	they don't know how to treat things, and the air seems to be filled with their cries... it's because they are smothered, and unhappy	that is the fault of the things which are asphyxiated, suffering, burdened with sorrows	and that is the fault of the things, for they are suffocating, hurting, laden with sadness	the things are responsible for that, they're asphyxiated, grief-stricken, heavy with sadness.
24	40	<i>Tú, que eres una ratita despistada</i>	You, who are a little lost rat	You come along, a little lost rat	You, a small, lost rat	Now you arrive, a bewildered little rat	And you, a little rat gone astray
25	41	<i>la ligera capa de hostilidad contra todos que se me había ido formando</i>	the light shell of hostility against everyone that I had been forming round me	my thin armour of hostility to others	the light cape of hostility against everyone which had been forming	the thin layer of hostility that I had been developing against everybody	the light coating of hostility toward all of them all that I had been forming on me

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26	41	<i>Iba hilando a la música una alegría tan fina que traspasaban los límites de la tristeza</i>	He wove into the music was a joy so fine that it pierced the limits of sadness	there was a strain of joy in his music that transcended sadness	He wove into the music a joy so fine that it broke the barrier of sadness	He would weave into the music such pure joy that it transcended the limits of sadness	He wove in the music a joy so fine that it went beyond the limits of sadness
27	41	<i>Y a mí llegaban en oleadas primero, ingenuos recuerdos, sueños, luchas, mi propio presente vacilante, y luego agudas alegrías, tristezas, desesperación, una crispación impotente de la vida y un anegarse en la nada</i>	And it came to me in waves at first, naïve memories, dreams, struggles, my own hesitant present, and then acute joys, sadness, desperation, an impotent crystallization of life and a negation of oneself in nothingness	And then there came flooding into my mind a tide of childish memories and dreams, thoughts of my past struggled and my present doubts; sharp stabs of happiness, sadness, despair; an impotent flutter of life; total nothingness	There reached me in waves, first innocent memories, dreams, struggles, my own vacillating present, and then sharp joys, sorrows, desperation, an important twitching of life and a lapse into nothingness	In surges I recalled my first naïve memories, dreams, struggles, desperation, impotent contortion of life, a descent into nothingness	And it came to me in waves: first, innocent memories, dreams, struggles, my own vacillating present, and then, sharp joys, sorrows, despair, a significant contraction of life, a negation into nothing
28	41	<i>el sentimiento de mi desesperación total hecha belleza, angustiosa armonía sin luz</i>	my feeling of total desperation made beautiful, anguished harmony without light	the sense that my despair had turned to beauty: an agonizing harmony in the darkness	the feeling of total desperation made beauty, anguished harmony without light	the feeling of my total annihilation transformed into beauty, anguished harmony without light	the feeling of my total despair turned into beauty, an anguished harmony without light
29	43	<i>Las hojas lacias y amarillentas caían en una lenta lluvia desde los árboles</i>	The limp yellow leaves fell in a slow rain from the trees	The limp yellow leaves fell like slow rain from the trees	the drooping yellow leaves were falling in a slow rain from the trees	The limp yellow leaves fell like soft rain from the trees	Lifeless yellow leaves fell from trees in a slow rain

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30	43	<i>la naturaleza enredada en las azoteas de las casas y en los troles de los tranvías</i>	nature entangled in the roofs of the houses and the tram wires	Nature had spread her net over the housetops and the trolley-bus wires	nature entwined in the flat roofs of the houses and in the streetcar trolleys	nature spreading its cloak on flat-roofed houses and on trolley car cables	nature entwined along the flat roofs of the houses and the trolley poles of the street-cars
31	44	<i>se mezclaron las dos voces en una cantinela con fondo de lluvia y me adormecían</i>	their two voices mixed together in a lullaby with a background of rain and sent me to sleep	The two voices mingled...like a part-song to the rain's accompaniment and made me feel sleepy	the two voices were blended in a ballad, with a background of rain, and I fell asleep	their voices merged into a chant, with rainfall in the background, and were lulling me to sleep	their two voices combined in a ballad with a background of rain, and made me drowsy
32	59	<i>el encanto de desmenuzar el alma, el roce de la sensibilidad almacenada durante años</i>	the charm of scrutinizing the soul, the rub of sensitivity stored up during the years	the mysterious, half-reticent outpourings and delicious unburdening of their souls	The charm of closely examining the soul, the exchange of feelings stored up during many years	the enchantment of taking apart the soul, the frequent contact with sensibilities cherished over the years	The charm of analyzing one's soul, the light caress of sensibility stored up over the years
33	59	<i>me encontré hundida en un cúmulo de discusiones</i>	I found myself drowned in a cumulous cloud of discussions	I discussed general subjects which I had never before dreamed of	I found myself involved in many discussions	I found myself immersed in many discussions	I found myself deep in a profusion of discussions
34	66	<i>aquellas magníficas arrugas de la tierra que se levantaban entre nosotros - los españoles - y el resto de Europa</i>	those magnificent wrinkles of the earth that rose up between us - the Spanish - and the rest of Europe	these splendid mountain crests which separate us Spaniards from the rest of Europe	Those magnificent wrinkles of the earth's crust which rose between the Spaniards and the rest of Europe	those magnificent rumples on the ground that rise between us Spaniards and the rest of Europe	those magnificent wrinkles on the Earth that rise up between us - the Spaniards - and the rest of Europe
35	72	<i>Un chorro de sangre hirviendo en las mejillas, en las orejas, en las venas</i>	A torrent of blood boiling in my cheeks, my ears, in the veins of my neck	A wave of hot blood rushed to my face and ears, and swelled the veins	a rush of heat, a spurt of blood bubbling in my cheeks, my ears	a gush of blood boiling in my cheeks, my ears, and the veins of my neck	A rush of boiling blood to my cheeks, my ears, the veins of my neck

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36	74	<i>El comedor se quedó envuelto en una tranquilidad pasmosa</i>	The dining room was left wrapped in an astonishing tranquillity	There was a dreadful silence in the dining room	The dining room remained in frightening silence	The dining room remained enveloped in awesome tranquillity	The dining room remained enveloped in an astonishing calm
37	78	<i>aquella fantasía de muebles en el crepúsculo</i>	that fantasy of furniture at dusk	fantastically surrounded by the strange furniture in the dusk	That fantasy of furniture in the dusk	the furniture made ghostly at dusk	that fantasy of furniture in the twilight
38	78	<i>se trenzarían chorros de luz y la gente iría cargada de paquetes</i>	streams of light would plait themselves and people would go laden with packages	lights were shining from the shops; people went about with parcels	streams of light would be dancing and people would be carrying packages	streaks of light dancing in the stores and people were going about loaded with packages	streams of light would intertwine and people would be loaded down with packages
39	78	<i>mas mezquino, más cogido que nadie en las minúsculos raíces de lo cotidiano</i>	more petty, more caught up than anyone in the miniscule roots of everyday life	more completely trapped than any of us in the paltry details of daily life	more petty, more entangled than anyone in the small roots of everyday life	more wretched, more entrapped in the paltry details of daily life	more mean-spirited, more caught up than anybody in the miniscule roots of the everyday
40	78	<i>Chupada su vida, sus facultades, su arte, por la pasión de aquella efervescencia de la casa</i>	His life, his faculties, his art, sucked away by the passion of that effervescence of the house	whose intelligence and talent was being devoured by the passions fermenting in this house	His life was drained; his faculties, his art, were sapped by the passion of the effervescence in the home	His life, his abilities, his art all drained by the fervent agitation in that household	His life sucked away, his faculties, his art, by the passion of the agitation in that house
41	80	<i>una de aquellas últimas hojas de otoño, muertas en el árbol antes de que el viento las arrastras</i>	one of those last leaves of autumn, dead on the tree before the wind drags them off	those last autumn leaves that cling to the tree even after they are dead, before the wind blows them away	one of the last leaves of the fall, dead on the tree before the wind blows them away	one of those last leaves of autumn, dead on the tree before the wind blew them away	one of the last autumn leaves, dead on the tree before the wind tears them away

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42	81	<i>Cuando al fin se marchó quedaron mucho rato vibrando sus ecos</i>	When she finally left, her echoes kept vibrating for a long time	Her presence seemed to echo through the house long after she had left	her echoes reverberated for a long time	After she finally left, the sound of her echo continued to reverberate in the house for a long time	When she finally left, her echoes kept vibrating for some time
43	89	<i>Las ideas me apretaban la garganta sin poderlas expresar</i>	Ideas jammed in my throat without me being able to express them	My thoughts choked me; I could not express myself	My thoughts checked me without being expressed	I was choking with ideas that I was unable to express	Ideas tightened in my throat and I couldn't express them
44	92	<i>los escalones me volaban bajo los pies</i>	the stairs flew under my feet	The stairs were left behind by my hurrying feet	the steps flew under my feet	the stairs flew under my feet	the steps flew under my feet
45	93	<i>Por primera vez sentía en la palma de las manos el ansia de otra mano que me tranquilizara</i>	For the first time I felt in the palm of my hand the desire for another hand to calm me down	For the first time I felt in the palms of my hands a longing for the soothing touch of another hand	For the first time I felt in the palms of my hands the need for another hand to comfort me	For the first time I experienced the longing for another hand in mine that could calm me down	For the first time I felt in my palms the yearning for another hand to soothe me
46	93	<i>sacudida aún por el escalofrío de la impresión de su sonido</i>	still shaken by the fright of the impression of its shrill sound	Startled by the sudden sound	still startled by the chill of its sharp sound	Still shaken and jolted by its shrill sound	Still shuddering with the impact of its piercing sound
47	93	<i>se me entró por los oídos una alegría tan grande que al pronto ni la sentí</i>	through my ears a happiness so big entered me that at first I did not even feel it	such a wave of happiness poured in at my ears that I was not immediately aware of what it was I heard	such a great happiness came over me that at first I was not aware of it	Such a great joy flashed through my ears that at first I didn't even feel it	into my ears came a joy so great that at first I didn't hear her

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48	98	<i>las sirenas de la fábrica rompieron a pitidos la neblina de la mañana</i>	the factory sirens pierced the morning mist with their whistles	the factory whistles pierced the morning mist	the factory whistles broke the morning fog	the sound of the factory whistles broke through the morning fog	the factory sirens pierced the morning fog
49	98	<i>Todavía estaba el cielo de Barcelona cargada de humedades del mar y de estrellas</i>	The Barcelona sky was still laden with the humidity of the sea and with stars	The Barcelona sky was still filled with stars and sea mist	The sky of Barcelona was still laden with sea moisture and with stars	the sky over Barcelona was still heavy with ocean mist and stars	The Barcelona sky was still full of sea damp and stars
50	100	<i>Entonces se le quedó la cara tiesa sembrada de arrugas verticales</i>	Then her face became taut, sown with vertical wrinkles	Then her face hardened, and the vertical lines in it deepened	her face became tense and full of vertical wrinkles	Then her face become taut, furrowed with vertical lines	Then her face become rigid, sown with vertical wrinkles
51	102	<i>último sombrero de la casa</i>	the last hat of the house	The last hat that remained in the house	the last hat of the family	the last hat in the house	the last hat in the house
52	103	<i>la imagen de mis dieciocho años áridos encerrados en una figura alargada</i>	the image of my eighteen arid years locked in an elongated figure	the reflection of my tall figure in which eighteen arid years had been imprisoned	the image of my eighteen years swallowed up by an enlarged figure	the image of my barren eighteen years imprisoned in a slender body	the image of my eighteen arid years, enclosed in an elongated body
53	104	<i>Una mano sensual, ahora desgarrada, gritando con la crispación de sus dedos</i>	A sensual hand, now unleashed, screaming with the clenching of its fingers	a large, soft, white hand, a sensual hand, whose tensely contracted fingers were more expressive than was my aunt's voice	a sensual hand, now shameless, shouting with the twitching of its fingers louder than the voice of my aunt	a dissolute sensual hand whose fidgety fingers were now screaming more	a sensual hand, brazen now, shouting louder with the clenching of its fingers

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No	Pg	Original Metaphor	Literal Translation	Inez Muñoz	Charles F Payne	Glafyra Ennis	Edith Grossman
54	104	<i>Gloria, la mujer serpiente, durmió enroscada en su cama hasta el mediodía</i>	Gloria, the serpent woman, slept coiled up in her bed until midday	Gloria, the serpent woman, slept curled up in her bed until noon	Gloria, the serpent woman, slept curled up in bed until noon	Gloria, the serpent woman, slept curled up in her bed until noon	Gloria, the snake woman, slept curled up in her bed until noon
55	107	<i>un trozo viviente del pasado que estorba la marcha de las cosas</i>	a living piece of the past that obstructs the progress of things	She belongs to the past and she hinders one's plans for the future	someone living in the past who hinders the march of things	a living slice of the past that impedes the progress of things	a living piece of the past that interferes with the progress of things
56	107	<i>aguas ciegas que vamos golpeando como podemos la tierra para salir a algo inesperado</i>	we are waters that go blindly hitting the earth however we can in order to escape to something unexpected	we are like land-locked water, trying to force a way though the earth to some unexpected outlet	blind currents eroding the soil, as we can, to get something unexpected	we are blind waters that go about pounding the earth the best we can to exit into the unexpected	blindly rushing waters pounding at the earth the best we can in order to erupt when least expected
57	113	<i>el cielo se descargaba en una apretada lluvia de estrellas sobre las azoteas</i>	the sky discharged itself in a tightly packed rain of stars over the rooftops	the sky seemed to be raining stars on the house-tops	the sky seemed to be falling in a heavy rain of stars on the flat roofs	upon the rooftops the sky was unleashing a dense shower of stars	the sky was pouring a dense shower of stars over the roofs
58	113	<i>aquella voz ardorosa que al salir parecía quemar y envolver en resplandores el cuerpo desmedrado de su dueña</i>	that passionate voice which as it came out seemed to burn and shimmer around the frail body of its owner	that ardent voice, which seemed to set her frail body on fire	that ardent voice which seemed to burn and make the frail body of its owner glow	her passionate voice, which, as it emanated, seemed to ignite and envelope her frail body in splendour	the ardent voice that seemed to burn as it flowed out, enveloping the owner's wasted body in radiance

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59	113	<i>Aquella voz había despertado todos los posos de sentimentalismo y de desbocado romanticismo de mis dieciocho años</i>	That voice had disturbed all the dregs of sentimentalism and of unbridled romanticism of my eighteen years	Her voice had aroused all my youthful sentimentality and wild romanticism	That voice had loosed all the fountains of sentimentality and unbridled romanticism of my eighteen years	that voice had aroused all the vestiges of sentimentality and the unbridled romanticism of my eighteen years	that voice had stirred up all the sediment of sentimentality and runaway romanticism of my eighteen years
60	114	<i>calmar aquella casi angustiada sed de belleza que me había dejado el escuchar a la madre de Ena</i>	soothe that almost agonising thirst for beauty that listening to Ena's mother had left me with	satisfy that almost anguished desire for beauty aroused by Ena's mother's singing	calm my almost anguished thirst for beauty which Ena's mother had caused	quench the almost anguished thirst for beauty that listening to Ena's mother had left in me	calm the almost agonizing thirst for beauty that listening to Ena's mother had left in me
61	114	<i>el puerto, bañado en sombras argentados por la luz estelar sobre las llamas blancas de los faroles</i>	the port, bathed in shadows, made silver by the light shining on the white flames of the streetlamps	The port, deep in shadow, while the silver stars were shining above the white street-lamps	the port, bathed in shadows, silvered by the starlight above the white flames of the streetlights	the port immersed in shadows, silvered by the starlight above the white flames of the gas lamps	the port, bathed in shadows and silvery with starlight above the white flames in the street lamps
62	115	<i>aquella ciudad gótica naufragando entre húmedas casas construidas sin estilo</i>	that Gothic city shipwrecked amongst damp houses built without style	that Gothic pile, stranded among the mean, damp houses surrounding it	that Gothic city of ornate masonry, drowning among damp houses built without style	That Gothic city, sinking among dank houses built without style	that Gothic city; it sunk among damp houses built without style
63	115	<i>El frío parecía más intenso encajonado en las calles torcidas</i>	The cold seemed more intense trapped in the twisted streets	In the narrow, winding streets, the cold seemed more intense	The cold seemed more intense, enclosed in the crooked streets	Walled in by the winding streets, the cold seemed more intense	the cold seemed more intense, channelled in the twisted streets

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64	115	<i>los que los años habían patinado también de un modo especial, como si se hubieran contagiado de belleza</i>	those that the years had given a special sheen, as if they had been infected with beauty	which however had acquired some of the special patina and beauty of its venerable stones	the years had also covered in a special way, as if they had caught its beauty	on which time had left a patina of special charm as though tainted with beauty	that the years had also covered with a patina of unique charm, as if they had been infected with beauty
65	115	<i>el firmamento se convertía en tiras abriantadas entre las azoteas casi juntas</i>	the night sky became shining streaks between the closely built rooftops	bright strips of sky shone between the closely-built housetops	The firmament was turning to shining streams among the crowded flat roofs	between the roofs that nearly touched each other, the sky was transformed into bright strips	the sky turned into glittering strips between roofs that almost touched
66	115	<i>Algún quejido del aire en las puertas palpitaba allí</i>	Some wailing of the air in the doors beat there	No translation given	Some wind was whining there in the doorways	And there a certain moaning of the wind quivered against the doors	An occasional lament of air throbbed in the doorways
67	115	<i>el baile de luces que hacían los faroles contra sus mil rincones</i>	the dance of lights the street lamps made against its thousands of corners	the street lights danced upon its many nooks and angles	the dancing of the lights from the streetlamps on its thousand corners	a dance of lights against a thousand nooks and corners	the dance of lights cast by the street lamps against its thousands of nooks and corners
68	116	<i>el gran corro de sombras de piedra fervorosa</i>	the great ring of fervent stone shadows	the great mass of shadow made by these pious stones	the great chorus of fervent stone shadows	the realm of shadows cast by the pious stones	the great expanse of shadows of fervent stone
69	116	<i>La Catedral se levantaba en una armonía severa estilizada en formas casi vegetales</i>	The cathedral rose up in a severe harmony styled in almost vegetal forms	The Cathedral towered in all its austere harmony, like some stylized vegetable growth	The Cathedral towered above me with a severe harmony, stylized in almost vegetable forms	The cathedral, designed almost in the form of a plant, rose in austere harmony	The Cathedral rose in austere harmony, stylized in almost vegetal forms

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70	116	<i>Una paz, una imponente claridad se derramaba de la arquitectura maravillosa</i>	A peace, and imposing clarity spilled out from the marvellous architecture	Peace and serenity flowed from it	A peace, a powerful clarity, fell from the wonderful architecture	Peace, a majestic radiance, emanated from the magnificent architecture	A peace, an imposing clarity, overflowed the marvelous architecture
71	116	<i>En derredor de sus trazos oscuros resaltaba la noche brillante, rondando lentamente al compás de las horas</i>	Around its dark forms the night appeared brilliant, revolving slowly to the compass of the hours	Around its shadowy outline shone the brilliant night, slowly revolving with the passing hours	All around its dark outlines the brilliant night stood out, moving slowly to the march of the hours	Around its dark shapes the brilliant night stood out, turning slowly to the rhythm of the hours	Around its dark outlines loomed the glittering night slowly orbiting it in rhythm with time
72	116	<i>Dejé que aquel profundo hechizo de las formas me penetrara durante unos minutos</i>	I let that deep spell of forms penetrate me for a few moments	For several minutes I absorbed its deep enchantment	I allowed that profound magic of forms to sink in for several minutes	For a few moments I let that profound magic permeate me	I let that profound spell of forms penetrate me for a few minutes
73	123	<i>En la agradable confusión de ideas que precede el sueño</i>	In the agreeable confusion of dreams that precedes sleep	In the agreeable confusion of ideas that precedes sleep	In the agreeable confusion of ideas which precedes sleep	In the pleasant confusion of ideas that precede dreaming	In the agreeable confusion of ideas that precedes sleep
74	123	<i>El alto sueño de la Catedral volvió a invadirme</i>	The lofty dream of the Cathedral invaded me once more	in their place came vague memories of ... the image of the great Cathedral	The high dream of the Cathedral again came over me	My lofty dream of the cathedral once more overcame me	The lofty dream of the Cathedral invaded me again
75	135	<i>Había una alegría deshilvanada en el aire</i>	There was a happiness unravelling in the air	The air was full of an irrational gaiety	There was an incoherent joy in the air	Joy was adrift in the air	There was a free-floating joy in the air

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76	138	<i>Yo veía el encaje fantástico que formaban las olas en la negrura</i>	I saw the fantastic lace formed by the waves in the darkness	I watched the fantastic patterns made by the waves in the darkness	I saw the fantastic lace formed by the waves in the darkness	I watched the waves forming marvellous lace patterns against the darkness	I saw the fantastic lacework formed by the waves in the blackness
77	138	<i>Bajo el primer sol los cristales de estas caras negruzcas despedía destellos diamantinos</i>	Under the first sun the windows of these dirty houses gave off diamantine flashes of light	The rising sun made the windows of these grimy houses shine like diamonds	Under the early sun the windows of the blackened houses gave off diamond-like flashes	Beneath the rising sun the windows of these darkened houses glittered like diamonds	Under the early sun the windows of these dark buildings flashed light diamonds
78	139	<i>la masa informe y portentosa que era Barcelona y que se levantaba y esparcía al alejarnos</i>	the meaningful and portentous mass that was Barcelona, and that rose up and thickened as we went away	the huge shapeless mass that was Barcelona, which appeared to raise itself up and spread out ...as we left it behind us	the shapeless and portentous mass which was Barcelona, and which rose up and spread as we went away	the shapeless and marvellous mass that was Barcelona, which as we distanced ourselves from it, rose up and scattered	the shapeless, portentous mass of Barcelona that rose and spread out as we left it
79	139	<i>un rebaño de monstruos</i>	a flock of monsters	a monstrous serpent	a flock of monsters	a herd of monsters	a herd of monsters
80	139	<i>el latido del barrio húmedo cargado de jugos vitales</i>	the pulsing of the humid mud laden with vital juices	the throb of the damp earth filled with potential life	The throb of damp clay, laden with vital juices	the pulsing of damp mud heavy with vital juices	the throbbing, damp earth, saturated with vital substances
81	139	<i>la misteriosa emoción de los brotes aún cerrados</i>	the mysterious emotion of the still closed buds	the mysterious awakening of the half-closed buds	the mysterious emotion of the yet unopened buds	the mysterious emotion of the buds still unopened	the mysterious emotion of buds that were still closed
82	139	<i>el encanto melancólico de las algas desmadejadas en la arena</i>	the melancholy charm of the wilted seaweed on the sand	the melancholy charm of the seaweed languishing on the shore	The melancholy charm of the algae, enervated on the sand	the melancholy enchantment of the lanky seaweed on the sand	The melancholy charm of the algae listless on the sand

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83	139	<i>sentirse arrastrada en ese halo casi palpable que irradia una pareja de enamorados jóvenes</i>	feel oneself dragged into that almost tangible aura that irradiates a pair of young lovers	feeling myself included within that almost palpable warmth that radiates from a pair of young lovers	carried along in that halo, almost real, irradiated by a pair of young lovers	a feeling of being swept along by that almost tangible aura that radiates from a couple of young lovers	feeling myself carried along in the almost palpable aura radiated by a young couple in love
84	140	<i>en seguida empezó la mimosa a amarillear y a temblar sobre las tapias de los jardines</i>	then the mimosa began to turn yellow and tremble over the garden walls	soon afterwards the mimosa began to turn yellow and wave over the garden walls	soon the mimosa began to grow yellow and tremble over the garden walls	soon afterwards the mimosa plants began to turn yellow and quiver on the walls of the gardens	right after that the mimosa began to turn yellow, trembling on the garden walls
85	140	<i>Estos chorros de luz que recibió mi vida gracias a Ena, estaban amargados por el sombrío tinte con que se teñía mi espíritu otros días de la semana</i>	These streams of light that my life received thanks to Ena, were embittered by the dark tinge which coloured my spirit the other days of the week	The radiance that Ena brought into my life was darkened by the gloom of my spirits during the rest of the week	These streams of light which my life received thanks to Ena, were embittered by the somber tint with which my spirit was colored the other days of the week	These flashes of light that brightened my life, thanks to Ena, were embittered by the dismal taint that marred my spirit the rest of the week	These torrents of light pouring into life because of Ena were embittered by the dismal hues that colored my spirit on the other days of the week
86	142	<i>una ligerísima raya hace torcer el curso de nuestra vida en una época nueva</i>	a very fine line twists the course of our life into a new phase	some slight flaw which makes them twist the whole course of our lives in a new direction	A fine line twists the course of our life into a new era	a very fine line changes the course of our lives into a new epoch	a very faint stroke suddenly changes the course of our life and moves it into a new period
87	145	<i>Tuve la sensación absurda de que me corrían sombras por la cara</i>	I had the absurd sensation that shadows were running across my face	I had the absurd sensation that a shadow moved across my face	I had the almost absurd sensation that shadows were crossing my face	I had the absurd sensation that shadows were cast across my face	I had the absurd feeling that shadows were passing over my face

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88	155	<i>el encierro perpetuo de la soledad</i>	the perpetual imprisonment in loneliness	perpetual solitude	the perpetual confinement in solitude	the perpetual confinement in solitude	perpetual enclosure in solitude
89	155	<i>si el amor no me enganchara en su carro continuamente</i>	if Love would not hook me continuously onto his cart	If I were not continually in the toils of love	if love did not hitch me to her chariot continuously	if love would not continuously hitch me to his chariot	if love didn't always hitch me on to his wagon
90	159	<i>la descuidada felicidad de aquel ambiente me acariciaba el espíritu</i>	the carefree happiness of that place caressed my spirit	I felt completely at home and happy in this gay, carefree unselfconscious atmosphere	the carefree happiness of that atmosphere caressed my spirit	the carefree happiness of that environment soothed my soul	the careless happiness in that atmosphere caressed my spirit
91	162	<i>Los pinos corrían en una manada espesa y fragante montaña abajo, extendiéndose en grandes bosques hasta que la ciudad empezaba</i>	The pine trees ran in a thick and fragrant flock down the mountain, stretching itself out in huge woods to where the city began.	The pines poured down the mountainside in a dense fragrant stream, and spread out into the woods at the very edge of the town	The pines ran in a thick and fragrant flock, down the mountain, stretching out in large forests to the edge of the city	A thick and fragrant cluster of pine trees stretching out into a huge forest ran down to where the city began	The pines ran in dense, fragrant groves down the mountain, spreading into large forests until they reached the outskirts of the city
92	162	<i>Lo verde la envolvía abrazándola</i>	Green enveloped it, embracing it	It appeared to be enveloped in greenery	The green trees surrounded it, embracing it	the greenery enveloped it, embracing it	Green surrounded and embraced it
93	172	<i>Un río de luces corría calle Pelayo abajo</i>	A river of lights ran down the Pelayo road	A stream of bright light came from the calle de Pelayo below	A river of lights was running down Pelayo Street	A stream of lights flowed down Pelayo Street	A river of lights ran down calle de Pelayo
94	172	<i>Los anuncios guiñaban sus ojos en un juego pesado</i>	The advertisements winked in a wearisome game	The electric signs were winking as if taking part in a stupid game	The billboards were winking their eyes in a sultry game	The signs were winking their eyes in a tiresome game	The signs winked their eyes in a tiresome game

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95	174	<i>había una gran tristeza en las débiles luces amarillentas diseminadas de cuando en cuando</i>	there was a great sadness in the dim yellowish lights scattered here and there	(The great building) ...looked dead and sad under its few yellow lights	there was a great sadness in the feeble yellow lights, disseminated here and there	there was great sadness in the weak, yellowish lights scattered here and there	there was great sorrow in the occasional dim, yellowish lights
96	174	<i>mis pensamientos temblaban en la misma excitación que me oprimía la garganta hasta sentir dolor</i>	my thoughts trembled with the same excitement that oppressed my throat nearly to the point that it hurt	I was so agitated that my thoughts were in confusion, and my throat ached	my mind was shaken by the same excitement, which tightened in my throat until it almost hurt	my thoughts were trembling with the same excitement that oppressed my throat to the point of almost causing pain	my thoughts trembled with the same excitement that squeezed my throat until I almost felt pain
97	175	<i>La música aturdí en oleadas agrias</i>	The music stunned in bitter waves	Harsh, discordant music came from all sides and filled the air	The music, coming in bitter waves, deafened me	The baffling music coming out from everywhere in strident waves	The music was bewildering as it came from every side in discordant waves
98	175	<i>la montaña de Montjuich envuelta, con sus jardines en la pureza de la noche</i>	Montjuich mountain wrapped, with its gardens, in the purity of the night	he Montjuich clothed in greenery, in the purity of the night	the hill of Montjuich, with its walled gardens, in the purity of the night	Mount Montjuich, enveloped in its gardens in the purity of the night	the mountain of Montjuich enveloped, with its gardens, in the purity of the night
99	176	<i>aquellas callejuelas oscuras y fétidas que abren allí sus bocas</i>	those dark fetid alleyways that open their mouths there	the dark, narrow, evil-smelling streets of the neighbourhood	those dark and foul side streets which open their mouths there	one of those dark and foul-smelling alleys that opens its mouth there	those dark fetid alleys that open their mouths there
100	203	<i>el cielo sobre las casas estaba herido por regueros luminosos</i>	the sky above these houses was wounded by luminous rakings	The sky above the rooftops was scored by their fiery trails	the sky above the houses was cut by lighted streaks	the sky above the houses was violated by bright flares	the sky over the houses was lit up by brilliant streaks

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101	209	<i>aquella densa y fúlgida masa de noche azul que entraba por el balcón</i>	that dense and shining mass of blue night that came in through the balcony	the intense blue of the night that I saw through my window	that dense and resplendent mass of blue night sky over the open balcony	that dark and dazzling mass of blue night that came in through the balcony	the dense, brilliant mass that came in through the balcony
102	212	<i>los olores estancados despedían un vaho de fantasmas</i>	the stagnant smells gave off a cloud of ghosts	(a black river) giving off stagnant odours and vaporous phantoms	the stagnant odors emitted a ghostly vapor	whose stagnant odors emitted ghostly fumes	stagnant odors gave off the breath of ghosts
103	212	<i>la vida rompió delante de mis ojos todos sus pudores y apareció desnuda gritando intimidades tristes</i>	life broke in front of my eyes all its powers and appeared naked shouting sad intimacies	life appeared in shameless nakedness before me, proclaiming sad intimacies	life shed all its innocence and appeared naked revealing sad intimacies	before my eyes, life violated all of its modesty and appeared naked, shouting sad intimacies	life broke with all sense of modesty before my eyes and appeared naked, shouting sad intimacies
104	212	<i>Dulces y espesas noches mediterráneas sobre Barcelona, con su decorado zumo de luna, con su húmedo olor de nereidas</i>	Sweet and thick Mediterranean nights over Barcelona, with its decorated moon juice, its moist scent of nereids	soft Mediterranean nights hanging heavy over Barcelona, painting it with yellow moonlight	Sweet and thick Mediterranean nights over Barcelona with their beautiful moonlight, and their humid odor of sea nymphs	Sweet and dense Mediterranean nights over Barcelona, with their moonlight décor, with their humid scent of sea nymphs	Sweet, dense Mediterranean nights over Barcelona, with golden juice flowing from the moon, with the damp odor of sea nymphs
105	213	<i>Así, el sueño iba llegando en oleadas cada vez más perezosas, hasta el hondo y completo olvido de mi cuerpo y de mi alma</i>	Thus, sleep was coming in waves, ever more lazy, up until the deep and complete oblivion of my body and my soul	And so sleep overcame me, in a series of waves each lazier than the last, until body and mind were completely lost in deep oblivion	In this way sleep came in waves, each one more lazy, until deep and complete forgetfulness of my body and spirit	Thus sleep would subdue me in waves, each time more slothful, until my body and soul sank into complete oblivion	This was how sleep came, in increasingly indolent waves, until the deep, complete oblivion of body and soul

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106	213	<i>estos luminosos hilos impalpables que vienen del mundo sideral obraban en mi con fuerzas imposibles de precisar, pero reales</i>	these luminous intangible threads which come from the cosmic world were working on me with forces impossible to define, but real	the bright, intangible threads that come to us from the astral world affected me with a real, though indefinable, force	The unseen shiny threads that come from the sidereal world would draw me with an unknown but nonetheless real force	these bright intangible threads that come from outer space were working on me with forces impossible to pinpoint, but real	these luminous, impalpable threads that come from the world of stars affected me with forces impossible to define, but real
107	216	<i>Apretaba las teclas con pasión, obligándolas a darle sentido de una esplendorosa primavera</i>	He pressed the keys with passion, forcing them to give the impression of a splendid spring	He bent eagerly over the piano keys, making them interpret the meaning of a glorious spring day	He struck the keys passionately, obliging them to give the impression of a beautiful spring	He pressed down on the keys with passion, forcing them to render an aura of a resplendent spring	He pressed the keys with passion, forcing them to give the sense of a splendid spring
108	217	<i>El cielo inflamado se estrellaba contra ellas</i>	The inflamed sky shattered against them	the red sky quivered behind them	The purple sky clashed against them	The reddened sky collided against them	The fiery sky shattered against them
109	223	<i>Hacía algo aterrador en la magnificencia clásica de aquel cielo aplastado sobre la calle silenciosa</i>	There was something terrifying in the classical magnificence of that sky plastered over the silent street	There was something awe-inspiring in the classical beauty of the sky weighing down upon the silent street	There was something terrifying in the classic magnificence of the sky, plastered above the silent street	there was something terrifying about the classic magnificence of that sky pressing against the silent street	There was something terrifying in the classical magnificence of that sky flattened over the silent street
110	224	<i>tanta sed abrasadora de asfalto y piedras</i>	so much light, so much burning thirst of asphalt and stone	so much light, by the thirsty expanses of asphalt and stone	so much light, the burning thirst of asphalt and stones	So much light, so much burning thirst from the asphalt and stones	So much light, so much burning thirst of asphalt and stone

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111	224	<i>el propio camino de mi vida, desierto</i>	my own life path, deserted	the deserted path of my life	the lonely pathway of my own life	the desolate course of my own life	the deserted road of my own life
112	224	<i>Abocando, en cada instante, irremediamente, en la soledad</i>	Leading, in each instant, inevitably, into loneliness	At every moment I felt more hopelessly alone	meeting helplessly at each moment in the solitude	Hopelessly gasping at every instant, in loneliness	Constantly, irremediably chewing on solitude
113	224	<i>nada vale correr si siempre ha de irse por el mismo camino, cerrado, de nuestra personalidad</i>	it is not worth running if we always have to go down the same closed road of our personality	How useless it seemed to struggle along, without ever being able to leave the shut-in path of one's own personality	life was not worth living if we must always travel the limited route of our personalities	nothing is gained by running if one always takes the same closed road of one's personality	It's useless to race if we always have to travel the same incomprehensible road of our personality
114	224	<i>Yo tenía un pequeño y ruin papel de espectadora. Imposible salir de él. Imposible libertarme</i>	I had a small and tattered spectator ticket. Impossible to escape it. Impossible to free myself	My role was the insignificant one of a spectator and I could not free myself from it	I had a small and useless role of spectator. It was impossible for me to change or to free myself	I had a small and base role as spectator. Impossible to escape from it. Impossible to free myself	I had a small, miserable role as spectator. Impossible to get out of it. Impossible to free myself
115	224	<i>Había leído rápidamente una hoja de mi vida que no valía la pena de recordar más</i>	I had read rapidly a page of my life that was not worth remembering any more	I had rapidly turned over one page of my life and it was not worthwhile thinking of it again	I had read rapidly a page of my life which was not worth the trouble to remember any longer	I had quickly read a page from my life story that was not worth remembering any more	I had quickly read a page of my life that wasn't worth thinking about any more
116	225	<i>La calle irradiaba su alma en el crepúsculo</i>	The street irradiated its soul in the sunset	The street was coming alive with the dusk	the street radiated its soul in the dusk	The street displayed its soul at dusk	The street radiated its soul at dusk

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117	225	<i>Mil olores, tristezas, historias subían desde el empedrado, se asomaban a los balcones o a los portales de la calle de Aribau</i>	A thousand smells, sadnesses, stories rose from the pavement, appeared at the balconies and doorways of Aribau Street	A thousand smells, sorrows, and memories rose from the pavement and crept up to the windows and doors of the Calle de Aribau	A thousand odors, griefs, stories, rose from the pavement, came out on balconies or to the doorways of Aribau Street	A thousand odors, sorrows, stories, which rose from the pavement, were glancing into the balconies or entrance halls of Aribau Street	A thousand odors, sorrows, stories, rose from the paving stones, climbed to the balconies or entrances along Calle de Aribau
118	233	<i>un juego de cachorros que acaban de despertar</i>	A game of puppies that have just woken up	playing with him like a couple of puppies	both of them playing like pigs who have just awakened	like pups at play that have just awakened	a game of puppies who've just awakened
119	235	<i>Lo he repasado en todos sus rincones, en todos sus pliegues</i>	I have looked through all his corners and folds	I know him through and through	I have studied him in all his aspects, all his folds	I have gone over it, in all of its nooks and all of its folds	I studied all his corners, all his folds
120	237	<i>no soportaría que esta imagen que ella ha endiosado estuviera cimentada en un barro de pasiones y desequilibrio</i>	she would not bear that this image she has idolised was cemented in a mud of passions and imbalance	she could not bear to find that her image had feet of clay	She couldn't bear for the image she has worshipped to be founded in a clay of passions and of confusion	she could not bear to have her deified image of me based on muddy passions and confusion	she couldn't bear for this image that she's deified to have its feet made of the clay of passions and madness
121	237	<i>para mí es vital cada átomo de cariño suyo</i>	for me every atom of her love is vital	I need every atom of her affection	for me every atom of her love is vital	And for me, every atom of her love is vital	And every atom of her love is vital to me
122	238	<i>Sobre nosotros resbalaban las horas cortando aprisa la tela de una vida gris</i>	The hours slid over us cutting quickly through the cloth of a completely grey life	The time passed quickly, slipping away in the grey material of our life	The hours glided by quickly, cutting the cloth of a completely gray life	the hours slipped past, quickly cutting the cloth of a life that was completely gray	Hours were slipping past us, rapidly cutting the fabric of a completely gray life

Appendix A: Table of Original Metaphors in Nada

No	Pg	Original Metaphor	Literal Translation	Inez Muñoz	Charles F Payne	Glafyra Ennis	Edith Grossman
123	240	<i>la fina ardidumbre de la vida</i>	the fine trickery of life	the pattern of life	the fine essence of life	the fine thread of life	the fine warp of life
124	243	<i>el pequeño teatro en donde por fin se había encerrado Román con el tiempo</i>	the small theatre in which in the end Román had imprisoned himself with time	the retreat where he had hidden himself in the end	The small theatre in which Román had gradually finally imprisoned himself	the little theatre where finally Roman had locked himself in with time	The small theatre in which, over time, Román had finally enclosed himself
125	243	<i>Al fin, ahogaron la luna</i>	Finally, they drowned the moon	At last they hid the moon	Finally they covered the moon	Finally, they engulfed the moon	At last, they put out the moon
126	253	<i>Las palabras de los otros, palabras viejas, empezaran a perseguirme y a danzar en mis oídos</i>	The words of the others, old words, began to persecute me and dance in my ears	Things other people had said, things heard long ago, rang in my ears	The words of the others, old words, began to follow me and dance in my ears	the words of the others, old words, began to hound me and dance in my ears	Other people's words, old words, began to pursue me and dance in my ears
127	255	<i>pesándome en los hombros los sacos de lana de las nubes</i>	weighing down on my shoulders the sacks of wool of clouds	the clouds weighing on my shoulders like sacks of wool	carrying on my back the sacks of wool from the clouds	my shoulders weighted down with the fleece of clouds	the sacks of wool of the clouds weighing on my shoulders
128	259	<i>Las conocidas fisonomías de las puertas... se precipitaban sobre mí, desaparecían comidas por mi llanto</i>	The well-known faces of the doors... rained down on me, disappeared eaten by my tears	The familiar faces of the doors ...danced before my eyes, rushed to meet me, and then vanished, drowned by my tears	The familiar doors...dancing, throwing themselves at me, disappeared behind my tears	the familiar features of the doors... were dancing, rushing over me, disappearing consumed by my weeping	The familiar physiognomies of the doors... danced, threw themselves at me, disappeared, devoured by my tears
129	260	<i>Aquel cielo tormentoso me entraba en los pulmones y me cegaba de tristeza</i>	That stormy sky entered into my lungs and blinded me with sadness	The storm-laden air entered my lungs and choked me with sadness	The stormy sky filled me with sadness and blinded me with tears	the stormy sky penetrated my lungs and blinded me with sadness	The stormy sky entered my lungs and blinded me with sorrow

Appendix A: Table of Original Metaphors in Nada

No	Pg	Original Metaphor	Literal Translation	Inez Muñoz	Charles F Payne	Glafyra Ennis	Edith Grossman
130	260	<i>aquel aire grueso aplastado contra la tierra, que empezaba a hacer revolar el polvo y las hojas, en una macabra danza de cosas muertas</i>	that thick air plastered against the earth, that was beginning to blow around the dust and the leaves in a macabre dance of dead things	the dense air, weighing so heavily upon the earth, was beginning to blow dust and leaves in a macabre dance of death	The heavy air, plastered against the earth, began to blow dust and leaves in a macabre dance of dead things	that heavy air, flattened against the ground, beginning to stir up dust and leaves in a macabre dance of dead things	the thick air, crushed against the earth, which was beginning to make the dust and leaves fly around in a macabre dance of dead things
131	271	<i>Lejanías azules zumbaban en mi cráneo con ruido de moscardón</i>	Blue distances buzzed in my brain with the noise of a bumblebee	The blue distances buzzed in my ears, like flies	Blue distances buzzed in my skull	Blue distances buzzed in my skull like the noise of a hornet	Blue distances buzzed in my brain with the sound of a blowfly
132	273	<i>un olor caliente de ventana cerrada y de lágrimas</i>	a warm smell of closed windows and tears	a warm smell of shut windows and tears	the hot odor of a closed window and of tears	a warm smell of closed window and tears	the hot smell of closed windows and tears
133	274	<i>No sé qué latidos amargos tenían las cosas aquella noche</i>	I don't know what bitter heartbeats things had that night	I do not know what were the fears that vibrated, like forebodings, in the house that night	I do not know what bitter throbs, like signs of evil portent, that night held	I know not what bitter vibrations things had that night	That night, I don't know what bitter throbbing was in things
134	286	<i>sabía coger sus propios sollozos y comprimirlos en una belleza tan espesa como el oro antiguo</i>	he knew how to take his own sobs and compress them into a beauty as thick as antique gold	this man who had been able to take his own misery and turn it into beauty-as solid as the beauty of old gold	The one who had succeeded in recording his own sadness and compressing into a beauty as heavy as old gold	that man who knew how to capture his own sobs and compress them into a beauty as solid as antique gold	he knew how to capture his own sobs and compress them into a beauty as dense as old gold

Appendix A: Table of Original Metaphors in Nada

No	Pg	Original Metaphor	Literal Translation	Inez Muñoz	Charles F Payne	Glafyra Ennis	Edith Grossman
135	286	<i>bajo aquel sol que castigaba despiadadamente su antigua covacha, tan miserable ahora, desguarnecida de su antigua alma</i>	beneath that sun which pitilessly punished its old home, so miserable now, stripped of its ancient soul	Under the same fiery sun that was beating so cruelly down upon his former refuge, desolate now, a body without a soul	under that sun which was punishing without pity his old retreat, so wretched now, stripped of its soul	beneath that sun which was mercilessly punishing his former hideaway, stripped of its erstwhile soul	under the sun that was mercilessly punishing his former lair, so wretched now, its former soul dismantled

*Page numbers from Laforet (1945).

Appendix B: Table of Original Metaphors in Nada Showing Translation Strategies by Muñoz, Payne, Ennis and Grossman

No.	Page*	Original Metaphor	Inez Muñoz (IM)**	Charles Payne(CP)**	Glafyra Ennis(GE)**	Edith Grossman(EG)**	IM	CP	GE	EG
1	11	las luces siempre tristes	The unchanging sadness of the station lights	the uniformly sad lights	the ever dreary lights	the invariably sad lights	L	L	C	L
2	12	Una respiración grande, dificultosa, venía con el cuchicheo de la madrugada	The air was heavy with the approaching dawn	A great, labored breath came with the whispering of the dawn	Labored breathing came with the murmur of the dawn	Heavy, labored breathing came with the whispering of the dawn	C	L	L	L
3	12	su silencio vívido de la respiración de mil almas detrás de los balcones apagados	the silence was alive with the breath of a thousand human beings behind the dark windows	the silent street was alive with the respiration of a thousand souls behind the darkened balconies	a vivid silence born from the breath of thousands of souls behind the darkened balconies	its silence vivid with the respiration of a thousand souls behind darkened balconies	L	C	D	L
4	13	Las ruedas del coche levantaban una estela de ruido, que repercutía en mi cerebro	The wheels of the carriage left a trail of sound which echoed in my brain	The carriage wheels raised a trail of noise which resounded in my brain	The wheels of the coach elicited a trail of noise that reverberated in my brain	The carriage wheels raised a wake of noise that reverberated in my brain	L	L	L	L
5	14	la mancha blanquinegra de una vieja decrepita	The shadowy form of a decrepit little old woman	the black and white shadow of a feeble old woman	the grayish blur of a decrepit old woman	the black white blotch of a decrepit little old woman	C	R	R	L
6	15	una languidez de sábana colgada	as limp as a sheet hung out to dry	languid as a hanging sheet	a droopy sheet that added to the pathetic picture	the languor that clung to the sheets	S	S	R	D
7	16	mi compañera de viaje me pareció un poco conmovedora en su desamparo de pueblerina	My travelling companion did indeed seem rather pathetic, and had a helpless, countrified air	my traveling companion seemed to me a little pitiful in its small-town poverty	my traveling companion looked pathetically rustic	my traveling companion seemed somewhat touching in its small-town helplessness	E	L	L	L
8	17	Las paredes tiznadas conservaban la huella de manos ganchudas, de gritos de desesperanza	The stained walls bore the prints of crooked fingers, and seemed to echo with cries of desperation	the smeared walls showed traces of claw-like hands, of cries of helplessness	The smeared walls preserved the imprint of clawlike hands, shrieks of desperation	The stained walls had traces of hook shaped hands, of screams of despair	C	L	L	L
9	17	los desconchados abrían sus bocas desdentadas rezumantes de humedad	There were cracks everywhere, like toothless mouths exuding dampness	bare spots opened their toothless mouths, oozing dampness	chipped places opened their toothless mouths oozing moisture	the scaling walls opened their toothless mouths, oozing dampness	S	L	L	L
10	17	la locura sonreía en los grifos torcidos	The taps were twisted crazily	Madness smiled in the twisted faucets	Madness smiled on the twisted faucets	Madness smiled from the bent faucets	C	L	D	L
11	18	la ducha, el cristalino y protector hechizo	the shower – its cool magic no longer protected me	the shower, the crystalline and bewitching protector	the shower, my crystalline and protective spell	the shower, that crystalline, protective magic spell	C	R	L	L
12		la sombra de los muebles, que la luz de la vela hinchaba llenando de palpitaciones y profunda vida	the shadows of the furniture, which the candle enlarged and filled with a deep, palpitating life	the shadows of the furniture, which the light of the candle enlarged, filling them with movement and profound life	the shadows of the furniture that the candlelight magnified and infused with throbs and profound life	the shadows of furniture that the candlelight exaggerated and filled with quivering, profound life	L	L	L	L
13	19	Tres estrellas temblaban en la suave negrura de arriba	Three stars trembled in the soft darkness above	Three stars twinkled in the soft blackness above	Three stars were twinkling in the soft darkness above	Three stars were trembling in the soft blackness overhead	L	R	R	L
14	19	Aquel iluminado palpar de las estrellas me trajo en tropel toda mi ilusión a través de Barcelona	The bright quivering of the stars brought back with a rush all that I had been dreaming as I drove through Barcelona	That bright shining of the stars brought rushing back all my illusions when crossing through Barcelona	Those twinkling stars brought forth precipitously all the dreams that I had had while crossing Barcelona	That illuminated twinkling of the stars brought back in a rush all my hopes regarding Barcelona	C	C	C	L
15	19	este ambiente de gentes y de muebles endiablados	this world of bewitched people and furniture	this environment of bedevilled people and furniture	this milieu of bewitched people and furniture	this atmosphere of perverse people and furniture	L	L	L	R
16	21	la seda azul se su traje tenía una tierna palpación	her blue silk dress shimmered	The blue silk of her dress fell in soft folds	there was a faint shimmer in the blue silk suit she was wearing	the blue silk of her dress had a tender palpitation	C	C	C	L
17	22	Luces, ruidos, el oleaje entero de la vida rompía contra aquellos balcones con cortinas de terciopelo	light, noise and tide of life beat against the windows with velvet curtains	Lights, noises, the entire wave of life broke against those velvet-curtained balconies	Lights, noises, all the torrent of life broke against the balconies with their velvet drapes curtains	Lights, noises, the entire tide of life, broke against those balconies with their velvet curtains	L	L	L	L
18	23	Las viejas chucherías y los muebles sobrantes fueron una verdadera avalancha	An avalanche of unwanted furniture and old odds and ends	The old trifles and extra furniture were a real avalanche	A real avalanche of knickknacks and excess furniture	The old trinkets and excess furniture formed a veritable avalanche	L	L	L	L
19	28	No era la única que sentía en la garganta el sabor a polvo que da la tensión nerviosa	I was not the only one whose throat was dry with nervous tension	I was not the only one who felt in the throat the taste of dust caused by nervous tension	I was not the only one who had a dry throat caused by nervous tension	I wasn't the only one who had the dusty taste of nervous tension in her throat	C	L	L	L
20	36	Un espíritu dulce y indigno a la vez palpitaba en la gracil forma de sus piernas, de sus brazos, de sus finos pechos.	The graceful limbs and the small breasts were alive with sweetness and perversity	A spirit both sweet and malevolent was evident in the graceful form of her legs, of her arms, and of her beautiful breasts	A sweet yet malicious spirit throbbed in the gracefully slender shape of her legs, arms, and beautiful breasts	A spirit both sweet and malevolent quivered in the graceful form of her legs, her arms, her fine breasts	D	L	L	L
21	36	una inteligencia sutil y diluida en la cálida superficie de la piel perfecta	the warm surface of her skin seemed to exhale a subtle and diffused intelligence	a subtle and diluted intelligence in the warm surface of her flawless skin	A subtle intelligence permeated the warm surface of perfect skin	A subtle, diluted intelligence along the warm surface of her perfect skin	S	L	L	L
22	36	esta llamarrada del espíritu que trae en las personas excepcionales, en las obras de arte	a spark of that flame which burns in exceptional people and works of art	that flame of the soul which attracts in unusual persons or in works of art	that spiritual flare-up so alluring in exceptional persons, in works of art	this call of the spirit that attracts us in exceptional people, in works of art	R	L	L	R
23	38	eso es la culpa de las cosas, que están asfixiadas, doloridas y cargadas de tristeza	they don't know how to treat things, and the air seems to be filled with their cries... it's because they are smothered, and unhappy	that is the fault of the things which are asphyxiated, suffering, burdened with sorrows	and that is the fault of the things, for they are suffocating, hurting, laden with sadness	the things are responsible for that, they're asphyxiated, grief-stricken, heavy with sadness	C	L	L	L
24	40	Tú, que eres una ratita despistada	You come along, a little lost rat	You, a small, lost rat	Now you arrive, a bewildered little rat	And you, a little rat gone astray	L	L	L	L
25	41	la ligera capa de hostilidad contra todos que se me había ido formando	my thin armour of hostility to others	the light cape of hostility against everyone which had been forming	the thin layer of hostility that I had been developing against everybody	the light coating of hostility toward all of them all that I had been forming on me	L	L	L	L
26	41	Iba hilando a la música una alegría tan fina que traspasaban los límites de la tristeza	there was a strain of joy in his music that transcended sadness	He wove into the music a joy so fine that it broke the barrier of sadness	He would weave into the music such pure joy that it transcended the limits of sadness	He wove in the music a joy so fine that it went beyond the limits of sadness	R	L	L	L
27	41	Y a mi llegaban en oleadas primero, ingeniosos recuerdos, sueños, luchas, mi propio presente vacilante, y luego agudas alegrías, tristezas, desesperación, una crispación impotente de la vida y un anegarse en la nada	And then there came flooding into my mind a tide of childish memories and dreams, thoughts of my past struggled and my present doubts: sharp stabs of happiness, sadness, despair; an impotent flutter of life; total nothingness	There reached me in waves, first innocent memories, dreams, struggles, my own vacillating present, and then sharp joys, sorrows, desperation, an important twitching of life and a lapse into nothingness	In surges I recalled my first naive memories, dreams, struggles, desperation, impotent contortion of life, a descent into nothingness	And it came to me in waves: first, innocent memories, dreams, struggles, my own vacillating present, and then, sharp joys, sorrows, despair, a significant contraction of life, a negation into nothing	L	D	L	L

Appendix B: Table of Original Metaphors in Nada Showing Translation Strategies by Muñoz, Payne, Ennis and Grossman

28	41	el sentimiento de mi desesperación total hecha belleza, angustiosa armonía sin luz	the sense that my despair had turned to beauty: an agonizing harmony in the darkness	the feeling of total desperation made beauty, anguished harmony without light	the feeling of my total annihilation transformed into beauty, anguished harmony without light	the feeling of my total despair turned into beauty, an anguished harmony without light	
29	43	Las hojas lacias y amarillentas caían en una lenta lluvia desde los árboles	The limp yellow leaves fell like slow rain from the trees	the drooping yellow leaves were falling in a slow rain from the trees	The limp yellow leaves fell like soft rain from the trees	Lifeless yellow leaves fell from trees in a slow rain	L L L L
30	43	la naturaleza enredada en las azoteas de las casas y en los troles de los tranvías	Nature had spread her net over the housetops and the trolley-bus wires	nature entwined in the flat roofs of the houses and in the streetcar trolleys	nature spreading its cloak on flat-roofed houses and on trolley car cables	nature entwined along the flat roofs of the houses and the trolley poles of the street	S L S L
31	44	se mezclaron las dos voces en una cantinela con fondo de lluvia y me adormecían	The two voices mingled... like a part-song to the rain's accompaniment and made me feel sleepy	the two voices were blended in a ballad, with a background of rain, and I fell asleep	their voices merged into a chant, with rainfall in the background, and were lulling me to sleep	their two voices combined in a ballad with a background of rain, and made me drowsy	D L D L
32	59	el encanto de desnudarse el alma, el roce de la sensibilidad almacenada durante años	the mysterious, half-reticent outpourings and delicious unburdening of their souls	The charm of closely examining the soul, the exchange of feelings stored up during many years	the enchantment of taking apart the soul, the frequent contact with sensibilities cherished over the years	The charm of analyzing one's soul, the light caress of sensibility stored up over the years	L L L L
33	59	me encontré hundida en un cúmulo de discusiones	I discussed general subjects which I had never before dreamed of	I found myself involved in many discussions	I found myself immersed in many discussions	I found myself deep in a profusion of discussions	C R L R
34	66	aquellas magníficas arugas de la tierra que se levantaban entre nosotros - los españoles - y el resto de Europa	These splendid mountain crests which separate us Spaniards from the rest of Europe	Those magnificent wrinkles of the earth's crust which rose between the Spaniards and the rest of Europe	those magnificent rumples on the ground that rise between us Spaniards and the rest of Europe	those magnificent wrinkles on the Earth that rise up between us - the Spaniards - and the rest of Europe	C C C L
35	72	un chorro de sangre hirviendo en las mejillas, en las orejas, en las venas del cuello	A wave of hot blood rushed to my face and ears, and swelled the veins of my neck	a rush of heat, a spurt of blood bubbling in my cheeks, my ears, and the veins of my neck	a gush of blood boiling in my cheeks, my ears and the veins in my neck	a rush of boiling blood to my cheeks, my ears, the veins of my neck	C L L L
36	74	El comedor se quedó envuelto en una tranquilidad pasmosa	There was a dreadful silence in the dining room	The dining room remained in frightening silence	The dining room remained enveloped in awesome tranquility	The dining room remained enveloped in an astonishing calm	R L L L
37	78	aquella fantasía de muebles en el crepúsculo	fantastically surrounded by the strange furniture in the dusk	that fantasy of furniture in the dusk	the furniture made ghostly at dusk	that fantasy of furniture in the twilight	C C L L
38	78	se trezarian chorros de luz y la gente iría cargada de paquetes	lights were shining from the shops: people went about with parcels	streams of light would be dancing and people would be carrying packages	streaks of light dancing in the stores and people were going about loaded with packages.	streams of light would intertwine and people would be loaded down with packages	C L C L
39	78	mas mezuquino, mas cogido que nadie en las minusculas raíces de lo cotidiano	more completely trapped than any of us in the paltry details of daily life	more petty, more entangled than anyone in the small roots of everyday life	more wretched, more entrapped in the paltry details of daily life than anyone else	more mean-spirited, more caught up than anybody in the miniscule roots of the everyday	C R D L
40	78	Chupada su vida, sus facultades, su arte, por la pasión de aquella efervescencia de la casa	whose intelligence and talent was being devoured by the passions fermenting in this house	His life was drained: his faculties, his art, were sapped by the passion of the effervescence in the home	His life, his abilities, his art all drained by the fervent agitation in that household	His life sucked away, his faculties, his art, by the passion of the agitation in that house	L L L L
41	80	una de aquellos últimas hojas de otoño, muertas en el árbol antes de que el viento las arrastrase	those last autumn leaves that cling to the tree even after they are dead, before the wind blows them away	one of the last leaves of the fall, dead on the tree before the wind blows them away	one of those last leaves of autumn, dead on the tree before the wind blew them away	one of the last autumn leaves, dead on the tree before the wind tears them away	L E L L
42	81	Cuando al fin se marchó quedaron mucho rato vibrando sus ecos	Her presence seemed to echo through the house long after she had left	her echoes reverberated for a long time	After she finally left, the sound of her echo continued to reverberate in the house for a long time	When she finally left, her echoes kept vibrating for some time.	L L L L
43	89	Las ideas me apretaban la garganta sin poderlas expresar	My thoughts choked me; I could not express myself	My thoughts checked me without being expressed	I was choking with ideas that I was unable to express	Ideas tightened in my throat and I couldn't express them	S L E L
44	92	los escalones me volaban bajo los pies	The stairs were left behind by my hurrying feet	the steps flew under my feet	the stairs flew under my feet	the steps flew under my feet	E C E D
45	93	Por primera vez sentía en la palma de las manos el ansia de otra mano que me tranquilizara	For the first time I felt in the palms of my hands a longing for the soothing touch of another hand	For the first time I felt in the palms of my hands the need for another hand to comfort me	For the first time I experienced the longing for another hand in mine that could calm me down	For the first time I felt in my palms the yearning for another hand to soothe me	C L L L
46	93	sacudida aún por el escalofrío de la impresión de su sonido	Startled by the sudden sound	still startled by the chill of its sharp sound	Still shaken and jolted by its shrill sound	Still shuddering with the impact of its piercing sound	L L C L
47	93	se me entró por los oídos una alegría tan grande que al pronto ni la sentí	such a wave of happiness poured in at my ears that I was not immediately aware of what it was I heard	such a great happiness came over me that at first I was not aware of it	Such a great joy flashed through my ears that at first I didn't even feel it	into my ears came a joy so great that at first I didn't hear her	C L C D
48	98	las sirenas de la fábrica rompieron a pitidos la neblina de la mañana	the factory whistles pierced the morning mist	the factory whistles broke the morning fog	the sound of the factory whistles broke through the morning fog	the factory sirens pierced the morning fog	E C D L
49	98	Todavía estaba el cielo de Barcelona cargada de humedades del mar y de estrellas	The Barcelona sky was still filled with stars and sea mist	The sky of Barcelona was still laden with sea moisture and with stars	the sky over Barcelona was still heavy with ocean mist and stars	The Barcelona sky was still full of sea damp and stars	R L L R
50	100	Entonces se le quedó la cara tiesa sembrada de arrugas verticales	Then her face hardened, and the vertical lines in it deepened	her face became tense and full of vertical wrinkles	Then her face became taut, furrowed with vertical lines.	Then her face became rigid, sown with vertical wrinkles	R L L R
51	102	última sombrero de la casa	The last hat that remained in the house	the last hat of the family	the last hat in the house	the last hat in the house	C C L L
52	103	la imagen de mis dieciocho años áridos encerrados en una figura alargada	the reflection of my tall figure in which eighteen arid years had been imprisoned	the image of my eighteen years swallowed up by an enlarged figure	the image of my barren eighteen years imprisoned in a slender body	the image of my eighteen arid years, enclosed in an elongated body	E R L L
53	104	una mano sensual, ahora desgarrada, gritando con la crispación de sus dedos	a large, soft, white hand, a sensual hand, whose tensely contracted fingers were more expressive than was my aunt's voice	a sensual hand, now shameless, shouting with the twitching of its fingers louder than the voice of my aunt	a dissolute sensual hand whose fidgety fingers were now screaming more	a sensual hand, brazen now, shouting louder with the clenching of its fingers	L D L L
54	104	Gloria, la mujer serpiente, durmió enroscada en su cama hasta el mediodía	Gloria, the serpent woman, slept curled up in her bed until noon	Gloria, the serpent woman, slept curled up in bed until noon	Gloria, the serpent woman, slept curled up in her bed until noon	Gloria, the snake woman, slept curled up in her bed until noon	C L L L
55	107	un trozo viviente del pasado que estorba la marcha de las cosas	She belongs to the past and she hinders one's plans for the future	someone living in the past who hinders the march of things	a living slice of the past that impedes the progress of things	a living piece of the past that interferes with the progress of things	L L L L
							C C L L

56	107	aguas ciegas que vamos golpeando como podemos la tierra para salir a algo inesperado	We are like land-locked water, trying to force a way though the earth to some unexpected outlet	blind currents eroding the soil, as we can, to get something unexpected	we are blind waters that go about pounding the earth the best we can to exit into the unexpected	blindly rushing waters pounding at the earth the best we can in order to erupt when least expected	S	L	L	L
57	113	el cielo se descargaba en una apretada lluvia de estrellas sobre las azoteas	The sky seemed to be raining stars on the house-tops	the sky seemed to be falling in a heavy rain of stars on the flat roofs	upon the rooftops the sky was unleashing a dense shower of stars	the sky was pouring a dense shower of stars over the roofs	S	S	L	L
58	113	aquella voz ardorosa que al salir parecía quemar y envolver en resplandores el cuerpo desmedrado de su dueña	that ardent voice, which seemed to set her frail body on fire	that ardent voice which seemed to burn and make the frail body of its owner glow	her passionate voice, which, as it emanated, seemed to ignite and envelop her frail body in splendour	the ardent voice that seemed to burn as it flowed out, enveloping the owner's wasted body in radiance	R	R	L	L
59	113	Aquella voz había despertado todos los posos de sentimentalismo y de desbocado romanticismo de mis dieciocho años	Her voice had aroused all my youthful sentimentality and wild romanticism	that voice had loosed all the fountains of sentimentality and unbridled romanticism of my eighteen years	that voice had aroused all the vestiges of sentimentality and the unbridled romanticism of my eighteen years	that voice had stirred up all the sediment of sentimentality and runaway romanticism of my eighteen years	C	D	R	L
60	114	calmar aquella casi angustiada sed de belleza que me había dejado el escuchar a la madre de Ena	satisfy that almost anguished desire for beauty aroused by Ena's mother's singing	calm my almost anguished thirst for beauty which Ena's mother had caused	quench the almost anguished thirst for beauty that listening to Ena's mother had left in me	calm the almost agonizing thirst for beauty that listening to Ena's mother had left in me	L	L	L	L
61	114	el puerto, bañado en sombras argentadas por la luz estar sobre las llamas blancas de los faroles	The port, both deep in shadow, while the silver stars were shining above the white street-lamps	the port, bathed in shadows, silvered by the starlight above the white flames of the streetlights	the port immersed in shadows, silvered by the starlight above the white flames of the gas lamps	the port, bathed in shadows and silvery with starlight above the white flames in the street lamps	C	L	L	L
62	115	aquella ciudad gótica naufragando entre humedas casas construidas sin estilo en medio de sus venerables sillares	that Gothic pile, stranded among the mean, damp houses surrounding it	that Gothic city of ornate masonry, drowning among damp houses built without style	that Gothic city, sinking among damp houses built without style in the midst of its venerable ashlar	that Gothic city: it sunk among damp houses built without style amid those venerable stones	D	D	D	D
63	115	El frío parecía más intenso enajenado en las calles torcidas	In the narrow, winding streets, the cold seemed more intense	The cold seemed more intense, enclosed in the crooked streets	Walled in by the winding streets, the cold seemed more intense	the cold seemed more intense, channelled in the twisted streets	C	R	L	D
64	115	los que los años habían patinado también de un modo especial, como si se hubieran contagiado de belleza	which however had acquired some of the special patina and beauty of its venerable stones	the years had also covered in a special way, as if they had caught its beauty	on which time had left a patina of special charm as though tainted with beauty	that the years had also covered with a patina of unique charm, as if they had been infected with beauty	R	L	R	L
65	115	el firmamento se convertía en tiras abriantadas entre las azoteas casi juntas	bright strips of sky shone between the closely-built housetops	The firmament was turning to shining streams among the crowded flat roofs	between the roofs that nearly touched each other, the sky was transformed into bright strips	the sky turned into glittering strips between roofs that almost touched	C	L	L	L
66	115	Algun quejido del aire en las puertas palpitaba allí	No translation given	Some wind was whining there in the doorways	And there a certain moaning of the wind quivered against the doors	An occasional lament of air throbbed in the doorways.	O	C	L	L
67	115	el baile de luces que hacían los faroles contra sus mil rincones	the street lights danced upon its many nooks and angles	the dancing of the lights from the streetlamps on its thousand corners	a dance of lights against a thousand nooks and corners	the dance of lights cast by the street lamps against its thousands of nooks and corners	L	L	L	L
68	116	el gran coro de sombras de piedra fervorosa	The great mass of shadow made by these pious stones	the great chorus of fervent stone shadows	the realm of shadows cast by the pious stones	the great expanse of shadows of fervent stone	L	L	D	D
69	116	La catedral se levantaba en una armonía severa estilizada en formas casi vegetales	The Cathedral towered in all its austere harmony, like some stylized vegetable growth	The Cathedral towered above me with a severe harmony, stylized in almost vegetable forms	The cathedral, designed almost in the form of a plant, rose in austere harmony	The Cathedral rose in severe harmony, stylized in almost vegetal forms	L	L	L	L
70	116	Una paz, una imponente claridad se deramaba de la arquitectura maravillosa	Peace and serenity flowed from it	A peace, a powerful clarity, fell from the wonderful architecture	Peace, a majestic radiance, emanated from the magnificent architecture	A peace, an imposing clarity, overflowed the marvelous architecture	L	L	L	D
71	116	En derredor de sus trazos oscuros resaltaba la noche brillante, rondando lentamente al compás de las horas	Around its shadowy outline shone the brilliant night, slowly revolving with the passing hours	All around its dark outlines the brilliant night stood out, moving slowly to the march of the hours	Around its dark outlines loomed the glittering night slowly orbiting it in rhythm with time	Around its dark shapes the brilliant night stood out, turning slowly to the rhythm of the hours	L	L	L	L
72	116	Dejé que aquel profundo hechizo de las formas me penetrara durante unos minutos	For several minutes I absorbed its deep enchantment	I allowed that profound magic of forms to sink in for several minutes	For a few moments I let that profound magic permeate me	I let that profound spell of forms penetrate me for a few minutes	R	R	L	L
73	123	En la agradable confusión de ideas que precede el sueño	In the agreeable confusion of ideas that precedes sleep	In the agreeable confusion of ideas which precedes sleep	In the pleasant confusion of ideas that precedes dreaming	In the agreeable confusion of ideas that precedes sleep	L	L	L	L
74	123	El alto sueño de la Catedral volvió a invadirme	In their place came vague memories of ... the image of the great Cathedral	The high dream of the Cathedral again came over me	My lofty dream of the cathedral once more overcame me	The lofty dream of the Cathedral invaded me again	C	R	R	L
75	135	Había una alegría deshilvanada en el aire	The air was full of an irrational gaiety	There was an incoherent joy in the air	Joy was adrift in the air	There was a free-floating joy in the air	C	D	L	L
76	138	Yo veía el encaje fantástico que formaban las olas en la negrura	I watched the fantastic patterns made by the waves in the darkness	I saw the fantastic lace formed by the waves in the darkness	I watched the waves forming marvelous lace patterns against the darkness	I saw the fantastic lacework formed by the waves in the blackness	C	L	L	L
77	138	Bajo el primer sol los cristales de estas casas negruscas despedían destello diamantinos	The rising sun made the windows of these grimy houses shine like diamonds	Under the early sun the windows of the blackened houses gave off diamond-like flashes	Beneath the rising sun the windows of these darkened houses glittered like diamonds	Under the early sun the windows of these dark buildings flashed like diamonds	S	L	S	S
78	139	la masa informe y portentosa que era Barcelona y que se levantaba y esparcía al alejamos	the huge shapeless mass that was Barcelona, which appeared to raise itself up and spread out ... as we left it behind us	the shapeless and portentous mass which was Barcelona, and which rose up and spread as we went away	the shapeless and marvellous mass that was Barcelona, which as we distanced ourselves from it, rose up and scattered	the shapeless, portentous mass of Barcelona that rose and spread out as we left it	L	L	L	L
79	139	un rebaño de monstruos	a monstrous serpent	a flock of monsters	a herd of monsters	a herd of monsters	D	L	L	L

Appendix B: Table of Original Metaphors in Nada Showing Translation Strategies by Muñoz, Payne, Ennis and Grossman

80	139	el latido del barrio húmedo cargado de jugos vitales	the throb of the damp earth filled with potential life	The throb of damp clay, laden with vital juices	the pulsing of damp mud heavy with vital juices	the throbbing, damp earth, saturated with vital substances	R	L	L	L
81	139	la misteriosa emoción de los brotes aún cerrados	the mysterious awakening of the half-closed buds	the mysterious emotion of the yet unopened buds	the mysterious emotion of the buds still unopened	the mysterious emotion of the buds that were still closed	R	L	L	L
82	139	el encanto melancólico de las algas desmadejadas en la arena	the melancholy charm of the seaweed languishing on the shore	The melancholy charm of the algae, enervated on the sand	the melancholy enchantment of the lanky seaweed on the sand	The melancholy charm of the algae listless on the sand	L	L	L	L
83	139	sentirse arrastrada en ese halo casi palpable que irradia una pareja de enamorados jóvenes	feeling myself included within that almost palpable warmth that radiates from a pair of young lovers	carried along in that halo, almost real, irradiated by a pair of young lovers	a feeling of being swept along by that almost tangible aura that radiates from a couple of young lovers	feeling myself carried along in the almost palpable aura radiated by a young couple in love	L	D	L	L
84	140	en seguida empezó la mimosa a amarillear y a temblar sobre las tapias de los jardines	soon afterwards the mimosa began to turn yellow and wave over the garden walls	soon the mimosa began to grow yellow and tremble over the garden walls	soon afterwards the mimosa plants began to turn yellow and quiver on the walls of the gardens	right after that the mimosa began to turn yellow, trembling on the garden walls	D	L	L	L
85	140	Estos chorros de luz que recibí mi vida gracias a Ena, estaban amargados por el sombrío tinte con que se tenía mi espíritu otros días de la semana	The radiance that Ena brought into my life was darkened by the gloom of my spirits during the rest of the week	These streams of light which my life received thanks to Ena, were embittered by the somber tint with which my spirit was colored the other days of the week	These flashes of light that brightened my life, thanks to Ena, were embittered by the dismal taint that marred my spirit the rest of the week	These torrents of light pouring into life because of Ena were embittered by the dismal hues that colored my spirit on the other days of the week	R	L	L	L
86	142	una ligerísima raya hace torcer el curso de nuestra vida en una época nueva	some slight flaw which makes them twist the whole course of our lives in a new direction	a frie line twists the course of our life into a new era	a very fine line changes the course of our lives into a new epoch	a very faint stroke suddenly changes the course of our life and moves it into a new period	C	L	L	L
87	145	Tuve la sensación absurda de que me corrían sombras por la cara como en crepusculo	I had the absurd sensation that a shadow moved across my face	I had the almost absurd sensation that shadows were crossing my face	I had the absurd sensation that shadows were cast across my face	I had the absurd feeling that shadows were passing over my face	L	L	L	L
88	155	El enderro perpetuo de la soledad	perpetual solitude	the perpetual confinement in solitude	the perpetual confinement in solitude	perpetual enclosure in solitude	C	C	C	C
89	155	si el amor no me enganchara en su carro continuamente	If I were not continually in the toils of love	if love did not hitch me to her chariot continuously	if love would not continuously hitch me to his chariot	if love didn't always hitch me on to his wagon	R	L	L	L
90	159	la descuidada felicidad de aquel ambiente me acariciaba el espíritu	I felt completely at home and happy in this gay, carefree unselfconscious atmosphere	the carefree happiness of that atmosphere caressed my spirit	the carefree happiness of that environment soothed my soul	the careless happiness in that atmosphere caressed my spirit	C	L	L	L
91	162	Los pinos corrían en una manada espesa y fragante montaña abajo, extendiéndose en grandes bosques hasta que la ciudad empezaba	The pines poured down the mountainside in a dense fragrant stream, and spread out into the woods at the very edge of the town	The pines ran in a thick and fragrant flock, down the mountain, stretching out in large forests to the edge of the city	A thick and fragrant cluster of pine trees stretching out into a huge forest ran down to where the city began.	The pines ran in dense, fragrant groves down the mountain, spreading into large forests until they reached the outskirts of the city.	L	L	L	C
92	162	Lo verde la envolvía abrazándola greenery	It appeared to be enveloped in greenery	The green trees surrounded it, embracing it	the greenery enveloped it, embracing it	Green surrounded and embraced it	S	L	L	L
93	172	Un río de luces corría calle Pelayo abajo	A stream of bright lights came from calle de Pelayo	A river of lights was running down Pelayo Street	A stream of lights flowed down Pelayo Street	A river of lights ran down calle de Pelayo	R	L	L	L
94	172	Los anuncios guiñaban sus ojos en un juego pesado	The electric signs were winking as if taking part in a stupid game	The billboards were winking their eyes in a sultry game	The signs were winking their eyes in a tiresome game	The signs winked their eyes in a tiresome game	S	L	L	L
95	174	había un gran tristeza en las débiles luces amarillentas diseminadas de cuando en cuando	(The great building)...looked dead and sad under its few yellow lights	there was a great sadness in the feeble yellow lights, disseminated here and there	there was great sadness in the weak, yellowish lights scattered here and there	there was great sorrow in the occasional dim, yellowish lights	C	L	L	L
96	174	mis pensamientos temblaban en la misma excitación que me oprimía la garganta hasta sentir dolor	I was so agitated that my thoughts were in confusion, and my throat ached	my mind was shaken by the same excitement, which tightened in my throat until it almost hurt	my thoughts were trembling with the same excitement that oppressed my throat to the point of almost causing pain	my thoughts trembled with the same excitement that squeezed my throat until I almost felt pain	C	L	L	L
97	175	La música aturdió en oleadas agrias	Harsh, discordant music came from all sides and filled the air	The music, coming in bitter waves, deafened me	The baffling music coming out from everywhere in strident waves	The music was bewildering as it came from every side in discordant waves	C	E	C	C
98	175	La montaña de Montjuich envuelta, con sus jardines en la pureza de la noche	The Montjuich clothed in greenery, in the purity of the night	the hill of Montjuich, with its walled gardens, in the purity of the night	Mount Montjuich, enveloped in its gardens in the purity of the night	the mountain of Montjuich enveloped, with its gardens, in the purity of the night	L	C	L	L
99	176	aquellas callejuelas oscuras y fetidas que abren allí sus bocas	the dark, narrow, evil-smelling streets of the neighbourhood	those dark and foul side streets which open their mouths there	one of those those dark and foul- smelling alleys that opens its mouth there	those dark fetid alleys that open their mouths there	C	L	L	L
100	203	el cielo sobre las casas estaba herido por regueros luminosos	The sky above the rooftops was scored by their fiery trails	the sky above the houses was cut by lighted streaks	the sky above the houses was violated by bright flares	the sky over the houses was lit up by brilliant streaks	L	L	D	C
101	209	aquella densa y fúlgida masa de noche azul que entraba por el balcón	the intense blue of the night that I saw through my window	that dense and resplendent mass of blue night sky over the open balcony	that dark and dazzling mass of blue night that came in through the balcony	the dense, brilliant mass of blue light that came in through the balcony	C	L	L	L
102	212	los olores estancados despedían un vaho de fantasmas	(a black river) giving off stagnant odours and vaporous phantoms	the stagnant odors emitted a ghostly vapor	whose stagnant odors emitted ghostly fumes	stagnant odors gave off the breath of ghosts	L	L	L	L
103	212	la vida rompió delante de mis ojos todos sus pudores y apareció desnuda gritando intimidades tristes	life appeared in shameless nakedness before me, proclaiming sad intimacies	life shed all its innocence and appeared naked revealing sad intimacies	before my eyes, life violated all of its modesty and appeared naked, shouting sad intimacies	life broke with all sense of modesty before my eyes and appeared naked, shouting sad intimacies	L	L	L	L
104	212	Dulces y espesas noches mediterráneas sobre Barcelona, con su decorado zumo de luna, con su húmedo olor de nereidas	Soft Mediterranean nights hanging heavy over Barcelona, painting it with yellow moonlight	Sweet and thick Mediterranean nights over Barcelona with their beautiful moonlight, and their humid odor of sea nymphs	Sweet and dense Mediterranean nights over Barcelona, with their moonlight décor, with their humid scent of sea nymphs	Sweet, dense Mediterranean nights over Barcelona, with golden juice flowing from the moon, with the damp odor of sea nymphs	L	L	L	L

105	213	Así, el sueño iba llegando en oleadas cada vez más perezosas, hasta el fondo y completo olvido de mi cuerpo y de mi alma	And so sleep overcame me, in a series of waves each lazier than the last, until body and mind were completely lost in deep oblivion	In this way sleep came in waves, each one more lazy, until deep and complete forgetfulness of my body and spirit	Thus sleep would subdue me in waves, each time more slothful, until my body and soul sank into complete oblivion	This was how sleep came, in increasingly indolent waves, until the deep, complete oblivion of body and soul	L	L	L	L
106	213	estos luminosos hilos impalpables que vienen del mundo sideral obraban en mí con fuerzas imposibles de precisar, pero reales	the bright, intangible threads that come to us from the astral world affected me with a real, though indefinable, force	The unseen shiny threads that come from the sidereal world would draw me with an unknown but nonetheless real force	these bright intangible threads that come from outer space were working on me with forces impossible to pinpoint, but real	these luminous, impalpable threads that come from the world of stars affected me with forces impossible to define, but real	L	L	L	L
107	216	Apretaba las teclas con pasión, obligándolas a darle sentido de una esplendorosa primavera	He bent eagerly over the piano keys, making them interpret the meaning of a glorious spring day	He struck the keys passionately, obliging them to give the impression of a beautiful spring	He pressed down on the keys with passion, forcing them to render an aura of a resplendent spring	He pressed the keys with passion, forcing them to give the sense of a splendid spring	L	L	L	L
108	217	El cielo inflamada se estrellaba contra ellas	the red sky quivered behind them	The purple sky dashed against them	The reddened sky collided against them	The fiery sky shattered against them	L	L	L	L
109	223	Hacia algo aterrador en la magnificencia clásica de aquel cielo aplastado sobre la calle silenciosa	There was something awe-inspiring in the classical beauty of the sky weighing down upon the silent street	There was something terrifying in the classic magnificence of the sky, plastered above the silent street	there was something terrifying about the classic magnificence of that sky pressing against the silent street	There was something terrifying in the classical magnificence of that sky flattened over the silent street	D	M	L	L
110	224	tanta luz, tanta sed abrasadora de asfalto y piedras	so much light, by the thirsty expanses of asphalt and stone	so much light, the burning thirst of asphalt and stones	So much light, so much burning thirst from the asphalt and stones	So much light, so much burning thirst of asphalt and stone	L	L	L	L
111	224	el propio camino de mi vida, desierto	the deserted path of my life	the lonely pathway of my own life	the desolate course of my own life	the deserted road of my own life	L	L	L	L
112	224	Abocando, en cada instante, irremediablemente, en la soledad	At every moment I felt more hopelessly alone	meeting helplessly at each moment in the solitude	Hopelessly gasping at every instant, in loneliness	Constantly, irremediably chewing on solitude	L	R	L	L
113	224	nada vale correr si siempre ha de irse por el mismo camino, cerrado, de nuestra personalidad	How useless it seemed to struggle along, without ever being able to leave the shut-in path of one's own personality	life was not worth living if we must always travel the limited route of our personalities	nothing is gained by running if one always takes the same closed road of one's personality	It's useless to race if we always have to travel the same incomprehensible road of our personality	C	L	D	D
114	224	Yo tenía un pequeño y ruin papel de espectador. Imposible salir de él. Imposible libertarme	My role was the insignificant one of a spectator and I could not free myself from it	I had a small and useless role of spectator. It was impossible for me to change or to free myself	I had a small and base role as spectator. Impossible to escape from it. Impossible to free myself	I had a small, miserable role as spectator. Impossible to get out of it. Impossible to free myself	R	R	L	D
115	224	Había leído rápidamente una hoja de mi vida que no valía la pena de recordar más	I had rapidly turned over one page of my life and it was not worthwhile thinking of it again	I had read rapidly a page of my life which was not worth the trouble to remember any longer	I had quickly read a page from my life story that was not worth remembering any more	I had quickly read a page of my life that wasn't worth thinking about any more	R	L	L	L
116	225	La calle irradiaba su alma en el crepúsculo	The street was coming alive with the dusk	the street radiated its soul in the dusk	The street displayed its soul at dusk	The street radiated its soul at dusk	R	L	L	L
117	225	Mil olores, tristezas, historias subían desde el empedrado, se asomaban a los balcones o a los portales de la calle de Aribau	A thousand smells, sorrows, and memories rose from the pavement and crept up to the windows and doors of the Calle de Aribau	A thousand odors, griefs, stories, rose from the pavement, came out on balconies or to the doorways of Aribau Street	A thousand odors, sorrows, stories, which rose from the pavement, were glancing into the balconies or entrance halls of Aribau Street	A thousand odors, sorrows, stories, rose from the paving stones, climbed to the balconies or entrances along Calle de Aribau	R	L	R	L
118	233	un juego de cachorros que acaban de despertar	playing with him like a couple of puppies	both of them playing like pigs who have just awakened	like pups at play that have just awakened	a game of puppies who've just awakened	L	L	L	L
119	235	Yo lo he repasado en todos sus rincones, en todos sus pliegues	I know him through and through	I have studied him in all his aspects, all his folds	I have gone over it, in all of its nooks and all of its folds	I studied all his corners, all his folds	S	S	S	L
120	237	no soportaría que esta imagen que ella ha endosado estuviera cimentada en un barro de pasiones y desequilibrio	she could not bear to find that her image had feet of clay	She couldn't bear for the image she has worshipped to be founded in a clay of passions and of confusion	she could not bear to have her defiled image of me based on muddy passions and confusion	she couldn't bear for this image that she's defiled to have its feet made of the clay of passions and madness	R	L	C	L
121	237	es vital cada átomo de cariño suyo	I need every atom of her affection	for me every atom of her love is vital	And for me, every atom of her love is vital	And every atom of her love is vital to me	R	L	D	D
122	238	sobre nosotros resbalaban las horas cortando aprisa la tela de una vida completamente gris	The time passed quickly, slipping away in the grey material of our life	The hours glided by quickly, cutting the cloth of a completely gray life	the hours slipped past, quickly cutting the cloth of a life that was completely gray	Hours were slipping past us, rapidly cutting the fabric of a completely gray life	R	L	L	L
123	240	la fina ardimbre de la vida	the pattern of life	the fine essence of life	the fine thread of life	the fine warp of life	D	L	L	L
124	243	el pequeño teatro en donde por fin se había encerrado Román con el tiempo	the retreat where he had hidden himself in the end	the small theatre where Román had gradually finally imprisoned himself	the little theatre where finally Roman had locked himself in with time	The small theatre in which, over time, Román had finally enclosed himself	R	D	L	L
125	243	Al fin, ahogaron la luna	At last they hid the moon	Finally they covered the moon	Finally, they engulfed the moon	At last, they put out the moon	C	L	L	L
126	253	Las palabras de los otros, palabras viejas, empezaron a perseguirme y a danzar en mis oídos	Things other people had said, things heard long ago, rang in my ears	The words of the others, old words, began to follow me and dance in my ears	the words of the others, old words, began to hound me and dance in my ears.	Other people's words, old words, began to pursue me and dance in my ears	C	C	L	L
127	255	pesándose en los hombros los sacos de lana de las nubes	the clouds weighing on my shoulders like sacks of wool	carrying on my back the sacks of wool from the clouds	my shoulders weighted down with the fleece of clouds	the sacks of wool of the clouds weighing on my shoulders	C	L	L	L
128	259	Las conocidas fisonomías de las puertas... se precipitaban sobre mí, desaparecían comidas por mi llanto	The familiar faces of the doors... danced before my eyes, rushed to meet me, and then vanished, drowned by my tears	The familiar doors... dancing, throwing themselves at me, disappeared behind my tears	the familiar features of the doors... were dancing, rushing over me, disappearing consumed by my weeping	The familiar physiognomies of the doors... danced, threw themselves at me, disappeared, devoured by my tears	S	D	R	L
129	260	Aquel cielo tormentoso me entraba en los pulmones y me cegaba de tristeza	The storm-laden air entered my lungs and choked me with sadness	The stormy sky filled me with sadness and blinded me with tears	the stormy sky penetrated my lungs and blinded me with sadness	The stormy sky entered my lungs and blinded me with sorrow	R	D	L	L
							L	L	L	L

130	260	aquel aire grueso aplastado contra la tierra, que empezaba a hacer revolar el polvo y las hojas, en una macabra danza de cosas muertas	the dense air, weighing so heavily upon the earth, was beginning to blow dust and leaves in a macabre dance of death	The heavy air, plastered against the earth, began to blow dust and leaves in a macabre dance of dead things	that heavy air, flattened against the ground, beginning to stir up dust and leaves in a macabre dance of dead things.	the thick air, crushed against the earth, which was beginning to make the dust and leaves fly around in a macabre dance of death things	L	L	L	L
131	271	Lejanías azules zumbaban en mi cráneo con ruido de moscardón	The blue distances buzzed in my ears, like flies	Blue distances buzzed in my skull	Blue distances buzzed in my skull like the noise of a hornet	Blue distances buzzed in my brain with the sound of a blowfly	L	L	L	L
132	273	Un olor caliente de ventana cerrada y de lágrimas	a warm smell of shut windows and tears	the hot odor of a closed window and of tears	a warm smell of closed window and tears	the hot smell of closed windows and tears	L	L	L	L
133	274	No sé que latidos amargos tenían las cosas aquella noche	I do not know what were the fears that vibrated, like forebodings, in the house that night	I do not know what bitter throbs, like signs of evil portent, that night held	I know not what bitter vibrations things had that night	That night, I don't know what bitter throbbing was in things	E	L	L	L
134	286	sabía coger sus propios sollozos y comprimirlos en una belleza tan espesa como el oro antiguo	This man who had been able to take his own misery and turn it into beauty-as solid as the beauty of old gold	The one who had succeeded in recording his own sadness and compressing into a beauty as heavy as old gold	that man who knew how to capture his own sobs and and compress them into a beauty as solid as antique gold	he knew how to capture his own sobs and compress them into a beauty as dense as old gold	R	D	L	L
135	286	bajo aquel sol que castigaba despiadadamente su antigua covacha, tan miserable ahora, desguarnecida de su antigua alma	Under the same fiery sun that was beating so cruelly down upon his former refuge, desolate now, a body without a soul	under that sun which was punishing without pity his old retreat, so wretched now, stripped of its soul	beneath that sun, which was mercilessly punishing his former hideaway, stripped of its estwhile soul	under the sun that was mercilessly punishing his former lair, so wretched now, its former soul dismantled	L	L	L	D

L = Literal/word-for-word translation strategy
E = Same metaphor with added explanation
R = Replacement of metaphor with more standard metaphor
S = Replacement of metaphor with simile
C = Conversion of metaphor to sense
D = Replacement of metaphor with a different metaphor altogether
O = Omission of metaphor altogether

*Pg refers to page numbers of Nada (Laforet, 1945)

** Translations from Nada, trans. Inez Muñoz (Laforet, 1958); Andrea, trans. Charles F Payne (Laforet, 1964); Nada, trans. Glafyra Ennis (Laforet, 1983); Nada, trans. Edith Grossman (Laforet, 2007)

Appendix C: The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire (Parts 1 and 2) Documents

Appendix C1: The Introductory Email 1

Dear Literary Translator,

I am a PhD student at the London Metropolitan University and my research topic is investigating the way in which original metaphors are translated in literary texts. My language pair is Spanish – English and I am concentrating my research on two novels by post-Civil War Spanish novelist Carmen Laforet.

I am writing to you to ask if you would be prepared to support my research. To give you a bit of background, I am investigating the strategies employed by literary translators when translating original metaphors, focusing on original metaphors in Spanish taken from the novel *Nada* and looking at the two English translations of this novel already in print (Glafyra Ennis 1993 and Edith Grossman 2007). I am hoping to further enhance my findings by commissioning translations of these metaphors by literary translators.

I would like to ask you to undertake a ‘translation exercise’ (by email) which would involve the following:

1. Reading an extract from the first chapter of *Nada* by Carmen Laforet (2,112 words approx).
2. Translating 10 original metaphors taken from the extract.
3. Answering a few questions about your translation decisions.

The whole exercise may take 2 hours or more so I there will be a remuneration of £50 for the work.

Let me know by email to e.matthews@londonmet.ac.uk if this is of interest to you and I will email you the relevant documents for your perusal. If you would like more information please do not hesitate to contact me by email or call me on 0781 22 11 923.

Many thanks

Esther

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e.matthews@londonmet.ac.uk

Appendix C: The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire (Parts 1 and 2) Documents

Appendix C2: The Introductory Email 2

Dear Literary Translator,

I am a PhD student at the London Metropolitan University and my research topic is investigating the way in which original metaphors are translated in literary texts. My language pair is Spanish – English and I am concentrating my research on two novels by post-Civil War Spanish novelist Carmen Laforet.

I am writing to you to ask if you would be prepared to support my research. To give you a bit of background, I am investigating the strategies employed by literary translators when translating original metaphors, focusing on original metaphors in Spanish taken from the novel *Nada* and looking at the two English translations of this novel already in print (Glafyra Ennis 1993 and Edith Grossman 2007). I am hoping to further enhance my findings by commissioning translations of these metaphors by literary translators.

I would like to ask you to undertake a ‘translation exercise’ (by email) which would involve the following:

1. Reading an extract from the first chapter of the second part (chapter 10) of *Nada* by Carmen Laforet (900 words approx).
2. Translating 10 original metaphors taken from the extract.
3. Answering a few questions about your translation decisions.

The whole exercise may take 2 hours or more so I there will be a remuneration of £50 for the work.

Let me know by email to e.matthews@londonmet.ac.uk if this is of interest to you and I will email you the relevant documents for your perusal. If you would like more information please do not hesitate to contact me by email or call me on 0781 22 11 923.

Many thanks

Esther

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Appendix C: The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire (Parts 1 and 2) Documents

Appendix C3: Translator Information Sheet



The Translation of Original Metaphors in Literature

I would like to invite you to take part in my research study. Before you decide I would like you to understand why the research is being done and what it would involve for you.

Please do not hesitate to call me on 07812211923 or email esther@atlanticbooks.co.uk if there is anything that is not clear or if you have any questions.

What is the purpose of the study?

The purpose of this study is to investigate the way original metaphors are translated in literature. Original metaphors are those involving unusual comparisons, created by authors. The original metaphors in question are taken from the novel *Nada* by Spanish novelist Carmen Laforet (1921 – 2004).

Why have I been invited?

You have been invited because you are a literary translator who has at least one translation in print and you translate from Spanish into English (mother tongue).

Do I have to take part?

It is up to you to decide to join the study. If you agree to take part, we will then ask you to sign a consent form. You are free to withdraw at any time, without giving a reason.

What do I have to do?

We would like you to

1. Read the first chapter of the novel *Nada*
2. Translate 10 original metaphors from the text (see list on separate sheet) and comment on your translations
3. Answer some questions about the translation decisions that you made.

How long will it take?

There is no time limit. However, 2 hours should be sufficient.

What form should my work take?

Your translations and comments can be handwritten, typed or word-processed, then scan/emailed to me at esther@atlanticbooks.co.uk.

Expenses and payments

There will be a remuneration of £50 for completing the exercise.

What are the possible benefits of taking part?

Appendix C: The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire (Parts 1 and 2) Documents

Appendix C3: Translator Information Sheet

You will be paid £50 for taking part, to be paid by cheque/electronic transfer on completion of the exercise. I will contact you individually with regard to method of payment. Your input will be used for some original research into the translation of original metaphors in literature. This would be the first study of its kind.

Will my taking part in the study be kept confidential?

The translations and data you provide will be studied and discussed in my research PhD, with a view to establishing what strategies are used by translators when translating original metaphors in literature.

Your translations and comments may be quoted. The completed PhD will be kept in the University databanks for several years and could be viewed by students at any time during this period. The PhD or parts of it could be published or available online in the future.

All material written by you during the course of the research will be kept strictly confidential. Your data will be stored electronically and will be used to analyse the results from the study. I would like to thank you by name at the end of my thesis, however, if you prefer to keep your contribution anonymous I will follow ethical and legal practice and all data written by you and about you will be handled in confidence. There will be no identifiable data on individual participants in study publications unless they have given their consent.

Who is organizing and funding the research?

The research is organized and funded by myself, Ms. Esther Matthews and The London Metropolitan University.

Who has reviewed the projected study?

The outline of this study has been reviewed and given research ethics clearance by the Faculty of Social Sciences and Humanities' Research Ethics Committee.

Further information and contact details

If you would like further information or have any queries relating to the study please contact me:

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Appendix C: The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire (Parts 1 and 2) Documents

Appendix C4: The Participant Consent Form



Title of Project: Translating Original Metaphor in Literature

Name of Researcher: Esther Matthews

(Delete as

appropriate)

- I confirm that I have read and understood the information sheet for the above study and what my contribution will be.

Yes	No
-----	----

- I have been given the opportunity to ask questions (via telephone and e-mail)

Yes	No
-----	----

- I agree to take part in the research and understand that I will be paid £50 if I return the completed translation exercise

Yes	No
-----	----

- I agree to allow my translations and comments to be quoted in this research (they will be quoted anonymously with your name occurring in a list of acknowledgements)

Yes	No
-----	----

- I agree to have my name listed in the research project as a contributor.

Yes	No
-----	----

- I understand that my participation is voluntary and that I can withdraw from the research at any time **without giving any reason.**

Yes	No
-----	----

- **I agree to take part in the above study**

Yes	No
-----	----

Name of participant

Signature

Appendix C: The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire (Parts 1 and 2) Documents
Appendix C4: The Participant Consent Form

Date

Participant's e-mail address

.

Further information and contact details

If you would like more information or have any queries relating to the translation task please contact me:

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Appendix C: The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire (Parts 1 and 2) Documents

Appendix C5: Translator Information Sheet



The Translation of Original Metaphors in Literature

Spanish – English

Original metaphors from the first chapter of *Nada* by Carmen Laforet

A metaphor describes one kind of thing in terms of another.

Original metaphors, sometimes called 'new' or 'creative' metaphors, are the most unusual, the most evocative, and often the most visual of metaphors, and the most likely to catch the reader's attention.

Time Limit: None (but try not to spend more than 10 minutes on each metaphor)

Translation Aids allowed: Any

Type or Write: As you like

Instructions

1. Read Chapter 1 of *Nada* (copy attached).
2. Give a back translation ('literal' or word-for-word translation) of each metaphor from the 'List of Original Metaphors'. They are also shown in red in the text.
3. Give your own translation of each metaphor
 - Are you satisfied with your solution?
 - Have you lost any nuance of meaning in your opinion? Explain (briefly) if you can
 - Have you added any extra meaning in your opinion? Explain (briefly) if you can

Example

Metaphor: *Las luces siempre tristes*

Literal translation: *The lights always sad*

Possible solutions: a) *The ever sad lights*; b) *the ever dreary lights*; c) *the invariably sad lights*

This is a simple original metaphor. Human emotion has been attributed to these lights – sadness.

- a) 'ever sad lights' does not flow very well in English.
b) 'ever dreary' works nicely with 'lights' but has lost the notion of sadness and added something else – 'dreariness', or 'monotony'.
c) 'the invariably sad lights' seems to tick all the boxes even though some may say it sounds clumsy and lacks the alliteration and simplicity of the Spanish original.

Further information and contact details

Email your translations and explanations to me at e.matthews@londonmet.ac.uk. Handwritten translations are fine, just scan/email them to me or post them to the address below if you prefer. If you would like more information or have any queries relating to the translation task please contact me:

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London Metropolitan University
84 Moorgate LONDON EC2M 6SQ
Tel: 0781 22 11 923

Appendix C: The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire (Parts 1 and 2) Documents

Appendix C6: List of Original Metaphors to Translate Part 1

Translation Exercise 1



List of Original Metaphors from the First Chapter of *Nada* by Carmen Laforet (Line numbers from the accompanying Chapter One of *Nada*)

1. las luces siempre tristes (line 15)
2. Una respiración grande, dificultosa, venía con el cuchicheo de la madrugada. (Line 23)
3. su silencio vívido de la respiración de mil almas detrás de los balcones apagados (line 39)
4. la mancha blanquinegra de una vieja decrepita (line 60)
5. una languidez de sábana colgada (line 86)
6. mi compañera de viaje me pareció un poco conmovedora en su desamparo de pueblerina (line 111)
7. los desconchados abrían sus bocas desdentadas rezumantes de humedad (line 139)
8. La locura sonreía en los grifos torcidos (line 141)
9. la ducha, el cristalino y protector hechizo (line 144)
10. este ambiente de gentes y de muebles endiablados (line 167)

Further information and contact details

If you would like further information or have any queries relating to the study please contact me:

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Appendix C: The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire (Parts 1 and 2) Documents

Appendix C7: List of Original Metaphors to Translate Part 2

Translation Exercise 2



List of Original Metaphors from the Tenth Chapter of *Nada* by Carmen Laforet (Line numbers from the accompanying section of Chapter Ten of *Nada*)

1. el cielo se descargaba en una apretada lluvia de estrellas sobre las azoteas (line 8)
2. los posos de sentimentalismo y de desbocado romanticismo de mis dieciocho años (Line 19)
3. sentir las oleadas de luces de los anuncios de colores (line 28)
4. aquella casi angustiosa sed de belleza que me había dejado el escuchar a la madre de Ena (line 30)
5. aquella ciudad gótica naufragando entre húmedas casas construidas sin estilo (line 39)
6. los que los años habían patinado contagiado de belleza (line 40)
7. El frío parecía más intenso encajonado en las calles torcidas (line 41)
8. Algún quejido del aire en las puertas palpitaba allí (line 43)
9. el gran corro de sombras de piedra fervorosa (line 60)
10. Una paz, una imponente claridad se derramaba de la arquitectura maravillosa (line 61)

Further information and contact details

If you would like further information or have any queries relating to the study please contact me:

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Appendix C: The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire (Parts 1 and 2) Documents

Appendix C8: Chapter One of *Nada*

Nada

Carmen Laforet



Primera Parte

5

1

Por dificultades en el último momento para adquirir billetes, llegué a Barcelona a medianoche, en un tren distinto del que había anunciado, y no me esperaba nadie.

10 Era la primera noche que viajaba sola, pero no estaba asustada; por el contrario, parecía una aventura agradable y excitante aquella profunda libertad en la noche. La sangre, después del viaje largo y cansado, me empezaba a circular en las piernas entumecidas y con una sonrisa de asombro miraba la gran estación de Francia y los grupos que estaban aguardando el expreso y los que llegábamos con tres horas de retraso.

15 El olor especial, el gran rumor de la gente, **las luces siempre tristes**, tenían para mí un gran encanto, ya que envolvía todas mis impresiones en la maravilla de haber llegado por fin a una ciudad grande, adorada en mis sueños por desconocida.

Empecé a seguir – una gota entre la corriente – el rumbo de la masa humana que, cargada de maletas, se volcaba en la salida. Mi equipaje era un maletón muy pesado – porque
20 estaba casi lleno de libros – y lo llevaba yo misma con toda la fuerza de mi ansiosa expectación.

Un aire marino, pesado y fresco, entró en mis pulmones con la primera sensación confusa de la ciudad: una masa de casas dormidas; de establecimientos cerrados; de faroles como centinelas borrachos de soledad. **Una respiración grande, dificultosa, venía con el**
25 **cuchicheo de la madrugada**. Muy cerca, a mi espalda, enfrente de las callejuelas misteriosas que conducen al Borne, sobre mi corazón excitado, estaba el mar.

Debía parecer una figura extraña con mi aspecto risueño y mi viejo abrigo que, a impulsos de la brisa, me azotaba las piernas, defendiendo mi maleta, desconfiada de los obsequiosos “camàlics”.

30 Recuerdo que, en pocos minutos, me quedé sola en la gran acera, porque la gente corría a coger los escasos taxis o luchaba por arracimarse en el tranvía.

Uno de esos viejos coches de caballos que han vuelto a surgir después de la guerra se detuvo delante de mí y lo tomé sin titubear, causando la envidia de un señor que se lanzaba detrás de él desesperado, agitando el sombrero.

Appendix C: The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire (Parts 1 and 2) Documents
Appendix C8: Chapter One of *Nada*

- 35 Corrí aquella noche, en el desvencijado vehículo, por anchas calles vacías y atravesé el corazón de la ciudad lleno de luz a toda hora, como yo quiera que estuviese, en un viaje que me pareció corto y para mí se cargaba de belleza.
- El coche dio la vuelta a la plaza de la Universidad y recuerdo que el bello edificio me conmovió como un grave saludo de bienvenida.
- 40 Enfilamos la calle de Aribau, donde vivían mis parientes, con sus plátanos llenos aquel octubre de espeso verdor y **su silencio vívido de la respiración de mil almas detrás de los balcones apagados**. Las ruedas del coche levantaban una estela de ruido, que repercutía en mi cerebro. De improviso sentí crujir y balancearse todo el armatoste. Luego quedo inmóvil.
- 45 - Aquí es - dijo el cochero.
Levanté la cabeza hacia la casa frente a la cual estábamos. Filas de balcones se sucedían iguales con su hierro oscuro, guardando el secreto de las viviendas. Los miré y no pude adivinar cuales serían aquellos a los que adelante yo me asomaría. Con la mano un poco temblorosa di unas monedas al vigilante, y cuando él cerró el portal detrás de mí, con gran
- 50 temblor de hierro y cristales, comencé a subir muy despacio la escalera, cargada con mi maleta.
- Todo empezaba a ser extraño a mi imaginación; los estrechos y desgastados escalones de mosaico, iluminados por la luz eléctrica, no tenían cabida en mi recuerdo.
- Ante la puerta del piso me acometió un súbito temor de despertar a aquellas personas desconocidas que eran para mí, al fin y al cabo, mis parientes y estuve un rato titubeando
- 55 antes de iniciar una tímida llamada a la que nadie contestó. Se empezaron a apretar los latidos de mi corazón y oprimí de nuevo el timbre. Oí una voz temblorosa:
- “¡Ya va! ¡Ya va!”
-
- 60 Unos pies arrastrándose y unas manos torpes descorriendo cerrojos.
- Luego me pareció todo una pesadilla.
- Lo que estaba delante de mí era un recibidor alumbrado por la única y débil bombilla que quedaba sujeta a uno de los brazos de la lámpara, magnífica y sucia de telarañas, que colgaba del techo. Un fondo oscuro de muebles colocados unos sobre otros como en las
- 65 mudanzas. Y en primer término **la mancha blanquinegra de una viejecita decrepita**, en camisón, con una toquilla echada sobre los hombros. Quise pensar que me había equivocada de piso, pero aquella infeliz viejecilla conservaba una sonrisa de bondad tan dulce, que tuve la seguridad de que era mi abuela.
- ¿Eres tú, Gloria? - dijo cuchicheando.
- 70 Yo negué con la cabeza, incapaz de hablar, pero ella no podía verme en la sombra.
- Pasa, pasa, hija mía. ¿Qué haces ahí? ¡Por Dios! ¡Que no se dé cuenta Angustias de que vuelves a estas horas!

Appendix C: The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire (Parts 1 and 2) Documents
Appendix C8: Chapter One of *Nada*

Intrigada, arrastré la maleta y cerré la puerta detrás de mí. Entonces la pobre vieja empezó a balbucear algo, desconcertada.

- 75 - ¿No me conoces, abuela? Soy Andrea.
- ¿Andrea?

Vacilaba. Hacia esfuerzos por recordar. Aquello era lastimoso.

- Si, querida, tu nieta...no pude llegar esta mañana como había escrito.
La anciana seguía sin comprender gran cosa, cuando de una de las puertas del recibidor
80 salió en pijama un tipo descarnado y alto que se hizo cargo de la situación. Era uno de mis tíos; Juan. Tenía la cara llena de concavidades, como una calavera, a la luz de la única bombilla de la lámpara.

- En cuanto el me dio unos golpecitos en el hombro y me llamo sobrina, la abuelita me echó los brazos al cuello con los ojos claros llenos de lágrimas y dijo “pobrecita” muchas
85 veces...

- En toda aquella escena había algo angustioso, y en el piso un calor sofocante como si el aire estuviera estancado y podrido. Al levantar los ojos vi que habían aparecido varias mujeres fantasmales. Casi sentí mi piel al vislumbrar a una de ellas, vestida con su traje negro que tenía trazas de camión de dormir. Todo en aquella mujer parecía horrible y
90 destrozado, hasta la verdosa dentadura que me sonreía. La seguía un perro, que bostezaba ruidosamente, negro también el animal, como una prolongación de su luto. Luego me dijeron que era la criada, pero nunca otra criatura me ha producido impresión más desagradable.

- Detrás del tío Juan había aparecido otra mujer flaca y joven con los cabellos revueltos, rojizos, sobre la aguda cara blanca y una languidez de sabana colgada, que aumentaba la
95 penosa sensación del conjunto.

Yo estaba aún sintiendo la cabeza de la abuela sobre mi hombro, apretada por su brazo y todas aquellas figuras me parecían igualmente alargadas y sombrías. Alargadas, quietas y tristes, como luces de un velatorio de pueblo.

- 100 - Bueno, ya está bien, mamá, ya está bien - dijo una voz seca y como resentida. Entonces supe que aún había otra mujer a mi espalda. Sentí una mano sobre mi hombro y otra en mi barbilla. Yo soy alta, pero mi tía Angustias lo era más y me obligó a mirarle así. Ella manifestó cierto desprecio en su gesto. Tenía los cabellos entrecanos que le bajaban hasta los hombros y cierta belleza en su cara oscura y estrecha.

- 105 - ¡Vaya un plantón que me hiciste dar esta mañana, hija!... ¿Cómo me podía yo imaginar que ibas a llegar de madrugada?

Había soltado mi barbilla y estaba delante de mí con toda la altura de su camión blanco y de su bata azul.

- 110 - Señor, Señor, ¡que trastorno! Una criatura así, sola...
Oí gruñir a Juan.

Appendix C: The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire (Parts 1 and 2) Documents
Appendix C8: Chapter One of *Nada*

- ¡Ya está la bruja de Angustias estropeándolo todo!
Angustias aparentó no oírlo.
- 115 - Bueno, tú estarás cansada. Antonia - ahora se dirigía a la mujer enfundada de negro -,
tiene usted que preparar una cama para la señorita.
Yo estaba cansada y, además, en aquel momento me sentía espantosamente sucia.
Aquellas gentes, moviéndose o mirándose en un ambiente de la aglomeración de cosas
ensombrecía, parecían haberme cargado con todo el calor y el hollín de la viaje, de que
antes me había olvidado. Además, deseaba angustiosamente respirar un soplo de aire
120 puro.
- Observé que la mujer desgredada me miraba sonriendo, abobada por el sueño, y miraba
también mi maleta con la misma sonrisa. Me obligó a volver la vista en aquella dirección y
mi compañera de viaje me pareció un poco conmovedora en su desamparo de pueblerina.
Pardusca, amarrada con cuerdas, siendo, a mi lado, el centro de aquella extraña reunión.
- 125 Juan se acercó a mí:
- ¿No conoces a mi mujer, Andrea?
Y empujó por los hombros a la mujer despeinada.
- Me llamo Gloria - dijo ella.
Vi que la abuelita nos estaba mirando con una ansiosa sonrisa.
- 130 - ¡Bah, bah!... ¿qué es eso de daros la mano? Abrazaos, niñas... ¡así, así!
Gloria me susurró al oído:
- ¿Tienes miedo?
Y entonces casi lo sentí, porque vi la cara de Juan que hacía muecas nerviosas
mordiéndose las mejillas. Era que trataba de sonreír.
- 135 Volvió tía Angustias autoritaria.
- ¡Vamos!, a dormir, que es tarde.
- Quisiera lavarme un poco - dije.
- ¿Cómo? ¡Habla más fuerte! ¿Lavarte?
Los ojos se abrían asombrados sobre mí. Los ojos de Angustias y de todos los demás.
- 140 - Aquí no hay agua caliente - dijo al fin Angustias.
- No importa...
- ¿Te atreverás a tomar una ducha a estas horas?
- Si - dije -, sí.
-
- 145 ¡Qué alivio el agua helada sobre mi cuerpo! ¡Qué alivio estar fuera de las miradas de
aquellos seres originales! Pensé que allí el cuarto de baño no se debía utilizar nunca. En el
manchado espejo del lavabo - ¡qué luces macilentas, verdosas, había en toda la casa! – se
reflejaba el bajo techo cargado de telas de arañas, y mi propio cuerpo entre los hilos
brillantes del agua, procurando no tocar aquellas paredes sucias, de puntillas sobre la
150 roñosa bañera de porcelana.

Appendix C: The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire (Parts 1 and 2) Documents
Appendix C8: Chapter One of *Nada*

- 155 Parecía una casa de brujas aquel cuarto de baño. Las paredes tiznadas conservaban la huella de manos ganchudas, de gritos de desesperanza. Por todas partes los desconchados abrían sus bocas desdentadas rezumantes de humedad. Sobre el espejo, porque no cabía en otro sitio, habían colocado un bodegón macabro de besugos pálidos y cebollas sobre el fondo negro. La locura sonreía en los grifos torcidos.
- Empecé a ver cosas extrañas como los que están borrachos. Bruscamente cerré la ducha, el cristalino y protector hechizo, y quedé sola entre la suciedad de las cosas.
- 160 No sé cómo pude llegar a dormir aquella noche. En la habitación que me habían destinado se veía un gran piano con las teclas al descubierto. Numerosas cornucopias – algunas de gran valor – en las paredes. Un escritorio chino, cuadros, muebles abigarrados, Parecía la buhardilla de un palacio abandonado, y era, según supe, el salón de la casa.
- 165 En el centro, como un túmulo funerario rodeado por dolientes seres – aquella doble fila de sillones destripados -, una cama turca, cubierta por una manta negra, donde yo debía dormir. Sobre el piano habían colocado una vela, porque la gran lámpara del techo no tenía bombillas.
- Angustias se despidió de mí haciendo en mi frente la señal de la cruz, y la abuela me abrazó con ternura. Sentí palpar su corazón como un animalillo contra mi pecho.
- Si te despiertas asustada, llámame, hija mía - dijo con su vocecilla temblona. Y luego, en un misterioso susurro a mi oído:
- 170 - Yo nunca duermo, hijita, siempre estoy haciendo algo en la casa por las noches. Nunca, nunca duermo.
- 175 Al fin se fueron, dejándome con la sombra de los muebles, que la luz de la vela hinchaba lleno de palpitations y profunda vida. El hedor que se advertía en toda la casa llegó en una ráfaga más fuerte. Era el olor de porquería de gato. Sentí que me ahogaba y trepé en peligroso alpinismo sobre el respaldo de un sillón para abrir una puerta que aparecía entre cortinas de terciopelo y polvo. Pude lograr mi intento en la medida que los muebles lo permitan y vi que comunicaba con una de esas galerías abiertas que dan tanta luz a las casas barcelonesas. Tres estrellas temblaban en la suave negrura de arriba y al verlas
- 180 tuve unas ganas súbitas de llorar, como si viera amigos antiguos, bruscamente recobrados.
- Aquel iluminado palpar de las estrellas me trajo el tropel toda mi ilusión a través de Barcelona, hasta el momento de entrar en este ambiente de gentes y de muebles endiablados. Tenía miedo de meterme en aquella cama parecida a un ataúd. Creo que
- 185 estuve temblando de indefinibles terrores cuando apagué la vela.

Appendix C: The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire (Parts 1 and 2) Documents
Appendix C9: Extract from Chapter Ten of *Nada*

Nada

Carmen Laforet



Segunda Parte

5

X

Salí de casa de Ena aturdida, con la impresión de que debía ser muy tarde. Todos los portales estaban cerrados y **el cielo se descargaba en una apretada lluvia de estrellas sobre las azoteas.**

Por primera vez me sentía suelta y libre en la ciudad, sin miedo al fantasma del tiempo. Había tomado algunos licores aquella tarde. El calor y la excitación brotaban de mi cuerpo de tal modo que no sentía el frío ni tan siquiera – a momentos – la fuerza de la gravedad bajo mis pies.

Me detuve en medio de la Vía Layetana y miré hacia el alto edificio en cuyo último piso vivía mi amiga. No se traslucía la luz detrás de las persianas cerradas, aunque aún quedaban, cuando yo salí, algunas personas reunidas, y, dentro, las confortables habitaciones estarían iluminadas. Tal vez la madre de Ena había vuelto a sentarse al piano y a cantar. Me corrió un estremecimiento al recordar aquella voz ardorosa que al salir parecía quemar y envolver en resplandores el cuerpo desmedrado de su dueña.

Aquella voz había despertado todos los posos de sentimentalismo y desembocado romanticismo de mis dieciocho años. Desde que ella había callado yo estuve inquieta, con ganas de escapar a todo lo demás que me rodeaba. Me parecía imposible que los otros siguieran fumando y comiendo golosinas. Ena misma, aunque ya había escuchaba a su madre con una sombría y reconcentrada atención, volvía a expandirse, a reír y a brillar entre sus amigos, como si aquella reunión comenzada a última hora de la tarde, improvisadamente, no fuese a tener fin. Yo, de pronto me encontré en la calle. Casi había huida impelida por una inquietud tan fuerte y tan inconcreta como todas las que me atormentaban en aquella edad.

No sabía si tenía necesidad de caminar entre las casa silenciosas de algún barrio adormecida, respirando el viento negro del mar o de **sentir las oleadas de luces de los anuncios de colores** que tenían con sus focos el ambiente del centro de la ciudad. Aún no estaba segura de lo que podría calmar mejor **aquella casi angustiosa sed de belleza que me había dejado el escuchar a la madre de Ena.** La misma Vía Layetana, con su suave declive desde la Plaza de Urquinaona, donde el cielo se deslustraba, con el color rojo de la luz artificial, hasta el gran edificio de Correos y el puerto, bañado en sombras,

Appendix C: The Translation Exercise and Questionnaire (Parts 1 and 2) Documents
Appendix C9: Extract from Chapter Ten of *Nada*

argentados por la luz estelar sobre las llamas blancas de los faroles, aumentaba mi perplejidad.

- 40 Oí, gravemente, sobre el aire libre de invierno, las campanadas de las once formando un concierto que venía de las torres de las iglesias antiguas.

La Vía Layetana, tan ancha, grande y nueva, cruzaba el corazón del barrio viejo.

Entonces supe lo que deseaba: quería ver la Catedral envuelta en el encanto y el misterio de la noche. Sin pensarlo más me lancé hacia la oscuridad de las callejas que la rodean.

- 45 Nada podía calmar y maravillar mi imaginación como **aquella ciudad gótica naufragando entre húmedas casas construidas sin estilo** en medio de sus venerables sillares, pero a **los que los años habían patinado contagiado de belleza**.

- El frío parecía más intenso encajonado en las calles torcidas**. Y el firmamento se convertía en tiras abrigadas entre las azoteas casi juntas. Había una soledad impresionante, como si todos los habitantes de la ciudad hubiesen muerto. **Algún quejido del aire en las puertas palpitaba allí**. Nada más.

- Al llegar al ábside de la Catedral me fijé en el baile de luces que hacían los faroles contra sus mil rincones, volviéndose románticas y tenebrosas. Oí un áspero carraspeo, como si alguien se le desgarrara el pecho entre la maraña de callejuelas. Era un sonido siniestro, cortejado por los ecos, que se iba acercando. Pase unos momentos de miedo. Vi salir a un viejo grande, con un aspecto miserable, de entre la negrura. Me apreté contra el muro. Él me miró con desconfianza y pasó de largo. Llevaba una gran barba canosa que se le partía con el viento. Me empezó a latir el corazón con inusitada fuerza y, llevada por aquel impulso emotivo que me arrastraba, corrí tras él y le toqué en el brazo. Luego empecé a buscar en mi cartera, nerviosa, mientras el viejo me miraba. Le di dos pesetas. Vi lucir en sus ojos una buena chispa de ironía. Se las guardó en su bolsillo sin decirme una palabra y se fue arrastrando la bronca tos que me había alterado. Este contacto humano entre el concierto silencioso de las piedras calmó un poco mi excitación. Pensé que obraba como una necia aquella noche actuando sin voluntad, como una hoja de papel en el viento. Sin embargo, apreté el paso hasta llegar a la fachada principal de la Catedral, y al levantar mis ojos hacia ella encontré al final el cumplimiento de lo que deseaba.

- Una fuerza más grande que la que el vino y la música habían puesto en mí, me vino al mirar **el gran corro de sombras de piedra fervorosa**. La Catedral se levantaba en una armonía severa, estilizada en formas casi vegetales, hasta la altura del limpio cielo mediterráneo. **Una paz, una imponente claridad se derramaba de la arquitectura maravillosa**. En derredor de sus trazos oscuros resultaba la noche brillante, rondando lentamente al compás de las horas. Dejé que aquel profundo hechizo de las formas me penetrara durante unos minutos. Luego di la vuelta para marcharme.

Translator Name	Original Metaphor 1	Original Metaphor 2	Original Metaphor 3	Original Metaphor 4	Original Metaphor 5	Original Metaphor 6	Original Metaphor 7	Original Metaphor 8	Original Metaphor 9	Original Metaphor 10
Annie M	L - the same sad lights	R- Deep, laborious breathing came with the whispering of the dawn	L - its vivid silence of the breathing of a thousand souls beyond the darkened balconies	L - the black and white stain of a decrepit old lady	E - the listlessness of a sheet hung out to dry	E - I was touched by the sight of my travelling companion, a forlorn little country bumpkin	D - the peeling plaster opened its toothless oozing mouths	L - madness smiled in the twisted taps	L - the shower, that crystalline/crystal-clear protective spell	D - this place of possessed people and furniture
Clare G	C - the lights, which were always dismal	L - A large, laborious breath of air entered with the morning whispers	E - Its silence vivid with the breath of a thousand souls who lay sleeping behind the unlit balconies	L - the blackandwhite stain of a decrepit old lady	E - the languor of a sheet hung out to dry	E - it seemed as if my companion were a little helpless in her provincial vulnerability	L - the chips opened their toothless mouths, oozing dampness	L - Madness smiled in the twisted taps	L - the shower, the crystal and protecting spell	C - this house of cursed people and furniture
Charlotte C	R - the ever-gloomy lights	L - A great, heavy breath came with the murmers of the morning	L - its silence vivid with the breathing of the thousand souls behind the pale balconies	L - the blackandwhite stain of a decrepit old lady	D - the listlessness of a damp sheet	E - I felt moved by the slight helplessness of my provincial travelling companion	L - the chips gaped toothlessly, oozing damp	L - Madness smiled in the twisted taps	L - the shower, the crystal and protecting spell	C - this place of diabolical people and surroundings
Carol G	L - the unwaveringly sad lights	L - A big, heaving breath came with the morning whispers	L - its silence vivid with the breath of a thousand souls behind the unlit balconies	L - the blackandwhite stain of a decrepit old lady	E - the lassitude of a sheet hung out to dry	E - I was moved by the vulnerability of my little travelling companion	L - the chips gaped toothlessly, oozing damp	L - Madness smiled in the twisted taps	L - the shower, the crystal and protecting spell	L - this place of diabolical people and furniture
Katherine C	L - the ever sad lights	L - A breath, great and difficult, came with the whispering of the dawn	E - the vivid silence of one thousand souls breathing behind those dark balconies	C - the black-white sleeve of a decrepit old lady	S - a listlessness, like a hanging sheet	L - my travelling companion seemed moving with her air of rustic neglect	the cracks gaped like toothless mouths, oozing humidity	D - the twisted taps grinned madly	L - the shower, that crystalline and protective spell	C - this atmosphere of filthy people and furniture
Lindsey F	L - the ever melancholy lights	L - A deep, laboured breath which came upon the murmur of the early morning	L - the vivid silence of the breathing of a thousand souls behind the darkened balconies	R - a frail old lady, a black-and-white smudge	E - the lethargy of a sheet hanging from the line	E - my travelling companion seemed rather touching so far away from its provincial home	L - Toothless mouths gaped open in the flaking paintwork, dripping with humidity	L - Madness smiled out of the crooked taps	L - the shower, that crystalline protective charm	
Lucy G	L - the ever mournful lights	C - My breathing came deep, laboured, with morning's whispers	L - the vivid silence of a thousand souls breathing behind the lifeless balconies	L - the monochrome stain of a decrepit old woman	S - as languid as a sheet hung out to dry	L - my travelling companion's rural vulnerability seemed somewhat moving	L - Moisture oozed from the toothless mouths of the holes in the plaster	L - Madness smiled in the twisted taps	L - the shower, that crystalline and protective spell	R - this place of demonic people and things
Rosie M	L - the perpetually sad lights	C - My deep, laboured breathing came with the whispering of the small hours	L - the vital silence of a thousand souls breathing behind their lightless balconies	L - the mottled stain of a decrepit little old lady	L - the listlessness of a hanging sheet	L - I found the small-town vulnerability of my travelling companion somehow touching	R - the flaking walls oozed damp from their gaping, toothless mouths	L - madness leered in the crooked taps	E - the shower, that protective, crystalline spellbound space	C - In amongst these monstrous people and furnishings

Elena F	R - the ever gloomy lights	L - a big, troubled breath rose with the morning hush	L - its vivid silence of a thousand souls breathing behind the darkened balconies	E - the black-and-white stain that was a decrepit old woman	S - Languid as a hanging bed-sheet	L - My travelling companion looked slightly endearing in her countryside helplessness	L - Flakes of paint opened their toothless mouths oozing with damp	L - Madness smiled from the crooked taps	L - the shower, the crystal spell of protection	D - this environment of wicked people and wicked furniture
Katie S	L - the melancholy lights	C - Deep laboured breaths accompanied the quiet breaking of dawn	L - its silence alive with the breathing of a thousand souls behind the darkened balconies	R - the black-and-white shadow of a decrepit old woman	S - as languid as wet sheet	E - and took in the pitiful sight of my rustic little travelling companion	R - the flaking walls left gaping mouths that oozed humidity	L - madness smiled from the twisted taps	R - the shower, a glass charm of protection	E - this place where both people and furniture are inhabited by the devil
Lisa C	L - the always sad lights	L - a deep, laboured breath accompanied the early morning	L - the vivid silence of a thousand souls breathing behind dark balconies	L - the black-and-white blot of a decrepit old woman	S - as languorous as a draped sheet	R - I was somewhat moved by my travel companion's air of provincial neglect	L - paint chips opened toothless mouths drooling humidity	D - twisted taps smiled crazily	L - the shower, a clear protective spell	L - this scene of bedevilled people and furniture
Simon B	E - the unchanging sadness of the lights	D - With the whispering of the small hours came a great, awkward wind	L - the vivid silence of a thousand souls breathing behind the unlit balconies	L - the black and white blot of a decrepit old woman	L - the listlessness of a limp sheet	L - my travelling companion seemed rather pitiable in her rustic state of neglect	E - all over the plaster had fallen away to reveal open, toothless mouths oozing damp	L - Madness smiled in the crooked taps	L - the shower, the crystalline protective charm	C - this place of despicable people and furniture
Adrienne P	L - The lights, forever sad	L - a great laboured breath, came with the whisper of the dawn	L - Its silence alive with the breathing of a thousand souls behind the darkened balconies	S - A decrepit old woman appeared as a black and white stain	E - the languor of a sheet hung out on a still day	L - my companion of the journey was rather touching in its naivete of the villager	The peeling walls were oozing dampness like saliva from a gaping toothless mouth	L - madness grinned from the twisted taps	L - the shower, the crystal protective spell	L - this atmosphere of demented people and furniture
Jennifer A	C - the ever dim lights	A large difficult respiration, came with a whisper in the morning	L - its silence vivid with the breathing of a thousand souls behind the dark balconies	L - the black and white stain of a decrepit old lady	L - a sheet hung languid	L - my traveling companion seemed a bit moving in its small-town abandonment.	L - the chipped walls opened their toothless mouths dripping with moisture	L - Madness smiled from the bent faucets	L - the shower, the crystalline and protective spell	L - this atmosphere of bedevilled people and furniture

Key to strategies:

	Literal
	Replacement
	Conversion
	Explanation
	Different
	Simile

Appendix E: Table showing the Results of Translation Exercise Part 2

Translator Name	Met.1	Met 2	Met 3	Met 4	Met 5	Met 6	Met 7	Met 8	Met 9	Met 10
Bernie A	S - There was a charge in the air like the heavens were about to rain down stars onto the flat roofs of the city	C - That voice took me back to a time when I was eighteen and governed by sentimentality and untamed romanticism	R - bathed in the brightly coloured glow of the neon signs.	L - that almost agonizing thirst for beauty that hearing Ena's mother sing had left me with	C - that Gothic city lost among the jumble of dank houses from later eras	E - but which had been encrusted with an air of beauty by contact, over the years, with the surrounding venerable stones	L - The cold seemed far more intense pressed in among the narrow winding streets	C - Intermittently, a low wail could be heard in the doorways	C - the ring of shadows cast by the fervour arousing stones	R - A sense of peace or compelling clarity emanated from this imposing architecture
Philippa B	L - The sky unburdened itself in a dense rain of stars that fell onto the terraced roofs	L - the sediment of my eighteen-year-old sentimentality and unbridled romanticism	R - immerse myself in the flood of light from the coloured advertisements	L - the almost agonizing thirst for beauty that remained with me after listening to Ena's mother	E - that Gothic city lying shipwrecked between damp houses built without any attempt at style	R - which had been polished and given a tinge of beauty by the passing years	L - : The cold seemed more intense, hemmed in by the twisted streets	L-The moaning of the air in the doors quivered there	E -the wide ring of shadow shed by the ardent stone	L - A sense of peace and extraordinary clarity poured out of the marvellous architecture
Frances R	L - the sky released a dense shower of stars over the rooftops	L - the dredges of sentimentalism and unbridled romanticism of my eighteen years	L - feel the waves of light that emanated from the colorful signs	L - the painful thirst for beauty I had been left with after hearing Ena's mother	L - that Gothic city shipwrecked amidst the damp, style-less houses	R - which had been made beautiful by the hand of time	L - The cold felt more concentrated, locked inside the twisting, narrow streets	E - the throbbing moan of the wind through a door	E - the wide circle of shadow cast by the fervent stone	R - Peace and all-consuming clarity emanated from the stunning architecture
Christine W	D - the sky descended upon the rooftops in a compact shower of stars	D - my eighteen-year-old self's remnants of sentimentality and runaway romanticism	L - feel the ripples of light from the multicoloured billboards	L - that almost anguished thirst for beauty brought on by hearing Ena's mother sing	D - the Gothic city marooned in the midst of damp commonplace houses	R - that time had tinged with a patina of beauty	C - the cold seemed even more severe in the narrow winding streets	D - only the wind pulsed and sighed in the doorways	L - the great shadowy circle of fervent stone	R - the wonderful architecture exuded peace and an overwhelming clarity
Diane N	L - the sky released a torrent of stars onto the rooftops	L - the vestiges of sentimentality and the runaway romanticism of an eighteen-year-old	C - experience the surges of coloured light from the billboards	R - that almost anguished craving for beauty that lingered on after Ena's mother sang	D - the Gothic city that had run aground among damp, unremarkable houses	R - tinged over the years with a patina of beauty	C - the cold seemed all the more intense for being confined to the winding streets	L - an occasional sigh of wind pulsating in the doorways	L - the great shadowy circle of fervent stone	R - peace and an overwhelming clarity emanated from the magnificent building
Mark R	L - the sky was pouring down a cascade of stars over the roofs	L - the residues of sentimentality and unbridled romanticism of my eighteen years	L - to feel the waves of light radiating from the brightly-coloured advertisements	L - that almost agonising thirst for beauty which listening to Ena's mother had left inside me	L - that Gothic city foundering among damp houses built without style	L - which the years had covered with a patina as if infected by beauty	L - The cold seemed more intense enclosed in the winding streets	E - The occasional sound of groaning wind throbbing through doorways could be heard	L - the great shadowy expanse of fervent stone	R - A peacefulness, an imposing clarity emanated from the wonderful architecture
Emily M	L - the sky poured itself out in a heavy shower of stars onto the rooftops	L - the residue of sentimentality and unbridled romanticism of my eighteen years	E - to feel the waves of lights emanating from the coloured advertisements	L - that almost unbearable thirst for beauty evoked by listening to Ena's mother	L - that Gothic city lying shipwrecked between damp, tacky houses	R - burnished by the passing years, tainting them with beauty	D - the cold seemed more intense, squeezed into the crooked streets	L - There was the quiver from the air which moaned in the doorways	E - the great ring of shadows cast by the zealous stone	L - A peace, a dazzling clarity poured out of the magnificent architecture
Lucy W	D - the sky above the rooftops exploded in an intense display of shooting stars	L - the dregs of sentimentality and the overwhelming romanticism of my eighteen year old self	E - feel the waves of lights emanating from the coloured advertising	L - that almost agonizing thirst for beauty that listening to Ena's mother had sparked in me	L - that Gothic city foundering amongst damp houses of no particular style	D - which the passing of time had infused with a kind of beauty	D - The cold felt even more intense hemmed into the crooked streets	R - An occasional gust of wind moaned through the door jambs	E - the great ring of shadows cast by God-fearing stone/fervent stone	L - A feeling of peace and amazing clarity flowed out from the splendid architecture

Appendix E: Table showing the Results of Translation Exercise Part 2

Sophie P	D - the sky exploded into a dense shower of stars above the rooftops	L - the sediment and runaway sentimentalism of my eighteen years	E - to feel the waves of light flowing from the brightly coloured signs	L - that almost agonising thirst for beauty that listening to Ena's mother had left me	L - that Gothic city foundering among the damp, inelegant houses	R - those which the passing years had spread with beauty.	L - The cold felt more intense boxed into the twisting streets	L - A mournful sigh of air pulsed in the doorway	L - the great ring of shadows of fervent stone.	L - A peace, a tremendous clarity, spilled from the marvellous architecture
Lindsay S	R - a dense rain of stars was falling down from the sky over the rooftops	R - the traces of sentimentalism and rampant romanticism in my eighteen-year-old self	D - to bathe in the waves of lights emitted by the coloured billboards	L - that almost painful thirst for beauty which listening to Ena's mother had stirred in me	D - that Gothic city washed up among damp, featureless homes	L - which the years had skimmed across, infecting them with beauty	D - The cold seemed more intense, condensed as it was in those twisting alleyways	C - The closed doors seemed to throb with the groaning wind	E - the great huddle of shadows cast by such ardent stone	L - A sense of peace, an imposing clarity, flowed from those spectacular structures
Julie S	L - the sky vented a torrent of pent-up stars over the terrace roof tops	D - the embers of sentimentalism and blazing romanticism of my 18 years	L - feel the groundswell of the adverts' coloured lights	L - that aching thirst for beauty I'd been left with after hearing Ena's mother	L - that Gothic city, foundering in the midst of damp, tawdry houses	R - which the years had skimmed with beauty	D - crammed into the crannies of the streets, the cold's intensity ran the gauntlet	C - Only the moan of the wind keened in the doorways	L - the hunkering shadows of fervent stones	R - A commanding sense of peace and clarity seeped from that marvellous architecture
Lesley L	D - The sky was showering an intense salvo of stars over the rooftops	R - the remains of that teenage sentimental romanticism of my eighteen-year-old self	L - to feel the rippling waves of light from the coloured neon signs	L - this almost agonising thirst for beauty that I had been left with after listening to Ena's mother	L - that Gothic city shipwrecked among dank shabby houses	L - on which the patina of years revealed the contagion of beauty	C - Within the confines of the narrow winding streets, the cold seemed more intense	L - A wind pounded its complaint in the doorways	L - the great circle of devout stone shadows	L - The wonderful architecture poured forth a sense of peace and overwhelming clarity
Claudia V	The heavens unleashed a torrent of rain which burst like stars upon the rooftops	L - That voice had stirred up all the dregs of sentimentality and disenchanted romanticism of my eighteen-year old self	D - to bathe in the waves of light from the colour advertisements	C - that almost painful yearning for beauty which listening to Ena's mother had left me feeling	R - that gothic city marooned amongst rain-soaked houses built in no particular style	L - on which the years had cast a patina, infecting them with beauty	D - The cold seemed more intense as it squeezed its way through the winding streets	C - The doors were occasionally buffeted by the wailing wind	L - the great expanse of shadow cast by the fervent stone	R - An overwhelming sense of peace and clarity emanated from the wonderful architecture
Andrew N	L - the sky unleashed a narrow rain of falling stars on to the rooves	L - the dregs of schmalz and wild romanticism of my eighteen years	L - feel the waves of lights from the colourful adverts	L - that almost agonising thirst for beauty	L - that gothic city shipwrecked between damp, style-less houses	D - those that the years had slid along stricken with beauty	D - The cold seemed more intense squeezed into the winding streets	L - Some moan of air in the gates was throbbing there	L - the large huddle of fervent stone shadows	L - A calm, an imposing clarity was spilling out of the marvellous architecture

Key to strategies:

	Literal
	Replacement
	Conversion
	Explanation
	Different
	Simile

Appendix F: Table showing results of Questionnaire Part 1

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Literal	Yes	Lost meaning, but result more poetic (sound)
2	Replacement	Yes	More forceful than original
3	Literal	Yes	Good literal translation
4	Literal	Yes	Good literal translation
5	Explanation	Yes	More explicit than original
6	Explanation	Yes	Poetic (sound)
7	Different	No	Lost meaning, but grammar more streamlined
8	Literal	Yes	Good literal translation
9	Literal	Yes	Good literal translation
10	Different	No	Lost meaning, but result more sensible

Annie M

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Conversion	No	Lost the sense
2	Literal	Yes	Improved poetically - alliteration
3	Explanation	No	Lost nuance of ghostliness
4	Literal	Yes	Completely right
5	Explanation	No	Lost the sense
6	Explanation	No	Lost grammatical flow
7	Literal	Yes	Works perfectly
8	Literal	Yes	Works perfectly
9	Literal	Yes	Works perfectly
10	Conversion	No	Changed the meaning

Claire G

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Replacement	No	Changed meaning
2	Literal	Yes	Added alliteration
3	Literal	Yes	Result less abstract
4	Literal	Yes	Absolutely right
5	Different	No	Lost the ST meaning
6	Explanation	Yes	More usual ST syntax
7	Literal	Yes	Very pleasing result
8	Literal	Yes	Works perfectly
9	Literal	Yes	Works perfectly
10	Conversion	No	Changed meaning

Charlotte C

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Literal	No	Not true to original
2	Literal	Yes	Poetic result
3	Literal	Yes	Satisfying option
4	Literal	Yes	Perfect solution
5	Explanation	No	Lost any positive element
6	Explanation	Yes	Stronger metaphor, better syntax
7	Literal	Yes	Very pleasing result
8	Literal	Yes	Works perfectly
9	Literal	Yes	Works perfectly
10	Literal	Yes	Creates the 'shock' as it should do.

Carol G

Appendix F: Table showing results of Questionnaire Part 1

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Literal	Yes	Perfect translation
2	Literal	Yes	Changed it very slightly, lost some meaning
3	Explanation	Yes	More natural sounding
4	Conversion	No	Lost the metaphor
5	Simile	Yes	Perfect solution
6	Literal	Yes	Perfect solution
7	Simile	Yes	Simpler
8	Literal	Yes	Perfect solution with added alliteration
9	Literal	Yes	Perfect really, although lost a little meaning
10	Different	No	A nightmare

Katherine C

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Literal	No	Jarring
2	Literal	Yes	Perfect solution
3	Literal	Yes	Perfect solution
4	Replacement	Yes	Changed syntax and metaphor, better solution
5	Explanation	No	Made longer, sense lost
6	Explanation	No	Lost personification
7	Literal	Yes	Better syntax
8	Literal	Yes	Perfect solution
9	Literal	Yes	Perfect solution
10	Replacement	Yes	Lost 'devilish' connotations

Lindsay F

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Literal	Yes	Perfect solution
2	Conversion	No	Lost metaphor - made less striking
3	Literal	No	Sounds odd
4	Literal	Yes	Perfect solution
5	Simile	Yes	Simile not present in Spanish
6	Literal	Yes	Lost some meaning though
7	Literal	Yes	Gained flow
8	Literal	Yes	Gained alliteration
9	Literal	Yes	Perfect solution
10	Replacement	Yes	Lost some meaning but sounds less strange

Lucy G

Appendix F: Table showing results of Questionnaire Part 1

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Literal	Yes	Some meaning lost but gained alliteration
2	Conversion	No	Loss of flow - and the metaphor
3	Literal	Yes	Poetic flow
4	Literal	Yes	Lost the rhythm gained nuance of 'age'
5	Literal	Yes	Pretty satisfied
6	Literal	No	Unwieldy phrase
7	Replacement	Yes	Metaphor slightly changed
8	Literal	Yes	Fine
9	Explanation	Yes	Elegant solution
10	Conversion	No	Lost 'devil' allusion

Rosie M

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Replacement	Yes	Preserved flow and alliteration
2	Literal	Yes	Added 'rising' and 'whisper'
3	Literal	Yes	Perfect translation
4	Explanation	Yes	Added clarity
5	Simile	Yes	Less awkward solution than literal translation
6	Literal	Yes	Kept simplicity of original
7	Literal	Yes	Perfect with omission of article
8	Literal	Yes	Perfect
9	Literal	Yes	Less awkward than the original ST
10	Different	Yes	Lost 'devil' connotation

Elena F

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Literal	Yes	Good but lost the word 'siempre' (always)
2	Conversion	Yes	Perfect solution
3	Literal	Yes	Good but lost the sibilance of 'su silencio'
4	Replacement	Yes	Good solution
5	Simile	Yes	Succinct
6	Explanation	Yes	Clearer that the 'travelling companion' is a suitcase
7	Replacement	No	Lost repetition of 'des' emphasising disorder of room
8	Literal	Yes	Perfect solution
9	Replacement	Yes	Lost the sense
10	Explanation	Yes	Lost the idea of ugliness

Katie S

Appendix F: Table showing results of Questionnaire Part 1

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied	Why?
1	Literal	Yes	Perfect literal translation
2	Literal	Yes	Pretty good
3	Literal	No	Changed the sense
4	Literal	Yes	Gained alliteration, and idea of a 'blot on the landscape'
5	Simile	Yes	Good solution
6	Replacement	Yes	Added sense and flow
7	Literal	No	Lost specificity and changed the sense
8	Different	No	The adverb and verb together is unwieldy
9	Literal	Yes	Good version
10	Literal	Yes	Perfect

Lisa C

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Explanation	Yes	Best option available
2	Different	Yes	Less ambiguous than ST
3	Literal	Yes	Less ambiguous than ST
4	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory
5	Literal	Yes	Lost 'hanging' aspect
6	Literal	No	Made the gender too specific
7	Explanation	No	Lost sentence flow, but kept the metaphor
8	Literal	Yes	Perfect
9	Literal	Yes	Works in the TT
10	Conversion	Yes	Good although reference to the devil is lost

Simon B

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Literal	Yes	Poetic
2	Literal	Yes	Perfect literal translation
3	Literal		Less clinical than the ST
4	Simile	Yes	Ok
5	Explanation	Yes	Gained clarity of image
6	Literal	Yes	Good literal translation
7	Simile	Yes	Ok
8	Literal	No	Sounds nonsensical
9	Literal	Yes	Fine
10	Literal	Yes	Fine

Adrienne P

Appendix F: Table showing results of Questionnaire Part 1

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied	Why?
1	Literal	Yes	Perfect
2	Literal	Yes	Fine
3	Literal	Yes	Best option
4	Literal	Yes	Strange but ok (poetic licence)
5	Literal	No	Lost the nice crisp image
6	Literal	Yes	Lost 'desamparo' (helplessness) but gained humour
7	Literal	Yes	Perfect literal translation
8	Literal	Yes	Added nuance of 'grinned'
9	Literal	No	Added the idea of 'veil'
10	Replacement	No	Changed superficially but nearer in meaning

Jennifer A

Appendix G: Table showing results of Questionnaire Part 2

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Simile	No	Lost the idea of a meteor storm
2	Conversion	Yes	Lost the metaphor but gained simplicity
3	Replacement	No	Lost the idea of 'feeling' the waves of light
4	Literal	No	Lost the flow
5	Conversion	No	Lost the metaphor, gained simplicity
6	Explanation	Yes	Easily understandable
7	Literal	Yes	Lost negativity of 'twisted', gained description of Barcelona
8	Conversion	No	Gained simplicity and sense but lost the metaphor
9	Conversion	Yes	Gained sense
10	Replacement	Yes	Anglicised it a little

Berni A

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Literal	Yes	Good literal translation
2	Literal	Yes	Good literal translation
3	Replacement	Yes	Gained exaggerated effect
4	Literal	Yes	Metaphor not particularly original?
5	Explanation	Yes	Added flow in English
6	Replacement	Yes	Lost negativity of 'infected' and gained positivity of 'tinged'
7	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory
8	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory
9	Explanation	Yes	Gained sense
10	Literal	Yes	Excellent solution

Philippa B

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Literal	Yes	Good literal translation
2	Literal	Yes	No equivalent in English, so literal translation best option
3	Literal	Yes	Added in the word 'signs'
4	Literal	Yes	Lost grammatical flow however
5	Literal	Yes	Fine
6	Replacement	Yes	Added aesthetic quality
7	Literal	Yes	Added the idea of being 'trapped'
8	Explanation	Yes	Good sound in TT
9	Explanation	Yes	Good English
10	Literal	Yes	good literal translation

Frances R

Appendix G: Table showing results of Questionnaire Part 2

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Different	Yes	Added brooding personification
2	Different	Yes	Lost the negativity of 'dregs' or 'lees'
3	Literal	Yes	Close to original and flows well
4	Literal	No	Direct literal translation
5	Different	Yes	Lost 'shipwrecked' metaphor but kept comparison to a ship
6	Replacement	Yes	Satisfactory solution
7	Conversion	Yes	Lost the metaphor but used 'narrow' to suggest confinement
8	Different	Yes	Sounded better in TL than the ST metaphor
9	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory solution
10	Replacement	Yes	Satisfactory solution

Christine W

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Literal	Yes	Fine
2	Literal	Yes	Fine
3	Conversion	No	Lost some of the meaning and the flow
4	Replacement	No	Unsatisfactory
5	Different	Yes	Kept the comparison to a ship
6	Replacement	Yes	Satisfactory
7	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory
8	Conversion	Yes	Ok
9	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory
10	Replacement	Yes	Satisfactory

Diane N

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied	Why?
1	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory
2	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory
3	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory
4	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory
5	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory
6	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory
7	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory
8	Explanation	Yes	Satisfactory
9	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory
10	Replacement	Yes	Satisfactory

Mark R

Appendix G: Table showing results of Questionnaire Part 2

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Literal	No	Reflexive but not convinced about the word
2	Literal	Yes	Alliteration and poetic result
3	Explanation	Yes	Added brightness to the colour
4	Literal	Yes	Sense of unbearableness and a poetic nuance
5	Literal	No	Not happy with 'lying' and tacky/sticky connotations
6	Replacement	Yes	Added lyricism, but subtle change of meaning
7	Different	Yes	Works well, but is this a straightforward metaphor?
8	Literal	Yes	Works well with word order changed
9	Explanation	Yes	Improved on the ST original
10	Literal	Yes	Appropriate

Emily M

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Different	Yes	Gained poetic translation but lost reference to shower
2	Literal	Yes	Good collocation with previous sentence
3	Explanation	Yes	Made for sense with addition of 'emanating from'
4	Literal	No	Added the idea of 'sparked'
5	Literal	Yes	Good sense of contradiction between houses and cathedral
6	Different	Yes	Added positivity
7	Different	Yes	Lost idea of boxed in but gained 'open to the sky'
8	Replacement	Yes	Lost the idea of 'throbbing'
9	Explanation	No	'God-fearing' is rather clumsy
10	Literal	Yes	Good literal translation

Lucy W

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Different	Yes	Added speed, violence and drama
2	Literal	Yes	Good but lost some of the force of the word 'dregs'
3	Explanation	Yes	Added 'flow'
4	Literal	Yes	Possibly not an original metaphor?
5	Literal	No	Lost some of the force of the word 'shipwreck'
6	Replacement	No	Lessened the effect considerably
7	Literal	Yes	Good literal translation, all told.
8	Literal	No	Added 'sigh' based on preceding lines for 'ghostliness'
9	Literal	No	Kept the literal translation because didn't know what to do
10	Literal	Yes	Works well

Sophie P

Appendix G: Table showing results of Questionnaire Part 2

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Replacement	No	Lost main idea of 'discharging itself' – hence less interesting
2	Replacement	Yes	Added alliteration and eroticism connotations
3	Different	Yes	Added the idea of 'bathing' in lights
4	Literal	Yes	Added 'stirred up emotions'
5	Different	No	Lost the shipwreck metaphor
6	Literal	No	Literal translation has jarring effect
7	Different	Yes	Added an idea of 'condensing' to fit in a smaller space
8	Conversion	Yes	Added closed doors
9	Explanation	No	Tried to explain the metaphor at the same time as translate it
10	Literal	Yes	Gained alliteration and sense

Lindsay S

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Literal	Yes	Assonance and poetic quality
2	Different	Yes	Produced a fire metaphor which wasn't there before
3	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory
4	Literal	No	Struggling with sentence
5	Literal	Yes	Produced 'foundering/foundations'
6	Replacement	No	Lost the 'infected' metaphor - struggled with sentence
7	Different	Yes	Gained alliteration and 'running the gauntlet' metaphor
8	Conversion	Yes	Lost 'beating' or 'throbbing' metaphor however
9	Literal	Yes	Lost the circle, but likes the 'hunkering shadows'
10	Literal	Yes	Lost the force of 'spilled'

Julie S

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied	Why?
1	Different	Yes	Added 'salvo' lost 'discharged'
2	Replacement	No	Lost the force of 'dregs'
3	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory literal translation
4	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory literal translation
5	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory literal translation
6	Literal	Yes	Added 'revealed'
7	Conversion	No	Lost the idea of 'boxed in'
8	Literal	Yes	Neat solution
9	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory literal translation
10	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory literal translation

Lesley L

Appendix G: Table showing results of Questionnaire Part 2

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied	Why?
1	Simile	Yes	Satisfactory
2	Literal	Yes	Satisfactory
3	Different	Yes	Changed meaning but good translation
4	Conversion	No	Lost the metaphor
5	Replacement	No	Lost force of meaning
6	Literal	Yes	Acceptable literal translation
7	Different	Yes	Change of meaning but good solution
8	Conversion	No	Lost the metaphor
9	Literal	Yes	OK
10	Replacement	No	Lost force of meaning

Claudia V

Metaphor	Strategy	Satisfied?	Why?
1	Literal	Yes	Literal
2	Literal	Yes	Works well
3	Literal	No	Jars somewhat
4	Literal	Yes	Effective
5	Literal	Yes	Gained flow
6	Different	Yes	Good translation - lost negative connotations of 'contagion'
7	Different	Yes	More frenetic
8	Literal	Yes	Produced 'heavy feel' of the air
9	Literal	Yes	Added the idea of 'preventing fever from escaping'
10	Literal	Yes	Good juxtaposition

Andrew N

Appendix H: Table of Original Metaphors from *La isla y los demonios*

No.	Page*	Original Metaphor	English Translation (pre-research) First Draft	Translation (post research) Final Translation
1	11	<i>Una niebla de luz difuminaba los contornos de los buques</i>	A misty light played around the outlines of the moored boats	A mist of light blurred the outlines of the moored boats
2	11	<i>La ciudad de Las Palmas, tendida al lado del mar, aparecía temblorosa, blanca con sus jardines y sus palmeras</i>	Stretched out along the sea front, with its gardens and palm trees, the city of Las Palmas seemed to shimmer with white light	Lying beside the sea, the city of Las Palmas appeared white and trembling with its gardens and palm trees
3	11	<i>Las sirenas del barco empezaron a oírse cortando aquel aire luminoso</i>	The mail ship began to sound its sirens, blasting through the dense sea air	The ship began to sound its sirens, cutting through that luminous air
4	12	<i>Una barca de motor cruzó a lo lejos y su estela formaba una espuma lívida, una raya blanca en aquella calma</i>	In the distance a motorboat shot past leaving a wake of bright foam, a stark white stripe in the stillness	A motorboat crossed in the distance forming a wake of bright foam, a white stripe in that stillness
5	12	<i>El buque se acercó tanto que Marta se notó envuelta en un doble griterío</i>	The boat came so close that Marta found herself in the midst of a double cacophony of shouting	the boat came so close that Marta found herself enveloped in a double cacophony of shouting
6	13	<i>el barco pasó delante de unos acantilados secos, heridos por el sol</i>	as the boat passed in front of some barren cliffs, parched and lacerated by the sun	the boat passed in front of some dry cliffs, wounded by the sun
7	14	<i>aquella costa llena de acantilados tristes y estériles</i>	the coastline of dreary, barren cliffs	that coastline of sad sterile cliffs
8	16	<i>La ciudad parecía bella, envuelta en aquella luz de oro</i>	The city looked beautiful, encased in golden light	The city looked beautiful, wrapped in that golden light
9	17	<i>El dilató la nariz al olor de la tierra, que después de varios días de navegación dejaba sentir su perfume</i>	He flared his nostrils at the smell of the land, which gradually released its perfume after several days at sea.	He flared his nostrils at the smell of the land, which released its perfume after several days at sea
10	18	<i>pasaba con síntomas de gran virulencia el sarampión literario</i>	whose bout of the literary measles was producing highly virulent symptoms	whose bout of the literary measles was producing highly virulent symptoms

Appendix H: Table of Original Metaphors from *La isla y los demonios*

No.	Page*	Original Metaphor	English Translation (pre-research) First Draft	Translation (post research) Final Translation
11	18	<i>participaba en el encanto de aquellos seres mágicos</i>	she shared in the charm of those magical beings	she shared in the charm of those magical beings
12	19	<i>su voz aflautada llena de notas falsas</i>	his shrill voice full of harsh tones	his fluting voice full of false notes
13	19	<i>Marta sentía que estaba flotando en una especie de niebla de dicha</i>	Marta felt that she was floating in a sort of mist of happiness	Marta felt that she was floating in a kind of fog of bliss
14	19	<i>Casi no podía oír las conversaciones de los otros porque aquella dicha le ensordecía</i>	She could barely hear the others' conversation because that very happiness made her deaf	She could hardly hear the others' conversation because that happiness made her deaf
15	19	<i>La ciudad desfilaba, se abría al paso del parabrisas</i>	they watched the city as it was paraded past through the windscreen	The city marched past, revealing itself in the path of the windscreen
16	19	<i>Él veía casas pequeñas, gentes despaciosas, aplastadas por el día lánguido, pesado, soñoliento</i>	He saw small houses and slow people, bowed down by the sultry, heavy, sleepy day	He saw small houses and slow people, crushed by the languid, heavy, sleepy day
17	20	<i>La carretera enseñaba sus curvas violentas, subiendo la montaña áspera, calcárea</i>	The road showed its violent curves, ascending the dry, limestone mountainside	The road showed its violent curves climbing the dry, calcified mountain
18	20	<i>Consideró vencer su salvaje timidez</i>	she considered conquering her shyness	She considered conquering her savage shyness
19	21	<i>Las vides crecían enterradas en innumerables hoyos entre lava deshecha, negra y áspera</i>	The vines grew in endless tangles amongst the dry, broken up lava rock	The vines grew buried in innumerable holes in the dry, rough black lava rock
20	23	<i>el cálido picón que jamás había recibido la caricia de la nieve</i>	the warm gravel that had never felt the gentle caress of the snow	the warm gravel that had never felt the gentle caress of snow
21	23	<i>Enfrente de ella las montañas ponían su oleaje de colores</i>	Before her the mountains revealed their colour range	The mountains lay their waves of colour before her

Appendix H: Table of Original Metaphors from *La isla y los demonios*

No.	Page*	Original Metaphor	English Translation (pre-research) First Draft	Translation (post research) Final Translation
22	23	<i>la alta y lejana cumbre central lucía en azul pálido, parecía navegar hasta la niña</i>	the tall distant central peak shone in pale blue, seeming to sail towards her	the tall, distant central peak shone in pale blue, seeming to sail towards the girl
23	26	<i>Marta se aislaba en una especie de neblina detrás de sus propias imaginaciones</i>	Marta hid behind a kind of haze of her own thoughts	Marta isolated herself in a kind of haze behind her own imaginings
24	29	<i>Las sirenas de los barcos le arañaban el corazón de una manera muy extraña</i>	the ships' sirens tore at her heart in a very strange way	The ships' sirens scratched at her heart in a strange way
25	30	<i>se quedaba escuchando los negros golpes de viento en los muros del aislado garaje</i>	was left listening to the black thumping of the wind in the walls of the outlying garage	was left listening to the black thumps of wind on the walls of the isolated garage.
26	31	<i>El deseo de escribir la envolvió en una ola cálida de entusiasmo</i>	The desire to write was so strong that it wrapped her in a warm wave of enthusiasm	The desire to write wrapped her in a warm wave of enthusiasm
27	31	<i>Un aire frío y negro le dio en la cara</i>	A cold, dark draught of air blew in her face	A cold, black draught of air hit her face
28	32	<i>la abulia que presidió la última época de aquel hombre</i>	the depression that dogged the final years of the man's life	the apathy that presided over the last days of that man's life
29	32	<i>La luz de la mañana, verde, tiene una frescura salobre, marina, como si la isla saliese de las aguas cada amanecer</i>	The light of the morning, green with a salty, marine freshness, as if the island emerged from the water every sunrise	The green light of the morning has a salty, marine freshness, as if the island comes out of the water every sunrise
28	32	<i>El pequeño mar de sus sábanas crece hasta cubrirla</i>	The small sea of her sheets spreads until it covers her	the small sea of her sheets swells until it covers her
29	32	<i>El corazón palpita brutalmente, ciego, entre la bruma pegajosa del mar</i>	Her heart beats brutally, blind amidst the thick fog of the sea	Her heart beats brutally, blind amidst the thick sea fog

Appendix H: Table of Original Metaphors from *La isla y los demonios*

No	Page*	Original Metaphor	First Draft	Final Translation
30	32	<i>La voz de Alcorah llena de oro los barrancos, crea nombres y deshace nieblas</i>	Alcorah's voice fills ravines with gold, forges names and dissolves mist	Alcorah's voice fills ravines with gold, creates names and dissolves mists
31	32	<i>Las palmeras, los picachos, los volcanes, surgen en una luminosa, imponente soledad</i>	Palm trees, mountain peaks and volcanoes surge together in a luminous, imposing solitariness	Palm trees, mountain peaks and volcanoes surge up into a luminous, imposing solitude
32	33	<i>el dolor de las viñas y de las higueras</i>	the agony of the vines and fig trees	the agony of the vines and the fig trees
33	33	<i>¿Puede llegar a ser una caldera hirviente, un gran nido de pájaros, el corazón de una niña perdida en una isla de los océanos?</i>	Can the heart of a young girl, lost on an island in the middle of the ocean, become a boiling crater or a huge bird's nest?	Could the heart of a young girl, lost on an island in the ocean, become a bubbling crater or a giant bird's nest?
34	34	<i>detrás de ella los muebles crujían con una misteriosa vida</i>	Behind her the furniture seemed to creak with mysterious life	Behind her the furniture creaked with mysterious life.
35	34	<i>Algo muy sólido que barría el miedo de la noche y a los insectos del desván</i>	A solid presence which swept away the fear from the night and the insects from the attic	Something very solid which swept the fear from the night and the insects from the attic
36	38	<i>una vez admitida esta imagen, aunque no la creía cierta, parecía que dentro le quemase y le hiciese daño</i>	once she had formed this image in her mind, even though she knew it was not possible, it seemed to burn and cause her pain	Although she knew it was untrue, once this image entered her mind it seemed to burn and cause her harm
37	41	<i>Marta se encontró de pronto en una especie de fangal de confidencias diarias</i>	Marta found herself wallowing in a kind of sewer of daily confidences and whisperings with Pino	Marta suddenly found herself in a sort of sewer of daily confidences and whisperings with Pino
38	43	<i>aquella gran habitación alargada y la escalera que acababa de dejar y toda la casa dormida se conmovieron y empezaron a vibrar</i>	the large room and the staircase behind her and all the sleeping house moved and started to vibrate	that great big room, the stairs behind her, and the whole sleeping house, moved together and began to vibrate

Appendix H: Table of Original Metaphors from *La isla y los demonios*

No	Page*	Original Metaphor	First Draft	Final Translation
39	44	<i>En el gran locero antiguo la cerámica coloreada bailaba y producía una ligera música especial</i>	On the grand old dresser the coloured china danced and produced unique, delicate music	The colourful china danced on the grand old dresser and produced unique delicate music
40	44	<i>Las enredaderas empujadas por el viento lanzaban de cuando en cuando contra los cristales unos tiernos dedos verdes</i>	The creepers, pushed by the wind, threw their tender green fingers against the windowpanes	Now and then the creepers, pushed by the wind, hurled tender green fingers against the window panes
41	44	<i>Detrás de ellas, el rostro del cielo guiñaba sus infinitos ojos brillantes</i>	Behind them, the face of the sky winked infinite brilliant eyes	Behind them, the face of the sky winked its infinite brilliant eyes
42	44	<i>Los hizo girar en una ronda de primavera</i>	It made them spin in a Spring dance	It made them spin in a Spring dance
43	45	<i>El primer día de aquella llegada pasó rápido, como cargado de electricidad</i>	The first day of their stay passed quickly, as if charged with electricity	The first day of that arrival passed rapidly, as if charged with electricity
44	45	<i>un extraño lugar de ensueño donde las figuras en penumbra adquirían calidades fantásticas</i>	a strange, dreamlike place where figures in the semi darkness took on fantastical forms	a strange, dreamlike place where figures in the semi darkness acquired fantastical forms
45	46	<i>Había también una cama turca llena de cojines con colores vivos que despegaba del conjunto</i>	also a sofa covered in brightly coloured cushions that dominated the scenario	There was also a couch covered in brightly coloured cushions which stood out from the rest
46	46	<i>Marta tuvo miedo de que lo hiciera en efecto, y de que una voz potentísima los destrozara a todos</i>	she would actually do so, in a loud, powerful voice that would spoil everything	Marta was afraid she would actually do so, and with her loud, powerful voice would destroy them all
47	56	<i>una pared llena de rosales trepadores producía una extraña sensación de ardor llena de sol</i>	a wall covered with climbing roses produced a strange sensation of intense sunshine	a wall covered in climbing roses produced a strange sensation of passion, full of sunshine

Appendix H: Table of Original Metaphors from *La isla y los demonios*

No	Page*	Original Metaphor	First Draft	Final Translation
48	58	<i>aquella cosa negra, oprimente que llevaba dentro del pecho</i>	something black and heavy that she had been carrying on her chest	something black and heavy that she carried in her chest
49	59	<i>la oscura avenida de eucaliptos que descendía entre los campos de viñas de la carretera hasta el jardín era una garganta que la tragaba</i>	the shaded avenue of eucalyptus trees that sloped down between the vineyards along the road leading to their garden was a throat that was swallowing her	the dark avenue of eucalyptus trees that ran between the vine fields on the road towards the garden was a throat that was swallowing her
50	61	<i>las sandalias blancas, que castigaba sin piedad contra el picón</i>	white sandals being punished mercilessly against the gravel	her white sandals, which she was punishing mercilessly against the lava stones
51	61	<i>Marta vertería su veneno en los oídos de los tíos</i>	Marta would be pouring her venom into the ears of the relatives	Marta would pour her venom into the ears of the relatives
52	62	<i>un gesto de secarse las manos en un inexistente delantal</i>	a play of drying her hands on a non-existent apron	a gesture of drying her hands on a non-existent apron
53	62	<i>Su cara oscura pareció ensancharse con una maligna alegría</i>	Her swarthy face appeared to blush with an evil happiness	her dark face seemed to swell with a malign joy
54	63	<i>allí donde golpeaba negramente el corazón</i>	where her heart pounded blackly	where her heart pounded blackly
55	63	<i>Había una sofocada orden, una velada amenaza, en la manera de decir</i>	There was a suppressed order, a veiled threat, in the way she said it	There was a stifled command, a veiled threat, in the way she said it
56	64	<i>la vida de los seres que alentaban en aquellas habitaciones</i>	the life of the beings that occupied those rooms	the life of the beings that breathed in those rooms
57	69	<i>un complejo de perro apaleado</i>	made her feel like a beaten dog	a whipped dog complex
58	72	<i>Luego lloró más, suelta ya la pena a chorro</i>	Then she cried properly, unburdening her sorrow in a flood of tears	Then she wept again, her pain let loose in torrents

Appendix H: Table of Original Metaphors from *La isla y los demonios*

No	Page*	Original Metaphor	First Draft	Final Translation
59	72	<i>El sol y el viento hacían temblar sobre su cuerpo grandes espacios de oro que llenaban vacíos, colgaban entre las colinas, se cortaban por carreteras con árboles grandes, y tropezaban con los profundos azules de la cumbre</i>	Over her body the sun and wind trembled, filling the vast empty golden spaces that hung between the hills, cutting through roads and huge trees then mingling with the deep blues of the mountain peak	The sun and the wind caused vast golden spaces to tremble over her body, suspended between hills, filling voids, cutting through roads with huge trees and crashing into the deep blues of the mountain peak.
60	72	<i>la grande y desolada soledad en que mueve el hombre</i>	the immense and desolate solitude in which we move	the great and desolate solitude in which we move
61	74	<i>Aquel espectáculo del cielo la iba cargando a ella de una extraña electricidad</i>	This spectacle in the sky charged her with strange electricity	That spectacle of the sky charged her with a strange electricity
62	75	<i>Matilde sentía aquella electricidad y aquel desbordar de la lluvia dentro de ella misma</i>	Matilde felt that electricity and overflowing of rain inside her	Matilde felt that electricity and overflowing of rain inside her
63	75	<i>Cuando las gentes viven encerradas en un círculo absurdo, terminan contagiándose</i>	When people live locked in an absurd circle, they end up contaminating each other	When people live locked in an absurd circle, they end up contaminating each other
64	76	<i>le desbordaba una curiosa solidaridad por todas las mujeres del mundo</i>	she felt a curious solidarity with all the women in the world	there flowed from her a strange solidarity with all the women in the world
66	75	<i>La tempestad la conmovía, removía en ella una serie de sentimientos y de impulsos</i>	The storm had affected her, and set off a chain of sentiments and impulses	The storm touched her, stirring up a series of feelings and impulses in her
67	76	<i>en este momento, aquella simpatía y aquella solidaridad, convergiendo hacia Pino, fueron tan grandes en ella que le hacían golpear el corazón y temblar las manos</i>	that sympathy and that solidarity, converging on Pino were so strong that they made her heart pound and her hands shake	that sympathy and solidarity focused on Pino, were so strong within her that they caused her heart to pound and her hands to shake

Appendix H: Table of Original Metaphors from *La isla y los demonios*

No	Page*	Original Metaphor	First Draft	Final Translation
68	83	<i>Era como si comieran toda aquella cara demacrada</i>	It was as if they would devour the whole of her wasted face	It was as if they devoured the whole of that wasted face
69	87	<i>aquel domingo había tenido un extraño embrujo que lo había hecho muy corto</i>	that Sunday had been bewitched to make it much shorter	that Sunday was under a strange spell making it very short
70	87	<i>Un día amarillo y corto</i>	A short, happy yellow day	A short, yellow day
71	87	<i>la intimidación feroz y salvaje que tenían cuando estaban solas</i>	in the wild and fierce intimacy that they had when they were alone	the wild and fierce intimacy they had when they were alone
72	87	<i>Don Juan, con su aire de palomo aburrido</i>	Juan, with his air of a bored pigeon	Don Juan, with his air of a bored pigeon
73	88	<i>Luego, la tarde se puso amarilla y extraña y llena de ardor</i>	Later the afternoon became yellow and strange and full of passion	Later the afternoon turned yellow and strange and full of passion
74	88	<i>era como si le tocaran una zona de maldad que ella no hubiera reconocido nunca en su alma sin esa pregunta</i>	It was as if someone had touched a zone of wickedness in herself that she would never have recognised without this question	it was as if they had touched a zone of wickedness in her soul that she would never have recognised without this question
75	89	<i>Una mano nerviosa, muy morena y manchada de nicotina, pero llena de inteligencia</i>	A nervous hand, very brown and stained with nicotine, but full of intelligence	A nervous hand, very brown and nicotine stained, yet full of intelligence
76	89	<i>hay todos los tonos de rojo, todos los violetas en aquella marea de piedras</i>	there are all the shades of red and all the violets, in that sea of stones	there are all the shades of red and all the violets in that sea of stones
77	91	<i>Luego unas líneas embrujadas, llenas de movimiento</i>	then some spooky sketches, full of movement	then some bewitched sketches full of movement
78	91	<i>Vibraba toda ella, como hacía rato le parecía haber visto vibrar a los instrumentas de cuerda, calientes aún</i>	Her whole body vibrated like she thought the stringed instruments vibrated, still warm, earlier that day	Her whole body vibrated the way she thought she had seen the stringed instruments vibrate, still warm, earlier that day
79	91	<i>El jardín se volvió misterioso, con un pedazo de luna verde y el rebullir de unas alas negras</i>	The garden became mysterious, with a portion of green moon and the stirring of black wings	the garden became mysterious, with a piece of green moon and the stirring of black wings

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No	Page*	Original Metaphor	First Draft	Final Translation
80	92	<i>La vida parecía fluir gota a gota en la fuente del jardín</i>	Life seemed to flow past drop by drop in the garden fountain	Life seemed to flow drop by drop in the garden fountain
81	92	<i>Una extraña llamada, como la trompeta de Jericó, derrumbaba muros, hacia desaparecer tabiques, habitaciones y gentes que la rodeaban</i>	A strange cry, like the trumpet of Jericho which brought down walls and made tables, rooms and made people in its way in disappear	A strange call, like the trumpet of Jericho, destroyed walls, and caused fences rooms and everyone around them vanish
82	93	<i>una huella de automóvil hundía el suelo picón en dos surcos</i>	The tracks of a car had made two grooves in the loose gravel	The tracks of a car sunk two grooves in the loose gravel.
83	93	<i>Una tarde extraña colgaba nubes oscuras llenas de desgarrones, de patas, como enormes arañas, sobre un cielo amarillo</i>	A strange afternoon hung dark clouds with big tears and paws like enormous spiders, on yellow sky	A strange afternoon hung dark clouds with tears and legs like huge spiders in a yellow sky
84	94	<i>El invierno verdecía las cunetas</i>	The winter had greened up the verges	The winter was turning the roadsides green
85	94	<i>entre los negros y fríos troncos de las vides saltaba una alfombra de amapolas amarillas</i>	amongst the black and cold trunks of the vines there leaped a carpet of yellow poppies	amongst the cold black trunks of the vines there leapt a carpet of yellow poppies
86	94	<i>Vicenta miro aquel cielo cuya escenografía aparatosa angustiaba</i>	Vicenta looked at that sky whose spectacular scenery worried her	Vicenta looked at that sky whose dramatic aspect upset her
87	94	<i>Por su gusto hubiera retenido todas las nubes que pasan, como burlándose, durante los secos inviernos</i>	For her pleasure she would have kept all the clouds that passed, as if laughing at her, during the dry winters	She would have liked to keep all the clouds that pass by, mocking, during the dry winters
88	97	<i>un odio atávico, formado por sedimentos de muchísimas generaciones mansas y pobres que fueron dejando su recelo</i>	a fierce hatred, formed from the sediments of many placid, poor generations which passed by building up mistrust	A savage hatred, formed from the residue of many placid, poor generations leaving their mistrust over the years

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No	Page*	Original Metaphor	First Draft	Final Translation
89	98	<i>la tarde se había serenado en azul y amarillo</i>	the afternoon had settled down into blue and yellow	The afternoon had calmed down into blue and yellow
90	102	<i>envuelta en ese halito casi animal que las cuevas rezuman</i>	enveloped in this almost animal smell that these caves exude	enveloped in this almost animal smell that the caves exude
91	102	<i>la montaña abierta, herida por el crepúsculo ya, sangrante en el crepúsculo</i>	Behind them rose the open mountain, already pierced by the sunset, bleeding in the daybreak	the bare mountain, already wounded by the sunset, bleeding in the twilight
92	102	<i>Las gastadas figuras de la baraja hacen muecas</i>	The worn pictures on the pack of cards made faces	The faded figures on the pack of cards made faces
93	103	<i>Una luna agria salía de detrás de las montañas, siguiendo el último suspiro del crepúsculo</i>	A bitter moon came out behind the mountains following the last sigh of the dusk	A bitter moon came out from behind the mountains following the last sigh of dusk
94	103	<i>Se agarraba con los dos pálidos cuernos a las ultimas nubes oscuras</i>	It held on to the last of the black clouds with its two pale horns	It clutched the last of the black clouds with its two pale horns

*Page numbers from Laforet (1952)

Key to Strategies

Literal	
Different	
Replacement	
Conversion	
Explanation	
Simile	