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TRANSLATING THE FANTASTIC:
A TRANSLATOR'S REFLECTIONS ON 19TH CENTURY FRENCH AND SPANISH *FANTASTIC*
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ABSTRACT

A translator is faced with a variety of decisions when translating a literary work from the original language and culture to the target language and culture. When adding in an issue of temporality, the translator thus finds further questions of translating with words commonly used in that time period or even in that specific literary movement if there is an equivalent between the two literary canons. When translating European fantastic realism short stories, issues can arise based on how the fantastic elements are introduced and how each language and culture (in this case French, Spanish, and American-English) navigate the fantastic to create a story mixing the surreal and the real. This document explores the difficulties and the decisions that a translator must make in order to translate short stories from the nineteenth century and that form a part of fantastic realism between the aforementioned cultures and languages while also supplying a personal theory of translation and translational processes.

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Introduction:

Translation Theory and Translation Process

Translations are always judged based on the binary of foreignization and domestication; essentially, this means the translation either maintains the foreign aspects of the original text (often called the source text) or it eliminates them either by replacing the foreign with the culture of the translation (often called the target language/culture) or by total removal from the work. As any translator would know, translations cannot be confined to one category or the other.

Translation involves negotiation that supplies a new outlook on the original text and that creates changes in the target language and the target culture; it by nature demands a domestication of the foreign and a foreignizing of the domestic because something new is transforming from one language into another language while maintaining a form and a narrative that is not inherent to its new language (the target language). Therefore, the meaning of the Italian *jeu de mots*, *traduttore traditore* (translator traitor), which in translation loses its wordplay, does not exist in translation in its same form as the transfer of Italian into English offers a new version or a transformation of the original.

Walter Benjamin's text *The Task of the Translator* remains the canonical theoretical text for all translators. Benjamin states that the task of the translator is "to set free in his own language that pure language spellbound in the foreign language, to liberate the language imprisoned in the work by rewriting it..." (82 Benjamin). While Benjamin does not define "pure language," he refers to a language that is only achieved through translation as the translator "liberates" within his own language a purer language that is influenced by the original. This places translation on a

pedestal as an art form that is able to produce something that writing cannot because it is solely through said transformation that this phenomenon occurs. While I do not view my translations as a discovery of a pure form of English, I do search for an exchange or a development that exists in a relationship between the original and the target language.

The exchange that I aim for consists of stretching English to its limits. My first priority is to transform the original language into a fluent, eloquent, literary English. This step often takes place after an original, literal rendition of the text, which I then rework into a literary version. The evolution of the English language arises in various forms; however, these advances typically occur with idiomatic expressions, untranslatable words, or when an author has a particular style that, when recreated in English, creates a new style or a new form of writing in English. I will pull out specific examples from the texts in their introductions, but to give another example for now, the word *macho* or *machismo* in the South American context does not have a direct equivalency into English. According to the Oxford English Dictionary (OED: machismo), *machismo* was introduced into English in 1940, the reason being because English has no equivalent word to describe this extreme masculine pride that formed a strong part of South American culture. When translating, it is currently commonplace to maintain *machismo* or *macho* in English; however, the way it was introduced into English from Spanish was a need for equivalency that did not exist, the Spanish word was then maintained.

While not every translator contributes new words to her/his native language, maintaining aspects of culture, language, and style remains key to the translator's task in order to supply a new narrative to her/his audience that is found in the original work. The audience, key to the reception of the work, should not dictate how the translator completes her/his task. On this, Benjamin states:

When seeking insight into a work of art or an art form, it never proves useful to take the audience into account. Not only is every effort to relate art to a specific public or its representatives misleading, but the very concept of an “ideal” audience is harmful in any discussion concerning the theory of art, since such discussions simply have to presuppose the existence of man... No poem is meant for the reader, no picture for the beholder, no symphony for the audience. (75 Benjamin)

Since the translation is a work of art, it should not be intended for a specific audience or a specific reader. A translation, thus, should not be overly domesticated in order to be accepted by an audience, a phenomenon which I explore later in this essay, or overly faithful to the original in order to appease the original language author and/or audience. For me, this allows me to translate a work with a specific goal in mind: create an experience for the English reader that is similar to that of the original reader, maintain foreign aspects of the text (such as cultural references, names, places, etc.) that do not interfere with the comprehension of the work, and recreate the work in a fluent, eloquent, and literary English that can be enjoyed and easily read. I, therefore, place importance on the original context and the original culture/language of the work, unless it interferes with easy accessibility to the narrative.

It is important for the translator to maintain certain aspects of the original language and the original culture as to not erase everything that is inherent in the original text. Sharing this thought is Gregory Rabassa, one of the lead translators during the Latin American literary boom. It is through Rabassa’s pen that English speakers have access to wonderful works such as *Hopscotch* by Julio Cortázar, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* by Gabriel García Márquez, and *Captains of the Sands* by Jorge Amado. Rabassa translates the work in his first reading, finding that this technique allows him to supply a translation that is not tainted by other aspects of the work and allows the reader to share the experience of reading the text for the first time. In translating, he strives to find the English that is hidden behind the Spanish/Portuguese, matching the meaning and the sonority of the languages. He maintains all names in the original language so that Mateo never becomes Matthew. Furthermore, he maintains the geographical locations and

the cultural context of all of his works, meaning that Bogota never becomes New York and reggaeton never becomes R&B. Rabassa shows his dedication to providing an eloquent narrative in English that maintains the foreign, almost as if the work were originally written in English by an author interested in travel. (Rabassa)

My favorite example of Rabassa's aforementioned method and goal comes from his translation of *Cronica de una muerte anunciada* (rendered in English as *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*):

Halcón que se atrever con garza guerrera, peligros espera. (63 García Márquez)

A falcon who chases a warlike crane can only hope for a life of pain. (65 García Márquez Trans. Rabassa)

While there are some changes in precise meaning (*garza* is heron, so slightly different than crane, *peligros* is dangers with no mention of pain, and *espera* is he waits/hopes), Rabassa maintains the rhyme and the style of idiomatic expression from the Spanish into the English. Furthermore, despite the slight differences found in meaning between specific words, the expressions both transmit the idea of a different expression: "if you mess with the bull, you get the horns." In other words, doing something dangerous or risky can only lead you to trouble. Offending ornithologists aside, Rabassa's translation does not sacrifice meaning for style or vice versa, he simply places the Spanish text into English.

Rabassa's style is very influential to me. The maintenance of the foreign is key to me as a translator as I view the translator's task as a inserting a new narrative into English that expands the English reader's understanding of another culture, but that also supplies a fluent work that appears to have been written originally in English. This balance is quite difficult as certain aspects need domesticated in order to achieve eloquent English and certain concepts can just not

be translated. An example of the latter is the French word *ennui*; no true equivalent exists in English as this word goes beyond the average, everyday boredom that one faces. *Ennui* refers to a deep boredom when someone is stuck in a situation, has or feels no excitement, or is without fulfillment. Boredom does not cover all of these aspects; the translator must, therefore, find a way to incorporate or to translate the French word into the text, which will appear foreign to most English readers. My philosophy, as stated above, would be to include the French term and possibly giving a definition in the text if it would not affect the reading of the text. Unlike Benjamin, audience is important to me in the sense that I want to expand my audience's knowledge of other cultures and other narratives. I also realize that my audience will not know specific details, such as what *ennui* means, therefore, at times, audience is important in the decision-making process. On the other hand, my audience will never shape my overall goal of educating the reader on the "foreign" that is inherent in the text.

While maintaining the foreign in the English is a key aspect of my translation theory, it is sometimes met with opposition by publishing companies. In fact, Lawrence Venuti in *The Translator's Invisibility* explains that any type of foreignizing or experimental translation is "likely to encounter opposition from publishers and large segments of Anglophone readers who read for immediate intelligibility" (273 Venuti). Fortunately for translators, their visibility on book covers and their visibility as authors with rights has been slowly improving. When Rabassa translated a large portion of his works in the 60s-70s, he faced a lot of problems in simply having his name placed on/in the book as translator. His memoir also makes it clear that it was a profession of love not for money as his main source of income came from being a professor; the money earned for his translations wasn't even a supplement (Rabassa). Now, it is rare to see a book without the name of the translator directly below the author on the title page and/or the

cover (albeit the size is often significantly smaller. Thanks to groups such as the American Translators Association and Three Percent, to publishing companies like Dalkey Archive Press and Grey Wolf (that only publish translations), and journals such as *Asymptote* and *Trafika Europe* (that publish excerpts of/fully translated works), literary translators are becoming more present and better respected.

As Venuti explains, the foreignizing aspects go against the Anglophone audience who already has a thriving literary scene and who, typically, is taught to view this literary scene as the highest literature of all other national literatures. This phenomenon thus creates problems in a translation's reception in the Anglophone context. In order to combat the extreme domestication of texts, I follow Rabassa's ideas on the inclusion of non-translated names and locations and refusing to translate cultural aspects that are key to a culture. Fortunately for me, editors and publishers are more willing (not completely but more so than even 20 years ago) in the current day to accept foreignizing aspects as long as it is in a fluent and readable English.

Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak's *The Politics of Translation*, in my opinion, supplies a wonderful discourse on the importance of maintaining the voice and the foreign aspects of a work, especially when translating non-Western works. Spivak states:

First, then, the translator must surrender to the text. She must solicit the text to show the limits of its language, because that rhetorical aspect will point at the silence of the absolute fraying of language that the text wards off, in its special manner. (315 Spivak)

Agency is thus placed on the original text and the original work to which the translator must "surrender." While I do not seek to remove all agency of the translator, I feel that it is important for the translator to be faithful to the original's message and to, as much as possible, to the original's style. The message takes importance because a message from another context, when

inserted into English, provides a new viewpoint and a new way to compare one context with another.

An example of the above message can be found in Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie's *Americanah* which explores race and feminism in the United States and Nigeria. Although this book was originally written in English, it demonstrates the differences that exist between the two cultures and thus stresses the importance of being knowledgeable about these differences. A translator has a duty to translate that message and must not domesticate the narrative to follow the message common to the Anglophone context. Domestication would completely change the narrative and the context, which defeats the purpose of translation. To me, translation's goal is to incorporate different narratives, authors, styles, and culture into a national literature. Removing those differences by domesticating them supplies a narrative, culture, style and message that already exist in the national literature. Spivak, therefore, holds a lot of importance in my philosophy on why domestication is so harmful in translation.

As can be seen through this introduction, I place a lot of importance on the original author, the original context, and the original work of literature. I avoid domesticating elements as much as possible, only domesticating when necessary for a fluid translation of a phrase or a concept. Fidelity, to the message and not necessarily to the word (in terms of a word for word, translationese style translation), takes precedence. This contrasts greatly with many views on translation, such as Borges in "Pierre Menard" and the Brazilian Concrete Poets in their manifesto who place a lot of emphasis on translation as a type of re-creation with which the translator should and has every right to improve the original work.

What I hope you see in the following chapters is a series of translations that are faithful to the authors' messages, cultures, and their creation of the fantastic. The first chapter explores the

context of the authors and fantastic literature. Following that are my translations of these authors, done in my method influenced by the theories discussed in this introduction. Each translation is accompanied by a short translator's note that explains my choices and puts my translations in conversation with other translators who have translated the same stories. I finish with a conclusion that draws together exactly how the authors compare and how their use of the fantastic are similar and different.

Since I was a child, I have been fascinated by the supernatural. Halloween was always my favorite time of year, horror movies became my favorite genre when my mother finally allowed me to watch them, and every chance I get to expand my perception of reality with a "supernatural" experience, I take it. Naturally, Edgar Allan Poe became one of my favorite reads in high school; however, the thought of a French or Spanish writer using the fantastic in a similar matter never struck me until college. Guy de Maupassant currently holds a similar status in France as Edgar Allan Poe does in the United States. A lot of Maupassant's work has been translated into English, thus I chose "The Flayed Hand" because it provided me the opportunity to translate in a variety of styles, including reportage. An added bonus came after when I realized that only a few online blogs have translated the work. I translated "On the Water" because of its inclusion of the poem and its insertion of the fantastic, which became more complicated with the drunken sailor and the surprise of the cadaver at the end. Furthermore, these two Maupassant stories are not as common to be read as "Boule de suif" ("Ball of Fat") or "Le Horla" ("The Horla"), which often appear on course syllabi or in anthologies. Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, however, came to my attention by chance. As I searched to expand my knowledge of 19th century Spanish literature, Blasco Ibáñez was the first author's page I flipped to, almost uncannily, when searching in a Spanish literary history anthology. Upon reading my first Ibáñez story, "Golpe

doble” in fact, I was intrigued by a possible comparison between him and Maupassant. For that reason, “Golpe doble” appears in my thesis as it was my first experience with the author and, to my knowledge, has yet to be translated. I chose “In the Sea” because of its documentation of Valencian life, that through my research, I found was essential to Blasco Ibáñez’s *Cuentos valencianos*.

Chapter 1

An Exploration of the Fantastic Literature in France and Spain

1. Introduction to the Fantastic

On a very basic level, the fantastic is characterized by the inclusion of supernatural elements into a narration. Todorov explains that these supernatural inclusions can be separated into two groups: the uncanny or the marvelous. The uncanny is when the supernatural has a logical explanation; the marvelous when the reader accepts the supernatural as reality. (Todorov) Guy de Maupassant and Vicente Blasco Ibáñez depict everyday scenes of real life: a group of friends meeting after some time, a boater rowing home after a dinner at a friend's house, fishermen struggling to catch a tuna, or a man keeping watch at his house for vandals. The reason that these stories do not form a part of the marvelous is because their real events do not permit the acceptance of the supernatural elements. The supernatural becomes inserted into the narrative in a way that causes the reader to question what is "real" and what is not. This is unlike a fairy tale, for example, in which the reader accepts the supernatural reality that contains magical creatures, giants, witches, etc.

Todorov continues to explain that the uncanny includes a hesitation between the solution of the supernatural and the realistic or psychological explanation. Hesitation refers to a moment of pause or indecision in which the reader is unsure which solution or which aspects of the story follow the reality. (Todorov) Maupassant, in comparison to Blasco Ibáñez, really uses these moments of hesitation to his advantage. To use an example from the stories that I translate in the following chapters, there is a hesitation of the reader when reading "On the Water" as the boater is describing these phantasmagoric scenes he sees on the water. These images cause him a lot of

stress and he continues drinking between these visions; however, the drinking is mentioned as a minor, maybe one sentence phrase between long paragraph descriptions of the events. Therefore, the reader hesitates, possibly believing these visions that are in reality caused by the boater's drunken and distressed psychological state in that moment.

2. Guy de Maupassant and the Fantastic

First, it is important to define the type of short story being examined in this thesis. There are two primary types of short stories in France: the *nouvelle* and the *conte*. A *nouvelle* can be classified by its size and is generally defined as a short novel; Engstrom in "The Formal Short Story and Its Development" states that the maximum size of this genre "we may limit at two hundred and fifty average thirty-line pages..." (630). *Contes*, on the other hand, cannot be identified by length. The *conte* can be either *simple* (similar to a one-act play) or *compliqué* (comparable to the "concentrated classic drama of Racine" (630 Engstrom)), but in either form, "the line of action must be compressed in unique focus upon a single essential situation and should be brought to a logical conclusion that dramatizes the narrative significance of all its parts" (630). Guy de Maupassant, thus, combines the genre of the *conte* with the literary ideals of fantastic realism, described in the first part of this chapter.

Guy de Maupassant was born in 1850 in Tourville-sur-Arques and died in Paris on July 6, 1893. He was mentored by Flaubert and wrote his first work in 1875 ("La main d'écorché"). He continued publishing short stories (*contes*), reaching about 300 over his career, and various novels. He became well-known throughout France for his first published story, "Boule de suif," published in 1880. Many of his stories are set during the Franco-Prussian war that took place in the 1870s. "Boule de suif" is one of those said stories that explores the futility of war and how innocent citizens become victims of the war as well. Under Flaubert's instruction, Maupassant

became deeply involved with the realism movement in France; however, he was also introduced to other writers, such as Émile Zola, who introduced Maupassant to Naturalism. (Benhamou) Maupassant's style and technique, therefore, have been influenced by a variety of people and movements; so, it is no surprise that his works typically mix realism, with his narration of real events in detail, and Naturalism, with his introduction of psychology and science into a realist narrative.

The definition of *contes* and the definition of the fantastic fit with Maupassant's title *Contes fantastiques* as each story focuses on one specific event that comes to a conclusion at the end that places importance on specific pieces of the narrative. To take the first story I translate, "The Flayed Hand," as an example, the reader follows the narrative of strange events that begin after the hand is introduced at the party. Upon finishing the tale, if it is not clear from the "five bullet-like holes on his [Pierre's] neck," the hand in the menacing skeleton's coffin at the end of the work reinforces the idea that the criminal's hand sought to be with his owner and not trapped in Pierre's house. If a reader chooses to reread the *conte*, little details will jump out that connect the hand to the murder and the fantastic elements of the narrative if they were not clear from the beginning. Furthermore, as stated in Todorov's definition, the fantastic elements surrounding the criminal's hand are introduced into a realistic narrative in which friends meet, converse, and reminisce, causing the reader to question what is real or natural and what is supernatural.

Maupassant is classified as a writer of Naturalism which is a branch of Realism defined by Émile Zola, although many believe he is better categorized as a Realist like his mentor, Flaubert (492 Lagarde). Naturalism is defined by "applying the methods of the sciences to human realities"¹ (455). In other words, writers that considered themselves Naturalists were influenced

¹ "appliquer à l'étude des réalités huains la methods des sciences."

by the scientific progress of the latter half of the nineteenth century as well as the rapid advancements of society, thus the inclusion of supernatural elements as scientific advancements often seemed unreal at the time. For Maupassant, Naturalism is just the observation of reality down to its most humble details. In his writings, Maupassant was said to strive to offer the reality in a different manner than the Realists who strove to represent reality as an actual photograph of the life being written about. Maupassant states in his preface to *Pierre et Jean*: “the Realist, if he is an artist, will strive not to show a banal photography of life, but to give us a vision that is more complete, more striking, and more convincing than reality itself”² (493). For this reason, the insertion of the fantastic ideas becomes necessary because life is not simply meeting your friends or rowing your boat home from dinner; especially not after a night filled with drinking. Readers can see that during and after each of these intoxicated nights, paranoia sets in and continues through the rest of the story until the ending when reality returns. Furthermore, the insertion of the supernatural becomes key in the reader’s deciphering of the real and their understanding of reality.

What becomes visible in the *contes* that follow, then, is Maupassant’s insertion of the supernatural in order to explore the psychological and physical characterization of the human while influenced or met with events that go against their reality. Even more so than exploring these aspects of the character, he forces the reader to question themselves about this same phenomenon. Our world is very logical and very structured, so how does one react when something that breaks or goes against that system enters the world? That aspect of Maupassant’s stories becomes a very important characteristic for the translator to convey as the subtle insertion

² “le réaliste, s’il est un artiste, cherchera non pas à nous montrer la photographie banale de la vie, mais à nous en donner la vision plus complète, plus saisissante, plus probante que la réalité même.”

of the supernatural into reality, until the resolution, must keep the reader questioning and unsure of what is real.

3. Vicente Blásco Ibáñez and the Fantastic

Spain in the nineteenth century saw a new trend in literature under the influence of Romanticism. History became an important part of Spanish Romanticism and the trend for literary studies at the time also began to focus on historicizing Spanish literature. While this brought up a lot of questions in regards to when Spanish literature actually starts and if only Castilian literature is included or not, this literary trend also affected writers throughout the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. (Isasi) Spanish literature became a form of documentation of Spanish society and focused, therefore, on providing primarily Realist writings.

Vicente Blasco Ibáñez was born in 1867 in Valencia and, despite studying law, dedicated a large portion of his life to writing. He published his first work in 1887 (*Fantasías, leyendas y tradiciones*) and is best known for *Cuentos valencianos* (1896), *La baracca* (1898), *Cañas y barro* (1902), and *La catedral* (1903). He spent some of his life in France and in Argentina; however, he dedicated the majority of his time to documenting and writing about life in Valencia. (“Blasco Ibáñez, Vicente”) This dedication to documenting Valencian life stems directly from the Romantic ideal that began in Nineteenth Century Spain to document Castilian life in the historicizing movement. It is also no surprise that Naturalism influenced his work as the works of French Naturalists became popular in Spain just years before the publication of his first collection of short stories. This, coupled with his stay in Paris, permitted Naturalism, and thus fantastic elements, to be added into his writing style.

Just as Maupassant, Vicente Blasco Ibáñez was greatly influenced by the branch of Realism known as Naturalism founded by Zola and defined above. Portalés in his article “Vicente Blasco Ibáñez y el Naturalismo” states that “the principles of the movement were: a Realist and identifiable portrait, the lack of personality of the narrator, physiological and environmental determinism”³ (1). With this definition of naturalism, it is clear how the insertion of the supernatural follows the philosophical ideas of determinism as the supernatural often causes the characters to alter their actions, and in turn, they often lose their free will or ability to think. Portalés places the commencement of this movement in Spain to be in 1880 when French works were translated into Spanish.

Many critics have given the name “el Zola español” or “the Spanish Zola” to Blasco Ibáñez; however, just like Maupassant, his style was not exactly the same as Zola and other writers in the Naturalism movement (Portalés). For these reasons, Portalés names him a hybrid author, which is notable in the two stories translated below. In each story, Blasco Ibáñez presents a narrative following Realist ideals of portraying an identifiable portrait of life, he documents life in Valencia and its surrounding area following the historical trend present in Spain with the start of Romanticism, and, furthermore, he inserts, very subtly, supernatural elements into the story. By subtly, I do not mean in a subtle manner, but instead, Blasco Ibáñez’s supernatural appears more realistic than that seen in Maupassant. For example, the struggle between the fishermen and the tuna is described in a fantastic manner in the sense that the tuna is given a supernatural strength, almost pulling the boat to the bottom of the ocean; however, there is not a large rupture between the real and this “fantastic” fight as the fish ties the reader to reality. On the other hand, the

³ “... los principios básicos del movimiento: el retrato realista y documentado, la impersonalidad por parte del narrador y el determinismo fisiológico y del medio.”

supernatural descriptions of the hand and the river in both of Maupassant's stories below rupture reality and cause the reader to think about what is real.

Blasco Ibáñez is a part of the Generation of '98, which is the name given to a group of authors all writing in that general time frame (historians of twentieth-century Spanish literature often break authors into generations, starting with this group). The works of Blasco Ibáñez are generally broken into a few categories: his Valencian works, "thesis novels," New World novels, anti-German novels during World War I, and finally novels focusing on Spanish history.

(Appelbaum) The works translated in the fourth and fifth chapter are from his Valencian works that document regional life in Valencia in a realistic portrait. These works also come from the period in which Blasco Ibáñez was most influenced by Naturalism and the insertion of supernatural into his work was more common.

4. Maupassant and Blasco Ibáñez: Fantastic in Comparison

As mentioned above, the fantastic used by Maupassant and by Blasco Ibáñez is extremely different. As Todorov states, the uncanny arises through the insertion of the supernatural in a real, identifiable narrative. Both Maupassant and Blasco Ibáñez supply said type of fantastic as the supernatural is seamlessly inserted into the realistic narrative. While both authors employ the uncanny, the supernatural elements employed by Maupassant create a larger fissure between the real and the fantastic. Maupassant provides long descriptions of supernatural visions and elements such as the criminal's hand in "The Flayed Hand" or the supernatural description of the river at night in "On the Water." Both the hand and the river are classified by the fantastic upon their introduction into the narrative. The hand is described as atrocious and extremely long, belonging to an old sorcerer who had a fondness for the hand. The river is juxtaposed with the

ocean, being more sinister and more mysterious with lands beneath the surface that are home to drowned sailors.

Blasco Ibáñez, on the other hand, supplies slight fantastic descriptions to real elements already inserted into the narrative. The first mention of the tuna in “In the Sea,” comes at the beginning of the narrative when Antonio talks to Rufina about his desire to catch it. The supernatural elements are inserted during the struggle of the fishermen to catch the tuna as the tuna’s force is strong enough to pull the boat under. The transformation of the sea into a graveyard, described by the red whirlpool of the tuna’s blood, also inserts some supernatural elements into the search for Antoñico who falls overboard during the struggle. This supernatural, therefore, is placed on pre-established, nature/human related elements in the work. In “Double Hit,” the same sort of description is given to the bandits as they walk up to Sènto’s house. They are established as humans who steal and vandalize other’s property at the beginning of the story, yet they are described as stooped over and doglike when Sènto first sees them.

The mental state of the characters becomes a key proponent in the insertion of the fantastic. In both of Maupassant’s stories, the characters have an altered mental state that typically involves alcohol. The hand is first introduced at a party and, even if alcohol was not consumed at the dinner party, the sailor drinks a lot of rum before seeing fantastic elements floating around the river. Furthermore, after the hand attacks Pierre, a fact that is never explicitly confirmed or denied in the story, his mental health declines and he begins seeing specters and invisible objects until he dies of fright. Blasco Ibáñez does not employ alcohol or declining mental health in order to insert the supernatural; however, he narrates the story of poor workers who become so focused on their task at hand that natural or realistic elements take on a supernatural effect and nerves or physical exertion typically play a role. The catching of the tuna and the search for the boy are

met with supernatural description and are the two times in the narrative in which Antonio focuses on one thing. The same happens with Sènto when he is focused on watching the bandits walk up the path to his home. So, what can be seen in Maupassant and Blasco Ibáñez is different, but both authors employ a specific mentality when the supernatural is inserted.

Finally, nature plays an extremely important role in both authors' works and is closely tied to the supernatural. One of two phenomena occur: either nature becomes silenced upon the introduction of the supernatural or the author provides a description of nature and then ruptures the description with the supernatural, a sort of metaphorical silencing. In "On the River" (Maupassant) and "Double Hit" (Blasco Ibáñez), nature becomes silenced by the supernatural as the frogs stop croaking, silence surrounds the characters, and/or animals flee the scene. "The Flayed Hand" and "On the Sea" contain descriptions of nature that are then ruptured by the supernatural. As the narrator of "The Flayed Hand" walks in the cemetery remembering his childhood adventures picking blackberries, the narration stops upon the discovery of an unmarked coffin by the gravediggers. Similarly, in "In the Sea", the description of the sea and the tuna continues until the catch is over and Antonio realizes his son is not on the boat, removing all focus from nature to the location of the boy.

5. Conclusion

Overall, Guy de Maupassant and Vicente Blasco Ibáñez both supply real, identifiable portraits of human lives and nature. Readers can see the influence of the supernatural on the works, which causes the questioning of what is real and what is not real, in the creation of the fantastic short story. Furthermore, despite their differences in their styles and their employment of the fantastic, each writer's fantastic would be categorized as uncanny and not marvelous, as defined by Todorov, because the supernatural elements of the texts are not accepted by the reader

as a part of the reality of the narrative. While translating these stories, it is important to maintain that style and framing of the fantastic that is unique between each author as described above.

Chapter 2

Guy de Maupassant: “The Flayed Hand”

Throughout my research, I could not find a translation of “The Flayed Hand” in any translated collection of Maupassant’s short stories. A version, however, exists on *Project Gutenberg Australia*, uploaded by Richard Scott in 2006. While I am unable to find any information on the publisher/potential translator, I will compare the uploaded version with mine in order to discuss some of the decisions I made in comparison to this version. Being Australian in origin, the text will differ slightly in popular vocabulary and word choice, but overall the translation appears faithful to the narrative and even in choosing older words that have changed meaning over time (for example, gay instead of happy), which remind the reader of the story’s origin in the nineteenth century.

“The Flayed Hand” provided me the opportunity to translate a variety of styles and tones. Firstly, the dialogue in the first part of the story allowed me to explore ways to translate each character’s voice in a different way. Directed by Maupassant’s word choice, I still sought words and phrasing in English that provided a variety of voices. The story also offered me the ability to explore journalistic writing. The narrator includes two newspaper clippings about his friend’s attack. In these “clippings”, I tried to replicate the journalistic style by employing more passive voice and even setting the text in justification to give it the aesthetic appearance of being a newspaper column. Maupassant and the online translation did not adjust the text; however, I found that it was a nice way to visually set apart the styles that clearly exist in Maupassant’s tone and style.

One challenging word to translate was *lieus* which in English would be leagues. Due to the fact that leagues are not a common measurement of distance in the modern day, I did not want to translate it as such. I ended up choosing miles because the distance is used hyperbolically in order to describe the stench of the hand. In American English, it is common to hear: “I saw you coming from a mile away” or “I can smell you from a mile away.” Perhaps this shows my unfamiliarity with British English, but I do not believe that the same expression exists with the word “kilometer” in place of “mile.” For that reason, I chose to use miles in order to achieve the familiar expression, which I found more important than maintaining the European measurement system as a foreignization to the American reader. Other than this choice, all other names and places are left as they appear in Maupassant’s text. The online version’s translator omitted the line about the stench of the criminal that enters with the hand. This omission, while not inhibiting the narrative, removes any issue with the older vocabulary. In any case, what one can see through the older word choice compared to my updated choice is a slight domestication on my part in order to achieve the English expression and, later on with the use of kilometers/meters, a domesticating-foreignization as I foreignize the American context with the metric system but domesticate the temporality of the text to the modern day.

This story presented me the opportunity to explore a few French expressions and decide on how to translate them. For example, the original French reads: “mettre ta montre chez ma tante” (31). This would literally translate to something like “putting on your watch in my aunt’s house.” I found out that this expression actually refers to pawning an item for money, which clarifies the dead uncle (as Pierre would inherit) and the loaning of money found earlier in the sentence. Later on, I explain why I maintain a literal translation of a Spanish expression, but in

this case, I decide to domesticate the expression. In other words, just as the online version, I remove the connection to the aunt and simply say, “pawned your watch.”

Another component of the text that I was unsure how to translate was “j’en ferai mon bouton de sonnette” which literally translates to “I will make it my bell push.” In the modern day, it would most likely be equivalent to a doorbell and, despite my ignorance of doorbell history, I am fairly certain that electronic doorbells did not exist at this time. I opted, thus, to translate the “bell push” as door knocker, drawing a connection between the hand and the action of knocking. The online translator chose to translate it as “door-bell.” While it could be referring to a precursor of the electronic doorbell (perhaps a bell hung outside of the house by the door), this word ruptures the word choice seen thus far in the translation due to the assumptions of the modern reader about what a doorbell is. While doorknockers still exist today, they are typically decorative and are viewed as an older form of calling someone to their door due to its lack of electronic or modern technology, giving it an anachronistic connotation. Furthermore, I could not fathom how the hand would be attached to the doorbell; so, for fluidity in narrative, I thought doorknocker solved all problems: it still exists but has an anachronistic feel, it can have a hand to function as a knocker/attached to a door, and it combines the action of knocking by hand and the hand itself, which the hand or some jokesters do in the story.

The online version seems to mix maintaining French vocabulary and domesticating it. For example, “curé” (priest) is used in the translation without capitalization and without contextualization; however, the names “Bonvin” and “Bourdeau” are changed to “Bouvin” and “Bourdean.” This decision strikes me as odd because there is no correlation between the name and the equivalent given to them. “Bonvin,” especially, when separated (bon and vin) could be “Goodwine” in English. Therefore, the decisions seem out of place and domesticating in an odd

way. This oddness is replicated in the fact that “curé,” “messieurs,” etc. are maintained in the translation. In my personal philosophy, I find that names especially should not be domesticated except in certain cases; however, if a translator decides to translate a name, they must remain consistent. Consistency in this sense would mean translating all names and removing as much French as possible, especially when equivalencies exist.

“The Flayed Hand”
 Guy de Maupassant
 Translated by Clayton McKee

About eight months ago, one of my friends, Louis R..., had a small get together for our group of old school friends one evening. We drank and smoked while discussing literature, painting, and, at times, recalling schoolyard anecdotes just like all young boys do when getting together after some time apart. All of a sudden the door swung wide open and one of my good childhood friends entered like a storm.

“Guess where I just came from,” he yelled upon entering.

“I place my bet on Mabilie,” replied one of us.

“No, you’re a bit too happy. You just borrowed money, buried your uncle, or pawned your watch,” replied another.

“You got drunk,” replied a third, “and you sensed that we were drinking here at Louis’, so you came here to drink some more.”

“No, not even close. I just came from P... in Normandy where I spent eight days. I bring with me a well-known criminal whom I would like to present to you all, if I may?”

Upon saying that, he pulled a flayed hand from his pocket. The hand was atrocious, black, dry, and extremely long with very tense muscles of extraordinary force, held on the exterior and

interior by parchment-like thongs of skin. Long, yellow nails were at the end of each finger. The entire hand stank of the villain from a mile away.

“You know,” said my friend, “the other day, they were selling the items of an old, well-known sorcerer in the region. He went to the Sabbath every Saturday riding on a broomstick. He practiced black and white magic, turned cow’s milk blue, and made their tail look like the tail of Saint Anthony’s companion. It just so happened that the old scoundrel had a lot of affection for this hand, which, so he said, was from a celebrated criminal who was tortured in 1736 for having thrown his wife headfirst down a well. By doing so, I find that he was not to blame, but then he hung the priest that married them from the steeple of the church. After this double exploit, he roamed the world. In his short, but well accomplished career, he robbed twelve travelers, tricked around twenty monks in a monastery, and turned an abbey into a harem.”

“But what are you going to do with that horrifying object?” we exclaimed.

“What the hell, I’ll just make it my door knocker to scare off my creditors.”

“My friend,” said Henry Smith, a wonderful, rather placid Englishman, “I believe that this hand is simply Indian flesh preserved by a new procedure. I advise you to make some broth out of it.”

“Don’t make fun, messieurs,” someone spoke up with as much composure as a tipsy medical student could. “And you, Pierre. If I have some advice to give you, it would be to give that human debris a proper Christian burial in hopes that the owner doesn’t come back for it. This hand probably took part in some bad habits and you know the proverb: “Who has killed will kill again.”

“And who has drunk will drink!” our generous host chimed in.

With that, he handed the student a large glass of booze. Another took it, swallowed it down in one gulp, and fell dead drunk on top of the table. This was met by strong laughter. Pierre, lifting his glass and waving the hand, said:

“I drink to the next visit from your master.”

Then, we spoke of other things until everyone went home.

The next day, as I was passing in front of Pierre’s door. I entered his house. He had been awake for about two hours. I found him reading and smoking.

“Well, how are you doing?” I said to him.

“Very well,” he replied.

“And your hand?”

“My hand. You had to have seen it on my door. I put it on there yesterday evening when I got home. But, on that note... it just so happened that some imbecile, playing a prank no doubt, knocked on my door around midnight. I asked who was there, but no one responded so I went back to bed.”

Just then, someone knocked at the door. It was the landlord, a rather rude and very disrespectful character. He entered without saying hello.

“Sir,” he said to my friend, “please remove that rotting carcass that you hung from your door immediately. Otherwise, I will have to give you a notice.”

“Sir,” Pierre said in a serious tone, “the hand doesn’t deserve your insults. Did you know that it belonged to a very well-to-do man?”

The landlord turned and left the way he came in. Pierre followed him, took down the hand, and attached it to the door in his alcove.

“This will be better,” he said, “this hand gives me grave thoughts while sleeping, just like the Trappist saying: ‘Brother, all must die.’”

After an hour, I left and returned home.

I slept poorly the following night. I was agitated, nervous even. I jumped awake several times. Once, I even thought that someone had broken into my house; so, I got up to check every closet and underneath my bed. Finally, as I was starting to nod off around six in the morning, a someone banged violently on my door and made me jump out of bed. It was my friend’s houseboy.

“Sir!” he cried out, “my poor master was murdered.”

I got dressed quickly and ran to Pierre’s house. The house was full of people discussing and debating. There was constant movement. Everyone was endlessly arguing, recounting, and connecting the night’s events. I finally reached the bedroom after painfully wading through the crowd. The door was guarded; I told them my name and they let me enter. Four police officers stood with notebooks in their hands, writing while two doctors talked near the bed where Pierre’s unconscious body lied. He wasn’t dead, but he looked terrified. His eyes were excessively open; his dilated pupils seemed to stare fixedly with indescribable terror at something horrible, unknown. His fingers were tense, his body, up to his chin, was covered by a sheet that I removed. He had finger marks around his neck, deeply engrained into the flesh. A few blood drops stained his shirt. In that moment, a thought struck me by chance; I looked at the door in his alcove. The flayed hand was no longer there. The doctors must have removed it to avoid upsetting the people who entered the house. This hand, after all, was very frightening. I never did figure out what became of the hand.

I cut now to a newspaper from the next day that detailed the crime with the police report.

Here is what it said:

“A brutal attack was committed yesterday. The victim was a young man, Mr. Pierre B..., a law student who belongs to one of the great Norman families. This young man returned home around ten in the evening. He called his domestic, Mr. Bonvin, and told him that he was tired and that he was going to bed. Around midnight, he was awoken, all of a sudden, by his master’s bell, which was being rung furiously. Terrified, he lit his lantern and waited. The bell was silenced after about a minute; then it began again with such a force that the domestic, full of terror, dashed out of his room and went to wake the caretaker who ran to alert the police. After about a quarter of an hour, the police knocked down the door.

A horrible spectacle met the eyes of the police: furniture was knocked over and everything in the room indicated that a terrible fight occurred between the victim and the wrongdoer. In the middle of the room, on his back with rigid limbs, pale face, and terribly dilated eyes, the young Pierre B... lay motionless. Five distinct and profound finger imprints were around his neck. Doctor Bourdeau, called immediately, reported that the aggressor had to have tremendous strength and thin, nervous hands because the fingers left five bullet-like holes on his neck that were almost touching through the flesh. Motive and suspect of the crime are unknown at this time.”

The following day, the journal read:

“Mr. Pierre B..., the victim of the frightening attack that was reported yesterday, regained consciousness after two hours of constant treatment by Dr.

Bourdeau. His life is no longer in danger, but doctors worry about his mental health. Still no sign of a possible suspect.”

Indeed, my poor friend was crazy. I visited him every day for seven months in the hospital, but he didn't regain a shred of his sanity. In his delirium, strange words escaped from his mouth, and, like all insane people, he had one reoccurring thought: that he was being followed by a specter. One day, they came in a hurry to find me and to tell me that his condition was worsening. I found him in complete agony. For ten hours, he remained extremely calm, then, out of nowhere, standing up on his bed, despite our efforts, he cried while flailing his arms as if prey to some ghastly terror:

“Take it! Take it! It's strangling me! Help, help!”

He went around the room twice, screaming. Then, he fell face down on the floor. Dead.

Since he was orphaned, I took charge of transporting his body to P..., his town in Normandy where his parents were buried. It was in this same town that he came to find us drinking punch at Louis R...’s house, and where he showed us the flayed hand. His body was placed in a lead coffin. Four days later, I was upset and walking with the old priest who gave Pierre his first catechism class. We were walking through the cemetery in which we would pass by Pierre's tomb. The weather was beautiful. The clear blue sky flooded with light. Birds sang in the blackberry bush. It was on days like this when Pierre and I were kids that we would both come to eat blackberries. I could still see him weaving in and out of the hedge and crawling over the ditch that I had known so well. It was over there, at the bottom of the property where they bury the dead. Then we would go home, cheeks and lips black from the fruit we had just eaten. I was looking at the blackberry bramble and unconsciously picked one, popping it in my mouth. The priest opened his prayer book and muttered *oremus*. At the end of the aisle, I heard the

gravediggers spade digging the grave. All of a sudden, they called us. The priest closed his book and we went to see what they wanted. They had found a coffin. After the strike of a pickaxe, they pulled off the cover and we saw an excessively long skeleton, sleeping on its back, which, from his hollow eyes, seemed to still look at us, to defy us. I felt uneasy, I don't know why but I was almost afraid.

“Look,” screamed one of the guys, “look, the scoundrel has a cutoff wrist. And there! His hand!”

Beside the body, he picked up a large, dried hand that he showed to us.

“Well I never...” said the other laughing, “It looks like he is staring right at you and that he is going to jump at your throat to get his hand back.”

“Okay my friends,” the priest said, “let the dead rest in peace and reclose this coffin. We will dig poor Pierre's grave somewhere else.”

The next day, everything was taken care of. I went back to Paris after leaving fifty *francs* with the priest to say mass for the remains of those spirits whose sepulcher we disturbed.

Chapter 3

Guy de Maupassant: “On the Water”

Marjorie Laurie is a well-known translator from French into English and translated a complete collection of Maupassant’s short stories, a collection which spans over a thousand pages. “The Flayed Hand” does not appear in Laurie’s translated collection; therefore, I will only be comparing her work to “On the River”. Something to keep in mind is that her translations were published in 1955; coupled with differences between our writing styles, this creates a bit of a temporal barrier that may arise between the popular word choices and common language usage. Therefore, I will not look at specific word choices for every sentence, but I will identify the problem spots that I found while translating and see how Laurie handled the same situation.

The main difficulty when translating this short story was the poem given by the sailor during his description of the river. Part of that is ignorance on my part, as I have experience primarily translating prose pieces. Maupassant’s original reads:

O flots, que vous savez de lugubres histoires !

Flots profonds, redoutés des mères à genoux,

Vous vous les racontez en montant les marées

Et c’est ce qui vous fait ces voix désespérées

Que vous avez, le soir, quand vous venez vers nous.

(90 Maupassant)

The original French poem has a rhyme scheme of ABCCB, therefore I attempted at placing a rhyme scheme in my translation without sacrificing meaning. I ended with an AABBA rhyme scheme, which is slightly different than the French; however, in either case, I find that my

translation maintains the poetics and auralty found in the French. Part of that auralty comes through in my translation due to my maintenance of the alexandrine or twelve syllables in every line.

Laurie's translation of the poem differs greatly from mine. She eliminated a line of the poem and she did not maintain any syllable pattern. She did, however, employ a rhyme scheme of ABBA, which follows the first works rhyme scheme if not considering the elimination of a line. Her poem:

“Oh! what tragic tales of the vast, blue deep—
 The vast blue deep prayerful mothers fear—
 The sad waves tell, when at night, we hear,
 Their ceaseless moanings in our sleep!

(169 Maupassant Trans. Laurie)

Laurie removed the middle line that transforms the waves into “voices of desperation” and she also speaks of the blue deep (the ocean) instead of the waves. Laurie maintains the message in Maupassant's poem; however, I find that her poem eliminates some of the fear surrounding the ocean. In her poem, the tides do not rise and the ocean does not approach the readers (us) as it does in the original. The poet also speaks directly to the ocean with *vous*, personifying it, which I have inserted in the third line. Furthermore, the repetition of “blue deep” ruins some of the language flow and poetics, perhaps because the ending ‘p’ sound cuts off the word and creates a natural pause when speaking. I found that the original had a smooth flow, almost reflecting the flow of the waves. I did my best to create that effect by avoiding any sounds that cut words off from one another (such as ‘p’). Overall, I believe that I was able to

maintain the majority Maupassant's style, rhymes, and poetics, which are not all present in Laurie's translation.

Beyond the poem, there were not many other difficulties in the story. As stated in my translator's reflection, all of the names and locations are maintained throughout the work. I decided to keep *mère* as a part of *Mère Lafon*'s name because the sailor, narrating his own story, states "la maison de la mère Lafon" (90). Due to the definite article *la* (the), I decided that *la mère* (the mother) was a sort of title given to this woman. Since a title such as "the mother Lafon," or even "Mother Lafon," is not common in English for people who are not related, I decided to maintain the French word *mère* and italicized it in order to show its foreignness, allowing the maintenance of French words in the text. This decision should not interrupt reading as it is a minor detail in the text, it does not affect the narrative in any way, and should be obvious that it refers to an aspect of Lafon's character, who only appears in that one line. Laurie chose to translate *mère* as Mother, with a capital "m." She, thus, made a similar decision as I did in terms of viewing it as a part of the name. Due to my desire to move the reader to the text, I often choose to maintain the other language when an exact equivalent does not exist. Laurie's translation works just as fine and, in a way, endows the English word 'mother' with a similar connotation as the French usage.

Finally, when the sailor begins describing his night on the river after stopping the boat to smoke, I felt that the French became choppy. There were a lot of commas and periods placed in the text. The effect of this is a quicker pace in reading as the reader gathers snippets of information quickly. I tried to replicate this effect in English in a similar fashion. This led to changes of punctuation because French accepts comma splices or strings of thoughts separated by semi-colons while English does not permit this style. In that part, for example, I have placed

two sentences side by side that are simply a subject and a verb: “I jumped. It shut up. I didn’t hear anything else.” I tried to maintain that style throughout without sacrificing details given by Maupassant that insert supernatural elements into the text.

Laurie opted for a translation that followed the French punctuation and set up: “I started; it stopped, and all was silent” (170). This translation, to me, does not create the choppiness that is found in the French: “Soudain, à ma droite, contre moi, une grenouille coassa. Je tressaillis: elle se tut; je n’entendis plus rien...” (91 Maupassant). The commas really create a choppy reading, but in English, it does not have the same effect, especially after the semi-colon in Laurie’s translation. Furthermore, Laurie stayed closer to Maupassant’s punctuation, however, she opted to change *se taire* (to shut up or to keep quiet) to stop and she removed the narrator’s self-insertion in his narrative to simply say “all was silent.” These slight differences between our translations do not affect readability or reader’s comprehension; however, they do supply a difference in style and reading.

Just as in my translation of “The Flayed Hand,” I struggled with the word *lieues* in French. Unlike the decision I made above, I decided to translate it, here, as kilometers in order to follow the European measurement for distances that is maintained in other parts of the text. My thought was that seeing miles in the beginning of the story and then meters later on may cause confusion for readers. In this story, leagues were being used for an actual distance and not a hyperbole describing anything; therefore, the change to kilometers only updates the language to fit modern day measurements of distance. Laurie chose “miles” for her translation in the beginning and later, opted for yards in place of meters. For this story, since it was used for distance, I chose to use the European measurements as a way to remind the reader of the context of the story. Laurie’s domestication, once again, does not affect the reader; however, it shows her

preference to domesticate the text for her reader while I prefer to remind the reader of the text's context.

"On the Water"
Guy de Maupassant
Translated by Clayton McKee

Last summer I had rented a small country home on the banks of the Seine. I would travel several kilometers from Paris every evening to spend the night in the house. After a few days, I got to know one of my neighbors. He was somewhere between thirty and forty years old and one of the most abnormal people I had ever met. He was an old boater that was still passionate about his craft. He was always on, near, or in the water. He had to have been born on a boat and he will certainly die on one.

One evening as we were walking along the Seine's banks, I asked him to tell me some stories about his nautical adventures. He immediately became animated and eloquent, almost poetic. Deep in his heart he held one devouring, irresistible passion: the river.

"Oh the memories I have of this river that you see flowing nearby!" he said. "You and those other city dwellers have no idea what a river truly is. But just listen to a fisherman say the word. For him, it's something mysterious, something profound, something unknown. It's a world of mirages and hallucinations. On the river at night people see things that aren't really there; or they hear noises that they can't quite figure out. People tremble without knowing why, as if they were walking through a cemetery. But the river is the most sinister cemetery; the only difference is that there are no gravestones.

"Dry land confines fishermen. In the darkness when there is no moon, the river is limitless. Sailors don't feel the same way when at sea. The sea is often brutal, it's true. But the

sea shouts and foams, truthfully showing its nature while the river is silent and deceitful. It doesn't rumble but flows continuously without making a noise. That eternal, silent movement is far scarier than the tall waves in the ocean.

“Dreamers believe that immense, blueish lands hide at the heart of the sea where drowned sailors float amongst large fish in the middle of strange forests and crystal grottos. The river only holds dark depths where people decay in the mud. Yet, the river is beautiful; like when it reflects the rising sun's rays or when its water laps softly between its banks covered with reeds that whisper.

“When speaking of the ocean, a poet once said:

*“Oh waves, that you know from many a mournful tale!
Huge ones, that bring mothers to their knees without fail,
By raising up the tides you give them narration,
Supplying them with voices of desperation
Advancing towards us every evening, in a wail.*

Anyway, I believe that the stories whispered by the skinny reeds in their soft, tiny voices have to be way more sinister than the mournful tragedies shouted out by the waves.

“But since you asked me to tell you some of my memories, I am going to tell you about one peculiar adventure. This happened to me about ten years ago.

“Just like now, I was living in *Mère Lafon's* house. One of my best friends, who has since given up boating, his work, and his unkemptness in order to join the State Council, was living in C... It is a town about seven miles south of here. We would eat dinner together every day; sometimes at my place, sometimes at his.

“I was returning home alone one evening and was quite tired. I painfully steered my twelve-foot boat, which I always used at night, through the river. I stopped for a few seconds to catch my breath near the reeds. It was about 200 meters away from the railroad bridge. The weather was beautiful, the moon was shining bright, the river was gleaming, and the air was calm and warm. That tranquility tempted me to pull out my pipe and smoke for a while in that spot. With my body listening to my brain, I picked up my anchor and threw it in the river.

“The boat floated with the current until the chains pulled tight and stopped the boat. I sat in the back on my sheepskin to be as comfortable as possible. There were no sounds in the air. Occasionally, I thought I could make out the almost imperceptible lapping of the water on the river bank. I also thought I saw some strange figures that occasionally seemed to move, but it was just groups of tall reeds.

“The river was perfectly calm but I felt troubled by all of the surrounding silence: frogs, toads, and all of the other nocturnal swamp singers were silent. In fact, all animals were silent. Suddenly, a frog croaked to my right. I jumped. It shut up. I didn’t hear anything else. I started smoking again to distract myself. Although I smoked my pipe quite frequently, I wasn’t able to enjoy it. My heart raced after my second puff, so I stopped smoking. I started humming, but the sound of my voice was painful; so, I laid down in the boat and looked up at the sky. After a few moments, I calmed down only to be bothered by the slight movement of the boat. It felt like it was swerving back and forth, touching each bank of the river. Then I thought that some presence or invisible force lured it slowly down, to the bottom of the river; then it let the boat float back to the top just to start pulling it down again. I was being tossed around like I was in the middle of a storm. I heard noises all around me. I jumped up. The water glowed and everything was calm.

“Knowing that my nerves were shaken up, I decided to leave. I pulled on my anchor and the boat began to move. I felt resistance and pulled harder, but the anchor didn’t budge. It was stuck on something at the bottom of the river. I couldn’t get it loose. I pulled again but to no avail. Grabbing the oars, I moved the boat upstream to change the position of the anchor. That didn’t work either. Starting to get angry, I furiously shook the chain. Nothing moved it. Discouraged, I sat down and thought about my next move. There was no way that I could have broken the chain or removed it from the boat because it was an enormous chain attached to a piece of wood thicker than my arm. Since the weather was so nice, I assumed I would eventually be passed by another fisherman who would come to my rescue. So, I sat down, calmed by my misfortune, and was finally able to smoke my pipe. I pulled out my bottle of rum and drank one or two glasses, which made my situation seem hilarious. It was very hot so I could spend the night outside if need be.

“Suddenly, something knocked on the side of my boat. I jolted up, covered in a cold sweat from head to toe. It had to have been a piece of driftwood, but it was enough to give me another panic attack. Grabbing on the chain, I tensed up in hopeless effort. The anchor held strong. I sat back down, exhausted.

“Meanwhile, the river was covered by a thick white fog that crowded over the water in such a way that I couldn’t see the boat, the water, or even my feet anymore. I did see, however, the tips of the reeds and, a bit further in the distance, the pale, plain light of the moon stained by shadows caused by Italian poplars rising up to the sky. It was as if I was buried up to my waist in a pure white cotton blanket. Then, I had fantastic delusions. I thought someone was trying to climb up the side of my boat, which I could no longer see. And in the river, hidden by the opaque fog, were various strange creatures swimming around me. I had a horrible feeling. There was a

pressure in my head. My heartbeat suffocated me. Losing my mind, I thought about jumping in the water to save myself. The idea made me shiver from fear. I saw myself lost, swimming around the thick haze, and battling the unavoidable reeds and vegetation. Riddled with fear, not seeing the river bank, and being unable to go back to my boat, it seemed to me that I would have felt pulled to the bottom of the dark water by my feet.

“In fact, I would have had to go up the current at least five hundred meters before finding an open spot in the vegetation and bulrushes where I could gain footing. I had a nine out of ten chance to be unable to guide myself through the fog and end up drowning, despite being a good swimmer.

“I tried to reason with myself. I felt the will to be strong and to no longer be afraid, but there was something else besides will within me. This other feeling was fear. I asked myself what I could be afraid of. My brave-self was mocking my cowardly-self. Never before that day had I been able to see the opposition of these two forces that are within us. The one willing while the other resisting, each of them taking a turn.

“This stupid and unexplainable fear grew within me until it became terror. I remained still, eyes and ears open. What was that? I had no idea. But it had to have been awful. I believe that if a fish would have jumped out of the water, as they often do, that would have been all it took to make me faint from fear.

“Yet, by forcing myself, I ended up slowly regaining my senses, which moments earlier had left me. Once again, I grabbed my rum and gulped it down. Then, an idea struck me. I began to scream at the top of my lungs in all directions. As soon as my throat was paralyzed, I listened... A dog howled in the distance.

“I drank a bit more and I spread out on the boat. I stayed like that for about an hour, maybe two. Unable to sleep, my eyes remained open, a world of nightmares all around me. I didn’t dare to move despite my desire to do so. I kept changing my mind every minute. I told myself: “Let’s go! On your feet!” I feared making even the slightest movement. In the end, I cautiously picked myself up as if my life depended on me not making the slightest noise. I looked over the edge of the boat.

“I was blown away by the most marvelous, astonishing spectacle ever before seen. It was a phantasmagoria from a fairy tale. Just like one of those stories that someone tells after travelling to a far-off land; we listen to it without really believing it.

“The fog that had been floating over the water hours before was slowly lifting and clinging to the riverbank. Leaving the river completely clean, the fog formed continuous hills on each side of the river. The fog was at least six or seven meters high and shined under the moon with the radiance of snow. The only thing visible between these two white mountains was the river spotted by light. The large, full moon above my head illuminated the night in the milky-blue sky.

“All of the water animals began to wake up. Frogs croaked furiously while toads sporadically chimed in with their short, monotone, sad noises. Sometimes to my left, other times to my right, the creatures threw their coppery, toad-voices to the stars. Oddly enough, I was no longer afraid. I was in the middle of such an extraordinary countryside that not even the strangest oddities could have bothered me.

“I was not sure how long all of it had lasted, but I ended up dosing off. When I woke up again, the moon was gone and the sky was full of clouds. The water lapped dolefully. The wind blew. It was cold out. The darkness was profound.

“I drank the rest of the rum. Then, I listened to some rustling in the reeds and the sinister noises of the river. I tried to get a look; but I couldn’t see my boat or my hands, even if I put them right in front of my eyes.

“Little by little, the thickness of the night diminished. Suddenly, I thought I felt a shadow glide right beside me. I yelled to it. A voice responded. It was a fisherman. I called to him. He approached and I told him all about my misadventure. He put his boat right up against mine and we both pulled on the chain. The anchor still didn’t move. Day had begun but it was somber, gray, rainy, and cold. It was one of those days that brings sadness and misfortune. I saw another boat. We flagged it down. The man joined his strength with ours. Then, little by little, the anchor gave way. It started to come up, but very slowly. It felt loaded down by a considerable weight. Finally, we saw a black mass and we pulled it on board:

“It was the corpse of an old woman with a huge rock around her neck.”

Chapter 4

Vicente Blasco Ibáñez: “In the Sea”

Very few of Blasco Ibáñez’s short stories have been translated, however, Stanley Appelbaum published a dual-language collection of short stories from the Generation of 1898. This collection offers “At Sea” (I have titled it “In the Sea”), but not “Double Hit.” In my research, no other translation besides mine has been done; therefore, I compare “In the Sea” to “At Sea” and just discuss my overall process and decision making for “Double Hit.” I have chosen the title “In the Sea” because of its multiple relations to the text. The boat and the tuna are in the sea and the boy, Antoñico, falls into the sea and dies. “At Sea,” Appelbaum’s title, crossed my mind; however, I avoided it because it did not contain multiple connections that the preposition “in” supplies.

This text contains a lot of words specific to Spain in the nineteenth century, which is due to Blasco Ibáñez’s hope to document Spanish society. I decided to include the words in Spanish and to provide a definition within the text in order to avoid the need for a footnote. For example, the Spanish has a line saying that the fisherman would catch two or three hundred *arrobas* (a Spanish way of measuring weight). I chose to maintain *arrobas* and changed the line to read: “they would bring in a total catch weighing over two or three hundred *arrobas*.” If the reader does not know what an arroba is, the reader can still understand that it is a way to measure weight. I also set it in italics so that the reader knows it is a Spanish word. Appelbaum translates the weight into “5000 or 7500 pounds” which removes the Spanish context. In the Maupassant translation, I eliminated the word league for a more modern spin; however, Maupassant did not have the dedication to documenting that Blasco Ibáñez had. Furthermore, this story had a lot of

sailing terms throughout and *arroba* was used by merchants; therefore, I decided that it was better to leave the word in the text. Similar decisions were made with the currency (*duros* and *reales*) and with the bait for the tuna (*roveles*) since no exact equivalencies exist in English.

When Antoñico spots the tuna in the water, he shouts out to his father and the comrade: “¡Pae! –gritó Antoñico desde la proa—¡un pez grande, mu grande!...¡Un atún!” (8 Blasco Ibáñez). His speech is accented by his lack of education that he sacrifices in order to help his father on the boat. I chose to find an equivalent in English for this accented Spanish and came up with “‘Dad’ ... ‘There’s a biggin’ o’er thar in the water! It’s uh tuna!’” which I thought replicated the dropping of letters and the lack of pronunciation of letters. This accent is also associated with a lesser educated speaker due to the lack of proper English pronunciation. I found this to be a good way to give Antoñico his own voice in English. Appelbaum translates the same part as: “‘Father’ ‘A big fish, very big!...A tuna!’” I find that father is way too formal in this context and Antoñico’s speech. Otherwise, he opted for a fairly equivalent phrase to Blasco Ibáñez except that he did not accent very like the *mu* (*mu*y). The only issue I find with his version is that it is a bit too formal, while in mine, I tried to make it less formal and characterized by a speech with poor pronunciation. I aimed to not pick an actual accent of English (Brooklyn, mid-west, southern, etc.) as to avoid stereotyping an accent.

The phrase “*No todos nacen para obispos*” (12 Blasco Ibáñez) was very difficult to translate. I ended with “Not everyone is born to be a bishop,” which stays close to the Spanish. A factor that led to that decision was the importance of religion in Spain that is not as common in the Anglo-American context. Appelbaum, similarly, maintained the religious aspect in his translation: “We’re not all born to be bishops.” I chose to follow a style that I associate with expressions by translating it as not everyone. Expressions are general and I believe my

translation captures that. Appelbaum's choice of "we" differs only because no one in that town that is associated with the fishermen is a bishop and will never be one as the extreme poverty prevents that potential. Even if the "we" refers to humankind, however, I find that it adds a bit of confusion since that occupation is not possible for the fishermen.

"In the Sea"
Vicente Blasco Ibáñez
Translated by Clayton McKee

At two in the morning, someone knocked on the door to the shack.

"Antonio! Antonio!"

Antonio jumped out of bed. It was his good friend and comrade on the fishing boat. He came to get Antonio on his way to the pier.

Antonio had not slept well that night. Around eleven, he was still chatting with Rufina, his poor wife. She remained silent in bed while he spoke about business. It couldn't have gotten any worse. Only a summer ago, tuna had crossed the Mediterranean in never-ending schools. Even on the worst of days they would bring in a total catch weighing around two or three hundred *arrobos*. Money flowed like a blessing from God. Those who had good work ethic and saved their money, like Antonio, hoped to escape from the simple fisherman's life by purchasing their own boat.

The small port had become crowded, leaving little space to move around the fleet that occupied it every night. With the increasing number of boats came the shortage of fish.

The nets only brought up a few fish, sometimes only one. More often than not, the fish were just small fries that would dissolve in the frying pan as they cooked. This year, the tuna had taken a different route. No one was able to hoist even one on to their boat.

Rufina was worried about the entire situation. There was no money left in the house. They owed for the furnace, to the store, and to Señor Tomás. Señor Tomás was retired but owned a lot of properties and was the boss of the town, a status which he maintained through extortion. He continuously threatened to take away their boat if they did not pay him the fifty *duros* that they borrowed from him, with interest. Said boat was the small sailboat that consumed all of their lifesavings.

While getting dressed, Antonio woke his son, Antoñico. He was nine years old and learning to be a fisherman. He accompanied his father and the comrade on the boat every day, doing a man's work.

"Let's see if you have more luck today," Antonio's wife murmured from the bed. "Your lunches are in the kitchen... They didn't want to give me anything on credit at the store yesterday. Jeez, what a lousy job!"

"Be quiet, woman. The sea is evil, but God will provide for us. In fact, some sailors saw a tuna yesterday. It was an old one. They think it weighs more than thirty *arrobas*. Think about that. If we catch it... sixty *duros*... at least."

The fisherman finished getting ready while thinking of the tuna. This lonely fish, probably separated from the rest of its school, returned to the same waters as last year out of pure instinct.

Antoñico was ready to go. While others at his age were playing, he had the maturity and satisfaction of earning his daily bread. On his shoulder was the basket of food, and in his hand was a container of *roveles*, a tuna's favorite fish and the best bait for catching one.

Father and son left the hut, following the coastline to the fisherman's pier. The comrade prepared the sail while waiting for them.

The fleet of ships stirred in the dark, agitating the wall of masts. The black silhouettes of crew members ran all over the ships. The silence was broken by the sound of masts falling into place, the screeching of the pulleys and the ropes, and the snap of the sails unfurling in the darkness like humongous bed sheets.

The town extends to the edge of the water. The straight streets lined with small white houses were popular among the summer tourists. They came from landlocked places in the country, searching for the sea. Near the dock, a huge building's windows were lit like ovens, casting rays of light over the moving waters.

It was the casino. Antonio looked at it in disgust. How did they do that all night!? Playing with money like that... If only they had to get up early to make a living.

“Hoist the sail! Hoist it! We are going too far off course.”

Antoñico and the comrade tugged on the ropes, slowly pulling up the lateen sail. The curled sail trembled in the wind.

The boat gently glided across the calm surface of the bay. Eventually, the waters began to stir and blend together. They left the bay and went into the open sea.

Before them was infinite darkness spotted with twinkling stars. In every direction on the black sea, ships distanced themselves like pointed specters gliding over the waves.

The comrade looked at the horizon.

“Antonio, the wind is changing course.”

“I noticed.”

“It's going to be rough seas today.”

“I know; but let’s go further out to sea and stay away from the others. They are just sweeping the coast.”

The boat continued with its prow pointed out to sea instead of following the others along the coast.

The sun rose. Red and in the shape of a wafer, the sun traced a fiery triangle over the water, which reflected the blaze of the sun, making it appear as if it were boiling.

Antonio gripped the rudder, the comrade stood by the mast, and the small boy surveyed the sea from the prow. A bunch of fishing line hung from the stern and the railways, dangling bait into the water. Occasionally, with the jerk of a line, a fish would be pulled on board, flipping around the deck and shining, like an animated tin can. But they were always small catches... practically nothing.

This was how the hours passed. The boat was continuously drifting forward, soon resting on the waves, then jumping up until its red belly was showing. It was so hot that day. Antoñico slid down the hatch to take a drink of water from the barrel inside the tiny hold.

At around ten o’clock, they lost sight of the shore. They were only able to make out sails in the distance from the other ships, like the fins of white fish.

“But Antonio!” exclaimed the comrade. “Are we going to go the whole way to Oran? It’s the same there as it is near the coast. The fish don’t want to bite.”

Antonio turned the rudder and the boat began to tack, but not in the direction of dryland.

“Now, let’s go get some food,” he said happily. “Bring over the basket. The fish will come when it wants.”

Each of them had a large bread crust and a raw onion that they broke apart by smashing on the deck.

The wind was blowing with great force causing the boat to rock back and forth more drastically in the waves.

“Dad!” Antoñico screamed from the prow. “There’s a biggin’ o’er thar in the water! It’s uh tuna!”

The other two tossed their food to the side and peered overboard.

In fact, it was a tuna. But not just any tuna; it was an enormous, potbellied, and powerful fish. It glided through the water with its smooth back breaching the surface. This could have been the fish they were all talking about. It swam so powerfully with only the smallest movement of its tail. It went from one side of the boat to the other. One second, the crew would lose sight of it, but then it would reappear out of nowhere.

Antonio, red with excitement, threw his fishing line into the water with a thick hook attached to the end of it.

The waters became murky and the boat began to shake. It was as if something with colossal strength was stopping it in its tracks and trying to pull it under. The deck of the ship shook as if being stomped on by the crew, and the mast creaked as the sail swung from side to side. Suddenly, the struggle stopped and the ship took a jumping start back on course.

The fishing line, taut during the struggle, dangled loosely off the ship. Pulling on the line, the crew saw the hook at the surface of the water. It had been broken in half despite its size.

The comrade sadly shook his head.

“Antonio, this animal was too much for us. Let it go and be thankful it broke the hook. Any longer of a fight and we would have gone down with the ship.”

“Let it go?!” Antonio yelled. “Do you know how much we would get for that devil? Now is not the time to be hesitant or afraid. We are going after it!”

Turning the ship, Antonio returned to the water where, just a few minutes ago, they first spotted the fish.

He prepared a new line with an even bigger hook this time. He also threaded on a few *roveles* for bait. Without leaving the helm, he grabbed a huge boathook to be prepared to clobber any stupid, robust beast that came into his sight.

The line dangled from the stern, practically going straight down. The boat began to shake again, but even fiercer this time. The tuna was really hooked and really pulling on the line, stopping the ship and causing it to crazily dance over the waves.

The water looked like it was boiling. Foam and bubbles rose up in a murky whirlpool. During this fight between giants on the depths of the sea, it was as if an invisible hand seized the boat, flipping it on its side causing water to enter it. The strong yank on the line had knocked everyone down. Antonio, jumping from the helm, almost fell overboard. After a loud creaking, the boat returned to its normal position. The line was broken. But suddenly, the tuna appeared just to the side of the boat, almost breaching the surface. Its huge tail rippled the water.

At last the scoundrel was in range! As if confronted by his worst enemy, Antonio ruthlessly stabbed at the fish with the boat hook, viciously digging the metal into its shiny flesh. The waters ran red with blood, drowning the fish in a red whirlpool.

Antonio was finally able to breath, finally free from the fight. It had only lasted a few seconds. A bit longer though and the tuna would have pulled the boat down into the depths.

Antonio looked at the soaked deck and then looked at his comrade standing by the mast. He joined him there, pale but with an unalterable calmness.

“I thought we took on too much water, Antonio. I even swallowed some! Damned fish! But you really smacked him around. Soon you will see how quickly he floats to the surface.

“And the boy?”

The father asked this question anxiously and uncertainly, as if he feared the response.

He wasn't above deck so Antonio jumped through the port hole, hoping to find him down in the hold. He waded through knee-high water that had flooded into the hold during the struggle. Who would have thought this could happen? He groped around in the dark and flooded space, finding only the water barrel and a few supplies floating around. He went back to the deck acting like a crazy person.

“The boy! The boy!... My Antoñico!”

The comrade made a sad face. Weren't they all close to being thrown into the water? He must have sunken to the bottom like a cannonball after being stunned by the blow to the boat. But he said nothing about these thoughts to Antonio.

Something black was floating in the water a bit in the distance near where the boat had been close to sinking.

“There he is!”

The father threw himself in the water, swimming furiously towards the object while his comrade dropped the sail.

He swam and swam. His strength was close to abandoning him. He felt even weaker after discovering that it was just an oar or a piece of boat that had fallen off during the struggle.

As the waves rose, he would push his body as high as he could out of the water to see a bit further in the distance. All he could see on all sides was water. The only things on the surface of the water were Antonio, the boat, which was getting closer to him, and a black curve that had just surfaced, appearing to shrink in an enlarging pool of blood.

The tuna was dead. But only one thing mattered: the life of Antonio's son, Antoñico. He would do anything to get back his son, even if it meant losing the tuna. Oh God! Was this really the way to earn one's daily bread?

He swam around for more than an hour, hoping every time he brushed against something that his son's body would rise up by his legs. Every shadow caused by the waves transformed into the child's body, floating between life and death. He stayed like that for a while. The comrade had to fish him out and put him in the boat like a rebellious child. Otherwise, he would have ended up like his son.

"What should we do, Antonio?"

He didn't reply.

"Don't be so hard on yourself, man. That's life. The boy died where a lot of our relatives have died and where we will die as well. It's all just a matter of time. But now, it is about what we are: just a couple of poor people."

He began tying the tuna to the boat with a couple of slipknots. Blood stained the seafoam in the towline's wake.

The wind favored them but the boat was fairly flooded, which made it difficult to navigate. The two sailors put aside the catastrophe for the moment and took buckets to the hold to bail out some of the water.

Hours passed by. This laborious task stopped Antonio from thinking, but tears upon tears fell from his eyes, mixing with the water in the flooded hold, just to be dumped into the sea over his son's tomb.

The boat began to gain speed as its entrails were emptied.

The port and the small white houses, turned golden in the setting sun's light, were finally in sight.

The sight of land awoke Antonio's dormant pain and fear.

"What will my wife say? My Rufina... what will she say?" Antonio wailed.

He trembled as would all brave and forceful men who are slaves to their family at home.

The rhythm of happy waltzes glided over the sea as if caressing the boat. The wind carried lively and happy melodies out to sea, which greeted the boat. Musicians played this type of music on the sidewalk in front of the casino. The summer tourists paraded below the palm trees with their silken parasols, straw hats, and flashy suits. They looked like the beads of a colorful rosary.

Children dressed in white and pink jumped and ran after their toys or formed circles, spinning like colorful wheels.

The other fishermen crowded together on the docks. Their eyes, used to looking across the waters, immediately recognized the object being towed behind the boat. Antonio, on the other

hand, stared out at the end of the breakwaters at a tall, plain, tan woman. She was standing on a rock, skirt blowing in the wind.

They finally arrived to the dock. What an ovation! Everyone wanted to see the enormous animal up close. The other fishermen were casting envious glances at it from their boats. The young kids stripped down and jumped in the water to touch its tail.

Rufina waded through the crowd up to her husband who listened to the congratulations with a lowered head and a foolish expression.

“The boy? Where is the boy?”

Poor Antonio just lowered his head a bit further, sinking it into his shoulders as if he didn't want to see or hear anything. He wanted to disappear.

“But... where is Antoñico?”

Rufina, with flames in her eyes as if she were going to devour her husband, gripped his chest and shook him violently. It didn't take long for her to let him go. Throwing her arms in the air, she erupted into a frightful scream.

“Oh God! He's dead! My Antoñico drowned! He's in the sea!”

“Yes, my wife.” Antonio stuttered slowly, babbling as if drowning in his tears. “We are very unfortunate. The boy is dead. He's with his grandfather and where I will be one day. We eat from the sea, but sometimes it swallows us. Oh cruel world! Not everyone is born to be a bishop.”

His wife did not hear him. She was on the ground, suffering from a panic attack. She rolled around and kicked at the air, showing her tan lines from her long hours of work in the sun. She pulled her hair and scratched her face.

“My son!... My Antoñico!”

Some of their neighbors from the fisherman’s quarter attended to her. They knew this all too well. Almost everyone had gone through the same thing at one point or another. They picked her up and supported her the whole way back to her home.

Some fishermen gave Antonio some wine. He hadn’t stopped crying. At the same time, the comrade, under the control of life’s brutal selfishness, haggled with other fishermen who wanted to acquire the beautiful catch.

The evening came to an end. The smoothly waning water reflected the golden sun. The grieving mother’s scream sounded in varying intervals, moving further away in the distance as her friends dragged her home.

“Antoñico! My son!”

The tourists continued to stroll below the palm trees with smiling faces. An entire world that didn’t feel Antonio’s misfortune, that didn’t even look at poverty’s drama that unfolded on the dock. The elegant, rhythmic, and voluptuous waltz, hymn of crazed happiness, floated harmoniously over the waters, caressing the eternal beauty of the sea with its breath.

Chapter 5

Vicente Blasco Ibáñez: “Double Hit”

As stated previously, I could not find a translation, unprofessionally or professionally published, of “Double Hit”; therefore, I will only be providing my reflections and decisions of this translation. I had difficulty translating the title for this story, and in the end, I opted for a more literal translation from “Golpe doble.” I struggled between the literal translation, “Two for One,” and “Double Kill.” I ended in choosing “Double Hit” because I felt that “Two for One” had a strong shopping connotation, turning a story about the killing of two intruders into a story about a sale of “two for the price of one.” On the other hand, “Double Kill” gives away too much information about the story; therefore, “Double Hit” supplies a title that does not give away a lot of information and does not have another strong connotation that will affect the reader’s expectation.

As in the other Blasco Ibáñez story, I struggled with *duros*; however, the context seemed obvious and no note was needed to clarify that it is money. This story, on the other hand, supplied an issue with the honorary title *tio* and Batiste’s assistant’s name, el Sigró. As stated in my introduction, I maintain names in the original language; however, I decided to place el Sigró in italics in order to show that it is not a word but a name. *Tio* is used as a term of respect and does not exist as an exact equivalent in English. Calling *tio* Batiste, uncle Batiste in English would create a confusing dynamic for the English reader. Furthermore, sir or Mr. adds a level of respect or formality that is not found in the word *tio* and that has equivalence in Spanish in other words. For these reasons, I left the word as *tio* and placed it in italics to highlight it as being a non-English word. It is common in Spain to be nicknamed as an object. In this case, I found

sigró to be a word from Valencian, which is classified by linguists as a dialect of Catalan. In Catalan, *cigró* means sheep, so it is likely that *sigró* is the Valencian form of the word, which makes sense as the assistant follows Batiste like a sheep. I did not include a footnote to explain this significance because it is not key to the narrative, despite that it is key to a social critique of political power figures and their followers, and because the modern day Spanish reader outside of Valencia, would not be aware of that significance either.

What I really struggled with in this translation were tenses. The Spanish is riddled with temporal shifts as the old man who gives Sènto the gun speaks, but neither in dialogue nor in quotation marks. While reading the text, it is noticeable that present tense jumps out in the middle of past and past perfect verbs; however, this occurs in the original Spanish and is the way that Blasco Ibáñez inserts the old man's words as well as internal thoughts or interjections from Sènto and the narrator into the narrative. This play on direct and indirect discourse is really difficult when trying to provide a narrative that flows well because the present contrasts so greatly with the past tenses; however, I believe that sticking to Blasco Ibáñez's style and choices helped supply a flow in the English. The writing style in this *cuento* is very different from that of "In the Sea" in this respect.

"Double Hit"
Vicente Blasco Ibáñez
Translated by Clayton McKee

Upon opening the door to his shack, Sènto found the paper hanging from the lock...

It was an anonymous threat. They were asking for forty *duros*. He was supposed to leave the money in the furnace outside of his home that night.

The entire countryside was being tormented by these bandits. Every time someone refused to meet their demands, their fields turned up chopped down, causing them to lose their entire harvest. It was also possible to wake up in the middle of the night with no time to flee the asphyxiating smoke that originated from the fire set on the straw roof of your house.

Gafarró was a young boy and one of the most loyal employees at Ruzafa's orchard. He was determined to catch a glimpse of these bandits and describe them to the town. So, he passed his nights hidden amongst the canes, making rounds through the paths with a shotgun under his arm. But one morning, they found him in a gully decapitated and with a peppered belly... Guess who did it.

Even the newspapers in Valencia were publishing about what was happening in the orchard where at sundown all the stalls closed and selfish panic reined over the night. Everyone sought out their own safety and forgot about their neighbor. The mayor of the orchard district, *tío* Batiste, was shocked every time the authorities, who respected him as an elected power, spoke to him about the matter. They always assured him and his loyal assistant, *el Sigró*, that they would be able to put an end to this nuisance.

Despite this, Sènto never thought about looking to the mayor for help. Why? He didn't want to hear a bucketful of lies and bravados.

The truth of the matter was that the bandits asked Sènto for forty *duros*. If he didn't leave the money in the furnace, they would burn down his home, which to him was like losing a child. The house had dazzling white walls, a black-straw roof with little crosses at the edges, blue windows, and a vine over the door like green latticework that the sun filters through, leaving flutters of lively gold on the ground. Fields of geraniums and flowerbeds of marvels of Peru decorated the edges of the home which was surrounded by a cane fence. Further up from the old

fig tree was where the furnace was. It was made from clay and bricks. Like an African ant's nest, it was flat and round. This house was everything to him. It was the nest that sheltered the people he loved the most: his wife, his three kids, the pair of old work horses that were his faithful companions in the fight for their daily bread, and the pink and white cow that went through the city streets every morning, waking up the people with her sad cowbell and letting him remove six or so *reales* from her continually bloated utters.

Oh, how long he worked the four plots of land that, since his great grandfather, had flooded the family with sweat and blood just to gather a handful of *duros* that he stored in a stewpot underneath his bed! And to take out forty *duros*, just like that!... He was a peaceful guy. Everyone in the orchard could testify to that. He never had quarrels over irrigation, visited the tavern, or used a shotgun to assert his dominance. He worked a lot for his Pepeta and their three squirts who were his only true loves. But if they truly wanted to rob him, he would be ready to defend himself. Jesus! It was incredible how, out of his calm, friendly demeanor, awoke the fury common to the Arab merchants who are usually pacifistic like the Bedouins, but turn into lions when someone threatens their property.

Since night was approaching and nothing had been resolved, Sènto went to ask the old man next-door for some advice. He was an old geezer that only served to cut brushwood along the paths. But legend had it that in his youth he had sent more than two people to rot in the ground.

He listened to the old man but his eyes were fixed on the fat cigarette that his trembling, dandruff-covered hands were rolling. He did well by not wanting to give the money. They should be robbing people on the highways like men, face to face, skin exposed. This man was seventy

years old but that didn't mean these bandits could get away with these threats. We are going to see. Did he have the guts to defend himself?

The old man's solid tranquility gave Sènto the feeling that he could do anything to defend his children's heritage.

With so much solemnity as if he were a relic, the old man took the gem of the house from behind the door: a piston shotgun that looked like a blunderbuss. He devoutly caressed the moth-eaten butt.

When he would load it, he would understand it better than any friend. His trembling hands became lively. The gun powder goes here! A whole handful. He pulled a shell from a straw cord followed by five or six slugs, an abundance of buckshot, fine shrapnel, and finally a really beaten up shell. If the shotgun didn't fire this indigestion of death, it would be out of God's compassion for the target.

That night, Sènto told his wife that he hoped to irrigate the land. Trusting him, the family went to bed early.

When he left, Sènto made sure the house was locked. In the light of the stars, he saw the old man beneath the fig tree busy putting the percussion cap on his *Amigo*. He gave one last lesson to Sènto so that he wouldn't miss his target: aim at the mouth of the oven and stay calm. When they bend down to find the money inside the oven... Fire! It was that simple. Even a child could do it.

Following the advice of his master, Sènto stretched out between two beds of geraniums in the shadow of the house. The heavy shotgun rested on the cane fence pointed directly at the furnace. He couldn't possibly miss the shot. All he had to do was remain calm and pull the trigger when it was time. Say goodbye! The old man really liked handling these kinds of

situations but he had grandkids to think about; besides, these matters are better taken care of alone.

The old man cautiously distanced himself from Sènto, like a man accustomed to wandering around the orchard looking for an enemy on every path.

Sènto felt like he was alone in the world and that there were no other living beings in this immense meadow with its slight breeze going through, other than him and the bandits that were going to arrive. God willing they don't come! The barrel of the shotgun shook against the tops of the canes of the fence. It wasn't cold, it was fear. What would the old man say if he were there? His feet touched the house. Thinking about Pepeta and the little ones sleeping behind the wall with nothing to defend themselves other than their arms and about the bandits who wanted to rob him, the poor guy once again felt ready to fight.

The area vibrated as if in the distance, very far off, a cantor's voice sounded from on high. It was the bell of Miguelete. Nine o'clock. He heard the squeaking of a wagon rolling along a distant path. Dogs barked, sending their howling fever from one farmyard to another. The sound of frogs croaking in the neighboring irrigation canal was interrupted by the splashes of toads diving into the water and rats jumping from the paths, scurrying between the canes.

Sènto counted the hours as Miguelete's bells sounded them out. It was the only thing that allowed him to forget about how tired he was and about the dullness of waiting for something to happen. 11 o'clock! Wouldn't they have come by now? Had God touched their hearts?

The frogs quickly became quiet. Two dark figures that Sènto thought looked like two enormous dogs advanced on one of the paths. They straightened up. It was two men who advanced stooped over, almost on their knees.

"There they are," he murmured. His jaws trembled.

The two guys searched all over as if fearing a trap. They went to the cane field and searched it. Then they approached the door of the house, pressing their ear against the lock. During these maneuvers they passed by Sènto two times, but he wasn't able to recognize them. They were covered by a coarse cloth; shotguns were sticking out the end of the fabric.

Sènto's bravery increased. They were the same people who had killed Gafarró. It was a matter of kill or be killed.

They went towards the furnace. One of them bent down, putting his hands in the mouth of the furnace and stood directly in front of the shotgun. It was a perfect shot. But what about the other one?

Poor Sènto began to feel anxious and afraid. He felt a cold sweat forming on his forehead. Killing one would leave him defenseless against the other; but if he left them go without finding anything, they would seek revenge by burning his house.

The one who was waiting tired of his partner's ineptitude and he went to help him find the money. They both formed a large mass that obscured the front of the furnace. This was his chance. Come on, Sènto! Pull the trigger!

The boom shook the entire orchard. It woke a storm of screams and barking. Sènto saw a fan of sparks and felt burns on his face. He shook his hands after the shotgun flew out of them to make sure they were both in one piece. One thing was certain; *el Amigo* had exploded.

He didn't see anything in the furnace. They had fled. When he went to escape as well, the door to the house flew open and Pepeta came out in her slip with a candle. The gunshot woke her up and she left the house out of fear for her husband who was outside of the house.

With her panicked movements, the red light of the candle lit the area up to the mouth of the furnace.

Two bodies lay on the ground. One over the other, crossed, mixed up, they formed one body. It was as if an invisible nail united their waists, welded together by blood.

The shot was on target. It was a double hit.

Sènto and Pepeta, full of curiosity, shone the light on the bodies to see their faces. They stepped back, astonished.

It was the mayor, *tío* Batiste, and his assistant, *el Sigró*.

The orchard was left without authority, but it was calm.

Conclusion

Through my translation of the above four stories, I supplied a narrative that, I believe, stayed true to each author's work and that supplied a fluent, literary English version. When I was met with a decision to domesticate language, names, or objects, I decided to foreignize as many of the translators that I use for inspiration do. Spivak greatly influenced my decisions to foreignize in order to provide a narrative that stays true to the original message. None of the above stories presents a narrative that could be described as non-normative in the sense of sexuality, race, religion, etc.; however, I believe Spivak's theory can be applied to all translations being inserted into English. This can be seen above with the choice to foreignize the English with French or Spanish words as well as foreignizing within the English language by using European units of measurement despite being in an Anglo-American context. This sets apart my translations from the other translators who mix temporalities, languages, and contexts with no consistency throughout their narratives.

Furthermore, Gregory Rabassa, being one of my greatest influences, supplied me wonderful inspiration when I translated the poem in "On the Water" as I strove to find the rhyme and aural quality in translation that Rabassa found in the García Márquez example I gave in the introduction. I find that my efforts created a poem that is greatly influenced by the French but that does not impede on the flow of the English or the readability. I enjoy the version supplied by Laurie; however, it changes too much of the original work and replaces a personification of the ocean. This creates an uncanny characteristic to the ocean as it is endowed with the agency to create stories and voices, which in turn is juxtaposed with the river and the sailor's experience on the river.

Overall, translating the fantastic did not pose any problems that do not arise in most translations. I found myself being stricter to equivalence when the fantastic elements were being introduced and did not take any creative liberties with those elements. In either case, knowing the context of each author and the literary movement(s) that influenced their writing was an essential tool in my decision-making process. With Maupassant, his dedication to exploring questions of reality with the uncanny and the scientific caused me to try and provide a faithful translation of his words and to maintain all allusions to reality and supernatural which occur in his work. For the translations of Blasco Ibáñez, the context allowed me to make the decision to maintain Spanish specific words due to his dedication to documenting Spain and its people. It also helped me realize that the supernatural was placed in description on real or natural objects due to his literary influence and style, but did use the supernatural to create the uncanny, just like Maupassant.

In comparison to Laurie's and Appelbaum's translations, my translations hold the same message with a 21st century, popular English. I find that I also foreignize or fray the English language more than the others do in hopes to fray/abuse English in a way that may find the "pure language" described by Benjamin in "The Translator's Task." While their translations are readable and fluent, I believe my methods and translations can be appreciated by casual readers or readers interested in the specific contexts and cultures of the works. Knowledge of the authors, their context, and their styles as well as my personal translation theory and style, helped me to achieve that effect. Translating the fantastic was truly a supernatural experience that permitted me to delve into the shining river, survive an attack from a flayed hand, find an unreal catch in the sea, and keep watch over an orchard, now I can only hope that my translations permit the readers to do the same.

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Academic Vitae

CLAYTON TYLER MCKEE

EDUCATION

The Pennsylvania State University

Summer 2012 – Spring 2017

B.A./M.A.: The Department of Comparative Literature

B.A.: The Department of French and Francophone Studies (Option: French Literature)

B.A.: The Department of Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese (Option: Spanish Literature) Minor: Arabic

Master's Thesis: Poe in Translation: Influence in France

Honors Thesis: Translating French and Spanish 19th Century Fantastic Realism

AWARDS AND HONORS

Department of Comparative Literature Student Marshal

Paterno Fellows Program

Schreyer Honors Scholar

Dean's List – Fall: 2012 - 2017

Startalk Arabic Academy Scholarship – Funded summer study of Arabic 001 at the University Park Campus in 2012. Covered full tuition. Course was comprised of a four-hour instruction followed by a two-hour cultural immersion.

WORK AND EXPERIENCE

Teaching Assistant, The Pennsylvania State University

Fall 2015, Spring 2016, Spring 2017

Comparative Literature 153, GLIS 102 and Comparative Literature 143

Assisted a professor for CMLIT 153 (International Film and Literature), GLIS 102 (Global Pathways), and CMLIT 143 (Human Rights and World Literature): duties included grading all 95 students' work, managing technology in the class room (Twitter for class participation, Poll Everywhere, ANGEL, Canvas etc.), communicating with students, teaching courses, holding office hours, and supplying input/viewpoints for the lectures.

Outreach Coordinator, Trafika Europe

2015 – 2017

Searched for new literature that fit the theme of the quarterly journal as well as other great works to include and reached out to publishing companies to solicit the work for translation or gain the rights to publish an excerpt. Completed valuable research for the creation of the online, literary radio station, the creation of an online bookshop, and the creation of a European Literary Festival Calendar. Reached out to literary event creators about the calendar and aided in the stocking of the online bookshop.

Coeditor, Trafika Europe

2016, "UK in Europe" (double issue 9/10)

Communicated with publishing companies and authors in order to obtain works, edited and formatted the documents in order to work properly with the online journal system, and created copy right documents for the author photos and the excerpts.

Research Assistant, The Pennsylvania State University

Fall 2016

Dr. Caroline Eckhardt, Department of Comparative Literature

Assisted Dr. Eckhardt's research on The Great Famine in Northern Europe in the early fourteenth-century by finding scholarly articles, books, and other resources to be used for the completion of an article.

English as a Second Language Volunteer Instructor, Mid-State Literacy Council

2016-2017

Led beginning English-language courses to internationals in the State College community. Classes lasted an hour and a half. Members of the community were taught basic language skills/vocabulary (going to the doctor, phone calls, food, culture, driving vocabulary, etc.) in order to achieve specific goals made by the student (obtain a job, get a driver's license, or simply understand English better). Students taking the class were generally older and came from various countries with a variety of linguistic backgrounds, experiences, and levels of understanding English.

Records Specialist, Penn State Education Abroad

Summer 2016

Processed students' transcripts from abroad institutions to post on the students' Penn State transcripts, contacted students about completing the course equivalencies process, communicated with faculty and staff to complete course equivalencies and about potential study abroad programs, created promotional materials for Penn State Education Abroad, communicated with study abroad providers (Arcadia, CIEE, IES, etc.), and created statistical reports.

Intern, Comparative Literature Studies (CLS) Journal

Fall 2014

Created and managed book review system and calendar that organized deadlines for the following: finding a reviewer, reviewer response to invite to review, outgoing/incoming books, incoming reviews, and reviews to be published in the next issue of the journal. Gained experience on an online review invite/submission system as well as organizing publication contracts/copyrights.

Student Engagement Intern (Directorate of Student Engagement and Operations), Penn State Global Programs

Summer 2014 – Fall 2015

Focused on International Student Orientation with minor work on International Education Week, Global Engagement Leadership Experience, and Foundations in Global Engagement. Managed communication with student workers/volunteers as well as incoming students, organized and planned schedules for events and workers, trained Orientation Student Coordinators, Orientation Leaders, and Orientation Assistants, designed orientation guidebook for students and for students workers, designed marketing materials, marketed programming and special events, and led sessions during orientation such as "State College: A Whole New World" (dealing with culture shock and introducing State College and Penn State culture to new international students).

Peer Advisor, Penn State Education Abroad

Fall 2013 – Fall 2014

Shared personal experiences from study abroad, assisted students in the navigation of the Global Penn State webpage, aided with decision making for programs, answered questions in regards to the application process, and gave advice for travel.

Orientation Student Coordinator, Penn State Global Programs

Spring 2014

Aided with minor planning and scheduling for International Student Orientation. Ensured smooth running of programs during orientations by running student check-in, managing orientation leaders, leading social activities, checking attendance at mandatory events, and answering student questions.

Orientation Leader, Penn State Global Programs

Fall 2013

Led a group of 20 new international students arriving for the spring 2014 semester. Shared college experiences, gave tips for living in State College, facilitated small discussions (Penn State Lingo and class scheduling, for example) and created bonds amongst group members.

Cashier, Beverage Express

2012 – 2017

Worked, during university breaks, in a beer distributor as a cashier providing customer service, stocking shelves, checking in orders, and creating advertising materials.

STUDY ABROAD

Ronda, Spain: Summer 2015

Faculty led summer program stationed in southern Spain. Courses included the history of Spain (taught by a Spanish professor), Spanish grammar and culture, and an independent study in modern Spanish literature. Cultural and historical excursions every weekend to experience other parts of Spain, Spanish language, and Spanish culture.

IES Paris, France: Spring 2015

Focused on literature courses including a course at Paris IV (Sorbonne) on literary history of the 19th century. Lived with a host family in Belleville (12th arrondissement). Courses included: Literary History of the 19th Century, Paris – Cinema City, Introduction to French Literature, French Women Writers, Advanced French Grammar, and History of Paris.

Study Tour of Egypt: Summer 2013

Faculty led summer program that involved travel to major Egyptian cities such as Cairo, Luxor, Alexandria, and more. Courses included: Ancient Egyptian History and an independent research project turned into a speech and a paper (subject was The Sphinx).

LANGUAGES

English: native language

French: high level of speaking, writing, and reading

Spanish: high level of speaking, writing, and reading

Arabic: intermediate level of speaking, writing, and reading

PUBLICATIONS

Tahar Ben Jelloun *L'Ablation (Ablation)*

Translated from French to English

Published December 2015 in Trafika Europe "Arabesque"

<https://cld.bz/users/user-N5y4U8g/Trafika-Europe-Quarterly/Trafika-Europe-6-Arabesque>

Charles Pépin *La Joie (Joy)*

Translated from French to English

Published March 2016 in Trafika Europe "Ukrainian Prayer"

<https://cld.bz/users/user-N5y4U8g/Trafika-Europe-Quarterly/Trafika-Europe-7-Ukrainian-Prayer>

OTHER ACTIVITIES

The Americanists

2015-2017

Position Held: Treasurer

This graduate organization focuses on literature and films from the Iberian Peninsula and Central/South America and the trans-Atlantic influences. The Americanists offer a monthly film showing and host at least one speaker a year at Penn State.

Spanish Immersion Club

2015-2017

Position Held: Secretary

Founding Member

Started by the first group of the Penn State Summer Abroad in Ronda, this group focuses on immersing students in Spain's culture and the Spanish language. Each month the club hosts una noche de tapas and una noche de conversación for its members.

The Pennsylvania State Marching Blue Band

2012 – 2014

One of twenty-six sousaphones in a band of about 350 members. Visited several universities a year for football games and performed in various community events or high school band competitions as well as performing at every home football game and various Penn State events.

Global Engagement Leadership Experience

Spring 2014

Conference on global leadership and cultural understanding. The conference involved various cultural simulations, analysis of global advertising materials and leadership methods, and discussions on cultural acceptance, understanding, and identity.