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Traducción de *Impúdicas*, de Arabella Salaverry, desde el análisis de las teorías de género

Trabajo final de graduación para aspirar al grado de
Magíster en Traducción Inglés-Español

presentado por

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**Nómina de participantes en la actividad final
del Trabajo de Graduación**

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género**

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Índice general

Traducción de Impúdicas, de Arabella Salaverry, desde el análisis de las teorías de género

Nómina de participantes en la actividad final	ii
del Trabajo de Graduación	ii
Agradecimientos.....	iv
Índice general	v
Resumen	vii
Abstract.....	viii
Traducción	1
Sh(e)meless.....	1
Capítulo I. Introducción.....	72
Capítulo II. Revisión bibliográfica	78
Capítulo III. Marco teórico.....	87
Capítulo IV. Marco metodológico.....	96
Capítulo V. Estrategias traductológicas en la representación del género femenino en Impúdicas.....	101
Capítulo VI. Conclusiones.....	118
Referencias	124
Anexos	129
Anexo 1. Tablas de comparación	129
Anexo 2. Texto original.....	140

Índice de tablas

Tabla 1. Antonia	102
Tabla 2. Angélica.....	104
Tabla 3. Ainara	105
Tabla 4. Reescritura consciente	108
Tabla 5. Representación del cuerpo femenino.....	109
Tabla 6. Decisiones traductológicas sobre el cuerpo femenino.....	110
Tabla 7. Vocabulario para una audiencia femenina.....	111
Tabla 8. Representación LGBTQ+ en Impúdicas	113
Tabla 9. Amanda.....	114
Tabla 10. Sh(e)meless.....	116

Resumen

El presente trabajo final de graduación es una traducción y memoria, centrada en la obra *Impúdicas* (2016) de la autora costarricense Arabella Salaverry¹. El proyecto aborda la traducción de un corpus de relatos del español al inglés, los cuales exploran la experiencia femenina desde diversas perspectivas sociales. Su objetivo es visibilizar la literatura escrita por mujeres y analizar su traducción desde el enfoque teórico de género. La investigación se basa principalmente en las propuestas teóricas de Luise von Flotow (1991, 1997, 1999) y los aportes de Cimdiņa y Økland (2017), y Sun (2021), quienes resaltan la importancia de la cultura meta en las decisiones traductivas. El objetivo principal fue analizar la traducción de *Impúdicas* bajo esta perspectiva, destacando la relevancia social y literaria de la literatura femenina costarricense. Los objetivos específicos incluyeron aplicar teorías de género para preservar el valor cultural y simbólico de los relatos, identificar los desafíos de la traducción de textos feministas y explorar la relevancia cultural de la traducción mediante un análisis comparativo. Se empleó un enfoque cualitativo y descriptivista, observando cómo las decisiones de traducción influyen en la visibilidad de las voces femeninas. Los resultados demuestran que las estrategias expuestas fueron cruciales para mantener la voz femenina, resignificar el contenido y hacer visible su dimensión política. Se concluye que la traducción con enfoque de género es una herramienta vital para la internacionalización de la literatura femenina y para promover una lectura crítica de los discursos patriarcales.

Palabras clave: traducción feminista, género, traducción inversa, contexto cultural.

¹ Salaverry, A. (2016). *Impúdicas*. San José, Costa Rica: URUK

Abstract

This study consists of a translation and its corresponding research report, based on *Impúdicas* (2016), a Costa Rican literary work by Arabella Salaverry². The translation into English includes an extract of the text, exploring feminine experiences across different social settings. Its objective is to make visible literary works written by women and to analyze the translation from a gender-focused perspective. The study is grounded primarily in the theoretical framework proposed by Luise von Flotow (1991, 1997, 1999) and also highlights the contributions of Cimdiņa and Økland (2017) and Sun (2021), who emphasize the importance of the target culture in shaping translation decisions. Analyzing the translation of *Impúdicas* from this perspective serves as the general objective, highlighting the social and literary relevance of Costa Rican women's literary works. The specific objectives include applying different gender-based translation strategies to preserve the cultural and symbolic value of the stories, identifying the challenges of translating a feminist text, and exploring the cultural significance of the translation through a comparative analysis. A qualitative and descriptive approach was employed to examine how translation decisions affect the visibility of female voices. The main findings indicate that the strategies used were essential for preserving the female voice, reinterpreting the content, and highlighting its political dimension. The study concludes that gender-focused translation constitutes a critical tool for the international dissemination of women's literature and for fostering a critical engagement with patriarchal discourses.

Keywords: feminist translation, gender, back-translation, cultural context.

² Salaverry, A. (2016). *Impúdicas*. San José, Costa Rica: URUK.

Traducción

Sh(e)meless³

(or about unspeakable stories)

³ Translated by María Carolina Valverde Jiménez

Translator's Preface

“Impúdicas” is a beautiful word in Spanish, rich with meaning. Even its root, *pudor*, can be regarded as relatively uncommon, partly due with taboo connotations. Depending on one’s biases, education, or social and political views, *impúdicas* may carry different weight for different readers. For me, it embodied both the heart of this incredible selection of stories and the greatest challenge in translating them.

According to the *Diccionario de la Lengua Española*, *impúdico, ca* literally means lacking shame or modesty. In popular usage, when referring specifically to girls or women, the term often describes someone perceived as having no shame or boundaries. In patriarchal societies, such behavior is interpreted as a lack of modesty for not adhering to socially expected manners. The closest English equivalent might be *shameless*⁴, but this word is not gender-specific and applies equally to men.

Since the book focuses on women and people who identify as female, I opted for a creative rendering: *Sh(e)meless*. This translation preserves the essence of the original term while emphasizing the pronoun *she*, underscoring the gendered perspective central to these narratives. By doing so, the translation highlights both the daring of the characters and the social critique embedded in the original work.

⁴ The English word *impudent* is no longer an equivalent (as it was in the past) because it became much stronger, as offensively bold, saucy, or brazen.

Agnés

(or flamenco's tortures)

The lip liner was broken. The last bit, and it was gone. Using her finger—what choice did she have? She would have to paint her lips with her finger. The handkerchief was a mess; no fixing that! That way, she could use the remnants of the stick. She put her Maybelline mascara, which luckily could still be found here and was affordable as well, on the desk next to the comb and the hairpin. Oh no! The hairpin had lost three of its pearls; how could she replace them? Maybe with tiny mothballs. No one would notice from a distance, but the smell... and the fact that she had become so allergic. The damn weather was giving her asthma. She wouldn't stop coughing. Better not think about that, because if she did, she wouldn't stop. Her little eyelash brush was a bit sticky. Maybe at some point, Sister Clara Mercedes, so sweet and so Caribbean, would do her the favor of bringing some water to moisten it. She used to have such long eyelashes. But that was before. Now there are fewer hairs every day—just a few sparse hairs. Well, but the Maybelline mascara helps a little. She took the rice powder and puffed it out. *Mare meva!* It seemed to evaporate! The puff, which used to be feathers, was now something like a scouring pad. She placed it carefully next to the mascara, the blunt lipstick, and the eyeliner pencil. Agnés carefully rummaged through her small suitcase until she found the mirror. One corner was chipped; she didn't want to get hurt. It's bad luck, they say, but things couldn't get worse, so she stayed calm. The manola dress, I so hate flamenco, red fabric with colored polka dots, showed two stains under the armpits. This damn weather! The humidity mixed with the heat tortured her pale, very pale skin. And her clothes. How hard it was to find a decent place to wash them. Well, she would use more blush, maybe more than usual. The lights were poor, and she had that color dead people have when their blood clots.

Outside, the noise grew louder. She heard hurried footsteps and loud mockery. She was in her nightgown, her saggy tits; she could feel eyes spying on her through the cracks, and her wide hips, wider every day. Her butt grew mercilessly. She couldn't bear her legs. She looked at her left leg, more bloated than the other, with the blue cords that were her veins standing out on her pale skin, ready to burst at any moment. She thought all this effort was taking its toll.

The reflection of a palm tree that swayed in the wind came in through the window, somewhat refreshing the room. She took her dress out, put it on a hanger to stretch it, and then the Manila shawl, her beautiful green shawl. The shawl had belonged to her grandmother. Although it was faded, at least the embroidery was still intact. It had fuchsia, pink, and red flowers with spiral stitches that still kept their shine, and flowers floating on the green silk. She would have to mend it. It had torn a bit, and the silk would soon rip apart. At the bottom of the suitcase was her sewing kit. She cut a piece of thread, not too long. "A stitch in time saves nine," she could hear her needlework teacher from childhood, now distant. She cut the thread to a length that wouldn't tangle. She looked for the needle threader and her glasses, and with difficulty, managed to thread the needle; the green thread was set. She then heard a knock at the door. Mother Natividad asked, "Are we ready?" with her soft Caribbean accent. No, we're not ready. My butt is out; I'm tired; the heat is killing me, and I haven't finished mending the shawl. No, damn it, we're not ready! "In a moment, Mother!" Yes, because the children are getting impatient. Impatient! I'm impatient too. I've lost patience. I'm out of patience. I lost myself a long, long time ago.

Arnau wasn't making a sound in the next room. "Are you there? Arnau? Are you there? You've got to shake that jacket very well!" she shouted off-key. She approached the tiniest mirror, almost grazing it to alleviate her nearsightedness. She brushed the eyelashes of her left eye several times. "Hurry with the record; it needs to be tested. The sweat stained it badly last

time.” Then, the right eyelashes. “Make sure it's clean so it doesn't get stuck. The top ones and the bottom ones. Can you hear me?” “Yes, I can hear you, and stop shouting. I'm not deaf.”

He, too, grows more impatient each day, more stubborn, more close-minded as if she were responsible for that. As if she didn't miss the breeze of their little town as well. As if she didn't long for a good glass of wine, a bean stew with those Catalan sausages, some mushrooms and calçots grilled over the embers, a Catalan crème brûlée, or at least some bread with tomato—but tomato that tastes like tomato, not those insipid mockeries that grow in the tropics.

Her makeup was finished after she had done her eyebrows with a dark pencil and barely painted her lips with the remaining lipstick from the tube. Flamenco, ah, flamenco! Using a puff, she dusted the rice powder on her face, neck, and arms. Oh! her arms, more flabby and heavier every day. She thought of her relatives, painted her mole with the black pencil so that it would stand out, passed the brush wetted with her saliva (what else could she do? Sister Clara never showed up to bring her water). The earrings were hurting her ears; her dangly earlobes had stretched with the weight. She tied her long, very long, and thin hair back in a round bun and crowned it with the hairpin missing three pearls. She tried to use the remnants in her mascara to cover the gray roots of her hair. She rummaged the suitcase for the withered fabric flowers, blew on them to give them life, damn Franco!, and placed them next to the hairpin. A light spritz of perfume went on to mask the odors. She looked at herself in the little mirror. Well, not gorgeous, but at least presentable. Then, leaning on the rather tiny chair, she began to slip into her dress like a mermaid ready to swim in the sea of incongruities. She didn't want to pay attention to the ruffles nor the edge of dirt that stained them. Arnau and his passion for the Republic! She draped the shawl over her shoulders, fastened it with the pin that had belonged to her mother, and that reminded her of the past. She completed her look with bracelets and glanced, lacking a real

mirror, at the reflection in the window facing the garden where the palm tree slipped in. Yes, I'm fine, as fine as possible. And she got ready to leave.

“Arnau, are you ready? Come, so we can go out together.” Arnau showed up in his gypsy jacket and his Andalusian hat. You've got to be kidding! I hate flamenco. He knew the gesture and what it meant. The mercilessly tight-fitting pants left his belly exposed, and the worn red satin belt that tried to hold it in place, the shirt with its bulky sleeves, and his silence. The exile weighed even more on him.

They marched down the hallway, plagued with nervous kiddos who greeted them both, puzzled and admiring, as they made their way to the auditorium. Agnès swirled her shawl, leaving a trail of rice powder in her wake. Arnau was trying to smile, but always feared that the poorly fitting prosthesis would slip off. Going to the dentist was not an option, so their smiles were rather modest. Finally, Sister Clara. She was a whole bundle of kind smiles, young with strikingly even white teeth. “Here, Sister, this is the vinyl. When we go up on stage and everyone is seated, please play it. And be careful not to scratch it!”

They were ready. In action. As her ballet professor had taught them. Flamenco made her sick. And the Sister who wasn't playing the music. For the thousandth time, *Las Bodas* by Luis Alonso.

Again, she thought about when got her destiny all twisted. How and why she had ended up in that port, Puerto Limón, in that wild, inhospitable America that is so lush, so green, and so much jungle. It has endless trees, covering the sun and getting lost in the up high, wetland, and jungle. She is far from home, far from the Saint Beltrán pier in her remote Cataluña, where she would go during summer afternoons to listen to the rhythmic sound of the sea, her pleasant and familiar Mediterranean. What was she doing there, in that humid and damned hot place,

squeezed in a manola dress, if her life had stayed in Barcelona? What was she doing there in front of that sea with high waves, among palm trees and sloths, and dancing flamenco!

The kids were getting impatient; they started to whistle, and the Sister wasn't playing the music. She welcomed them, a never-ending welcome, on behalf of the María Inmaculada School. Her arms were getting numb as she waited. As if she couldn't care less about welcomes! Finally, the CD started to play and they began to dance. Suddenly, it stuck. It got stuck, repeating the same musical note over and over. She could hear the dry click of the needle repeating itself over and over again.

What do we do if the vinyl is scratched? The kids shouted impatiently, while she, with her makeup running down her face from the tears she didn't feel, with the eyeliner that streaked her face, with the mole that grew into a black circle, smudging her face, stepping on the last frill of her manola dress as she almost fell flat, thought that this was not fair as she was getting to her seventy-sixth birthday.

Alba

(or about the sh(e)meless⁵)

At seventeen, the world seems possible. Or maybe completely impossible. When Alba arrived at the valley, longing for the sea, she was left powerless. She would live in a strange house with people whose books were also written in a language she did not understand. No more afternoons pedaling tirelessly alongside the coast. No more hasty kisses under moonlit evenings. No more sunny mornings or mornings by the sea, nor the disproportionate cluster of palms and trees that was the island in front of the harbor. No more of those smooth streets where women on eternal bicycles aim for the horizon to feel their misery. No more of Rodrigo's body close to hers, nor her floating in that mirror on fire, or the sea at noon; the stormy afternoons, nor Rodrigo, nor his teenage kisses, nor that wave rocking timorously in until-now unexplored territory: her skin.

Alba suspected she couldn't endure the pain. Even more so when the morning train crossed the geographical limit that meant Turrialba, a town still full of palm trees, but without a harbor or sea. A mist, volcanoes, fog, and a sadness as enclosed as the city among mountains. At least there, her mother's eye would not be following her. It would be easier to disappear through the slab sidewalks and steps, which resounded in accord with one another, without the discretion of footsteps on sand. She could even come up with a new identity and slide fearlessly among the multitude of people.

Once in the valley, chamomile tea: the first slap in the face. Hot, smelling like medicine, like the tea girls drink to ease their aching ovaries. The morning prayer, the aunt whom she would have to live with, and that morning tea were bound. The tea, incense, and chants to

⁵ The translator's choice for *shameless*. This is further explained in the Translator's Preface.

Buddha, and oatmeal cookies. It wasn't that she was used to culinary parties. Not at all... but she preferred a bun with butter softened by the tropical weather, the endless taste of guava jelly seducing her from the jar. The cup of black tea, brought by ship from far away, to the pier of Puerto Limón, her home, her refuge. But that chamomile tea, in that inhospitable city...! And for breakfast!

The second slap was the organization. Not to say that her mother's house was chaotic. It's just that in this house, everything was excessive. Drawers to store chests, suspicious cases hiding keys to open trunks. That pattern was repeated throughout the place, her home, since that kiss. Poor Alba was discovered by her mother, and then she was sent into immediate exile.

She had no choice but to get used to tea. It would be impossible to manage the new school on an empty stomach. At least there, comfort was a tenant. She knew it from before, from the time when the students arrived in Limón with their luggage full of poetry, theater, and music. As soon as she met them, Alba was sure that they would be her family. She didn't know when, but yes, that would be her family.

Weeks went by, and the routine of chamomile tea, high school, and loneliness weakened her longing for the sea. She accepted that breakfast with medicine smell, the morning chants, the unknown faces, and the rainy afternoons, all as a necessary evil.

One of those rainy afternoons, in the high school's unfinished theater, she heard a deep voice. Not a teenage voice. Its owner was a man with a trail of wind and sun from that unknown sea to her, the Pacific. Alba forgot all about her pure lovers left among the waves. Inside her lash, a whip-like feeling. That man. The man with the scent of wind and sun from the Pacific, that man with the name of a Greek hero. The man who was designing the sculptured wall at the theater entrance, that man would arrive every afternoon at her new home, her school. Alba

forgot. And from that meeting on, the chamomile tea tasted better, and the days were kinder. Alba was transformed, unknowingly, into a girl waiting. Alba waited every afternoon.

Another afternoon, pouring rain, she chose not to go to dance class. She would die if she didn't speak to him. The bus downtown was crowded. A building, decaying from moisture. The heavy stairs with their a perpendicular angle. Was it her urgency that was so heavy? The door took time. Time turned into lead. A moment passed. A day. A week. Finally, at last. Nothing stopped her this time. Not her seventeen years, nor the rain, nor the sad threshold, nor the beautiful being in front of her. Yes, I came to tell you. No more silence: I know you know. Anyway, the silence annoys me. Yes, I know you know. And here I am, so you know that I know you already know.

His hand, strong and comforting, perhaps a little teasing, took hers and helped her cross the threshold, into the studio overflowing with sketches, clay samples, and paintings in progress. As he led her to the sofa by the window where she could watch the rain, the man boiled some water on a small stove and meticulously prepared tea to warm Alba's lips until he decided to calm her coldness by placing his mouth on hers. His hands, slowly. Alba, with eyes closed, imagined what she was feeling. She didn't know if it was his touch or her imagination, or if she simply wasn't there, though she was—a way of being while not being that would become more and more frequent—while he helped her take off her high school uniform, her black woolen socks became unnecessary, her dance class leggings, also unnecessary. She was in a soft nudity with her eyes closed. I am here. And I am not. Now the dance would be different: the dance of touch, of hands tied around her neck, arms wrapping her, hands covering her armpits, moving down her stiff, cold breasts, stroking, touching, rocking her warm vulva while he too shed his clothes, two naked bodies, one caressing the other, transforming.

From that moment, words were replaced by touch, and touch by word, no turning back. The afternoons followed, with Alba dissolving as she climbed the stairs to the door of that room full of endearing hands, never excessive, docile embraces that led her to a meticulous inquiry of the places where pleasure hid. Alba learned to touch. Timid but bold, learning, with her eyes closed, exploring another body for the first time. Afternoons dedicated to the joy of two bodies feeling each other, recognizing and inventing themselves.

Classes were all forgotten. Only the furtive encounters mattered, avoiding classmates and teachers, the glances confirming the next meeting, the disobedience, defiance, the shock.

Until that day when the unexpected happened, the dentist had removed two of her wisdom teeth, or rather, her sanity teeth. Another way of losing some of the little sanity she had left. Her date was on hold. Her right cheek was a prominent hill. The pain made it impossible for her to speak. No one was home. And that afternoon, the chamomile tea was absent. The painkillers made her sleepy. Alba was feeling dizzy, and the phone ringing through the different rooms turned into an echo: the sound of that sound throughout the house, bouncing from wall to wall until it reached the room filled with her pain. She decided to answer, though the calls were rarely for her. She struggled to get out of bed. Her thinness didn't allow much. She was weak from fasting. She grabbed a sweater on her way because she was shivering from the breeze. She managed to half-put on the dance slippers tucked under the bed, and she walked toward the phone, trying to avoid the vibration in her head. Painfully, she reached the phone. "Hello!" while she stretched the sweater, trying to cover her legs somehow, her poor, cold butt. "Is your name Alba?" "Yes, Alba," with a somewhat soft voice. The other voice, agitated, said, "Alba, who is nothing like her name, the whore, the one who visits a man who has a wife, he has me! I'm calling to warn you. Never, ever think of coming near his studio again, never again! I know you're from the coast; I know all of you from there are the same; you are just that. Caribbean

women are... they are... they're whores, yes, all whores, shameless whores... yes! And you, you, just like all of them, a shameless whore!"

The word settled into Alba's soul. She didn't quite grasp the full extent of the slander, which, deep down, amused her. To be honest, she didn't quite like being called a whore... she had heard something, or quite a bit, about it, and it wasn't the best... but the shameless part, the shameless part, she could almost say she enjoyed it. Because the truth is she didn't know much about modesty, or conventions, or restraint. And in her sun-kissed skin, her sea-salt skin, the word grew and marked her destiny forever:

Sh(e)meless!

Alona

(or about defining choices)

Their heads stuck out from the chaos of bedding, comforters, and blankets that eased the piercing cold. Their wrinkled tissue-paper faces framed lively, deep eyes, especially the woman's, Alona's, that emerged, showing their astonishment at the odd intrusion.

Visitors? Never. Time waits for no one, and they knew it was their turn to live in the attic. Not because they weren't suited for life, not because they weren't skilled, intelligent, or capable. No, simply because the wrinkles on their faces, their slow pace, and their hurting hips didn't help, condemning them to life in the corner. She was delighted to solve Sudoku puzzles day and night. He was delighted to watch her.

They had little use for their memories, and they had slowly faded away. They remembered little. Perhaps the kids they once were, the teenage kisses, or the passions of their younger age. Maybe the children they had, the jobs they did, the love they suffered. But everything was wrapped in a soft silver veil, making their past seem like the shadows of twilight.

That night, Alona grabbed the comforter by its edge and covered herself even more, if that were possible. Her eyes, wide with astonishment, were all that remained visible. The man emerged like a turtle from its shell. "I think it's stupid; we're good like this, we don't need anything."

Her eyes spoke differently: "Yes, I'm interested. I like it. I like it."

Ever since the boy had the idea, he knew it wouldn't be easy. It would require delicate persuasion. They would first have to accept it, then learn how to use it, and finally find a purpose for it. That two-degree cold winter night wasn't the best time for a visit, let alone to suggest it, but he couldn't resist the temptation. He put on his brown overcoat, his scarf, and a beret that had been patiently waiting for him. He left his apartment, hurried down the stairs, walked the

ten blocks that separated him from the house, and finally arrived. The garden was a hassle; he couldn't walk without getting covered in dry leaves, dodging weeds, and crooked stones. He still had the key and could open the door whose hinges had been stained with the rust of disuse. The hallway extended into eerie shadows, with only the dim light of a small lamp on the nightstand casting a faint, sleepless glow into the room. He had no choice but to wake them. "Hello!" There they were, exposed, with their tissue-paper skin, tangled hair, and joyful amazement in their eyes, especially Alona's, emerging from the night.

The boy sat on the edge of the bed. His voice was painted with enthusiasm as he explained the proposal. "You will have the world at your fingertips. You'll see, it's like opening the horizon wide. You will be able to visit countries and museums, meet celebrities, and read stories..."

She said yes, without speaking. A vibrant, joyful, yes. The man, on the other hand, becoming increasingly hazy, resisted the idea.

He felt threatened. "I don't want to know anything. That's crap and utter nonsense. A disruption of the peace.

And at this hour, you foolish boy. Who would think it's a good idea to bring such a proposal at this time..." She was used to the silence and wouldn't say a word, but her eyes said, Yes, of course, I love the idea, I can do it, I want to.

The man grew more irritated. He wanted nothing that would disrupt his peace, nothing from outside. But she... Alona kept saying yes with her eyes. The man, feeling increasingly uncomfortable, said, "Why? We're fine. Who would think of coming to wake us in the middle of the night?" Now, clearly angry, "It's cold. We'll get sick. Who would think of such a thing? Foolish boy!" As he spoke, his fury grew, fueled by his own words. He pulled out his arms that once embraced, that perhaps once hugged the boy when he was young, furiously smacking at

the boy's face with unsteady slaps until one of his old, razor-sharp nails pierced the cornea of the boy's left eye.

Alona was frightened, more and more frightened. Trembling, she hid in the swirl of blankets, comforters, and sheets. She hid so as not to see the boy's pain, not to see the man's cruelty, to forget that the future would not be hers.

Angustias

(or about her decision as a cyclist)

The climb to Monte de la Cruz gets harder every time. The bike barely responds in the highest gear. But I feel powerful because your company helps me. The path is filled with scents of pine, forest, and damp leaves, and a faint mist gives the landscape an end-of-the-world touch. I'm happy because you're coming with me. The muscles in my legs stretch and contract, and with every pedal stroke, the air resists, refusing to enter my lungs. The cycling shorts mold to my body precisely, cloaked in electric red, while you, more subtle, are dressed in plain black. Although you don't entirely avoid color, you wear it on your shirt, with its neon yellow accents that sparkle in the afternoon light. The helmet covers my head and becomes soaked with sweat. I wear leather gloves and knee pads, my elbows are also covered, just as you taught me, any respectable cyclist does. I like wearing red. I bought two red outfits. I like that second-skin feeling that bike clothing gives you. I like the feeling when I slowly take off the suit. It's like slowly peeling off your outer layer, revealing a more sensitive skin capable of shivering even with the breeze. I like the mountain bike and its gears, its speeds, its shiny silver handlebars, and its green frame. That mix of colors suits me. It allows me to escape from the dull routine of an office where everything is the same, always, always the same, and the things and people are equally dull, even if it's just for an afternoon.

“Shall we stop for a moment? I want to take a photo of you.”

“Where?”

“ There, by the rock.” I oblige and move closer to the huge dirty rock. I don't like posing. It makes me nervous. My smile freezes, and then it's very hard to get rid of it. Sometimes, I'm stuck with a smile for up to two hours and can't shake it off. I know that the tour wouldn't be complete for you without a photo, so I agree to pose. It wouldn't be complete without the frozen

smile in the photo. You like taking photos of me. Spontaneous, posed, on the bike, by the roadside, among the trees, by the fences. While I try to force a smile, I tell you about my life once more. With each trip, I give you a bit more, and a little deeper. I wonder if you get bored. But it seems that you are genuinely interested, always willing to listen, and ever more deeply, but you remain silent.

I still vividly remember the moment we met at that cyclists' convention. I was there by chance. I was there, missing the ocean. I had never been interested in bicycles before. I went there with a cousin who wanted to change hers and was looking for a friend who owned a bike shop. I went there to distract myself and to forget. I wanted to briefly forget that I didn't like the cold of the valley or the seriousness of the people. This place had everything, catering to every taste. Exhibits of rear derailleurs, saddles, handlebars, grips, forks, tires, thin tires, thick tires, nearly smooth tires, commuter tires, wheels, brakes, chains, basic bikes, bikes with colorful fenders, and traditional fenders. There was an overflow of cycling everywhere. There you were amidst that spectacle. You wouldn't stop talking, giving orders to the boy helping you, organizing boxes, displaying parts, adjusting the projector, and smearing a screen with more bikes in foreign languages.

Your fiery behavior caught my attention, the way you moved in that two-wheeled setting, and your intensity as you spoke. You didn't seem like someone from the valley, more like someone from the Caribbean. Even your tone, your volume. I decided to stay and watch, missing not a single motion, not a single word, and little by little, I was drawn in by your passion for bikes. There, I decided that I wanted to experience the same. I would also become a cyclist. "Hello! May I help you? Yes, this brand is excellent. And it's in style. The best thing is that spare parts are available. Yes, I'm an instructor, in addition to being a salesperson.

I tried to talk to you about any other topic, and your passion faded... until, after a great effort, almost stammering, you dared... “If you like, when you get your bike, we can go on excursions... that way I can teach you all the secrets of cycling.”

“Well, yes, thank you very much, I’d be delighted.” And right there, I bought it. I got myself a bike and a date.

I spent the week very uneasy. I practiced every day of the week, each afternoon, until I could balance on two wheels with some grace. But from that to being a cyclist was still a long way. Saturday arrived, and with it, the greatest effort I’ve ever made. You took me in your car beyond the Zurquí tunnel. There we got on our bikes and rode a long stretch through climbs and descents, mosses and giant rhubarb, waterfalls and cascades. My heart pounded strongly as the bike swayed from side to side, and your voice encouraged me. “Almost there, we’re close, we’ll stop very soon, come on, come on, you’re doing good.” And finally, “OK, here, we can rest by this stream.” We sat down. I was exhausted from the effort. You were just fine, like it was no big deal, looking at me in silence until I managed to catch my breath, and once again, I was the one who talked nonstop. I told you about my only daughter, my love against the odds, loneliness, abandonment, how magical it was to grow up by the sea, my arrival in the city, the library where I worked, and how the days always felt the same. You stayed silent, listening with wide, astonished eyes as if you had never heard stories like mine, just your eyes speaking to me, encouraging me with your gaze. Go on, I’m here to listen. You can talk to me. I hear you and I understand you.

It doesn’t matter if it’s sunny or raining. Every Saturday, it’s our tour day. Green-filled paths, soft meadows, rugged peaks, silky pastures, or wild mountains. We go everywhere. We’re only missing the sea. If the pouring rain stops us, we seek shelter under some friendly awning, and there, pressed together, your uniform against mine, your sweat against my sweat, lycra

against lycra, we've come close to a kiss. So close that it hurts. Other times, if the bike gear gets stuck, your hand moves next to mine to help me, and through the glove, I feel the pulse of your hurried blood trying to leap to my hand. But nothing happens. The moment is suspended, and nothing happens. Sometimes, if a gear gets stuck you take my hand to help me, and I can feel your blood pumping through the gloves trying to join me. But nothing happens. We recover from the moment in thick silence, and then I'm the one who keeps talking. I could say you like it, and that you enjoy listening to me very much, because the date repeats every Saturday. And every Saturday. And every Saturday.

Today's trip is a celebration: my birthday. It's the anniversary of our first bike ride. We'll go to Moín, where the river meets the sea. We'll soak up the sea. It will be the last trip. I think I'll end our excursions. There's no other choice. I think I'll be the one to take the initiative. If I'm not mistaken, we go on fifty-two dates each year. Because there are fifty-two weeks in a year. No, I don't think I'm wrong. I don't think I'm wrong at all. Because I'm turning sixty. And in thirty years of traveling every Saturday, we have had one thousand, five hundred and sixty dates. I don't think I'm wrong. I'll take the initiative.

Maybe we can still bloom—even if it's while we bike—by the sea.

Antonia

(the smothering sorrow of a nightmare)

Antonia's nights were murky. She fought against sleep that insisted on coming, spurred by the pounding of the waves against the seawall, again and again, rhythmic and repetitive. Antonia's eyes were wide open, her eyelids heavy, her lashes fluttering, and the fear was lurking. Antonia didn't want to sleep. She rather stay there, in the hallway where the moon settled and where she could see the vast sea, sitting in the huge rocking chair that hung from the ceiling, her feet not touching the ground, sitting upright like a stake, barely able to fasten the last button of her pajamas, evading sleep. "Go away, I don't want to sleep "

Her aunt's voice called... "Antonia, it's time, young lady, off to bed!" Antonia kept rocking insistently, more and more as if she wanted to fly over the vast water and disappear beyond the horizon and never sleep, never sleep again.

During the day, life is kind to Antonia—especially the afternoons. After lunch, the sound of brakes on the ice truck fills her with good feelings. She can hear it in front of her house. Tongs gripping the block of ice, a crystal-like wonder where every flower from the garden is mirrored and transformed by the magic of its reflection; just like the leaves, the sun, the walls, the dark face of the loud man singing "Only You" as he climbs the staircase, the endless staircase, holding the block of ice with the tongs, trying to place the enormous diamond in the aluminum container where food is kept to protect it from the harsh Caribbean heat. Then Miss Allison's attentive hand shows up, cleaning off the reddish sawdust that is covering it. Miss Allison's loving hand cuts a small piece with an ice pick to put into Antonia's lemonade.

In the afternoons, Antonia likes to go to the park and pick up ylang-ylang flowers. She tucks the green spears in her bag, and they perfume the air. She likes watching the sloths, how they barely move, deep in their naps, hanging from the branches of mango trees. She likes the

park with its royal palms reaching for the blue sky, the tiny snails she collects from its paths on her way home. She loves teatime at five o'clock, with a dash of evaporated milk and the cinnamon bread that Miss Cynthia brings every afternoon, hot patty, plantintá, pan bon, all wrapped in the whitest cloth to protect the loaves, the scent of anise and candied fruit. She also likes hearing Caballero as he passes by: "Ice cream, Caballero, refreshing ice cream, guanábana, cream, pineapple, for the little girl!" And Antonia would say, "Auntie, please, just one little cup, please!" Running after Caballero to buy the treat.

Antonia adores books. She doesn't yet know how to read, but the little pictures, the drawings, and the letters delight her with their magic. When her aunt is in a good mood, when she hasn't had a nervous breakdown, or when the bellergal has taken effect, she reads stories to Antonia that captivate her. Oriental fairy tales, Chinese fairy tales, fairy tales from around the world... The books with their ink illustrations are so beautiful in their shape and scrollwork, in their lines and dots, that color is unnecessary. Other times, when the previous night hadn't been kind to her aunt, when her husband didn't show up, or when arguments cut like a knife, her aunt preferred to lock herself in her room. And it happened often. Then Antonia would tiptoe around the house to avoid disturbing her.

After finishing her work on cloudy days, Miss Allison would leave Antonia at the bazaar of one of her aunt's friends. There were shiny papers, and crayons that smelled like wax and the sea; there were also boxes of needles, pins, and measuring tapes; yarns, threads, much silence and much affection, but above all, there were books. Hardcover books filled with tightly packed letters, small books, large books with words floating freely in old calligraphy, books with prints, drawings, and books that brought joy to Antonia; books she worshiped. That place with its cool old stone, a three-story house by the park. Its carved balconies, its tall and narrow windows on the top floors to hide naps and love affairs. Its dark, cozy spaces on the ground floor were the

grand altar where one could experience the wonder condensed into a multitude of books. So her aunt's confinement wasn't a problem. It was rather a passport to go to the bazaar to browse, touch, look, and dream, thanks to the books on the shelves, far from her aunt's excessive crying, in the peaceful presence of the sea.

That afternoon, her aunt wasn't feeling well. She was sobbing behind the door. Miss Allison said, "Come on, baby, come with me, let's take a walk," and took her by the hand to the bazaar, so they wouldn't be drenched in someone else's tears. Her aunt's lady friend wasn't there; instead, a male employee was organizing coloring pencils and notebooks. "Sit here, wait, right here."

"Don't worry, it's fine, I'll take care of her." The books were on the high shelves, and little Antonia could sit in that chair. "Don't worry, Mrs. Carmen will be here very soon. I'll watch her while you are gone. You can go. She won't bother me." Miss Allison walked away down the wide street and disappeared into the thick green vegetation of the park. Antonia wanted to look at the books quickly, afraid they'd take her back too soon.

The male employee said, "All done. Come here, little one, I'll read you a story. Sit on my lap. Which one do you like? Do you like this one?" Antonia curled up like a little animal in the man's protection, ready to dive into the book with the red cover, the woman with the tall hat and long hair floating around. Antonia wants her hair like that, so beautiful, instead of her short hair, so short because it's too hot, and her aunt says it's more hygienic. The woman's tunic flowed around the silky pages with that strong new-book smell. The man held her by the shoulders. The little girl was unaware of any ill intentions. "Be quiet, kid! I'll give you the book," he said, while his hand slid up Antonia's skinny thigh. Antonia held a scream stuck in her throat, and his arm pressed harder against her shoulders, his hot, foul breath clinging to her face, and his rough hand, like sandpaper, invading Antonia's private parts. Antonia was terrified,

not knowing whether to scream or run. She remained still, frozen with fear, and there was no one nearby. His hand persisted, and pain pierced her small body. Antonia jumped from the improper lap and ran through the twilight streets until she reached the endless staircase of her house, where, like so many other days, she had to walk on her tiptoes.

Since that afternoon, Antonia has avoided sleep. She doesn't want to sleep. She prefers to stare at the moon. She feels protected by the round glow of the moon. Because as soon as she closes her eyes, as soon as sleep creeps in, the woman with the tall hat and flowing tunic appears, and behind her, an unforgiving hand reaches out to grab her...

Astrid

(or about impossible friendships)

The street, melted pavement. You walk, you walk detached, transfigured by the friendly thin little marijuana joint. Overtaking, not a step back, nor a step ahead. Overtaking! When you're high from many cigarettes, you remain on the streets, moving forward without moving from your spot.

Astrid, it's not possible. You are a single woman. My dear. What were you thinking? And so young! How could you hire him? But I must say I didn't care about the comments. I must say, how lucky I am to have met you! Everything about you is lively. There's even life in the holes of your t-shirt, in the bunches of bananas you carried for so long with nothing but a burlap sack protecting your back. "Come, Mister Talimantalin, talin my bananas, I'm leaving because daybreak has come." Hiring you was my best decision.

"I'm leaving because the sun is up." But you weren't leaving, Jerónimo, my friend, not until the sea was wrapped in the stink of the rotten bait during October. The sea, melted metal, and the sun gazing at your smile of decaying teeth. You lift the small fishing traps, crafted with skill, and place them in the boat that time has sculpted, or rather carved, painting it with algae and lichens. You head deeper into the sea, further and further, deep in search of the sunrise and the lobsters. Ah, Jerónimo, my friend, how lucky I am to have met you, your sweaty cinnamon-hued body with a touch of gold like the gumbo-limbo tree! Your body is dazzling under the sun, as another among the many who fill the port. You have the body of a flower, a petal, a stamen, movement beyond movement, your body, Jerónimo, your mysterious, beautiful black body. It lightens up with your laughter, a drum-like voice to never forget where you come from. Astrid, proper girls don't keep those kinds of friends. What will people think? How could you let a man into your house? Especially him... No one will believe he's there to help. Besides...

The sawpit... and your company at the sawmill. Your work and my savings. You left the sea to help me with the sawpit. There is a smell of wood being sliced by the giant saw. Your silent fear finally revealed your nightmare during the infinite November nights: how easily that machine could slice a man in two! I could split him apart like an open cacao pod. Its white and slimy seeds would lie in that reddish mass with its tissue exposed. Anyway, the saw could easily split a man in two, similar to when the knife strikes and splits the cacao. Though it's slower with the saw, savoring each moment, Jerónimo terrified and your black body splitting in two, a great spread. The Pocomías from Limón in attendance at their pagan ceremonies, paying tribute to some African deity, their bowls ready to collect the blood and then drink it, drop by drop until the last. They would dance for two or three days, non-stop, always spinning, bringing themselves to life in your blood and the miserable saw, a key instrument on the altar. But no, Jerónimo, it's just your imagination running wild, playing those wicked tricks on you. The Pocomías don't do that; they only pray to their gods. Maybe a beheaded chicken at most, but nothing more, I promise you, nothing more, and that's only when the wind sweeps through the sleeping trails of the cemetery.

When I bought the sawpit and was surrounded by promissory notes, invoices, stamps, and receipts, no one told me that the cemetery was behind it. And I didn't do my research either. Behind the tall palm trees, amid soft, sumptuous green hills, behind the hibiscus fences with vibrant petals, scattered with paths leading nowhere but to the penultimate grave in the last row of the cemetery. But I got used to it, and for you, the problem only comes during a few nights in November when the whipping winds blow.

Jerónimo, my friend, Jerónimo, my brother, your work, and your fear. My savings and my future. A single woman with a sawpit. Astrid, if your mother were alive... "Silly ideas, those are, young lady!" We know you don't listen. Think of your family... What will people say?

Don't even think of going near the club! You won't be welcomed. It's a scandal. Everyone in Limón talks about it. And when they want to talk, they can talk! It was bad enough that you got into this sawpit business, and now this! You and that pothead, but my dear, what were you thinking? And besides..." But we at the sawpit are siblings forever and always.

We are siblings forever, like that morning of lobster fishing. You invited me out to sea. The real thing, you said. Matina's mouth was swollen, and the waves crashed down on us like houses. You were shouting, trying to drown out the roar of the sea, your defiant cries and the fear were melting my sanity. "Don't worry, sis, I've got this." There's only the sea, the overwhelming smell of the bait, and you, Jerónimo, rowing, rowing, rowing until you pulled us out of the swirl that filled the air's density with foam. Your hands were glued to the oars, torn, wrecked, two massive blisters from rowing, distraught. The waves were as big as houses before and after us, the sea devouring us. With your hands glued to the oars, bleeding, we finally reached the place where the sea returns to its silver calm. But the foam now was blood, the salt in your wounded hands. My life was in your hands. Your red hands, red with blood. Your blood, red, and mine. Siblings forever.

I remember the loneliness of endless nights at the dock. Sitting motionless the whole night, not granting the air even a yawn, the entire night, emerald green-inked sea, while we watched a couple of dolphins dancing in the distance and the sharks circling us, uncomfortable in our presence as stiff as ancient stones. I remember those long nights talking, talking about the desperation from bad sales. "Yes, Jerónimo, I can't handle the debts anymore, but the fucking promissory note, it's signed. I must pay for it. Those are my savings and my future." Those long

nights listening to Agustín Lara's "Tu cuerpo, del mar juguete nave al garete"⁶ from afar, and the persistent red-light wink of the lighthouse on the island in front of us. Ships from Holland, Germany, and distant lands crowded the port, turning it into a brothel, with sailors' electric laughter shattering the silence. I remember the walks along the rock jetty and snails, and the pleasure of plucking them off and tossing them back into the water.

"Astrid, what are you thinking? You're a proper lady, from a good family. What's going through your head?" Our walks among the palm trees, "Jerónimo, come with me, I'm afraid to walk alone at night," the park with that detailed architecture of royal palms, waiting for the passengers lost in the routes of the tropics. Sand paths traced in the geography of palm trees. The paths we walked, you and I, becoming siblings forever. "Astrid, Astrid, you're crazy! If you were my daughter... What are you thinking? And besides... besides, a black man!"

Your fear, mixed with mine, you and I alike, Jerónimo, when that man came with the machete set to take you down. "Please, boss, I don't want to fight. Now! You must tell him I don't want to fight." Your songs on rainy nights, "there is no sun up in de sky," with the sea breeze making us lose consciousness, and your voice reminding us that we were human and not seaweed. You and I, Jerónimo, friends forever.

And then there was that splendid day when love came for you, Jerónimo. All the love poured out of your body with bursts of laughter. You were excited. Samantha had the tightest body that I had ever imagined existed. Her skin was a luminous caramel color with a touch of cayenne pepper; her hair, thick curly red hair had a cotton candy texture.

⁶ Your body, a toy of the sea, a ship adrift. The line from *María Bonita*, the song by Agustín Lara, portrays the beloved's body as if it were floating playfully and helplessly in the waves. It suggests both fragility and sensuality: the sea moves and rocks her, while the speaker admires her beauty, comparing her to a vessel carried freely by the ocean.

Her clear green eyes seemed to get lost among the winks and lights she used when ending her sentences. Life itself stood before us. There was so much love that one day you decided it was time for marriage and absence. You announced to me both the wedding and the farewell at the same time. You asked me for a hundred dollars as a loan to start your new life.

I was left without hearing anything about you for a long time, Jerónimo, my brother. Happy about your new destiny and sad for mine. Time passed without seeing you, and suddenly we had an unexpected encounter in Portete, a bit sloppy, once again with my back to the sun and barefoot, with shining eyes and languid movements... once again "overtaking"... I asked you about your wedding and your life, and you explained to me with numerous all-valid reasons for over half an hour that you preferred, because it was much more useful, to buy a bicycle rather than to get married. How could I ever forget you, brother, friend, Jerónimo, by my side forever!

Azucena

(or about dangerous relationships)

The oblivion has taken on the task of erasing what gets in the way, what doesn't easily fall into place, or rather, what has no place. Oblivion sews wounds, cleans cysts, fades scars. Only that presumption can save her. The barrier before her, no one helps her tear it down, but maybe, just maybe, life sometimes offers compensations.

She looks at herself from the outside, but her memory gets more and more clouded. She tries to erase the past but gets caught in those labyrinthine passages, between the flickering of memories that come and go, and her natural capacity for survival. Surviving thanks to oblivion, because in her ability to forget lies her likelihood for survival.

Time passes in that gloomy country, which isn't hers. She is drowning in streets that aren't hers, as if every afternoon someone murdered a blind child, or as if the sky darkened with dead swallows. She looks around and sees the void. She looks for the sea and can't find it. She looks for friends, but there are none. A foreign world, in which she flails as if she is drowning, but eventually succumbs.

In that different world, to which she arrived driven by her fate of torture and fear, driven by the pain that hides quietly when your country turns into a freezing blanket where fear reigns, and where any misstep could mean demise, Azucena remains lurking. She isn't alive. She knows what's past is past, university, her classmates, the strikes, and the protest, but it comes out at the most untimely moments, causing a tremor, an endless agony. There exists a country of stun guns and stocks, a country of corrupting hands that cut skin with knives and breath, where her sacred parts were invaded, where her young breasts were groped time and time again. One hand, another, pain, filthy rats scurrying through her body, rage, pain even after the pain, her tainted corners, more pain, a country she painfully managed to flee from, and that she doesn't want to

remember. A country that was once hers and has now become a bleak memory. It's taken her a long, long time to forget, but despite the time, she sometimes thinks she hasn't succeeded.

One cold, foggy night, she joins some acquaintances to go to a conference. She doesn't understand much about postmodernism; intellectuals bore her, people with opinions bore her, talks about topics distant to the world spilling out onto the streets bore her, but they distract her. She distances herself more every time from people, cherishing her limbo of solitude a bit more every day. No more fellow students, no more ideological debates, Mao or Lenin, peace or armed revolution, socialism or communism... Now, people approach her with pointless conversations and troubled expressions. "Yes, math? Unusual... and so young! Oh, physics too? Aha, everything's relative, isn't it? Sure..." Azucena, immersed amongst her words, immersed and drowning amongst people who stare at her, often piercing right through her. Or, worse, that pitying look that hurts more than the one that pierces... "Tortured? Really? What did she do? Should we be careful around her? They say horrible, unspeakable things happen to them... yes, they're violated, and don't even mention the tortures... but they bring it on themselves... better to keep a distance, in case she compromises us..." And suddenly, a different look. Beyond the gaze... Chiara's wide smile finds Azucena, a shelter, kind, safe at last; Chiara's smile, where she is finally safe.

Chiara is a foreigner like her. There aren't many foreigners in the city and fewer still with an interest in postmodernism... From that day on, they became friends, close enough to laugh together at the world. Azucena was alone. Azucena is a breath of fresh air from work formalities for Chiara, and Chiara is company to ease Azucena's exile. They are friends of afternoon conversations: "Better not talk about politics, let's not get twisted in pointless dialogues." Friends frequenting film clubs: "We might even have disagreements." Going to bars at sunset with a piano nearby: "Latin America is not easy to understand." Friends for an

occasional mojito, the scent of spearmint, Simone de Beauvoir, why not, it's not easy being a woman, society's construction of it; or the cinema, with its damp smell and its stained walls, crowded with strange bodies sheltering from the endless downpour. The Bicycle Thief, the marvel of neorealism, but no Bergman, it's depressing. In the cold of a winter's afternoon and the sound of the projector occasionally jamming, it's better to grab a coffee, leave holding hands while the crowd stifles their laughter, heading towards the sunset as the moon begins to appear, unable to choose between a croissant or a pancake...

A trip to the beach, maybe Aruba or some island in the Caribbean. The sea always soothes... Why not, if there's no rush, if the days are a succession of fragmented pieces that need to be buried under the cold layer of oblivion...Well, why not? Chiara's proposal tempts her. White sands and the sea right there, waiting, swaying, blue. The sea is a guaranteed medicine, putting things into perspective, flipping through brochures, imagining the trip, so much blue, so much green, so much sea all around, the distance any plane can swallow in an instant. Why not?

Azucena and Chiara. The hotel. A vertical sun. The hotel room on stilts vibrating in the sea, and the sound of the waves crashing against those stilts, rocking the senses. Chiara approaches Azucena with such fondness that Azucena allows herself to be swept away, rocked by the lullaby of the waves. Chiara's playful hand, the silence replacing their words as her caress feels infinite, from hair to face, a sweet hand in contrast to the one that lingered in her memory, the rough hand that grabbed her by the neck. Chiara's hand moving gently down her shoulder, grabbing softly as it descends over Azucena's breasts, and the memory of another rough hand, squeezing, pinching, cutting off her breath; her mouth gently settling on her neck as her tongue briefly traces the contour of Azucena's ear, and the memory of a filthy bite from another mouth. Chiara wanders beyond prejudice, opening unexplored spaces, awakening new feelings. Wanders to Azucenas's intimate corners, caressing her nipples. Chiara is mature, free, mapping

Azucena's waist using her warm tongue, erasing the kicks she once endured. Chiara feels free to explore the pleasure, a warm touch on Azucena's cold butt, in love with her ethereal nakedness. Chiara is offering her touch, gluing herself to Azucena's body that opens and closes, rocking between the sour memory and the pleasure, between ice and fire.

Azucena can hear the sound of the sea filtering through the windows. If I close my eyes, there's darkness; if I open them, I'm blinded by the light. I doze off with that sound, I zone out, I'm woken by pleasure, I cannot tell if it's my hand or hers guiding me, and the pleasure gets more intense, sweeping everything away, and Azucena lets go of preconceptions, releasing her pain and letting herself be carried away, and Chiara's lips, so sweet, the pleasure, finally the oblivion, Azucena exploring unknown territories, led by Chiara, by her hand, by her mouth, by her body. And the oblivion is there, though her moment of pleasure might be short.

But she ends up waking up in a twilight of amazement, where the images of what she lived with Chiara unfold, mixed with more painful ones, because her body doesn't forget. No matter how hard you try, your body doesn't forget. The traces of pleasure are there, but so are the others: the abuse, the fear, and at the same time, she's unsure whether it happened, whether time will eventually erase what she lived. What she does know, and she now knows for sure, is that life is inevitable, and always pushes you forward.

Ana

(or about friendship)

She couldn't recall the precise day when Miss Hoover entered her life, or when she entered Miss Hoover's life. Forty or fifty years. English or American? She had a maternal figure, eyes full of joy, the smell of a freshly pressed uniform, and streaks of happiness. Miss Hoover, the hospital's midwife, the head nurse.

Eight years old and a green bicycle. Brown skin, thin, just skin and bones. Poorly cut bangs covered half her forehead. She was missing two teeth, and she was also missing affection. Ana had, yes, two Sunday dresses and an overwhelming loneliness.

The hospital and Miss Hoover's house were located in a nice place, and the ghetto was built in Puerto Limón by the Banana Company. It was a tame island in the middle of the wild green. On one side, the road was separated by natural hibiscus hedges covered with the splendid red of their flowers, so fragile they would wither under the weight of a glance. On the other side, the sea was separated from the mainland by a rocky ledge with almond trees and magnolias whose scent you could smell from a distance.

Scattered here and there were the houses. Gardens where mango trees dominated, deep green canopies, almost as deep as the night, clusters of fruit, wood logs with giant diameters, old and rough bark. Crotons with curled leaves, massive green leaves with white edges, and intense yellow leaves burning bright. Featured were those unique neocolonial houses, with hip roofs, green pyramids challenging the sun. Their walls are painted pale yellow and covered with fine layers of sand and crushed shells, reflecting the light and transforming them into glowing structures floating in the tropical green. The houses lay on cement stilts, drifting in the mist of the sea; houses with porches, rooms with oversized ceilings, lingering fans, and windows open to the sea breeze. Houses for living and dreaming. And there, Miss Hoover.

The Saturday dates were optional. On Saturdays, she would find a Sunday dress, preferably the white one, so she didn't seem out of place with the white surroundings of Miss Hoover's house; she would hop on her bicycle and take the long ride to her house, never losing sight of the sea harshly contained by the pier chiseled into the rock, which, when the wind raged, was incompetent at holding back its fury.

Upon arrival, Ana would identify herself to the guard, Mr. Thompson, chocolate-skinned, with kind eyes and a cheerful smile. Ana's heart was nearly racing out of her chest, partly from the exhaustion of pedaling and partly from the excitement of the meeting. She would continue on to her friend's house.

She would knock very, very softly on the door. And then Miss Hoover, with a welcoming smile, would open the door. Her house was just like her. Unlike the monochromatic tone of the other houses there, hers was unique. Hanging on the walls were tapestries from North Africa, tapestries with the color and light of unimaginable landscapes, new to Ana. There were ritual masks from who knew what cultures, candlesticks, copper vases, and distant figures. On one side of the room, the large couch covered in white fabric kept them warm, as warm and welcoming as the hostess herself.

The tradition continued in silence. Miss Hoover would bring a dark wooden tray, a glass, ice cubes, a sweating metallic container on the side, a white background, and the eight vegetables on that background. Ana remembered precisely the tomato, the celery with its leafy green scarf, the carrots, the beet, and the broth made from those vegetables. Its sour, salty taste was unsettling. However, like a small misstep on the way to wonder, she overcame it. She would thank her for her kindness, quickly pour it into the glass, and even more quickly gulp it down. Every Saturday, Miss Hoover was willing to nourish her, perhaps out of professional habit or because the girl's skinniness moved her.

Miss Hoover only speaks English. Ana knows how to say “May I tell you?” She hadn’t wanted to go to Sunday school. She was embarrassed. They teased her because she wasn’t as black as the other children; they called her “pale girl,” and she didn’t like it. Since meeting Miss Hoover, she regretted it. She would have loved to understand even more of what she said. Still, they would talk nonstop, trips to distant places, dreams about new countries, crowds, smells, and auras. “Here? Yes, beautiful. Here, yes. Big,” and the gesture follows the word. “Big, very big. Wow! Scary. Yes, my God!” Their conversation was stitched together by a photo album. The magic arrival of its dark, shiny leather covers, carved in filigree. Flowers unfolding into endless chains. Leaves swaying in the desert wind, ribbons, and lace that was almost invisible. “I am there. Beautiful!” “Pretty! Yes, yes.” Unimaginable to the touch, a glossy surface and the slight roughness are a prelude to what follows. She would open the cover, inside... stories of travels, people, places, food. “Funny! Ha, ha, ha...” So funny: Miss Hoover on a camel. Miss Hoover in a mosque. Miss Hoover squatting, eating with the locals...

The journey continued. In the next room, some white slippers, a white robe, and some long white shawls showed up. Ana would properly put them on while rushing to all the places glimpsed in the photographs, washed by time and the salt of the tropics. Then she is the one sprinting over the desert dunes, the one posing at the entrance of a Moroccan bazaar, the one dazzled by the brightness of the Maghreb’s cities.

Travels and adventures. Miss Hoover would open the doors of freedom to the little girl. She pointed to limitless destinations, sketching another world that could very well become Ana’s. Then, as the swift tropical nightfall approached, bringing them closer to night, Ana would bid farewell to Miss Hoover, waiting for another Saturday, hoping to live and walk through the dream, make it hers, and someday make it real.

Until that cold Saturday, it was a rainy afternoon, a Saturday of storms with dead swallows when Ana fled from her house. It was Saturday, after all, and Miss Hoover was waiting for her. She trotted hard, partly to escape the rain, partly to warm up.

The sea was agitated. A gray mass to her right, a furious curtain crashing against the road. Ana clung to her bike, almost scared, almost crying. It was a long journey; it was also a short one. At the guard's booth, she stopped the bicycle and tried to fix her raincoat to stop the water pouring over her skinny body. The shower was almost spiteful, as tropical showers often are. There were dark clouds over the sea, lightning drowning out any other sound. The guard gestured for her to come closer. It surprised her that he stopped her, especially on an afternoon like that. She placed her green bike against the booth's wall. The water running down the grooves of the roof flooded her. Soaking wet, Ana approached the window. "Miss Hoover isn't here, girl. But she sends her love and asked me to give you this." And the guard handed her a package wrapped in gray paper with a blue ribbon.

Ana returned to town without any strength. A shortness of breath pressed against her chest. The world was a mighty place, and it wasn't fair to lose friends. She faced the stairs to her house, which led up to her solitude. She entered her room. Since she hadn't closed the window, water lay across her bed. Her yellow bedspread was a mess, but she didn't care. She was soaked anyway... her white dress, her first communion dress, now ruined, weighed down by water. She lost track of time. The gray package with the blue ribbon lay on her lap. Ana snuggled in a corner of the bed with her gift pressing against her chest, filling it with tears, breathing in the smell she identified as Miss Hoover's, stroking the package, ready to open it but afraid to do so, and overwhelmed by her tears, she closed her eyes until the sleep snuggled with her.

The next morning, with clean air and light seeping into every corner, Ana felt the sadness passing by. Her learning had begun. There lay the gray package. The pain wasn't hers. It was too much to be hers, because she couldn't bear it. It belonged to someone else. She opened the package slowly. It was a photo album with carved leather covers with delicate designs, similar to the one she had opened every Saturday. But this one was empty. It was waiting for her, only for Ana. The tears had dried. The pain wasn't hers. It belonged to the little girl who had been, and always would be, by her side.

Anabella

(or a hasty ending)

January 1934

Death brings with it rearranging drawers, rereading letters, unexpected encounters with hidden documents, papers that disintegrate in our hands from age, and pasts that slap us in the face as they expose the pains of others. In this tumultuous 2014, I found a cardboard box that somehow came into my possession, filled with distant photographs, written wills, and sufferings of strangers. Among them are a few pages from my grandfather's diary written in 1934, with handwriting that bears witness to many hours of penmanship, Chinese ink, blotting paper, and a fountain pen. In addition, passions are always the same, sorrows are replicated, and absence, when one loves, is just as sad, regardless of the time:

January 8th. The attack began at half past eight. The doctor saw her at noon. He returned at six thirty, and at nine, he recommended surgery.

January 9th. Today, the ninth, I took her to the clinic at eleven. The surgery was at one. Doctors Corella and Ramírez did it. The latter oversaw the anesthesia administration. She had a very bad day. At two, she worsened. Her heart grew weaker by the minute. She confessed to the priest. She was calm, but the danger always loomed over her like a grim vulture.

January 10th. Critical day. Her intestines became paralyzed. A night of distress.

January 12th. Critical day. She vomited constantly. Her heart improved, but not her intestines. Restless night. Severe vomiting.

January 13th. She woke up bedridden. She didn't get any sleep. At nine, she was able to go to the bathroom. She drank some pineapple juice. The doctor saw her at ten. He told me that

she's doing much better. The doctor believes the danger has passed. Thank you, thank you, Mother, that's all I can say!

January 14th. She woke up much improved today. She is recovering. She had pineapple juice again, and she didn't vomit this time. She spent the day calm, and the risk of peritonitis disappeared. She slept peacefully through the night.

January 15th. She spent the day very agitated. Nausea. Despite the injection, she couldn't sleep. Her body was very cold throughout the night. Her temperature was very low.

January 16th. The doctor saw her early. At eleven, she was revived. I went to see the children. At one point, they informed me that she was in a critical state. I ran to the clinic. I found her convulsing. She took her last breath at two forty-five. Awful day. We brought her beloved body home.

January 17th. On Wednesday the seventeenth, at eight in the morning, her funeral was held at La Dolorosa Church. We laid her body to rest at the General Cemetery at nine in the morning.

That's how Anabella's life ended. She lived for thirty-six years. She left behind twelve children and a passionate love. Were those children Anabella's prison? Were they her happiness? Did she love with the same intensity as she was loved? She left this world in just a week. Like mother, like daughter. Life is short, and death is anticipated yet unexpected.

Angelina

(or born to be a showgirl)

During that scorching and endless summer of '56, the closest thing to whatever the sea throws onto the shore after a shipwreck is what made it to Puerto Limón: wreckage. Wreckage of life, wreckage of dreams. The withered remains of hope.

Childhood myths have a way of sticking easily. Life at that age is sweet, serene. Just like the women Angelina would see in the afternoons, pedaling their agelong bicycles, dressed in white, wearing hats, even if it wasn't Sunday and even if there was no mass. They would cruise almost in slow motion, dragging the heat behind them, tireless, in the best posture on the saddle, hands resting on the high handlebars, traveling towards some unknown land, maybe memory land. Perhaps they were heading to their mythical Jamaica, where life seemed better as seen from memory. Angelina dreamed of riding with them, gliding as they did, just like the sailboats on the sparkly waves. Angelina also had a bike. It was a green bicycle. She wanted to travel long distances, holding onto the steady handlebars. Although the bike wasn't new, she had caught her mother secretly painting it while she should have been sleeping. The idea that it would someday be hers thrilled her, and when Christmas came, Baby Jesus brought her the green bicycle. Her illusion slipped away, but she still had the bike.

She wasn't allowed to go out riding the bike alone. They said it would be dangerous for a little girl like her and that she didn't yet have balance. And so it was, Angelina would sometimes tip to the side like a ship sinking slowly, slowly, and it didn't matter how much she pedaled trying to regain her center, she would end up on the ground. She would only ride the bike when an adult broke away from their tasks to keep her company. That is to say, almost never. But that day, her curiosity was stronger. She had heard an announcement coming from the car loudspeaker that roamed the city. THIS AFTERNOON, AT FOUR O'CLOCK SHARP,

BIG SHOW! THE GRIMM BROTHERS CIRCUS THIS AFTERNOON, DIRECTLY FROM MEXICO! DON'T MISS IT! Tickets: twenty-five cents for children, fifty for adults.” A circus! In truth, she didn't entirely know what this thing called a circus was, and she didn't have twenty-five cents either. But the announcer spoke with such intensity. The vibration in his powerful voice slipped through shuttered windows and doors, drowning out the hum of the fans and the sound of the waves against the breakwater, so she decided to investigate.

Her mom, without fail, used to take a two-to-three-hour nap, with windows closed and the subtle hum of fans. Mavis wasn't there either. She would return in time for tea and serve some to her mother. She liked to watch Mavis prepare the tea. She liked the tray with its delicate lace cloth, very white and starched, the fat teapot warmed first with some boiling water, the cutlery carefully aligned, spoon, curved butter knife, and another for the guava jam, cookies, or perhaps toast with the spongy Limón bread. She liked the smell of freshly toasted bread, but that would come later. Now, she had time to disappear between the nap and tea time. Without much thought, guided by the pull of novelty, Angelina slipped out of the house as quietly as she could, fearing the creak of the waxed wood under the rubber of her bicycle's thin tires. She passed in front of her mother's door, thankfully closed, and continued quietly, avoiding any noise, until she reached the main entrance. Then, the street and a blazing sun saluted her. She filled her lungs with the warm air coming from the sea, got on her bike, and guided more by intuition than knowledge, pedaled nonstop. Almost without realizing it, she arrived at the market with its fake park identity, with its huge abundant mango trees, a green darkened by the years, its living hedges of hibiscus in bloom, red petals and yellow pistils; after the vast corridor of the second floor of the Limón Trading, where her grandfather had worked many years before, she passed by the post office and its somewhat faded beauty, wrought-iron balconies. She passed the tall building of Radio Casino, with its balconies and columns in relief, passed the Arrasty movie

theater, the one screening cowboy matinées and series, with its art deco facade, its colors lost to the tropical mold, left behind the Happy Landing, the ice cream parlor known for its creamy coconut treats and spicy patties, and kept going, going until she got to the baseball stadium.

The ticket booth was still closed at her arrival. First, Angelina examined the place with her eyes, then slowly approached the tent, which seemed enormous to her six-year-old self. Scattered patches on the tent were the tale of years of service. At the back, in a kind of pen, there was an old wrinkled elephant. She had never seen one before. The animal looked at her with lazy eyes, unsettling her more and more with its gaze, its size, its huge ears, and its single tusk. She also found a bald ostrich and a little donkey. A sharp smell of ammonia hit her. She was mesmerized until she heard a noise coming from the front. Her heart was pounding, she crept around the pen, pressed herself against the canvas of the tent, and began to walk in a crouch, silently, so as not to be noticed. Finally, she found a loose edge of the tent. That's where she snuck in. She spotted the bleachers built out of damp planks, silks, paper flags with faded colors crisscrossing the sky, and a ring in the center of the round arena. Children, old folks, young people, and people of all ages were turning up and sitting on the planks. A festive vibe filled the space. As naturally as she could, she found a seat on one of the long benches, already almost full of spectators. She sat at one end next to a beautifully dressed black lady: yellow hat with a white veil, white gloves, a yellow skirt, and a delicately embroidered vanilla yellow blouse. The lady smelled of bay rum and cinnamon. Angelina thought it would be lovely if she were her mother. She felt so good next to her! She felt jealous of the little boy who was with her, most likely her son, happily sucking on a red-and-white candy cane, minty, super sweet. She thought of her mother and her daily nap.

Soon enough, the afternoon was filled with the sound of a trumpet and a drum. Something extraordinary was about to begin. A man with a red ball for a nose appeared, with

some enormous shoes, it was a miracle he could walk, and baggy pants that made him trip and fall constantly. He said things she didn't quite understand, but that made the others laugh. Angelina looked around and laughed along with the crowd. Then a man and a woman appeared hanging from a very high hammock, with a net below them, in sparkly swimsuits with patched stockings. She liked the shoes; they looked soft, and the feet stuck to the hammock bar easily. Someday, she would have shoes like those. Up in the air, they did their stunts, letting go of the bar and flipping, floating for a moment before grabbing each other's hands again, stunts that elicited shouts and applause from below. She watched, then covered her eyes with her small hands, scared of what might happen.

The elephant had transformed. The spotlight bathed him in a magnificence far removed from the sad figure in the pen. Now, his head was adorned with a sparkling tiara, and he swung his trunk from side to side, trying to greet the audience. Angelina didn't miss a single movement of the enormous animal. He was led by a young man in a golden turban, shirtless, wearing baggy bright blue trousers. He gave the elephant instructions using a stick. Turn to the right, then to the left, kneel, lower the head, raise it. The beast clumsily obeyed the commands with eyes full of ancient sadness. The audience gave scant applause, but the girl tried to make up for the crowd's indifference by clapping as loudly as she could.

Next, the little donkey with a girl about two years older than Angelina made their appearance. Maybe it was malnutrition that made her look so tiny. She rode on the donkey's back, standing, clinging to the saddle, one arm raised, holding the reins with the other. She was tiny but cheerful. The donkey was very elegant, with a plume of colorful feathers and a maroon blanket with silver trim on its back. The girl smiled happily as she waved to the audience with her raised hand. She made a lap around the ring in a whirl of ruffles trimmed with red, yellow, and blue. It was as if a rainbow had spilled onto the tail of her skirt, which twirled around her

and opened in front, revealing her twiggy legs. Her sheer blouse was tied beneath her small breasts, and the sleeves echoed the spectacle of the skirt's ruffles. A showgirl, Angelina heard someone say. The girl's little mouth was painted, eyeshadow on her eyes, and an orange scarf with silver sparkles was tied around her head. Angelina didn't miss a single movement, her eyes wide with wonder. With an energetic leap, the girl jumped off the donkey. She reached the center of the ring, where a late spotlight caught her. Music began to play through the speakers. The man with the red nose handed her a microphone. And the little girl began to sing, dancing frantically, carried away by the catchy rhythm of her song: "The elections are coming/and everyone's coming to vote/I vote for the party/for the party of the people/Oh, long live, long live/the party of the people!" Her frantic colors and swirling hips complement the music, a mix of mambo and guaracha. The audience clapped along to the rhythm, cheering, with several spectators rising and swaying. Suddenly, the previously peaceful place transformed into a powerhouse of limitless energy, and Angelina caught the excitement. She began to jump on the shaky bleachers, moving her little body in an attempt to imitate the star.

It was getting late, and Angelina thought, "Oh no, they must be looking for me!" It took her a long time to leave the place, caught up in the crowd walking toward the street. She reached the spot where she had left her bike. Her bike. Her green bike. It was gone. But at that moment, nothing else mattered. Not the punishment she would get for sneaking out, not the absence of her green bike, not the night that was beginning to fall. Only one thing mattered: her certainty that one day she too would be a showgirl.

Angélica

(or how an angel loses her wings)

Slowly, yes, slowly, just as they asked, one, two, three, while she breathed as they told her to: deeply, very deeply. The beach, the sun in the distance, glistening. Turn off the lights, the switch is there. The luminous rings grow, shrink, and expand, transcending the circle of the surgical lamp. Blue-green, at times light blue, scatters through the space. The beach seemed endless, a stretch of sand darkening as the distant sun set again. That man is chasing her through days and nights, stalking her. Innocent and unaware, Angélica doesn't know him; she's never seen him. The beach was lonely and getting dark, darker every minute. There was that man, two or three more men on the dark beach. No, please! Pleading doesn't help, kicking doesn't help, and insults don't help. They tear off her clothes, and Angélica is looking, feeling, watching, unable to defend herself. His hands... cold. Her whole body was on the operating table, her hands were tied, her feet were tied, and the leather straps immobilized her. Just like that, she was held down on that beach. Two men were holding her, the third one breaking into her body. There were green silhouettes around, in that cold room, or a beach, or a lonely sunset. Instruments for cutting, the noise, that noise, glass shattering, it's always that noise. The instruments were clattering against the glass tray. Her legs were trembling. The nurse lifts and opens her legs. That man forced her legs open more and more. "Hold this bitch down, she'll see, she'll see." Their laughter made her mind go numb. Her vulva was exposed, and the authoritative voice continued: "Breathe more, deeper." The mask was pressing against her nose and her mouth. The needle was in her innocent arm, administering the liquid slowly. Today is neither yesterday nor tomorrow. Tomorrow doesn't exist. That man, full of fury, yanked her down and his penis tore her open. The others laughed. Angélica heard their laughter and felt their hands. Those hands that hold her down, hurting her. Her pain did not stop, and time stretched on.

Angélica, a piece of torn flesh, was sobbing. Her deep loneliness, that beach, two men, and two more men, their obnoxious laughter cutting the air like knives. The beach feels endless, and Angélica feels abandoned. Her body is no longer her body; it will never be her body again. It feels like it's not hers now, unrecognizable. One month, another. Angélica is hiding, something's wrong, she closes her eyes, closes her mind. She doesn't want to listen to what her body is saying. Angélica ignores it. A terrifying desert, not a single different hand, or any help. Angélica, her decision, hers alone, her body, her fear, her decision, her future... It's not like that. She has been forced to hide. She seeks, knocks on unwilling doors, sacrificed, and arrives and flees again and again. No one listens, no one helps. Gross, gross! Angélica, pale, flees once again. Her body feels pain and shame, lacking compassion from anyone while hoping not to be raped again. Close her eyes, look from above, be without being repeatedly. Her exposed body, subjected to ruthless groping, buries her despair, the despair of any woman inhabiting a body, and that body doesn't belong to her. Her destiny... that doctor, finally human, listens. She is trembling. The sea is nearby. This afternoon, the noise and the clatter of the instruments deafen her. The operating room lights tremble. The shimmering colors are like words and voices crying for help. Angélica thinks it's almost obscene, the pain too. What a shame, women don't even own the limited territory that is their body...

Asunción

(beyond modesty)

Asunción, you were fine. Your nails were recently done in the most old-fashioned design: bare. They were neatly filed, sharp, like tiny needles. That afternoon, wrapped in a yellow and unflattering hospital gown, you got out of the hospital bed. Using not a single word, you reminded me, with an attitude, that one should never, under any circumstances, lose one's finesse. That is mandatory: to go through life with your head held high, not figuratively, but physically and precisely, to hold your chin high.

The room had a window up high, stained with some old, rusty bloodstains, and the tropical humidity of that afternoon clouded it up. The place was not exactly clean. In the air, there was some mix of cleaning products and filth, a smell of human waste and alcohol. We couldn't see the ocean, but we could hear it.

You were fine. I told you many times because I could see the skin on your cheeks, a sparkle in your eyes, blood flowing under your nails, and that rosy contour of your ears. A simple procedure would follow, perhaps a bit risky due to your age, but you were fine. Then fear stepped aside, and the only thing left to do was to patiently wait for the next step.

I walked by your side down the hospital hallway. It was hot, the heat after an afternoon rainstorm. Tiny droplets of sweat sparkled like diamonds on your upper lip. You had asked for your lipstick, and your lips barged into the gentle outline of your face. We walked slowly. You hadn't eaten in three days. You were sad and frightened. Sad because that ruthless ritual of exams, tubes, blood samples, and needles had begun, exposing your body, relinquishing it to the mercy of others. Your small body was taken by assault, rendered powerless; you felt like a child, with the innocence and the fear of how children face the unknown.

You had to walk. The hospital was insufferable. Its dirty walls contrasted with the other hospital from the 1950s, where people died the same, but at least they did it without the aggression, peacefully. That one had towering ceilings, huge metal stretchers, white sheets and blankets, sparkling hallways, and uptight nurses walking silently with cautious smiles. The past lingered in your memories, bringing back what once was and is no longer. It was the spotless stretch of the main street by the port, the glory of the royal palm trees by the sea, the hibiscus flowers swaying like tiny firebirds, the harmony of that past that you tried to bring back to life, time and time again.

That afternoon, I walked with you. The hospital had a pungent smell. You got out of bed. You were still in your hospital gown. You wrapped it like a kimono. You took my arm. You were feeling weak. You had been fasting for almost four days. We made our way down the long corridor, taking small steps toward the men's ward. When we were about to reach the floor-to-ceiling windows that revealed the patients as if they were in a showcase, you refined your posture and fixed your hair. That brief movement captured you entirely. I noticed the gesture, but it wasn't until many days later that I understood what it truly meant. It was your passion for beauty, which had to do with your surroundings, but also with you staying in the world. We went back, once again, to that sad, dirty hospital room, lost in the mist of a rainy afternoon in the Caribbean. You had the surgery the next day.

Stretchers, injections, green uniforms, and clinical hallways leading to the operating room. Four hours later, they brought you back, but with sadness in your eyes and beyond. You wrapped yourself in a nod to the holy mother of Jesus. The doctors were concerned. They waited a day, and you didn't respond, and another day. Then they decided what they shouldn't have. They would examine you again. Once more, your body was exposed to instruments of torture, lights, and unfamiliar touch that little by little filled you with pain, but pain beyond any physical

pain. You felt the pain of feeling breached by impersonal contact, by unfamiliar hands, and that modesty that had marked your entire life. The modesty of those nuns who made you bathe while still wearing your nightgown on those cold early mornings of the early 1900s in the strictness of a boarding school. The modesty in the absence of necklines, the same modesty that kept your legs covered, now made you suffer a thousand times over as your body was breached.

On the third day, in the early morning, your heart leaped. Asunción, you didn't want to live anymore. Yes. I don't know if another case has been recorded like it. They called me, but I didn't get there in time. I didn't think it would be like this. As the sky started to turn purple as it does in the tropical sunrises, you decided to leave; you died of modesty. And perhaps of loneliness. Desolation remained beside us.

Adela

(or how a title slips away)

Her first image of old age in her childhood was her aunt Adela. The aunt was in an endlessly mournful state, petite and nervous. She didn't seem to be made of flesh and bone but rather of braided palm tree leaves.

To the little girl, Aunt Adela embodied the old and the ancient in this world: firmness and correctness. One day, she appeared in the house, overflowing with relatives, the sprawling house with its thousand hiding places and thousand rooms, where the family escaped chaos thanks to Aunt Adela's discipline. The house was also haunted by some ghosts, rather outdated from how ancient they were. Aunt Adela was the grandfather's aunt, or maybe the grandfather's grandfather's aunt. She burst into their lives to bring order. She came from Colombia, carrying with her mothball-smelling trunks, her hands full of prayer cards with saints on them, and a rosary to engage during her few moments of leisure. She was also filled with an unfathomable energy in that tiny, shriveled body. She had arrived at the port on a ship, but they had no idea how she ended up in San José, the emerging city stuck between mountains. They imagined her on a sailing ship, leading an old pirate in a rolled-up skirt, scrubbing unending decks and bridges. They envisioned her with a patch over one eye and a whip, punishing the crew to keep up with the evening prayers or so that the raised sails would achieve the whiteness she demanded, like a distracted bride's bridal trousseau set out in the sun.

The youngest were in awe at the tightness of her bun that gave no rest to any strand of hair. Her dress was always black, the hem of her white skirt peeking out modestly! In moments of crisis, her tiny feet would walk impatiently, always in a terrible pair of black boots that she wore regardless of the season or temperature, fastened by buttons that resembled the eyes of who-knows-what vicious insect. Her hands were always moving, back and forth, working,

always working. At times, they blended in with the plants in the courtyard due to the almost plant-like vein pattern that crisscrossed them.

Aunt Adela cleaned. She always cleaned. “Where there’s order, there’s God!” She paid passionate tribute to cleanliness. Her mission was to evict dust particles, erase stains, and make smudges disappear. You could see her everywhere, in the most unusual corners: in the kitchen, the bathrooms, the attic, the bedrooms; with a broom, brush, cloth, or whatever she had on hand, aggressively scrubbing a pot, a nose, or some dirty knee. When she made lunch, she would soak the potatoes in soapy water and then scrub them enthusiastically. She would put the rice in a bowl with a bleach solution to purify it from who-knows-what impure hands. That was her endless battle. Everything yielded to her and emerged immaculate; she would clear out the rust and remove the traces of time from any object. That was her life’s purpose and her longing.

Her arrival at the house completely disrupted the gentle rhythm of the little girl’s life. The girl was three years old and had the ability to hide in the cracks left by the adults’ many occupations. She lived without bothering or being bothered. She lived in a world of aunts and cousins, where anonymity was crucial for survival. In that life, free from distress, Aunt Adela appeared.

Early in the morning, she would strip the bed of its sheets still full of night. “Up, up, kid, the early bird catches the worm!” Aunt Adela appeared with her long hair down, waiting for the first ray of sunlight to dry it before confining it in a bun, keeping it hostage. She imposed, not suggested, the healthy trend of cold-water showers for children. She would take the girl and lead her to the massive bathroom, its walls covered in green tiles, the toilet looking like a medieval throne, and the chain to flush the water hanging from the very ceiling. First, she would sit her on that cursed throne. “Hurry, cleanse yourself!” And the poor girl would try, but no matter how hard she pushed, she couldn’t succeed. Aunt Adela would grow angrier and angrier, staring at

her, until the girl gave up on trying to poop and chose to hide behind doors, legs crossed, terrified of her fate by Aunt Adela if she were to get dirty, and slowly, she forgot wanting to go altogether.

“Stop whining, girl!” She would set a wooden stool under the shower. “Whoever loves you well will make you cry!” She would lift the girl from the throne. “Dirty girl, full of germs inside.” The girl would try to peek at her germs but could never find them. Then, Aunt Adela would lift and toss aside the girl’s nightgown to place her, in one swift motion, onto the stool, voiding any attempt at escape. On that high place, the girl awaited, quivering. Aunt Adela would turn the white porcelain handle, the prelude to the freezing torture that would fall upon her, an astronomical downpour every morning. The girl hugged herself, trying to get warm. Immediately after, the scrubbing with a soapy cloth came along until she was left clean and pristine. To finish, a relentless stream of water poured from the top of the shower. Then, Aunt Adela would use a rough towel to banish any trace of moisture, followed by the organdy-stiffened dress that would stab her. “You can’t make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear!” It was the same way every morning, and only increased the girl’s hatred for cleanliness and for the intruder.

But something went beyond Aunt Adela’s control. “Familiarity breeds contempt!” That morning, when the sun was beating down strongly, Augusta, another aunt, showed up, golden from the tropical wind. Aunt Augusta was accompanied by two maids and a crowd of cousins. She came from Bocas del Toro or Almirante. She had a wide smile overflowing to her eyes and a carefree nature distinctive of people from the Caribbean. Her servants flooded the corridors with chests and suitcases made of leather that could have been alligator or snake. Augusta gave orders: “Open the bitter cedar one,” and the servant, “Yes, ma’am, my pleasure,” opened the trunk, from whose depths scarves and hats popped out, mismatched shoes, dresses still carrying

the scent of some wildly tropical party, small glossy boxes with powders, pearl necklaces, filigree earrings, and a ton of other objects filled with tulles and sequins, some frankly unrecognizable to the girl's eyes. Aunt Adela welcomed her coldly and with old resentment. "Like mother, like daughter!" she said, stirring up distant family conflicts. Aunt Augusta gave orders: "Place the hats on that shelf, the boots can go next to the armchair." "Yes, there, in that corner, hang the shawls next to the saint, but the cedar trunk stays in the dining room, where the mountain breeze won't hit it; the wood will crack if it cools down." "The Manila shawl, the green one, yes, that one." Without any prior consultation, she enthroned every object, "Lay it out, so it doesn't get ruined," in some spot in that perfect house. The cousins surrounded the box of surprises that was the new aunt, not missing a single detail of her movements, not a single word. The younger ones tried on the world that surfaced from the suitcases: shoes, silky shawls, hats, satin dresses embroidered with beads; we dressed ourselves in wonderful outfits. Augusta clapped, laughing, helping us access the magic of her ideas. "Now you're a fairy from the Orient." Her blouses were embroidered in the finest Chinese silks. "You're a pirate rescuing the princess." Her ribbons, her gloves. Happiness! Happiness for the cousins, eager to break the military routine established in the old family home. Happiness for the other aunts, who applauded the unshakeable presence of the Caribbean Augusta. Overwhelmed by Augusta's shameless liberties, addressing the kids, Aunt Adela, almost in a whisper, muttered, "You lie down with dogs, you get up with fleas!"

Facing the commotion, Aunt Adela's face went pale. "This is not the time for frills!" she swore. She glanced at the silver watch she kept on her chest, wrapped in a white handkerchief with lace edging. It was almost sacred lunchtime. With an unsteady step, Aunt Adela headed to the kitchen. "Eustaquia!" The maid ran diligently. "Yes, ma'am," and Adela, in a voice reminiscent of a lament, said, "Make some more rice. We've got to feed the masses!" She could

tell that everyone in the household was keenly focused on her decision. And she broke one of the rules of her existence: making rice, or any food, without first subjecting it to at least an hour and a half of purification in a bath of soaps or bleaches. Impossible, but she had no choice.

Augusta, with her sudden invasion, her untimely presence, and her life without protocol, without rules, had shattered the order. The older cousins were looking at each other, holding back their laughter, but couldn't. The younger ones, not fully understanding the reason behind it, began to catch on. At first, they used their tiny fingers to hide the giggles, but soon the laughter grew, a whirlwind that gained strength as others joined in, rising louder and louder, until the entire house became a roar of laughter. It was precisely from the innocence of childhood that the girl understood she had been freed. The fortress of Aunt Adela's kingdom had fallen: the rules! Even the food had succumbed!

From then on and forever, Aunt Adela was simply Adela.

Ainara

(or about a scheduled flight)

She had always wanted to fly since she was a little girl. Yes. Her first attempts were at the age of four. She could vaguely recall. Perhaps more like three... She also always wanted to be naked, according to her, so that nothing would hinder her flight. That freedom of going through life in just her skin gave her undeniable pleasure, and she wished she could climb high, beyond roofs and the trees, maybe over the sea. It might have been the hot and sticky weather, the lack of breeze in the scorching months of May, or perhaps the calm of the ocean during the season.

She couldn't remember why she was almost always alone. The enormous wooden house that was her home, or something resembling a home, belonged to her alone; her relatives were never there. Fortunately, there was Miss Perla, attentive, looking after details: she would bathe her early, dress her in a fine lawn dress with tiny flowers to ease the heat, first putting on a raw silk undershirt to protect her from asthma, lace underwear with elastic to keep them in place, white socks, white booties, and she would say: "You stay put, I'll be right back so we can go to the park. I'm going to the market, and I'll be back in a bit. *Ya vengo.*"

Ainara, meticulous, as soon as she was alone, would begin the ritual in reverse: she took off the dress, the booties, the socks, the underwear, the undershirt, and now naked, she would look for the largest bed sheet on a shelf in the bathroom, that room which resembled torture chamber more than a bathroom with its distant atmosphere of green tiles, the massive height of the toilet, the dimensions of the porcelain vanity. She would also rummage in her mother's three-door wardrobe, a vertical vault that hid among mothballs and camphor ointments mysterious treasures: tiny hand-embroidered lace handkerchiefs, old photographs of unknown dead people, belts made of crocodile skin, fine-brimmed hats with tulle in front, gloves of every

color, prayer books, and cards. There she would also find large sheets, the ones her great-grandmother had marked with her initials, which, according to her, would have a greater capacity to promote flight.

Now with the sheet, naked, she would tie it around her neck like a mystic cape, running through the rooms, first the bedrooms with their towering dark wooden beds, then the dining room, circling the massive and dark table. She would climb onto a chair whose seat wobbled a bit under her weight, then she would climb onto the table. She used all of it to gain momentum, but upon reaching the edge, the height was too much, or the push too lousy to lift off. She would clumsily use the opposite chair to descend and continue her race through the living room, her cape billowing in the wind, until she reached the huge corridor that led to the street. There, naked, wrapped in only her cape, she would run from one side to the other, trying to fly; she would race down the hallway, letting the sheet grow like a huge tent, like a massive wing, and hopefully, hopefully, she would rise above the trees, over the palm trees, and reach the sea.

Since she was little, she had felt a unique pleasure in exposing herself to the gazes of others, as if it were a strange movie that others would watch and in which she was the protagonist. That and her longing for flight made for a complicated cocktail. But her efforts were in vain. Halfway through her run, Miss Perla would appear, ending her flight, wrapping her in the sheet to cover her audacity, getting her inside the darkness and silence of the house. “Malcriada, when your mom arrives, I’m telling her.” “That’s not what girls do, you don’t show your parts, how ugly!” Not naked, have some modesty, because God doesn’t like dirty girls.” She was punished in her room, forced to put on the clothes she had left scattered across the corridor. If Miss Perla told her mom, she already knew what the punishment was: three days without sunlight, with the windows closed, humidity, and more silence. “No, Miss Perla, don’t tell Mommy, please, please!” Some other times, due to the speed with which she tried to take

off, she would end up crashing noisily against the railing. When that happened, upon her return, Miss Perla would find her in a corner of the hallway, curled up on the floor, crying over the bump on her forehead.

But after the punishment, her freedom returned, and she would attempt to fly again because she was sure that one day, no matter when, she would succeed. She would get rid of her clothes that kept her hostage; she would fly away, joining the birds in formation that crossed the afternoons and the patch of sky that the palm trees allowed her to see. She would reach the sea, like a huge and strange white bird, led by the air that billowed her sheet. After the sea, perhaps she could reach cities of stone and water.

But Ainara's obsession didn't end there. It was no longer just a childhood desire. As she grew, increasingly violent blasts of a desire for freedom arose. The nuns hadn't been able to do much. Her mother had confined her to the Catholic boarding school after several pointless years of trying to make her come to her senses. "This girl is somewhat possessed... maybe the nuns... yes, maybe the nuns." And so, Ainara went to boarding school. But despite the rosaries, the Hail Marys, and prayers, the eleven-year-old girl with her little tits pointing like tiny buttons, insisted, and in the least appropriate place, at the most inconvenient time, not sparing the Blessed Sacrament displayed in the chapel, or the month of the Holy Virgin, she restarted her ritual: She stripped off her discreet uniform. She had black stockings, a modest blouse down to the wrists and neck, a blue headband, and a large chest piece to hide any bump that nature might show. Despite all that fabric, she instantly undressed and began to run through the endless hallways of the school, which rather resembled a convent, according to her, to gain speed, to take flight. Mother Fátima, her tutor, distressed and worried about the punishment the girl, almost a young lady, would receive, ran after her with the apron of her Franciscan habit spread out, trying to cover her in vain. The girl ran, agile and young, her long legs striding gracefully, her slender

torso and newly formed breasts exposed to the gazes, her pubic area barely covered by a delicate, growing fuzz; the girl ran, indifferent to the terrified stares of her boarding school classmates, the other nuns, the cleaning ladies, and the gardener. She was uncontrollable. The nuns found themselves defeated. “Her mother has to come. We can’t handle her. It’s better if they take her, and the sooner the better!” “Ma’am, Ainara is honestly a peculiar case. We are not in a position to deal with it.” “Perhaps, perhaps some doctor, or some priest specializing in exorcisms...”

So, the young girl returned home. Miss Perla, always attentive, always in charge, begged the mother not to... “Please, ma’am, don’t tie her up, I’ll take care of her...” The mother, already becoming desperate, agreed. Miss Perla, a stranger to prayers, though maybe... So, every afternoon, she prayed with the girl, reciting endless rosaries to at least keep her entertained for a bit. Miss Perla thinks that perhaps some hymns and some psalms would help, but she remembers that the mother is devoutly Catholic. Never, how could she? Miss Perla would let her go to one of those churches—it’s not even very clear if it’s a church, because of the scandal they cause—over her dead body.

In order not to leave her a complete recluse, Miss Perla has struck a deal with her mother, allowing them to visit the church. Yes, that’s something. Poor girl! So they go to the big Church, to the cathedral. They do this every afternoon. After endless rosaries, prayers, and visits to the church, her only outing, Ainara, now a young girl, manages one afternoon to escape from Miss Perla’s watchful eye, from the closed door, and from her brothers’ vigilance. She tries to go to the city, but it is not a good idea. She has only gone to the damn church every single day. She decides on that place. There it is. White, with its imposing bell tower, overlooking the sea. It is the first time she has visited it alone. She goes in. She likes the silence and the coolness of its interior. The fact of being alone gives the place a particular charm, as if she were the owner of her life, as if she were finally free. She approaches the baptismal font, and already familiar with

the ritual after repeating it so many times, she takes a bit of water in her fingertips and makes the sign of the cross. She looks around. No one.

She sits on a bench. The bench creaks. She no longer knows of prayers or confessions. She is not interested in the saints who look at her from their niches, nor in the massive Christ on the apse. She confirms it, yes, she is alone. Tired of the cloister and the solitude. Around her is the immensity of the church. First, she removes a sandal, touches the cold tiles of the floor with her bare foot, and then she gets rid of the other one. Barefoot, she walks across the length of the center aisle, passes by the pulpit, and looks for the stairway to the bell tower. She undoes a button, then another, and already anxious, pulls another; she removes her blouse while going up a step, another, Mater amantísima, ora pro nobis, then the skirt, the underskirt, the panties, until complete nakedness on the last step. What a pleasure to be naked! How good it is to feel her body light and free! With the giant bell facing her, she peeks through the arches that make up the bell tower. Virgo veneranda, ora pro nobis. She looks at the old zinc roofs, and much further out to sea, an immensity of ocean from the height of the tower. Stella matutina, ora pro nobis. She who always dreamed of flying, “so much space and so much sky!” Five precise pieces support the balustrade, one next to the other, consolátrix afflictórum, ora pro nobis. Her foot gets stuck between two of them; she tries intently to free it. She cannot, it is trapped, her ankle hurts due to her effort; she takes it with both hands, pulls on it, until finally, refugium peccatorum, ora pro nobis, although perhaps, yes, now she longs to fly, as she dreamed of since childhood, to fly like a large bird, to glide over an endless sea. She approaches the edge of the balcony, climbs up, turris davídica, ora pro nobis, takes a leap, not much as the space is confined, it doesn't work for her at all. So she extends her arms, squats down, springs up, and leaps from the top of the bell tower, and after all, it was not so difficult to fly. Ora pro nobis...

Aura

(or about family stories)

It smelled like damp ferns, guarias rooted in soil, rotting wood, ancient moss, still air, and an apparent absence of sunlight. It had that smell of dark hallways or an old house. The time long gone, when the dance steps were written in stardust, keeps haunting us, always around us.

Time, ah, time! A steady presence in our lives and a restless menace that pursued us. Sometimes it would doze off gently and become harmless, but at other times, it would stretch out endlessly, becoming a threat to our fragile balance. It played tricks on us, never allowing us to linger in a single moment. So, as an attempt to distract it, Roberto and I would devise new steps for ancient minuets, peeking and glancing from the corners at the eyes of the dead who lived in us and in the house. In those moments, I felt completely happy.

Of all those ghosts, I especially loved my grandmother's. She had slowly taken shape in the shadow-play of conversations that drifted in through the windows and reached me from the depths of the rocking chairs, screened through the hum of the fan. I loved her childlike urge, despite her twelve children, to keep up with the latest fashion. I loved her white, buttery-soft flesh, her round arms, and that silver snake of hers coiled around one of them. I loved her red hair, tied back with a hairband, her sparkly beaded dresses, her eyes heavily lined in black, Mata Hari bound in the tropical heat. But above all, I loved her boldness: leaving home with the few things she owned tucked in a cedar chest to flee with Raúl, whose children were almost her age; and her daring to settle first in Bocas del Toro, the edge of the world and then some, and then in Puerto Limón.

I watched her driving through the sun-scorching streets of that strange port that is more an island barely conquered in the thick of the tropics, followed by the gazes of gentlemen in

flawless white linen suits, vests, and pita hats. These men wouldn't take their eyes off her, fanning themselves and gazing as if at something out of their reach.

They stared at her, convinced they wouldn't take her to bed because they didn't want to, because their loyalty to their now-old business partner held them back. Aura cruised in her car, never honking at animals, never exceeding fifteen kilometers per hour on the road, or so her license claimed, (going as far as Portete and then going back) and ten in neighborhoods (eight paved blocks), lifting her breasts as a trickle of sweat ran down her back, from her groin to her ankle, her mind cursing for a moment the ninth child rounding her belly.

How couldn't you love her? How could I not give her my time so she could try to make up for what she missed? But Roberto didn't understand. He couldn't know that it wasn't me, the slim figure, sun-kissed skin, who needed to make up for lost time, to linger longer before the mirror, gazing at her big, wide eyes while crafting odd shadows and hues with charcoal to play at being whoever she wished; it wasn't me, but her, Aura, Grandma, who had always been forced to stop drawing the line at the sound of a child's cry.

Exhausted by the heat, drained by her last pregnancy, she decided—forgetting the children, school, catechism, and friends—to retreat to her estate in San Carlos. She arrived there after four or five days on horseback, splashing through mud. Her eyes were swollen, and her pale skin turned red and raw. A load of flowers, children, and ferns now flooded the courtyards of the house. Wrapped in green, as if the tiny portion of tropics she could command served as her protection.

He didn't want to understand. At first, he stared at me, looking all puzzled. I tried my best to explain. It wasn't me who was escaping. No. In the end, it was as simple as a loan agreement. My grandmother and I were one, without time or space. He became desperate. He

tried to summon my grandmother. Begged her—or me—to always stay by his side. But for Aura, the time she'd lost was too great, and she was determined to make up for it.

Aura—Grandma—and I had something like a treaty, and that treaty allowed us to keep the balance. Until that day, she started to ignore me. She dragged me to unspeakable places I'd best not keep any memory of. Dark watering holes, hollow-eyed drunks, unemployed prostitutes who shot a look at her, annoyed by the unexpected competition. On the way home, when she had to explain, she would abandon me. I wept, cleansing myself, and Roberto watched, his face covered in my absence, while my grandmother, with a delicious and slightly wicked smile, watched too.

Every attempt to reason with her was in vain. She adored dancing from languid tangos to fiery charlestons. She would spend hours dancing until I was exhausted. At first, she was content moving by herself, but soon she craved male company, and that house with its smell of time that had vanished was invaded by boys, by gentlemen, by men of all sorts and kinds.

Little by little, almost without noticing, I was fading away. I had forgotten my tastes and preferences. My love for Roberto felt distant. I no longer craved his hands or his presence near mine. I would look in the mirror and find a stranger's smile. Neither my appearance nor my desires were mine. I wore her bracelet, the silver snake that never quite felt comfortable on my arm, perhaps longing for the firm flesh of Aura's arm. I pulled my hair up and tied it with a silk band that nearly touched my forehead. I opened the old trunks to find trinkets, satins, and chiffons that had faded with time. But nothing could put me at ease. My heart was in constant distress, searching for open doors and windows to look out to corners where there were no walls or borders. I did it because Aura yearned for endless relocations. That was her way of numbing the longing for the neighborhood of her childhood, Barrio Amón, at the turn of the century; she was denied the neighborhood of decent folks due to her lack of shame.

At the slightest hint of boredom, the plants were loaded onto the train, along with cages where colors gathered in pairs of wings, the servants tending to everything and everyone, the trunks, the baskets full of vegetables, and finally, the children. The eldest, the most beloved, with their desire to make music, changing instruments every fortnight—and perhaps this time, it's a piano. The heat of the port forgotten in the highlands, her heart goes quiet for a while in a big house without tropical light, sitting quietly and lace curtains drawn—until it becomes unbearable, and she decides to go elsewhere.

Driven by Aura's impulse, I traveled the length of the small country, from end to end, alone, with my heart in my throat and a rush for new air. My silk dresses were left behind in threadbare pensions, in shabby hotels, my leather shoes sinking into dust, stepping into watering holes, looking for the most handsome man, and inviting him to dance. People's strange gazes fixed on me, until the town's priest would cry in outrage from the pulpit, and the stares would begin to scratch me. That's when I would leave.

After a month or two, I would return to the old scent of the house, with hollow eyes and thinner than before. Roberto held his tongue, in a silence that felt like daggers. I'd find him just as exhausted, worn by sleepless nights in which the creaking beams blurred with the soft sound of my return. Then, my breasts, cradled in his touch, would find peace for a while. I would no longer hear the unspoken reprimands, and in his long embrace, I would find my warmth again. His legs were tangled in mine, the gentle heat of his body enveloping me.

I lost my identity. Faded into the memory of a shadow. I was afraid. I tried to talk to Aura. To come to a final agreement. It had been thirty-six years of living at her whim. I was tired of foreign smells, tired of him no longer knowing who I was, tired of watching him recreate me to try to win me back.

So many battles and not a single victory! My grandmother, my dearest ghost, had to consent to her end. Her life was so short, cut off so soon, so young, almost still a girl!

A party. That was the best of the port along the riverside. The royal palms shot into the sky, their trunks encircled by ginger bushes with unmatched enormous green leaves, their furious flowers splashing red onto the wild green of the vegetation that overflowed at the faintest lapse in care. The tables were covered in linen cloths, and the warm breeze from the sea stirred the air. A long row of well-groomed Black men in their white suits were serving fish, truly in a thousand ways. While the musicians onstage were giving their all, the Dutch captain of the ship that had docked the day before allowed his sight to be fixed on Aura's legs, on her red hair, drawn in by the bittersweet scent she gave off. She wasn't feeling all too well. A vague pain flooded her, but it couldn't defeat her. That day, the most important things were the party, the sunset over the river, and the moon, ready to shine at any moment. She stayed. Concealing her pain, she innocently flirted with the captain, who, as he walked past her, gently touched the back of her neck. The curry-scented fish filled the spaces where the jungle's scent had faded. Raúl fanned himself slowly from his rocking chair, silent, staring at her, not looking away for a second, aware of her pain, following her process, always on alert. He saw her coiling, growing pale, convulsing, and he didn't move a muscle, feeling her pain as if it were his own—terrible, foreign, and yet more present than ever—ready to let death claim her. Then, coming out of the trance, he calmly ordered the car to be prepared. Slowly, he drove her to the hospital, as if salvation lay in the calm, while the party reached its climax in a dazzling display of fireworks that lit the sky in surreal colors, mirrored by the river below. The fire in her body halted. Halfway there, he stopped the car, undressed her slowly, caressed her, took her one last time, spreading her legs, feeling her flesh under his hands ripe as a summer peach, her taste, the blood bursting

out of her mouth, and the milk from her breasts. Then he continued to the hospital, left her in the doctors' hands, and sat still, waiting for them to announce her death...

And I, worn down by the memories, by the distance of his love, wholly given over to her, unable to detach myself from her need to live, while the days went by, I remained motionless wishing for Roberto not to vanish, for his hands not to vanish—the only ones capable of rescuing me from my other identity, the dark identity of my grandmother.

That day, the last of the year, we went to the coast. It had been a long time since we'd had that much time for ourselves. Time to play make-believe or hide and seek. Time—ah, time! We decided to go down by the river, where, year after year, for who knows how long, this small port held the most beautiful parties it could offer. It had poured down all day, and the wind that comes with storms filled the air with scents carried from the farthest corners of the jungle. But now the night was clear and radiant, music filled the air, and people danced at the crest of the wave. We strolled, hand in hand, learning each other through our touch. I clung to him so as not to flee. So it wasn't me. It was my grandmother who chose to slowly strip off her clothes, letting the stares help awaken the body that had slept for so long. Suddenly, I felt naked, almost oddly, beautifully naked under the eyes of other women, of other men, and they were all watching my thin body, so far from my grandmother's beautiful and full figure. The night froze for an instant. I wanted to hide beneath the river; my movements also froze, and I could no longer hear the music. The silence was shattered by the sound of my body hitting the water. For a moment, just for a moment, the guests paid attention. Then they returned to their glasses, to their suspended conversations, to their company. Then I felt his hand, like a claw, dragging me down, sinking me into the depths, into the mud. I wanted to explain, to tell him it wasn't me, that it was my grandmother, to gently tell him about my love, about him being my necessity, but the only response was his hand, this claw now killing the air, denying me the acceptance that had helped

me survive those months. The last few water bubbles rose, lingered a moment before vanishing into the gentle ripples, as my lungs burst. In the mud, I smelled the scent of orchids, rotting wood, and dark corridors, while my body went limp, resting in the current. It reached me, after passing through endless walls, through shadowy labyrinths, his voice, Roberto's voice:

“Grandmother is dead.”

Amanda

(or about an abrupt ending)

Deep in her sleep — or was she dozing? — Amanda wanted to tell him the house was exactly like the other one, the one in Limón, although she couldn't swear to it, but the living room was the same, with the windows checkered by sunlight, and he was there, the green, yellow, and blue walls, he was there and the dog was there, the same stairs, and she wanted to tell him to pay attention to her, one staircase to go up and another to go down, to go down into infinity, nothing but a dash of attention under those zinc roofs echoing with downpours, but everything slipped away through one patio after another, while her hand, felt his skin on her skin, the window to the blues, yes, exactly, the same Victoria room where he and the scents of the tropics roamed like at home, and she then and now wanted to tell him that, but he was closing the windows, and it was the room but it wasn't really there, she floated on the pillow, he was holding her, carrying her along the walls, Amanda was floating, her cold body rubbing against her cold fright, while the street breathed under the sun's touch, yes, she wanted to tell him, as the sun was stumbling its way into her skin, he too was pressing forward, trying to bury himself deep inside her, to tell him that the cold or the heat was hurting her back, and he was there, touch seeking out gaps, cracks, but the doors and windows were sealed, and his tongue was tracing Amanda's skin while bicycles strolled cheerfully through the streets, and he was absorbed in the cold craft of touching, keeping her out of it, his tongue tracing her, tracing all of her, his hands wandering the folds of her, edges, hands feeling, hands absorb on the cold craft of feeling, and Amanda in her motionless fright, and the were streets there, eternally biked, the heat was pushing in, and he carried on with his game of fright, and his mouth, yes, tearing her apart, while the dark hallway faded, and she was forbidden she was between the house and the mouth that shattered her, and suddenly the dog was looking at her, only the dog and his hand that was no

longer there, and he was fading away, sinking, she tried to wake up, get back and tell him that the house was forbidden and she that she was forbidden, but no, he was no longer there, cornices, ceilings vaulting into merciless heights; it could be seen, yeah, the dog dragging that shackling chain and he, one and none of them, while she searched, conjuring to keep herself from vanishing, while the dog, but he was already gone, and the dog was looking at her as she was trying to wake up, just the dog; then Amanda tries to grasp the chain, and he is not there, Amanda turning, one last attempt to reach the one who's missing, she is forbidden and the house is forbidden, and the heat, or the cold, and this vast loneliness; Amanda holds the chain, better to forget or stay in that house, going up and down forever, the same staircase on other stairs...

The next morning, the wooden windows are open. They bang, constantly, lashed by the wind. There, at the heart of the room, Amanda, with the dog's chain around her neck, hangs from a beam.

Translator's note: Artificial Intelligence (AI), specifically OpenAI's ChatGPT, was employed to generate preliminary drafts of the translation of *Impúdicas*. These drafts were subsequently revised through a human-led process of editing and adaptation, ensuring accuracy, cultural relevance, and consistency with the theoretical framework adopted.

Memoria

Capítulo I. Introducción

El presente proyecto de investigación corresponde a la modalidad de traducción y memoria y se ha realizado para optar por el grado de Magíster en Traducción Inglés-Español de la Universidad Nacional (UNA), Heredia, Costa Rica, ofrecido por la Escuela de Literatura y Ciencias del Lenguaje. El trabajo consiste en la traducción de una selección de historias cortas del libro *Impúdicas*, publicado en 2016 y escrito por la autora costarricense Arabella Salaverry⁷; y en la elaboración de una investigación traductológica que analiza los recursos de la teoría de género empleados para visibilizar a escritoras, textos y temáticas enmarcadas en contextos feministas, los cuales aportan valor no solo al canon literario latinoamericano y costarricense, sino que también asumen un rol de visibilización en aspectos políticos y culturales, tanto desde la perspectiva de la cultura de origen como de la cultura meta.

Impúdicas es una muestra de literatura costarricense con una fuerte carga feminista. En este escenario, no basta con tener un par de personajes principales: 23 es el número de protagonistas; 24 si destacamos a quien le da vida a cada una de ellas, Arabella Salaverry. *Impúdicas* es un espejo de las vivencias que las mujeres en Costa Rica, tanto en el pasado como en el presente, han tenido que afrontar una o múltiples veces por el simple hecho de ser mujeres.

Impúdicas no es un libro que promueva el odio hacia ningún género. La visibilización de múltiples temáticas de género es la razón por la cual analizar y traducir este texto a la luz de las teorías de género representa tanto una oportunidad como un ejercicio valioso para evaluar dichas teorías.

La selección de *Impúdicas* como texto de estudio responde a su riqueza literaria y a su marcada perspectiva de género, lo que lo convierte en un material valioso para explorar la

⁷ Salaverry, A. (2016). *Impúdicas*. San José, Costa Rica: URUK.

traducción, inversa en este caso, del español al inglés. Esta obra costarricense ofrece una representación diversa de experiencias femeninas que, al ser traducidas a una lengua con tendencia a la neutralidad, como el inglés, que carece de marcas de género en la mayoría de sus sustantivos y adjetivos, plantea el reto de conservar su carga simbólica de género y perspectiva feminista en el texto original. El análisis y traducción del texto desde una perspectiva de género permite no solo preservar la voz de las mujeres retratadas, sino también incursionar en la aplicación de estas teorías a la traducción de literatura costarricense, aportando así al desarrollo del campo de la traducción en América Latina.

De forma más concreta, el proyecto busca analizar de forma comparativa aquellos desafíos específicos (lingüísticos, estilísticos y culturales) que plantea la traducción de literatura escrita por mujeres desde una perspectiva de género al aplicar estrategias de traducción orientadas a su resolución. Asimismo, buscó explorar técnicas de traducción adecuadas para conservar la voz femenina, el carácter femenino y la visibilidad de género en la lengua meta. El presente trabajo se inscribe en el ámbito de la traducción literaria, con un énfasis particular en los estudios de traducción y género.

Tema de estudio y perspectiva a analizar

El caso de estudio es la traducción al inglés de la obra *Impúdicas*, de Arabella Salaverry, una colección de historias sobre mujeres de distintas edades y contextos sociales, y sus experiencias, que abarcan temáticas profundamente relacionadas con la feminidad, la sexualidad y la identidad en contextos costarricenses, latinoamericanos e incluso globales.

En la década de 1990, la literatura femenina tuvo un gran auge (Cima, 2017), y con ello la oportunidad de su traducción a múltiples idiomas. Sin embargo, en la realidad latinoamericana, y sobre todo en la costarricense, esta situación no siempre ha sido así. Von Flotow (1997) indica que, en escenarios en los cuales el patriarcado favorece la traducción de

trabajos de hombres, múltiples textos escritos por mujeres podrían terminar perdidos (p. 30). Con ello en mente, el análisis se enfocará principalmente en la aplicación de la teoría de traducción propuesta por von Flotow al proceso traductológico, aunque también se tomarán en cuenta las perspectivas de Sherry Simon (1996) y Barbara Godard (1989), con el propósito de salvaguardar el valor simbólico y cultural que subyace en estas narraciones. Esto implica no solo trasladar los elementos lingüísticos y pragmáticos, sino también asegurar que las dinámicas de compensación, los matices socioculturales y, ante todo, las construcciones de género enfatizadas en el texto de origen se conserven en la lengua meta mediante la implementación de dichas estrategias.

Desde tales perspectivas, se pretende identificar los desafíos inherentes a la traducción de textos feministas y valorar el aporte que dichas traducciones ejercen en la diversificación del canon literario traducido, así como su pertinencia en los ámbitos social y cultural. Considerando la información antes mencionada, se propusieron los siguientes objetivos para este trabajo:

Objetivo general

Analizar el desarrollo de la traducción de *Impúdicas*, de Arabella Salaverry, desde el punto de vista de las teorías de género, con el fin de visibilizar la literatura femenina costarricense y su importancia en el contexto social y literario.

Objetivos específicos

- Identificar y aplicar enfoques de la teoría de género en la traducción de *Impúdicas* para preservar el valor simbólico y cultural de las historias de mujeres de diferentes edades.
- Definir los desafíos que se presentan en la traducción de *Impúdicas* al poner en práctica las teorías traductológicas de género para la visibilización de los mismos.
- Identificar, a partir de un análisis comparativo entre el texto original y su traducción, las estrategias de traducción con enfoque de género que se aplican en la obra traducida.

Síntesis de los enfoques teórico y metodológico

Para sostener los objetivos antes mencionados, se tomó la decisión de aplicar los principios teóricos propuestos por Luise von Flotow (1991-2022), quien ha sido una de las arquitectas teóricas en el estudio de la traducción feminista. Sus propuestas teóricas han delineado significativamente el campo contemporáneo y, a lo largo de su trayectoria, no solo ha logrado inspirar y contribuir a la traducción dentro del discurso feminista, sino que también ha brindado un apoyo significativo a la comunidad *queer*.

Bajo esta propuesta, a partir la traducción de *Impúdicas* se estudia y aplican conceptos como la traducción feminista, la reescritura consciente y las estrategias que permiten visibilizar voces femeninas y *queer* en las traducciones. El capítulo de fundamentación teórica destaca la importancia de contextualizar culturalmente las traducciones y problematiza la idea de neutralidad en el acto traductivo. Estas bases teóricas sustentan la traducción de *Impúdicas* como una intervención crítica que desafía discursos patriarcales y aporta a la representación de la diversidad femenina en el canon literario costarricense y latinoamericano.

Con respecto al marco metodológico, se adopta un enfoque cualitativo y descriptivista, ya que en la traducción de *Impúdicas* se busca contribuir al campo de la traducción mediante la aplicación de estrategias previamente planteadas y el análisis comparativo de su aplicación en la traducción al inglés, procurando mantener la carga de género del texto original. El proceso traductivo incluyó una lectura previa, el uso asistido de inteligencia artificial⁸, la posesición manual con aplicación de estrategias feministas y la revisión por parte de una persona anglohablante. La investigación se llevó a cabo, empleando un análisis textual y comparativo.

⁸ En el desarrollo de la traducción se utilizó inteligencia artificial como herramienta de traducción automática asistida. Los detalles específicos de su aplicación se desarrollan en el capítulo correspondiente al marco metodológico.

Este diseño permitió documentar la aplicación de diversas estrategias para visibilización del género. Entre estas se incluyen el *hijacking* (apropiación), *supplementing* (suplementación), *prefacing* y *footnoting* (prefacio y notas al pie). Se priorizó la representación de las voces femeninas, explorando la intersección entre el lenguaje, su proyección en la construcción de las identidades de género, y buscando transmitir con precisión el sentido y las ideas presentes en el texto original.

La literatura femenina no puede considerarse una rama menor dentro del campo literario, ya que las mujeres han impulsado una producción significativa de textos en contextos globales, especialmente en el ámbito anglosajón. Este tipo de literatura ha alcanzado una gran difusión, generando múltiples traducciones que permiten su circulación a nivel internacional. No obstante, en América Latina, y particularmente en Costa Rica, la literatura escrita por mujeres sigue siendo menos reconocida y difundida, tanto en términos de publicación como de traducción. En este contexto, la traducción de obras como *Impúdicas* se convierte en una oportunidad para aplicar estrategias de visibilización propuestas por Luise von Flotow, que permiten resaltar su carácter feminista y su fuerte carga de género.

En Costa Rica, muchos textos escritos por mujeres costarricenses no serían considerados para ser traducidos de no ser por trabajos como los que realizan actualmente los estudiantes de la maestría en traducción. Esto responde, en parte, al escaso reconocimiento que aún recibe la literatura costarricense y el trabajo de sus autoras. Aunque no es el caso de todas, la traducción gratuita que llevamos a cabo en el marco de la Maestría Profesional en Traducción (Inglés-Español), se convierte en una estrategia para visibilizar a estas escritoras y promover la circulación de sus obras, una práctica que, como señala Luise von Flotow (1989,1995), ha sido empleada dentro de la traducción feminista precisamente con ese fin.

Impúdicas manifiesta, desde su propio título, una apuesta por la literatura femenina y feminista. Traducir esta obra representa un reto particular al tratarse de una traducción inversa del español al inglés, que exige trasladar un texto cargado de marcadores de género a una lengua más neutra, sin perder el peso simbólico y cultural del original. Este trabajo busca contribuir a los estudios de traducción desde una perspectiva de género, visibilizando la literatura costarricense escrita por mujeres. Al aplicar estrategias de género en la traducción, no solo se procura mantener la intencionalidad del texto, sino también generar modelos replicables que puedan aplicarse a futuros proyectos traductológicos con enfoque de género.

El presente documento se estructura iniciando con un índice detallado, seguido de una introducción que contextualiza el trabajo. Posteriormente, se despliega el cuerpo principal del estudio, comenzando con el capítulo II, dedicado a la revisión bibliográfica y las fuentes previas que sustentan la investigación. El capítulo III establece el marco teórico, donde se exponen las teorías y conceptos fundamentales que guían el análisis. A continuación, el capítulo IV presenta el marco metodológico, detallando el diseño de la investigación, las fases, los criterios de selección y los instrumentos empleados para el desarrollo y la exposición del análisis. El capítulo V aborda el análisis propiamente dicho, desglosado en apartados que cubren el proceso de traducción con una voz feminista y la visibilización de la autora, la interpretación y representación del género, y los desafíos y decisiones traductológicas mediante un análisis comparativo fundamentado en teorías de género. Finalmente, el último apartado sintetiza las conclusiones y recomendaciones derivadas del estudio, culminando con la bibliografía y los anexos pertinentes.

Capítulo II. Revisión bibliográfica

Para la elaboración del presente trabajo final de graduación, se realizó una búsqueda y selección cuidadosa de bibliografía especializada que permitiera ubicar el estudio dentro del campo, así como conocer los avances y vacíos de conocimiento sobre el tema. Se priorizaron estudios previos relacionados con la traducción de textos literarios desde una perspectiva de género, así como con el activismo, la identidad y la representación cultural en el proceso traductivo. Esta revisión bibliográfica permitió además identificar diversos lineamientos teóricos y enfoques críticos que abordan la traducción como una herramienta de visibilización, cuestionamiento ideológico y reivindicación de voces tradicionalmente marginalizadas, en particular las femeninas, en contextos culturales específicos.

Para la conformación del corpus bibliográfico de este trabajo final de graduación se consideraron investigaciones realizadas en contextos internacionales, incluyendo países de Europa, diversos países asiáticos y latinoamericanos. Estos materiales se obtuvieron a través de bases de datos académicas y bibliotecas electrónicas de acceso universitario. La selección abarcó publicaciones recientes, priorizando aquellas comprendidas entre los años 2008 y 2024, con el fin de asegurar la actualidad y relevancia del material consultado en torno a la traducción y las teorías de género.

Dentro de los documentos analizados, se incluyen artículos académicos publicados en revistas especializadas, así como trabajos finales de graduación y tesis doctorales que abordan temas como la visibilidad de las mujeres en la literatura traducida, la traducción de textos feministas y los desafíos ideológicos y culturales que enfrenta el traductor en contextos marcadamente patriarcales. Si bien existen múltiples investigaciones que profundizan en la dimensión cultural y de género en la traducción, aún es limitada la producción académica que

explore estos temas desde una perspectiva situada en América Latina o, específicamente, en Costa Rica.

La revisión bibliográfica se ha organizado en las siguientes secciones: (1) planteamientos generales sobre la traducción como acto político y cultural desde perspectivas de género, (2) estudios sobre traducción feminista y el rol de la identidad del traductor, (3) trabajos de aplicación de estrategias traductológicas a textos con carga cultural y (4) estudios de caso desarrollados en distintos contextos internacionales. Esta estructura permite partir de antecedentes conceptuales amplios y avanzar hacia enfoques más específicos y aplicados, pertinentes para contextualizar el presente proyecto.

Perspectivas generales sobre la traducción como acto político y cultural desde el enfoque de género

Para iniciar, se tomó en consideración el artículo *On Translation and Intellectual Activism* (2017), escrito por Patricia Hill Collins, donde la autora menciona que la traducción es espacio de comunicación y un acto de confianza en el que se asumen riesgos en nuestra producción intelectual y se cruzan fronteras lingüísticas, culturales y epistemológicas. A través de este proceso, la traducción permite ejercer un papel de mediación de poder y activismo, como en el caso del feminismo.

Kaushik (2017) concuerda en que el propósito de las teorías de género en la traducción es hacer visibles a las mujeres en la literatura, criticar el silenciamiento de las mujeres, promover una conciencia de género y cuestionar la hegemonía patriarcal en el lenguaje, así como descubrir y recuperar aquellas obras que se perdieron en el pasado debido al patriarcado. También señala que, si bien los estudios de traducción feminista han abordado el rol del género en las teorías de la traducción, existe poca visibilidad en los idiomas regionales de la India. Por su parte, Giustini (2015) denota la traducción como de las herramientas más importantes para la negociación y

reproducción de géneros e identidades. Tanto escritoras como traductoras perpetúan su posición, reconociendo su intervencionismo en la traducción y otorgando significado al cambio entre el texto original y la traducción. Definir la traducción como un acto manipulador resalta el proceso de traducción, un proceso que necesariamente afecta la identidad y que comienza con ella.

Por su parte, Khaoula Jaoudi (2022) propone que las feministas se sienten profundamente conectadas con la traducción, ya que esta disciplina les ofrece la posibilidad de utilizar el lenguaje como una herramienta para cuestionar y desafiar el lenguaje sexista, así como su papel en la construcción del patriarcado y la perpetuación del abuso de género.

Estudios sobre traducción feminista y el rol de la identidad traductora

Zhu (2024) subraya que, al abordar textos desde las teorías de género, los estudios de traducción deben considerar no solo el género y la identidad del autor, sino también aquel con el que se identifica el traductor o intérprete. Yu (2011) señala en su estudio sobre traducción que, en muchos casos, esto ocurre cuando los traductores son hombres heterosexuales que, consciente o inconscientemente, proyectan su sesgo contra la homosexualidad debido a su falta de comprensión sobre la complejidad de estas relaciones y de la sexualidad. Además, Yu destaca que las mujeres tienden a ser más sensibles y a aplicar su empatía al traducir textos con contenido homosexual.

Eva Espasa (2008) argumenta que, al traducir textos feministas, el punto de partida es trabajar como feminista, lo que implica aceptar la propia identidad como tal. Esta aceptación tiene importantes implicaciones personales, ideológicas e institucionales.

Estrategias traductológicas para textos culturalmente marcados y con contenido de género

Aquí se incluyen estudios que abordan la dimensión práctica de la traducción feminista. La religión y la cultura son elementos clave en determinadas teorías de la traducción y, de igual manera, influyen en la traducción de textos feministas. Nabil Al-Awawdeh (2023) propone un

discurso de la voz femenina árabe centrado en el reto que representa la visibilidad de estos textos dentro de la ideología árabe, así como la visibilidad de autoras y traductoras, y su trabajo como activistas frente a los desafíos ideológicos. Además, hace hincapié en las estrategias para conseguir un lenguaje inclusivo, en el que los plurales no sean exclusivamente masculinos y el femenino sea debidamente incluido. Aunque está fundamentado en la cultura árabe, este fenómeno también se refleja en el español y el inglés, donde muchos plurales son inherentemente masculinos. Sin llegar a extremos ni crear nuevos términos, se opta por una combinación del masculino y femenino, como en *the female translator*.

En la misma línea, la transferencia de ideas entre distintas ideologías toma en cuenta elementos como el contexto histórico, las transformaciones sociales, las dinámicas de género, las preconcepciones y la situación socioeconómica. Por esta razón, el traductor debe tener un conocimiento profundo de los diversos aspectos que afectan tanto al texto original como a su versión traducida (Mudheher & Ghassemiazghandi, 2024).

Estudios de caso en contextos europeos, asiáticos y latinoamericanos sobre traducción con perspectiva de género

Esta última sección presenta investigaciones situadas en contextos culturales específicos. Ruoxuan Sun (2021) analizó lo que llama las teorías occidentales de traducción feminista en la cultura china. Menciona que la teoría del *skopos* proporciona un marco analítico para explicar por qué la subjetividad del traductor se fortalece en las prácticas de la traducción feminista. Sin embargo, subraya que, para alcanzar el nivel deseado en el resultado de la traducción, las teorías feministas deben ser adaptadas al contexto sociocultural de China. En un escenario global, estas teorías deben representarse en combinación con los elementos culturales y sociales en los cuales los textos y su público objetivo fueron diseñados.

Ayoub (2015) analiza tres novelas árabe-inglés escritas por mujeres árabes, mostrando cómo el multilingüismo en la narrativa postcolonial evidencia la permeabilidad de las fronteras lingüísticas y la condición intermedia de los espacios lingüísticos postcoloniales. La autora sostiene que estas obras representan la relación entre árabe e inglés como un continuum, desafiando dicotomías tradicionales como Oriente/Occidente y árabe/inglés, y visibilizando desigualdades en la lectura, escritura y traducción de las lenguas. Su estudio destaca la importancia del aprendizaje profundo de idiomas propuesto por Spivak (1993), el cual se diferencia de la mera traducción al superar la domesticación lingüística y posiciona la traducción como acto ético y político. Además, Ayoub (2015) resalta cómo estrategias como la transliteración, la inclusión de glosarios y la atención a acentos y dialectos preservan la tensión entre lenguas, mostrando la complejidad de la cohabitación lingüística y la dimensión sociopolítica del lenguaje en contextos postcoloniales.

Los debates sobre género y su representación de textos se extienden a todos los continentes. Ausma Cimdiña y Jorunn Økland (2017) proponen que los términos de feminismo y género son percibidos de distintas maneras dependiendo de la cultura. De este modo, aunque el término género es neutral en sí mismo, funciona como una herramienta de análisis para distinguir los roles asignados a las mujeres y los hombres dentro de contextos culturales, religiosos y sociales, inclusive separándolos de cualquier justificación basada en la biología o en creencias religiosas sobre la creación.

Castellano Ortolá (2020) subraya que la traducción no debe entenderse como un proceso neutral o subordinado, sino como una práctica ideológica y esencial dentro del circuito editorial. En este sentido, el feminismo se ha apropiado de herramientas tradicionalmente al servicio del discurso dominante para recuperar voces silenciadas y reconfigurar sus procesos interpretativos. No obstante, las reflexiones actuales advierten sobre los riesgos de incurrir en manipulaciones

excesivas y recalcan la importancia de una colaboración respetuosa entre traductor(a) y autor(a). Asimismo, la autora destaca que estas prácticas se desarrollan con mayor libertad en entornos académicos, donde se privilegia el compromiso ético y las «economías afectivas» (Eichhorn y Milne, 2016) sobre la rentabilidad comercial.

Claudia de Lima Costa (2014) plantea que la traducción constituye un espacio político fundamental dentro de los intercambios feministas transnacionales, pues no solo implica el paso entre lenguas, sino también la mediación entre proyectos epistemológicos, experiencias históricas y posicionamientos políticos situados. Desde esta perspectiva, la autora critica las dinámicas de circulación del conocimiento que suelen asumir que la teoría feminista se origina en centros hegemónicos, especialmente en Estados Unidos, y se desplaza hacia márgenes que la adoptan pasivamente. En contraste, destaca la importancia de reconocer la traducción como un proceso activo de reinterpretación y rearticulación que produce sentidos nuevos y específicos en cada contexto sociopolítico. Asimismo, advierte sobre los riesgos de apropiaciones teóricas que, bajo discursos de reapropiación cultural, pueden invisibilizar jerarquías raciales y de género, como en el caso de la metáfora modernista brasileña de la antropofagia, donde la ingestión simbólica del otro puede implicar silenciamiento y borramiento de la diferencia. De Lima Costa (2014) también subraya la necesidad de una ética de la localización que atienda las condiciones reales en las que circulan los saberes feministas, tomando en cuenta la desigualdad estructural, las experiencias situadas y la agencia de los sujetos traducidos. Con ello, posiciona la traducción feminista como una práctica crítica que, más allá de transferir contenidos, busca construir diálogos hemisféricos más equitativos, reconfigurar genealogías teóricas y resistir la reproducción de jerarquías coloniales en la producción del conocimiento.

Patricia Álvarez Sánchez (2021) explora la traducción como un acto profundamente ideológico y ético, entendido no solo como el traslado lingüístico entre dos lenguas, sino como

un proceso de interpretación y escucha activa de las voces y también de los silencios presentes en el texto original. Desde planteamientos como los de Paul Ricoeur (2014) y Umberto Eco (2003), la autora explica que la traducción implica un ejercicio de comprensión previa en la lengua de partida antes de poder trasladar el significado a la lengua meta, lo cual convierte a la figura del traductor en un agente que media entre sentidos, subjetividades e ideologías. Esta reflexión dialoga con aportes de George Steiner, África Vidal y Susan Bassnett, quienes señalan que toda traducción conlleva decisiones culturales, políticas y éticas que pueden visibilizar o silenciar discursos. Álvarez Sánchez afirma que las motivaciones ideológicas y los contextos sociopolíticos han modulado históricamente las traducciones, tal como ejemplifican estudios sobre la manipulación de textos en contextos religiosos, coloniales o bélicos. En este marco, la autora sitúa el giro cultural de la traductología a finales del siglo XX, que desplazó el foco desde lo puramente lingüístico hacia la dimensión cultural, histórica y de poder. Este desplazamiento teórico favoreció la emergencia de la traducción feminista, impulsada por investigadoras como Luise von Flotow, Barbara Godard, Sherry Simon y Gayatri Spivak, quienes promovieron prácticas que desafían el lenguaje patriarcal, recuperan voces femeninas históricamente invisibilizadas y conciben la traducción como una herramienta política y transformadora. La autora destaca además el desarrollo de este enfoque en el ámbito hispano, donde grupos como TRADIC y GETLIHC, junto con investigadoras como África Vidal, Pilar Godayol, Nuria Brufau y otras, han consolidado líneas de investigación que conectan traducción, género, ideología y memoria. En conjunto, este recorrido evidencia que la traducción, lejos de ser una operación mecánica, constituye un ejercicio de hospitalidad lingüística y responsabilidad ética que implica reconocer la alteridad, escuchar las múltiples voces del texto y asumir que toda decisión traductora participa en la construcción o en la deconstrucción de discursos culturales y jerarquías de poder.

Fonseca, Gentile y Spoturno (2022) presentan un panorama de los estudios de traducción en América Latina, destacando el desarrollo consolidado de los estudios de traducción feminista. Los autores subrayan la relevancia de analizar aspectos discursivos, ideológicos, culturales y sociopolíticos del trabajo de autoras y traductoras, con especial atención a la representación de género, la conciencia de género y la crítica feminista. Señalan un interés creciente en las instituciones de educación superior de Argentina y Brasil por explorar las intersecciones entre traducción, feminismos y género, vinculado a movimientos sociales como *Ni una menos* y reformas legislativas que fortalecen los derechos de mujeres y personas LGBTI+.

El artículo muestra cómo colectivos de traductoras en ambos países (Coletivo Sycorax en Brasil y TEIFEM en Argentina) cuestionan la práctica de la traducción desde perspectivas críticas y situadas, actuando como agentes de cambio social. Asimismo, se destacan proyectos de traducción feminista colectiva que han permitido el acceso a textos clave del feminismo internacional. Se enfatiza la relación entre la traducción, la interpretación y la praxis académica, incluyendo la enseñanza de la traducción con enfoque de género. Los estudios presentados reflejan además la creciente consideración de la traducción en dirección Sur-Sur y la integración de enfoques decoloniales e interseccionales.

Exestudiantes de la Maestría Profesional en Traducción (Inglés-Español) de la Universidad Nacional de Costa Rica, como Francine Ocampo Rodríguez (2004) y María José Maltez Silva (2019), han realizado aportes al campo de la traductología a nivel latinoamericano al trabajar con traducciones de textos con discursos u orientaciones feministas. Maltez Silva (2019) destaca que la traducción de textos feministas requiere una fase investigativa previa que permita identificar los mecanismos discursivos característicos de este tipo de literatura (macroestructura). A partir de este análisis, Maltez Silva enfatiza que las técnicas traductoras deben elegirse según el propósito del encargo, en consonancia con la teoría funcionalista del

Skopos. Así, se concluye que la traducción puede definirse como un proceso que, más allá de la mera transferencia lingüística, busca reproducir la carga semántico-discursiva del texto de partida mediante decisiones conscientes. Por su parte, el trabajo de Ocampo Rodríguez (2004) resalta que la literatura funciona como un medio para transmitir otras culturas, por lo que la traducción debe conservar los elementos culturales del texto original y hacerlos comprensibles para el lector de la lengua meta mediante técnicas de complementación y compensación. Este enfoque se aplicó en su estudio a textos feministas, al traducir tres relatos incluidos en *American Women Writers: Diverse Voices in Prose since 1845*.

En síntesis, aunque existe una base teórica sólida sobre traducción feminista y estudios de género aplicados a la traducción, la mayoría de los trabajos se desarrollan en contextos europeos, asiáticos, latinoamericanos y norteamericanos, donde se consolidó el auge de la traducción feminista. En Costa Rica, si bien existen investigaciones que abordan discursos feministas, aún no se ha explorado de manera sistemática la traducción inversa aplicando intencionalmente estrategias de traducción feminista. Esta carencia evidencia la necesidad de ampliar el campo investigativo mediante estudios que integren contextos nacionales y enfoques situados, contribuyendo a una comprensión más completa y contextualizada en América Latina.

Capítulo III. Marco teórico

En este capítulo de marco teórico se analizan diversas fuentes bibliográficas sobre la traducción de textos que abordan cuestiones de género. Los trabajos de Luise von Flotow resultan especialmente relevantes, ya que a lo largo de muchos años ha estudiado la traducción con perspectiva de género y ha incorporado y discutido los aportes de otras referentes de la traducción feminista, como Linda Gaboriau, Marlene Wildeman, Patricia Claxton y Susanne Lotbinière-Harwood. Por su trayectoria y su participación en el movimiento de traducción de género, el enfoque teórico de este trabajo se centra en las contribuciones de von Flotow (1991, 1997, 1999). Además, se abordarán las perspectivas de Barbara Godard (1983, 1986, 1989, 1995) y Sherry Simon (1996), que permitirán complementar el análisis y fundamentar decisiones traductológicas a nivel de micro y macroestrategias, incluyendo enfoques queer y LGBTQ+.

Este apartado no solo busca explorar las técnicas de traducción desde una perspectiva crítica, sino también identificar cómo estas pueden promover una representación más equitativa de las identidades de género en las traducciones, favoreciendo una mirada más inclusiva y consciente. El propósito principal de este capítulo es establecer las bases teóricas que sustentan la traducción de *Impúdicas*, incorporando enfoques que desafíen las normas patriarcales y visibilicen la diversidad de voces femeninas.

Este capítulo está dividido en seis secciones para facilitar su comprensión: (1) traducción y género: una perspectiva crítica, (2) Luise von Flotow (1991, 1997, 1999) y la traducción feminista, (3) estrategias feministas en la práctica traductora, (4) género, sexualidad e interseccionalidad, (5) implicaciones para la práctica traductora contemporánea y (6) alternativas teóricas y límites del enfoque adoptado.

Traducción y género: una perspectiva crítica

En los estudios de género y traducción, Sherry Simon (1996) plantea que los proyectos feministas encuentran un campo especialmente productivo en aquellas obras literarias que ya cuestionan la normatividad del lenguaje desde su propia escritura. Un ejemplo de ello es *L'Eugélonne*, de Louky Bersianik, obra en la cual la autora denuncia la dimensión misógina de la lengua francesa y revela cómo las categorías gramaticales, en particular el género, funcionan como dispositivos de dominación simbólica. La problemática se intensifica en el proceso traductivo, dado que las marcas de género no suelen coincidir de manera directa entre un idioma y otro. Sin embargo, la labor de traductores como Howard Scott y Susanne de Lotbinière-Harwood demuestra que es posible recrear el potencial crítico del texto a través de estrategias que reafirman la visibilidad de lo femenino, ya sea mediante la manipulación de pronombres, la creación de neologismos o la alteración de convenciones gramaticales en inglés. De este modo, la traducción feminista se configura como un espacio de reciprocidad entre lenguas, en el que las tensiones del original encuentran nuevas formas de expresión y resistencia, evidenciando que tanto el género gramatical como el simbólico son categorías centrales para comprender cómo el lenguaje participa en la construcción de desigualdades sociales.

Las reflexiones de Barbara Godard (1989) sobre lenguaje y género en la traducción destacan la relación problemática de las mujeres con el lenguaje y la necesidad de visibilizar voces históricamente silenciadas. Godard plantea que la traducción feminista no se limita a la búsqueda de equivalencia entre idiomas, sino que enfatiza la transformación del texto y la construcción de significado desde una perspectiva ética y crítica. La traducción de estos textos requiere, por tanto, una intervención consciente (*womanhandling*), en la que la traductora asume un rol activo en la producción de sentido, visibilizando sus decisiones y su firma como parte del proceso creativo. Este enfoque permite no solo trasladar la lengua, sino también reproducir la

tensión entre los discursos de poder y la voz de las mujeres, evitando el silenciamiento estructural y mostrando cómo la traducción puede constituirse en un espacio de resistencia y construcción de nuevas identidades lingüísticas y culturales.

Luise von Flotow y la traducción feminista

La confluencia entre los estudios de traducción y los estudios de género ha dado lugar a un campo interdisciplinario que cuestiona las prácticas tradicionales de traducción y problematiza las representaciones de género dentro del lenguaje y la cultura. En este contexto, el trabajo de Luise von Flotow (1991, 1997, 1999) se ha consolidado como un referente para el desarrollo de una teoría crítica de la traducción feminista, entendida no solo como una técnica, sino como una intervención política y cultural.

En su influyente texto *Feminist Translation: Contexts, Practices and Theories* (1991), von Flotow explora las estrategias empleadas por traductoras feministas en Quebec durante los años setenta y ochenta, quienes desafiaron el lenguaje patriarcal mediante la fragmentación del discurso, la invención de neologismos y la deconstrucción léxica. Este enfoque no solo visibiliza la experiencia femenina, sino que propone la traducción como reescritura ideológica, cuestionando la neutralidad del traductor y la fidelidad al texto fuente.

Esta idea se retoma en *Translation in the 'Era of Feminism'* (1997), donde von Flotow identifica la traducción feminista como un acto político que incluye tanto la recuperación de obras de autoras olvidadas como la intervención crítica en el contenido traducido. La autora resalta el papel activo del traductor, quien, en ocasiones, debe corregir o reinterpretar el texto original desde una postura feminista, reconfigurando la labor traductora como una forma de resistencia y producción cultural. Además, von Flotow incorpora la noción de reescritura consciente, entendida como una práctica deliberada que desafía los discursos dominantes y reivindica nuevas formas de representación textual.

En *Genders and the Translated Text: Developments in 'Transformance'* (1999), von Flotow problematiza la categorización de textos y autores como «feministas», señalando que dicha etiqueta responde a dinámicas de poder más amplias dentro del feminismo occidental. Asimismo, destaca la necesidad de contextualizar culturalmente cada traducción, reconociendo que las ideas de género no se traducen de manera unívoca entre culturas.

Estrategias feministas en la práctica traductora

Una de las contribuciones clave de von Flotow es la sistematización de estrategias feministas en la traducción, expuestas ampliamente en *The Bloomsbury Handbook of 21st-Century Feminist Theory: Translation* (2019). En este texto, la autora distingue entre macro estrategias, como la selección estratégica o la negativa a traducir textos con contenido patriarcal, y micro estrategias, como la modificación estilística, la inclusión de formas femeninas, el uso de notas al pie y la creación de neologismos. Estas herramientas permiten desafiar la hegemonía lingüística masculina y dar visibilidad a las identidades femeninas y queer, incluso en lenguas donde el género gramatical se presenta como universal y neutral. Aunque el enfoque principal de esta trabajo es feminista, se incluye la perspectiva queer para reconocer y visibilizar identidades de género y orientaciones sexuales diversas (Azucena pp. 30-33) que también se ven afectadas por estructuras de poder lingüísticas y son representadas en *Impúdicas*.

Este enfoque estratégico se complementa con la obra de Barbara Godard, quien plantea en *The Translator as She* (1983) que la traductora no debe asumirse como neutral ni invisible, sino como una presencia activa que interviene en el texto desde una posición marcada por el género. Godard ejemplifica esta intervención en *Preface to Lovhers* (1980), donde explica que su trabajo no consiste únicamente en trasladar palabras, sino en hacer visibles y representar el deseo lésbico y la escritura feminista presentes en el original, recurriendo a neologismos (*lovhers*), notas al pie y juegos lingüísticos que preservan la carga política, erótica y estética del

texto. Así, el prefacio se convierte en un espacio de reflexión crítica y en una herramienta traductora que acompaña y potencia la obra.

Luise von Flotow explora este enfoque en su capítulo *Feminist Translation Strategies* (Baker & Saldanha, 2020), donde se examina cómo la traducción puede adaptarse a contextos culturales específicos mediante la incorporación de referentes locales. Ejemplos como la adaptación del feminismo europeo al contexto budista en Sri Lanka (Dharmasiri, 2017) o la retraducción de textos religiosos para desmontar lecturas patriarcales (Korsak, 1993; Hassen, 2017) subrayan la capacidad de la traducción feminista para generar conocimiento situado y resistir la imposición de marcos ideológicos foráneos. Este principio se aplica también a *Impúdicas*, cuyo contexto costarricense y latinoamericano exige que la traducción considere los referentes culturales y sociales locales, visibilice identidades femeninas y queer, y dialogue con la realidad regional sin imponer perspectivas externas.

Género, sexualidad e interseccionalidad

La evolución de los estudios de traducción ha llevado a una ampliación del foco desde el feminismo hacia el género y la sexualidad como categorías analíticas interseccionales. En *Gender and Sexuality* (Baker & Saldanha, 2009), von Flotow distingue entre macroanálisis y microanálisis en la traducción de temas de género y sexualidad, revelando cómo las decisiones lingüísticas reflejan o encubren estas dimensiones. Este enfoque incorpora también la teoría queer, que desestabiliza el binarismo de género y permite explorar subjetividades no normativas en el texto traducido.

En *Feminism, Gender, and Translation* (2018), von Flotow destaca cómo las traductoras feministas cuestionaron desde los años setenta la autoridad del autor y la fidelidad al texto, promoviendo prácticas traductoras como formas de intervención política. El texto recupera experiencias como la traducción de la Biblia realizada por Mary Phil Korsak, que reinterpreta

los relatos fundacionales desde una óptica no patriarcal, y menciona las contribuciones de autores como Keith Harvey y Kathy Davis en el estudio del género como construcción discursiva y performativa.

Finalmente, en *Translation and Gender. A Conversation with Luise von Flotow* (2022), se subraya la importancia de los enfoques locales y la atención al contexto para una traducción consciente de las diferencias culturales. Von Flotow advierte sobre los riesgos de imponer categorías de género anglófonas en otras culturas sin considerar sus marcos epistémicos y sociales propios, lo que refuerza la necesidad de una práctica traductora flexible, crítica e informada.

Implicaciones para la práctica traductora contemporánea

El trabajo de von Flotow, complementado por casos específicos de traducción feminista en distintos contextos, demuestra que la traducción no es un acto neutro, sino profundamente ideológico. Las estrategias feministas cuestionan las normas tradicionales del campo y abren espacios para la visibilización de voces marginalizadas. Además, estas estrategias permiten abordar textos no literarios (legales, médicos o religiosos) desde una óptica de género, reconociendo que todas las formas discursivas están atravesadas por relaciones de poder.

Así, el marco teórico aquí expuesto proporciona las bases conceptuales necesarias para el análisis y la práctica de una traducción con perspectiva de género, orientada a la visibilización de *Impúdicas* como un texto feminista costarricense con peso cultural dentro del canon literario tanto tico como latinoamericano. Esta traducción no solo busca reproducir el contenido original, sino también transformarlo críticamente para resaltar su valor simbólico y promover la equidad y la diversidad en el discurso traducido.

Alternativas prácticas y límites del enfoque adoptado

La traducción de *Impúdicas* se articuló a nivel macro mediante la selección de textos con carga feminista y la creación de un prefacio, que contextualiza al lector sobre las decisiones traductológicas. A nivel micro, se recurrió a recursos que permiten una intervención cuidadosa y consciente: en algunos casos, se crearon neologismos o se adaptaron términos para capturar matices de género presentes en el original, sin perder el estilo literario de la autora. Se aplicó una reescritura estratégica de los enunciados que incluyó la repetición consciente de pronombres y otras intervenciones en el texto, con el fin de visibilizar las marcas de género y reforzar la presencia de las mujeres como sujetos activos. Asimismo, el TO incluye una historia amorosa entre mujeres, que funciona como representación de minorías e identidades femeninas, aportando diversidad y complejidad a la narrativa. De manera complementaria, se cuidó que la descripción de personajes y relaciones evitara reproducir estereotipos patriarcales, buscando un equilibrio entre fidelidad al texto original y sensibilidad ética y cultural.

Enfoque funcionalista

El desarrollo de la traducción de *Impúdicas* se sustenta en bases teóricas con enfoque de género. Sin embargo, aunque no se adoptaron para el presente trabajo, es importante destacar que existen alternativas teóricas de carácter funcionalista que podrían aplicarse en esta traducción. Entre estas se encuentra la teoría Skopos de Hans J. Vermeer, presentada en *Skopos and Commission in Translational Action* (1989). Esta teoría se centra en el propósito de la traducción, sosteniendo que el objetivo principal de cualquier traducción es cumplir con el encargo específico (skopos), incluso si ello implica desviarse del texto original. Según Vermeer, la relación con el texto original es flexible: este se entiende como una oferta informativa que puede ser adaptada para cumplir con la función comunicativa prevista en la cultura receptora.

Christiane Nord (2009) en su artículo *El funcionalismo en la enseñanza de traducción* amplía esta perspectiva funcionalista incorporando el concepto de «lealtad», que busca equilibrar la adaptación del texto con la fidelidad al contenido y a la intención del original. Nord sostiene que, además de cumplir con la función comunicativa, el traductor debe ser leal tanto al autor como al público receptor, garantizando que las adaptaciones culturales no distorsionen el mensaje original. De esta manera, la teoría Skopos (1989) y el enfoque de Nord (2009) enfatizan la adaptación cultural, considerando que la traducción no es solo un traslado lingüístico, sino también una transferencia de sentido relevante para la cultura destinataria.

Estas ideas funcionalistas pueden complementarse con la traducción feminista, pues ambos enfoques reconocen la necesidad de una intervención consciente y situada del traductor. Mientras la perspectiva de género centra la atención en la visibilización de identidades femeninas y queer y en la corrección de sesgos patriarcales, la teoría Skopos ofrece un marco para justificar ajustes estratégicos según el propósito y la cultura del público receptor. La combinación de ambos enfoques permite, por ejemplo, adaptar textos como *Impúdicas* al contexto costarricense y latinoamericano, visibilizando cuestiones de género y diversidad, al mismo tiempo que se asegura la funcionalidad y relevancia cultural de la traducción.

Límites y posibles sesgos del enfoque adoptado

Es fundamental reconocer las limitaciones del enfoque feminista en la traducción, ya que toda perspectiva teórica conlleva sus propias restricciones. Una de las principales es la posible sobrecarga ideológica del texto, que puede generar la percepción de una intervención excesiva o de distorsión del original, especialmente cuando se intenta visibilizar dimensiones de género que no estaban explícitamente presentes en el texto fuente. Asimismo, existe el riesgo de anacronismo político, dado que los valores y concepciones actuales sobre género pueden diferir significativamente de los contextos históricos o culturales en los que se produjeron los

textos, lo que puede llevar a interpretaciones o adaptaciones que no reflejan fielmente la intencionalidad original del autor.

Otra limitación importante es la tensión entre fidelidad textual y transformación ética: mientras que la traducción feminista busca cuestionar estructuras de poder y desigualdades de género, esta intervención puede entrar en conflicto con la literalidad del texto, planteando decisiones difíciles sobre qué priorizar en cada caso. Además, el enfoque puede ser objeto de críticas por parte de especialistas o analistas de discurso, quienes podrían cuestionar los supuestos ideológicos, la aplicabilidad de ciertas estrategias o la percepción de linealidad en los argumentos.

Finalmente, se deben considerar las limitaciones propias de la universalización de la teoría: muchas propuestas y herramientas de la traducción feminista han sido desarrolladas en contextos europeos o norteamericanos, lo que puede dificultar su adaptación a realidades lingüísticas, culturales o sociales distintas, como las latinoamericanas o costarricenses. Reconocer estas limitaciones no solo evidencia autocrítica y apertura epistemológica, sino que también fortalece la solidez del marco teórico, justificando las decisiones traductoras como conscientes, situadas y metodológicamente fundamentadas, y demostrando un compromiso con la integridad del texto y con los principios éticos de la traducción.

Capítulo IV. Marco metodológico

Introducción

Este capítulo tiene como finalidad presentar e ilustrar detalladamente la metodología utilizada para llevar a cabo tanto el proceso traductivo como la etapa investigativa del presente trabajo. En él se detalla el enfoque adoptado durante la traducción de *Impúdicas*, así como el método de investigación utilizado para desarrollar el trabajo investigativo, así como el marco teórico previamente descrito y se describen las herramientas y estrategias empleadas durante el desarrollo de la traducción y su posterior análisis al aplicar las teorías propuestas por Luise von Flotow sobre la traducción de textos feministas y sus ideas de género en una traducción. Finalmente, se ofrecen algunas conclusiones preliminares. Cada decisión metodológica se orientó a alcanzar los objetivos de la investigación.

Etapa traductiva

El proceso de traducción inició con una lectura panorámica del libro completo, con el fin de obtener una visión general de sus temas, tonos y estilos, y de identificar posibles marcos teóricos pertinentes. Al tratarse de una compilación total de veinticuatro relatos breves, esta aproximación preliminar reveló la recurrencia de diversas líneas temáticas, todas ellas intrínsecamente ligadas a la experiencia femenina. A partir de este hallazgo, se dio comienzo a una investigación exhaustiva sobre las teorías de género en traducción y sus principales exponentes, la cual constituyó el pilar teórico del estudio. Dado que *Impúdicas* esta conformada por una serie de narraciones cortas, se procedió a la selección de un corpus de dieciséis unidades narrativas individuales, permitiendo así un análisis más focalizado y gestionable de cada historia.

Posteriormente, se procedió a una segunda lectura detallada de cada uno de los dieciséis relatos, seguida de la elaboración de un primer borrador de traducción al inglés, para lo cual se contó con el apoyo de ChatGPT, versión 4.0 (2024). Esta herramienta de inteligencia artificial fue seleccionada con el propósito de generar una versión preliminar, que demandaría una rigurosa edición y una meticulosa atención al detalle en la etapa de posesición. La formulación de las instrucciones para la IA se adecuaba al tema central de cada historia, dada la frecuente presencia de vocabulario ambiguo y contenidos de lectura densa, como lo eran las narraciones que abordaban la violación o el suicidio. Es importante destacar que, en ninguna instancia de este borrador inicial, se aspiraba a que ChatGPT lograra trasladar con fidelidad oraciones o párrafos de alta carga simbólica o cultural. Su función primordial era agilizar el proceso inicial de la traductora, permitiéndole así dedicar mayor tiempo a la aplicación de técnicas de búsqueda e investigación cultural relativas a cada personaje, así como a explorar y desarrollar habilidades traductológicas bajo la presión de los plazos de entrega, fomentando la creatividad.

Así pues, esta versión inicial sirvió como una base fundamental que, posteriormente, fue sometida a una posesición manual exhaustiva. En esta fase se incorporaron de manera sistemática principios y estrategias inherentes a la traducción feminista y con perspectiva de género, incluyendo la visibilización de las voces femeninas, la exposición de temáticas de género y una minuciosa atención a los contextos culturales. Este proceso riguroso también abarcó la consulta directa con la autora en un par de ocasiones, así como la búsqueda de equivalencias adecuadas para los regionalismos explícitamente marcados en el texto original.

Posteriormente, se llevó a cabo una segunda fase de posesición, centrada en la depuración estilística y la coherencia textual, con el fin de asegurar la consistencia desde la perspectiva de la traducción de género y potenciar la visibilidad del contexto femenino expuesto por cada personaje. En esta etapa, mientras la traductora realizaba correcciones conscientes y

sistemáticas, el texto fue sometido a la revisión de un hablante nativo de inglés, Ángel Setala, con título de bachiller en Estudios del Español de Seattle Pacific University. A Ángel no se le compartió el enfoque de género adoptado ni se le dieron instrucciones específicas sobre la intencionalidad ideológica de la traducción. Su revisión aportó, principalmente, precisiones en la puntuación y mejoras en la naturalidad del inglés, sin que ello implicara alteración alguna en la intención de visibilizar los aspectos de género presentes en la obra.

Finalmente, cada relato fue sometido a una lectura final de revisión. Esta práctica se replicó individualmente para cada una de las narraciones que conforman la traducción. En esta etapa, y con una comprensión más afinada de las teorías de género y a medida que se avanzaba en la elaboración del capítulo de análisis, emergieron ciertas correcciones en la elección léxica. Estas modificaciones se implementaron de manera individual y progresiva, con el objetivo de ajustar el texto traducido a las implicaciones traductológicas inherentes a las teorías de género.

Etapas investigativas

El componente investigativo consistió en analizar los relatos de *Impúdicas*, de Arabella Salaverry (2016), en identificar los enfoques y estrategias traductológicas de la teoría de género, propuestos en su mayoría por Luise von Flotow (1991) que resultaron convenientes para traducir la obra de Salaverry. Se ilustraron los desafíos que se presentan en la traducción de textos feministas, especialmente con peso cultural en este escenario costarricense, y se evaluó la relevancia cultural que transmite el texto traducido para la visibilización de la traducción de *Impúdicas* desde la traducción feminista en el contexto costarricense.

La investigación se enmarca dentro de un enfoque cualitativo, ya que el análisis se centró en comprender el significado, el contexto y la carga simbólica de los relatos, así como en explorar cómo estas dimensiones se pueden trasladar a la lengua meta. Se descartaron enfoques

cuantitativos o mixtos, pues el objeto de estudio no requiere de mediciones numéricas, sino de una aproximación crítica y contextual.

A nivel metodológico, se trató de un estudio de caso, centrado en realizar un análisis detallado y en profundidad del texto por traducir y de las vías adecuadas para traducirlo. Además, el estudio incluyó un componente bibliográfico, que ofreció el sustento teórico necesario para enmarcar las decisiones tomadas durante la traducción.

Desde una perspectiva descriptivista, no se establecieron reglas prescriptivas sobre cómo se debe traducir un texto feminista, sino que se observó y analizó cómo se tradujo este caso específico bajo la luz de las teorías de género. Esto implicó documentar, reflexionar y justificar las micro y macro estrategias empleadas durante el proceso. La muestra de estudio estuvo compuesta por las historias breves escritas por Arabella Salaverry, protagonizadas por mujeres de distintas edades, lo que permitió abordar una variedad de experiencias femeninas y aplicar distintos niveles de análisis. La traducción de estas voces femeninas se convirtió así en una oportunidad para explorar cómo el lenguaje refleja y moldea identidades.

El proceso de recopilación de datos se realizó mediante el análisis textual manual. Se elaboraron tablas comparativas que permitieron observar de forma directa los cambios, adaptaciones o estrategias aplicadas en la traducción, y cómo estas se relacionan con postulados de la teoría de género.

Finalmente, se analizaron los resultados de poner en práctica los enfoques y estrategias de traducción seleccionados con el objetivo de mostrar de forma concreta cómo las propuestas teóricas se materializan en el texto meta. Para ello, se establecieron criterios que privilegiaron pasajes en los que las decisiones traductivas evidenciaran tanto el uso de macroestrategias como de recursos microestratégicos, procurando que los ejemplos fueran representativos y pertinentes para la discusión. Una vez definidos los fragmentos, se organizaron en tablas comparativas con

el fin de dar cuenta del contraste entre el texto original y el traducido. Este procedimiento permitió identificar patrones, señalar intervenciones específicas y analizar la manera en que las teorías de género encuentran un espacio de aplicación práctica en la traducción. Del corpus final, diez fragmentos se incorporaron al capítulo de análisis por su relevancia directa, mientras que los restantes se incluyeron en los anexos como material complementario. De este modo, se aseguró un abordaje ordenado, coherente y alineado con los objetivos de la investigación.

La evaluación de los resultados se llevó a cabo aplicando las estrategias y guías propuestas por Luise von Flotow con el fin de evaluar en qué medida estas decisiones permitieron visibilizar el carácter femenino del texto. La traducción de textos desde una perspectiva feminista implica, en ocasiones, giros estilísticos o semánticos que priorizan la visibilización de lo femenino en el discurso. No se busca con ello distorsionar la narrativa original, sino conservar su sentido general mientras se responde a tensiones históricas de representación. El enfoque se propone enriquecer la lectura mediante decisiones traductológicas conscientes, contextualizadas y éticamente justificadas, con plena consciencia de que con ello se asume una postura teórica que no es ni pretende ser indebatible, sino que invita al diálogo crítico de saberes.

Capítulo V. Estrategias traductológicas en la representación del género femenino en

Impúdicas

Traducir usando la voz feminista y visibilizando a la autora

Escribir como mujer hoy en día parece una tarea glamurosa e intelectual; muchas personas encuentran su pasión en ello. Sin embargo, no siempre fue así. Basta con mirar a las hermanas Brontë, quienes tuvieron que publicar sus obras durante la década de 1840 bajo un *nom de plume* para evitar los prejuicios contra su escritura (Thormahlen, 1994). Tratar de eludir estos prejuicios es algo que las mujeres y otras minorías han hecho durante muchos años. No obstante, la literatura y la expresión de inclinaciones e ideologías han dado lugar a una corriente de pensamiento que ha requerido ser estudiada. La tradición occidental, liderada por von Flotow durante la década de 1990 y en adelante, sacó a la luz herramientas para ayudar a traductoras y, por qué no, también a traductores que se identifiquen con las corrientes feministas y de género a visibilizar el trabajo de tantas escritoras que han dejado y seguirán dejando plasmadas sus ideas y aportes en escritos que, de otra manera, tendrían acceso a un público mucho más limitado.

La selección de los fragmentos sometidos a análisis en este capítulo no fue producto del azar, sino el resultado de una decisión consciente orientada a evidenciar, de la manera más clara posible, la aplicación de las estrategias de género aplicadas en el proceso traductivo. Dado que el propósito central de este estudio es mostrar cómo las macro y microestrategias propuestas en las teorías de género se materializan en el texto traducido, se eligieron aquellos pasajes en los que dichas estrategias podían ejemplificarse con mayor precisión y pertinencia. Este criterio de selección responde a la necesidad de que el análisis no se limite a una descripción superficial de la traducción, sino que ofrezca evidencia concreta del diálogo entre la teoría y la práctica, así

como de la forma en que las propuestas teóricas encuentran un espacio de realización en el texto meta. De esta manera, los fragmentos escogidos permiten ilustrar cómo la traducción con perspectiva de género no solo constituye una herramienta metodológica, sino también un posicionamiento que orienta la toma de decisiones en la práctica. El conjunto de fragmentos resultante se organizó en un total de doce tablas de análisis, de las cuales diez se incorporan en el cuerpo principal del capítulo, dado que representan los ejemplos más relevantes para la discusión crítica. Los fragmentos restantes, en cambio, se incluyen en los anexos.

Hijacking

En la traducción del fragmento en la tabla 1, se ha aplicado la estrategia de *hijacking* propuesta por Luise von Flotow (1997), que consiste en intervenir el texto para resaltar cuestiones de género que podrían pasar desapercibidas en la lengua meta. En el original en español, el término «empleado» llevaba la marca de género masculino a través de la «o», mientras que en inglés, *employee* es un término neutro. Para mantener la visibilidad del género en la traducción, se agregó el adjetivo *male*, asegurando que la distinción presente en el original no se diluyera en el texto meta. Esta decisión no solo preserva el matiz de género, sino que también responde a la intención de destacar la presencia masculina en la escena de manera explícita.

Tabla 1. Antonia

Texto original	Texto traducido
... no estaba la <i>amiga</i> de la tía, solo <i>el empleado</i> que acomodaba lápices de colores, cuadernos, siéntese allí, espere, ahí, sí. No hay cuidado, no, no importa, yo me hago cargo. (p. 41)	Her aunt's <i>lady friend</i> wasn't there; instead, a <i>male employee</i> was organizing coloring pencils and notebooks. 'Sit here, wait, right here.' 'Don't worry, it's fine, I'll take care of her.' (p. 23)

Visibilizar la violencia

Impúdicas aborda diferentes temáticas que se sitúan en un contexto patriarcal costarricense. La violencia sexual y física a manos del género masculino se representa en las historias de Antonia (pp. 23-24), Angélica (p. 46) y Aura (pp. 65-66). La estrategia de visibilizar textos de violencia como acto político, propuesta por Luise von Flotow en *Translation and Gender: Translating in the “Era of Feminism”* (1997), se vuelve crucial. Como traductora, la selección de este fragmento en la tabla 2 forma parte del análisis, ya que existe responsabilidad con la autora y con el personaje al plasmar su historia y, de esta forma, darle acceso a un nuevo público meta a la realidad costarricense como estrategia de visibilización y acto político. Históricamente, la representación de estos actos en la literatura ha sido minimizada o suavizada en la traducción, lo que puede disminuir su impacto y perpetuar el silencio en torno a la violencia de género. Al respetar la crudeza del original y mantener su intensidad, la traducción no solo preserva la denuncia implícita en el texto, sino que también permite que el lector de la lengua meta enfrente la realidad de la violencia que afecta desproporcionadamente a las mujeres en Costa Rica. La traducción feminista, en este caso, se convierte en una herramienta de resistencia y testimonio, asegurando que la experiencia de la víctima no sea borrada ni diluida.

Tabla 2. *Angélica*

Texto original	Texto traducido
<p>... ese hombre dos más tres hombres en la playa oscura no por favor los ruegos no sirven las patadas no sirven los insultos no sirven <i>arrancan su ropa ella mirando sintiendo mirando incapaz de defenderse</i> Angélica las manos de ese hombre manos frías de cuerpo entero su cuerpo en la camilla las manos atadas los pies atados las correas de cuero inmovilizándola así inmóvil en esa playa dos hombres deteniéndola el tercero irrumpiendo en su cuerpo. (p. 73)</p>	<p>There was that man, two or three more men on the dark beach. No, please! Pleading doesn't help, kicking doesn't help, and insults don't help. <i>They tear off her clothes, and Angelina is looking, feeling, watching, unable to defend herself.</i> His hands... cold. Her whole body on the operating table, her hands were tied, her feet tied and the leather straps immobilizing her. Just like that, she was held down on that beach. Two men were holding her, the third one breaking into her body. (p. 46)</p>

Visibilización del género y reinterpretación cultural

Al traducir textos que exploran nociones sobre el pudor, eje central de *Impúdicas*, y la libertad personal, la carga cultural juega un papel fundamental, especialmente cuando se trata de narrativas que reflejan tradiciones específicas de una sociedad, como en el caso de la historia costarricense. En los relatos Alba (pp. 12-13), Adela (p. 55), Aura (p. 63) y Ainara (p. 57) se identifican casos representativos en los que las acciones de las protagonistas son calificadas como impúdicas dentro del contexto de la sociedad costarricense. La perspectiva de Luise von Flotow (2007) sobre la visibilización del género y la reinterpretación cultural resalta la importancia de no diluir las metáforas que surgen del contexto original. En el fragmento que se ejemplifica en la tabla 3, se hace referencia al deseo de volar y de estar desnuda puede interpretarse no solo como un anhelo físico, sino como una metáfora de la liberación emocional y personal. Al traducir, es crucial mantener la fuerza de estos elementos simbólicos, para que la idea de despojarse de las restricciones externas, ya sea de ropa o de normas sociales, se mantenga presente en la lengua meta. La traducción, al igual que el vuelo, permite la transgresión de los límites, tanto culturales como lingüísticos, sin perder el significado profundo. Ainara es una

joven a quien siempre se le ha dificultado encajar y adaptarse a las expectativas impuestas por su familia, su escuela y, en general, por la sociedad. Sus anhelos están limitados por los estándares de modestia que restringen su libertad de expresión.

Tabla 3. *Ainara*

Texto original	Texto traducido
Ella siempre quiso volar. Desde pequeña. Sí. Sus primeros intentos a los escasos cuatro años. Lo recordaba vagamente. Tal vez más bien a los tres... Y también siempre quiso andar desnuda según ella para que nada impidiera el vuelo. Esa libertad de ir por la vida a pura piel le daba un placer innegable y ojalá poder subir alto más allá de techos y copas de árbol tal vez sobre el mar. (p. 85)	She had always wanted to fly. Since she was little. Yes. Her first attempts were at the age of four. She could vaguely recall. Perhaps more like three... She also always wanted to be naked, according to her, so that nothing would hinder her flight. That freedom of going through life in just her skin gave her undeniable pleasure, and she wished she could climb high, beyond roofs and the trees, maybe over the sea. (p. 56)

Interpretación y representación del género

Una de las decisiones autorales más significativas en *Impúdicas* es el uso exclusivo de nombres femeninos que inician con la letra A, un rasgo que en español no solo imprime unidad formal al conjunto de relatos, sino que también actúa simbólicamente como una marca del género femenino. Esta elección refuerza la identidad femenina colectiva que atraviesa la obra. En la traducción al inglés, se optó por mantener los nombres originales sin adaptarlos ni anglicanizarlos, evitando así una pérdida del anclaje cultural y del simbolismo asociado a la letra A. Aunque en inglés la A inicial no evoca necesariamente una asociación directa con lo femenino como en el español, conservar los nombres permite respetar la intención estética de la autora y preservar la esencia de los personajes como parte de una comunidad de voces femeninas diversas pero conectadas.

Impúdicas presenta diversas dinámicas de género que se manifiestan de forma recurrente en la historia de la sociedad costarricense, abordando experiencias que siguen siendo vigentes

para las mujeres en el país. La obra aborda, desde diversas perspectivas, la representación de la mujer como símbolo sexual y la construcción de los estereotipos de género en Alba (pp. 9-14); los roles de género en Agnés (pp. 4-8); así como las expectativas desiguales impuestas al género femenino, evidenciadas en la exclusión y diferenciación por razones de género y edad en Alona (pp. 14-16). Además, Salaverry también aborda temáticas relacionadas con el género, como la presión sobre el cuerpo femenino, con un enfoque central en el pudor en Anabella (pp. 39-40).

Desafíos y decisiones traductológicas

Reescritura e intervención de textos

En el análisis de *Impúdicas* desde la perspectiva de las teorías de género, uno de los aspectos cruciales en el proceso traductivo es enfrentarse a los desafíos y tomar decisiones que impactan la representación de las voces femeninas en un nuevo idioma. Traducir textos que exploran las complejidades de las identidades y experiencias de mujeres de diferentes edades y contextos requiere una reflexión profunda sobre cómo transmitir con precisión las sutilezas culturales y los matices de género. A lo largo de este proceso, surgieron decisiones difíciles que equilibran la fidelidad al texto original y la necesidad de hacer visibles las realidades de las mujeres. Estas decisiones no solo influyen en el resultado traductivo, sino que también abren un espacio para explorar cómo las narrativas de género pueden ser reinterpretadas y reconfiguradas en un nuevo contexto cultural.

La traducción de Angélica (pp. 46-47) representó un desafío importante, ya que, por decisión estilística de la autora, esta historia está compuesta por 576 palabras y únicamente una marca de puntuación: los puntos suspensivos que aparecen al final del texto. Esta elección estilística contrasta con otras historias del mismo libro, donde predominan las oraciones breves y una puntuación más convencional.

Otro aspecto relevante es que la narración no se desarrolla en un solo plano, sino que alterna entre dos escenarios: la playa, donde ocurre la violación de Angélica, y el hospital, donde es intervenida tras el lamentable hecho. Esta estructura hace que la lectura resulte más densa. Además, la historia mezcla analepsis (recuerdos del pasado) y descripciones del presente dentro de una misma oración, lo que incrementa la complejidad textual.

Frente a este panorama, se tomó una decisión traductológica consciente: intervenir el texto. La estrategia consistió en separar el contenido en oraciones claras, distinguiendo entre los eventos sucedidos en la playa, los acontecimientos en el quirófano, y los saltos temporales entre el presente y las analepsis. El texto traducido contiene 61 oraciones, 59 puntos y 88 comas, logrando así una mayor claridad narrativa.

Desde la perspectiva de las teorías de género, esta intervención se entiende como una reescritura consciente. Más allá de reproducir la forma original, se priorizó hacer el mensaje más accesible para el lector, considerando el peso emocional del relato. La traductora optó por estructurar el contenido en oraciones que respetaran el mensaje de fondo, pero que facilitaran la comprensión y permitieran una recepción más inmediata del dolor y la violencia que atraviesan la historia. Esta elección traductiva se alinea con los enfoques de género que ven en la intervención una herramienta para visibilizar y amplificar las voces y experiencias narradas. En el caso de *Impúdicas*, dicha reescritura consciente se implementó únicamente en la traducción del relato Angélica.

En la tabla 4 se ilustra la segmentación de la historia de Angélica en oraciones, por sí sola, no constituye una estrategia feminista, sino que responde a criterios funcionalistas y estilísticos orientados a lograr una mayor claridad en la lectura. No obstante, la intervención consciente del texto (*womanhandling the text*) permite resignificar esta segmentación, resaltando la voz de la víctima y visibilizando sus experiencias. En el caso de *Angélica*, este

manejo deliberado contribuye a evitar un silenciamiento estructural que podría pasar inadvertido en una lectura lineal o tradicional. De este modo, un recurso formal se convierte en una herramienta ética y estratégica que fortalece la representación de las mujeres y los principios de justicia narrativa dentro del texto.

Tabla 4. Reescritura consciente

Texto original	Texto traducido
... ese hombre dos más tres hombres en la playa oscura no por favor los ruegos no sirven las patadas no sirven los insultos no sirven arrancan su ropa ella mirando sintiendo mirando incapaz de defenderse Angélica las manos de ese hombre manos frías de cuerpo entero su cuerpo en la camilla las manos atadas los pies atados las correas de cuero inmovilizándola ... (p. 73)	There was that man, two or three more men on the dark beach. No, please! Pleading doesn't help, kicking doesn't help, and insults don't help. They tear off her clothes, and Angélica is looking, feeling, watching, unable to defend herself. His hands... cold. Her whole body was on the operating table, her hands were tied, her feet were tied, and the leather straps immobilizing her. (p. 46)

Consideraciones traductológicas en la representación del cuerpo femenino

En la selección de textos traducidos de *Impúdicas* se observa que varias de las historias, como Agnés (p. 5), Alba (p. 12), Astrid (pp. 28-29), Ainara (pp.58-59) y Angelina (pp. 44-45), contienen descripciones explícitas del cuerpo femenino, cuya carga gráfica responde a una intención deliberada de la autora. Estas representaciones aportan significado dentro del desarrollo narrativo y del carácter de los personajes. En línea con lo planteado por von Flotow (1997), la traducción de descripciones como estas implica un reto particular, ya que muchas veces el cuerpo femenino en la literatura ha sido mediado por estereotipos, ya sea desde una imagen purificada y desexualizada como la de la madre o la Virgen María, o desde la hipersexualización asociada a la figura de la prostituta. La traducción, entonces, debe resistir el impulso de neutralizar estas descripciones para cumplir con una ética de fidelidad tanto al texto como a la intención política y estética de la autora. En la tabla 5 se denota la descripción del

cuerpo de una niña. La autora indica que Antonia (pp. 21-24) aún no sabe leer y, al sentarse, sus pies no logran tocar el piso. Este fragmento refleja la intención de la traductora de eliminar ambigüedades que puedan existir en el texto original y no dejar espacio a segundas interpretaciones en el texto traducido.

Tabla 5. Representación del cuerpo femenino

Texto original	Texto traducido
<p>... quédese callada, chiquita, yo le regalo el libro, y la mano ascendiendo por <i>el muslo delgadito de Antonia</i>, y Antonia con el grito atravesado, y el brazo que oprime aún más los hombros, el aliento caliente y hediondo pegado a su cara y la mano áspera, parecida a la lija, que <i>invade los rincones tibios de Antonia</i>, y Antonia asustada, no sabe si gritar, si salir corriendo...(p. 42)</p>	<p>“Be quiet, kid! I’ll give you the book,” he said, while his hand slid up <i>Antonia’s skinny thigh</i>. Antonia held a scream stuck in her throat, and his arm pressed harder against her shoulders, his hot, foul breath clinging to her face, and his rough hand, like sandpaper, <i>invading Antonia’s private parts</i>. Antonia was terrified, not knowing whether to scream or run. (p. 23)</p>

En este contexto, la propuesta traductológica de *Impúdicas* busca conservar la explicitud con la que Salaverry construye sus escenas corporales. Lejos de recurrir a eufemismos, neologismos innecesarios o términos edulcorados, la traducción apuesta por una equivalencia que mantenga la potencia y crudeza original. Este enfoque se refleja en la forma en que se describe el cuerpo de personajes como Agnés (p. 5), una mujer mayor, o Ainara (pp.58-59), una joven, sin ocultar marcas, fluidos, ni detalles incómodos. La visibilidad de todos los cuerpos sin importar su edad, forma o función es un acto político en sí mismo, y la traducción, en este caso, busca ser coherente con ese gesto, abriendo espacio a la posibilidad de reapropiarse de términos o incluso crear otros nuevos que respondan fielmente a lo que el texto quiere mostrar.

Ilustrar el cuerpo femenino representó un reto, ya que la traductora deseaba contextualizar las historias y emplear equivalencias sin alterar ni alejarse de manera irracional del mensaje del texto original. La palabra *pubis* tiene sentido en inglés, al igual que *vulva* en

español. Es cierto que *pubis* podría haberse mantenido o traducirse como *pubic area*, lo cual también habría sido una opción adecuada para este fragmento. A pesar de esto, en la tabla 6 se ejemplifica la decisión traductológica de usar *vulva* y no *pubis*, mostrando cómo se prioriza la precisión semántica y la intención del texto sobre la equivalencia literal palabra por palabra. Esta decisión permite evitar ambigüedades y asegura que el fragmento conserve su carácter íntimo y corporal. Además, en un texto literario y erótico, la claridad sobre a qué parte del cuerpo se refiere resulta fundamental. De este modo, se utilizó un término que, aunque anatómico, aporta una imagen más clara y mantiene la dimensión erótica que el texto intenta transmitir. Así, se preserva tanto el efecto estético como la carga emocional del original.

Tabla 6. Decisiones traductológicas sobre el cuerpo femenino

Texto original	Texto traducido
Ahora la danza sería otra: la danza del tacto, de las manos anudadas a su cuello, los brazos que la rodean, las manos cobijándose en sus axilas, bajando por sus <i>pechos ateridos, acariciando, tocando, acunándose en el recinto tibio de su pubis</i> mientras él se deshacía también de su ropa y los dos cuerpos desnudos, uno caricia del otro, se transformaban. (p. 26)	Now the dance would be different: the dance of touch, of hands tied around her neck, arms wrapping her, hands covering her armpits, moving down her stiff <i>cold breasts, stroking, touching, rocking her warm vulva</i> while he too shed his clothes, two naked bodies, one caressing the other, transforming. (p. 11)

Una recomendación adicional que plantea von Flotow (1997) es el uso de un vocabulario erótico que resuene con la audiencia femenina, especialmente en la descripción de cuerpos o escenas sexuales. Este tipo de elección léxica no solo desafía las formas dominantes del discurso erótico masculino, sino que también contribuye a la creación de un espacio literario más cercano, honesto y empático con las experiencias de las mujeres. En el caso de *Impúdicas*, esta estrategia se evidencia en relatos como Alba (p. 12), Angustias (pp. 19-20), Azucena (p. 32) y Amanda (p. 68), donde la traducción evita suavizar o disimular las imágenes del cuerpo femenino y, en cambio, recurre a un registro que se atreve a nombrar el deseo, el placer y la incomodidad desde

la subjetividad femenina. De este modo, la traducción se configura como un acto de resistencia que preserva la voz de la autora y reivindica la experiencia de sus personajes.

En la tabla 7 se ilustra un fragmento en el cual se ajusta el registro hacia un discurso más estético, lo que lo hace más adecuado para un público femenino. En el texto original se utiliza el diminutivo *tetitas*, que en el contexto costarricense puede leerse como tal; sin embargo, también puede considerarse una palabra que minimiza y que añade una connotación negativa al referirse al cuerpo femenino. Uno de los propósitos del desarrollo de esta traducción ha sido visibilizar. En inglés los diminutivos no funcionan de la misma manera que en español, ya que no basta con añadir un sufijo; por ello, se aprovecha esta diferencia y se utiliza «newly formed breasts», recurriendo al contexto de la descripción para crear la imagen de pechos pequeños. En la parte final de esta descripción, «un delicado e incipiente vello», la decisión traductológica se considera exitosa, pues las equivalencias empleadas son muy cercanas al texto original. En este caso, se optó por la expresión «delicate growth of hair», con el fin de aportar una imagen más poética y eliminar en la medida de lo posible el elemento de morbosidad.

Tabla 7. *Vocabulario para una audiencia femenina*

Texto original	Texto traducido
La niña casi muchacha corría, ágil y joven, <i>sus piernas largas a grandes zancadas, su torso fino y las tetitas nuevas expuestas a las miradas, su pubis cubierto apenas por un delicado e incipiente vello</i> . La casi niña corría sin importarle las miradas de terror de sus compañeras de internado, de las otras monjas, de las conserjes y del jardinero. (p. 88)	The girl ran, agile and young, <i>her long legs striding gracefully, her slender torso and newly formed breasts exposed to the gazes, her pubic area barely covered by a delicate growth of hair</i> , the girl ran, indifferent to the terrified stares of her boarding school classmates, the other nuns, the cleaning ladies, and the gardener. (p. 58)

Traducción y representación de textos LGBTQ+

En el campo de los estudios de traducción con enfoque de género, se reconocen dos paradigmas principales que orientan la práctica traductiva: el feminista y el queer. El primero, influenciado por pensadoras como Simone de Beauvoir, se fundamenta en una visión binaria del género como construcción social y denuncia la asociación histórica entre lo femenino, la traducción y lo secundario. Desde esta perspectiva, se han desarrollado estrategias como la intervención consciente del texto, con el fin de visibilizar las voces y experiencias de las mujeres. El segundo paradigma, guiado por la teoría queer y pensadoras como Judith Butler, concibe el género y la sexualidad como actos performativos y no como identidades fijas. La traducción queer, entonces, busca desestabilizar las normas sexuales y de género, revelando voces disidentes y desafiando las estructuras tradicionales de poder mediante actos de reescritura política. (Giustini, 2015)

Desde esta doble perspectiva, la traducción del fragmento de *Impúdicas* que ilustra en la tabla 8 presenta una propuesta que articula elementos de ambos paradigmas. En cuanto al enfoque feminista, el texto traducido mantiene la agencia de la protagonista y la intensidad del placer femenino como eje narrativo. Al conservar construcciones como «Azucena lets go of preconceptions, releasing her pain», la traducción reproduce fielmente la transformación interna del personaje, al tiempo que resalta su autonomía emocional y sexual. Esto responde a la intención de *womanhandling the text* propuesta por Godard (1990), en la que la traductora actúa desde una conciencia ideológica que busca cuestionar la invisibilización histórica de las voces femeninas. Por otra parte, el componente queer se manifiesta en la preservación del deseo homoerótico explícito entre Azucena y Chiara. A diferencia de las traducciones que, como en el caso de Sappho o de Beauvoir, ocultaron las identidades queer, este fragmento traduce sin censura la performatividad del deseo: «Azucena exploring unknown territories, led by Chiara,

by her hand, by her mouth, by her body». Así, la traducción no solo representa fielmente una vivencia disidente, sino que también contribuye a construir una comunidad de lectura queer transnacional, visibilizando otras formas de amar, sentir y narrar desde el cuerpo.

Tabla 8. Representación LGBTQ+ en *Impúdicas*

Texto original	Texto traducido
... me despierta el placer, no sé si es mi mano, o la otra que me guía y el placer cada vez más intenso, barriendo todo a su paso, y Azucena que depone prejuicios, pospone dolores y se deja llevar y los labios de Chiara ahora dulcísimos, ahora el placer, por fin el olvido, Azucena recorriendo territorios desconocidos llevada por Chiara, <i>por su mano, por su boca, por su cuerpo</i> . Y el olvido allí, aunque sea breve su estancia en el placer. (p. 55)	I'm woken by pleasure, I cannot tell if it's my hand or the other one guiding me, and the pleasure gets more intense, sweeping everything away, and Azucena lets go of preconceptions, releasing her pain and letting herself be carried away, and Chiara's lips, so sweet, the pleasure, finally the oblivion, Azucena exploring unknown territories, led by Chiara, <i>by her hand, by her mouth, by her body</i> . And the oblivion is there, though her moment of pleasure might be short. (p. 33)
<i>Chiara se acerca a Azucena. Es tanta la ternura que Azucena se deja llevar, mecida también por el monótono rumor del mar.</i> (p. 54)	<i>Chiara approaches Azucena with such fondness that Azucena allows herself to be swept away, rocked by the lullaby of the waves.</i> (p. 32)

Hacer lo implícito explícito

Von Flotow (1997) señala que una estrategia fundamental en la traducción feminista es hacer explícitos los elementos implícitos relacionados con el género y las relaciones de poder. Esta práctica busca revelar y cuestionar los discursos que suelen estar naturalizados o invisibilizados en el texto original, contribuyendo a una lectura más crítica y consciente. Esta intervención traductora implica un compromiso activo, donde la traductora no solo traslada el contenido, sino que también destaca significados que el original presenta de forma sutil o tácita. En *Impúdicas*, esta estrategia se manifiesta en relatos como Astrid (p. 2), Angélica (p. 46) y Amanda (p. 69). Así, la traducción se convierte en un acto político que desafía las estructuras sociales y visibiliza dimensiones marginadas de la experiencia humana.

En la tabla 9 se ejemplifica la estrategia que von Flotow (1997) describe, ya que permite revelar lo implícito, destacando la metáfora original del sol y el movimiento de manera que el lector perciba con mayor precisión la simultaneidad y la fuerza de la acción. Al mismo tiempo, la traducción aporta énfasis a los significados sutiles, haciendo más evidente la intensidad y la urgencia del acto, aspectos que en el texto en español estaban sugeridos de forma menos explícita. En español se usa el verbo *meterse* en las dos partes de la comparación, mientras que en inglés se emplean diferentes locuciones verbales que, a pesar de perder ese paralelismo, logran crear la imagen al usar *stumbling its way* y *pressing forward* para diferenciar el sol del hombre. De este modo, la versión traducida contribuye a una lectura crítica, ya que, al visibilizar estos matices, invita a un análisis más consciente de las dinámicas de poder y deseo, reforzando la dimensión política de la traducción feminista.

Tabla 9. Amanda

Texto original	Texto traducido
... el sol intentando atropelladamente meterse en el cuerpo de ella, él también atropellando para meterse en el cuerpo de ella... (p.103)	... as the sun was stumbling its way into her skin, he too was pressing forward, trying to bury himself deep inside her... (p. 69)

Contexto costarricense

La traducción y visibilización de *Impúdicas* dentro del canon literario costarricense representa un acto político y cultural de gran relevancia, al rescatar y amplificar voces femeninas que tradicionalmente han sido marginadas. Esta obra, al ser traducida al inglés desde una perspectiva feminista guiada por las teorías de Luise von Flotow, no solo conserva la carga simbólica y emocional de las narraciones, sino que también desafía las convenciones de género al intervenir conscientemente el texto para hacer explícitas las experiencias y realidades de las mujeres costarricenses.

Al incluir temas como la sexualidad, la violencia de género y la identidad femenina, y traducirlos sin atenuar su crudeza ni su complejidad cultural, el proyecto no solo enriquece los estudios de traducción literaria, sino que también promueve la inclusión de estas narrativas en circuitos globales. Este esfuerzo traductológico contribuye de manera significativa a diversificar el canon literario nacional, al visibilizar una literatura escrita por mujeres que hasta ahora ha recibido escasa atención, abriendo camino para que más obras costarricenses con perspectiva de género circulen y sean reconocidas dentro y fuera del país.

El título: she(e)meless

Impúdicas y el proceso de traducción se llevó a cabo a partir de las macro y microestrategias de género propuestas y defendidas por Luise von Flotow a lo largo de su trayectoria teórica. Estas estrategias resultan especialmente útiles para abordar textos escritos por mujeres y cargados de un componente político y cultural, como es el caso de esta obra. En la lengua meta, el libro se titulara *Sh(e)meless*, un neologismo que busca reproducir la carga semántica y subversiva del término original, al tiempo que introduce un juego visual y lingüístico que evoca tanto lo femenino *she* como la ausencia de vergüenza *shameless*. La decisión de optar por este título se justifica en el prefacio del traductor, el cual, siguiendo a von Flotow (2019), se entiende como una macroestrategia, ya que cumple la función de explicar, contextualizar y reflexionar sobre el proceso de traducción. De esta manera, el prefacio no solo presenta la obra al lector meta, sino que también establece un marco crítico que visibiliza la intencionalidad política detrás de la elección traductiva.

Por otro lado, la creación del neologismo *Sh(e)meless* constituye en sí misma una microestrategia, dado que se trata de una intervención puntual y personal de la traductora en el texto, orientada a mantener la fuerza expresiva y la dimensión contestataria del título original. Este término se revisita posteriormente en la traducción de la historia corta Alba (pp. 9-13) ,

primera ocasión en la que la autora introduce la palabra *impúdicas* en el cuerpo del libro, lo cual refuerza la necesidad de mantener la coherencia terminológica entre el título y el texto narrativo. Para ello, se recurrió a notas al pie que aclaran el uso del neologismo y explotan su relevancia como herramienta de interpretación para el lector meta. Dichas notas funcionan como un puente entre la intención de la autora y la propuesta de la traductora, evidenciando que la traducción no es un mero traslado lingüístico, sino un ejercicio crítico y consciente que implica decisiones con impacto ideológico y cultural. En este sentido, la combinación de macro y microestrategias permitió no solo articular el título, el paratexto y el cuerpo narrativo de forma coherente, sino también reafirmar el posicionamiento crítico de la traductora frente al texto, alineado con la perspectiva de género que orienta todo el proyecto traductivo. En la tabla 10 se ilustra el uso de *sh(e)meless* dentro del cuerpo del texto.

Tabla 10. *Sh(e)meless*

Texto original	Texto traducido
Porque la verdad no sabía mucho de pudores, ni de convenciones, ni de represión. Y en su piel de sol, su piel de mar, la palabra germinó y marcó su destino para siempre: <i>¡Impúdica!</i> (p.28)	Because the truth is she didn't know much about modesty, or conventions, or restraint. And in her sun-kissed skin, her sea-salt skin, the word grew and marked her destiny forever: <i>Sh(e)meless!</i> (p. 13)

En conclusión, el análisis de la traducción de *Impúdicas* demuestra que la aplicación de teorías de género en el ámbito traductológico no solo enriquece la práctica traductiva, sino que también constituye una forma de intervención crítica que visibiliza voces y contextos históricamente marginados. Mi propuesta de traducción inversa, bajo el título *Sh(e)meless*, se erige como un aporte concreto en el campo de los estudios de traducción, al articular macro y microestrategias de género que dialogan con las reflexiones teóricas de von Flotow y las trasladan a un caso específico de la literatura costarricense. Esta experiencia pone de relieve

cómo las decisiones traductivas pueden funcionar como actos políticos y culturales, capaces de mantener la fuerza expresiva del original y, al mismo tiempo, abrir nuevas posibilidades de lectura en la lengua meta. De esta manera, el proyecto no solo contribuye a los estudios sobre traducción y género, sino que también amplía la proyección internacional de la literatura femenina costarricense, insertándola en debates globales que reconocen el papel de la traducción como herramienta de visibilización y resignificación cultural.

Capítulo VI. Conclusiones

Introducción

En este capítulo final se presenta la síntesis y discusión de los hallazgos obtenidos a lo largo de esta investigación, así como la reflexión sobre sus implicaciones en el campo de la traducción literaria con perspectiva de género. La discusión de resultados se articulará en torno a seis aspectos principales: los resultados más relevantes, su interpretación teórica, las implicaciones prácticas y académicas, las limitaciones del estudio, las recomendaciones surgidas y, finalmente, una reflexión personal sobre la experiencia investigativa y traductora.

Resumen de resultados principales

Los resultados indican que la aplicación de las teorías de género de Luise von Flotow a la traducción de *Impúdicas* permitió conservar y visibilizar la voz femenina y las experiencias de género en la lengua meta (inglés). Asimismo, se identificaron desafíos particulares en el tratamiento de contenidos marcados culturalmente, como la violencia sexual, la sexualidad femenina y la representación del cuerpo, los cuales fueron abordados mediante micro y macro estrategias traductológicas como el *hijacking* (apropiación), *supplementing* (suplementación), *prefacing* y *footnoting* (prefacio y notas al pie), la reescritura consciente y la explicitación. También se confirmó que una traducción con enfoque de género puede funcionar como una herramienta crítica y política para promover la circulación de literatura femenina costarricense en contextos internacionales.

Discusión (interpretación de resultados)

A la luz del enfoque teórico, los resultados obtenidos evidencian que la traducción feminista, lejos de ser una intervención arbitraria, constituye un posicionamiento ético y político que busca corregir las omisiones históricas de las voces femeninas. Como señala von Flotow (1997) y otras autoras citadas, estrategias como la intervención textual o el uso consciente del

lenguaje son fundamentales para visibilizar las estructuras de poder implícitas en el texto original. Al aplicar estas estrategias, la traducción de *Impúdicas* no solo preserva la carga simbólica y cultural del texto original, sino que además resignifica los relatos desde una perspectiva crítica que dialoga con la cultura meta. En esta línea, investigaciones más recientes, como las de Ruoxuan Sun (2021) y de Ausma Cimdiña y Jorunn Økland (2017), subrayan que el papel de la traductora feminista se configura de manera distinta según los marcos culturales en los que se inserta, destacando cómo la cultura meta adquiere un peso determinante en los contextos asiáticos y europeos, lo cual pone en perspectiva que gran parte de las propuestas de von Flotow y otras autoras surgen de un marco norteamericano. Los antecedentes expuestos en la sección de revisión bibliográfica también evidencian la falta de documentación sobre la perspectiva latinoamericana, así como el contraste que supone la traducción inversa de una lengua con marcas de género a una que carece de ellas en este aspecto. Este trabajo, al insertarse en un contexto latinoamericano, también pone en tensión los marcos teóricos desarrollados en contextos eurocentrados, aportando una mirada situada y contextualizada a la realidad nacional y latinoamericana.

Implicaciones

Desde el punto de vista práctico, este proyecto demuestra que la traducción feminista es una herramienta viable y efectiva para traducir textos literarios con alto contenido simbólico y cultural. A nivel teórico, contribuye al cuerpo académico de los estudios de género y traducción desde una perspectiva latinoamericana, específicamente costarricense, que ha sido escasamente explorada. Asimismo, ofrece un modelo replicable de análisis y aplicación de estrategias traductológicas feministas que puede ser útil para traductores, docentes e investigadores interesados en la intersección entre lenguaje, poder e identidad.

Limitaciones y consideraciones

Entre las principales limitaciones se encuentra la imposibilidad de traducir el texto completo de *Impúdicas*, lo que implica que determinados problemas traductológicos pudieron haber quedado sin una solución concreta. Además, si bien se consultó a la autora y se realizó una revisión con un hablante nativo, el proceso de traducción estuvo condicionado por el tiempo limitado propio de un proyecto académico. Es importante reconocer que la traducción feminista, al ser una práctica situada y subjetiva, implica decisiones interpretativas y estratégicas que podrían ser abordadas de manera distinta por otras traductoras, lo que resalta la necesidad de continuar investigando esta área desde múltiples enfoques y contextos. Asimismo, el enfoque adoptado conlleva tensiones ideológicas y éticas inherentes: intervenir en un texto para visibilizar marcas de género y enfatizar perspectivas femeninas puede generar dilemas sobre hasta qué punto la traductora modifica el espíritu original de la obra o impone un marco teórico específico. En este sentido, algunas decisiones e intervenciones pueden catalogarse como «consideraciones éticas», dado que se realizaron pequeñas alteraciones con el fin de preservar y resaltar las marcas de género y aplicar recomendaciones teóricas para la traducción desde una perspectiva femenina y feminista, sin perder de vista la integridad literaria del texto.

Recomendaciones

A la luz del análisis y los hallazgos de este trabajo, se formulan las siguientes recomendaciones. Estas surgen de los desafíos inherentes a la traducción inversa de textos literarios costarricenses con perspectiva de género hacia el inglés, y buscan promover la visibilidad de voces femeninas históricamente marginalizadas en la literatura y la traductología.

- Es fundamental aplicar enfoques de género en la traducción de literatura femenina costarricense, con el fin de preservar las voces, experiencias y temáticas que históricamente han sido invisibilizadas.

- Se deberían incluir contenidos relacionados con teorías de género y prácticas de traducción feminista en los programas de formación en traducción, tanto a nivel teórico como práctico, enriquecería la preparación de futuras generaciones de traductoras.
- Resulta necesario fortalecer la investigación situada en América Latina, especialmente en Costa Rica, para generar marcos de análisis más contextualizados que respondan a las realidades socioculturales de la región.
- En procesos de traducción inversa desde el español hacia lenguas como el inglés, caracterizadas por una mayor neutralidad gramatical, conviene profundizar en estrategias que permitan conservar la carga de género del texto original. Este tipo de traducción exige una sensibilidad especial para evitar que se diluya el carácter simbólico y político de las obras provenientes de contextos marcadamente patriarcales, como el costarricense.
- Visibilizar a autoras nacionales mediante proyectos de traducción es una vía concreta para promover la circulación de sus obras en espacios internacionales. Estas iniciativas no solo enriquecen la literatura traducida, sino que también posicionan nuevas voces en el panorama global.
- El uso de herramientas de inteligencia artificial en traducción debe acompañarse de procesos críticos de posesición. Esta tecnología puede facilitar el trabajo preliminar, pero es indispensable que se complemente con intervenciones conscientes, éticas y alineadas con los objetivos del enfoque seleccionado.

Reflexiones finales

La elaboración de esta investigación en el campo de la traductología ha evidenciado cómo, en ocasiones, el texto mismo selecciona al traductor. En nuestro contexto contemporáneo, prevalece la percepción de que el discurso social ha alcanzado una etapa de plenitud, donde las sorpresas son escasas. No obstante, el estudio de las teorías de género aplicadas a la traducción revela la constante lucha de múltiples minorías. Esta lucha no se circunscribe únicamente al auge de estas teorías en la década de los noventa, sino que se manifiesta a lo largo de la historia a través del análisis de textos antiguos y de las omisiones que han perpetuado un conocimiento social y unas tendencias ideológicas arraigadas en una estructura patriarcal.

Tradicionalmente, concebía la traducción como un acto primordialmente comunicativo, donde la figura del traductor servía como un puente entre lenguas y culturas, facilitando la distribución de textos a un público más amplio. Sin embargo, el análisis de las teorías de género ha redefinido mi comprensión del proceso, mostrándome que traducir es también un acto político y de visibilización. En este sentido, la traductora se erige como una activista que participa activamente en el discurso político del feminismo.

El proyecto de traducción de *Impúdicas* representó tanto un reto significativo como una experiencia sumamente gratificante. Me considero afortunada de que la escritora Arabella Salaverry me haya encomendado la traducción de esta selección de relatos, cuyos personajes logran conmover desde la primera lectura. Abordar escenas de violencia, como una violación o un suicidio, constituyó una tarea de considerable dificultad, pero también un desafío formativo crucial para el inicio de mi trayectoria profesional.

Este análisis busca generar un impacto en el ámbito académico nacional al abordar un escenario particular: la traducción inversa desde un contexto costarricense de un texto con claras

marcas de género en español hacia una lengua meta, como el inglés, que a menudo se percibe como más neutral.

Finalmente, la integración de recursos tecnológicos como la inteligencia artificial y los procesos de posesición fue fundamental para optimizar las etapas iniciales del trabajo. Esta aproximación permitió liberar recursos humanos para concentrarnos en la tarea esencial de plasmar los elementos de género del texto, visibilizando las temáticas femeninas en el proceso de traducción y edición.

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Anexos

Anexo 1. Tablas de comparación

Relato	Texto original	Texto traducido	Categoría
Agnés	... ella en camisón con sus tetas caídas, por las hendiduras sentía los ojos espiándola, y sus caderas anchas, cada día más anchas. El culo le crecía sin misericordia. No soportaba las piernas. Miró la izquierda, congestionada aún más que la otra, con los cordeles azules que eran sus venas resaltándose en la piel blanca. Dispuestas a romperse en cualquier momento. (p. 17)	She was in her nightgown, her saggy tits; she could feel eyes spying on her through the cracks, and her wide hips, wider every day. Her butt grew mercilessly. She couldn't bear her legs. She looked at her left leg, more bloated than the other, with the blue cords that were her veins standing out on her pale skin, ready to burst at any moment. (p. 5)	CUERPO-FEM ⁹
Alba	Ahora la danza sería otra: la danza del tacto, de las manos anudadas a su cuello, los brazos que la rodean, las manos cobijándose en sus axilas, bajando por sus pechos ateridos, acariciando, tocando, acunándose en el recinto tibio de su pubis mientras él se deshacía también de su ropa y los dos cuerpos desnudos, uno caricia del otro, se transformaban. (p. 26)	Now the dance would be different: the dance of touch, of hands tied around her neck, arms wrapping her, hands covering her armpits, moving down her stiff, cold breasts, stroking, touching, rocking her warm vulva while he too shed his clothes, two naked bodies, one caressing the other, transforming. (p. 11)	CUERPO-FEM
Alba	Su delgadez no alcanzaba para mucho. Débil por el ayuno. (p. 27)	Her thinness didn't allow much. She was weak from fasting. (p. 12)	CUERPO-FEM
Angustias	La malla de ciclista moldea mi cuerpo con precisión, lo cubre de rojo eléctrico, mientras vos, más sobrio, vas de negro convencional. (p. 33)	The cycling shorts mold to my body precisely, cloaked in electric red, while you, more subtle, are dressed in plain black. (p. 17)	CUERPO-FEM
Antonia	... el hombre que la sujeta por los hombros y la niña ajena a segundas intenciones, qué desecada, chiquita, yo le regalo el libro, y la mano ascendiendo por el muslo delgadito de Antonia, y Antonia con el grito atravesado, y el brazo que oprime aún más los hombros, el aliento caliente y hediondo pegado a su cara y la mano áspera, parecida a la lija, que invade los rincones tibios de Antonia, y Antonia asustada, no sabe si gritar, si salir corriendo y permanece inmóvil aterida por el miedo y nadie cerca y la mano que insiste y el dolor que traspasa el cuerpo pequeño y Antonia que salta del regazo impropio, corre por las calles atardecidas hasta llegar a la escalera interminable de su casa	The man held her by the shoulders. The little girl was unaware of any ill intentions. "Be quiet, kid! I'll give you the book," he said, while his hand slid up Antonia's skinny thigh. Antonia held a scream stuck in her throat, and his arm pressed harder against her shoulders, his hot, foul breath clinging to her face, and his rough hand, like sandpaper, invading Antonia's private parts. Antonia was terrified, not knowing whether to scream or run. She remained still, frozen with fear, and there was no one nearby. His hand persisted, and pain pierced her small body. Antonia jumped from the improper lap and ran through the twilight streets until she reached the endless staircase of her house, where,	CUERPO-FEM

⁹ Consideraciones traductológicas en la representación del cuerpo femenino.

	en donde ese día como muchos otros le corresponde caminar en puntas de pie. (p. 42)	like so many other days, she had to walk on her tiptoes. (pp. 23-24)	
Astrid	Samantha era de carnes apretadas como no me podía imaginar que existieran. Su luminoso color café con leche con un toque de pimienta de cayena, el pelo rojo ensortijado, denso, textura de algodón de azúcar. Los ojos de un verde transparente se le perdían entre los guiños y luces con los que terminaba sus frases. (p.49)	Samantha had the tightest body that I had ever imagined existed. Her skin was a luminous caramel color with a touch of cayenne pepper; her hair, thick curly red hair had a cotton candy texture. Her clear green eyes seemed to get lost among the winks and lights she used when ending her sentences. (pp. 28-29)	CUERPO-FEM
Angelina	O tal vez era la desnutrición que la hacía verse tan menudita. (p. 69)	Maybe it was malnutrition that made her look so tiny. (p. 44)	CUERPO-FEM
Angelina	Como si el arcoíris se derramara en la cola de la falda, que la rodeaba y se abría al frente para dejar al descubierto las piernas delgaduchas. La blusa, escasa, se anudaba debajo de sus tetitas y las mangas repetían el esplendor de vuelos de la falda. Rumbera, oyó que decían. (p. 70)	It was as if a rainbow had spilled onto the tail of her skirt, which twirled around her and opened in front, revealing her twiggy legs. Her sheer blouse was tied beneath her small breasts, and the sleeves echoed the spectacle of the skirt's ruffles. A showgirl, Angelina heard someone say. (pp. 44-45)	CUERPO-FEM
Ainara	La niña casi muchacha corría, ágil y joven, sus piernas largas a grandes zancadas, su torso fino y las tetitas nuevas expuestas a las miradas, su pubis cubierto apenas por un delicado e incipiente vello. La casi niña corría sin importarle las miradas de terror de sus compañeras de internado, de las otras monjas, de las conserjes y del jardinero. (p. 88)	The girl ran, agile and young, her long legs striding gracefully, her slender torso and newly formed breasts exposed to the gazes, her pubic area barely covered by a delicate, growing fuzz; the girl ran, indifferent to the terrified stares of her boarding school classmates, the other nuns, the cleaning ladies, and the gardener. (pp. 58-59)	CUERPO-FEM
Aura	Amaba su carne blanca y suavemente mantecosa, sus brazos redondos y la serpiente de plata enroscada en uno de ellos. Amaba sus cabellos rojos recogidos por una banda, sus vestidos de cuentecillas brillantes, sus ojos profusamente delineados en negro, Mata Hari anclada en el calor del trópico. (pp. 95-96)	I loved her white, buttery-soft flesh, her round arms, and that silver snake of hers coiled around one of them. I loved her red hair, tied back with a hairband, her sparkly beaded dresses, her eyes heavily lined in black, Mata Hari bound in the tropical heat. (p. 61)	CUERPO-FEM
Aura	No podía comprender que no era yo, la escasa de libras y piel pintada por el calor la que tenía necesidad de reponer el tiempo, de quedarse más ante el espejo contemplando sus ojos grandes, enormes, mientras inventaba extrañas sombras y matices con el carboncillo para jugar a ser lo que quisiera; no era yo sino ella, Aura –la abuela–, a quien el llanto de un niño obligó siempre a detener el trazo. (p. 96-97)	He couldn't know that it wasn't me, the slim figure, sun-kissed skin, who needed to make up for lost time, to linger longer before the mirror, gazing at her big, wide eyes while crafting odd shadows and hues with charcoal to play at being whoever she wished; it wasn't me, but her, Aura, Grandma, who had always been forced to stop drawing the line at the sound of a child's cry. (p. 62)	CUERPO-FEM

Aura	Entonces mis senos perdidos en sus manos encontraban por un tiempo la calma, no escuchaba más los reproches no pronunciados y recobraba el calor en su abrazo largo, sus piernas enredadas en las mías, la tibieza de su cuerpo conteniéndome. (p. 99)	Then, my breasts, cradled in his touch, would find peace for a while. I would no longer hear the unspoken reprimands, and in his long embrace, I would find my warmth again. His legs were tangled in mine, the gentle heat of his body enveloping me. (p. 64)	CUERPO-FEM
Aura	De pronto me sentí desnuda, casi bella fea desnuda a los ojos de otras mujeres, de otros hombres y ellos pendientes de mi cuerpo flaco que distaba mucho del hermoso y grande de la abuela. (p. 101)	Suddenly, I felt naked, almost oddly, beautifully naked under the eyes of other women, of other men, and they were all watching my thin body, so far from my grandmother's beautiful and full figure. (p. 66)	CUERPO-FEM
Astrid	Pero la espuma ahora de sangre, la sal en tus manos rotas, llagadas. Mi vida en tus manos. Tus manos rojas. Rojas de sangre. Tu sangre roja. Roja tu sangre y la mía. Hermanos para siempre. (p. 48)	But the foam now was blood, the salt in your wounded hands. My life was in your hands. Your red hands, red with blood. Your blood, red, and mine. Siblings forever. (p. 27)	IMP-EXP ¹⁰
Angélica	... ese hombre abre sus piernas forzándola más más sostengan a esta puta ya verá ya verá y las carcajadas ensordeciéndola su vulva expuesta... (pp. 73-74)	That man forced her legs open more and more. "Hold this bitch down, she'll see, she'll see." Their laughter made her mind go numb. (p. 46)	IMP-EXP
Amanda	... en tanto que en la calle se palpaba el sol, sí, quería decirle, el sol intentando atropelladamente meterse en el cuerpo de ella, él también atropellando para meterse en el cuerpo de ella, decirle que el frío o el calor quemaba la espalda y él allí, tacto para palpar oquedades, fisuras, pero con puertas y ventanas clausuradas y la lengua recorriendo la piel de Amanda mientras las bicicletas paseaban alegremente por las calles y él concentrado en el frío oficio de tocar, dejándola fuera, su lengua recorriéndola, recorriéndola, manos transgrediendo repliegues, bordes, manos palpando, manos concentradas en el frío oficio de palpar... (pp. 103-104)	while the street breathed under the sun's touch, yes, she wanted to tell him, as the sun was stumbling its way into her skin, he too was pressing forward, trying to bury himself deep inside her, to tell him that the cold or the heat was hurting her back, and he was there, touch seeking out gaps, cracks, but the doors and windows were sealed, and his tongue was tracing Amanda's skin while bicycles strolled cheerfully through the streets, and he was absorbed in the cold craft of touching, keeping her out of it, his tongue tracing her, tracing all of her, his hands wandering the folds of her, edges, hands feeling, hands absorb on the cold craft of feeling, (p. 68)	IMP-EXP
Azucena	La propuesta de Chiara la tienta. Playas de blanco y el mar allí, a la espera, meciéndose, azul ... (p. 54)	Chiara's proposal tempts her. White sands and the sea right there, waiting, swaying, blue. (p. 32)	LGBTQ+ ¹¹

¹⁰ Hacer lo implícito explícito.

¹¹ Traducción y representación de textos LGBTQ+

Azucena	Chiara se acerca a Azucena. Es tanta la ternura que Azucena se deja llevar, mecida también por el monótono rumor del mar. La mano inquieta de Chiara, el silencio supliendo palabras, en su caricia que no se detiene, desde el pelo, su cara, una mano dulce en contraposición con la que habita en su memoria, –la mano rugosa que la tomó por el cuello–, la mano de Chiara bajando dulce por el hombro, aprisionando en su descenso la suave redondez de las tetas de Azucena, y el recuerdo de otra mano callosa, apretando, pellizcando, partiendo la respiración; la boca se acomoda suavemente en su cuello, pasando antes su lengua por los repliegues de la oreja asombrada de Azucena y el recuerdo del mordisco sucio de otra boca, Chiara más allá de prejuicios, abriendo espacios inexplorados mientras va despertando pálpitos nuevos en el espacio recóndito de Azucena, acariciando los pezones, Chiara madura, libre, pasando su lengua tibia por la breve curva del vientre de Azucena, borrando las patadas que recibió un día, Chiara abierta a la exploración del placer, tacto tibio sobre las nalgas frías de Azucena, enamorada de la desnudez traslúcida de Azucena, Chiara ofreciendo caricias, adhiriéndose al cuerpo de Azucena que se abre y cierra, meciéndose entre el recuerdo ácido y el placer, entre el hielo y el fuego. (pp. 54-55)	Chiara approaches Azucena with such fondness that Azucena allows herself to be swept away, rocked by the lullaby of the waves. Chiara's playful hand, the silence replacing their words as her caress feels infinite, from hair to face, a sweet hand in contrast to the one that lingered in her memory, the rough hand that grabbed her by the neck. Chiara's hand moving gently down her shoulder, grabbing softly as it descends over Azucena's breasts, and the memory of another rough hand, squeezing, pinching, cutting off her breath; her mouth gently settling on her neck as her tongue briefly traces the contour of Azucena's ear, and the memory of a filthy bite from another mouth. Chiara wanders beyond prejudice, opening unexplored spaces, awakening new feelings. Wanders to Azucena's intimate corners, caressing her nipples. Chiara is mature, free, mapping Azucena's waist using her warm tongue, erasing the kicks she once endured. Chiara feels free to explore the pleasure, a warm touch on Azucena's cold butt, in love with her ethereal nakedness. Chiara is offering her touch, gluing herself to Azucena's body that opens and closes, rocking between the sour memory and the pleasure, between ice and fire. (pp. 32-33)	LGBTQ+
Azucena	... me despierta el placer, no sé si es mi mano, o la otra que me guía y el placer cada vez más intenso, barriendo todo a su paso, y Azucena que depone prejuicios, pospone dolores y se deja llevar y los labios de Chiara ahora dulcísimos, ahora el placer, por fin el olvido, Azucena recorriendo territorios desconocidos llevada por Chiara, por su mano, por su boca, por su cuerpo. Y el olvido allí, aunque sea breve su estancia en el placer. (p. 55)	I'm woken by pleasure, I cannot tell if it's my hand or hers guiding me, and the pleasure gets more intense, sweeping everything away, and Azucena lets go of preconceptions, releasing her pain and letting herself be carried away, and Chiara's lips, so sweet, the pleasure, finally the oblivion, Azucena exploring unknown territories, led by Chiara, by her hand, by her mouth, by her body. And the oblivion is there, though her moment of pleasure might be short. (p. 33)	LGBTQ+

Angélica	... de nuevo ese hombre la persigue días noches atisbándola Angélica inocente ignora no no lo conoce nunca lo ha visto la playa solitaria y oscura cada vez más oscura ... (p. 73)	That man is chasing her through days and nights, stalking her. Innocent and unaware, Angélica doesn't know him; she's never seen him. The beach was lonely and getting dark, darker every minute. (p. 46)	REESCR+ ¹²
Angélica	... así inmóvil en esa playa dos hombres deteniéndola el tercero irrumpiendo en su cuerpo ... (p. 73)	Just like that, she was held down on that beach. Two men were holding her, the third one breaking into her body. (p. 46)	REESCR+
Angélica	... ese hombre una furia abatiéndola su pene abriéndola los otros ríen angélica oye sus risas siente sus manos manos sujetándola hiriéndola ella su dolor no termina el tiempo se alarga angélica un trozo de carne lacerada solloza la inmensa soledad esa playa dos hombres más dos hombres más risas estridentes cortan el aire con cuchillos... (p. 74)	That man, full of fury, yanked her down and his penis tore her open. The others laughed. Angélica heard their laughter and felt their hands. Those hands that hold her down, hurting her. Her pain did not stop, and time stretched on. Angélica, a piece of torn flesh, was sobbing. Her deep loneliness, that beach, two men, and two more men, their obnoxious laughter cutting the air like knives. (pp. 46-47)	REESCR+
Angélica	... nadie escucha nadie ayuda asco asco angélica pálida huye una vez más su cuerpo dolor vergüenza la falta de compasión no la violen una vez más cerrar los ojos mirar desde arriba estar no estando muchas veces su cuerpo de nuevo expuesto manoseo inclemente entierra su desesperación el de cualquier mujer que habita un cuerpo y ese cuerpo no le pertenece... (p. 74)	No one listens, no one helps. Gross, gross! Angélica, pale, flees once again. Her body feels pain and shame, lacking compassion from anyone while hoping not to be raped again. Close her eyes, look from above, be without being repeatedly. Her exposed body, subjected to ruthless groping, buries her despair, the despair of any woman inhabiting a body, and that body doesn't belong to her. (p. 47)	REESCR+
Alba	Ni el cuerpo de Rodrigo cercano a su cuerpo ni ella flotando en ese espejo en llamas, el mar al mediodía; ni las tardes de tormenta, ni Rodrigo, ni sus besos adolescentes, ni esa ola acunándose tímidamente en el territorio aún inexplorado: su piel. (p. 23)	No more of Rodrigo's body close to hers, nor her floating in that mirror on fire, or the sea at noon; the stormy afternoons, nor Rodrigo, nor his teenage kisses, nor that wave rocking timorously in until-now unexplored territory: her skin. (p.9)	REP-GEN ¹³
Alba	Ese esquema se reproducía a lo largo y ancho del lugar, su morada a partir del beso —¡pecado!—, descubierto por su madre y el inmediato destierro. (p. 24)	That pattern was repeated all throughout the place, her home, since that kiss. Poor Alba was discovered by her mother, and then she was sent into immediate exile. (p. 10)	REP-GEN
Alona	Ella decía sí, sin palabras. Un sí vibrante y alegre. En cambio él, cada vez más turbio, se oponía. (pp. 30-31)	She said yes, without speaking. A vibrant, joyful, yes. The man, on the other hand, becoming increasingly hazy, resisted the idea. (p. 15)	REP-GEN

¹² Reescritura e intervención de textos.

¹³ Interpretación y representación del género.

Alona	El hombre cada vez más molesto. Nada que alterara su paz. No quería nada de afuera. En cambio ella... Alona seguía diciendo que sí con la mirada. El hombre, cada vez más incómodo. para qué, estamos bien ... (p. 31)	The man grew more irritated. He wanted nothing that would disrupt his peace, nothing from outside. But she... Alona kept saying yes with her eyes. The man, feeling increasingly uncomfortable, said, "Why? We're fine." (p. 15)	REP-GEN
Alona	... sacó los brazos que alguna vez abrazaron, que tal vez abrazaron al muchacho cuando niño, manoteó con furia cerca de la cara del joven con movimientos espásticos, hasta que una de las uñas viejas y afiladas como navajas atravesó la córnea del ojo izquierdo del muchacho. (p. 31)	He pulled out his arms that once embraced, that perhaps once hugged the boy when he was young, furiously smacking at the boy's face with unsteady slaps until one of his old, razor-sharp nails pierced the cornea of the boy's left eye. (pp. 15 - 16)	REP-GEN
Antonia	Otras veces, cuando la noche anterior no ha sido amable con ella, cuando el marido no aparece o la discusión corta como cuchillo, la tía prefiere quedarse encerrada en su habitación. (p. 40-41)	Other times, when the previous night hadn't been kind to her aunt, when her husband didn't show up, or when arguments cut like a knife, her aunt preferred to lock herself in her room. (p. 22)	REP-GEN
Antonia	Porque en cuanto cierra los ojos, en cuanto se asoma el sueño, viene la mujer de alto sombrero y túnica al aire, y detrás, una mano implacable que la alcanza... (pp. 42-43)	Because as soon as she closes her eyes, as soon as sleep creeps in, the woman with the tall hat and flowing tunic appears, and behind her, an unforgiving hand reaches out to grab her... (p. 24)	REP-GEN
Astrid	Astrid, no es posible. Usted es una mujer sola. Mijita. ¿Cómo se le ocurre? ¡Y tan joven! ¿Cómo va a contratar a esa persona? (p. 45)	Astrid, it's not possible. You are a single woman. My dear. What were you thinking? And so young! How could you hire him? (p. 25)	REP-GEN
Astrid	Astrid, las muchachas decentes no tienen esas amistades. Además, ¿qué van a pensar? ¿Cómo va a meter a un hombre en su casa? Y a ese... Nadie va a pensar que es su ayudante. Además... (p. 46)	Astrid, proper girls don't keep those kinds of friends. What will people think? How could you let a man into your house? Especially him... No one will believe he's there to help. Besides... (p. 25)	REP-GEN
Astrid	Pero piense en su familia... ¿qué va a decir la gente? ¡Ni se le ocurra acercarse al club! No la recibirán. Es un escándalo. Todo el mundo en Limón habla de eso. Y cuando quieren hablar, ¡de verdad que hablan! (p. 47)	Think of your family...What will people say? Don't even think of going near the club! You won't be welcomed. It's a scandal. Everyone in Limón talks about it. And when they want to talk, they can talk! (pp. 26-27)	REP-GEN
Astrid	Astrid, ¿En qué está pensando? Usted es una muchacha decente, de buena familia. ¿En qué cabeza cabe? (p. 48)	"Astrid, what are you thinking? You're a proper lady, from a good family. What's going through your head?" (p. 28)	REP-GEN
Astrid	Astrid, Astrid, ¡Usted está loca! Si fuera mi hija. ¿Cómo se le ocurre? Y además..., además, ¡un negro! (p. 49)	"Astrid, Astrid, you're crazy! If you were my daughter... What are you thinking? And besides... besides, a black man!" (p. 28)	REP-GEN
Ana	Miss Hoover, la matrona del hospital, la jefa de enfermeras. (p. 57)	Miss Hoover, the hospital's midwife, the head nurse. (p. 34)	REP-GEN

Angelina	Sin pensarlo mucho, guiada por la pulsión de la novedad, Angelina salió lo más silenciosa que pudo de la casa temiendo el chillido que producían las maderas enceradas al tacto del hule de las llantas finitas de su bicicleta. (p. 67)	Without much thought, guided by the pull of novelty, Angelina slipped out of the house as quietly as she could, fearing the creak of the waxed wood under the rubber of her bicycle's thin tires. (p. 42)	REP-GEN
Adela	La niña abrazada a sí misma intentaba entrar en calor. Seguían las fricciones con un paño jabonoso, hasta dejarla limpia, cristalina. (pp. 81-82)	The girl hugged herself, trying to get warm. Immediately after, the scrubbing with a soapy cloth came along until she was left clean and pristine. (p. 53)	REP-GEN
Ainara	... “naughty girl, se lo voy a decir a su mamá cuando llegue, eso no se hace, no se muestran las partes, ¡qué feo!, chinga no, no sea impúdica, que a dios no le gustan las niñas sucias” ... (p. 87)	“Malcriada, when your mom arrives, I’m telling her.” “That’s not what girls do, you don’t show your parts, how ugly!” Not naked, have some modesty, because God doesn’t like dirty girls.” (p. 57)	REP-GEN
Aura	Al principio se conformaba con mover el cuerpo en soledad, pero luego sintió necesidad de presencia masculina, y la casa aquella con su olor a tiempo ido se vio invadida por muchachos, por señores, por hombres de todo tipo y condición. (p. 98)	At first, she was content moving by herself, but soon she craved male company, and that house with its smell of time that had vanished was invaded by boys, by gentlemen, by men of all sorts and kinds. (p. 63)	REP-GEN
Aura	A la mitad del camino, parar el auto, desnudarla lentamente, acariciarla, tomarla por última vez abriéndola, sintiendo su carne igual que una guanábana madura, su sabor, la sangre que salta de su boca, la leche de sus pechos ... (pp. 100-101)	Halfway there, he stopped the car, undressed her slowly, caressed her, took her one last time, spreading her legs, feeling her flesh under his hands ripe as a summer peach, her taste, the blood bursting out of her mouth, and the milk from her breasts. (pp. 65-66)	REP-GEN
Alba	Solo importaban los encuentros furtivos evadiendo a compañeros y profesores, las miradas concretando la cita próxima, el desacato, el sobresalto. (p. 27)	Only the furtive encounters mattered, avoiding classmates and teachers, the glances confirming the next meeting, the disobedience, defiance, the shock. (p.12)	she(e)meless ¹⁴
Alba	La otra voz estremecida, diciendo: Alba que no tiene nada de alba, la puta, la que visita a un hombre que tiene mujer, es decir, me tiene a mí. (p. 27)	The other voice, agitated, said, “Alba, who is nothing like her name, the whore, the one who visits a man who has a wife, he has me! (p. 12)	she(e)meless
Alba	... las mujeres del Caribe son... son... son unas putas, sí, todas putas, putas impúdicas... ¡sí! Y vos, vos, igual que todas, ¡puta impúdica! (pp. 27-28)	Caribbean women are... they are... they’re whores, yes, all whores, shameless whores... yes! And you, you, just like all of them, a shameless whore!” (p. 13)	she(e)meless
Alba	... pero lo de “impúdica”, lo de “impúdica”, casi podría decirse que lo disfrutó. Porque la verdad no sabía mucho de pudores, ni de convenciones, ni de represión. (p. 28)	... but the shameless part, the shameless part, she could almost say she enjoyed it. Because the truth is she didn’t know much about modesty, or conventions, or restraint. (p. 13)	she(e)meless
Alba	¡Impúdica! (p. 28)	Sh(e)meless! (p. 13)	she(e)meless

¹⁴ El título: she(e)meless.

Adela	Y abrumada por el desparpajado tuteo de Augusta, la tía Adela, casi en su susurro: “¡el que con niños se acuesta, amanece meado!” (p. 83)	Overwhelmed by Augusta’s shameless liberties, addressing the kids, Aunt Adela, almost in a whisper, muttered, “You lie down with dogs, you get up with fleas!” (p. 54)	she(e)meless
Adela	Augusta, con su invasión intempestiva, con su presencia a deshoras, y su vida sin protocolos ni reglas había quebrado el ordenamiento. (p. 84)	Augusta, with her sudden invasion, her untimely presence, and her life without protocol, without rules, had shattered the order. (p. 55)	she(e)meless
Ainara	Desde pequeña había sentido un placer especial al exponerse a las miradas ajenas, como si se tratase de una extraña película que los demás verían y de la cual ella era la protagonista absoluta. (p. 87)	Since she was little, she had felt a unique pleasure in exposing herself to the gazes of others, as if it were a strange movie that others would watch and in which she was the protagonist. (p. 57)	she(e)meless
Aura	Esto porque Aura añoraba sus constantes cambios de domicilio con los que pretendía adormecer la nostalgia por el barrio de la infancia, El barrio Amón de principios de siglo, el barrio de la gente decente, que le estaba vedado por su impudicia. (p. 98)	That was her way of numbing the longing for the neighborhood of her childhood, Barrio Amón, at the turn of the century; she was denied the neighborhood of decent folks due to her lack of shame. (p. 63)	she(e)meless
Agnés	También él cada día más impaciente, más necio y más intolerante. Como si ella fuese la responsable. (p. 19)	He, too, grows more impatient each day, more stubborn, more close-minded as if she were responsible for that. (p. 6)	VOZ-F ¹⁵
Alba	el hombre puso a hervir agua en una pequeña hornilla y minuciosamente se dedicó a preparar un té para entibiar los labios de Alba, hasta que decidió aplacar antes ese frío colocando su boca sobre la boca de ella. Sus manos, despacio. Alba con los ojos cerrados, imaginando lo que sentía. (p. 26)	... the man boiled some water on a small stove and meticulously prepared tea to warm Alba’s lips until he decided to calm her coldness by placing his mouth on hers. His hands, slowly. Alba, with eyes closed, imagined what she was feeling. (p. 11)	VOZ-F
Alba	Tardes destinadas a la fiesta de dos pieles palpándose, reconociéndose, inventándose. (p. 26)	Afternoons dedicated to the joy of two bodies feeling each other, recognizing and inventing themselves. (p. 12)	VOZ-F
Angustias	Si la lluvia en torrentes nos detiene, buscamos resguardo en algún alero amable y allí, pegados, uniforme contra uniforme, sudor contra sudor, lycra contra lycra, hemos estado al borde del beso. Casi tan cerca del beso que duele. (p. 36)	If the pouring rain stops us, we seek shelter under some friendly awning, and there, pressed together, your uniform against mine, your sweat against my sweat, lycra against lycra, we’ve come close to a kiss. So close that it hurts. (pp. 19- 20)	VOZ-F
Antonia	... no estaba la amiga de la tía solo el empleado que acomodaba lápices de colores, cuadernos, siéntese allí, espere, ahí, sí. (p. 41)	Her aunt’s lady friend wasn’t there; instead, a male employee was organizing coloring pencils and notebooks. “Sit here, wait, right here.” (p. 23)	VOZ-F

¹⁵ Traducir usando la voz feminista y visibilizando a la autora

Antonia	Y Antonia acomodándose como un animalito en la protección del hombre dispuesta a transitar por el libro de tapas rojas, la mujer de alto sombrero, cabellos larguísimos flotando alrededor ... (p. 42)	Antonia curled up like a little animal in the man's protection, ready to dive into the book with the red cover, the woman with the tall hat and long hair floating around. (p. 23)	VOZ-F
Azucena	Existe un país de picana y de cepo, un país de manos que ensucian, cortan la piel con cuchillo y con aliento, donde sus nichos sagrados fueron invadidos, donde sus senos jóvenes fueron palpados una, otra vez, unas manos, otras, dolor, ratas inmundas recorriendo su cuerpo, cólera, dolor aún después del dolor, sus rincones manchados, más dolor, un país del cual ella trabajosamente pudo huir, y el que tampoco quiere recordar. (p. 50)	There exists a country of stun guns and stocks, a country of corrupting hands that cut skin with knives and breath, where her sacred parts were invaded, where her young breasts were groped time and time again. One hand, another, pain, filthy rats scurrying through her body, rage, pain even after the pain, her tainted corners, more pain, a country she painfully managed to flee from, and that she doesn't want to remember. (pp. 30-31)	VOZ-F
Azucena	Y de pronto una mirada distinta. Además de la mirada, Chiara sonrisa abierta, desplegada Azucena llegando hasta esa sonrisa, puerto seguro, amable, por fin a salvo, la sonrisa de Chiara. (p. 53)	And suddenly, a different look. Beyond the gaze... Chiara's wide smile finds Azucena, a shelter, kind, safe at last; Chiara's smile, where she is finally safe. (p. 31)	VOZ-F
Azucena	... las marcas del placer están; también escondidas pero intensas las otras, la vejación y el miedo, y al mismo tiempo no sabe si fue, si el tiempo terminará carcomiendo lo vivido. (p. 55)	The traces of pleasure are there, but so are the others: the abuse, the fear, and at the same time, she's unsure whether it happened, whether time will eventually erase what she lived. (p. 33)	VOZ-F
Angelina	Se quedó a un extremo al lado de una señora negra hermosamente vestida: sombrero amarillo con velo blanco, guantes blancos, falda también amarilla y una blusa primorosamente bordada de un amarillo pálido, la señora que olía a bay rum y a canela. Angelina pensó que sería lindo que fuera su mamá. (p. 68)	She sat at one end next to a beautifully dressed black lady: yellow hat with a white veil, white gloves, a yellow skirt, and a delicately embroidered vanilla yellow blouse. The lady smelled of bay rum and cinnamon. Angelina thought it would be lovely if she were her mother. (p. 43)	VOZ-F
Angelina	Solo una cosa importaba: la certeza de que algún día ella también sería rumbera. (p. 71)	Only one thing mattered: her certainty that one day she too would be a showgirl. (p. 45)	VOZ-F
Angélica	... ese hombre dos más tres hombres en la playa oscura no por favor los ruegos no sirven las patadas no sirven los insultos no sirven arrancan su ropa ella mirando sintiendo mirando incapaz de defenderse ... (p. 73)	There was that man, two or three more men on the dark beach. No, please! Pleading doesn't help, kicking doesn't help, and insults don't help. They tear off her clothes, and Angélica is looking, feeling, watching, unable to defend herself. (p. 46)	VOZ-F
Angélica	... el cuerpo ya no es su cuerpo nunca más será su cuerpo ahora ajeno y no se reconoce ... (p. 74)	Her body is no longer her body; it will never be her body again. It feels like it's not hers now, unrecognizable. (p. 47)	VOZ-F

Angélica	... qué pena las mujeres no son dueñas siquiera de ese territorio limitado que es su cuerpo ... (p. 74)	What a shame, women don't even own the limited territory that is their body... (p. 47)	VOZ-F
Asunción	Estabas triste y temerosa. Triste porque ya se había iniciado ese ritual descarnado de exámenes, tubos, muestras de sangre, jeringas que exponían tu cuerpo dejándolo a merced de otros... tomando tu cuerpo menudo por asalto, dejándolo inane y vos volviendo a la infancia, con el candor y el miedo con el que los niños enfrentan lo desconocido. (p. 76)	You were sad and frightened. Sad because that ruthless ritual of exams, tubes, blood samples, and needles had begun, exposing your body, relinquishing it to the mercy of others. Your small body was taken by assault, rendered powerless; you felt like a child, with the innocence and the fear of how children face the unknown. (p. 48)	VOZ-F
Asunción	... te enderezaste la espalda y te acomodaste el pelo. El breve movimiento te retrató por completo. Registré el gesto, pero no fue sino varios días después que entendí lo que encerraba. (pp. 76-77)	... you refined your posture and fixed your hair. That brief movement captured you entirely. I noticed the gesture, but it wasn't until many days later that I understood what it truly meant. (p. 49)	VOZ-F
Asunción	El dolor de sentirte invadida por contactos extraños, por manos ajenas y ese pudor de tu vida completa, el pudor de las monjas cuando te hacían tomar un baño con camisón en las madrugadas frías de principios de siglo, –en la intransigencia de un internado–, el pudor de la ausencia de escotes, el mismo de las piernas cubiertas, ahora te hacía doler mil veces por tu cuerpo invadido. (p. 77)	You felt the pain of feeling breached by impersonal contact, by unfamiliar hands, and that modesty that had marked your entire life. The modesty of those nuns who made you bathe while still wearing your nightgown on those cold early mornings of the early 1900s in the strictness of a boarding school. The modesty in the absence of necklines, the same modesty that kept your legs covered, now made you suffer a thousand times over as your body was breached. (p. 50)	VOZ-F
Asunción	Cuando comenzó el cielo a mancharse de morado como se mancha en los amaneceres del trópico, decidiste marcharte, te moriste de pudor. Y tal vez de soledad. Al lado nuestro quedó la desolación. (p. 77)	As the sky started to turn purple as it does in the tropical sunrises, you decided to leave; you died of modesty. And perhaps of loneliness. Desolation remained beside us. (p. 50)	VOZ-F
Ainara	Prescindiría de los trapos que la mantenían amarrada, se iría volando, se uniría a los pájaros en formación que cruzaban las tardes y el retazo de cielo que las palmeras dejan a la vista. (p. 87)	She would get rid of her clothes that kept her hostage; she would fly away, joining the birds in formation that crossed the afternoons and the patch of sky that the palm trees allowed her to see. (p. 58)	VOZ-F

Ainara	Y al internado fue a parar Ainara. Pero por más rosarios, avemarías y jaculatorias, la niña de once años, con tetitas apuntando como menudos botoncitos, insistía y en el lugar menos indicado, a la hora más atravesada, sin perdonar al Santísimo expuesto en la capilla, o el mes de la Purísima, reiniciaba su rito: se despojaba del uniforme modestamente púdico ... (p. 88)	And so, Ainara went to boarding school. But despite the rosaries, the Hail Marys, and prayers, the eleven-year-old girl with her little tits pointing like tiny buttons, insisted, and in the least appropriate place, at the most inconvenient time, not sparing the Blessed Sacrament displayed in the chapel, or the month of the Holy Virgin, she restarted her ritual: She stripped off her discreet uniform. (p. 58)	VOZ-F
Ainara	Le gusta el silencio y la frescura de su interior. El hecho de estar sola le confiere al lugar un encanto particular, como si ella fuera dueña de su vida, como si fuera finalmente libre. (pp. 89-90)	She likes the silence and the coolness of its interior. The fact of being alone gives the place a particular charm, as if she were the owner of her life, as if she were finally free. (p. 59)	VOZ-F
Aura	Pero sobre todo amaba su osadía al abandonar el hogar llevando sus escasas posesiones en el cofre de cedro, para marcharse con Raúl, cuyos hijos eran casi mayores que ella, la osadía de afincarse primero en Bocas del Toro, fin de mundo más allá del final, y luego en Puerto Limón. (p. 96)	I loved her boldness: leaving home with the few things she owned tucked in a cedar chest to flee with Raúl, whose children were almost her age; and her daring to settle first in Bocas del Toro, the edge of the world and then some, and then in Puerto Limón. (p. 61)	VOZ-F
Amanda	A la mañana siguiente las ventanas de madera están abiertas. Golpeaban, incesantes, batidas por el viento. Allí, en el centro del salón, Amanda, con la cadena del perro al cuello, cuelga de una viga. (p. 104)	The next morning, the wooden windows are open. They bang, constantly, lashed by the wind. There, at the heart of the room, Amanda, with the dog's chain around her neck, hangs from a beam. (p. 69)	VOZ-F
Ainara	Ella siempre quiso volar. Desde pequeña. Sí. Sus primeros intentos a los escasos cuatro años. Lo recordaba vagamente. Tal vez más bien a los tres... Y también siempre quiso andar desnuda según ella para que nada impidiera el vuelo. Esa libertad de ir por la vida a pura piel le daba un placer innegable y ojalá poder subir alto más allá de techos y copas de árbol tal vez sobre el mar. (p. 85)	She had always wanted to fly. Since she was little. Yes. Her first attempts were at the age of four. She could vaguely recall. Perhaps more like three... She also always wanted to be naked, according to her, so that nothing would hinder her flight. That freedom of going through life in just her skin gave her undeniable pleasure, and she wished she could climb high, beyond roofs and the trees, maybe over the sea. (p. 56)	VOZ-F

Anexo 2. Texto original

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