

You Always Forget Something: Can Practice Make Theory?

Kate Eaton

Queen Mary University of London

ABSTRACT

When it comes to the multi-layered process of making a translated play work for the stage (Johnston 1997:7), does translation theory have a role to play? In the collaborative world of theatre, where a play is proved through practice, what room if any is there for theory in the rehearsal room? Might it best be forgotten about entirely? Or left to academics to use when analysing the translation? What are the practical steps that the stage translator might employ to prepare the translated play text for performance? How can the act of translation itself become the research methodology?

By taking a sideways glance at Cuban dramatist Virgilio Piñera's absurdist one-act play *Siempre se olvida algo* (1964) and my own recent translation of it as *You Always Forget Something*, I shall seek to find answers to the above questions. I shall also evaluate how workshops with professional and student actors have come to form a vital stage in developing both my translations of Piñera's plays and my understanding of his work.

KEYWORDS: collaborative theatre practice, workshops, rehearsal, performance.

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this and all is mended,
That you have but slumb'ed here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream...¹

Introduction

In his prologue to the 1960 edition of his collected dramatic works, Cuban dramatist Virgilio Piñera wrote of his 1948 play *Jesús*:

As a piece of theatre in itself, what do I think of this play? For a start I've never seen it on stage ... I can never determine whether my plays seem good or bad to me until I've seen them performed. Between the written text and the staging is measured the ingenuity of the author, who with his imagination performs his own play, and of course to him, it seems excellent (1960:22).²

If this statement holds true for a playwright, does it also hold true for the translator of play texts? Is it possible to imagine the success (or otherwise) of the translated play, if the words in the target language have never been spoken by an actor before being written down on the page that often precedes the stage? If the translation has not been 'proved' in some way in front of an audience, or physically and vocally reimagined in the hot-house environment of the rehearsal room, can there be "excellence" in translation? And if there can be, how would that excellence be measured? Between the translated text and the staging thereof, is there the space to measure the ingenuity of the translator via the application of theory – or is theory

what should be applied later on, to analyse the translation once the marks on the page and the marks on the stage have found (or missed) their target? Might there not be indeed another useful stage in the development of the translated play text, akin to the process frequently used for the development of new plays, whereby actors, translator and directors can come together and workshop the emerging translation before it is tried out in front of an audience? Should translation for the stage always be considered as a collaborative, rather than a solitary, process?

By taking a look at the dominant themes of Piñera's 1964 absurdist piece *Siempre se olvida algo*, and some of the methods used on the journey to obtain a workable second draft translation of it into English as *You Always Forget Something* – a journey that took place via a series of development workshops with both professional and student actors – I shall seek to probe the place of rehearsal room practice in relation to translation theory. I shall also explore the space that the translator of play texts inhabits whilst collaborating in that same arena. As David Johnston puts it in his introduction to *Stages of Translation*, I shall “consider translation (for the theatre) as an extension of stage-craft, another activity to be understood as an integral strand of that multi-layered process of making a play work on stage” (Johnston 1996:7), rather than a “most problematic and neglected area of translation studies research” (Bassnett 1998:106). I shall also examine how this process of multi-layering can itself become a vital part of the research methodology.

The Play's the Thing

In 1964 Virgilio Piñera wrote an absurdist one-act play called *Siempre se olvida algo* which I have recently translated into English as *You Always Forget Something*. In line with much of Piñera's work (he was a novelist, poet and short story writer as well as a dramatist) the play presents a skewed, topsy-turvy world which has its own implacable logic. Piñera's playwriting career spanned four decades, from 1941 until his death in 1979. He continued experimenting with form and refining and redefining his theatre until the end of his days, even when the prospect of seeing his work performed in front of an audience (in Cuba or abroad) had all but vanished. As a result of my ongoing research into Piñera's dramatic techniques, using the act of translation as my research methodology, I have come to consider this particular play as a key piece in the jigsaw of the development of his theatrical craft. It combines high farce with a physical and linguistic complexity which tests the dexterity of the actor (and the translator) in the most exacting manner. Indeed, the Cuban theatre critic William Ruiz Morales, writing in the Cuban theatre magazine *Tablas* (2005:86-88), described the piece as almost a workout for actors.

Although the play was published in the literary journal *La Gaceta de Cuba* in the year in which it was written, it did not receive its first performance until 1987, some eight years after Piñera's death. This lack of regular staging, alluded to earlier, was another common theme in the history of Piñera's theatre and led him at one point to declare himself “[u]n casi autor teatral: an almost playwright” (1960:16). The play which was never performed during Piñera's lifetime was premiered in Havana by the Cuban company Teatro D'Dos in 2004 to much critical acclaim and the same production was revived in 2005.

The premise of the play is a seemingly simple one. Lina and her maid Chacha are preparing to fly from Havana to Brighton for an English seaside holiday. Every time they go away they always forget to pack some essential item of personal use, for – as Lina opines – “you always

forget something". To remedy this forgetfulness Lina persuades Chacha to participate in a cunning plan whereby they will each "wittingly", that is to say, accidentally-on-purpose, leave something behind, thereby allowing them to forget something in the full knowledge that they have forgotten it:

CHACHA: (*Shaking her head.*) That's right, Madam: you always forget something! And the worst of it is there's no cure!

LINA: Yes there is a cure! (*Pause*) Haven't I just told you that from today we will – wittingly – forget to take something? (*Pause*) I will forget the iodine; you will forget the aspirin.

CHACHA: But Madam, how are we going to forget to take something that we always forget to take?

LINA: For that very reason; if we know beforehand that we have forgotten to take the iodine and the aspirin, we will know that we won't forget to take the iodine and the aspirin.

CHACHA: Ooh Madam! That's all so complicated!

LINA: Complicated? Simple and ... safe! (*Pause*) When we are in mid-flight I will say to you: "Chacha, I have – wittingly – forgotten to bring the iodine"; you will say to me: "Madam Lina, I have forgotten – wittingly – to bring the aspirin". Then [...] we will return to this house and look for the iodine and the aspirin.

CHACHA: And once we have the iodine and the aspirin, will we catch the plane again Madam?

LINA: But of course! (*Pause*) Only without the iodine and the aspirin; once more we shall wittingly forget to take them.

Lina has a rival, the formidable Señora Camacho, a woman whose mania for order leads her to be described (by Lina) as "anti-forgetfulness personified" and whose personal mantra is "you never forget anything". Lina wishes to prove to Señora Camacho that her own particular mantra of "you always forget something" is the correct one; her stated intention is to provoke Señora Camacho into a fit of apoplexy by deliberately brandishing her own 'systematic' forgetfulness in her face, thus forcing a stand-off whereby Lina can accomplish the difficult task of bending Señora Camacho to her will. Indeed, once Señora Camacho is apprised of Lina's plot, she rushes round to her apartment in high dudgeon, armed with lists, luggage and her hapless maid Tota in order to do battle with Lina and convince her of the error of her ways. Señora Camacho, who has literally packed everything and the kitchen sink (including, it turns out later, the mummified body of her dead husband) into her rather capacious suitcase, seems to be winning the argument when, much to Lina's glee, she is felled by the discovery of an un-itemised sweet potato amongst her toiletries. Battle lines are redrawn, with the sweet potato coming to symbolize all that is ridiculous about the entrenched position of each woman. The play then spins off into a tongue-twisting lexical listing of ever more preposterous items that should not be omitted from the luggage:

LINA. But you forgot loads of things: the window frame, the telephone book, the crossword puzzle and the monkey puzzle, the pick and the shovel, the sugar and the sedatives, the water jug, the baby's bottle, the tumble dryer, the dictionary, the hot water bottle, the peace pipe, the insecticide, the castanets, the oxygen mask, the foil, the billiard balls ...

SEÑORA CAMACHO. No more! No more!

LINA. (*Continues enumerating relentlessly.*) The cups, the plates, the spoons, the knives, the forks, the salt-cellar, the sugar bowl, the decaying teeth, the colds, the spots, the typhoid fever, the poliomyelitis, the parralelepipedon ...

SEÑORA CAMACHO AND TOTA. (*Together*) No more! No more!

LINA. Do you or do you not always forget something?

SEÑORA CAMACHO. Yes, you always forget something: the blanket, the syringe, the terracotta, the terra firma, the terrapin, the telescope, the peppermint, the almanac, the bath-tub, the wash-tub, the hip-flask, the demijohn, the jeroboam, the marjoram ...

TOTA. (*In a frenzy, on her feet.*) The colander, the alcohol, the cholesterol, the creosol, the parasol, the ... the ...

CHACHA. (*Gets up; frenetically*) The carousel and the rosary, the shrubbery, the ossuary, the treasury, the notary, the aviary, the ... the ...

TOTA. The breviary ... And the suppository, the lavatory, cemetery, the refectory, the constabulary, the ... the ...
CHACHA. The judiciary... And the butter dish, the butterfish, the buttermilk, the butterfly, the butterscotch, the butter beans, the ... the ...

before being brought to a hysterical and fevered finale through the timely discovery of an eavesdropping intruder in the form of a fleeing lover, who conveniently adjudicates the argument and brings matters to their crazily logical resolution.

As William Ruiz Morales observed in his review of the 2004 revival of the play in *Tablas*: “The words here don’t follow an order that is determined by their meaning but by their phonetic significance: the absurd only attains logic on a purely textual level” (2005:86-88). Obtaining this logic on a purely textual level and discovering phonetic equivalences for the frantic, rhythmic, ritualistic listing that occurs towards the end of the play is something that is much more difficult for the translator to do alone, than in the company of actors. Espasa, in her essay ‘Performability in Translation’, speaks of being refused permission by a theatre director to attend rehearsals “on the grounds that rehearsals were like a love affair between him and the performers, and he did not want voyeurs” (Espasa, in Upton 2000:61).

In my own translator-centric model of theatre translation, the translator is not a voyeur, but a voyager who leads the director and performers on a journey of discovery. The actors speak the words that the translator has imagined them speaking and discover, if they will ‘trip lightly’ from their tongues. The playwright challenges the translator, the translator challenges the actors, the actors challenge the translator, until the sounds are liberated from the page. Susan Jill Levine, discussing the work of Piñera’s peers, opines that:

In the baroque aesthetics of writers like Lezama Lima, Severo Sarduy and Cabrera Infante, alliteration and wordplay are part of a Dionysian destruction of language as transparent communicator: to alliterate is to mock conventions of propriety and to glorify words as mysterious objects: subverting the semantic, putting sound before sense, is a kind of liberation (Levine 1992:77).

This liberating subversion, this putting of sound before sense, this mocking of convention, this Dionysian mayhem wrought on language, this deliberate obfuscation of meaning and intent are present in *Siempre se olvida algo* and indeed, in one way or another, in all of Piñera’s theatre. The translator in this instance becomes the “transparent communicator”, who seeks not to explain or oversimplify that which is unclear or opaque in Piñera’s writing, but who sees the game of teasing out the text as part of a pleasing conundrum to be solved collectively, rather than as an awkward problem which can never quite be the sum of its incompatible component parts.

Rhythm, Ritual, Repetition and Mask

Piñera once described himself as an “anti-prophetic” writer. He was frequently unsung as anti-prophets often are, in his own country in his own lifetime. The major plaudits came posthumously a few years after his death in 1979, when his legacy was re-examined and he was accorded the kind of status in Cuba and the wider Latin American continent that has been reserved for the Becketts and the Pinters of our nearer European stage. The Cuban critic and theatre historian Rine Leal writes in his prologue to the 2002 edition of the collected plays about what he calls Piñera’s “aesthetic of negation”, stating that

Piñera lived his life in a perpetual state of contradiction which he brought to his theatre. He was by temperament a *negator*, and this led him to devise an aesthetic of negation which finds its finest expression in his theatre. The fundamental themes of his plays are rejection, sharp confrontation and a clash of opposites that leads to the total exclusion of the opponent. [...] This *no* is a constant in Piñera's theatre and characterizes it completely, it isn't a nihilistic negation however, but comes directly from the root of the dramatic situation and provides the basis for the action of the play (Piñera 2002:IX).

As a translator of, and researcher into, Piñera's theatre, my aims are twofold: to render his rhythmic and playful Cuban Spanish into an equally rhythmic and playful English that will be at home in the mouth of an Anglophone actor, whilst at the same time discovering more about how his theatre works on stage. I am not a naysayer or negator of translation theory, but I am a practical opponent of it during the initial stages of target text development. I want to create translations that can be listened to and repeated, I want to position myself as translator at the root of the storytelling. As Walter Benjamin describes it in his essay 'The Storyteller':

Storytelling is always the art of repeating stories and this art is lost when the stories are no longer retained. [...] The more self-forgetful the listener is, the more deeply is what he listens to impressed upon his memory. [...] This, then, is the nature of the web in which the gift of storytelling is cradled (1999:91).

As a theatre translator I endeavour both to be a "self-forgetful listener" and to recreate that state of self-forgetful listening in the audience, as I seek to refashion the web in which the play is cradled. What I wish to produce are templates from which further translations of Piñera's plays can be made and further studies of his theatre embarked upon. Nothing is definitive, the multi-layering is a continuous process. I am seeking soundscapes; the resonant echoes of actors' voices that remain in my head and allow me to creatively reimagine the space between the source language and the target language, the source culture and the target culture, and to hear the words on the page as they may in future be spoken on the stage.

This process of discovery is an ongoing one. Each play of Piñera's that I translate, has been, or will be, subject to a series of development workshops using both professional and student actors, and is part of an ongoing collaborative process. The work done at this stage might involve close textual analysis such as uniting or a more physical exploration of the characters and themes of each play. Mask work and puppetry, music and dance are all elements that might be included in the journey to map the contours of each play and its distorting mirror-image in translation. The methodologies employed are decided by the particular demands of each play and by the ingredients that translator, actors and director all bring to the collective pot. Together we can unstitch the component parts of the play text, and examine each and every one of them before sewing them back together in a semblance of that elusive 'seamless garment'. This process is invaluable for achieving a deeper understanding of the complexities of each play and leads, I believe, to a translation that is richly layered and nuanced.

As I have the good fortune to be working over time with the same nucleus of actors and directors, the idea is that we can build up between us a familiarity with Piñera's work through engaging with and exploring his texts in this intensely practical way. We can thereby detect patterns of speech and rhythms and repetitions that may not at first be apparent to the casual observer. This way of working means that past translations can feed into future translations and thus be added to the sum store of knowledge. Theatre may indeed be an ephemeral art form, but the process of creating it brings experience, and it is this experience that can be documented and passed on. I am not only researching into effective methodologies for theatre

translation per se, but also using the very act of translation as a research tool to explore Piñera's theatre from a variety of different perspectives.

During the development of the translation I had the chance to work on scenes from an early draft of *You Always Forget Something* with fourth-year drama students from the University of Newfoundland in Canada. The students were spending two months in the UK in order to attend theatre performances in London and Stratford-upon-Avon and participate in workshops led by practitioners across a variety of theatrical disciplines. During their time at university, these students had received what their course tutor described to me as a "soft" dramatic training: this meant that they were well-versed in the classics but had never received voice and movement tuition and were unacquainted with the concept of "devised" theatre or theatre that was not text-bound. They had no knowledge of Piñera or Cuban theatre, little knowledge of absurdist theatre and only a passing knowledge of the fact that there was such a thing as translation. A few of them knew enough about cinema to ask me whether I felt anything had been "lost in translation" in this instance, and one of the students blithely informed me that if he had to do a speech from a Chekhov play such as *The Seagull* he would look at a variety of different versions and translations, and cherry-pick the bits he liked best from each one, including the punctuation.

My own vocational training for the stage at a British drama school during the eighties was anything but "soft"; we were energetically and rigorously put through our paces when it came to voice and movement tuition and we performed a wide range of plays from the European stage. Yet I, too, never considered the fact that the plays we read or performed might have been translated; they were just plays by Strindberg, Ibsen, Ionesco, or Genet, and I did not wonder what the role of a theatre translator might be, I had not conceived that such a person existed, I was more concerned with how big my part was. Whether the translation was "good", "bad" or "indifferent", whether it was a "version" or an "adaptation" didn't concern me, it was just the play we were doing at the time.

These students then, although lacking in experience, were intelligent and enthusiastic, mostly receptive to new ideas and willing to experiment. They also brought with them their Canadian vernacular, which had the advantage of allowing an alternative accent to bear on the language of the translation. Suzanne Jill Levine, charting the course of her collaboration with Guillermo Cabrera Infante as she sought to translate his Cuban novel *Tres tristes tigres* into English as *Three Trapped Tigers*, states:

The English version of the Joycean recreation of spoken Havanese had to be written, spoken rather, in American English, an idiom full of sounds more in tune with crude Cuban than bloody British, just as Havana was closer geographically, culturally, even racially to New York than to the island-city of Cabrera Infante's exile, exotic London (Levine 1992:75).

Newfoundland is located, geographically speaking, almost at the half-way point between Britain and Cuba, although culturally and racially it is much further away from Havana than either London or New York. When the Cuban state airline Cubana de Aviación first initiated tourist flights between London and Havana, the Russian-built planes that formed the airline's fleet would make the transatlantic round trip just once every two weeks and land at Gander in Newfoundland to refuel mid-way through the journey. Holidaymakers dressed for tropical climes would often find themselves having to negotiate sub-zero temperatures, with ice and snow hard-packed underfoot as they slipped and slithered their way in the open air from the aeroplane into the arrivals hall. Once inside, they could huddle over a Guinness for the duration of the forty-five minute stop-over, or buy a pair of moose skin moccasins as a

souvenir. Any Cuban nationals on the flights were required to have a visa to cover their brief stay in Canada, and some would decide to make the visit permanent and ask for political asylum, thus making 'exotic' Gander their first port of exile. Canadian tourists making the short hop from the harsh Canadian winter to the warmer Cuban one formed a caravan of refugees in reverse.

In the world of Piñera's play, Lina and Chacha travel from the mundane minutiae of their lives on a sun-soaked tropical island to the exotic delights of a pebbly English seaside resort. They journey easily, seemingly unhindered by visas or red tape and airport waiting times, and are able to change their holiday plans at the drop of a wittingly forgotten bottle of iodine. They translate themselves fluidly from one culture into another and back again, delighting in their self-made drama of forgetfulness that enables them to be 'constantly travelling'.

My own English recreation of Piñera's playful "Havanese" had been rendered in "bloody British" but I discovered that Canadian English also possesses an idiom "full of sounds" that are more akin to "crude Cuban", and these sounds provided a useful stopping-off point for negotiating the slippery surfaces that separate language and meaning. Although I had for the moment "wittingly" located the accent of my target text in Middle England rather than Canada, I was keen to discover how another accent could take the rhythm and nuance of the translation to a different register.

Exploring the play on another register altogether also came about because of an imbalance in the male/female ratio among the student group. To give each student an equal amount of text to work on meant that many of the men were cast in female roles. This revealed the possibility that this play might work very well in a gender-translated version. Although ultimately such a decision would be a directorial rather than a translational one, it would not be out of keeping with the inverted nature of the world that Piñera created; an added comic resonance would be given to Lina's remark towards the end of the play, when, after discovering an underclad male intruder in her home, she declares: "There is no men's clothing in this house".

As the translator and dramaturgist I mediate between two languages and two cultures; my target text becomes the actors' source text, that source text becomes my next target text, and so on *ad infinitum*. The actors and director give me their voices, give me their ideas and give me the physical embodiment of the text. In Piñera's plays, the stage directions, or what has been referred to as the "secondary descriptive text", is often an important mirroring counterpoint to the primary spoken text. Indeed, the Cuban critic and playwright Amado del Pino has observed that Piñera's stage directions often exist at "[a]n almost choreographic level" (del Pino 2004:52). Piñera's ability to "creatively imagine" his plays upon the stage extended to envisioning sound and lighting design, and there are instructions encoded in both primary and secondary texts which, if you observe them, can be a guide to playing the pieces. Indeed, I have found time and time again that, whilst developing the translations with actors, if you diverge from these instructions you will often find yourself coming back to them after exhausting a range of possible alternatives. This is the kind of information you do not get if you consider translation to be something that occurs at a purely linguistic level. The words often mask what is actually happening on the page and only a practical, physical interpretation of them will translate them to the stage. Working with actors who are used to devising and improvising as a way of excavating a text can be a great help in these circumstances. The ideal would be, of course, to mount a full-scale production of each play as it is translated, but in the increasingly precarious world of Arts funding this is not always an instantly achievable proposition. This process that precedes production is indeed something of

a luxury, and I like to refer to these translations as “performance-ready” – like oven-ready chickens, they can be picked off the shelves or scooped from the freezer and cooked or micro-waved instantly to the pitch of performance perfection.

Endgames

So, where is the room for translation theory among all this practical rehearsal-room exposition? Is there any way that a translation can remain theoretically imagined, instead of practically realised from the moment of its inception? Maybe I find it impossible to squeeze theory into practice because my instinct (another slippery word to sit alongside the word ‘ephemeral’) as a translator is born out of my instinct as an actor. But maybe I can envisage the space to squeeze theory out of practice. Espasa says, referring to the notion of *playability*, that “[I]like all games, theatre translation derives at least as much pleasure from learning the rules of the game as from subverting them” (ibid.). I want to go further than that: I not only want to subvert the rules of the game, I also want to rewrite them. As I grope my way towards a form of stage translation that I think ‘works’, my acting muscles engage my translating muscles. I feel at home in the rehearsal room, I like to think on my feet. To paraphrase Blanche DuBois in Tennessee Williams’s *A Streetcar Named Desire*, I have always relied on the ingenuity of actors. However, it may be that my practice is ‘wittingly’ informed by theory that has been absorbed and become part of the way that I work.

By saying all this I am of course expounding my own theory of how I think translation for the stage should be approached; and of course I can’t entirely discount theory because, to paraphrase Lina, if I know beforehand that I have forgotten the theory then I will know that I won’t forget the theory. All practices have their theories and, like Lina and Señora Camacho, everyone likes to fight their corner and to defend their own particular sweet potato. If a production of this play were to ensue, it might be that the director would want to apply a particular theory of directing to the production or to realise a particular acting style, or that the actors might wish to immerse themselves in a particular theory of character analysis and stagecraft; but at the end of it all the audience is out there, and they only know the theoretical evidence as far as they can see it being practiced in front of their own eyes. Sometimes what is left out is just as important to the overall balance as what is kept in. But, as a theatre director of my acquaintance used to say, “It’s a play, let’s play!”.

Conclusions

In her study of Piñera’s plays in relation to the European Theatre of the Absurd and the Spanish American Absurdist movement, Raquel Aguilú de Murphy points out that “[i]n the same way as Vladimir and Estragon in *Waiting for Godot*, Lina and Señora Camacho cannot live without each other. Señora Camacho becomes Lina’s other ‘I’ and vice versa”. She also says that “[t]he use of characters in couples or pairs in the Theatre of the Absurd supposes that each character has a precarious existence and that that existence depends entirely upon the physical presence of the other” (1989:77-79). To extend this metaphor further, one could suggest that translation theory is the other ‘I’ of translation practice and vice versa, and that what you choose to pack into your linguistic luggage depends entirely upon what is on your list. There are those who choose to “wittingly” forget about the theory and concentrate on the practice, and those who choose to “wittingly” forget about the practice and concentrate on the theory; whilst the ones who claim to forget about neither are, like Señora Camacho, having

their sweet potato and eating it. I concur with Johnston when he says, in relation to translation for the stage, that “the theory of translation, like literary theory, must by definition derive from an analysis that is *a posteriori*” (Johnston 1996:7); and it is only then, after the shadows have “offended” and the ephemeral play has ended, that theory can contribute to the continuing story or “afterlife” of the text. If I subscribed to a point of view, it would be this one: practice makes theory, but theory does not necessarily make perfect practice.

Author's Address
14 Hosack Road
London
SW17 7QP
United Kingdom
kre@eaton14.freemove.co.uk

References

- Aguilú de Murphy, Raquel (1989) *Los textos dramaticos de Virgilio Piñera y el teatro del absurdo*, Madrid: Pliegos.
- Bassnett, Susan (1998) 'Still Trapped in the Labyrinth: Further Reflections on Translation and Theatre', in Susan Bassnett and André Lefevre, *Constructing Cultures: Essays on Literary Translation*, Clevedon: Multilingual Matters, 90-108.
- Benjamin, Walter (1999) 'The Storyteller: Reflections on the Work of Nikolai Leskov', trans. by Harry Zohn, in Hannah Arendt (ed) *Illuminations*, London: Random House, 83-107.
- Espasa, Eva (2000) 'Performability in Translation', in Carole-Anne Upton (ed), *Moving Target: Theatre Translation and Cultural Relocation*, Manchester: St Jerome Publishing.
- Johnston, David (ed) (1996) *Stages of Translation*, Bath: Absolute Classics.
- Piñera, Virgilio (1960) *Teatro completo*, Havana: Ediciones R.
- Piñera, Virgilio (2002) *Teatro completo: compilacion, ordenamiento y prólogo de Rine Leal*, Havana: Letras Cubanas.
- Pino, Amado del (2004) *Sueños del mago*, Havana: Ediciones Alarcos.
- Levine, S. J. (1992), 'Translation as (Sub)version: On Translating Infante's *Inferno*', in Lawrence Venuti (ed), *Rethinking Translation: Discourse, Subjectivity, Ideology*, London: Routledge, 75-85.
- Ruiz Morales, William (2004) 'Memorandum: siempre se olvida algo', *Tablas* 3/05, Vol. LXXX, 86-88.

Notes

¹ *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: Act V, Scene 1.

² All translations from the Spanish in this text are my own.