

Excerpts from **SO MUCH** by NURIT KASZTELAN

She's not at home in the countryside. It's all that green to take in. The eye is frightened by the excess of horizon, it needs boundaries the land doesn't provide.

The silence is so great she starts to distinguish the subtlety of the wind, the breeze caressing the trees. And the noises inside. Certain sounds are perfect. The purring refrigerator; the chop chop of the knife dicing onion; the drip drip of water from the faucet; the bubbling tomato sauce as it simmers.

She mixes up the different calls of the great kiskadee. When a rooster crowed announcing sunrise the first night she got dressed quickly, anxiously; but when she went to check the time it was only four o'clock in the morning.

Sometimes she feels like the lack of companionship is transforming her into someone else, as if objects were speaking to her and it were her job to decipher them. She gets overwhelmed. She needs to hear other voices, a nearby café, but town is three miles away and her car is broken. Something about the spark plugs noted the mechanic, and all she could do was nod and resign herself to the prospects of a life of sowing seeds.

The first few days she spends cleaning. Clumsily, she assembles the shelves she brought with her and lines up her books. Routine gives her a sense of order: she sweeps, cooks, mops, airs the place out, waters the plants; these essential and minimal actions make her feel useful and calm. She organizes the pantry compulsively; she even imagines inviting people over, putting out wildflowers for possible guests.

The cat came with the house. The fleas too. The welts appeared two by two. She got used to the itching, among other things. She disinfected, laundered the sheets, the towels, the pillows, and finally the fleas disappeared.

The cat is of his own mind. He comes and goes as he pleases. Perhaps now she can keep this up, not feel suffocated by what has to be done, by routine.

When she arrived it was almost summer. Everything was an intense color of green. She'd like to be able to tell whether the wind blows from the east or west, and which is worse for the plants, which will bring on a drought. Her perception of time dissolves. She stops counting how many days since she got there.

She still has that urge for learning. She could talk for hours about the behavior of ants. She's always learned through books until now and she wants to find out what learning through observation is like.

As the landscape transformed out her car window, something in her temperament slackened.

There wasn't much traffic, it didn't take long to get there. She didn't mull it over too much when she decided to leave. Growing older has made her more confident in her impulsivity, in her ability to take risks by acting without hesitation. Besides, she'd reached her limit. She needed to leave and stop worrying about certain things for a while. She needed to breathe.

The house is small and livable with broad oversized windows of dull glass. Rustic. Fine dust falls constantly from the exposed brick ceiling. Wood abounds. What stand out most in the house are its oversized eaves. The house is not a home, but it's comfortable enough to live in.

Stretching beyond the threshold of the door is the countryside. Off in the distance grow giant thistles.

It's not easy.

An open space, no limits, no designated boundaries. Land of scrub and dwarf shrubs. The monotony precipitates sadness and accentuates the haze. The vegetation is dry, rough, woody. Clumps of thick green grass, a soundless sea motionless in a tense calm.

Half of what she sees clings to its own form of concealment. Light changes the color of the meadows, the haze mystifies. Is there a limit to the horizon or is it nothing but verdure? The air smells of damp musty wood, the breeze stirs it in a slow almost imperceptible vibration. The light becomes dense and material, as if the sun had turned white from so much thought. She can't quite distinguish whether the landscape provokes a sense of melancholy or the white brightness hints at signs of future clarity.

The countryside unfolds straight before the eyes. Shadows first descend upon the thick grass and then move eastward. Colors shine like an abandoned mosaic. The meadow is quaggy; perspective comes from a diffuse line of clouds that have accumulated, from the soil that cooled down the day before.

Air resembles light, light resembles water.

The moon is waning so she decides to sow some seeds. She read that carrots are sweeter when planted at this time of the month because more sap is drawn down to the roots. Lately she believes any superstition she hears. She chooses an acidic plot of soil with plenty of phosphate and potassium.

First she hoes, preparing the soil to receive. As she does, she hums songs from her childhood, the lyrics blurring into a light mantra that makes her drowsy, 'in a little book of weeds', 'gardens of honeysuckle', 'were the sea made of milk.' She remembers a red cassette with the singer's name written on the case: 'Dina Rot Cosas'. Only as an adult did she realize that '*Cosas*' wasn't part of the singer's last name. '*Things*', it was the name of the album.

She works the soil in silence. From a little old book she bought at a bargain shop she learned how to distinguish between the three types of soil: clay, sandy and silt. One must know how to ensure a solid anchor. She picks up a handful of dirt and forms a ball, it crumbles easily which means this soil will drain well.

Her first time in the water was at an icy lake, her father plunged her head under and kept her there for a few seconds. It wasn't the water that surprised her, but rather the rocks and lichens below. Once she fell off a horse, but she was lucky and didn't hurt her back. She lost only a shoe on the path, a brown Kickers moccasin.

She throws down the hoe, still unaccustomed to its weight, and gazes out at the field filled with wildflowers and weeds. So many dandelions and nettles with deep roots. She knows not to yank out only the leaves, but rather to unearth them from below. She digs with wrath, as if pulling up roots had some sort of greater meaning. Goodbye weeds.

With the rake she draws shallow furrows, leaving a few centimeters between each row. She knows she's leaving enough space between them. Why does she always let other people decide for her? So much longing isn't good for her. It makes her intense and demanding and she dissolves too quickly, like an inadvertent geisha.

It's early and she can still withstand direct sun, no shade. There aren't too many mosquitoes now either.

They named her Fern when she was born. She thinks perhaps that's why, like ferns, she needs so much water to survive. Necessity is a symptom of weakness, or is it exactly the opposite? She ponders this now that the void of the countryside has given her the time to fill her head with questions. She came here to empty herself, but doesn't quite know from what.

Unlike before, not knowing relaxes her now.

The soil is ready. The weather has become warm enough. The seeds need a minimum of five degrees Celsius throughout germination, no distress, no frost.

Too many rules, she thinks. She's struck by how easily the soil absorbs the seeds. They're damp, which helps. She'd soaked them in water to soften them. She calculates more or less fifteen

centimeters between rows. The backside of the envelope suggested broadcast seeding, but she still can't bear to leave things up to fate. That degree of surrender is yet to come.

She plots off the seedbed with some cord. From afar she sees a shadow observing how she works, as if mocking her, unable to devise what she's doing with so much string in her hand. Then the sound of a tractor driving away.

She didn't make much progress today, it was so hot. Time seems to creep by, lingering as if riddled with crevices. Everything reveals itself outside, the sky extends like a mantle over the dull green. The landscape subdues her, the framed scene pacifies. The air tastes of quince.

It's only after two weeks that she opens the box. Of the few things she's brought along there are some photographs. Fragments of her past life, signs of how she became who she is today. She also brought a pillow. In the city she cured her insomnia by using a pillow stuffed with green tea leaves and ground hay. She'd read about it in a Japanese book and wanted to find out if it worked, if only through the placebo effect.

She pauses to look at a picture with her best friend from childhood, Inesia. They're wearing white school smocks and holding a teddy bear together, each looking in opposite directions, as if to foretell their eventual separation. In their thirty-year friendship they spent fifteen without speaking. At preschool and elementary they were joined at the hip, but then they each went through a dark phase and weren't supportive of one another. Her friend joined up with the goths and the punks; she got super skinny, almost anorexic. She wore all black and too much makeup, and was probably consumed by suicidal thoughts. By contrast, she had never felt like she belonged to any one subculture, nor did she wear any particular type of clothing.

They didn't cross paths for a long time until they unexpectedly met again in a class at university. They'd so changed so much they hardly recognized one another.

Some years later, the day Inesia's father died, they met up at the bar on the same block where they'd been born. They stayed there studying well into the night. Thinking side by side made them stronger, as if their heads complemented one another. They interrupted each other, blurting out unfinished thoughts. She remembers one final exam in particular. They'd crammed so much that for the next month she dreamed of conversations between different physicists. There was Newton, wearing overalls in her dreams.

Inesia had been living abroad and came back to spend time with her father in his dying days. She confined herself to the role of passive spectator, keeping Inesia company while she made calls to family. They'd even read that story about how real friendship comes once you can share space in silence.

Today time feels the same as yesterday and the same as last week. It feels like time that's already been used up. It's been so long since she's spoken out loud. If she did, would it be slow and deliberate like the pampas?

Today the air is particularly tense. She succumbs to physical exertion and pushes her body to its limit. The soil seems dryer than usual. When one perceives nature as an interconnected network, both its vulnerability and its strength become clear. Everything holds itself together.

Weeds are affecting her crop again. She yanks them out. Then she scatters garlic to prevent whitefly infestation. Like a shaman: no fertilizers, just nature protecting nature. Let there be no whiteflies, she insists. And if there are, let them not suck the sap. Let this clear plant blood flow, remain intact, continue its lineage.

Then some verses from a song by María Sabina, and she waves her arms in a dance dance as if caressing the air:

I am a woman with no blood

Birds rob my blood

An open book robs my blood

Water robs my blood

Air robs my blood

Flowers rob my blood.

There's something paradoxical in what she sees. In the apparent order of this tense calm chaos is what catches the eye. Nature has a way of being capricious, not always does it reveal its splendor. That deep crevasse to submerge oneself in.

She looks out the window. She doesn't hear rainfall in the drop of water, but rather how they hit the roof. Perhaps the greatest clarity in the language of rain is found in leaves. Different sizes of raindrops fall on everything green, and she's started to sense that they could determine how long it will last, a brief shower or one of those storms with water pounding down for hours. Sometimes if a leaf is immensely large, like a plantain, it can refract the image of the inverted countryside.

Silver raindrops reflect and fall on everything green, cleansing, they make things shine. She watches it rain while tears stream down her face. It's as if they needed an external reflection to be expressed. She touches a leaf and feels the aquatic density of its texture.

Again she looks out the window. The sun starts to emerge but doesn't add color, only a suggestion thereof. She can't tell whether the repetitive nature of the landscape invokes sadness, or if it's just her who is sad. The strangest part is how everything is wrapped in a profound silence. Fog, not just light, changes the color of the plants.

The wind rustles. It's almost time. Things don't start to fly off yet, but from one moment to the next everything could disperse. The hostility of the landscape and her own hostility are similar. It's in her nature to exaggerate, to believe that the rain is a message. Right now her joy is reminiscent of beavers, she awaits the water as if the soil she treads on were a dyke. The chill clears her neurons, it clears out her mind. She awaits anything that could come from the sky.

Translated by Maureen Shaughnessy

Maureen Shaughnessy translated the books *The Scent of Buenos Aires* by Hebe Uhart (Archipelago Books, 2019), shortlisted for the 2020 PEN Translation Prize and longlisted for the Believer Book Awards Prize in Fiction (2020); *Awaiting Major Events* by Nurit Kasztelan (Cardboard House Press, 2021); and co-translated with Frances Riddle *January* by Sara Gallardo (Archipelago Books, 2023). She won a grant at Translation House Looren to work on *Cautery*, by Lucía Lijtmaer (Charco Press, forthcoming in 2025).

She looks out at the landscape. The patchwork of light. Today there's no breeze and the sky is clear. She's the one who's unsettled. Even the inanimate objects can sense it. Every now and again she feels periodic waves of anger pass through her.

The day is overwhelmingly tranquil. She takes off her shoes and steps onto the grass. She has recently developed the need to touch things with her feet, to feel them, mapping out points of reference.

She thinks of memories as layers settling on top of one another. Even before her mother really got old, she seemed prematurely aged, like she'd intentionally embraced stereotypes of old age. She'd become someone whose only topics of conversation were the weather and what they'd been watching on TV. Whose only forays into the kitchen involve turning on a burner to heat

water for tea. Textbook conversations with pensioners. As if that was going to save her. Even before she really got old, she'd also started to act like a spoilt child.

She sees mushrooms in the grass that must have grown after the recent rain. She marvels at the beauty of a form of life that grows out of rotting matter and finds a kind of hope there. The hope that appears when you look at something ordinary from a new perspective. It's how she deals with things, how she maneuvers them onto manageable territory.

It won't be long now before the birds come. The moment when they all appear at once and fill her head with a song she hasn't yet been able to identify. A moment, a special time, when she most surrenders to the landscape and feels particularly close to her surroundings.

The situation is both incomprehensible and objective fact. Her mother is disappearing and there's nothing she can do to stop it. She thinks about animals and how with them one has the option of choosing a quick end to avoid unnecessary suffering.

She is the one suffering, right now it's the quality that is most hers. She's never been surrounded by so much darkness before. The music of the birds lulls her to sleep. She can almost tell them apart now. The land at her side is full of new shoots, growing greener.

She's drunk on the landscape. The sky and the birds. She no longer looks for things to do to pass the time. It's not just that she's not doing her nails, or her hair, it's more a kind of leaning into softness, surrendering to relaxation and burying whatever floats to the surface in her memory. Preserving what is broken. Becoming a tough, solitary person but soft too, ready to escape herself and overcome barriers, whatever they might be.

She knew that the greater the degree of certainty sought in identifying the location of a particle, the less one knows about it. She once used the uncertainty principle in her work, but now she embodies it.

Something in the clouds is working in her favor and her train of thought grows increasingly chaotic.

In the distance, the trees are dark blurs. The field has no flowers at this time of year and is absolutely flat. To the side, however, the thickets of thistles are amazingly tall. The earth's foreknowledge that colder weather is on its way, the final rays of sunlight before it quickly disappears. The only ones to embrace the season with equanimity are the birds.

The trees soon suck the strength out of the house, invading it with their verdure, and end up occupying it entirely without moving a limb.

Memory has seeds that lie dormant but then sprout out of nowhere. Should she wait anxiously for days, months, for the fertile earth to do its work and for memory to appear and flourish?

Something about her features leads to her constantly being mistaken for her mother. As though people didn't recognize her.

The night grows more intense.

She assimilates her memories as she falls asleep, in the silence of sleep. She puts them to work, but they also get a rest. The silence that only the darkness of the countryside can offer, a house overrun with trees.

Trees growing so vigorously it's as though the sky had need of them.

Memory as a lamp flickering out.

The house smells a little damp. It needs to be aired out more often. Every day she feels more grounded and comfortable. According to Jung, we unconsciously feel the need to fulfill the unlived lives of our parents, we can't escape the path of our ancestors. Her mother was born in the country and left for the city. Her maternal grandmother caught hemorrhagic fever in the country but died in a hospital bed in the city. She came to the country in search of something as yet unidentified.

She walks the same path almost every day, stopping occasionally to look around. She likes to go back to the spot where a slight, barely perceptible turn-off leads to the oak. She keeps going back there as though it were an oracle offering answers, but the turn-off isn't clearly visible every day. It depends on how high the grass is, whether the wind is blowing through the bushes and sometimes on dumb luck.

If the landscape offers any certainty, it's that excess is the true essence of creation. Only halfway through her stay did she realize that going back to the same place every day was the best way to learn about the subtle differences between the plants. She went there, flexing her nerves, hoping to shed the habit of trying to anticipate everything.

The light is green and yellow, like the inverted reflection of the sun in the beads of water clinging to the grass after the storm.

The bare trees are still and brittle. The roots retain the water and continue to sip delicately, porous and permeable.

She takes off her shoes so things will happen to her feet. To feel the dampness of the grass and consider which ancient memory is evoked by the location of the leaves on the ground. In the city, she used to look at shoes, inspecting soles to guess at how they'd been used, judging from how worn they were.

On her return, the house looks even smaller. She stumbles across a closet full of decorative objects and knick-knacks. Telling herself she's dusting, she indulges her curiosity. She can't help it. She'd like to get rid of all the objects in this house that doesn't belong to her, which is full of other people's memories, so it can be a blank slate too. The Japanese believe that objects can develop spirits. If something is abandoned, unused or old, it comes alive.

Praying that it doesn't happen now, because she doesn't have mothballs or anything like them, she remembers the beginning of one of her favorite books: "It was the season when moths hatch from their eggs." As though the house wanted her to know that something truly great had happened here.

She's not hungry, but because it's late, she has a mouthful of squash. She doesn't chew, she waits for it to dissolve, letting her tongue, palate and saliva do the work. She bears the burden of a defeat, her expression isn't one of frustration, sadness, grief, pain or tiredness but all these things at once. As though a kind of darkness had taken hold of her.

The hardest part was having to watch her mother's house fall to pieces. It seemed to be aging gradually alongside her. First the paint began to flake off the walls in some of the rooms, then the electricity went in the main bedroom and you could only see shadows. There was no point asking why she didn't just call an electrician to fix the lamp. The refusal to let strangers into her house wasn't something either were ready to deal with.

Then came the closure of the main bathroom, the one with the bath tub. It was apparently easier to lock it up than fix it. Only half the house was now in use, like her mother's brain, which only functioned properly on occasion. The surprising thing was how she kept up the kitchen. Even

though she didn't cook any more, it was the only bright, gleaming space left. Dust had never been allowed in there.

A house is always a means of gauging one's state, even if the accommodation is only temporary. In this new space she always puts flowers that she picks outside in glasses of water. As though the world can be compressed and hidden within the infinite possibilities of life she imagines in the new house.

In time, she learned to take advantage of the good days, the days when her mother could remember what she'd done a few moments before and didn't keep asking herself where she'd been five minutes ago. Her patience was a finite vessel; it started to crack in stages.

Worse were the days when her mother didn't want to get out of bed, when she pulled the sheet over her shoulders and sat there for hours. Insomnia ate up her nights, turning her into a kind of zombie by day. When she was supposed to go out to do an errand, she knew long beforehand that she wasn't going. She never felt like it. She kept the sheets and the worn duvet wrapped around her like a protective cloak and stayed inside.

She would have paid money to get inside that head of her mother's, to understand her thinking. But then she took it back. She was terrified of ending up the same way. She was scared of her blood. She wanted to change it, to undergo a transfusion and so change her lineage.

She'd never understood why some people were so proud of their bloodline. She thought that if she didn't witness the deterioration, she'd be able to avoid the guilt, that awful, overused but nonetheless perfectly apt word. Just saying it left her acutely breathless. She felt suffocated, a lack of breath was her way of not seeing. The ambitious flee from their mothers, their weight and gravity.

She was afraid of being dragged into the pit without realizing it. Her mother hadn't known. She'd reached her limit. Maybe she'd seen it all backwards. Or maybe she'd never understood a thing. This period came cheap. It was a time when she thought she had been born old.

Outside, the mist covered everything. The immense grey of the mist. Just looking at it made her feel cold, even though she was inside, warmed by the stove. It was almost a fog, the whole countryside was a greyish white. She'd never have suspected that not saying a word for hours on end would break her. Some days, she'd only utter five or six phrases. She was feeling stretched thin.

She barely spoke, just a heavy silence. A well-mannered silence, like she's broken it in.

There was a set of words she liked the sound of. Corticoid. Corner. Camouflage. But others made her shiver. Just saying them terrified her.

An afternoon in mid-June, a damp wind is blowing from afar and gusting into her face with a spiritual energy. The air tickles her nose like pepper.

Knowing how to stay still as an old tree that projects its power outward while remaining in situ. The memory in the air knows things she doesn't. Some species have a geographic memory, like Monarch butterflies. In Canada, there's a place near Lake Superior where migrating butterflies make a sharp turn for no apparent reason and it turns out that right there, thousands of years ago, a mountain rose out of the water and the butterflies remember it in their bodies even though they haven't seen it for generations.

Cold, damp, windy. She opens the windows to let the house breathe. The mist creeps into cupboards, drawers, limbs and ears. The entire house merges with the sound of the wind. But there is a well-established stillness too. Like a false start. She is incapable of the necessary contemplative state. Yearning for something and still unrooted.

It's not that anything extraordinary needs to happen for someone to settle into their existence. The moment when the sky is still blue, not yet black. It lasts a few minutes and is the perfect time to dream, a place that even in ancient times was a refuge from the common areas of the house.

A thick fog that makes everything grey and blurry. As though there were something in the chemical structure of the color that incited violence, she feels more and more rage threatening to shatter everything that was once part of her childhood universe.

A mother and daughter always form a seam. But it's an easy one to tear. The offspring of the desert spider, white and fluffy, eat their mother alive. The Black Lace Weaver and the spider crab also sacrifice their bodies to their children. Through vibrations in the web, they send the signal to their daughters: they're ready to be devoured. What are the limits to devotion, she wonders. And when was the first time she really entertained the notion that her mother was going to die?

Days in the city were like that, it was easy to fall apart from one moment to the next. These episodes were when she felt most alone. A few days before, a rat would appear in the house like a harbinger of misfortune. But as hard as she thought about it, she never saw what it was that connected rats to her mother. The land line would ring and the world started to spin. Everything was spinning around her and she was still. Things crashed down around her ears.

How much distance did she need to put between herself and the events to forget them?

Now she's living a paused existence. An intensity contained by the landscape within reasonable boundaries.

She sees a hare staring out across the field, savoring it slowly, and the distance she might have felt between herself and the animal melted away.

Winter arrived suddenly. With the certainty that her time there was coming to an end. There also came days when she felt like a cat, curled up by the stove, unable to move much, occupying a reduced space. The tedium connected her to the place, which was once green but was now grey and required a radical gesture.

She decides to go outside naked to see what will happen to her body, how much it can put up with. She leaves her clothes at the door, looks ahead and starts to walk across the field.

She wants to feel what the animals feel. At first the cold is bearable, but then her body starts to shiver. A dangerous zone opens up inside of her, a masochistic impulse. She has left her native climate to hurl herself who knows where, a blind seed in an unfamiliar summer. Eventually she realizes that this is all an affirmation of the present.

One doesn't always have to cross worlds to reach others, but sometimes you do. She decides—or her legs decide for her—to keep going. There is a degree of sleepy beauty in the weak sunlight that filters through the mist. A hidden layer rises up within her, like a new word forming beneath her tongue.

Her body is fully present. It seems surprised, as though jolted out of an amnesiac state. She wonders what would happen if she masturbated there and then, whether she'd be able to warm herself up a little. She tries rubbing herself with a finger but her legs are beginning to go numb in the harsh environment. Her fingers are too cold to feel, it's like her skin belongs to someone else.

In a few minutes, seconds really, the wind gets up and blows harder and harder, and her nostrils start to crack. It's as though the earth were shaking, as though she's about to fall down in addition to freezing. She feels as porous as an old bone, lost in forgetting herself. The quicker and more precise her movements, the more absent she is. Ignoring the received wisdom that moving will warm her up, she tries to stay still, as still as her body will allow. She takes a deep breath and holds it for as long as she can. The extreme cold is centering her, calming her, and, eventually, empties her out.

She's outside of herself, communing with the air around her. Her relaxed muscles allow the gradual dissolution of the time that came before. But a few seconds later, her breathing grows

frantic and a shot of adrenaline courses through her body. She can't stand any more. She runs back into the house and wraps a blanket around herself. She runs a bath and plunges into the hot water, watching her legs grow pink with the shock. Only after hours in the water does she return to her usual state.

Sometimes just re-sewing a button is enough to restore one's peace of mind. The next day, putting on the garment and seeing that the button is back in its rightful place can soothe a troubled soul.

There's something flowing inside of her, a beginning, or rather a rearrangement of syntax. A language with which to escape language.

Days spent with the view have allowed her eyes to grow accustomed. She's no longer unnerved by hectares of identical grassland. And yet, now the landscape has become unfamiliar.

She's fortunate. In contrast to plants, she has moved and left her environment. One of the skills she has learned is to take charge of time. Sometimes she's not sure whether she's seen an ombú or just imagined it. Because this is the land of ombús. So she must have seen them.

She embraces the curative properties of roots and silence, shrinking down to a miniscule size to mimic the immensity of the countryside and learn how trees think. She fantasizes about another garden, something more Zen, with stones, water, a waterfall or something, and a patch of raked sand. When there's no mist, dew, or damp moonlight, there's not enough white.

Something else she'd like to do would be to bring a red Torii and install it here. Or build it here, with her own hands. She wonders whether the change in the landscape would affect some part of the neighbor's personality, what would happen if he saw it and made assumptions, or thought it was a phallic sculpture. At one point, she wanted to plant a cherry tree, an ornamental one grown for flowers rather than fruit but none of the nurseries nearby had them. Also, how far is one allowed to intervene and change a landscape?

Right now, everything about this landscape is so suggestive that she seems to have forgotten her language, things like the word for fox. Fresh nuts feel rough on her tongue. She finds happiness in the static, in a story folding in on itself.

A plant cultivates its own insects, but the neater nature becomes, the more dangerous it is, because one might get trapped.

The countryside is as restless as the birds. Nothing is as clear as the vision of knowing too much, as precognition. How can someone state that they're going to be looking at something for the last time? That their minds remember the exact position of the trees, the light, that the retina retains the colors of the sky and the optic nerve submits to the landscape itself, swamping the

eyes with it. A voice is not inherited, it's the only legacy in the world that isn't repeated, so say the songs of the trees.

Translated by Kit Maude

Kit Maude has translated dozens of classic and contemporary Latin American writers such as Jorge Luis Borges and Camila Sosa Villada for a wide array of publications and writes reviews and criticism for several different outlets in Spanish and English including the Times Literary Supplement, Revista Ñ and Otra Parte. His translations have been featured in *Granta*, the *Literary Review*, and the *Short Story Project*, among others. His translation of *The Naked Woman* by Armonía Somers was shortlisted for the National Translation Award 2018.