



When I sing, mountains dance tour with Irene Solà in Los Angeles



Spanish writer Irene Solà visits the Los Angeles Times Festival of Books to present her latest translated book “When I sing, mountains dance”.

Gabriela Garcia, Xochitl Gonzalez, and Doran Pineda will join Spanish writer Irene Solà for an in-person conversation in the 2022 edition of *Los Angeles Times Festival of Books*, as part of the series *Fiction: Hispanic Voices* (Panel 2112). The author will be presenting her acclaimed book, *When I sing, mountains dance*, in multiple events in the U.S.

The *Los Angeles Times Festival of Books* will take place during April 23 and 24 at the campus of the University of South California. This presentation is part of *Spain Writes, America Reads*, the literature program of the Cultural Office of the Embassy of Spain in Washington, D.C. that aims to support Spanish authors in the U.S.

ABOUT IRENE SOLÀ

Born in 1990 in Malla, a town north of Barcelona, [Irene Solà](#) is part of the emerging generation of Catalan writers. Her second novel, *Canto jo i la muntanya balla*, won the 2020 European Union Prize for Literature, the 2018 Anagrama Prize for the Novel, the Núvol Prize, and the Cálamo Prize. This March, Mara Faye Lethem’s English translation, *When I Sing, Mountains Dance*, is being published by Graywolf in the U.S. and Granta in the U.K.

Solà’s prose, excellently translated from the original Catalan, is

LITERATURE
LOS ANGELES

Sun, April 24, 2022
12:00 pm

Venue

Taper Hall (THH), 3501 Trousdale Pkwy,
Los Angeles, CA 90089

[View map](#)

Admission

[Buy tickets](#)

More information

[Los Angeles Times Festival of Books](#)

Credits

Presented by the University of South California in collaboration with the Cultural Office of the Embassy of Spain in Washington, D.C. and the support of Institut Ramon Llull.



expansive and tactile. Her sentences accumulate, running along, taking in as much as possible, senses alert: “When I was in the forest, far from those who carry you off and shriek, I filled my mouth with fresh sprouts and living water, and I filled my nose with all the smells, and my eyes with all the beautiful things, and I thought about my mother and my brother.”

—Christopher Shrimpton, *The Guardian*