

04-01-2014

No hay mal que por bien no venga. The best thing about my trip back was that my connecting flight from Lima was delayed by a couple of hours, which gave me time to have a 15-minute back-and-neck massage. I felt an inch taller when I walked away. The next best thing was that they moved me to a seat in an exit row, with at least an extra foot of leg room. I could have had a good sleep, if I hadn't started watching that silly movie.

Maybe even better, a cold front had come in overnight. Instead of the blast of tropical heat I braced for when I descended the plane in Havana, the air was pleasantly cool.

And when I got home, I found Rosita had left bananas on the kitchen counter, eggs in the refrigerator, and flowers on the diningroom table. All in all, a good re-entry. I wondered whether the leak in my ceiling would be fixed by the time I got back. Better than that: there's a whole new roof. The torrential rains I had read about in late November caused no fewer than six leaks in my ceiling and they had to completely redo the roof. As did several neighbours.



I've started a gratitude jar for 2014, the idea being to note daily on a slip of paper something I'm grateful for and collect them. Mine isn't actually a jar (they are hard to come by); I covered a cardboard Pringles container (a visitor's gift; the Pringles, that is, not just the container) with a print from my collection of The Reading Woman calendars. I'm not sure there's room for 365 pieces of paper, but I can graduate to an oatmeal cannister if necessary.

05-05-2014

On the flight back I saw what I thought a new low in mainstream journalism (which doesn't seem to bother checking even the most implausible "fact," as long as it puts Cuba in a bad light). Two Santiago papers reported that a ten-year-old used Porsche costs more in Cuba than a brand-new Porsche elsewhere, US\$260,000. My immediate suspicion was that some idiot read the price in Cuban pesos (about US\$10K) and reported it and then it got repeated everywhere. I was reminded of a cartoon from one of the Cuban papers, maybe *Caimán Barbudo* or *Juventud Rebelde*, with two images, a rose and a thorn, each superimposed on a map of Cuba. The rose image was labelled, "Cuba according to Cuban media," and the thorn image was labelled, "Cuba according to foreign media."

Well, it seems there was an idiot at work, but not the media. I haven't confirmed the \$260K price yet, but word on the street is that the prices are seriously out of whack, way beyond the 100% markup that Cuba slaps on imported vehicles and proposes to use to improve public transportation. I actually agree with that policy, for environmental and health reasons, but it sounds like some bureaucrat has gotten really carried away. It would be the water-cooler topic of the week, if there such things as water coolers in Cuba.

A (tangentially) related article in *Granma* about transportation policy announced measures to encourage the use of bicycles, including their sale *sin fines recaudatorios*; meaning the 100% tax on goods considered luxuries won't be applied to bikes, and they may even be subsidized. Maybe someone is waking up to the fact that when people tossed their bikes in the shed when the economy started to improve, it was a huge setback for the environment and public health.

I love that the cold front makes it cool enough for a blanket at night; I find the weight comforting.

06-01-2014

Had my first physio session tonight. Poor Yunior. Yuly left him on New Year's Eve (talk about adding insult to injury). Seems things started to go downhill when they moved into the apartment in his mother's house and, maybe not coincidentally, started to have Dayron with them full time. Yuly's ten years younger than Yunior; when they met she was 19 and had what I suppose would be called a clubbing lifestyle. That changed when she married Yunior; even more so when Dayron started living with them. Yunior thinks she isn't ready for the responsibility of motherhood. Sadly, he's probably right.

Yunior was pleased that this time I didn't lose ground while I was away. In fact, he says I can try playing bike polo on Sunday. Can't wait!

07-01-2014

Had a marathon meeting with Gail this afternoon, most of it in the dark, because her power was off. This semester is going to be utterly nuts. Besides our two regular issues, we have two supplements to produce, both as large as a regular issue. It's great that we can get some extra translation and editing assistance with the funding we got for them, but Gail and I still have to have the last look at both. I don't know where we'll find the time to do that.

The frustrating thing about the *Lancet* project is that they keep changing the publication date for the English version. I have a really good Spanish editor lined up and I'm afraid I'll lose her if we can't get a firm date soon. We can't start the translators working on it until we have the final English, and the editor can't start *her* work until we have the translations. We can't ask the editor or the translators to stand by indefinitely waiting for jobs that keep getting postponed. This is much more stressful than our usual production, because there are so many factors beyond our control.

09-01-2014

My right thumb hasn't been opposable for a couple of days. On Tuesday I broke a thumbnail and when I trimmed the jagged bit with my teeth, I yanked out too much and opened the skin to the quick. It then got inflamed and the swelling had nowhere to go so it bulged out over the remaining nail like a muffin top. I seemed to bump it about every five minutes—of course, it *had* to be my right hand (I confess to the use of foul language on more than one occasion). I wondered if I should lance it, but I was afraid of a worse infection (that's a lie: I was just plain chicken!) Anyway, today when I opened the front gate, I accidentally banged my thumb really hard and it had the same effect as lancing; it bled a little, but the pressure was relieved and now it's not nearly as painful as it was. Something about thanking heaven for small mercies comes to mind...

Our clipping service for Cuban health news had an interesting article today, about Cuba's first transsexual politician, an ER nurse who was elected municipal delegate a year ago (by direct, secret ballot) in a small town in central Cuba. Her duties include everything from advocating for better lighting in the town square to managing complaints about ration books. She had some painful experiences during the times when sexual diversity was considered counter-revolutionary, but is not in the least bitter: "Every country makes mistakes and Cuba made them in the way it treated us, but it has had the courage to acknowledge this...Now I have the right to choose how to live, to the point that, soon, they are going to issue me a new ID card where I figure as a woman." Depending on how her term as municipal delegate goes, she might run for provincial or national office eventually. The times they are definitely a-changing.

This fellow sure is proud of owning a Chev. The decal is so large it must make it hard to see out the rear window.



10-01-2014

No time to do more than name the topics, but today's letters to the editor in *Granma* covered an interesting array: lack of AA and AA batteries in the stores, a salt scarcity in Guantánamo, sale of substandard hatchets that fall apart after a couple of uses, noise from people partying on the Malecón, and unreliable mail delivery in Santiago de Cuba. My favourite complained about the lack of small coins in moneda nacional in circulation. More often than not, bus drivers can't make change, so people end up paying one peso, or about 4 cents Canadian, for a ride whose official fare is 40 cents of a peso. Both seem equally trivial by Canadian standards—and neither can possibly cover the actual cost of the service—but the writer pointed out that ten pesos should buy 25 rides at the official fare, but when he can't get change, it only covers 10. Seems like *Granma* has become a sort of consumer protection agency.

12-01-2014

I love my bike polo club. I had been so looking forward to playing bike polo today after Yuniór gave me the green light on Monday but when it came time to go today I just couldn't see how I could do it and still get everything done that I needed to do today for the January issue. It's not as if I'm the only one affected and I could just work more tomorrow; it would screw up at least two other people's work plans as well. Anyway, about eight of them came over after polo to welcome me back and see how I was doing. What a bunch of sweeties.

13-01-2014

One of the hands-free phones at ENSAP needed to be fixed so I stopped off at a place on 23rd with it before work. I was relieved to find he was able to do it right away, so no need for a second trip. His shop is a desk and telephone on a large balcony facing 23rd. It was one of the more pleasant waiting rooms I've experienced in Cuba. The seats weren't particularly comfy, but the plants floor to ceiling on all three open sides made it feel like an oasis. What doesn't show here is a huge orchid that I unfortunately didn't notice until I was on my way out. I might make a trip back just to get a photo of it.



14-01-2014



I had a medical appointment at Cira García this morning, one I almost cancelled because I was feeling time stressed. The waiting room was surprisingly calm and almost empty. The wait was only ten minutes, I spent five minutes with the doctor—and then it took an hour to pay! The first *factura* they printed for me had only the consult on it, not my vaccine, so she had to rip it up and start again. That's when the system went down. Incredibly, in a place where electricity is so unreliable, they aren't set up to handle payments and bills manually. Anyway, in

compensation, I got to pass by one of my favourite libraries. I probably took a photo of the show sculpture when it was installed for the 2012 Bial, but the mosaics are new (can another Bial be on again already?). The hammer smashing the globe was still in place; I suppose I could have used the panoramic function to get them all in one shot, but I didn't think of it in time.

Today's high was 30; tomorrow's predicted is 25 and Thursday's 19—with a low of 13! Friday's and Saturday's lows are supposed to be 8 and 10. I'll be glad of those alpaca socks I got in Arica a couple of years ago. The cold front is supposed to last a week.

This truck delivers lunches to schools that don't have their own kitchens.



16-01-2014

An article in *Granma* today discussed a decision to broaden access to consumer credit for specific purposes, such as buying appliances. One of the items covered is an induction stove; actually, a kit, stove with pot, frying pan, kettle, dutch oven and coffee pot. It will sell for 500 pesos cubanos (about \$20), the only one of the eligible list that will be sold in pesos cubanos. They calculate that the reduced electricity use will compensate for the subsidized price (good example of intersectoral thinking!). The banking article included an insert showing how induction cookers function and graphs of relative efficiency and time to boil 1.5 litres of water. I want one! They're importing 125,000 this year, about 40,000 to be assembled in Cuba. And for once someone is thinking about replacement parts: there's actually a plan to start manufacturing them in Cuba.

Jorge said something today that really saddened me: *I never thought that at this stage of my life I'd be making my living driving*. He went on to say that he wasn't ashamed of it, and had learned that he could be happy doing any number of things, but that he had had higher hopes when he was starting out (He was a fairly senior manager for 20 years. I don't know the story of how he left that job; he seems to be on very good terms with his former colleagues). And there are so many like him. It made me think of the taxi driver who told me he used to be the engineer for the company, until he realized the drivers made in a day what he made in a month.

Earlier this week a car burst into flames on 26th, likely a spark from the electrical system ignited gas fumes (I haven't heard anything about injuries, but I don't imagine a spark can happen in an empty car). The tires melted entirely, making it look like the car is standing in water. It has to stay in situ until the insurance people finish their assessment. I hope the rubbernecking doesn't cause collisions.



Everyone is talking about earthquakes lately because there've been some tremors in the western part of Cuba. A couple of weeks ago some buildings in Centro Habana had to be evacuated because of a tremor and then there were a couple more within a few days of the first. Tremors are not unusual in Oriente, but this is something new, and the habaneros are getting nervous.

18-01-2014

In every production month there seems to come a point when I wonder whether *this* will be the one that totally falls apart. I reached that point last night, or rather, early this morning. We couldn't finish our first layout session yesterday (Aram's son had been hospitalized) and decided to do a second one on Monday so the final one on Wednesday doesn't turn into a nightmare marathon. That means we need to get at least three more manuscripts pdf'd by noon on Monday. Doable but not a sure thing. I was up until 3:30 this morning wrestling with the internet (the details are too tedious to record), but I finally got one manuscript to the author for approval and to Carolyn for style correction, and two more to Gail for layout.

So I'm feeling pretty dopey today. My trip to the agro was even faster than usual (I practise what I heard described by a man to his young son as shopping like a man (his actual words, overheard in a Zellers in Montreal, were, *Son, you gotta learn to shop like a man: get in, get what you want, and get out*). I got just the basics to complete my lentil stew for the week (comfort food for this cold front): carrots, onions, garlic and tomatoes.

I stopped to chat with Estrella in the yard on the way out and she mentioned that she still hadn't fed Lilo. At the word *comida*, Lilo cocked her head and perked up her ears; hilariously, she did it at every single mention. That gave me a chance to catch her snaggle-toothed, I'm-a-good-girl plea.



Other than my shopping expedition, my only other outing today was a brief trip to Cuba Libro, for a vernissage by graffiti artist Kaos. I wondered what an exhibit by a graffiti artist would look like. There were individual canvasses on display, but he had painted the wall behind them to bring it all together. In this shot, Salvador Dalí appears to be looking askance at a couple flaunting their heterosexuality.

Yoko and Martí don't seem to care.

At large social gatherings I always feel like hiding in a corner with someone I actually know, so I was pleased that some of the bike polo crowd showed up. Here Michel is showing photos to his friend, Camila, who coincidentally lives right across the street from me. He appears to be bundled up against the cold in typical Cuban fashion, scarf and all (it had to be all of, oh, 22 degrees centigrade). What I didn't capture was that his bottom half was in a whole other season: he was wearing bicycle shorts and flipflops.



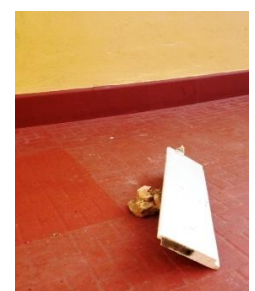
I just discovered that a pottery bowl makes a pretty good amplifier for a phone. I was doing laundry on the balcony and took my phone into the kitchen so I could hear music without having it so loud it bothered the neighbours. For some reason, I stuck it in an empty bowl rather than directly on the counter and was immediately struck by how much bigger the sound became.

21-01-2014

A utility truck blocking a street forced us to do a detour through the Parque Almendares on the way home. I didn't mind; I've always wanted to get some photos of the spooky, vine-covered trees



When I did get home my first thought on seeing this was that maybe Julio and Estrella were starting a skateboard park for mice. ☺ They were just trying to keep people from walking on fresh paint. There was a spot under the eaves where the rain had worn away the paint much more than the rest of the walk. Now it's the rest that looks shabby. It reminds me of when I cut my own hair in grade nine and kept "evening out" one side and then another until I had quarter-inch bangs. I had to cover my head with a scarf for



two weeks. Luckily for me, there was no anti-Islamic panic in those days (I doubt most of my schoolmates had even heard of Islam). They just thought I looked odd, not subversive. Ha, if they thought I looked odd with the scarf, they should have seen me without it!

24-01-2014

Finally sent the last correction of the last article to Aram to post on the server tonight so Murlean can send the files to the printer. Correction: I tried to send them; what I ended up doing was dictating them over the phone. The message wouldn't leave my outbox, even though the status message said Send Complete.

More fun with technology today. I couldn't get into my Gmail most of the day and almost no mail came into my Outlook inbox; very disquieting. Heard from a friend in the US that it Gmail was down worldwide for a few hours, so it wasn't just in Cuba. Cold comfort. Apart from the Gmail problem, the connection is so slow as to be little better than non-existent. I wonder if they gave some of our bandwidth to the media arriving to cover the CELAC summit (as they did for the papal visit).

And another bit of excitement; my screen suddenly went blue and I had to restart the computer. Once I did that, I noticed my phone, which had been plugged in to charge the battery, was completely off, apparently dead. I After I recovered from my technopanic, I googled "iPhone appears dead" and found instructions for doing a hard reset. Whew! I couldn't stand the thought of losing all my phone numbers yet again. I must remember to back it up when I'm in the States in May.

I always feel slightly deflated once we get the issue "put to bed." Must be the drop in adrenaline. I can't slow down too much, though; there's still lots to do post production, and we have an editorial workshop the week of Feb 2nd that I need to get ready for. Also write the intro to the 2013 compendium in Spanish. No rest for the wicked. Tonight, though, I'm taking a break and going to bed early.

25-01-2014

So now I'm officially a senior citizen. The first blessing of the day was that I didn't wake up when the phone chirped to announce birthday messages from Silva and Jorge, so I enjoyed my first sleep-in since New Year's Day. Then Julio, Estrella and Lilo appeared at the door with a bouquet of flowers. After lunch I went over to Cuba Libro to drop off a book and a derailleur for Conner, and got treated to a large glass of starfruit juice. Yum. She and Otto went off to a meeting in Otto's handmade sports car, looking like a pair of rich gringos. The chassis is from an Austin-Healy; he built the fibreglass body himself, in his living room!



Adrienne picked me up just after four and we went to Old Havana to see Teatro Espontáneo at the Casa Gaia. It was quite different from the improv I've seen (and participated in) in Canada, which sticks to humour. There was lots of that, but some very serious and moving moments as well. The actors, four women, were brilliant. The director would ask someone in the audience to tell a story and then he might (but didn't always) suggest specific roles or some element that should be included. The actors didn't even confer, just dove right in. They were utterly brilliant. At times they seemed like four bodies with a single mind. The photo shows the final moment of one of the stories; it looks like it was choreographed, but it really was absolutely spontaneous, just as they said.





Two young members of the audience raptly listen to the director relay the older girl's story to the actors. It involved a dog named Butterfly, a cat named Mousie, and a refrigerator. The actor who played the refrigerator looked somewhat dismayed when she was tagged for the role, but she was the star of the segment. I think it was my favourite of the evening.

After the show we went to dinner at Juana la Cubana, where I had their spectacular veggie rice with the hot round peppers that look like tiny pumpkins and act like flavour bombs when you bite into them. Adrienne had curried chicken. Once again I forgot how large their portions are and so brought home enough rice, black beans and yucca to last me for a good part of the week. They brought me a drink and ice cream on the house because of my birthday. The drink was a sort of daiquiri made with crème de menthe; it was like a mouthwash slushy, too sweet, even after I squeezed the juice of a whole lemon into it. The ice cream was more successful, chocolate with almonds; Alexis and Teresita's mom makes it.

Alexis (Teresita's brother, not my Alexis) is back from Switzerland, this time probably to stay. The restaurant and casa particular seem to be doing well, so maybe he won't need to go back. I told him what Yunion had said about his sister meeting him at a party last fall; I forget how Yunion found out I knew Alexis. Anyway, it's a very small world, or a small town for one that has three million people in it.

More from the Small World Dept: it turns out that Jorge's brother is the neurosurgeon who saved Lionel's life after he had his stroke!

When I got home, Estrella met me at the door with a flan that Silva and Liliana had dropped off for me. I'm too full from dinner to appreciate it, so will have some tomorrow.

So that was my 65th birthday, a day of friendship (including a call from Canada!), flowers, music, laughter, a few tears, and scrumptious food that I didn't have to make. What more could I ask? Well, I suppose I could ask for all my loved ones to be here with me today, but that would be greedy. Also, they wouldn't all fit in my apartment. Now *that's* an indicator of just how lucky I really am.

Sad news—but inevitable—Buena Vista Social Club just announced their farewell tour. It sounds like a number of recordings will come out of it, so it's not as if the music is just coming to a complete stop.

26-01-2014

There was cake and singing at bike polo tonight (is it a universal law that birthday songs, in whatever language, are to be sung off-key?) I felt a bit unsteady, which is not surprising after almost nine months without playing. I was quite sore after my first game, likely because I was playing with Tomás's mallet, which is heavy and long. I rested up for several games and then played a second one using Michel's mallet; that went much better.

Get ready (with Tomás's daughter, Lorena)...



Get set (my teammates are Alexander and Leinier; Vladimir is getting ready to call the joust)...



Go!



27-01-2014

When Yunior came for my physio tonight I was happy to report that I didn't notice any after-effects from bike polo. Vladimir carried the bike upstairs for me, so I haven't had the full bike polo experience yet, but it's definite progress.

More sad news today. The daughter of friends of mine went to visit relatives in the US last night and just informed her parents that she's decided to stay there. They are devastated that they didn't get a chance to say goodbye; and of course she can't travel to visit them until she gets her green card. I don't know whether or not she had this in mind when she went or came to the decision there; it's possible she had it in mind but was afraid they'd try to talk her out of it. Or simply didn't want any drama to mar her leavetaking.

28-01-2014

Another accident—excuse me, motor vehicle crash—in front of ENSAP today; it must be at least the sixth since I've been here. A car coming from the north broadsided another one, the latter apparently trying to make a U turn from the righthand lane. When I got to the window I was relieved to see that both drivers were on their feet and yelling at each other. About five people got out of the car that had been hit, one of them a woman holding a very small baby, apparently unhurt. I imagine they had just left the children's hospital down the block and didn't want to go the extra kilometer to the roundabout to turn around safely. Just yesterday afternoon, when the driver in front of us had a narrow escape turning left, I commented to Jorge how frequently I heard squealing brakes and crashes.

29-01-2014

Arghhh...another crash in front of ENSAP today, at almost the same time as the one yesterday. My stomach was in knots all afternoon. I kept expecting to hear another one.

Two years ago today Alexis and Julia and I introduced bike polo to Havana. Now we have about 35 people enrolled in the club, around 20 of whom play regularly. As soon as we can make a promotional video, we're going to launch a crowdfunding campaign to send a team to the South American championships in Bogotá in August. We got the invitation a couple of weeks ago and our first response was, *yeah, nice dream!* Then the next day I got a message from a fellow in Australia who runs a sports crowdfunding site saying that after seeing the Basecamp segment about us filmed last November, he wanted to help the club out. It's still a long shot, but we're going to give it a try. The cost is daunting, but maybe the least of our obstacles; other than Conner and I (who wouldn't be going anyway), no one in the club has a passport, and Colombia isn't exactly generous with visas for Cubans.

Another challenge, assuming we raise the money, will be deciding who gets to go. The best players are Michel, Tomás and Vladimir, but Michel is only seventeen; I don't know whether he can travel alone, I suggested he call Raúl, who is a lawyer, to ask about regs for minors travelling alone. And of course, not everyone may agree that they're the best.

Jorge found Caracolillo coffee today and got me three packages: one for home, one for Kathleen, and one for Lore and Dante's casa particular. I was getting worried for a while that we wouldn't be able to find any of the good stuff for them. He also got a couple of five-gallon jugs of water, one for each casa. I have my Lifesaver filter bottle but am not up to the logistics of trying to make it do for three separate households. With Daniel here I'll just have to filter a bit more frequently. I'll have to remember to take my luggage cart home from ENSAP on Friday to make it easier to haul the groceries. I've been leaving it there because it's handy for moving cartons of books when we go to conferences.

30-01-2014

Things aren't always what they seem in Havana traffic. The flag is painted on, not a decal. And the slow-moving-vehicle sign says, *Chicks only*. It's probably not slow moving either. It's terrifying how some of these almendrones slalom along the streets trying to beat each other to the next clump of potential passengers.



So sad to hear Pete Seeger died. Another one of Brecht's indispensable ones. I found out via someone's Facebook post with a photo of him and a quotation about living with generosity of spirit. I tried to share it to my page but the connection fell, and when I got back online later I couldn't remember where I had seen it.

I burnt the roof of my mouth on a string of fried yucca earlier in the week. The burn was quite close to my teeth and it made brushing them a trial for several days. Also eating, especially crackers (not good, since my lunches are mostly crackers and peanut butter). But did I learn my lesson? No, I did not. Today I burnt my finger plucking a piece of fried yucca from the frying pan. Serves me right for gobbling before it even got to the plate (and a tolerable temperature). This was the last of the leftover yucca from my dinner at Juana la Cubana, so I'm safe now, for a while anyway. I don't usually like yucca, but the way they do it at Juana la Cubana is fantastic, very lightly fried, crisp outside and fluffy in the centre. To reheat the leftovers I slice it thinly and crisp it up in a non-stick pan (so no added oil). There must be a separate law of thermodynamics for tomatoes and yucca; they seem to manage to get hotter than other foods cooked at the same time.

31-01-2014

Niurka is writing a pamphlet on communication for her colleagues at the Casas de Cultura. I think all the institutions need it, not just the Casas. Yesterday I emailed the chair of a committee I'm on to confirm that we had were having our usual last-Friday meeting today; since we already had one meeting in January, I wondered whether it was extra, instead of the regular meeting, or delayed from December. She wrote back that the meeting scheduled for today had been postponed until February 7. There was no indication that she had any intention of letting me know about the change, not even, *oh, good thing you asked*. But it certainly is a good thing I asked; I would have been quite grouchy if I had left work early to go to a meeting that didn't happen.

Meanwhile, when Jorge asked if he could pick me up earlier than usual today so he could go to an awards ceremony (Elizabeth is being recognized as outstanding worker in her workplace for 2013), I said sure, and he could pick me up at MINSAP after the meeting, instead of going all the way out to Boyeros to ENSAP. When I found out the meeting was cancelled, I called him and told him I'd be at ENSAP, not MINSAP. When he picked me up at 3:30, he told me the awards ceremony had been changed—today—from 5 pm to 3 pm. It's too bad he didn't think to call me; I could easily have worked longer at ENSAP so he could go to the ceremony at the new time.

No crashes in front of ENSAP today. I tensed up every time I heard a horn or brakes, bracing myself for another collision.

Oh well, getting home a bit early gave me some time before my physio to do some grocery shopping for the casa particular where my god-daughter and her family are going to be staying, starting on Sunday (her brother will be staying with me; I can't have more than two guests stay here because it would jeopardize Julio and Estrella's rental licence). I have most of my list covered; just missing milk, cooking

oil and jam. I'll try a store a little further afield tomorrow and see what I can find. I'll get produce in the agro on Sunday morning and pray for the egg lady go by over the weekend.

The house across the street is getting a paint job. It's supposed to rain tonight and tomorrow; I hope it doesn't mess up this guy's work. Despite the "cold" front promised last night, it was pretty hot at the time I took this, even though it was quite late in the afternoon.



I'm not sure whether this flag is an expression of admiration for Canada, or just a practical way of creating some shade in the rear window.

And that's the first month of 2014 gone already. I haven't even been back a full month and I can barely remember my first week. Heck, I hardly remember this one.

Despite hardly having time to read the paper, I've collected a baker's dozen of Y names this month, bringing my tally to 872:
Yafa Yarko Yasbel Yeimi Yendiel Yenli Yhasnaiby Yojana
Yosvanis Yulianela Yuned Yurisniel Yusquiel