

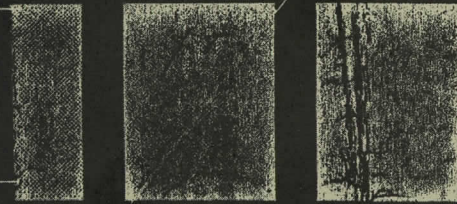
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# SUI GENERIS

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The first signal of a character as previously mentioned serves also to indicate whether the previous character is in the presence or the absence of the language. The receiving mechanism



The first impulse is lower case if a negative signal will cause the following impulse to print in the

While the code for operating the printer described herein may originate at a keyset and be transmitted without transformation, it is believed that the use of the well known perforators and tape transmitters may be desirable from an economic point of view, therefore, mechanisms for decoding the six unit code therefrom, reading and retransmitting it in the new form are disclosed herein.

Each impulse may be either positive, negative or no current. The start and stop impulses have been combined with the first and fourth impulses. The first impulse of a character

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IN PROB: ETDYRIS SVRGENS

ANTARSTRONDEMACVIRGUITNTACESQVE

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## SPRING 1998



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الجنان

PROB: ETDYRIS SVRGENS ANTARSTRONDEMACVIRGUITNTACESQVE

استروح المطر في الربيع

و لكنه لا مستروح ولا متغير مثل كل الذي حوله

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# SUI GENERIS

"OF ITS OWN KIND"

BARD COLLEGE  
SPRING 1998

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# C O N T E N T S

F R E N C H

## POUR ALIETTE, PEINTRE

*by Peter Sourian*

Le peintre crée la beauté  
Bien sûr le matériel y est,  
Mais pas forcément beau.  
Le peintre arrange les choses  
Sans rien du tout changer,  
Mais tout est étoilé.

## VRAIMENT

*by Peter Sourian*

C'était une belle journée  
Nous étions jeunes en bande  
Canotant sur un bras de la Seine  
Pas loin de Giverny.

On blaguait et riait  
Nos voix traversaient l'eau  
Une péniche imposante nous croisait  
Et faisait des vagues. C'était beau,  
Une douce et amusante soirée.

On allait débarquer  
Il y avait une guinguette, sympathique,  
Avec des tables rouillées  
Et une place pour amarrer.

Mais on craignait—je ne sais plus lequel parmi nous—  
La pluie. On a donc choisi d'aller plus loin,  
Où il y avait une gargote dans un bled.  
Cela nous faisait rigoler, l'idée de choisir entre:  
La guinguette sous la pluie ou la gargote sous l'abri  
(Et c'était vraiment la gargote, quoi).  
Et le temps passait, le temps passait.

Si vous êtes mourant  
C'est à dire vivant  
Vous êtes bien mourant.  
Et mourant bien enfin,  
Si c'est avec l'oeil galinacé  
A la fin hardi courageux.

Cela aurait été pour toi la vie, tout cela.  
Et qu'est-ce que c'est la vie pour toi, tout cela?  
La gargote ou la guinguette?  
Tu ne sais vraiment pas?  
Vraiment pas?

## FROM *PAROLE DE FEMME* (1974)

*by Annie Leclerc, (the beginning and end of the novel)*

Au début ça n'a l'air de rien, on pousse une porte. Un escalier ; on monte. Une autre porte; on pousse encore. Et on continue d'avancer, comme ça, sans vraiment se rendre compte, tout juste étonné de se qui se présente.

Un jour, on se retourne. Et soudain on ne reconnaît plus rien. Les choses semblent toujours à la même place, mais tout a changé de visage.

Là où était la lumière s'étend l'ombre, incertitude et faiblesse.

Ici, dans les anciennes plaines de l'obscurité et de l'humiliation, une jeune lumière, impitoyable, accède à l'évidence.

Et le sublime vous démange de rire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Un jour peut-être, ce sera la Fête.

Nous serons ensemble et confondus. Les taquineries, les caresses et les rires feront la ronde des vieillards aux enfants, des enfants aux adultes, des filles aux garçons, et de tous à tous. Les bouches fraîches baiseront les joues fanées. Les bras rhumatisants et lourds entoureront les vigoureuses épaules.

Et nous partagerons les fruits, le lait de nos labeurs.

Un jour peut-être nous inventerons ce que nous avons mis tant d'acharnement à empêcher ; le plus simple, le plus vrai, le meilleur, le plus fou et le plus sage : l'harmonie de nos rires.

## WOMEN'S WORD

*translated by Crecia Cipriano*

At the beginning it seems like nothing, you push a door. A stair case; you climb. Another door, you push again. And you continue to advance, like this, without really realizing it, barely surprised by what appears.

One day, you turn around. And suddenly you no longer recognize anything. Things still seem to be in the same place, but everything has changed face.

There where was light stretches shadow, uncertainty, and weakness.

Here, in the old plains of obscurity and humiliation, a young light, merciless, makes itself known.

And the sublime urges you to laugh.

\* \* \* \* \*

One day maybe, all will be well.

We will be blended as a whole. Lighthearted joking, caring words, and laughter will dance about in circles from the elderly to children, from children to adults, from girls to boys, and from everybody to everybody. Fresh mouths will kiss withered cheeks. Slow, rheumatic arms will encircle strong, powerful shoulders. And we will share the fruits, the milk of our labours.

One day maybe we will invent what we have tried with so much determination to prevent; the simplest, truest, best, craziest, and wisest thing; The harmony of our laughs.

L A T I N

CARMEN XLVI

*by Catullus*  
*translated by Katie Pyott*

Iam ver egelidos refert tempores  
Iam caeli furor aequinoctialis  
Iuncundis Zephyri silescit auris.  
Linquntur Phrygii, Catulle, campi  
Nicaeaeque ager uber aestuosae:  
Ad claras Asiae volemus urbes.  
Iam mens praetrepidans avet vagari  
Iam laeti studio pedes vigescunt.  
O dulces comitum valete coetus,  
Longe quos simul a domo profectos  
diversae varie via reportant.

Now Spring returns the soothing warmth  
Now the passion of the equinoctial sky  
Is silenced by the delightful west breezes.  
Let the Phrygian fields be abandoned, Catullus  
And the fertile land of sultry Nicaea:  
Let us fly towards the glorious cities of Asia Minor.  
Now my mind, trembling in expectation, longs to wander  
Now my zealous feet with desire, grow firm.  
Farewell, O sweet companions,  
You, who having come a long way from home with me,  
Return now by way of different paths.

## PHARSALIA, BOOK III, LINES 8-35

by Lucan

Inde soporifero cesserunt languida somno  
membra ducis; diri tum plena horroris imago  
visa caput maestum per hiantes Iulia terras  
tollere et accenso furialis stare sepulchro.  
“Sedibus Elysiis campoque expulsa piorum  
ad Stygias” inquit “tenebras manesque nocentes  
post bellum civile trahor. Vidi ipsa tenentes  
Eumenidas, quaterent vestris lampadas armis;  
preparat innumeras puppes Acherontis adusti  
portitor; in multas laxantur Tartara poenas;  
vix operi cunctae dextra properante sorores  
sufficiunt, lassant rumpentes stamina Parcas.  
Coniuge me laetos duxisti, Magne, triumphos:  
Fortuna est mutata toris, semperque potentes  
detrudere in cladem fato damnata maritos  
innupsit tepido paelix Cornelia busto.  
Haereat illa tuis per bella, per aequora, signis,  
dum non securos liceat mihi rumpere somnos  
et nullum vestro vacuum sit tempus amori,  
sed teneat Caeserque dies et Iulia noctes.  
Me non Lethaeae, coniunx, oblivio ripae  
inmemorem fecere tui, regesque silentium  
permisere sequi. Veniam te bella gerente  
in medias acies. Numquam tibi, Magne, per umbras  
perque meos manes genero non esse licebit;  
abscidis frustra ferro tua pignora : bellum  
te faciet civile meum.” Sic fata refugit  
umbra per amplexus trepidi dilapsa mariti.

translated by Allison Brant

Thereupon the sluggish limbs of the leader gave over to drowsy sleep. Soon he had a horrific, boding dream : the earth gaped open, and he saw Julia, raising her gloomy head, stand, Fury-like, on her flaming tomb.

“Expelled from the Elysian dwellings and the field of the blessed” she said “I am being dragged, after the start of civil war, to Stygian gloom and to the dwelling of the damned. I myself saw the Furies holding torches which they shook at your forces; the boatman of burnt Acheron is preparing innumerable ships; the limits of Tartarus are being widened to accommodate many punishments; all the sisters with hasty hand scarcely suffice for the task: the Parcae grow weary breaking life-threads. When I was your wife, Pompey, you led joyful triumphs. But your fortune has changed with your bed and, Cornelia, whore, damned by fate to always bring down powerful husbands into disaster, took my place as your wife with my funeral pyre still warm. Let her adhere to your standards in war and at sea, as long as it is permitted to me to interrupt your insecure sleep, and as long as there is no time for your love-making; let Caesar have control of your days and Julia control of your nights. The oblivious shores of Lethe have not made me forgetful of you, husband, and the rulers of the silent have permitted me to follow you. While you are waging war, I shall appear amongst the troops. You will never be allowed, Magnus, by the shades and by my ghost to be anything but what you once were: son-in-law to Caesar. You cut off your pledges with your sword in vain: the civil war will make you mine.” Having spoken thusly, the shade fled, dissolving through the trembling embrace of her husband.



I T A L I A N

## INSOMNIA

*by Amelia Rosselli  
translated by Kristina Olson*

I miei occhi che non s'aprono, dal  
sonno o dalla tortura, ed invece eccoti  
qua, a scegliere un'altra via: la medicina  
per non addormentarti.

I miei occhi sembrano pieni di sabbia  
tanto ha fatto l'alba svegliandosi  
e costretta a riparare guasti, ha lanciato  
motivi d'appello; per non svegliarsi  
ma invece sono le cinque ogni giorno

prima che la notte ti conosca in piedi  
o assorto nel sonno.

*My eyes won't open, from sleep  
or from torture, and yet here you are,  
choosing another path: the medicine  
to keep you from sleeping.*

*My eyes seem filled with sand.  
The dawn, forced to remedy the damage,  
worked so hard waking up that it shouted  
reasons for an appeal — to stay asleep.  
But instead it's five o'clock every day*

*before the night recognizes you, standing  
or absorbed in sleep.*

## AND WHO CAN SAY ANY LONGER

*by Patrizia Cavalli*

E chi potrà più dire  
che non ho coraggio, che non vado  
fra gli altri e che non mi appassiono?  
Ho fatto una fila di quasi  
mezz'ora oggi alla posta;  
ho percorso tutta la fila passetto  
per passetto, ho annusato  
gli odori atroci di maschi  
di vecchi e anche di donne, ho sentito  
mani toccarmi il culo spingermi  
il fianco. Ho riconosciuto  
la nausea e l'ho lasciata là  
dov'era, il mio corpo  
si è riempito di sudore, ho sfiorato  
una polmonite. Non d'amor di me  
si tratta, ma orrore degli altri  
dove io mi riconosco.

*translated by Victoria Campbell*

And who can say any longer  
that I lack courage, that I lack  
passion, that I don't go amongst  
the others?  
Today, I waited in line at the post office  
for almost half an hour.  
I made my way through the line  
step by step, I smelled  
the rancid odors of old men  
and women too, I felt  
hands touching my ass,  
pressing against my sides.  
I felt nausea and left it right there  
where it was,  
my body filled with sweat,  
I almost got pneumonia.  
It's not about  
self-love  
but of the horror of others  
in whom I see myself.

I WEEP, I BURN,  
I CONSUME MYSELF (STANZA #74)

*by Michelangelo Buonarroti  
translated by Katie Pyott*

I piango, i'ardo, i'mi consumo e 'l core  
di questo si nutrisce. O dulce sorte!  
Chi è che viva sol della sua morte,  
come fo io d'affanni e di dolore?  
Ahi! Crudele arcier, tu sai ben l'ore  
da far tranquille l'angosciose e corte  
miserie nostre con la tuo man forte;  
chè chi vive di morte mai non muore.

I weep, I burn, I consume myself and my heart  
lives on this. O sweet fate!  
Who is it that lives only on his death,  
as I do, on suffering and grief?  
Ah! Cruel archer, you know the right way  
to calm our brief and anguished misery  
with your strong hand;  
Because the one who lives on death shall never die.

FROM ZIBALDONE

*by Giacomo Leopardi  
translated by William Weaver in memory of Christiane Zimmer*

Chi non è mai uscito da luoghi piccoli, come ha per chimere i grandi vizi, così le vere e solide virtù sociali. E nel particolare dell'amicizia, la crede uno di quei nomi e non cose, di quelle idee proprie della poesia o della storia, che nella vita reale e giornaliera non s'incontrano mai (e certo egli non si aspetta d'incontrarne mai nella sua). E s'inganna. Non dico Pilade e Piritoi, ma amicizia sincera e cordiale si trova effettivamente nel mondo, e non è rara.

Anyone who has always lived in a small town will consider the great vices to be creatures of the imagination, and he will have the same idea of genuine, solid, social virtues — especially friendship, which he will not believe a real thing, but rather a mere word, one of those notions that belong to poetry or history, but which in true, everyday life are never encountered (and he surely does not expect to encounter them in his own). And he is mistaken. It is not necessary to call up Pylades or Pirithous: sincere and heartfelt friendship is actually found in the world, and it is not rare.

## NARCISSUS AT THE POOL

*by Umberto Saba*

Quando giunse Narciso al suo destino  
— dai pastori deserto e dalle greggi  
nell'ombra di un boschetto azzurro fonte —  
subito si chinò sullo specchiante.

Oh, il bel volto adorabile!

Le frondi  
importune scostò, cercò la bocca  
che cercava la sua viva anelante.  
Il bacio che gli rese era di gelo.  
Sbigottì. Ritornò al suo cieco errore.

Perchè caro agli dèi si mutò in fiore  
bianco sulla sua tomba.

*translated by Stephen Sartarelli*

When Narcissus found his destiny  
—an azure pool yet undisturbed by shepherds  
and their flocks, in the cool shade of a grove —  
he looked down at once into the glancing surface.

Oh, the beauty of that face!

Brushing  
aside some branches in the way, he sought  
the mouth that sought out his same living, breathless one.  
And the kiss it gave him was of ice.  
He faltered, then repeated his blind mistake.

Beloved of the gods, he turned into a flower,  
white upon his grave.

S P A N I S H

FROM *RAYUELA*

*by Julio Cortázar*

*a selection from chapter seven, translated by Matt Katz-Bohen*

I touch your mouth, with a finger I touch the edge of your mouth, I'm drawing it as if it had come from my hand, as if for the first time your mouth would open half-way, and it's enough to close my eyes to undo it all and start over, I give birth each time to the mouth I desire, the mouth that my hand chooses to draw on your face, a mouth chosen over all others, with sovereign liberty chosen by me in order to draw it with my hand on your face, and that, for a reason I don't try to understand, coincides exactly with your mouth that smiles underneath the one my hand is drawing.

You look at me, you look closely at me, closer and closer, and so we play Cyclops, we look at each other closer all the time and our eyes enlarge, they move close to each other, they superimpose and the two Cyclops look at one another, their breathing intermixed, our mouths meet and fight half-heartedly, biting with our lips, barely resting the tongues on the teeth, playing on their grounds where a heavy air comes and goes carrying an old scent and a silence. And then my hands try to sink into your hair, slowly caress the depth of your hair while we kiss as if our mouths were filled with flowers or fish, with lively movements, and with a dark fragrance. And if we bite each other the pain is sweet, and if we drown in a brief and terrible simultaneous gasp of breath, that instantaneous death is beautiful. And there is only one saliva and only one taste of ripe fruit, and I feel you tremble against me like a moon in the water.

## POR QUÉ ESTÁ SALADO EL MAR

by Jen Beattie

*Los pajaritos y los sapitos juegan  
en el viento al lado de un río.  
El pájaro canta "chiriqui-chirican"  
y el sapito canta "pío pío".*

El pajarito le dice al sapito, "chiririquiqui". Y el sapito responde: "pipipío". Hay un ruido extraño que viene por la corriente del viento y no saben qué hacer. En su rincón del bosque, donde corre el río Limarí, el pajarito y el sapito son los únicos habitantes. Entonces, ellos van a la orilla del río, para ver qué viene, cantando para advertir algún enemigo. Chirpóchiririquipichipío. Píohipócanchiriqui.

El pajarito vuela al árbol más alto de la orilla para tener una mejor vista. De este árbol el pajarito puede ver el horizonte. Quicanquiqui. El sapito se queda en el barro en la orilla porque él no puede volar; sí puede saltar muy alto para un animal sin alas, pero el pajarito sirve mejor como los ojos y las orejas del cielo y el sapito como los ojos y las orejas de la tierra. Chichichi.

*El río corre del pico del monte.  
"¡Mira, hay un punto en el horizonte!"  
el pájaro canta: "chiripíoquío".  
Y el sapito responde, "píohipío".*

El pajarito se sienta en el árbol, esperando. El sapito se sienta en el barro, esperando. No saben qué viene, pero saben que será algo fantástico porque normalmente nadie viene por su parte del bosque. Los únicos ruidos son los suyos. Píohipi. Quíopiri. Algo se les acerca flotando en el río. Parece que un árbol grande con muchas ramas ha caído en el río. Pero, ¿de dónde viene el ruido?

El pajarito se da cuenta de que el árbol en el agua es un barco y que las ramas son un tipo de animal desconocido. La cuenta al sapito las noticias: "Chiriquiqui". El ruido de los animales desconocidos está subiendo y cuando el sapito responde "pipipío," el pajarito no lo oye. Cuando el barco se acerca al pajarito y el sapito, ellos ven que estos animales desconocidos están buscando algo. "¿Píohipihipi?" pregunta el sapito. ¿Qué buscan? El pajarito y el sapito deciden seguir el barco porque son animales muy curiosos. Saltan a la espalda de una tortuguita que está nadando en el río. Y la tortuguita les dice: "Rimerán". ¿Qué quieren? El pajarito, que no quiere perder el barco, responde, hablando por los dos: "Chichipiquío".

*Estos tres siguen el extraño barco.  
Y la tortuguita nada como un loco.  
Los animales desconocidos se dan cuenta,  
Y les miran con una mirada larga y lenta.*

Los animales desconocidos les miran desde su barco y hacen algo con unas cajas negras. Son muy felices y hablan en una lengua muy extraña: "Look, look at the jungle animals! Quick, take another picture!" El pajarito, el sapito y la tortuguita hablan entre sí, diciendo: "Chiripío. Chirirán. Píaran. Chipiramarán". Ahora, están muy lejos de su rincón del bosque y la tortuguita está nadando rápidamente para que el barco no se aleje. Los animales desconocidos siguen con sus cajas negras: "I can't believe that the little turtle is swimming with the bird and the frog on his back. It's amazing. I am so excited that we took this trip, even though we paid five thousand dollars and we have to sit on the boat with these filthy oarsmen. It's worth it, just to see these jungle animals!" Después de mucho tiempo, el pajarito, el sapito y la tortuguita siguen el barco y los animales desconocidos a un lago grandísimo. Ahora tienen miedo porque se dan cuenta de que están muy, muy lejos de su rincón del bosque. Chirichichichi-quipíoquiqui. Píohipiorimepío. Pero la tortuguita, que viaja por el mundo nadando en el agua, les dice al pajarito y al sapito: "Rimranpíoran". No se preocupen. Siguen el barco pero los animales desconocidos no los están mirando. Ahora están mirando la puesta del sol por sus cajas negras. El pajarito y el sapito y la tortuguita se dan cuenta de que están perdidos y que estos animales desconocidos no los quieren y que el sendero que han seguido no llega a un lugar nuevo y fascinante. Y lloran. Chipiramarán. Pichirán. Rimapío. Piachiorán. Chiririquiqui. Pío pío. Rimerarán. Y lloran.

*El pajarito canta al agua "Chiriqui-chiricán".  
El sapito canta al cielo "Pío pío pío".  
La tortuguita canta al monte "Rimeri-rimerán".  
Y los animales extraños ni dijeron "Adiós".  
Lloran y lloran, los tres animales.  
Y en sus lágrimas grandes está la sal.  
Lloran por días y días y noches.  
Lleno de lágrimas está el mar.*

## DOBLE, COMO ÉL, QUE ERA DOS...

*by Ilán Greenfield, Guayaquil, enero de 1995*

Recogió la luna, que dormía sobre el aljibe, para aliviarse del calor que sentía en las sienas. Sudaba gotas de miedo y transpiración. Contempló la oscuridad en el fondo de la noche. No oía voces, ni pasos, pues el alivio de la luna y su agua sobre la cara era doble. Quizás los perdió al virar la esquina.

Se sentó para esconderse, pero también para descansar, pues la adrelinas le había rasgado la templanza. Estaba como agotado, como si le hubiesen safoado las sogas estiradas que le formaban el aplomo. Quería derretirse, quería ser parte del reflejo del aljibe, quería esconderse detrás de la luna, y no ser de carne y hueso, donde sería fácil presa para los mortales.

Miraba hacia el cielo, veía todo ultramarino, una luna habana, en las alturas. Estaba en la mitad del cielo. En ese lugar, apostado sobre los colchones de nebulosas grises, el mundo tendría que ser un sueño, tendría que ser el subconsciente de la tierra, pensaba.

Pensaba anquiosado, como flotando sus pensamientos en el cielo líquido de su mente. A veces sentía que se ahogaba, pero no como un desesperado, no como un grito, ni el extenuado pánico, sino como una resignación. Inundado el cuerpo, inundado en cansancio, anegado por esa agua de luna con la cual se había refrescado la cara, se deprendía en gotas y se inundaba en un sopor indeleble. Sus ojos estaban abiertos, pero sentía lo contrario. Y la luna era un hueco habano en su sueño. Un hueco habano que se oscurecía, en tonos de verde, entonos de azul violeta, en tonos ultramarinos... negros... zero.

El cemento se fundía como metal hirviendo debajo de su cuerpo. El aljibe

estaba justo debajo de un balcón, donde se proyectaba la luna, también, observando desde las ventanas. El cemento era agua, era el cielo que a veces lo mantenía en la tierra. No habría tierra, si no existiera el cielo.

Cansado, dormía él, con los ojos abiertos. Se escuchaba tierra, árboles, hojas llorando, muertos soñando y vivos durmiendo en la niebla. Era la noche: nocturna, sin ojos, ya que él se los llevaba cuando finalmente los cerró.

Una línea de cantos estalarse, una tras otra, filas de estrellas se le acercaban, como amigas en soledad; luces fraternas y él las saludaba como buen anfitrión. Estar en el cielo se sentía como estar debajo del agua. Abrió los ojos. Apenas podía escuchar la tierra, el viento estaba más cerca que antes. Miró sonriente y vio su mismo reflejo, durmiendo en el aljibe. Lo miró cuando advertía los pasos, las voces, detrás del viento. Se asustó al ver las sombras, que caminaban cautelosamente, pistolas al aire, buscando. Escuchó detinadamente, detrás de la ventolera...

—Escapó...

<<Mira, ¿y eso?>> , escuchó con atención, << ¡Es él!, ahí... sentado>>.

—La plena, míralo al negro cojudo...

Sintió el corazón subírsele a la garganta, pero al verse sin posibilidad alguna de moverse, se le salió. Cayó sobre la noche, pintándola de rojo. Y se vio dormido sin darse cuenta siquiera que los hombres se paraban en frente de él. Tres disparos, la ciudad sonó hueca. Cerró los ojos, no quiso ver. Y cuando los abrió de vuelta, los abrió sobre el agua, sobre su reflejo, sangrando. Los policías lo botaron en el fondo del aljibe. Desde el cielo se miraba, y mientras se desaparecían los asesinos, él se percataba que había recogido la luna para aliviarse del calor que sentía en las sienas. Desde el balcón, sonreía. Se escondió bien, los había engañado.

## FÁBULA

*by Melanie Nicholson*

Los niños azules salen del bosque,  
las manos extendidas como palomas sucias,  
las bocas inmensamente vacías. No  
tienen miedo. No tienen palabras.  
Allá dentro, los animales les hablaron  
de un mago con alas, con una botella  
de fuego, con monedas mágicas.  
A las orillas de la laguna llegan,  
los pies como peces obedecientes, la piel  
luminosa, la mirada cándida de quien  
oye la cháchara del papagayo y sabe  
que Dios viene cantando. A la puerta  
de la primera choza tocan, apenas  
respiran, es inmenso el aliento del bosque.  
No pasa nada. Las moscas zumban,  
chupan el sudor de las frentes pacientes  
de los niños que giran lentamente,  
pasan en desfile perplejo por un sendero  
y después otro, pisando cada umbral  
en donde la polvorosa luz les unta  
los labios y les revela la penumbra  
del abandono. Arrastrando sus palos  
y su ilusión, se van: pasan bajo las grandes  
hojas del jacarandá, y se van. Huyendo,  
el mago llega a las puertas de la ciudad,  
chispeando su asombro, abrigando su cobardía,  
proclamando la maravilla de los violentos  
niños y el bosque que arde azul.

## RELOJ RARO

*by Stuart Krimko*

La musa engrana con nosotros cuando oímos nuestros propios movimientos por los cuerpos, la experiencia reflexiva que nos llama cuando la necesitamos más, creencias en las alturas de luz. Necesitamos que la tierra nos ame, que toda la gente hable de nuestro cielo, con palabras de aire y sal: “Estos son tus terrores, y éste el sol que adorna los lomos de los toros, las bestias que comen la voz”.

Hay momentos en que las relaciones entre yo como hombre y las maneras de la musa como honesta mujer

son muy tristes, llenísimas de nubes y cuchillos sin afilar. Los países son ejemplos de las divisiones responsables. Cada uno respira su lugar hasta que se hace fragmento de cada pulmón, dos corazones de sangre sin aspiración.

Mi música no es española, ni es de los ritmos latinos. ¿De quién es la culpa que nací en una casa sin cambios?



## DANDO LUZ A SUEÑOS DE COLORES

*by Kat Gabrieheski*

Fui a México buscando, como siempre,  
la inspiración,  
los pedazos perdidos de adivinanzas rotas.  
Encontré colores.

Encontré la tierra mojada,  
mojada con sangre  
y sexo y lágrimas.  
Estaba borracha  
con bailes y tequila.

Mis ojos no pudieron beber lo suficiente,  
las líneas, las esquinas y  
los rincones.

Mi mente era un lienzo, mi cuerpo el pincel.  
Era un sueño de dar a luz a una luz  
artística, pesada en mi estómago,  
ligera en mi alma.  
Habría tenido hambre.

Quería comerme a mí misma como un alimento  
que nunca he sabido  
que tenía,  
en mi palma,  
en mis labios.

Traté de hacer un fresco con mi aliento  
un baile con mi lengua,  
una canción con mis caderas,  
estaba llena,  
satisfecha de mí misma.

Volví al bosque, al frío,  
no dejé mis ilusiones, ciega  
a causa de los colores oscuros,  
sorda a causa de los gritos  
silenciosos.

No podía hacer nada.  
Necesitaba crear,  
hubiera sido lo que crearía  
pero todavía estaba cegada  
por mis pensamientos  
y mis sueños llenos de colores.

Perdí mi equilibrio  
en una noche borracha de luchar,  
confundiendo lo loco por lo artístico.  
La tierra mojada con mezcal  
y falsas ilusiones.  
Me pude resbalar.

Me caí. Te pegué en mi caída,  
me enojé conmigo misma y no te agarré.  
No quise tus manos. Tú eras mis miedos,  
mis ojos estaban con el viento del invierno.

Me caí, pero todavía tengo mi visión.  
Los colores no fueron perdidos en el despertar.  
Me dolía todo el cuerpo, me dolieron los ojos  
pero ya están aquí  
las burbujas de exuberancia.  
Soy libre y brillante, como mis sueños en español.

Vita vigilia est.

Ya estoy embarazada con posibilidades.  
Voy a ponerme en libertad.  
Daré a luz a los colores  
de mis sueños.  
Tengo visión. Tengo visión.  
Y un sueño de colores.

## FROM CEREMONIAS DEL ALBA

by Carlos Fuentes  
translated by Gabriel Lally

*Ceremonias del alba* is a re-telling of the Conquest of México, of the capture and overthrow of the Aztec capital of Tenochtitlan beginning in the year 1519 and ending in 1521. The following translations are monologues spoken by the character of Marina (popularly known as la Malinche), an historical figure who has become legendary. La Malinche was an indigenous woman given to the conquistador Hernando Cortés as a slave; she became a translator between the Spanish and the Aztecs. In addition to this strategic role, la Malinche was Cortés' lover, and bore him a child.

### 1. Malinche, opening monologue.

Malintzin, Malintzin, Malintzin... Marina, Marina, Marina...Malinche, Malinche, Malinche...Ay! Where will I go? Our world is ending. Where is my house? Where is everyone's house? Where is the home of my village? Ay! We are leaving, utterly. Nothing lasts on earth! Let us be happy, since when we die, we go to the house of everyone, the house of the dead, the house of those that no longer have a body, in the interior of heaven!

Or maybe this same land is already, and always has been, the house of the dead.

Malintzin, Marina, Malinche... How do I call you, woman that I am, mother that I am, whore that I am?

You had three names. Woman: that which your parents gave you, that which your lover gave you and that which your people gave you...

Malintzin, your parents said: the name of the goddess that once ruled these lands and created them in the violence of the dawn: goddess of misfortune and spilled blood...Marina, said your husband, recalling the ocean he crossed to our land...Malinche, said your people, traitor, translator and guide of the white man...Goddess, lover or mother, I lived this history and can tell it. It's only the story of two men: one had everything and his name was Moctezuma Xoocoyotzin, Gran Tlatoani of México. The other had nothing, and his name was Fernando Cortés, petty captain and petty nobleman from Spain. I lived this history and can tell it. It is only the story of two histories: one of a nation that doubted too much, and the other nation that doubted too little...

It is the history of two laws in conflict: life and death, war and peace, morality and power, trying to coexist in the same system... It is the history of two stunted dreams: the Indian garden of origin and the happy land of the future dreamed by the Europeans...It is the history of two defeats: that of the conquered, but also that of the conqueror. It is the history of two powers: the power of the will and the power of destiny. And in between, the power of the word, that is me: Marina, Malintzin, Malinche: the tongue of the Conquistador. I lived this history and can tell it.

In the year Ce Ácatl of the Aztec chronology, and 1519 of the Christian era, as I later learned to tell it, the kingdom of Mexico was filled with strange portents and rumors...

### 2. Final monologue by Malinche, about to give birth, directed to her son.

Oh come out now, my son, come out, come out, be born from between my legs...come out, son of treason...come out, son of a whore...adored son of mine, come out...fall onto the land that is no longer mine or your father's, but yours... be born, son of the two enemy bloods...be born, my

son, to recover your cursed land, founded upon eternal crime and fleeting dreams...see if you can recover your land and your dreams, my son, white and dark, see if you can wash all the blood from the pyramids and from the swords and from the stained crosses that are like the terrible and greedy fingers of your land...go to your land, son of the early morning, go filled with bitterness and fear, go filled with trickery and deceit and false submission...go, my son, go and hate your father and insult your mother...Speak quietly, my son, as does a slave, bow down, serve, suffering and arming yourself with a secret hate for the day of your revenge; then, be born from the entrails of this miserable and opulent land that you inherited, as you now are born from my belly, and speak strongly, tread heavily on the floor of silver dust, sing, on horseback, my son, on the steeds of your father; burn the houses of your father as he burned those of your grandparents, nail your father against the walls of Mexico as he nailed his god against the cross, kill your father with his own weapons: kill, kill, kill, son of a whore, so that they don't come back to kill you; there are too many white men in the world and they all want the same thing: blood, labor and the asses of the men darkened by the sun; wave upon wave of white men will come to dominate our land; they will fight against everyone, and your own struggle will be sad because you will fight against a part of your own blood. Your father will never recognize you, swarthy little son; he will never see you as a son, but rather as his slave, you have to make something of yourself in orphanhood without more help than the thorny hands of your violated mother.

Make yourself drunk, son of sadness, fornicate, sing, dance, dress yourself with the colors of the earth, little orphan son of the earth, so that the

earth can revive in the bar of your starving body: make of our land a great secret, subterranean, invisible festival... a festival: you'll have no other communion in your solitude, no other treasure in your misery, no other voice in your silence, than the communion, the treasure and the voices of death and dream, of rebellion and love; let dream, love, rebellion and death be all the same for you; you will rebel in order to love and love to dream, and dream to die. It will be very easy for you to die; a little less easy to dream; difficult to rebel. Most difficult to love. Defend yourself, my little son; cover yourself well with mud, until the earth becomes your mask and the señores can't discern behind that mask your dreams, your love, your rebellion, or even your death; cover yourself in dust, my son, so that even dead you seem to go on living and they fear you, rogue, thief, drunkard, rapist, armed rebel with rockets and blades and howls and colors, threatening even in your mute and stubborn submission. You will know how to wait, wait as our ancestors awaited the arrival of the plumed serpent, the god that fled, horrified by his own face, so that your own horrific face, my son, could appear one day with the flourishes of fog and jade with the mask of dust and tears; some day, my son, your wait will be compensated and the god of good and happiness will reappear behind a church or a pyramid in the mirage of the vast Mexican plain; but he will only return if from this moment you prepare yourself to reincarnate him, you, you yourself, my little son of la Chingada; you shall be the plumed serpent, the wingéd earth, the clay bird, a bastard and the bastardized son of Mexico and Spain; you are my only inheritance, the inheritance of Malintzin, the goddess, of Marina, the whore, of Malinche, the mother...

# D U T C H

## SAIDYA'S SONG

*from Saidja's Zang by Multatuli, (1820-1887)  
a poem that takes place in Indonesia, translated by Rosalie Purvis*

I do not know where I will die.  
I have seen the big sea on the South Coast, when I was there  
with my father, to make salt.  
If I die at sea, and they throw my body into the deep  
water, the sharks will come.  
They will swim around my corpse, and ask: "Which one of us  
shall devour the body, that is sinking there in the water?"

I will not hear it.

I do not know where I will die.  
I have seen the burning house of Pa-Ansoo, that he himself had  
set aflame because he was mata-glap.  
If I die in a burning house, burning pieces  
of wood will fall down on my corpse.  
And outside the house there will be a great calling of people, who  
throw water to kill the fire.

I will not hear it.

I do not know where I will die.  
I have seen little Si-Oonah fall from the klapa-tree  
when he plucked a klapa for his mother.  
If I fall from a klapa-tree, I will lie dead at the  
foot, in the bushes, like Si-Oonah.  
Then my mother will not weep, for she is dead. But  
others will call: "see, there lies Saidyah!" with loud voices.

I will not hear it.

I do not know where I will die.  
I have seen the corpse of Pa-Lisoo, who died of ripe  
old age, because her hair was white.  
If I die of old age, with white hair, the  
wailing-women will stand around my corpse.  
And they shall clamor as the wailing-women at Pa-Lisoo's  
corpse. And also the grandchildren will weep, very loudly.

I will not hear it.

I do not know where I will die.  
I have seen many in Badoor, that were dead. Others  
dressed them in white cloth, and buried them in the ground.  
If I die in Badoor, and they bury me outside the desa,  
eastwards against the hill, where the grass is high. . .  
Then Adinda will pass by there, and the edge of her sarong will  
gently push forwards against the grass. . .

I will hear it.

# G E R M A N

## UNTITLED

*by Paul Celan  
translated by Rosalie Purvis*

Of the blue, that still seeks its eye, I am the first to drink.  
From your footprint I drink and I see:  
you roll through my fingers, pearl and you grow!  
You grow as all who are forgotten.  
You roll: the black hailstone of grief  
falls into a kerchief, all white from waving goodbye.

## IN EGYPT

*by Paul Celan  
translated by Tara Murray*

Thou shalt say to the stranger's eye: Be the water.  
Thou shalt seek those whom thou knowest in the water in the stranger's eye.  
Thou shalt call them out of the water: Ruth! Naomi! Miriam!  
Thou shalt adorn them when thou liest with the stranger.  
Thou shalt adorn them with the cloud-hair of the stranger.  
Thou shalt say to Ruth and Miriam and Naomi:  
Behold, I sleep with her!  
Thou shalt adorn most beautifully the stranger beside thee.  
Thou shalt adorn her with the sorrow for Ruth, for Miriam and Naomi.  
Thou shalt say to the stranger:  
Behold, I slept with them!

## AT THE CONSULATE

by Jane Majowski

This is an excerpt from the translation of a German novel for young adults called, *Oya: A Foreign Home in Turkey*, by Karin König, Hanne Straube and Kamil Taylan. Oya is a sixteen year old Turkish girl who grew up in Frankfurt. Her parents moved to Germany as guest workers before she was born and decided it was finally time to return to Turkey with Oya, her sister Derya, and her brother Ali. However, Oya wanted neither to go to Turkey, nor live by its customs. Sevim is Oya's one and only friend in Turkey who also grew up in Germany. This chapter is the culmination of Oya and Sevim's desperate efforts to return to Germany.

When we met, Sevim immediately complained about her troubles. For the past few days, her parents kept returning to the subject of my forthcoming marriage in discussions. They were enthusiastic about it, and wanted to know where Sevim stood on the topic. Then they alluded to Ali.

Sevim told them: "I think he's really nice, but I'm too young to get married. Besides Ali has to finish school. I don't want to marry a student and manage the household for him all day."

Sevim's eyes sparkled as she recounted the discussion with her parents.

Suddenly, she said: "Oya, I read in the paper that a lot of Turkish youths want to go back to Germany. There's a line at the German Consulate to get visas. Do we want to go there too? We could try it, maybe we'll be lucky."

"We can't tell our parents anything about this," I swore to her. "I'll try to get the opportunity to visit you again the day after tomorrow, and then we'll go to the German Consulate. I'll bring my father's passport along too; to be on the safe side!"

Two days later we met at the bus stop. I had grabbed my father's passport from the drawer in the dresser and hid it away. Nobody noticed a

thing. From Taksim Square we walked to the German consulate. After waiting on line for two hours, it was finally our turn.

"What do you want here?" a German in uniform asked us.

"We want to go to Germany."

"That's what everyone says. Go to room 14 then."

We had to wait in a glass cubicle for a while longer until we were called in. We went to room 14. A man yelled loudly: "Come in!" His office looked the same as the Frankfurt Foreign Affairs Office right down to the minutest detail.

"What can I do for you?"

"We want to go back to Germany. We had to return here with our parents, even though we didn't want to," Sevim answered.

"How old are you now?" the official wanted to know.

"Sixteen," Sevim said in a firm voice.

"Your residency permit for Germany has expired and it can't be renewed. You can never go back to Germany. It can't be done. You came with your parents, and they did all the paperwork. And with that there's no turning back."

"But in the newspaper it said that the Germans wanted to let Turkish youths back into the country," Sevim replied.

"That's not definite yet. Maybe in a few years. But nothing more can be said about that now. Regretfully, I can't do anything for you. You'll find out about it early enough from the newspapers, if and when you can eventually return to Germany. So, now you'll have to go, there are still a lot of people waiting."

I didn't even have to show my father's passport once. Defeated, we passed the long line and headed in the direction of the bus stop.

On the trip back home, we didn't exchange a word. Our last hopes were dashed!

## AUS: REISEBILDER AUS DEUTSCHLAND

by Jeremy Brett

Am Chiemsee

14. Mai 1997

Bei heller Mondlicht ging ich zum See. Es war ziemlich spät, etwa elf. Ich hätte nicht sagen können, wozu ich hergekommen war, wußte auch nicht, was ich dort am See machen wollte. Der Mond war voll, sah das ganze Land geduldig an. Ich stand einige Minuten am Ufer, sah über das breite Wasser hinaus, und hörte den kleinen Frühlingswellen zu. Alles war still. Ruhe. Nur der leise Tanz der Wellen unter dem Steg, einige Blätter, die ab und zu die sanfte Brise ergriff, und mein langsames Atmen. Ich stand am Ufer und betrachtete den schimmernden Mond, der auf der Oberfläche des Wassers spielte. Noch lauschte ich, atmete. Dann fing ich plötzlich an, zu weinen.

Ein unerklärbares Weinen war es, ein Weinen ohne traurig zu sein. Der Nachthimmel war ruhig, der Mond hell, und das leise murmeln des Wassers beruhigte. Trotzdem stand ich, am Ufer des Chiemsees, unter dem vollen Mond des Mai, und weinte wie ein Kind. Schlimmer noch; denn Kinder spüren solche Tränen nicht.

Aber nach einigen Minuten erkannte ich diese Tränen, die Boten des Heimwehs. Doch die Erklärung war vielmehr ein Rätsel, denn unter meinen Gedanken konnte ich keinen finden, der meiner Heimat glich. Unter den Tränen fand sich keine, die das Wörtchen "Heimat" verstand.

Verstand es so, wie ich es meinte. Das weinen ging fort. Die Tränen flossen kräftiger, fielen mir von den Wangen in den Sand des Ufers, flossen, fiel es mir ein, dem See entgegen, und wollten, ja mußten sich mit dem vor ihnen liegenden Wasser vermischen. Und dann erkannte ich es, das Urheimweh,

die erste Trauer, das Leid, das älter ist wie wir alle.

Das Blut fühlte ich schwellen in den Adern; der Puls schlugte kräftiger unter der Haut, sehnte sich nach dem Freien Lauf der Tränen. Der Atem löste sich, drang mich durch und verlor sich schließlich in der Nachtluft. Ich konnte ihn nicht mehr von der kühle Abendbrise trennen, vom Flüstern der Wogen um den Steg.

Ich trat auf den Steg und lief langsam hinaus. Aber kaum in der Mitte fing ich an zu zittern, fing an, mich vor der Schwäche des Stegholzes zu fürchten. Die Angst wuchs. Bald konnte ich die Beine kaum mehr bewegen, so sehr zitterten sie. Ich erreichte das Ende des Steges. Ich setzte mich zögernd hin, legte die Füße aufs Wasser. Die zitternden Beine schufen Ringe im Wasser, die bis zur Mitte des Sees sich ausbreiteten, aber auch rückwärts, unter den Steg, bis zum Ufer hinter mir. Der Steg schien mit mir zu schwanken. Ich konnte nicht sitzenbleiben, zu groß war die Angst, daß das Holz unter mir plötzlich zusammenbrechen könnte. Vorsichtig stand ich auf und lief schnell zum Ufer zurück, die Beine immer noch zitternd.

Schnell lief ich weiter, ohne einmal innezuhalten. Ich schaute nicht einmal zurück. Ich schaute nur ab und zu in den Himmel hinauf, wo der Mond noch voll war, noch hell; woher er immer noch anschaute; wo er nicht schimmerte, sondern ganz still war, ganz sicher, wie die Erde unter meinen Füßen.

Welche ist aber die natürlichere, welche die ursprünglichere: die Sehnsucht nach der Umarmung des Wassers, oder die Angst davor?

## DAS HIN UND HER, UND AUF UND AB, UND VOR UND ZURÜCK: EIN ESSAY MEINES LEBENS

*by Gwynedd Smith*

23. März 1998

Die Frage ist: akkusativ oder dativ im Leben? Das ist, aktiv oder passiv? Sollen wir innerhalb uns stehen, oder sollen wir außerhalb uns reisen? Was ist echt? Meinetwegen können die Philosophen alle diese Frage haben. Ich kann es nicht verstehen. (Zum Beispiel, immer vergesse ich, was "existentialismus" bedeutet.) Meistens habe ich keine Lust auf die vagen Ideen der Philosophen.

Es gibt zuviele konkrete Dinge im Leben. Ich denke nicht an Gott, sondern an die Natur. Von der Natur kommen die Erklärungen des Lebens. Wegen der Kompliziertheit der Natur studiere ich Biologie. Das befriedigt mich. Ich frage mich mehr oft "warum?" mit keinem Verstehen, wenn ich die Zeitung lese. Viele Leute ermorden ihre Nachbarn. Vielleicht verstehen sie nicht, das Hin und Her von ihrem Leben.

Ich habe Angst vor der Zukunft, aber wir alle müssen langsam gehen und unsere einfachen Vergnügungen erinnern. Ich wünsche, daß ich öfter auf meinem Bett liegen könnte, und denken. Die Bedeutungen verstecken sich hinter meinem Kopf. Einsicht hängt in dem Schrank. Vorsicht klebt an der Wand. Verwirrung klebt sich zwischen die Moleküle der Luft. Ich muß mein Zimmer umstellen und sauber machen!

## PSALM

*by Paul Celan  
translated by Tara Murray*

No one kneads us again from earth and clay,  
no one speaks of our dust.  
No one.

Praised art thou, No one.  
To honor thee would  
we bloom.  
To  
approach thee.

A nothing  
were we then, are we now, and ever  
shall we be, blooming:  
the nothing-, the  
no-one's-rose.

With  
the pistil light as the soul,  
the stamen like heaven's wasteland,  
the corona red  
from the purple-word, which we sang  
over, oh over  
the thorn.



## DER HANDSCHUH (THE GLOVE)

*by Friedrich Schiller  
from the German by Carolin Hahnemann  
into English verse by Ben LaFarge*

In front of his lions' court,  
awaiting his favorite sport,  
sat King Ferdinand;  
behind were the Lords of the Land;  
above, round the balcony rim,  
the Ladies with beautiful gems.  
Then, with a wave of his hand,  
the gate of the cage opens wide,  
and stepping with stately pride,  
a Lion enters the stage,  
without a sound  
looks round,  
lets out a yawn,  
and shakes his mane,  
and stretches his frame,  
and settles down.

Then  
the king waves again,  
a second gate opens,  
out of which, loping  
into the ring,  
a Tiger springs.  
Seeing who's there,  
he lets loose a roar,  
beating his tail like a knout,  
sticks his tongue out,  
and warily trying  
to avoid the Lion,  
he circles wide  
and with growling purr  
lies down on his side.  
The King waves once more:  
out through the doors  
of the keep—in a whirl—  
two Leopards leap,

and trusting their warlike brawn  
take the Tiger on,  
who grabs them between his paws.  
The Lion stands up and roars,  
silence returns,  
and ranged in a noose,  
while their bloodlust burns,  
the cats keep a truce.

Then from the balcony falls  
out of a Lady's hand  
a glove that happens to land  
just at the foot  
of the Lion, that brute,  
where the Tiger sprawls.  
And leaning toward a Knight,  
with mocking delight,  
a Lady, who's gorgeous,  
whispers, "DeLorges,  
since you like to swear  
no love can compare  
with yours, well, please,  
can you fetch  
my glove from the knees  
of that leonine wretch?"  
Quickly the Knight, without a care,  
descends by the stair,  
and picks up her mitt  
from the monsters' pit.

Shocked and amazed,  
the Lords and Ladies all gaze,  
relieved as he calmly retrieves  
the prize, then sing out his praise.  
But she  
throws him a look that seems  
to promise success to his dreams,  
and he  
throws the glove in her face:  
"Such thanks for my deed  
I do not need,"  
and leaves her with courteous grace.

R U S S I A N

WEARY RETURN HOME

*by Danielle Pafunda, a translation of an original work in Russian*

When I am out for blood  
I bring nothing back.  
Where is the souvenir from  
The gas station on the way to the river?

It is three  
And the dark is threatening  
To lift up her skirt  
And shock the small town  
With her bald expression.  
I said it's still dark.

Falling off the porch  
The driveway  
Is the mud going to cradle me  
Before the gravel gets  
Under my skin.

A N C I E N T  
G R E E K

FIRST DANCE OF *THE WOMEN OF TRACHIS*

*by Sophocles*

*translated by William Mullen*

*First Turn*

Child that night bears, stripped of her glimmering arms,  
child she lays to bed in the flare of the pyre,  
Sun, it is you I implore, Sun,  
tell me this, Alkmene's child,  
    where has he, where has he strayed to?  
Sun that flares to men from the terrible heights,  
it is the straits that shut him in, or  
    is he lost in hinterlands?  
Highest eye above us, speak!

*First Counterturn*

For Deianeira, beauty forever disputed,  
now, they tell me, yearning in body and mind,  
nightingale watching the day long,  
never lays her lids to rest,  
    never suppresses the tears' surge.  
Fixed in dread at thought of her husband's delay,  
she yields to yearning like a cancer,  
    bedded bride without a mate,  
she trains her thought on blank disaster.

### *Second Turn*

Under the sway of the south wind,  
under the lash of the north wind,  
crests of the waves on a vast main  
rear and then vanish from sight.  
So see this man, Theban by birth,  
twisted under, heaved to the heights,  
a Cretan sea harassing his life.  
Nevertheless, unfailingly,  
hands of a god have kept him back from  
ever descending to Death's house.

### *Second Counterturn*

This is the stand my reproach takes,  
Lady, respectful but still firm.  
You must not surrender your best hopes  
to crumble away into dust.  
Never yet has Zeus from on high,  
lord of mortals, lord of the lot,  
decreed a life free from all grief.  
Pain and delight, in roundelay,  
gyrate around us tirelessly as the  
stars of the Bear round the Pole Star.

### *Stand*

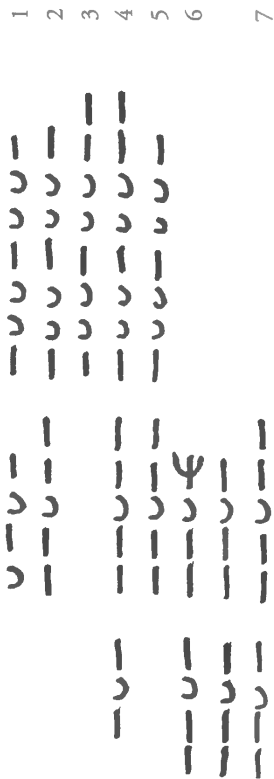
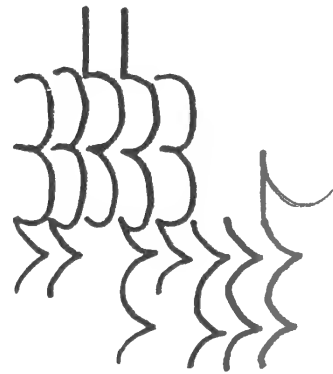
Glimmering night cannot abide,  
nor can riches, nor can ruin.  
Each will yield in due succession,  
leaving weal or leaving woe  
to be the lot of the next man.  
These are the thoughts I bid you, Mistress, in your vigils,  
espouse and hew to. For think, has great Zeus  
ever failed of a high fate for his own child?

### **Notation and Metrical Scheme**

The notation systems on the next page are of two kinds. On the left side of the line numbers are the marks for longs ( - ) and shorts ( U ) traditionally used by classical scholars to scan an ancient Greek poem and determine its metrical patterns. On the right side is a simpler system I have devised to help a choreographer see the rhythmic pattern which, in the performance of an ancient Greek "choral ode", is not only heard in the words but also seen in the dance steps of the chorus reciting them. In this choral ode—the parodos or "entrance dance" of the women who make up the chorus in Sophocles' tragedy *The Women of Trachis*—the principal dance steps are three: 1) long short long 2) long short short long short short long 3) long short short long. As the key to my notation I have put three kinds of curved lines on the left of an " = " sign and the standard traditional notation of long and short on the right. (The fourth of my signs, a horizontal stroke added to the end of some lines, means simply that the dance step is followed by an extra long, presumably to give the dancers an easy way to return both feet to a stable position on the ground after the dance movements of a line or a whole stanza.) My English translation replicates the sequence of dance steps of the original Greek, so that once a choreographer discerns the sequence of these dance steps he or she should be able to come up with a choreography in which dancers chanting the English words will also be moving to the rhythms of the original Greek. In March 1986 a Bard senior, Edid Lujon, accepted my challenge and choreographed this ode for eight Bard women to chant and dance to, as one of the performance events at the Blum Gallery for the opening of the exhibit "Herakles: A Thousand Years of Ancient Art".

On the page after the notation systems I have given, as a sample, an inter-linear version of the ode's first "strophe", or, in Ben Jonson's simple English translation of that Greek term, its "First Turn". I have transliterated the Greek words and then put into bold type font the syllables which are long in Greek and, correspondingly, the syllables which are stressed in English to reflect Sophocles' patterning. (Occasionally I have added or subtracted a single syllable at points where the Greek metrical scheme allows him a similar freedom.) These syllables, in bold type font in both Greek and English, are then the anchor points for the sequence of curved lines I have designed to indicate dance steps.

Metrical and choreographic notations for  
the "First Turn" of Sophocles' First Dance  
of *The Women of Trachis*



1 *hon ai o la nyx en ar iz o men a*  
Child that night bears, stripped of her glimmering arms,



2 *tik tei kat eu na ze i te phlo giz o men on*  
child she lays to bed in the flare of the pyre,



3 *Ha li on Ha li on ait o*  
Sun, it is you I implore, Sun,



4 *tou to ar y xai ton Alk menas po thi moi po thi moi pais*  
tell me this, Alkméne's child, where has he, where has he strayed to?



5 *nai ei pot o lamp rai ste ro pai phle ge thon*  
Sun that flares to men from the terrible heights,



6 *e pon ti as au lo nas e dissai sin a pei ras kli theis*  
is it the straits that shut him in, or is he lost in hinterlands?



7 *eip o kra tis teu on kat om ma*  
Highest eye above us, answer!



# C H I N E S E

## A CLEAR COMPLAINT AGAINST THE MONARCHY

*by Qui Jin  
translated by Valerie Levan*

Regrets of my weakness to reverse our fate,  
a mere mimicing of Zi Gui, the cuckoo, quietly weeping blood

One thousand reasons for remorse and sorrow,  
pat those fragile fences.

These fences, patted everywhere, but in vain,  
the quiet tune of resentment is difficult to sing,

like the savage patter of rain on the roof,  
unbearable to hear!

### 昭君怨

恨煞回天無力，只學子規啼血。  
愁恨感千端，拍危欄。  
聲聲，不堪聽！

枉把欄干拍遍，難訴一腔幽怨。  
殘雨一

## THE VILLAGE OF WU SU

*by A Cheng*

*translated by Eric Myers*

On the road from Zhua Ji to Wu Su village, always walks a poetic prodigy, or a wandering traveler. It is a peaceful road, without traffic; a river running deep, without boats. One uses his feet and takes small steps, walking without stopping; it takes more than half a day.

The morning sun not yet risen, I set out.

A wide dirt road, desolate. All around it is bleak. In the stillness can be heard birds' calls. At one part of the road, I often have to stop and wait for the wild ducks to cross—this road has probably been forgotten for a thousand years.

The dirt road is near the Wu Su river. As if in love, the road follows the river's winding path, like a disappearing green thread, occasionally hidden by clusters of willows, and tall grass, tempting the strength of my feet. I look into the distance, to the river, then to a mountain's cliff. On this side of the water, coming to a stop, is Zhua Ji mountain, so named since the ancient times. On that side of the water, is Dahe Heiqie, which probably bears no luxurious trees but appears dark and powerful. Overlooking the flowing river, I gaze up at the magnanimous sky of clouds, without a trace of boundary, broad and smooth. Expansive, it stretches in every direction.

Next to the deserted road, there are few houses. Occasionally, only one of

two straw huts, like in an old painting, hidden there, quietly resting. I wonder what a wonderful life the owner of the hut must have led.

As I travel and sightsee, finally there are no more houses and no more people to be seen. Besides, the autumn sun is nice and warm, so I immediately cast off my clothes and, without a stitch of thread, naked and skinny, I continue on my way.

The murmur of the flowing river, the gossip of the waving grass and the repeating sounds of my bare feet, like music not in harmony, they play. The sound of nature and the sound of a human combined, they become one.

I begin to sing, wave, and howl.

However, I am only human, and cannot live without the basic needs of mankind. Not yet mid-day, already my empty stomach rumbles. As I travel, hungry, the beautiful colors of the world, unexpectedly turn into an ashy-white cold fog. Feeling cold, I quickly put on my trousers and continue walking.

When I reach Wu Su village, I will eat like a hungry wolf!

Finally, the town of Wu Su, which will fill my empty stomach, appears. This town has only one house.

A single-hut town, there must be only one like this in the whole country!?

The owner of this hut is a thin, middle-aged, crippled man, with an air of indifference. He says he caught a glimpse of me earlier on the road. He says, at first he thought it was a wild wolf. As I came closer, he then saw clearly, it was a city person. Having spoken, his face takes on an arrogant quality. Then, before my eyes, a dark fog settles. Tired and weak, I squat down.

He gives me a look, saying, they come every year...

What? I rigidly ask.

He says, people just like you. Then he says, resting in the city would be very nice, it's paradise. What is there to see here? Having said that, with his hand he makes a wide circle in the air.

Tightly confined by this circle, I begin to sweat. Without hesitation I sit down on the ground, and begin to smoke, my eyes gazing at the deserted road I have just walked on. Mr. Lu Xun once said: "Human affairs are generally all the same, no matter how flourishing or desolate a place is, no matter how many people there are. None of these things really matter too much".

I turn around and look at him. Seeing him gaze at my cigarette, I offer him one. He also squats down, takes a drag of his cigarette, and joins me in staring at that desolate road. He says, in the winter, there is no one else. Only me.

I nod my head.

He says, if officials come for recreation, they always come in their jeeps.

I nod my head.

Again, he says, this is autumn, if it were winter, could you get here in half a day? Don't kid yourself! In two days you couldn't even make a third of the journey. The snow is up to your waste. How could you walk?!

I say, you must be exaggerating...

He says, horses can't walk. The wild wolves want to dig a hole in the ground.

And you?

For the first time, he smiles. With a smile on his face, clearly, he expected my question.

I catch sight of the cigarette in his mouth; he is inhaling desperately. I give him a pack.

He takes it, then says: Are you hungry? You want something to drink?

I say, I only want to drink some hot water.

He hears me, quickly gets up, and very cheerfully says, hot water, hot water.

I prop up my head to watch the hazy flowing water. The Wu Su river makes a big bend here, where it widens.

With both hands, I take a bowl of scalding hot water, which repeatedly trickles down my throat, little by little as I drink.

After drinking, I then take leave of myself.

Still half a day's journey ahead of me, I must walk.

The crippled man walks unsteadily with me, as though I'm about to take a very short trip.

He says, in the winter, I talk to myself in my house. Sometimes, the snow is so deep it seals my door shut. If I want to open it, there's no one outside to help me. In Wu Su it won't be warm until June. All I can do is to unceasingly sweep away the snow at night...

I walk without looking back. I know he has stopped, and I know he's looking straight at me, seeing me off. There is one thing that I don't know: in his view, do I still resemble a wolf?

When night comes, on the deserted road, I'm still walking...



# A R A B I C

## الجنان

استروح المطرُ الشجر  
في الربيع

و لكنه لا مستروح  
ولا متغيرٌ مثل كل الذي حوله  
مثل الارض من تحت كفه

بقدر ما يشغل نفسه  
ما زالت تأن روحٌ يابسٌ في صدره

احمرٌ وخهه يوماً يوماً  
و وسخ يداه في نور الشمس

يا عمي لبس أمك  
خبي رأسك و ابكي لأبيك  
صوته يوشوش في صدرك

رنا السعدي

## THE GARDENER

*by Rana Al-Saadi,  
an original work in Arabic, translated into English*

The rains relieved the trees  
in Spring.

But he was not relieved  
nor changed like all that surrounded him,  
like the earth beneath his fist.

And much as he worked himself,  
a dry spirit continued to moan in his chest.

His face reddened day by day  
and he dirtied his hands in the sun's light.

Uncle, dress your mother.  
Hide your head; weep for the father  
whose voice whispers in your chest.