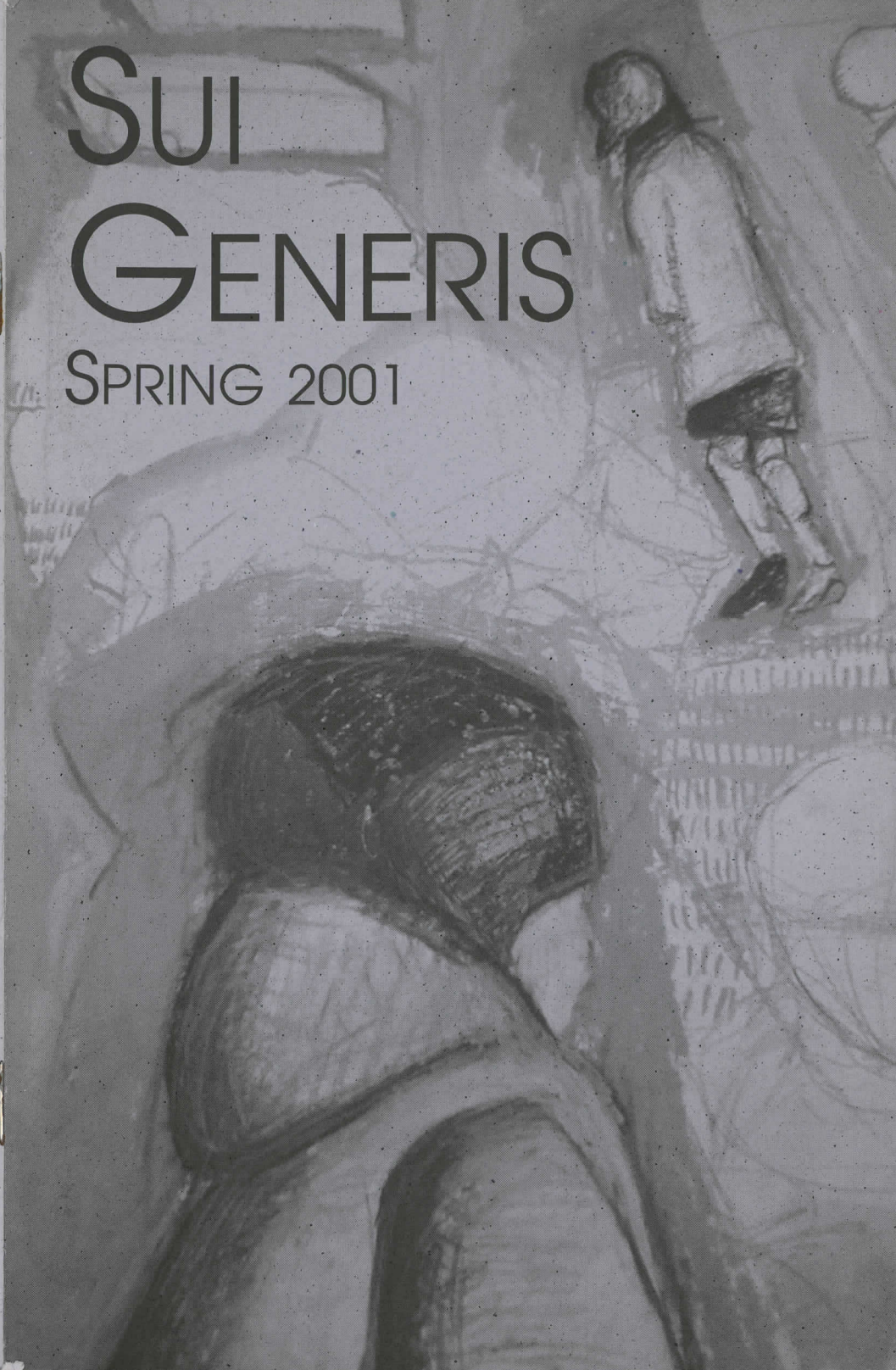


SUI GENESIS

SPRING 2001

BARD COLLEGE
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SUI GENERIS

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SUI GENERIS

~ OF ITS OWN KIND ~

BARD COLLEGE SPRING 2001

T A B L E O F

GERMAN

- 7 Melancholie
by Georg Trakl
- Melancholy
translated by Patrick Rodgers
- 8 Die Rosinenaugen
by Yoko Tawada
- 10 Raisin Eyes
translated by Susan Bernofsky
- 12 Liebeslied
by Wolfgang Borchert
- Love Song
translated by Kim Pereira

FRENCH

- 15 L' Albatros
by Charles Baudelaire
- 16 The Albatross
translated by Noah Sheola
- 17 La Corne De Brûme
by Peter Sourian
- 18 "À quoi servent (encore)
les intellectuels?"
by Michel Winock

- 20 "What is the role of Intellectuals?"
translated by Christin Minnotte

ITALIAN

- 23 La Poesia
written & translated by Fulvia Masi
- 24 Martedì
written & translated by Laura Freden
- 28 Incontro
by Eugenio Montale
translated by Lauren Freden
- 32 from *Bagheria*
by Dacia Maraini
translated by Fulvia Masi
- 34 Accelerated
by Eugenio Montale
translated by Erin O'Rourke

SPANISH

- 37 Strain
by Dorothy Albertini
- 40 "...y se puede guardar en el clóset"
by Dorothy Albertini
- 41 Bellota
written & translated by Erin O'Rourke

C O N T E N T S

- 42 El Verano
written & translated by Erin O'Rourke

- 44 Saber El Mundo
(El Pájaro Bruñido)
by Erin O'Rourke

LATIN

- 47 Selections from Catallus
translated by Mike Fletcher

ANCIENT GREEK

- 51 Olympian Fourteen
For Asopichos of Orchomenos
Boy's Foot Race
by Pindar
translated by Rana Al-Saadi

EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS

- 55 Pyramid Spells
translated by William Mullen

RUSSIAN

- 63 The Mirror
by Boris Pasternach
translated by Donnie Sendelbach

- 66 The Girl
by Boris Pasternach
translated by Donnie Sendelbach

- 68 Untitled
by Alexander Ulanov
translated by Matthew Brophy

HEBREW

- 71 "Si. . . no lo puedo negar"
Nineteenth-Century Sephardic Song
translated by Brad Alter

- 73 Excerpt from *Yertle the Turtle*
by Dr. Suess
translated by Peter Shapiro

- 75 Song of Songs
by Ariel and Chana Bloch
translated by Caryn Fitzgibbon

CHINESE

- 79 Spring Solace
In Memory of Nick Gagne
written & translated by Kerry Brogan

- 81 Wordless
written & translated by Blanca Lista

G E R M A N

MELANCHOLIE

by Georg Trakl

Bläuliche Schatten. O ihr dunklen Augen,
Die lang mich anschauen im Vorübergleiten.
Gitarrenklänge sanft den Herbst begleiten
Im Gärten, aufgelöst in braunen Laugen.
Des Todes ernste Düsternis bereiten
Nymphische Hände, an roten Brüsten saugen
Verfallne Lippen und in schwarzen Laugen
Des Sonnenjünglings feuchte Locken gleiten.

MELANCHOLY

translated by Patrick Rodgers

Blue-Toned Shadows. O you dark eyes
which slip past with long looks.
Guitar chords gently expose Autumn
in the garden, soaking in brown pools.
The solemnity of death readied
by Nereid hands, red breasts suckled
by decaying lips and the damp curls
of the sun's child recede into black pools.

DIE ROSINENAUGEN

by Yoko Tawada

Dienstags esse ich gerne meinen Vater. Er schmeckt nach Hirsch. Er ist aus Brotteig gemacht. Ich weiß, daß er in Wirklichkeit eine Frau ist. Man darf ihm das aber nicht sagen, sonst werden seine Augen hohl. Wenn der Herd heiß wird und die Sonne untergeht, flüstert ihm sein toter Bruder ins Ohr: Du bist doch eine Frau. Aus Brotteig ist er gemacht. Seine Zitzen sind aus schwarzen Roisnen gemacht. Die Augen eine Frau, die er gestern im Gefängnis besucht, waren auch aus Rosinen gemacht. Mein Vater hat schwarze Zitzen, Ich habe sie noch nie gesehen, denn sie sind ins Fleisch seiner Brust eingegraben. Wie Mutter und Tochter liegen sie nebeneinander und haben kaltes Fieber. Einmal am Tag wachen sie auf und springen aus seinem Fleisch wie Geschrei. Mein Vater erzählt mir von ihnen, denn er weiß, daß sie mir gefallen werden. Aber er zeigt sie mir nicht und drückt sie zurück, bevor ich meine Augen öffne. Brot esse ich meistens kalt. Beim kauen empfinde ich Wärme in seinem Fleisch. Ich kaue und kauend bilde mir ein, daß ich weiterkaue. In Wirklichkeit kaue ich nicht nicht mehr, sondern schaue und finde die Rosinen im Ofen. Sie sind angebrannt und riechen nach dem Schatten eines Hirsches. Eine Frau hatte in diesem Haus gelebt. Als mein Vater einzog, wurde sie entführt. An das Gesicht der Frau kann ich mich nicht mehr erinnern. Ich ärgere mich und esse weiter. Ich setze mich auf den Stuhl und esse weiter. Denn ich esse gern meinen Vater. Dabei erinnert er sich an die Frau und wiederholt ihre Worte, die er ihr beigebracht hat. Wer auf dem Stuhl sitze, müsse stehen wollen. Wer in der Küche stehe, müsse fliegen wollen. Fliegen könnte ich ohne Mühe, wenn ich nicht mehr essen würde. Aber ich esse weiter und werde immer schwerer. Ich wünsche mir, daß ich aus

Rosinen gemacht bin. In der Sprache der Rosinen spreche ich: Nenne mich nicht bei einem Ortsnamen. Schenke mir keine Damenschuhe. Es ist die Nacht des Mädchenfestes. Mein Vater schenkt mir einen Damenlöffel. Ich kann nicht einschlafen, wenn mein Bett nach angebranntem Hirsch riecht. Mein Vater soll früher ein Mann gewesen sein. Als er das Brot aus dem Ofen aß, wurde er zu einer Frau. Er hätte mir das aber nicht sagen dürfen. Ich wußte schon alles über ihn. Der Brotteig hatte mir das schon erzählt. Jetzt können wir nicht mehr unter einem Dach essen. Ich laufe weg von zu Hause und habe nichts mehr zu verzehren. Am Ende der Stadt steht ein Haus. Die Tür steht offen. Aus dem Haus riecht es nach Hirsch. Ich gehe hinein und sehe ein Bett. Es hat drei Beine. In dem Bett liegt mein Vater, der hier nicht sein kann. Sein Bauch ist weich und warm. In seinem Bauch schläft meine Mutter. Ich müßte noch lange warten, bis sie geboren wird. Denn er will sie noch nicht gehen lassen. So muß ich an seinem Bauch weiteressen, bis ich sie erreiche. Ich stehe im Garten und frage den Apfelbaum, was mit ihr passieren wird. Ich höre, wie zwei Menschen zusammen atmen. Einer schläft im Bauch des anderen. Der Bauch ist aus Brotteig gemacht. Ich habe keinen Hunger. Ich muß nicht Hunger haben, um das Brot essen zu wollen. Es ist dunkel, und die Laterne wirft den Schatten eines Jägers. Wenn es mein Vater ist, werde ich ihn töten, bevor er die Schlafende erschießt. Es ist mein Vater. Ich habe kein Gewehr. Er schreit und fällt. Tief in seinem Bauch steckt eine Todeskugel als Beweis für den Mord. Ich habe nichts getan. Aus dem Bauch starren zwei Rosinenaugen. Zwei Menschen sind tot, und der dritte überlebt.

RAISIN EYES

translated by Susan Bernofsky

On Tuesdays I like to eat my father. He tastes of venison. Bread dough is what he's made of. I know he's really a woman. But you can't say this to his face or his eyes will turn hollow. When the fire is hot and the sun goes down, his dead brother whispers in his ear: you're a woman. He's made of bread dough. His nipples are raisins. The eyes of a woman he went to see in prison yesterday were also raisins. My father has black nipples. I've never seen them, they are buried deep in the flesh of his chest. Like mother and daughter they lie side by side in a cold sweat. Once a day they wake up and leap out of his flesh like a scream. My father tells me about them because he knows I'll like them. But he doesn't show them to me, he presses them back into place before I open my eyes. Usually I eat my bread cold. As I chew I feel the warmth of his flesh. I chew and chew and imagine I am continuing to chew. In reality I stop chewing and look around and find the raisins in the oven. They are burnt and smell like the shadow of a stag. A woman once lived in this house. When my father moved in, she was abducted. I can no longer recall the woman's face. I feel annoyed and go on eating. I sit down on the chair and go on eating. For I like eating my father. It makes him think of the woman and repeat her words, which he taught to her: Whoever sits on the chair must want to stand. Whoever stands in the kitchen must want to fly. I could fly without effort if I stopped eating. But I go on eating and grow heavier and heavier. I wish I were made of raisins. In

the language of raisins I say: do not call me by a place name. Do not give me women's shoes. It is the night of the festival of girls. My father gives me a women's spoon. I can't sleep when my bed smells of burnt venison. My father tells me he used to be a man. When he ate bread from the oven, he became a woman. He shouldn't have told me that. I knew everything about him. The bread dough told me ages ago. Now we can no longer go on eating under one roof. I run away from home and have nothing left to eat. At the edge of town stands a house. The door is ajar. From the house comes the smell of venison. I go in and see a bed. It has three legs. In the bed lies my father, who can't possibly be here. His belly is soft and warm. In his belly, my mother sleeps. I'd have to wait a long time for her to be born. He doesn't want to let her go yet. Otherwise I'll have to keep eating away at his belly until I reach her. I stand in the garden and ask the apple tree what will become of her. I can hear two people breathing in unison. One sleeps in the other's belly. The belly is made of bread dough. I'm not hungry. I don't have to be hungry to want to eat the bread. It is dark now, and the lantern casts the shadow of a hunter. If it is my father, I will kill him before he can shoot the sleeping woman. It is my father. I have no gun. He gives a cry and falls. A fatal bullet is embedded in his belly as proof of the murder. I didn't do anything. From his belly, two raisin eyes peer out. Two people are dead, and the third survives.

LIEBESLIED

by Wolfgang Borchert

Weil nun die Nacht kommt,
bleib ich bei dir.
Was ich dir sein kann,
gebe ich dir!

Frage mich niemals:
Woher und wohin—
nimm meine Liebe,
nimm mich ganz hin!

Sei eine Nacht lang
zärtlich zu mir.
Denn eine Nacht nur
bleib ich bei dir.

LOVE SONG

translated by Kim Pereina

Because now the night comes,
I remain by you.
What I can be to you,
I give to you!

Never ask me:
From where and to where—
take my love,
take me completely!

Be a long night
tender to me.
For only a night
I remain by you.



F R E N C H

L'ALBATROS

by Charles Baudelaire

Souvent pour s'amuser, les hommes de l'équipage
Prennent des albatros, vastes oiseaux des mers,
Qui suivent, indolents compagnons de voyage,
Le navire glissant sur les gouffres amers.

A peine les ont-ils déposés sur les planches,
Que ces rois de l'azur, maladroits et honteux,
Laissent piteusement leurs grandes ailes blanches
Comme des avirons traîner à côté d'eux.

Ce voyageur ailé, comme il est gauche et veule!
Lui, naguère si beau, qu'il est comique et laid!
L'un agace son bec avec un brûle-gueule,
L'autre mime, en boitant, l'infirme qui volait!

Le Poète est semblable au prince des nuées
Qui hante la tempête et se rit de l'archer
Exilé sur le sol au milieu des huées,
Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher.

THE ALBATROSS

translated by Noah Sheola

Often to pass the time the men of the ship's crew
Ensnare an albatross, who calls the sea its home,
Who as the ship's escort would lazily pursue
The vessel as it glides upon the bitter foam.

They scarcely have deposited these azure kings
Upon the deck, who, now awkward and full of shame
Pathetically let fall their white and mighty wings,
Like straining oars at either side which do the same.

This winged traveller so clumsy and so weak,
So comic and so ugly, though lately he was fair.
One takes a pipe and with it prods his beak.
And one mocks the cripple who would take to the air.

The poet then resembles the prince of the clouds,
Frequenting storms and laughing at the hunter stalking,
Banished to the ground amidst the jeering crowds,
His giant wings hindrance to his ever walking.

LA CORNE DE BRÛME

by Peter Sourian

Toute la nuit je somnolais, las et heureux.
Le foghorn à la pointe du port me berçait.
J'étais bien dans mon lit, n'étant pas peureux,
Tant ce doux refrain d'aventure me plaisait.

Dans la rue alors ensoleillée du matin
Notant son visage aussi gris que ses cheveux
Je rencontrais mon bon voisin le vieux marin,
Surpris, puisque me sentant moi-même radieux.

Le vieux marin me conta son bien mauvais sommeil,
Car ce foghorn, qui me chantait belle romance,
Lui signalait l'effroi né du très grand danger.
Mon rêve était sa périlleuse souvance.

"À QUOI SERVENT (ENCORE) LES INTELLECTUELS?"

from Le Debat, numéro 110, by Michel Winock

Transformer le monde ou le penser?

La question est de savoir si nous avons encore besoin d'intellectuels attirés dans une société où la protestation, la revendication et l'accusation publique peuvent se manifester dans tous les registres par le truchement des associations, des ligues, des syndicats, des comités, sans parler des partis et des Églises. Certes ce maillage serré laisse encore passer des dénis de justice, des humiliations, des déraisons d'État... Mais, Raymond Aron le faisait remarquer, il n'y a pas d'affaires Dreyfus tous les jours. En revanche, tous les jours, nous nous interrogeons sur notre avenir collectif – et c'est là que nous attendons les intellectuels, non comme éternels protestataires, mais comme penseurs.

Michel Foucault voulait se libérer "de la synthèse, de la totalité" où l'intellectuel universel se complait. Proudhon, qui n'était pas de ses auteurs de chevet, disait déjà, à l'époque où il se heurtait à Marx, que la synthèse est "gouvernementale". La leçon a eu le temps d'être assimilée, et nous ne voulons plus de constructions néo-hégéliennes, de gauche comme de droite. Reste que nous interdisons de nous interroger sur la société globale dans laquelle nous sommes immergés. Les luttes "locales" de l'intellectuel spécifique sont respectables, parfois nécessaires, mais elles n'épuisent pas le besoin de savoir, mêlé d'angoisse, que les citoyens éprouvent légitimement sur les données mêmes des choix auxquels ils sont ou seront confrontés, des actions qu'ils ont ou auront à conduire. L'opacité d'un avenir qui a cessé d'être éclairé par les religions séculières ou les mythes du progrès ne doit pas servir d'alibi au refus de toute hypothèse sur cet "avenir ouvert". Ce ne sont plus les hommes politiques qui sont à même de nous éclairer; embourbés dans la gestion quotidienne du possible, ils ont la vision basse. Au risque d'altérer la définition (mais la définition des "intellectuels" a toujours fait problème), des intellectuels devraient être d'abord ces individus qui donnent du sens à notre vie collective – les penseurs du contemporain. Ils ne manquent pas; ils peuvent même se recruter dans les catégories évoquées plus haut.

Veut-on des noms? S'il agit des incertitudes qui pèsent sur la Nation, renouvelée par la nouvelle immigration, je citerais *De l'hospitalité* de Jacques Derrida; sur la République et la laïcité, *La République en question*, de Catherine Kintzler; La Religion dans la démocratie. *Parcours de la laïcité*, de Marcel Gauchet; sur l'État, ses réformes indispensables et apparemment impossibles, sur la coupure des forces politiques et de la société, *La Nouvel âge des inégalités*, de Pierre Rosanvallon; sur l'Union européenne, longtemps abandonnée aux politiques, aux économistes, aux hommes d'affaires, *L'Europe des Européens*, d'Henri Mendras; sur la mondialisation des échanges et de la communication, aussi bien *Pour un droit commun*, de Mireille Delmas-Marty, que *Le Nouvel Esprit du capitalisme*, de Luc Boltanski et Eve Chiapello; sur les conséquences anthropologiques et les implications morales de la biologie, *Des hommes probables*, de Jacques Testart; sur les possibilités d'une prospective, l'ouvrage collectif, *Les Clefs du XXI siècle ...* La liste n'est pas exhaustive; elle est subjective. Il faudrait y ajouter des travaux d'historiens et combien d'autres. Ces quelques exemples de réflexion en profondeur, tranchant avec les idées reçues, que l'éditorial de journal, les revues, les médias en général, peuvent reprendre, vulgariser, proposer en débat, attestent d'une vitalité intellectuelle souvent insoupçonnée.

Pour ce travail de déchiffrement, on ne saurait trop insister sur l'importance des revues généralistes, indispensables tribunes de la pensée contemporaine. On a vu ainsi fleurir dans le seul printemps 1999, à quelques jours de distance, le numéro spécial *d'Esprit*, "Le pari de la réforme"; le dossier du Debat consacré à "Culture, langue, nation"; le dossier "Penser l'Europe" de *Commentaire*: une gerbe de points de vue éclairants, stimulants, démontrant que les intellectuels existent toujours en France, non pas seulement chœur des plaintes sur les misères du monde, médiateurs des souffrances informulées et professeurs de révolte, mais penseurs du vouloir-vivre collectif, rétifs aux déformations chimériques de la réalité, mais non point résignés au laisser-faire désabusé, à l'à-quoi-bon? fin de siècle et à l'impuissance de la raison, l'Esprit réfractaire à sa grandeur, le droit de contestation est inhérent à la démocratie, mais les citoyens sont aujourd'hui en quête de sens, tant les certitudes sont en ruine. Il faut donc retourner la formule de Marx: la fonction qui est impartie aujourd'hui aux intellectuels n'est plus de faire semblant de transformer le monde, mais de le penser.

"WHAT IS THE ROLE OF INTELLECTUALS?"

translated by Christin Minnotte

To transform the world or to think about it?

The question is to know whether we still need accredited intellectuals per se in a society where protest, demand and public accusation are able to manifest themselves in every register through societies, leagues, syndicates, committees, needless to mention political parties or the Church. Certainly this fine mesh still fails to catch some denials of justice, humiliations and follies of the State... But, as Raymond Aron once pointed out, there is not a Dreyfus Affair every day. On the other hand, every day, we search ourselves concerning our collective future - and it is there that we await the intellectuals, not as eternal protestors, but as thinkers.

Michel Foucault tried to free himself from "the synthesis, from the totality" the intellectual gets bemired in. Proudhon, who was hardly an author of mere bedside reading, was already saying, at the time he came up against Marx, that synthesis is "governmental" [a function of government]. The lesson had time to be assimilated, and we no longer want neo-Hegelian constructions, of the left or of the right. What remains is that we cannot forbid ourselves from asking ourselves about the global society in which we are immersed. The "local (ized)" battles of the specific intellectual are respectable, sometimes necessary, but they do not exhaust that need to know, forever mixed with anguish, that citizens legitimately feel when faced with the facts that pertain to the choices they either are or will be confronted with, the actions they are taking or will have to take. The opacity of a future that has ceased to be 'made plain' by secular religions or myths of progress must not serve as an alibi for the refusal to consider any hypothesis concerning the "open future". These are no longer political men who are in a position to enlighten us; bogged down in the daily management of the possible, they have a meager outlook. At the risk of altering the definition (though the definition of "intellectuals" has always caused a problem), intellectuals should be primarily those individuals who contribute sense to our collective life - contemporary thinkers. There is no shortage of them; they can even come from categories that call to mind the highest standards.

Shall we have some names? If the concern is the incertitude which weighs upon the nation, renewed by the latest surge in immigration, I might cite *De l'hospitalité* by Jacques Derrida; on the republic and secularism, *La République en questions*, by Catherine Kintzler; *La Religion dans la démocratie. Parcours de la laïcité*, by Marcel Gauchet; concerning the State and its apparently impossible and indispensable reforms, on the cutting nature of political forces and of society, *Le Nouvel Age des inégalités*, by Pierre Rosanvallon; concerning the European Union, long ago abandoned to politicians, economists and businessmen, *L'Europe des Européens*, by Henri Mendras; concerning the globalization of exchange and communication, none but *Pour un droit commun*, by Mireille Delmas-Marty, and *Le Nouvel Esprit du capitalisme*, by Luc Boltanski and Eve Chiapello; concerning the anthropological consequences and moral implications of biology, *Des hommes probables*, by Jacques Testart; concerning the possibilities for a prospective, collective workforce, *Les Clés du XXIe siècle*, ... The list is far from exhaustive; it is subjective. It could be necessary to here add the works of historians and a number of others. These various examples of profound reflection attest to an often unsuspected intellectual vitality; in breaking from the ideas generically in circulation, such as the editorial section of the newspaper, magazines, the media in general, they can re-open discussion, popularize, and encourage debate.

As regards the work of deciphering, one knows to insist on the importance of publications of general interest, indispensable showcases of contemporary thought. As a testament to this, we saw flourish in the unparalleled spring of 1999, now quite remarkable from a distance, the special issue of *Esprit*, "Le pari de la réforme"; the edition of *le Débat* dedicated to "Culture, langue, nation"; the edition "Penser l'Europe" of *Commentaire*: a burst of enlightening and stimulating points of view, demonstrating that intellectuals still exist in France, not solely a chorus of complaints about the miseries of the world, intermediaries for unspoken suffering and professors of revolt, but thinkers part of a collective desire to live, stubborn toward the chimerical distortions of reality, but not exactly resigned to remaining disillusioned either, and to what end?, the end of the century and the impotence of reason? The indomitable spirit has its grandeur, the right to contest is inherent in democracy, but citizens today are in search of sense, as so many certitudes have fallen into ruin. It is necessary then to return to Marx's formula, the function that is bestowed upon intellectuals today is not to transform society, but to think about it.

I T A L I A N

LA POESIA

written & translated by Fulvia Masi

Le lacrime mai sparse
Sono le più dolorose

Le parole mai dette
Sono le più sincere.

A POEM

The tears never shed
Are the most painful ones

The words never spoken
Are the ones that bear the truth.

,

MARTEDÌ

written & translated by Laura Freden

Silenzio
come una nebbia
arriva
sul porto abbandonato.

Gli alberi nudi
solamente filtrano il
senso fumoso
alle loro extremité.

Si lancia tra le
strade
vuote della città
senza destinazione.

Un vortice torbinoso
di cristallini gelati
convince
senza un brusio.

Il mondo si è sottomesso
al silenzio senza
una parola di protesta
o un cenno del capo.

Gli amanti non possono sentire
la marea fragorose del
caldo luglio
e l'estate passa senza un
suono.

TUESDAY

Silence
like a heavy fog
rolls in
over the abandoned harbor.

Bare masts
only filter the
wispy meaning
through their spiney extremities.

Charging through the
empty
city streets
with no destination.

A swirling maelstrom
of frozen crystals
convinces
without a murmur.

The world has submitted
without a
word of protest
or a nod of acknowledgement.

Lovers cannot hear
the roaring tide of
hot july
and the summer passes without an utterance.
The mad cannot hear

I folli non possono sentire
le cascate delle loro lacrime
e cadono
nel fondo del buio remoto.

Un risolino di un bambino è
soffocato
come una teoria
del passato inarticolato.
Dopo il crescere e il calare
di un secolo
una nebbia gialla rossa ci piomba dentro
per svelare la sua adorata.

Ma scopre che
le sue labbra erano diventate pietra
e le sue parole
di amore: Un mito.

Il suo grido di disperazione
fa un vigliacco del silenzio
e si posa pesantemente
su una città dimenticata per un'
Eternità.

the fall of their tears
and they drop
deeper into the remote dark.

A child's giggle is
stifled
as a theoretical
notion of the unarticulated past.

After the waxing and waning
of a century
a yellow red cloud charges in
to unveil his beloved.

Only to find that
her lips have become stone
and her professions
of love: A myth.

His howl of desperation
makes a coward of silence
and settles heavily
down on a city long forgotten.

INCONTRO

by Eugenio Montale

Tu non m'abbandonare mia tristezza
Sulla strada
Che urta il vento forano
Co' suoi vortici caldi, e spare; cara
Tristezza al soffio che si estenua: e a questo,
Sospinta sulla rada
Dove l'ultime voci il giorno esala
Viaggia una nebbia, alta si flette un'ala
Di cormorano.

La foce è allato del torrente, sterile
D'acque, vivo di pietre e di calcine;
ma più foce di umani atti consunti,
d'impallidite vite tramontanti
oltre il confine
che a cerchio ci rinchiude: visi emunti,
mani scarne, cavalli in fila, ruote
stridule: vite no: vegetazioni
dell'altro mare che sovrasta il flutto.

Si va sulla carraia di rappresa
Mota senza uno scarto,
simili ad incappati di corteo,
sotto la volta infranta ch'è discesa
quasi a specchio delle vetrine,
in un'aura che avvolge i nostri passi
fitta e uguaglia i sargassi
umani fluttuanti alle cortine
dei bambù mormoranti.

ENCOUNTER

translated by Laura Freden

You, my sorrow, don't abandon me
On the street
Battered by the wind
Sirocco, sudden with its hot vortex, and then gone; dear
sadness
The breath that exhausts itself; and to the same fate
Driven into the harbor
Where the day sighs its last breath
This mist rolls in, high above tilts
A cormorant's wing.

The delta follows the torrent, without
Water, living by stones and mortar;
Beyond the outpouring of wasted human actions,
Of fading lives setting with the sun
Crossing the border
That with a circle encloses us: emaciated faces
Bony hands, horses in line, shrill
Wheels: not lives no: vegetation
Of the other sea that overpowers our ocean.

We follow the clotted path
Rutted without deviation
Similar to those hooded processions
Under the fragmented vault descending upon us
Almost to the level of the windows,
In a breeze that envelopes our steps
Thick and tangled like human
Seaweed undulating towards the curtains
Of murmuring bamboo.

Se mi lasci anche tu, tristezza, solo
Presagio vivo in questo nembo, sembra
Che attorno mi si effonda
Un ronzio qual si sfere quando un'ora
Sta per scoccare;
e cado inerte nell'attesa spenta
di chi non sa temere
su questa proda che ha sorpresa l'onda
Lenta, che non appare.

Forse riavrò un aspetto; nella luce
Radente un moto mi conduce accanto
A una misera fronda che in un vaso
S'alleva s'una porta di osteria.
A lei tendo la mano, e farsi mia
Un'altra vita sento, ingombro d'una forma
Che mi fu tolta; e quasi anelli
Alle dita non foglie mi si attorcono
Ma capelli.

Poi più nulla. Oh sommersa!: tu dispari
Qual sei venuta, e nulla so di te.
La tua vita è ancor tua: tra i guizzi rari
Dal giorno sparsa già. Prega per me
Allora ch'io discenda altro cammino
Che una via di città,
nell'aria persa, innanzi al brulichio
dei vivi; ch'io ti senta accanto; ch'io
scenda senza viltà.

If you too leave me, my sorrow, solitary
Living omen within this cloud,
It seems like
A humming of the lashing hour
That folds itself around me
Readying itself to strike;
And I fall inert into the lifeless wait
Of he who does not know fear
On this shore that surprised the gentle
Wave that hasn't come.

Perhaps I will regain face: in the
skimming
Light I will be drawn by impulse
To a sad sprig in a vase
Mounted on the door of an inn.
I reach out my hand to you, another life
Fills me, which bears the sole form
Once torn from me; like a ring
On my finger, not of leaves, but hair
Wound around me.

Then nothing. Oh fallen one!: you disappear
As you came, and I know nothing of you.
Your life is still your own: diffused
Amidst the rare flashes of the day. Please pray
So I may descend by another way
Than a city street,
In the lost air, ahead of the seething masses
So I feel you by my side
That I go down without cowardice.

FROM *BAGHERIA*

by Dacia Maraini

La zia Saretta batte il piede a terra per svegliarmi dalle mie fantasticherie. La lunga collana di ambra le balla sul petto. Le macchie sul collo e sulle braccia nude sembrano accendersi di un marrone intenso, minaccioso.

Usciamo sul terrazzo. Le vecchie mattonelle bianche e blu sono ancora lì, identiche a come le ho lasciate tanti anni fa. Uno strap-po in gola. Mi torna alla mente una tiepida notte estiva in cui, sdraiati su quelle mattonelle, mio padre, un suo amico toscano e io guardavamo ammirati il cielo seminato di stelle. Intorno a noi l'aria era dolce e profumata. Sopra di noi, tante pietre luccicanti. "Pensa", diceva mio padre, "sotto di noi c'è terra e sotto ancora il vuoto... siamo sospesi e corriamo precipitosamente verso qualcosa che non sappiamo."

Si rivolgeva al suo amico, non a me che riteneva troppo bambina per partecipare ai misteri dell'universo. Ogni tanto eravamo raggiunti da una piccola onda di profumo inquietante: I gelsomini erano appena fioriti.

Anni dopo ho piantato dei gelsomini sulla mia terrazza romana, in estate spio il loro aprirsi aspettando di coglierne il profumo. Ma ogni volta è una delusione. Il profumo c'è ma è così fiavole e leggero, non ha niente dell'intensità quasi dolorosa dei gelsomini di Bagheria. Nutriti di altra terra, succosa e dura, bagnati da un'acqua più avara e forse più densa, accarezzati da un vento caldo che sale su dall'Africa sviluppano un profumo squisito e sensuale. Se dovessi tenermi in vita per qualche giorno in attesa della morte, sceglierei i gelsomini di Bagheria...

FROM *BAGHERIA*

translated by Fulvia Masi

Aunt Saretta is tapping her foot to wake me up from my fancies. The long amber necklace is dancing on her chest. The spots on her neck and on her bare arms seem to be turning dark, ominous brown.

We go out on the terrace. The old white and blue tiles are still there, the same as I left them many years ago. A tug in my throat. What comes to my mind is a mild summer night when, lying on those very same tiles, my father, his friend from Tuscany and myself were in awe, looking at the sky sown with stars. The air around us was sweet and fragrant. Above us, many sparkling stones. "Think about it", my father was saying, "under here is earth and below earth is the vacuum... we are suspended in space and running headlong towards the unknown".

He was talking to his friend, not to me: he would have thought I was too young to comprehend the mysteries of the universe. On and off a disquieting scent was reaching us: the jasmines were just blooming.

Years later I have grown some jasmines on my terrace in Rome, and at summertime I watch out for them to open, waiting to catch their scent. But I get disappointed all the time. The scent is there but it is so faint and light, it has nothing to do with the almost painful intensity of the jasmines in Bagheria. Those jasmines are nourished by another kind of soil, sweet and firm, irrigated by a scant but perhaps richer water, caressed by a warm wind that comes from Africa, and so those jasmines can generate a perfume that is exquisite and sensual. If I were to keep myself alive for a few days while waiting for death, I would choose to have those jasmines from Bagheria...

ACCELERATO

by Eugenio Montale

Fu così, com'è il brivido
pungente che trascorre
i sobborghi e solleva
alle aste delle torri
la cenere del giorno,
com'è il soffio
piovorno che ripete
tra le sbarre l'assalto
ai salici reclinati—
u così e fu tumulto nella dura
oscurità che rompe
qualche foro d'azzurro finché lenta
appaia la ninfale
Entella che sommessamente
rifluisce dai cieli dell'infanzia
oltre il futuro—
poi vennero altri liti, mutò il vento,
crebbe il bucato ai fili, uomini ancora
uscirono all'aperto, nuovi nidi
turbarono le gronde—
fu così,
rispondi?

ACCELERATED

translated by Erin O'Rourke

It was like this, like the thorny
shiver that passes through
the outskirts and stirs
the day's ash up
to the lightning rods of the towers,
like the damp murmur
that repeats
its assault through the cell bars
to the bowed willow tree—
it was like this and it was turmoil in the hard
darkness that shatters
here and there holes of blue until slowly
the nymph Entella
appears, who softly
flows back from heavens of childhood,
towards the future—
then other quarrels came, the wind changed,
laundry grew on the lines, men went
outdoors again, new nests
agitated the eaves—
it was like this,
don't you agree?

S P A N I S H

STRAIN

by Dorothy Albertini

1.

I fell on my weaker knee tonight on the way to something difficult.
It was right after remembering to avoid the ice.

The only other important thing was that this morning I felt my
stomach drop and homesickness felt like I had no legs.

I remembered my last dream which involved many people I know, fumbling around. It hit me
just when I got to the part about the pills my friend was taking
and how they needed water to grow.

What I mean about memory is that it aches at
my knee and in my mouth. That it seems I am
somewhere, or was somewhere. That water once was magic,
and bumping into things more like discovery.

2.

Me caí en la rodilla derecha esta noche
cuando iba a algo que me pone nerviosa.
Ocurrió después de recordar el hielo en el suelo.

La otra cosa importante pasó esta mañana, cuando
me di cuenta que no estaba en casa y sentí como si
no tuviera piernas.

Recordé mi sueño de la noche pasada en que mucha
gente no podía encontrar nada. Sentí algo en el estómago
después de que me di cuenta que mi amiga estaba tomando
pastillas, y que las pastillas se aumentaban en el agua.

Digo, la memoria me duele en las rodillas, y me recuerda que estoy en alguna localidad. Pero conocía otro sitio donde el agua era cosa de magia, y encontrar algo podía ser un accidente bienvenido.

3.
Ich bin diesen Abend nervös gewesen, und unterwegs gefallen. Es war kurz, nachdem ich mich erinnere, auf das Eis aufzupassen.

Das andere, was wichtig ist, ist heute früh passiert. Ich habe mich gar nicht wohl gefühlt, weil ich nicht zu Hause war, und ich wusste nicht, wo meine Beine ohne mich gegangen sind.

Ich habe letzte Nacht einen Traum gehabt, in dem viele Leute etwas gesucht haben. Meine Beine sind verloren gegangen, als ich mich erinnere, daß eine Freundin in diesem Traum Pillen schlucken mußte, und daß sich diese Pillen erst im Wasser auflösen mußten .

Was ich sagen wollte, war, daß meine Knie mir weh tun, weil ich nicht vergessen kann, daß ich hier bin. Aber vielleicht war ich einmal irgendwo, wo das Wasser anders war, und wo man plötzlich etwas erfinden konnte, ohne sich zu schämen.

4.
Esta noche, me caí. Nunca he olvidado que hay hielo en el suelo antes, pero esta vez estuve muy preocupada.

La otra cosa importante ocurrió muy temprano. Me sentí mal porque no estaba en mi hogar, y no sabía cómo usar las piernas.

Tuve un sueño anoche en que mucha gente buscaba algo. No podía encontrar las piernas esta mañana hasta que recordé que en este sueño mi amiga estaba tomando pastillas. Y que las pastillas sólo valían algo con agua.

Lo que soñé con decir es que había un tiempo en que la memoria no me dolía en las rodillas. En ese lugar era el agua diferente, y no tenía miedo de caerme de algo.

5.
I fell tonight. I noticed the ice, but I was already embarrassed for something I was about to do, and falling came right after remembering that puddles freeze.

Very early today, something else was important. I didn't feel right being away from home, and I didn't know what to do about my knees.

I had this dream last night where people were searching. And when I realized this morning it was my legs I couldn't find, I remembered the rest of the dream. Medicine meant nothing to me, and the weight of water was drowning my friend.

What I've dreamt of saying is that there was a time when our bodies had no memory. When the water tasted different and falling held no weight.

"...Y SE PUEDE GUARDAR EN EL CLÓSET."

by Dorothy Albertini

una mujer específica
veinte años de muchas cosas
con el nombre de mi madre
su cuerpo pequeño necesita muchas cosas

veinte años de muchas cosas
de esa mujer que quiere hijos
su cuerpo pequeño necesita muchas cosas
tengo miedo de las ideas concretas y

de esa mujer que quiere hijos
porque después de no comer tanto
tengo miedo de sus ideas concretas
y de que no se pueda tener hambre

porque después de no comer tanto
hay algo muy frío, que puede impedir el movimiento
y no se puede tener hambre
y no se sabe dar de comer a un bebé

con el nombre de mi madre
hay algo muy frío que puede impedir el movimiento de
la sangre en los dedos del pie
una mujer específica
y ¿para dar de comer a un bebé?
necesita empezar con algo diferente

BELLOTA

written & translated by Erin O'Rourke

La bellota cae
La toco, la tengo
con mis labios
Bebé del roble
Se cayó de nuevo la cuna
y otra vez y otra vez
Cae por los siglos
por la niebla de reminiscencia
Me hace querer enterrar

Quiero rasgar abierta la bellota
y comer la carne selvaje
Quiero los besos del roble
quisiera ser niña del roble grande
y hermana de las bellotas.

THE ACORN

The acorn falls
I take it, I hold it
With my lips
The oak's little baby
The cradle fell down
and again and again
It falls through centuries
Through the mist of reminiscence
It makes me want to bury

I want to claw the acorn open
And eat the wild meat
I want the oak's kisses
I would like to be the oak's daughter
And sister to the acorns.

EL VERANO

written & translated by Erin O'Rourke

El cemento mojado en las puntas de mis dedos
se siente pesado y liviano
resbala hacia el suelo
Te veo
saltando por debajo de la cascada
azul y salvaje como tormenta
escondida entre las ramas y hojas de bosque
bajo un sol amarillo brillante
Espero que no te ahogues
sin haberme dicho tus secretos
pero no te preocupes;
dicen que el ahogar se siente eufórico
y no hay ningún sonido para molestarte
mientras te hundes
Miro nuestras fotos desintegrándose
nunca podía capturar tu esencia
la verdad es que quería capturarte
pero la mano en el cemento no puede moverse.

THE SUMMER

Wet cement on my fingertips
Feels heavy and light
It slips to the ground
I see you
diving under the waterfall that is
blue and wild like a storm
hidden among the branches and leaves of the forest
under the blinding yellow sun
I hope you don't drown
until you've told me your secrets
but don't worry;
they say drowning feels euphoric
and there won't be a single sound to bother you
as you sink
I look at our disintegrating photos
I never could capture your essence
the truth is I wanted to capture you
but a hand in cement can't move.

SABER EL MUNDO (EL PÁJARO BRUÑIDO)

by Erin O'Rourke

Una vez yo fui el pájaro bruñado,
Con plumas que brillaban de oro y fuego.
Yo era el pájaro bruñado,
Volando alto hacia una montaña de hielo.
Elevándome encima de las nubes, llorando
Mis lágrimas
Dividiendo pedazos del aire.
Y ¿por qué?
¡Porque yo fui el pájaro bruñado!
Yo veo el mundo debajo de mí.
Con mis alas alteando profundamente atrás de mí.
El viento frío me quema.
Y la luz del sol, aquí en mis ojos.
Yo, el pájaro bruñado.
Todavía yo sé donde estoy yo.
Ya yo sé donde estoy yo.



L A T I N

SELECTIONS FROM CATALLUS

translated by Mike Fletcher

V

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
rumoresque senum severiorum
omnes unius aestimemus assis.
Soles occidere et redire possunt:
nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
nox est perpetua una dormienda.
Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum
dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,
conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
aut nequis malus invidere possit,
cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

V

Let us live, my Lesbia, and let us love,
and all the rumors born from aged old men
let us assess their worth at a single cent.
Suns may set, but only to rise again:
for us, this brief light, once it sets,
night shall be one everlasting sleep.
So give me a thousand kisses, and then a hundred,
and again a thousand, and a hundred hundred more,
and still a thousand and another hundred,
and then when all the kisses have been kissed,
we will mix them all together,
lest we know how many kisses we have,
or lest someone be struck with a wicked envy
when he marvels at how many we have.

VII

Quaeris, quot mihi basiationes
 tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque.
 Quam magnus numerus Libyssae harenae
 lasarpiciferis iacet Cyrenis,
 oraculum Iovis inter aestuosi
 et Batti veteris sacrum sepulcrum,
 aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
 furtivos hominum vident amores,
 tam te basia multa basiare
 vesano satis et super Catullost,
 quae nec pernumerare curiosi
 possint nec mala fascinare lingua.

VII

You wonder, do you Lesbia,
 how many delicate kisses of yours
 will ever be enough for me
 and more than enough?

As great a number as are the grains of sand
 scattered along the coasts of Libya,
 there where that great city of Cyrene stands
 surrounded by trees of silphium,
 the sand, contained between the Jovian oracle,
 sweltering in blistering heat,
 and the sacred sepulchre concealing
 whatever remains of Cyrene's first great king.
 Or as many as are the silent stars,
 spying upon the furtive loves of men.

To but kiss you with so many kisses as these,
 that shall be enough and more than enough for me.

XVI

Pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo,
 Aureli pathice et cinaede Furi,
 qui me ex versiculis meis putastis,
 quod sunt molliculi, parum pudicum.
 Nam castum esse decet pium poetam
 ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est;
 qui tum denique habent salem ac leporem,
 si sunt molliculi ac parum pudici,
 et quod pruriat incitare possunt,
 non dico pueris, sed his pilosis
 qui duros nequeunt movere lumbos.
 Vos, quod milia multa basiorum
 legistis, male me marem putatis?
 Pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo.

XVI

I'll fuck you both—
 and make you taste my dirty dick.
 How's that sound, Aurelius and Furius, you lustful faggots?

Just 'cause some verses of mine are a bit effeminate,
 you think that I must be that way too?
 Sure a poet ought to show *some* self-restraint,
 but his poems I tell you ought not *need* to show it.
 How else are they to possess the wit and charm they need
 to arouse?
 No, not those of little boys,
 but those big-fat-hairy ones
 that have seen better days I'm sure.
 'Cause you read my many thousands of kisses,
 you think that I am somehow less of a man?

Aurelius and Furius, I'll fuck you both
 and make you taste my dirty dick.

ANCIENT GREEK

OLYMPIAN FOURTEEN

by Pindar

Καφισίων ὑδάτων
 λαχοῖσαν αἶτε ναίετε καλλίπωλον ἔδραν,
 ὦ λιπαρᾶς ἀοίδιμοι βασιλειαί
 Χάριτες Ἐρχομενοῦ, παλαιγόνων Μινυᾶν ἐπίσκοποι,
 κλυτ', ἐπεὶ εὖχομαι. σὺν γὰρ ὕμνῳ τὰ τερπνὰ καὶ
 τὰ γλυκὲ' ἄνεται πάντα βροτοῖς,
 εἰ σοφός, εἰ καλός, εἴ τις ἀγλαὸς ἀνὴρ.
 οὐδὲ γὰρ θεοὶ σεμνᾶν Χαρίτων ἄτερ
 κοιρανέοντι χοροὺς οὔτε δαίτας· ἀλλὰ πάντων ταμίαι
 ἔργων ἐν οὐρανῷ, χρυσότοξον θέμεναι πάρα
 Πύθιον Ἀπόλλωνα θρόνους,
 αἰέναον σέβοντι πατρὸς Ὀλυμπίοιο τιμάν.
 (ᾠ) πότνι Ἀγλαία
 φιλησίμολπέ τ' Εὐφροσύνα, θεῶν κρατίστου
 παῖδες, ἐπακοοῖτε νῦν, Θαλία τε
 ἔρασίμολπε, ἰδοῖσα τόνδε κῶμον ἐπ' εὐμενεῖ τύχῃ
 κοῦφα βιβῶντα· Λυδῷ γὰρ Ἀσώπιχον τρόπῳ
 ἐν μελέταις τ' αἰῶνι ἔμολον,
 οὐνεκ' Ὀλυμπιόνικος ἂ Μινύεια
 σεῦ ἔκατι. μελαντειχέα νῦν δόμον
 Φερσεφόνας ἴθι, Ἀχοῖ, πατρὶ κλυτὰν φέροισ' ἀγγελίαν,
 Κλεόδαμον ὄφρ' ἰδοῖς, νῖδον εἵπῃς ὅτι οἱ νέαν
 κόλποις παρ' εὐδόξοις Πίσας
 ἔστεφάνωσε κυδῖμων ἀέθλων πτεροῖσι χαίταν.

OLYMPIAN FOURTEEN
FOR ASOPICHOS OF ORCHOMENOS
BOY'S FOOT RACE

translated by Rana Al-Saadi

Yours these Kaphisian streams,
And yours these fields of horses, a land of lovely young colts.
Famous in song and sovereign Graces, O Sweet Singers
In the glittering lanes of bright Orchomenos! You who guard the old
Minyan glory, hear this that I pray. On account of you
Sweetness and pleasure bless many a man,
Be he a poet, or be he handsome, a victor...
Graces, only with your blessing can gods above
Marshal their dances and feasts; every deed in heaven your eyes are upon.
You sit upon the throne, near the gold bow of Apollo, that
Young Delphic Lord. There you adore
All of the honor Zeus our father exudes, forever flowing.

You, Lady Splendor and you
Who love to dance, Festivity, daughters sired by Lord Zeus,
Mightiest god of gods, now listen, and you too
Lover of lyrics, O Bloom, and look upon our procession blessed with luck
Light on its feet. I come now to sing songs for Asopichos,
Carefully practiced, these Lydian turns.
He and his Minya triumph, owing to your grace,
At Olympia—go now to the shady halls,
Down to Persephone go, Echo, bring the father good news of his son,
Find there the man Kleodamos, then say that his boy, before
Everyone that crowds famed Pisa's fold,
Crowned with the wings of noble victory all his flowing young hair.

E G Y P T I A N H I E R O G L Y P H I C S

EAST WALL OF THE SARCOPHAGUS
CHAMBER IN THE PYRAMID OF UNAS



PYRAMID SPELLS

translated by William Mullen

Stand up upon it,
the land that rose from the One!
Take form upon it,
be exalted on it,
so that your father sees you,
so that the Sun sees you!
He has come to you, his father,
Sun, come to you!
has come to you, his father,
Sunken One, come to you!
has come to you, his father,
Orbiter, come to you!
has come to you, his father,
Wild Bull, come to you!
has come to you, his father,
Great Float, come to you!
has come to you, his father,
Sharp Star, come to you!
has come to you, his father,
Sharp Teeth of the Hawk, come to you!

* * *

This King wins the Cool Streams of the Sky,
takes the Radiance of the Horizon,
shepherds the nine tribes,
provides for the nine gods,
holds the crook in his hand,
so that heads of the North and the South are bowed before it.
He makes his progress,
turns his ship upstream,
and stands at the head of the great on the great dock.

"Be decked out as master of magic,
Dog who dwell in the city of Gold as lord of the South,

without flaw and without check.
Look! You have become a Soul,
have become a power,
greater than all the gods of the South and all their spirits!
You ripped your mother's womb
that time you split the night!
Be decked out as the Dog of violent birth!"

The Lady of the Throne has praised him,
and this is yet more fortunate:

"Be decked out as the Hawk,
the one made young again,
without flaw and without check!

Look! You have become a Soul,
have become a Power,
greater than all the gods of the North and all their Spirits!"

* * *

Shed yourself of what is not pure,
in the presence of the One,
in the city of the Sun.

Set with him,
judge the sufferings in the Heaven Below,
stand over the places of the Abyss.

Take form with him,
be exalted with your father, the One,
and shed your sufferings.

Your head is protected by the Lady presiding in the city of the Sun.
Rise,

make your way through the bones of Air,
you are safe in the arms of the Heaven Above
you are washed in the Radiance of the Horizon,
what is not pure is shed in the lakes of Air.

Rise and set!
You set with the Sun,
you sink with the Sunken One.

Rise and set!
 You rise with the Sun,
 you dawn with the Great Float.
 Rise and set!
 You rise with the Lady of the Throne,
 you dawn with the Barque of Morning.

Power in your limbs,
 freedom to your steps,
 born as the Hawk,
 conceived as the Dog,
 washed in the province of the Hawk,
 made pure in the province of the Sun,
 in the streams of your father,
 in the streams of the One!
 Take form,
 be exalted,
 become Soul,
 be made cool
 in the arms of your father,
 in the arms of the One!

* * *

One!

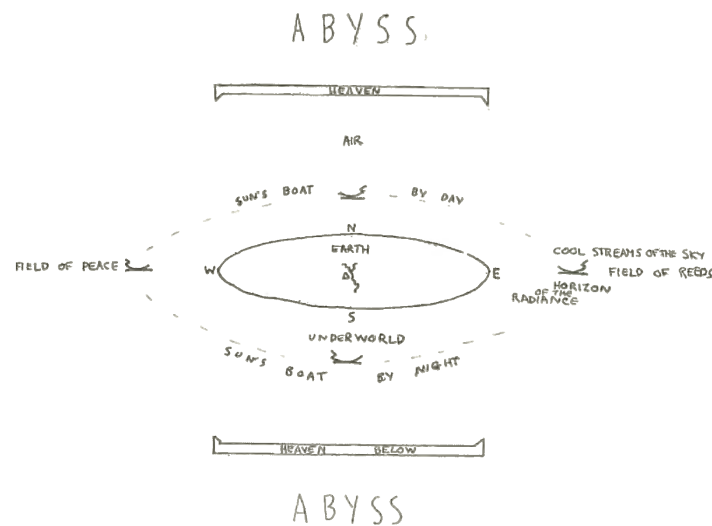
Take up this King to you
 and fold him in your arms.
 This is the son of your body, eternally!

WHAT THESE SPELLS ARE MEANT TO DO

When a pharaoh dies his funeral is delayed to the ritually proper time of year, the end of the season of inundation, in which the floodwaters of the Nile subside and the vegetation—Osiris—is reborn. On the night between the old and the new moon the successor to the dead king becomes chief priest in the rites of his father's rebirth. At sunset he and his ministrants sail to the west side of the Nile and take the royal mummy up to the pyramid itself, where they spend the night reciting the spells on the walls of its inner chambers.

These chambers represent different areas of the Egyptian universe, sketched in Fig. 1. The disk of the earth is seen at an angle, with the Nile at its center, and the pyramid occupies the point where the two branches of the Nile merge. On top is the "Heaven Above", and beyond it the watery "Abyss". The Sun sits on a boat which rises in the waters of the east, goes to the zenith of the "Air", and sets in the west, then continues in an exactly parallel way through the "Underworld" till it rises again. To grasp the spatial frame of this imagery, imagine yourself looking at a distant horizon where the sun is about to dawn, preferably in the clear air of the desert. In the moment before dawn it is easy to conceive a great space between the horizon as a line and the sun as a body. In this space imagine that there are many places with pleasing activities, among them "the Radiance of the Horizon" and "the Cool Streams of the Sky", a marvellously refreshing region where cool water is poured over you. Fig. 2 duplicates Fig. 1, because the three pyramid chambers are these three realms of the cosmos. In the west is the chamber where the sarcophagus lies, the Underworld; in the center the antechamber, the Horizon; in the east three niches, the Cool Streams of the Sky.

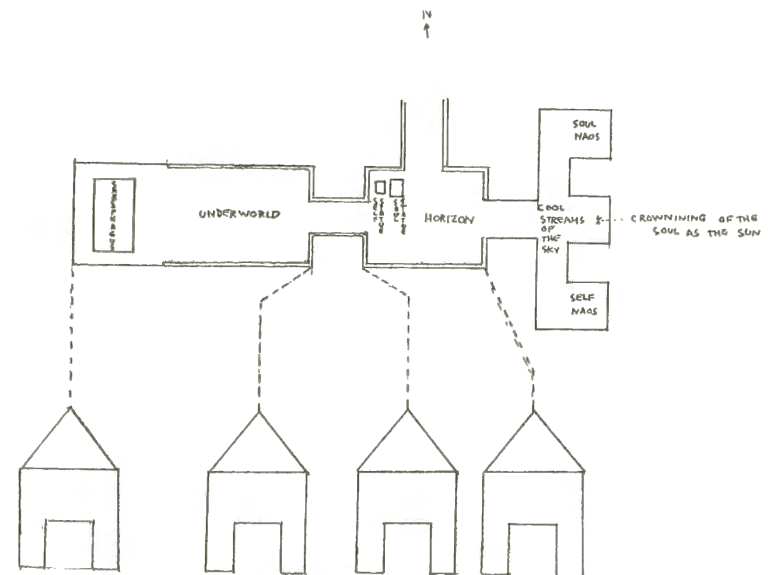
The priests enter through the northern corridor. (I follow here the interpretation of Joachim Spiegel in *Das Aufverstehungsritual der Unas-Pyramide*, Harrassowitz: Wiesbaden, 1971.) They move directly into the sarcophagus chamber, the Underworld, bearing the mummified corpse with them, and place it in the sarcophagus; by so doing they merge the dead king with the primeval watery Abyss (Nun), for the sarcophagus is the Abyss. They then move into the antechamber, the Horizon, and in so doing resurrect the king from his mummified body. What remains in the ritual is not merely the motion of the king from the Underworld through the Horizon to the Cool Streams of the Sky. It is also his transformation from a dead corpse into a so-called Ka, the protective guardian spirit or double which I have translated "Self", and thence into a Ba, which is an individualized concretely manifest "Soul". The resurrection of the king and his transformation through these phases is accompanied by the moving of two stat-



ues, symbolizing his Self and Soul respectively, from their original position in the middle chamber into the three niches waiting for them. The climax of this enacted ritual comes with the crowning of the statue of the Soul as the Sun.

The spells translated here, a single continuous utterance, are on the east wall of the sarcophagus chamber, around the low door connecting it to the antechamber. The utterance takes the One (Atum) and the Sun (Re) to be a single godhead with whom the king merges himself in his voyage through the Underworld and fusion with the Abyss. In the phrases of its final stretch, "power in your limbs" and "take form", it is effectuating the entrance of the king's Soul into the statue waiting for it in the Horizon. This is the statue which, in the culmination of the ritual, will be moved into the center of the Cool Streams of the Sky, and there crowned as the reborn Sun.

—William Mullen



R U S S I A N

THE MIRROR

by Boris Pasternak

Зеркало

В трюмо испаряется чашка какао,
Качается тюль, и—прямой
Дорожкой в сад, в бурелом и хаос
К качелям бежит трюмо.

Там сосны враскачку воздух саднят
Смолой; там по маете
Очки по траве растерял палисадник,
Там книгу читает Тень.

И к заднему плану, во мрак, за калитку
В степь, в запах сонных лекарств
Струится дорожкой, в сучках и в улитках
Мерцающий жаркий кварц.

Огромный сад тормозится в зале
В трюмо—и не бьет стекла!
Казалось бы, все коллодий залил
С комода до шума в стволах.

Зеркальная все б, казалось, нахлынь
Непотным льдом облила,
Чтоб сук не горчил и сирень не пахла,—
Гипноза залить не могла.

Несметный мир семенит в месмеризме,
И только ветру связать,
Что ломится в жизнь и ломается в призме
И радо играть в слезах.

Души не взорвать, как селитрой залежь,
Не вырыть, как заступом клад.
Огромный сад тормозится в зале
В трюмо—и не бьет стекла.

И вот, в гипнотической этой отчизне
Ничем мне очей не задуть.
Так после дождя проползают слизи
Глазами статуй в саду.

Шуршит вода по ушам, и, чирикнув,
На цыпочках скачет чиж.
Ты можешь им выпачкать губы черникой,
Их шалостью не опишешь.

Огромный сад тормозится в зале,
Подносит к трюмо кулак,
Бежит на качели, ловит, салит,
Трясет—и не бьет стекла!

THE MIRROR

translated by Donnie Sendelbach

In the pier glass a cup of cocoa evaporates,
The tulle sways, and—in a straight path
To the garden, to fallen trees and chaos
Toward the swing runs the pier glass.

There the pines, swaying, sting the air
With resin; there toiling
The little front garden lost its eyeglasses in the grass,
There Shade reads a book.

And toward the background, to the darkness, beyond the gate
To the steppe, to the scent of soporific medicines
Streams in a path, in twigs and snails,
Shimmering, hot quartz.

The enormous garden bustles in the hall
In the pier glass—and doesn't break the glass!
It would seem as if collodion flooded everything
From the dresser to the noise in the tree trunks.

It would seem as if a mirroring flow doused
Everything with unthawing ice,
So that the bough doesn't taste bitter, the lilac doesn't smell,—
It cannot flood the hypnosis.

The inestimable peace minces mesmerically,
And only the wind joins,
What bursts into life and breaks in the prism
And is glad to play in tears.

Don't blow up the soul, like a niter deposit,
Don't dig it up, like a treasure with a spade.
The enormous garden bustles in the hall
In the pier glass—and doesn't break the glass!

And here, in this hypnotic fatherland
Don't blow up my eyes with anything.
After the rain slugs thus crawl
Across the eyes of the statues in the garden.

Water rustles through the ears, and, having chirped,
The finch hops on tiptoes.
You can stain their lips with blueberries,
You don't poison them with the prank.

The enormous garden bustles in the hall,
Raises its fist to the pier glass,
Runs to the swing, catches, tags,
Shakes—but doesn't break the glass!

THE GIRL

by Boris Pasternak

Девочка

Ночевала тучка золотая
На груди утеса великана.

Из сада, с качелей, с бухты-баракты
Вбегает ветка в трюмо!
Огромная, близкая, с каплей смарагда
На кончике кисти прямой.

Сад застлан, пропал за ее беспорядком,
За быющей в лицо кутерьмой.
Родная, громадная, с сад, а характером—
Сестра! Второе трюмо!

Но вот эту ветку вносят в рюмке
И ставят к раме трюмо.
Кто это,—гадает,—глаза мне рюмит
Тюремной людской дремой?

THE GIRL

translated by Donnie Sendelbach

The little, golden cloud spent the night
On the chest of the giant cliff.

—Lermontov*

From the garden, from the swing, helter-skelter
Into the pier glass runs the branch!
Enormous, close, with a drop of emerald
On the tip of an erect raceme.

The garden is obscured; it disappeared behind disorder,
Behind the commotion beating one in the face.
Related, as immense as the garden, but in character--
A sister! A second pier glass!

But now in a wineglass this branch is carried inside
And is placed near the pier glass frame.
"Who is it," it wonders, "That clouds my eyes
With captive, human sleepiness?"

*Both "cloud" and "branch" are feminine nouns in Russian while "cliff" and "garden" are masculine.

UNTITLED

by Alexander Ulanov

Наше время – в точке муравья,
в горечи осоки торопливой.
Эта жизнь лишь облаком твоя,
там, где кружит чайка над проливом.

Каждый вечер – это навсегда
уходящий, тающий, размытый.
Окна, листья, чёрная вода—
в них твоё лицо всегда открыто.

UNTITLED

translated by Matthew Brophy

Our time—is just a dot,
an ant passing quickly through the bitter sedge.
This life is only yours in the clouds,
where the seagulls circle over the sound.

Every evening—this eternal
parting, dissolving, eroding.
In windows, leaves, black waters—
your features always appear.

H E B R E W

"SI...NO LO PUEDO NEGAR"

A Sephardic Song of the end of the nineteenth century

Recollected by the Sephardic-Italian Musicologist

Matilde Cohen Sarano.

Lyrics originally composed in the Sephardic language Ladino

Translated by Brad Alter

אני לא יכול להכחיש זאת

רוצה לאהוב אותך אהבה אמיתית

התיסרתי רבות למענך

ואני עדיין מתייסר

למען תכול עיניך...למען מתיקותך

תקזתי את דמי

ללא חום שפתיך חשוב אני כמת

למען נשיקה אחת ממך אתן את כל חיי

רק להאם אתך להחליף מלים אוכל

למות אהיה מוכן

אם יש בכך לב אנא רחמי עלי

אשה יפת מראה, אם אינך אבזרית

רחמי עלי התחשבי בצערי.

"SI...NO LO PUEDO NIEGAR"

translated by Brad Alter

I can't deny it...I wanted to love you with true love...I suffered
so much for you...I still do.

For your blue eyes...full of sweetness...I drop all my blood.

Without your warm lips I'm a dead man...To obtain one of
your kisses I give all my life...To exchange words of love with
you I could die too!

If you have heart please...be merciful with me. O lady full of
beauty.

If you are not cruel be merciful with me consider my sorrow.

EXCERPT FROM YERTLE THE TURTLE

by Dr. Suess

פנגמיגם

באי רחוק, פנגמיגם, יוסי הצב היה מלך האגם. אגם קטן
ויפה נקי ומצוחצח. המים היו חמים, האכל היה בשפע
ולצבים היה הכל. הם היו מאושרים. הם היו...עד שיוסי
הצב החליט שהממלכה שלו היא קתנה מדי. "אני השליט
של כל מה שאני רואה אבל אני לא רואה הרבה, וזאת
הבעיה שלי. מאבן המשמשת ככס מלכות אני צופה על
האגם שלי אך איני יכול לראות מעבר לו. כס המלכות שעליו
אני יושב הוא נמוך מאד. הוא צריך להיות גבוה יותר" אמר
בעצבות, "אם אוכל לשבת גבוה יותר אוכל להיות גדול
יותר, מלך שיכול לשלוט על כל מה שהוא רואה..."

EXCERPT FROM YERTLE THE TURTLE

translated by Peter Shapiro

On the far away island of Sala-ma-Sond,
Yertle the turtle was king of the pond.
A nice little pond. It was clean. It was neat.
The turtles had everything a turtle might need.
And they were all happy. Quite happy indeed.

They were...until Yertle, the king of them all,
Decided that the kingdom he ruled was too small.
"I'm ruler" said Yertle "of all that I see.
But I do not see enough. That is the problem with me.
With this stone for a throne, I look down at my pond
But I cannot look down on the place beyond.
This throne that I sit on is too, too low down
It ought to be higher!" he said with a frown.
"If I could sit high, how much greater I'd be!
What a king! I'd be ruler of all I could see!"

SONG OF SONGS

by Ariel and Chana Bloch

משיר השירים

תחת התפוח עוררתיך

שמה חבלתך אמך

שמה חבלה ילדתך:

שימני כחותם על־לבך

כחותם על־זרועך

כי־עזה כמות אהבה

קשה כשאול קנאה

רשפיה רשפי אש

שלהבתיה:

מים רבים לא יוכלו

לכבות את־האהבה

ונהרות לא ישטפוה

אם־יתן איש את־כל־הון ביתו

באהבה

בוז יבוזו לו:

SONG OF SONGS

translated by Caryn Fitzgibbon

There, beneath the apricot tree,
your mother conceived you,
there you were born
In that place, I awakened you.

Bind me as a seal upon your heart,
a sign upon your arm,

for love is as fierce as death,
its jealousy bitter as the grave.
Even its sparks are a raging fire,
A devouring flame.

Great seas cannot extinguish love,
No river can sweep it away,

If a man tried to buy love
With all the wealth of his house,
He would be despised.



C H I N E S E

SPRING SOLACE

written & translated by Kerry Brogan

In memory of Nick Gagne

纪念 Nick Gagne

纯纯甜甜的春天

春天道了

湿湿烂烂的积雪不再于路上阻挠

阴沉沉的云雾不再于心头萦绕

周围只有大自然纯纯甜甜的浪漫

我们终于会

在春天玉石般的月亮里

得到新生的感悟和智慧

沐浴在珊瑚色的阳光下

于此新鲜的意境中陶醉

我们会重新在呼吸里

找到灵感和安慰

SPRING SOLACE

in Spring

mounds of sloshy snow no longer hinder our paths
coldness and apathy no longer linger like clouds in
our souls

only the sweetness and purity of nature's romance
surround us*

at last, in Spring, we can

in the light of a clear jade moon,
touch new-born wisdom;
in the warmth of a coral sun,
bathe in the joy of rumination

and once again in breath itself
find solace and inspiration

*in Chinese this is a play on words

WORDLESS

written & translated by Blanca Lista

无语

告诉我日落、还有古代的月。

告诉我你的害怕、你的想法、还有。

告诉我你迷失的爱和你选择的人生。

告诉我暗蓝的海和流入海里的泪。

告诉我你，告诉你我。

还有写给我天上的雨、你的空虚和你的羞辱。

写给我你的人生和你的梦。

你很远、但是我会近你。

写给我你的真实和写给我你的秋天。

只要你写、我就会来。

WORDLESS

Tell me about the sunsets,
and tell me about that Ancient moon.
Tell me about your fears, your thoughts,
and more.
Tell me about the love you lost,
and the life you chose.
Tell me about that dark blue sea,
and the tears that flow in it.
Tell me about you,
and I will tell you about me.
And write me about the rain,
your emptiness and your shame.
Write me about your life,
and the dreams you had.
And you so far,
but I will come.
So write about the truth,
and write about the fall.
Just write,
and I will come.