





# SUI GENERIS

OF ITS OWN KIND

SPRING 2023

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

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*Sui Generis* is an annual literary magazine based in Bard College which publishes translations and original creative work in any language other than English.

Special thanks to John Burns – teacher, translator, poet – for his unflagging support, energy, and guidance.



*El original es infiel a la traducción.*

The original is unfaithful to the translation.

Jorge Luis Borges

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*\* all translations are translated from their section language into English, except for those marked with an asterisk. See individual marked translations.*



# *A Letter From the Editors*

*Sui Generis*, Bard College's annual translation publication, has been since 1997 an initiative of the Foreign Languages, Literatures, and Cultures faculty. It emerges in Spring, akin to those crocuses on the library lawn, and offers a collection of student translations. From an assemblage of academic disciplines and interests, what arises is the Bard student body's (and a few external contributors') dedication to and celebration of translation.

Our 2023 publication presents work from 16 total languages, inviting the reader on a pilgrimage through myriad contexts and landscapes, reasserting the importance of an awareness of the unfamiliar. That which is unknown – places, peoples – is, we hope, made *less* unknown, witnessed with *dignity*, through an act as difficult and complex as translation, as the barriers and challenges of language are not negated but reconciled with.

This year's compilation is as much a product of the thoughtful work of our student translators as it is of the assiduous efforts of the language tutors, student editors, and faculty members who have lent their time and energies to bring this, again, into being. We're humbled by the extents to which our contributors have undertaken the work of translation. Such work is a communal effort, as seen in this year's brilliant excerpted translation of a Twi poem by Jonathan Asiedu and his family, brought about only by a passionate and generous spirit of collaboration. Our hope is that this spirit of careful collaboration with language can demonstrate a shared investment in community. Better, community-in-difference.

In essence, we aim to present this edition of *Sui Generis* as an exhibition of community, a space which should not function, despite our current dialogic period(s), within a censored structure. Language is a palimpsest. And it can be called upon to hope. As translators, readers, thinkers, language is the way by which we connect and comprehend our worlds. We hope you enjoy these worlds, albeit abridged, as presented in this year's issue of *Sui Generis*.

*The Editors*



# ANCIENT GREEK

# Ἀντιγόνη (l. 86-97)

Σοφοκλῆς [Sophocles]

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οἷμοι, καταύδα· πολλὸν ἐχθίων ἔση  
σιγῶς, ἐὰν μὴ πᾶσι κηρύξης τάδε.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

θερμὴν ἐπὶ ψυχροῖσι καρδίαν ἔχεις.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλλ' οἶδ' ἀρέσκουσ' οἷς μάλισθ' ἀδεῖν με χρή.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

εἰ καὶ δυνήσῃ γ'· ἀλλ' ἀμηχάνων ἐρᾷς.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὐκοῦν, ὅταν δὴ μὴ σθένω, πεπαύσομαι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀρχὴν δὲ θηρᾶν οὐ πρέπει τὰμήχανα.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

εἰ ταῦτα λέξεις, ἐχθαρῇ μὲν ἐξ ἐμοῦ,  
ἐχθρὰ δὲ τῷ θανόντι προσκείσῃ δίκη.  
ἀλλ' ἔα με καὶ τὴν ἐξ ἐμοῦ δυσβουλίαν  
παθεῖν τὸ δεινόν τοῦτο· πείσομαι γὰρ οὐ  
τοσοῦτον οὐδὲν ὥστε μὴ οὐ καλῶς θανεῖν.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ σοι, στεῖχε· τοῦτο δ' ἴσθ', ὅτι  
ἄνους μὲν ἔρχῃ, τοῖς φίλοις δ' ὀρθῶς φίλῃ.



# *Antigone* (l. 86-97)

Sophocles, trans. Katelynn Bennett

ANTIGONE:

\*screams\* Tell them! You will be more hated for keeping silent if you don't announce these things to everyone.

ISMENE:

You have a hot heart for cold-hearted things.

ANTIGONE:

But I know it pleases those whom I ought to please most.

ISMENE:

If you will be able. But you love the impossible.

ANTIGONE:

Well... then, whenever I don't have the strength, I will have finished!

ISMENE:

But it is not appropriate to begin to chase the impossible!

ANTIGONE:

If you say that, you will be hated by me,  
and you will be justly bound to hatred by the dead.  
But allow me and my poor judgment to suffer this terrible thing! For I  
shall suffer nothing  
so great that I am not to die beautifully.

ISMENE:

If it seems good to you, go! But know this: though you go mindless, to  
your loved ones you are truly loved.



ARABIC

## سَحَقًا الشعراء!

أنسي الحاج [Unsi Al-Hajj]

سَحَقًا الشعراء!  
لولا صَجَرِي مِنْهُمْ  
لَمَا كَتَبْتُ يِلشَعَرَ  
ولو لم اكتب الشعرِ  
اكتبُ بقيت  
كما كنتُ في مطلع العمر  
مجموعةً أشعارٍ غامضةٍ  
لا أَسْمَعُ بالإقتراب منها  
إِلَّا لِمَنْ يُعْطِينِي كُلَّ شَيْءٍ ...

## ***“Fuck the Poets!”***

Unsi Al-Hajj, trans. Michael Brown

Fuck the poets!  
If I wasn't so bored by them,  
I wouldn't have written poetry,  
And if I hadn't written poetry,  
I would've remained  
Like in my early years  
A collection of mysterious verses.  
I don't allow anyone to get close  
Except the one who gives me everything...

## رغبات

رياض الصالح الحسين [Riad al-Saleh al-Hussein]

أريدُ أَنْ أَذهَبَ إِلَى القريةِ  
لأَقْطِفَ القطنَ وَ أَشْمَ الهواءِ  
أريدُ أَنْ أَعُودَ إِلَى المدينةِ  
فِي شاحنةٍ مَلِيَّةٍ بالفلاحينَ والخرافِ  
أريدُ أَنْ أَغْتَسِلَ فِي النهرِ  
تَحْتَ ضَوْءِ القمرِ  
أريدُ أَنْ أَرَى قمرًا  
فِي شارعٍ أَوْ كِتَابٍ أَوْ مَتْحَفٍ  
أريدُ أَنْ أَبْنِيَ غُرْفَةً  
تَتَّسِعُ لآلِفِ صديقِ  
أريدُ أَنْ أَكُونَ صديقًا  
للدوري وَ الهواءِ وَ الْحَجَرِ  
أريدُ أَنْ أَضَعَ بحرًا  
فِي الزنزانةِ  
أريدُ أَنْ أَسْرِقَ الزنازينِ  
وَ أَلْقِيهَا فِي البحرِ  
أريدُ أَنْ أَكُونَ ساحرًا  
فَأُضِعُ سَكِينًا فِي القُبعةِ  
أريدُ أَنْ أُمِدَّ يَدِي إِلَى القُبعةِ  
وَ أَخْرُجُ مِنْهَا أَغْنِيَةً بِيضاءِ  
أريدُ أَنْ أَمْتَلِكَ مُسَدَّسًا  
لأَطْلِقَ النارَ عَلَى الذنابِ  
أريدُ أَنْ أَكُونَ ذئبًا  
لأَقْتَرِسَ مَنْ يَطْلِقُونَ النارَ  
أريدُ أَنْ أَخْتَبِيَ فِي زهرةٍ  
خوفًا مِنْ القاتِلِ

## *“desires”*

Riad al-Saleh al-Hussein, trans. Emily Costello

I want to go to the village  
to pick cotton and smell the air  
I want to return to the city  
in a truck filled with peasants and sheep  
I want to bathe in the river  
under the light of the moon  
I want to see a moon  
in a street or a book or a museum  
I want to build a room  
to fit a thousand friends  
I want to become a friend  
to the sparrow and the air and the stone  
I want to put a sea in the prison cell  
I want to steal prisons  
and cast them down into the sea  
I want to become a magician  
to put a knife within the hat  
I want to reach into the hat  
and wrest from it a white song  
I want to own a pistol  
to shoot the wolves  
I want to become a wolf  
to devour the ones who shoot  
I want to hide in a flower  
scared of the killer  
I want the killer to die  
when he sees the flowers  
I want to open a window in every wall  
I want to build a wall  
in the faces of those closing the windows  
I want to become an earthquake

أريدُ أن يموتَ القاتلُ  
حيثما يرى الأزهار  
أريدُ أن أفتحَ نافذةً  
في كل جدار  
أريدُ أن أضعَ جداراً  
في وجه من يخلقون النوافذِ  
أريدُ أن أكونَ زلزلاً  
لأهزَ القلوبَ الكسولةَ  
أريدُ أن أدسَ في كلِّ قلبٍ  
زلزلاً من الحكمةِ  
أريدُ أن أخطفَ غيمةً  
و أخبئُها في سريري  
أريدُ أن يخطُفَ اللصوصُ سريري  
و يُخبئُونَه في غيمةٍ  
أريدُ أن تكونَ الكلمةُ  
شجرةً أو رغيفاً أو قُبلةً  
أريدُ لمن لا يحبُّ الشجرَ  
و الرغيفَ  
و القبلةَ  
أن يمتنعَ عن الكلام.



to shake the lazy hearts  
I want to hide in every heart an earthquake of wisdom  
I want to kidnap a cloud  
and hide it in my bed  
I want the thieves to steal my bed  
and hide it in a cloud  
I want the word to be  
a tree, a loaf, or a kiss  
I want the person who doesn't love  
the trees, the loaves, and the kiss  
to stop talking

## سرير تحت المطر

[Muhammad al-Maghut] محمد الماغوط

الحبُّ خطواتٌ حزينَةٌ في القلب  
والضجرُ خريفٌ بين النهدين  
أيتها الطفلة التي تفرع أجراس الحبر في قلبي  
من نافذة المقهى الملح عينيك الجميلتين  
من خلال النسيم البارد  
. أتَحَسَّسُ قبلاتك الأكثر صعوبةً من الصخر  
ظالمٌ أنت يا حبيبي  
وعينك سريران تحت المطر  
ترفق بي أيها الاله الكستنائي الشعر  
ضعني أغنيةً في قلبك  
ونسراً حول نهديك

دعني أرى حبك الصغير  
يصدحُ في الفراش  
أنا الشريد ذو الأصابع المحرقة  
والعيون الأكثر بلادة من المستنقع  
لا تلمني إذا رأيتني صامتاً وحزيناً  
فإنني أهواك أيها الصنم الصغير  
. أهوى شعرك ، وثيابك ، ورائحة زنديك الذهبيتين

...  
كن غاضباً أو سعيداً يا حبيبي  
. كن شهياً أو فاتراً ، فإنني أهواك  
يا صنوبرة حزينة في دمي  
من خلال عينيك السعيدتين  
أرى قريتي ، وخطواتي الكثيبة بين الحقول  
أرى سريرِي الفارغ  
وشعري الأشقر متهدلاً على المنضدة  
كن شفوqاً بي أيها الملاك الوردي الصغير  
سأرحلُ بعد قليل ، وحيداً ضائعاً  
وخطواتي الكثيبة  
. تلتفت نحو السماء وتبكي

## *“A bed beneath the rain”*

Muhammad al-Maghut, trans. Benjamin DeBisschop

love is sad steps in the heart  
and boredom an autumn between the breasts  
you, girl, who rings bells of ink in my heart  
from a cafe window I catch sight of your pretty eyes  
in the cold breeze

I feel your kisses, harder than stone  
unjust you, my beloved  
your eyes two beds beneath the rain  
be kind to me, God of chestnut hair  
keep me as a song in your heart  
an eagle around your chest

let me see your small love  
cry out in bed  
I am the stray with burnt fingers  
and eyes duller than a swamp  
don't blame me if you see me, sad and silent  
I love you, you little fetish  
I love your hair, and your clothes, and the scent of your golden  
hands.

. . .

be angry or happy, my love—  
be sweet or happy, for I love you.  
you pine tree sad in my blood  
through your happy eyes  
I see my village, my miserable steps between fields  
I see my empty bed  
and my blond hair loose on the table  
have pity on me, you small rosy angel  
I will leave in a little while, lost and lonely  
and my depressing steps  
will turn to the skies and cry.

# شحبت روحي، صارت شفقاً

محمد الفيتوري [Mohammad Al-Fitori]

شحبت روحي، صارت شفقاً  
شعت غيماً وسناً  
كالدرويش المتعلق في قدمي مولاه أنا

أتمرغ في شجني  
أتوهج في بدني  
غيري أعمى، مهما أصغى، لن يبصرني  
فأنا جسدٌ شجرٌ  
شيء عبر الشارع  
جزر غرقى في قاع البحر  
حريق في الزمن الضائع  
قنديل زيتي مبهوت  
في أقصى بيت، في بيروت  
أتألق حيناً. ثم أرتق ثم أموت  
\* \* \*

ويحي...  
وأنا أتلعثم نحوك يا مولاي  
أجرد أحزاني...  
أتجسد فيك  
هل أنت أنا؟  
يدك الممدودة أم يدي الممدودة؟  
صوتك أم صوتي؟  
تبكييني أم أبكيك؟  
\* \* \*

في حضرة من أهوى  
عشت بي الأشواق  
حدقت بلا وجه  
ورقصت بلا ساق

# ***“My Soul Turned Pale and Became Pity”***

Mohammad Al-Fitori, trans. Khadija Ghanizada

My soul turned pale and became pity  
It burst into clouds and lightning  
I am like a dervish attached to his master's feet  
I wallow in my grief  
I glow in my body  
The other is blind, he listens hard, but no matter, he won't see me  
For I am a rock, a tree  
Something across the street  
Islands sunk to the bottom of the sea  
A fire in time lost  
A faded oil lamp  
In the farthest house in Beirut  
I shine for a while, then I flicker, then I die

\*\*\*

Woe is me!  
As I stumble towards you, my lord  
I strip my sorrows...  
I embody myself in you  
Are you me?  
Is this your or my hand that's extended?  
Is it your voice or mine?  
Do you cry me or do I cry you?

\*\*\*

In the presence of whom I adore  
My yearnings toyed with me  
I stared without a face  
I danced without a leg  
I collected my banners

وزحمت براياتي  
وطبولي الآفاق  
عشقي يفنى عشقي  
وفنائى استغراق  
مملوكك, لكني  
سلطان العشاق

I stomped on the horizons  
My love exhausts my love  
And my extinction is dispersion  
I am yours, but I am the master of lovers

## لا شيء يعجبني

محمود درويش [Mahmoud Darwish]

«لا شيء يُعْجِبُنِي»

يقول مسافرٌ في الباص - لا الراديو  
ولا صُحُفُ الصباح، ولا القلاعُ على التلال

/أريد أن أبكي

يقول السائقُ: انتظرِ الوصولَ إلى المحطّةِ

/واؤبُكِ وحدك ما استطعتَ

تقول سيّدةٌ: أنا أيضاً. أنا لا

شيءٌ يُعْجِبُنِي. دَلَّثْتُ أبني على قبري

/فأعجبه ونام، ولم يُودّعني

يقول الجامعيُّ: ولا أنا، لا شيء

يعجبني. دَرَسْتُ الأركيولوجيا دون أنْ

أَجِدَ الهويّةَ في الحجارة. هل أنا

/حقاً أنا؟

ويقول جنديٌّ: أنا أيضاً. أنا لا

شيءٌ يُعْجِبُنِي. أُحاصِرُ دائماً شَبَحاً

/يُحاصِرُنِي

يقولُ السائقُ العصبيُّ: ها نحن

اقتربنا من محطتنا الأخيرة، فاستعدوا

/...للنزول

، فيصرخون: نريدُ ما بَعْدَ المحطّةِ

فانطلق

أَمّا أنا فأقولُ: أُنزِلُنِي هنا. أنا

مثلهم لا شيءٌ يعجبني، ولكنني تعبْتُ

من السّفَرِ



# *“Nothing Awes Me”*

Mahmoud Darwish, trans. Annie White

“Nothing awes me”

A traveler says on the bus - not the radio, nor the morning papers,  
nor the castle on the hill.

I want to cry

The driver says: Wait to arrive at the station,

And cry alone as much as you can

A lady says: Me too. Nothing awes me.

I led my son to my grave,

he liked it and slept, and he didn't say goodbye

The student says: Me neither. Nothing awes me. I studied archae-  
ology without finding identity in

the stones, am I me, really me?

A soldier says: Me too. Nothing awes me.

I always besiege a ghost

He haunts me

The driver says: here we are, we've almost arrived at our last stop,  
so get ready to get off..

So they scream: We want what is beyond the station, so go!

As for me, I say: Drop me here. I am like them. Nothing awes me,  
but I am tired of traveling.



CHINESE

# 詠柳

賀知章(唐) [He Zhizhang (Tang Dynasty)]

碧玉妝成一樹高，萬條垂下綠絲條。  
不知細葉誰裁出，二月春風似剪刀。

## ***“Write about the willow tree”***

He Zhizhang (Tang Dynasty), trans. Nao Okada

Tall willow trees have grown fresh green leaves,  
light and soft willow branches hanging down.  
Who skillfully trimmed the leaves into thin pieces?  
It must be the spring breeze in February; that cuts the leaves like  
scissors.

## **★ 柳を詠む**

賀知章 (唐) [He Zhizhang],  
trans. Nao Okada (岡田菜緒)

柳の木々は高く伸び、青々と粧っている  
軽やかでやわらかい数えきれないほどの枝々が垂  
れ下がっているいったいだれかこんなに器用に、葉  
を細く切り整えたのか？  
きっと二月の風がはさみのように切り整えたのだ

# 送杜少府之任蜀州

王勃(唐) [Wang Bo (Tang Dynasty)]

城闕輔三秦，風煙望五津。  
與君離別意，同是宦遊人。  
海內存知己，天涯若比鄰。  
無爲在歧路，兒女共沾巾。

## ***“Farewell to Vice-Prefect Du to his post in Shuzhou”***

Wang Bo (Tang Dynasty), trans. Nao Okada (岡田菜緒)

The city is guarded by the area called Sanqin,  
Beyond the wind-blown haze, I see five ferry landings where  
you're going to.  
The farewell to you means a lot;  
We both serve as officials far away from the hometown.  
Having friends who can understand each other in the world is special;  
even if they're on the edge of the sky, they'll feel that they're  
next door.  
So, at this forked road, let's not drench our handkerchief with  
tears like small children.

## **★ 杜少府の任に蜀州に之を送る**

王勃 (唐) [Wang Bo], trans. Nao Okada (岡田菜緒)

この街は三秦の地によって守られている  
霞の向こうに、君が行く五つの渡し場を望むことができる  
この街を離れる君の気持ちは、ぼくと同じだろう  
ぼくたちは役人だから故郷から遠く離れて暮らしている  
この世界に自分のことを理解してくれる人がいるのは特別なんだ  
天の果てほど離れていても、となり近所にいる  
ようなもの だからやめよう、この分かれ道に立って 子どものようにハンカチを涙でいっぱいにするようなことは





FRENCH

# Extrait de

## *Le monolinguisme de l'autre*

Jacques Derrida

Arendt répond de façon à la fois désarmée, naïve et savante quand on l'interroge sur son attachement à la langue allemande. Aura-t-il survécu à l'exil américain, à son enseignement et à ses publications en anglo-américain, et «même aux temps les plus amers»?

*«Toujours... Je me disais: que faire ? Ce n'est tout de même pas la langue allemande qui est devenue folle. Et en second lieu: rien ne peut remplacer la langue maternelle.»*

...

Or ce que Arendt semble ne pas envisager du tout, ce qu'elle semble conjurer, dénier ou forclore le plus naturellement du monde, c'est en un mot plus d'une chose:

- a. D'une part qu'une langue puisse en elle-même devenir folle, voire devenir une folie, la folie elle-même, le lieu de la folie, la folie dans la loi. Arendt ne peut ou ne veut penser cette aberration: pour que les «sujets» d'une langue deviennent «fous», pervers ou diaboliques, mauvais d'un mal radical, il a bien fallu que la langue n'y fût pas pour rien; elle a dû avoir sa part dans ce qui a rendu cette folie possible; un être non parlant, un être sans langue «maternelle» ne peut pas devenir «fou», pervers, méchant, meurtrier, criminel ou diabolique; et si la langue est pour lui autre chose qu'un simple instrument neutre et extérieur (ce que Arendt a raison de supposer, justement, car il faut que la langue soit plus et autre chose qu'un outil pour rester tout le temps, «toujours», avec soi à travers les déplacements et les exils), il faut bien que le citoyen parlant devienne fou *dans* une langue folle — où les mêmes mots perdent ou pervertissent leur sens prétendument

# Excerpt from *The Monolingualism of the Other*

Jacques Derrida, trans. Benjamin DeBisschop

Arendt responds in a manner at once disarmed, naive, and savant when interrogated on her attachment to the German language. Had it survived her exile in America, her teaching and her publications in anglo-american, and “even through the most bitter of times”?

*“Always... I asked myself: what is there to do? It’s certainly not the German language that went mad. And secondly: nothing can replace one’s maternal language.”*

...  
Yet what Arendt seems to not envision at all, what she seems to avoid, deny, or shut down most readily is, in a word, more than one thing:

- a. On the one hand, a language itself can go mad, indeed become a madness, madness itself, the site of madness, madness in law. Arendt cannot or does not want to think of this aberration: for the “subjects” of a language to “go mad”, perverse or diabolical, evil through a radical evil, the language must not have been sitting there idly; it must have had its part in what made this craziness possible; a non-speaking being, a being without a “maternal” language cannot become “mad”, perverse, hateful, murderous, criminal, or diabolical; and if language is something other than a simple instrument, neutral and exterior to this being (which Arendt is right to assume, for language must be more than just a tool for it to stay for all time, “always”, with oneself through displacements and exiles), the speaking citizen must go mad *within* a mad language —where the same words lose or pervert their supposedly common meaning. And we will understand less than nothing of something like Nazism if we exclude, along with language

commun. Et on comprendra moins que rien à quelque chose comme le nazisme si on en exclut, avec la langue et le langage, tout ce qui en est inséparable: ce n'est pas rien, c'est presque tout.

- b. D'autre part et par là même, une mère, la mère de la langue dite «maternelle», il faut aussi qu'elle puisse devenir ou avoir été folle (amnésique, aphasique, délirante). Alors même qu'elle aurait dû y être portée par son propos même (l'unicité irremplaçable de la langue maternelle), ce que, plus en profondeur, Arendt ne semble pas avoir en vue, fût-ce de très loin, ce que peut-être elle n'a pas *voulu* voir, *pu* vouloir voir, c'est qu'il est possible d'avoir une mère folle, une mère «unique» et folle, folle parce que, dans la logique du phantasme, unique. Même si une mère *n'est* pas folle, ne peut-on *avoir* une mère folle ? La relation à la mère serait alors une folie.

and languages, all that is inseparable from it (which is no small part).

- b. On the other hand, a mother, the mother of the language dubbed “maternal”, must also be able to become or have been mad (amnesiac, aphasiac, delirious). So even though she must have been brought to that point by her own language (the irreplaceable uniqueness of one’s mother tongue), what Arendt doesn’t seem to have in view—being quite far from it—what she perhaps didn’t *want* to see, *couldn’t* want to see, is that it is possible to have a crazy mother, a “unique” and crazy mother, crazy *because*, in the logic of fantasies, she is unique. Even if a mother *isn’t* crazy, can’t one *have* a crazy mother? The relationship to the mother would thus be its own craziness.

# Extrait de *Le Passeur*

Stéphanie Coste

## CHAPITRE TREIZE

*Zouara, Libye, 16 octobre 2015*

J'ai mis mon portable en mode silence mais je vois flasher les dizaines d'appels sur le siège passager. Mon regard est obnubilé par l'écran passant du noir aux fulgurances lumineuses à une fréquence insupportable. Je finis par le retourner. Mais ça ne suffit pas à contenter la boule. Une impulsion soudaine me fait stopper sur le bord de la route. J'ouvre la fenêtre et jette de toutes mes forces mon téléphone qui explose en mille morceaux sur le bitume. Puis je redémarre ma caisse et roule en suivant les deux phares du camion devant moi jusqu'à ma station-service habituelle d'OïlLibya. Dans la salle glauque trois pauvres types errent entre les rayons. Il me reste un peu de cash. Malek, le patron, me voit de loin et sans un mot part dans l'arrière-boutique. Je l'attends à la caisse en faisant semblant d'hésiter entre deux paquets de chewing-gums. Menthe bleue ou verte. Il revient avec un petit jerrican rouge, officiellement de l'essence en cas de panne dans le désert.

– Non, mettez-moi un bidon de trois litres cette fois-ci, je pars pour un long voyage.

Il repart dans l'arrière-boutique, la bouche méprisante, qu'il a raison de garder fermée. Quand il revient je paie aussi pour un paquet de clopes.

Ma bagnole me ramène au cabanon. Je chope le khat, le jerrican de gin, et mis à part la vague appréhension qu'Andarg débarque, rien ne m'empêche de continuer à me défoncer en paix. Dans ma piaule à l'envers, comme j'ai tout détruit, je m'assois par terre. Je reprends mon rituel là où je l'ai laissé. Brouter, boire, brouter, boire, pour que les quelques neurones qui me rattachent au présent s'évaporent dans la nuit et ne me laissent qu'avec ma démente. Ma lucidité résistante attend les phares de la bagnole d'Andarg. L'alcool empathique me laisse enfin

# Excerpt from *The Smuggler*

Stéphanie Coste, trans. Andrei Dumitriu

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

*Zuwara, Libya, October 16, 2015*

I put my phone on silent but I see dozens of missed calls flashing on the passenger seat. My eyes obsess over the insufferable rate at which the screen goes from black to blinding flashes.. I end up flipping it over. But it's not enough to calm the knot in my stomach. An impulse suddenly makes me stop on the side of the road. I open the window and, with all my strength, throw my phone out, which shatters into a thousand pieces on the asphalt. Then I start the car again, following the two headlights of the truck in front of me until OilLibya, my regular gas station. In the dreary mart, three losers wander between the aisles. I've got a little bit of cash left. Malek, the boss, sees me from afar and silently goes into the backroom. I wait for him at the register pretending to hesitate between two packs of gum. Green or blue mint. He comes back with a small, red jerrycan, officially for gasoline in case I run out in the desert.

– No, give me a three-liter can this time, I'm leaving for a long trip.

He leaves for the backroom again, with contempt on his lips, but he makes the right decision to keep them shut. When he comes back I also pay for a pack of cigarettes.

My car takes me back to my cabin. I grab the khat, the jerrycan of gin, and aside from the vague worry that Andarg might show up, nothing can stop me from still getting high in peace. In my wrecked room, as I've smashed everything, I sit on the ground. I resume my ritual from where I left off. Chewing, drinking, chewing, drinking, so that the few neurons which link me to the present moment will evaporate into the night and leave me with nothing but my insanity. The remnants of my lucidity wait for Andarg's car's headlights. The empathetic

m'échapper du monde réel pour retrouver ma solitude. Mes godasses jouent à l'équilibre sur le bord du puits. Pourquoi ne pas m'y noyer pour de bon ? Aide-toi encore de ce gin frelaté, du suc du khat, des limites que ton corps a franchies et ne peut plus supporter. Au fond miroite mon reflet immonde qui me sourit de tous ses chicots. Une voix lointaine qui chante une comptine oubliée m'appelle. Elle sort d'une bouche familière dans un visage aux yeux vides. Je suis prêt pour le grand saut. Je plonge dedans les bras en croix, jambes droites, la cruauté intacte, le regret absent. La folie applaudit et la boule me délivre enfin. Au bout d'un temps aussi long que l'éternité, je bois l'ultime gorgée du jerrican. Je l'espère fatale, tout comme j'espère cracher ma dernière giclée de khat, vomir ma dernière pensée, le dernier relent d'une non-vie. Mais au moment où la Fin me reçoit dans ses bras, deux yeux verts phosphorescents me ratrapent et me disent: « Qu'est-ce que tu fous ? »

Je ne me réveille pas sur le sein d'un Diable bienveillant dans son enfer paradisiaque, mais sous la gueule d'Andarg, penchée sur moi. Ibrahim, au-dessus de lui, comme un chapeau posé sur le haut de son crâne, me regarde aussi. Qu'est-ce que je peux dire aux quatre yeux qui attendent de moi des réponses que je n'ai pas ? Je rote pour gagner du temps. Ils se prennent dans la tronche l'haleine de mon overdose ratée.

– Je peux me réveiller tranquille deux secondes ? Ibrahim, mon thé fissa. Andarg attends-moi sur la plage, près du bateau. Je ne veux pas entendre un mot avant que je ne sorte de ma cabane.

Les deux, sentant leur inutilité immédiate, se cassent frustrés. Le plafond tangué, les murs voguent sur des relents de gin. J'observe le bordel de ma piaule, pareil à celui de mes pensées. Je referme les paupières. L'obscurité retrouvée fait un peu de ménage dans mon crâne. Elle atténue momentanément l'appréhension de la journée à venir. Elle suggère de me rendormir. Ce que je m'apprête à faire, reconnaissant, jusqu'à ce que dans un demi-sommeil une évidence plus impérieuse que ma fatigue force la porte de mon chaos et me parle.



alcohol finally lets me escape the real world and find my solitude once again. My shoes balance on the edge of the well. Why shouldn't I let myself drown for good? Help yourself to some more spiked gin, khat juice, limits your body has crossed and can't bear anymore. At the bottom, my vile reflection sparkles and smiles at me with all of its dead teeth. A distant voice singing a forgotten nursery rhyme calls me. It comes out from a familiar mouth on a face with empty eyes. I'm ready for the grand leap. I dive in, my arms crossed, legs straight, cruelty intact, regret absent. The insanity cheers and the knot finally frees me. At the end of what feels like eternity, I drink the last drops from the jerrycan. I hope it's fatal, as I hope to spit out my last khat squirt, vomiting my final thought, the last trace of a non-life. But in the moment where the End welcomes me into its arms, two green, phosphorescent eyes catch me and tell me: "What the hell are you doing?"

I don't wake up on a kind Devil's chest in its heavenly inferno, but beneath Andarg's face, leaning over me. Ibrahim above him, like a hat placed on top of his head, is also looking at me. What can I say to four eyes waiting for answers that I don't have? I burp to gain time. They take a whiff of my failed overdose straight to their faces.

– Can I wake up peacefully for two seconds? Ibrahim, my tea, chop chop. Andarg, wait for me on the beach, near the boat. I don't want to hear a single word before I've come out of the cabin.

Both of them, feeling their immediate uselessness, leave frustrated. The ceiling sways, the walls wobble under the influence of gin. I look at the mess in my room, similar to my thoughts. I close my eyelids again. Regained darkness cleans up my head somewhat. It momentarily alleviates the dread of the coming day. It suggests I go back to sleep. Which I'm about to do, thankfully, until, half asleep, a more urgent sign tires me, forces the door of my chaos open, and speaks to me.

Dehors, ma tronche est grise comme le ciel enfin prêt à déverser sa fureur à gros bouillons, à rappeler qui règne vraiment sur cette côte. Le vent fait déjà du boucan dans les vagues. Le soleil tremblote à l'horizon au gré de la houle. Place à la furie de la mer, à son alliance avec les tempêtes. Je finis par regarder ma montre. Onze heures et demie du matin. Ah si les Érythréens étaient arrivés un jour plus tôt ! Et si dans ce convoi il n'y avait pas eu Madiha et son gosse, ces deux épines qui me labourent le dos ! Mais je suis prêt et déterminé. Mon clebs fidèle, aux aguets devant la porte, m'attend, le thermos de thé à la main. Je bois une longue goulée brûlante avant de lui adresser la parole.

– Où est passé Andarg ?

– Il est un peu plus loin, près du bateau comme tu lui as ordonné, mais il est pas content. Il dit que la tempête se lève trop tôt. Il se demande s'il faut vraiment partir aujourd'hui ?

Je sors une clope. Le briquet ne s'allume pas. Ibrahim se précipite en paravent. Alors que j'exhale la première bouffée, la mer m'envoie un goût de sel que j'avale avec écœurement. Je vois mentalement la centaine de passagers se pissant dessus de terreur, roulant en vrac dans la coque du bateau, partageant leurs vomissements et leurs défécations dans le meilleur des cas. Je les vois surtout dérivant à la surface des flots, leurs estomacs gonflés de flotte, la reine mer les rejetant sur les rivages qui lui chantent.

– Andarg a bien récupéré tout le pognon ?

– Oui Seyoum, à part celui de...

– Je sais. C'est avec lui que j'ai fait le deal pour la traversée. Les autres ont peut-être du bol pour une fois. Si ça se trouve avec lui ils vont s'en sortir.

Je ricane en simulant mon indifférence. Ibrahim enchaîne :

– Andarg veut savoir à quelle heure tu veux lancer le départ. Il a entendu aussi que les Soudanais ont envoyé leur cargaison la nuit dernière après... heu... ce qui s'est passé. C'est ce qu'il voulait te dire tout à l'heure.

Il ajoute craintivement :

– C'est juste pour info.

Outside, my face is gray like the sky, finally ready to unleash its fury in strong winds, to remind us who actually rules the coast. The wind is already making commotion in the waves. The sun flickers on the horizon carried along by the swell. Make room for the sea's fury and in allegiance to the storms. I finally look at my watch. Eleven thirty in the morning. Ah, if only the Eritreans had arrived a day earlier! And if only Madiha and her kid weren't in this group, these two thorns in my side! But I'm ready and determined. My loyal dog, guarding the front door, is waiting for me, with the tea thermos in hand. I take a long, burning swig before speaking to him.

– Where's Andarg gone?

– He's a little further, near the boat as you told him, but he's not happy. He says that the storm is rising too soon. He wonders if we should really be leaving today.

I take out a cigarette. The lighter doesn't work. Ibrahim becomes a screen against the wind. While I exhale the first puff, I taste and swallow the sea mist with disgust. Mentally, I see the one hundred passengers pissing themselves in terror, rolling loosely in the ship's hull, sharing their vomit and defecation in the best case scenario. I mostly see them drifting on the surface of the waves, their stomachs inflated by water, the queen sea rejecting them on the shores that she chooses.

– Did Andarg get all of the money back?

– Yeah Seyoum, other than the...

– I know. I made the deal for the crossing with him.

The others might be lucky for once. Maybe they'll make it with him.

I chuckle, trying to simulate my indifference. Ibrahim continues:

– Andarg wants to know when you want to leave. He also heard that the Sudanese sent their shipment last night after... uh... what happened. That's what he wanted to tell you earlier.

He adds fearfully:

– It's just for your information.

– Va lui parler. Dis-lui de m'apporter le pognon. Je veux lui parler seul à seul.

– Mais je crois qu'il l'a déjà mis en sûreté dans le coffre de ta villa, comme d'habitude...

– Eh bien on va changer les habitudes. Depuis quand tu discutes mes ordres ? Grouille-toi. Regarde la mer, on a pas de temps à perdre.

Il ne réagit pas. Je ne supporte pas son air de me dire tout va bien se passer, tu verras je suis là. Il veut me sauver, me faire croire encore que je ne suis pas définitivement voué aux bas-fonds de l'enfer... Il reste debout face à moi avec ses yeux mouillés d'empathie.

– T'es sourd ou quoi ? Tire-toi!

Andarg débarque trente minutes plus tard. Il me tend la liasse de biftons sans plus chercher de logique à mes sautes de décision. Il mastique son chewing-gum dans l'attente d'une nouvelle lubie de ma part. Je lui propose de s'installer sous un des palmiers derrière le cabanon. Il s'adosse au tronc rêche sans broncher. Je m'assois à côté de lui, épaule contre épaule. Je lui tends une clope et m'en prends une. On fume en silence en guise d'introduction à la discussion. Puis j'enfonce mon mégot dans le sable, histoire de clore ce petit moment fraternel. En face de nous, les palmes du dattier s'aplatissent sous une violente bourrasque, se redressent dans le ciel, puis s'aplatissent à nouveau. Elles m'évoquent de grands bras envoyant des signaux de détresse.

– Je me casse Andarg.

Je continue à observer les SOS des palmes en lui lâchant cette info. Un tressaillement de son épaule contre la mienne m'envoie la décharge de sa panique.

– Tu veux dire pour de bon ?

Sa voix tremble sans doute, mais une rafale balaie ce détail. Andarg reste lui aussi concentré sur la bataille du palmier contre les éléments. Il évite mon regard.

– Oui pour de bon.

Une pause s'installe aussi longue qu'une digestion difficile. Il ne s'attendait pas à ce genre d'information. Je lui laisse le temps d'encaisser.

– Go talk to him. Tell him to bring me the money. I want to talk to him one-on-one.

– But I think he's already locked the money away in your safe, as usual...

– Well then we'll change the rules. Since when do you question my orders? Get a move on. Look at the sea, we don't have time to waste.

He doesn't respond. I can't stand his tone, trying to tell me that everything will be okay, you'll see I'm here. He wants to save me, to convince me that I'm not permanently destined for the depths of hell... He stands in front of me with his eyes, tearing with empathy.

– Are you deaf or what? Beat it!

Andarg shows up thirty minutes later. He hands me a wad of cash without looking for a logic in my erratic orders. He chews his gum, waiting for a new whim from me. I suggest we sit under one of the palm trees behind the cabin. He leans against a rough trunk, not saying anything. I sit down next to him, shoulder to shoulder. I hand him a cigarette and take one for myself. We smoke silently as an opening to our discussion. Then I sink my cigarette butt into the sand, as a way to close off this brief, fraternal moment. In front of us, a date palm's leaves lie flat under a violent gust of wind, straighten out in the sky, then lie back down. They make me think of long arms sending out a distress signal.

– I'm getting outta here, Andarg.

I continue looking at the SOS signals from the leaves as I give him this information. His shoulder shivers against mine, tipping me off about his panic.

– You mean for good?

His voice trembles without a doubt, but a gust sweeps away this detail. Andarg also stays concentrated on the battle of the palm tree against the elements. He avoids my eyes.

– Yeah, for good.

A pause settles in as long as a difficult digestion. He wasn't expecting this kind of information. I give him time to process.

– How do you plan to do that? And where are you going? Have you made plans?

– Comment tu comptes faire ? Et tu pars où ? Tu t'es organisé ?

– J'ai deux ou trois trucs à régler, mais dans l'ensemble oui.

Je m'écarte un peu pour lui faire face. Il s'obstine à se focaliser sur la ténacité des branches qui plient mais ne cassent pas. Je pose une main sur son bras. Il se retourne vers moi sans cacher son mécontentement.

– Depuis quand tu as pris cette décision ?

J'élude la question d'un geste vague.

– Ça n'a pas d'importance. Ce qui est important c'est d'avoir remis les choses en ordre hier soir, et que je refile le business à quelqu'un en qui j'ai confiance.

Il ne relève pas, attendant certainement la confirmation de la nouvelle.

– Oui Andarg, c'est toi qui vas prendre la suite. Je te passe les rênes, définitivement. Je vais même te filer ma baraque dans le package. Je ne remettrai jamais les pieds dans ce bled pourri.

– Depuis que je te connais, c'est toi le boss. Tu comprends toutes les règles. Tout le monde te respecte, fait ce que tu dis. Pourquoi partir maintenant ? T'as monté un autre business ailleurs, plus gros ?

J'éclate de rire pour rebondir sur l'absurdité de sa dernière réflexion. Il ne se démonte pas.

– Allez vas-y Seyoum, dis-moi, je te promets j'en parlerai à personne. T'as trouvé un meilleur spot c'est ça ? Je comprendrais tu sais. Ici ça devient la jungle, on peut plus faire du business dans les règ...

– Ta gueule Andarg. Ta gueule. T'as rien compris.

– J'ai pas compris quoi ?

Je prends une grande inspiration :

– C'est moi qui vais diriger la traversée.

– I’ve got two or three things to sort out, but for the most part yeah.

I move aside a little to face him. He continues to focus on the tenacious branches that bend but don’t break. I put my hand on his arm. He turns towards me without hiding his frustration.

– How long ago did you make this decision?

I avoid the question with a vague gesture.

– It doesn’t matter. What’s important was putting things in order last night, and that I leave the business to someone whom I trust.

He doesn’t seem to get it, probably waiting for the confirmation of the news.

– Yes Andarg, you’re the one who’s gonna take over. I’m passing you the reign, for good. I’ll even give you my cabin in the package. I’ll never set foot in this rotten dump again.

– Since I’ve known you, you’re the boss. You understand all of the rules. Everyone respects you, does what you want. Why leave now? Have you set up another business somewhere else, even bigger?

I burst out laughing because of the absurdity of his last thought. He’s not embarrassed.

– Come on Seyoum, tell me, I promise I won’t tell anyone. You’ve found a better spot is that it? I’d understand, you know. It’s becoming the jungle here, we can’t do business as reg...

– Shut up Andarg. Shut up. You didn’t understand anything.

– What didn’t I understand?

I take a deep breath in:

– I’m the one who’s going to lead the crossing.

# *“Kraft Dinner”*

Lisa LeBlanc

Faudrait pas dire ça à personne  
Mais j'aimerais ça t'écrire des poèmes  
Avec des beaux mots qu'on comprend pas  
Ni un ni l'autre  
J'aimerais ça qu'on s'fasse une soirée  
Avec des p'tites fleurs pis des chandelles  
Mais j'trouve ça quétaine pour mourir  
Pis toi aussi

Au pire, on rira ensemble  
On mangera du Kraft Dinner  
C'est tout c'qu'on a d'besoin

Au pire, on rira ensemble  
On mangera du Kraft Dinner  
C'est tout c'qu'on a d'besoin

J'aimerais ça danser un slow avec toi  
Mais on est tous les deux trop maladroits  
J'aurais peur d'te marcher d'ssus pis t'casser un orteil  
J'aimerais ça qu'on se regarde dans les yeux pis qu'on s'dise des belles  
affaires  
Ça sortira p't'être tout à l'envers  
Mais au moins, nous autres, on s'comprendra

Au pire, on rira ensemble  
On mangera du Kraft Dinner  
C'est tout c'qu'on a d'besoin

Au pire, on rira ensemble



## *“Kraft Dinner”*

Lisa LeBlanc, trans. Isabelle Kline

Can't tell anyone  
But I'd like to write you poems  
With pretty words that we don't understand  
Neither of us  
I'd like to plan ourselves an evening  
With little flowers and candles  
But I find that cheesy enough to die  
And so do you

At worst, we'll laugh together  
We'll eat Kraft dinners  
That's all we need

At worst, we'll laugh together  
We'll eat Kraft dinners  
That's all we need

I'd like to slow dance with you,  
But we're both too clumsy  
I'd be afraid of stepping on you and breaking your toe  
I'd like to stare into each other's eyes and tell each other grand things  
It might come out all wrong  
But at least, you and me, we'll understand each other

At worst, we'll laugh together  
We'll eat Kraft dinners  
That's all we need

At worst, we'll laugh together

On mangera du Kraft Dinner  
C'est tout c'qu'on a d'besoin

J'ai l'cœur qu'a engraisé, mais c'correct  
De toute façon, y était rendu trop maigre  
J'ai l'cœur qu'a engraisé, mais c'correct  
De toute façon, y était rendu trop maigre

We'll eat Kraft dinners  
That's all we need

My heart has grown fat, but that's ok  
Anyway, it had been too thin  
My heart has grown fat, but that's ok  
Anyway, it had been too thin



GEORGIAN

# Excerpt from *The Origins of Totalitarianism*

Hannah Arendt

Just as terror, even in its pre-total, merely tyrannical form ruins all relationships between men, so the self-compulsion of ideological thinking ruins all relationships with reality. The preparation has succeeded when people have lost contact with their fellow men as well as the reality around them; for together with these contacts, men lose the capacity of both experience and thought. The ideal subject of totalitarian rule is not the convinced Nazi or the convinced Communist, but people for whom the distinction between fact and fiction {i.e., the reality of experience) and the distinction between true and false {i.e., the standards of thought) no longer exist.

*Chapter 13: "Ideology and Terror: A Novel Form of Government"*

**\* Excerpt from**  
**ტოტალიტარიზმის**  
**წარმოშობა**

Hannah Arendt, trans. *Luka Gotsiridze & Maia Menabde*

როგორც ტერორი, მისი ყველაზე ადრეული ტირანული გამოვლინებითაც კი, ანგრევს ადამიანებს შორის ყველა ურთიერთობას, ისე იდეოლოგიური აზროვნების თვითიძულებითი ძალა ამსხვრევს ყველანაირ კავშირს რეალობასთან. ტირანია წარმატებას აღწევს მაშინ, როდესაც ადამიანები ერთდროულად სცილდებიან თანამემამულეებსა და მათ გარშემო არსებულ რეალობას; ამ კავშირის გაწყვეტასთან ერთად, ადამიანები კარგავენ განცდისა და აზროვნების უნარს. ტოტალიტარული მმართველობის იდეალური ქვეშევრდომები არიან არა ურყევი ნაცისტები ან კომუნისტები, არამედ ადამიანები, რომლებისთვისაც განსხვავება ფაქტსა და გამოგონილს, ჭეშმარიტსა და ყალბს შორის აღარ არსებობს.

(მე-13 თავიდან: “იდეოლოგია და ტერორი: მმართველობის ახალი ფორმა”)





GERMAN

## *“execution der excusion”*

Franz Mon

man soll  
man sollte  
man sollte mal  
man sollte doch mal  
man sollte doch noch mal  
man sollte doch noch einmal wieder

jeder soll ein mann

man sollte  
man hat gesollt  
man hatte gesollt  
man hatte gesollt zu haben  
man hatte gesollt haben müssen  
man wird gesollt haben müssen

gedanken sind sollfrei

jeder soll es sollen  
jeder soll es selbst sollen  
jeder soll es selbst wieder sollen  
jeder soll es selbst wieder gesollt haben  
jeder soll es selbst wieder gesollt haben müssen

## *“execution of the excusion”*

Franz Mon, trans. Owen Morrissey

one shall  
one ought  
one really ought  
one really ought nevertheless  
one really ought nevertheless again  
one really ought nevertheless again once more

everyone should be a man

one is supposed to  
one was supposed to  
one had been supposed to  
one had been supposed to have  
one had to have been supposed to  
one will have to have been supposed to

thought is dutyfree

everyone should should it  
everyone should themselves should it  
everyone should themselves again should it  
everyone should have themselves again should it  
everyone should have to have themselves again should it

# “Die zwei Rhapsodien von Claude Debussy”

Dávid Kéringer

## (Abstrakt)

Das Ziel mit dem vorliegenden Artikel ist die zwei Musikstücke des Komponisten Claude Debussy, nämlich die *Première Rhapsodie für Klarinette* und die *Rapsodie pour orchestre et saxophone* für Saxofon vorzustellen.

Obwohl beide Stücke ähnliche Titel besitzen, gibt es wesentliche Unterschiede zwischen den Ursprungsgeschichten.

— —

Claude Debussy wurde am 22. August 1862 in Frankreich geboren. Sein Talent war ziemlich früh offensichtlich und rückblickend auf seine berufliche Laufbahn kann er als einer der führenden Komponisten um die Wende des 20. Jahrhunderts betrachtet werden. Im Alter von 10 Jahren studierte er schon Klavier am Conservatoire de Paris und zwei Jahre später begann er seine eigene Musik zu komponieren.

Später, schon als Mitglied im Conseil Supérieur (Oberster Rat) am Conservatoire de Paris, war er von dem hohen Niveau der Klarinettenklasse des Institutes begeistert. Diese Inspiration führte zur zweimonatigen, erfolgreichen Kompositionsphase der *Première Rhapsodie pour clarinette* zwischen Dezember 1909 und Jänner 1910.

Das Saxofonstück hatte eine Reise mit viel mehr Abenteuer. Im Gegensatz zum Klarinettenstück brauchte er ungefähr zehn Jahre – von 1901 bis 1911, – um seine Skizze für die *Rapsodie pour*

# “*The Two Rhapsodies by Claude Debussy*”

Dávid Kéringer

## (Abstract)

The goal of the article is to present two pieces of music composed by Claude Debussy, namely the *Première Rhapsodie for clarinet* and the *Rhapsodie pour orchestre et saxophone* for saxophone.

Although both works have similar titles, there are key differences between the origin stories.

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Claude Debussy was born on August 22, 1862, in France. His talent was evident quite early and looking back on his professional career he can be considered one of the leading composers at the turn of the 20th century. At the age of 10, he was already studying piano at the Conservatoire de Paris and two years later he began to compose his own music.

Later, as a member of the Conseil Supérieur (Supreme Council) at the Conservatoire de Paris, he was enthusiastic about the high level of the institute’s clarinet class. This inspiration led to the two-month-long and successful composition phase of the *Première Rhapsodie* between December 1909 and January 1910.

The saxophone piece had a much more adventurous journey. In contrast to its clarinet counterpart, it took him about ten years – from 1901 to 1911 – to create his sketch for the *Rapsodie pour orchestre et saxophone*. Knowing Debussy’s correspondence, one can rightly conclude that the process was far from his favorite pastimes. The composer, who was busy at the time with the

orchestre et saxophone zu erschaffen. Debussys Korrespondenz wissend, kann man zu Recht den Schluss ziehen, dass das Schreiben des Stückes weit weg von seinen Lieblingsbeschäftigungen entfernt war. Der Komponist, der damals gleichzeitig mit der Premiere seiner Oper *Pelléas et Mélisande* beschäftigt war und sich auch mit seinem vorherigen Verlag in einem laufenden Rechtsstreit befand, – in dem finanzielle Unterstützung natürlich hilfreich war, – akzeptierte sofort den Auftrag der französisch-amerikanischen Amateursaxophonistin Elise Hall, ein Saxofonstück zu komponieren. Später schrieb er Folgendes in seinem Brief:

*„In Anbetracht dessen, dass diese „Fantasie“ beauftragt, bezahlt und das Geld vor mehr als einem Jahr ausgegeben wurde, könnte man sagen, dass ich hinterher bin – die Idee interessierte mich nicht sonderlich, aber sonst hätte ich dir nicht so einen schönen Brief schreiben können. Das Saxofon ist ein Tier mit einem Rohrblatt, dessen Besonderheiten für mich weitgehend unbekannt sind.“<sup>1</sup>*

Die Uraufführung fand 1919, nach Debussys Tod 1918 und nach der Vervollständigung des Werkes durch von Jean Roger-Ducasse statt. Die beiden Geschichten kamen mit 8 Jahren Unterschied schließlich zusammen – die Konzertpremieren der Rhapsodien wurden im selben Pariser Konzertsaal, im Salle Gaveau veranstaltet.

Trotz alledem nahmen beide Kompositionen ihren prominenten Platz im Repertoire des jeweiligen Instruments ein, Klarinetten\_innen und Saxophonist\_innen erhielten die Chance, Meisterwerke dieses großartigen Komponisten kennenzulernen und die Musiktradition dieser Zeit pflegen zu können.

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<sup>1</sup> Claude Debussy, *Correspondance. Debussy to Andre' Messager*, 8 June 1903, ed. François Lesure, Denis Herlin, & Georges Liébert Paris 2005 S. 758.

premier of his opera *Pelléas et Mélisande*, happened to be in a pending legal dispute with his previous publisher as well, for which any financial support would have been helpful. Without a thought, he accepted a commission for a saxophone piece from the French-American amateur saxophonist, Elise Hall. He later wrote the following in his letter:

*“Considering this “Fantasy” was commissioned, paid for, and the money spent more than a year ago, you could say I’m behindhand – for one thing the idea didn’t interest me greatly, and for another, I wouldn’t otherwise have been able to write you such a fine letter. The saxophone is a reedy animal with whose habits I’m largely unfamiliar.”*<sup>2</sup>

The premiere took place in 1919, only after Debussy’s death in 1918 and after the completion of the score by Jean Roger-Ducasse. The two stories eventually met each other 8 years apart - the Rhapsodies’ concert premieres were held in the same Parisian concert hall, the Salle Gaveau.

Despite all this, both compositions took their prominent place in the repertoire of the respective instrument, clarinetists and saxophonists got the chance to familiarize themselves with masterpieces of this great composer and to preserve the musical traditions of the time.

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<sup>2</sup> Claude Debussy, *Correspondance. Debussy to Andre’ Messager*, 8 June 1903, ed. François Lesure, Denis Herlin, & Georges Liébert Paris 2005 p. 758.

# *“Sebastian im Traum”* (1914)

Georg Trakl

Für Adolf Loos

Mutter trug das Kindlein im weißen Mond,  
Im Schatten des Nußbaums, uralten Hollunders,  
Trunken vom Saft des Mohns, der Klage der Drossel;  
Und stille  
Neigte in Mitleid sich über jene ein bärtiges Antlitz

Leise im Dunkel des Fensters; und altes Hausgerät  
Der Väter  
Lag im Verfall; Liebe und herbstliche Träumerei.

Also dunkel der Tag des Jahrs, traurige Kindheit,  
Da der Knabe leise zu kühlen Wassern, silbernen Fischen hinab-  
stieg,  
Ruh und Antlitz;  
Da er steinern sich vor rasende Rappen warf,  
In grauer Nacht sein Stern über ihn kam;

Oder wenn er an der frierenden Hand der Mutter  
Abends über Sankt Peters herbstlichen Friedhof ging,  
Ein zarter Leichnam stille im Dunkel der Kammer lag  
Und jener die kalten Lider über ihn aufhob.

Er aber war ein kleiner Vogel im kahlen Geist,  
Die Glocke lang im Abendnovember,  
Des Vaters Stille, da er im Schlaf die dämmernde Wendeltreppe  
hinabstieg.



## *“Sebastian in a Dream”* (1914)

Georg Trakl, trans. Onur Oztemir (Amherst)

For Adolf Loos

Mother carried the child beneath the white moon,  
In the shadow of the nut tree, ancient elderberry,  
Intoxicated by the juice of poppies, the lament of the thrush;  
And quietly  
A bearded countenance leaned in pity over them in the darkness  
of the window,

Old household items  
Of the fathers  
Lay in decay; love and autumnal reverie.

So dark the day of the year, sad childhood,  
When the boy quietly descended to cool waters, silver fish,  
Rest and countenance;  
When he threw himself stony before raging horses,  
In grey night his star came over him;

Or when he walked with his mother's freezing hand  
Evening over St. Peter's autumnal cemetery,  
A tender body lay still in the darkness of the chamber,  
And she lifted the cold lids over him.

But he was a little bird in the bare mind,  
The bell long in the evening of November,  
The father's silence as he descended the dim spiral staircase in his  
sleep.

Frieden der Seele. Einsamer Winterabend,  
 Die dunklen Gestalten der Hirten am alten Weiher;  
 Kindlein in der Hütte von Stroh; o wie leise  
 Sank in schwarzem Fieber das Antlitz hin  
 Heilige Nacht.

Oder wenn er an der harten Hand des Vaters  
 Stille den finstern Kalvarienberg hinanstieg  
 Und in dämmernden Felsennischen  
 Die blaue Gestalt des Menschen durch seine Legende ging,  
 Aus der Wunde unter dem Herzen purpurn das Blut rann.  
 O wie leise stand in dunkler Seele das Kreuz auf.

Liebe; da in schwarzen Winkeln der Schnee schmolz  
 Ein blaues Lüftchen sich heiter im alten Hollunder fing,  
 In dem Schattengewölbe des Nußbaums;  
 Und dem Knaben leise sein rosiger Engel erschien.

Freude; da in kühlen Zimmern eine Abendsonate erklang,  
 Im braunen Holzgebälk  
 Ein blauer Falter aus der silbernen Puppe kroch.

O die Nähe des Todes. In steinerner Mauer  
 Neigte sich ein gelbes Haupt, schweigend das Kind,  
 Da in jenem März der Mond verfiel.

Rosige Osterglocke im Grabgewölbe der Nacht  
 Und die Silberstimmen der Sterne,  
 Daß in Schauern ein dunkler Wahnsinn von der Stirne des Schlä-  
 fers sank.

## 2

Peace of the soul. Lonely winter evening,  
The dark figures of the shepherds at the old pond;  
Child in the straw hut; oh how quietly  
The face sank in black fever  
Holy night.

Or when he quietly ascended the dark Calvary hill  
At the hard hand of his father  
And in dim rock niches  
The blue figure of the man walked through his legend,  
From the wound under his heart the blood ran purple.  
Oh how quietly the cross stood in his dark soul.

Love; when in black corners the snow melted  
A blue breeze caught itself cheerfully in the old elderberry,  
In the shadow vault of the nut tree;  
And the boy's rosy angel appeared to him quietly.

Joy; when in cool rooms an evening sonata sounded,  
In the brown wooden beams  
A blue butterfly crawled out of the silver cocoon.

Oh the closeness of death. In stone walls  
A yellow head leaned, the child silent,  
When in that March the moon decayed.

## 3

Rosy Easter bell in the vault of night  
And the silver voices of the stars,  
So that a dark madness sank from the sleeper's forehead in shudders.

O wie stille ein Gang den blauen Floß hinab  
Vergessenes sinnend, da im grünen Geäst  
Die Drossel ein Fremdes in den Untergang rief.

Oder wenn er an der knöchernen Hand des Greisen  
Abends vor die verfallene Mauer der Stadt ging  
Und jener in schwarzem Mantel ein rosiges Kindlein trug,  
Im Schatten des Nußbaums der Geist des Bösen erschien.

Tasten über die grünen Stufen des Sommers. O wie leise  
Verfiel der Garten in der braunen Stille des Herbstes,  
Duft und Schwermut des alten Hollunders,  
Da in Sebastians Schatten die Silberstimme des Engels erstarb.

Oh how quietly a walk went down the blue raft,  
Forgetting thoughtfully, as in the green branches  
The thrush called a stranger into the setting sun.

Or when he went to the ruined city wall in the evening with the  
bony hand of the old man  
And he carried a rosy child in a black cloak,  
In the shadow of the nut tree the spirit of evil appeared.

Feeling over the green steps of summer. Oh how quietly  
The garden fell into the brown stillness of autumn,  
Fragrance and melancholy of the old elderberry,  
When in Sebastian's shadow the silver voice of the angel died.



HEBREW

# מדינה קטנה

מילים: דני סנדרסון  
לחן: דני סנדרסון ויוני רכטר

במקום די רחוק, קרוב לכאן  
אספנו את עצמנו  
הבאנו חברינו  
ולא אמרנו מי ומה

בדרום בצפון או במרכז  
שכרנו קצת שמים  
דמעות הביאו מים  
פתחנו ארץ חדשה

מדינה קטנה מתחמקת מצרה  
את הכתובת לא תמצא  
היא שמורה בתוך קופסה  
בעולם כל כך קשה  
להתבלט זה לא יפה  
נתחבא כאן ולנצח לא נצא

שני בתים, שני סוסים, שלושה עצים  
נוסעים תמיד ברגל  
שרים שירים בלי דגל  
נושמים שנים ללא סיבה

מלחמות אסונות חולפים בצד  
אנחנו בתוכנו  
וכל מה שאצלנו  
תמיד ניתן למחיקה

... מדינה קטנה

יום אחד אם כדאי אולי נצא  
כל עוד נעמוד לאורך  
אני לא מרגיש ת; צורך  
. נחיה נמות ואז נראה  
...מדינה קטנה



## *“Little State of Mine”*

Kavaret (lyrics by Dan Sanderson), trans. Liri Ronen

In a place, far away, quite close to here,  
We found ourselves among, the friends we brought along,  
And didn'tt say who's who and what

In the South, in the North, and in between,  
We rented out some sky, our tears made wet from dry,  
We opened up a brand-new land

Little state of mine, hardly staying out of harm  
With its address in a box, so that no one else could find  
In a world as cruel as ours, we must try not to stand out  
So we'll hide here and we'll never dare to scout

Houses two, horses two, and three whole trees  
Everywhere you drive by foot, sing songs without a flag or book,  
We breath for years without a cause

Warfare comes, crisis goes, they pass us by,  
We keep ourselves secluded, and everything included  
Can always be easily erased

Little state of mine...

Then one day, if we should,  
We might go out,  
As long as we stand long, no need to keep us strong,  
So live and die, and then we'll see.

Little State of mine...



HUNGARIAN

# “Méz”

Garaczi László

A leghatározottabban ki szeretném jelteni, hogy nincs Mézem. Jó is volna!

A liberálisok szisszenve kapnak a fejükhöz, a radikálisok arcát eltorzítja a hisztérikus igyekezet, hogy ne látszódjék, mennyire elégedettek a válaszómmal. A karzaton ülő ügyvédbojtárok kezüket mélyen a nadrágzsebükbe fúrják, és önfeledt mogyorózásba kezdenek, míg másik kezükkel útnak indítják papirrepülőiket a pulpitus felé. Miért pont ilyen fehér a papírlap?, kiáltja közbe valaki és az expozé félbeszakad.

— — — — — A Méz szintje az 1. perc után. — — — — —

Nem bírtam én ezeknek a búskomorságoknak soha még a szagát se. Akkoriban egy liberális hamisított kiutalással beköltözött az arcomba. Azt mondta, vidáman kell élni és topantani, boldogan elvenni. Lustig sein. Mondhatom, ritka az ilyen illedelmes ember. Kinyitotta a száját, kinézett a szememen, ha arra jött egy radikális, kiöltötte rá a nyelvemet. Valakire így is hasonlítok, mindenki a másik, senki sem önmaga. Később a Szülészeti Osztályon találkoztam vele, nem akartam, hogy megneszelje lányos zavaromat a paraszolvencia miatt, megvetően elmosolyodtam (mint aki egy csöpp mézhez vödör epét kever), kivillant hófehér és hibátlan agyvelőm.

— — — — — A Méz szintje az 2. perc után. — — — — —

Néhány év múlva a távszergyártónál voltam fénykösörűs és gyorsító vasded. Nehéz volt, de megbecsültek, megkaptam a “jól dolgozó dolgozó” kitüntentést; legalább munka közben én beszéltem ki a számon, nem ez a kókler. Hiába, ujjászületek mindig.

## “Honey”

László Garaczi, trans. David Taylor-Demeter

I would like to report with utmost certainty that I don't possess Honey. *How nice would it be!*

The liberals hiss in disbelief, the faces of radicals become distorted by their hysterical attempt not to seem pleased with my answer. The law clerks sitting on the balcony drill their hands deep into their pockets and immersively start fondling their nuts, while with the other hand, they set off their paper airplanes toward the pulpit. Why does a sheet of paper have this exact whiteness?, someone shouts, and the exposé abruptly ends.

— — — — — Honey-level after 1 minute. — — — — —

I couldn't even bear the smell of these melancholy souls. Back then, a liberal with a fake permit moved into my face. He said, *one has to live merrily and stomp around, take away happily. Lustig sein.* I can say that *such a decent man is indeed rare.* He opened my mouth, saw through my eyes and when a radical walked by, stuck out my tongue at him. I resemble someone even like this, everyone is the other, no one is themselves. Later, I encountered him at the Maternity Ward, I didn't want him to suspect my girl-ish embarrassment due to my parasolvency, so I put on a scornful smile (like someone who mixes a drop of honey with a bucket of bile), my flawless, snow-white brains flashed out.

— — — — — Honey-level after 2 minutes. — — — — —

A couple years later at the tele-manufacturer I was a light-grinder and an acceleratory metalbabe. It was hard work but I was valued. I received the distinction of “laborious laborer.” At least while working, it was me who was talking through my mouth, not that charlatan. Alas, I am always reborn.

— — — — — A Méz szintje az 3. perc után. — — — — —

Mikor a Mézről kérdeztek, élőhalottnak tettem magam, hogy hagyjanak békén. Mutattam a sebet a combomon. Á, mondták, maga specialista!... Miért nem ezzel kezdte?

Megvizsgálták a fejformámat, majd addig kapacitáltak, míg beleegyeztem, hogy a Hungaronektár Kongresszuson is elmondom, amit tudok, ahol aztán a leghatározottabban kijelentettem, hogy nincs Mézem.

Másnap azt hittem, megüt a guta. Két színész nyilatkozott a rádióban, a Véres László és a Tahiti Ilona, hogy az ötvenes évek elején jogtalanul beköltöztem az arcukba, és bizonyítékuk van rá, hogy ma is Mézet rejtegetek a lakásomon.

Mi mást tehetnék? Felrobbantam a Mézemet, és meghalok vele együtt, vagy rábeszélem, hogy disszidáljon. Sokáig néztem, de nem mertem megnyalni.

Végül összecsavaroztam, és visszacsúsztattam a helyére. Arra gondoltam, régebben sirály voltam, azelőtt vadmurók, azelőtt malachit.

— — — — — A Méz szintje az 4. perc után. — — — — —

A radikálisok fullánkjától és a liberálisok szívókáitól ments meg, Uram, gondoltam, és kiléptem a kapun. Meglepő kép fogadott. Kelet Párizsa, Budapest egy gigantikus méretű átlátszó csupor alján állt, a Hungaronektár ügynökei pedig éppen azon buzgolódtak, hogy elárasszák grizes akácmézzel. Fölépítik az embereket, kellő humorérzék híján a rendőrséget is. Az utcák, egyelőre, üresen kongtak, sehol egy lélek.

*Mi az, itt maradjak egyedül?*

— — — — — Honey-level after 3 minutes. — — — — —

When I was asked about my Honey, I pretended to be a zombie so that they would leave me alone. I showed the wound on my thigh. Ah, they said, but you're a specialist!... Why didn't you start with this?

The shape of my head was examined, then they coaxed me into talking at the Hungaroneectar Convention so that I could explain to them what I knew and declare with utmost certainty that I did not possess Honey.

The day after, I thought my head was boiling. Two actors were interviewed on the radio, László Véres and Ilona Tahiti, and they claimed that at the beginning of the fifties, I illegally inhibited their mutual face and that they have evidence that I currently withhold secret Honey reserves in my apartment.

What else could I possibly do? I will blow up my Honey and die with it, or I could convince it to defecting. I was looking at it for a long time, but I did not dare to lick it.

I bolted my Honey at last and slid it back in its place. I was thinking that long ago I was a seagull, and before that, I was a wild carrot, and before that, I was malachite.

— — — — — Honey-level after 4 minutes. — — — — —

Save me from the radicals' darts and the liberals' blow pipes, oh Lord, I thought, and walked out the door onto the street. I was pleasantly surprised by the view. Budapest, Paris of the East, was at the bottom of a gigantic, translucent jar, and the Hungaroneectar agents were bustling to flood it with thick acacia honey. They would replace the people, as well as, due to lacking a much-needed sense of humor, the police. The streets, for now, were empty, not a soul present.

What? Should I be left here alone?

— — — — — A Méz szintje az 5. perc után. — — — — —

Órákig lebegek a Turul madár védőszárnyai alatt: napszálltakor a legerősebb a Mézellenállási együtttható. Végigfekszem a hulladékon, puha eléggé. Néhány barátságos szót intézek a hidon összeverődött tömeghez, könnyeikkel küszködő, meghatott rokonaimhoz, gyerekkori barátomra hagyományozom a selyemcukorka- és mézeskalács gyűjteményemet. Ki kér egy nyalást, kérdezem, mire nagyot nyelnek, de egyikük se válaszol.

— — — — — A Méz szintje az 6. perc után. — — — — —

Egy fiatal nő átlátszó nankingruhában utat tör magának. Jesszum Pepi, kiáltja, mit csinálsz ott, elment az eszed?—Soha nem láttam azelőtt. Könnyecseppek buggyannak elő a szeméből, és azt mondja mézesmázos hangon, hogy csak a próbára akarta tenni a hűségemet. Valamit tennem kell örömömben. Lenézek döglött sirályt sodor a víz. Tíz arasszal a hullámok fölött széttárom a karom, és azt hiszem, hogy ordíthatok végre kedvemre. De a fickándozó, és a ruhán átmézlő mellbimbók látványától felheccelt tömeg egy teleszkópos horgászbót kerít valahonnan, és visszaemel a hídra. Ilyet csinálni a mézeshetek alatt, sziszegik, és fenyegetően körbeállnak.

— — — — — A Méz szintje az 7. perc után. — — — — —

Mit érzett akkor?, kezdezi a riporter.—Mit érzett akkor, élet és halál mezsgyéjén?—Az úgy történt, hazudom, hogy sétálok az Edinával a Dunakorzón... Erika!, kiáltja közbe egy hang... Erikával a Dunakorzón, kart karba öltve, gyanútlanul, és egyszer csak érzem, hogy a titkos térdzoknim, melyet a zsebemből egy madzaggal irányítok, aláhull, mint ősszel a falevél.

Na, mondom, ebből puszimegvonás lesz. Erika még nem sejt semmit, mert a nadrágomnak a szára eltakarja a lábamnak a szárát, de a bokám környékén képződő alaktalan



— — — — — Honey-level after 5 minutes. — — — — —

I float for hours under the protective wings of the Turul: the Honey-resistance coefficient is the strongest at sunrise. *I lay down on the heap of trash, it is quite soft.* I address the crowd that gathered on the bridge with a few words, my deeply-moved relatives who are struggling with tears, my childhood friend to whom I bequeath my candy and gingerbread collection. Who wants a bite, I ask; they swallow, but nobody responds.

— — — — — Honey-level after 6 minutes. — — — — —

A young woman dressed in transparent nankeen cotton makes her way through the crowd. Jeez, she cries out, what are you doing here, have you lost your mind?—I have never seen her before. Her eyes well up with tears and she exclaims in a sweet voice that she merely wanted to test my fidelity. *I'm happy, I need to do something.* I look down, a dead seagull drifts on top of the water. Ten inches above the waves, I open my arms, I believe at last *I can scream to my liking.* But at the sight of her wiggling nipples which appear through her transparent clothes, the agitated crowd picks up a fishing rod with a telescope attached and lifts me back to the bridge. Doing something like this during your honeymoon, they hiss, surrounding me with threats.

— — — — — Honey-level after 7 minutes. — — — — —

How were you feeling at that moment?, asks the reporter.—What was it like, being on the verge of life and death?—So, I lie, I was walking down the Danube beside Edina... Erika!, someone shouts... down the Danube beside Erika, naively, hand in hand, and all of a sudden, I feel that my secret knee socks, which I control by moving a string in my pocket, drop down, like an autumn leaf.

Great, I say, this will result in kiss deprivation. Erika

fásli egyre jobban zavar a járásban, mert ahelyett, hogy összetekeredne és nyugton maradna, alattomosan továbbcsúszik, és ráterül a cipőmre.

—Úgy szeretem, hogy olyan okos vagy—kiáltja Edina (vagy Erika), ellöki a riportert, és ragadós pusztit nyom az arcra.

— — — — — A Méz szintje az 8. perc után. — — — — —

Végre kettesben maradunk. Jó itt csúszni, mondja. Milyen furcsa kis hasam van. Énekeljek?—Nem, ne énekelj, mondom, és arra gondolok, két ember munkája egymást csókolni, ez lehetne a dolgom. Csak azt nem bírom benned, pörgeti tovább a szót, hogy mindig arra ébredek éjjel, hogy nem hagysz elaludni.—Mikor azzal jön elő, hogy kenjük be jó vastagon, és ő majd lenyalja, gyorsan megszabadulok tőle. Döglött sirályt sodor a víz. Ez semmiképpen nem aljasság, inkább imbolygok, inkább megölnék még valakit.

— — — — — A Méz szintje az 9. perc után. — — — — —

Slájos köpethez hasonló felhők nyargalnak keresztül az égen, és magzatvízszerű, langyos eső folyik belőlük. A gyanú elterelése végett kiszáradt vadmurom kornyadozik az utcán ügyelgő ügynökök kezében. Egyikükben Lobó Zászlót vélem fölfedezni. Valaki ezeket a felszeletelt marhákat rajzolja, mondja rejtélyesen, és végigmutat az Üllői úti fákon.—A bifsztekre és rumfsztekre szeletelteket. —Csokoládét rendelek és bort, kinyitják a kerteket, és kinyitják a termeket is. Hátralopódzok, és belesek a raktárba. Magzott kolompért zabrint a silbak. Mikor a Hajós utcából a Bajcsy-Zsilinszky útra fordulok, a szemközti kapu sötét odvából egy ismétlő Mauserrel fejbe lőnek. A kurva életbe. Egy pillanat alatt lepereregnek előttem az eddigi halálaim. Ismét én lehetnék a bevérvő. Én, én, én. A lövedéket fokhagymával kenték be—kabalából és rosszindulatból—, ebből megtudom, hogy a Hungaronektár egy maf-fiashootert bérelt fel a meggyikolásomra. A hidrodinamikuss hatás következtében valósággal felrobban a fejem, a

doesn't suspect anything yet because the length of my pants conceals the length of my shins, however, the formless gauze around my ankles increasingly hinders my steps; instead of remaining still, it cunningly slips forth and folds over my shoes.

—I love that you're so smart—Edina shouts (or Erika), pushing the reporter away, kissing me on the cheek.

— — — — — Honey-level after 8 minutes. — — — — —

We are finally alone. *It's nice to slide here*, she says. *What a strange little belly I have. Would you like me to sing?*—No, don't sing, I say, and think about how *two people's job is to kiss each other, this could be my profession*. However, she continues, I can't stand that I always wake up at night because you won't let me sleep.—When it occurs to her that she should apply it thickly and then lick it off, I quickly get rid of her. A dead seagull drifts on top of the water. *This is by no means vile, I would rather sway back and forth, I would rather kill someone else.*

— — — — — Honey-level after 9 minutes. — — — — —

Slimy spittle clouds gallop through the sky and lukewarm amniotic fluid pours forth. To divert suspicion, arid wild carrots languish in the hands of agents who are wandering on the street. I seem to discover Lobo Flag in one of them. *Someone is drawing these cut-up bovines*, he says and points down the tree line of Üllői Road.—*These cut-up beefsteaks and rump steaks.—I order chocolate and wine; they open the gardens and open the chambers too.* I sneak away and peek into the storage. The private is peeling sprouting potatoes. When from Hajós Street I turn into Bajcsy-Zsilinszky Road, from the dark lair of an opposing entryway I'm shot through the head with a bolt action Mauser. Fuck. I witness all my previous deaths in a fraction of a second. *I could be the bleeding one again.* Me, me, me. A coating of garlic was applied to the bullet — out of kabbalah and ill will —, from this I know that the Hungaronektar hired a mafia shooter to kill me. Due to the hydrodynamic effect, my head actually explodes, my

koponyacsontjaim darabokra törnek, sőt a koponyatetőm is leválik. A kezeim még mozognak, kiszakítom belülről a nádrgzsebemet, a combomhoz nyúlok, megszokott sebem helyén forró, síkos és idegen bőr feszül. Úgy érzem, mintha egy óriási harapófogóval rángatnák a fejemet, olyan, mint mikor beköltöznek az ember arcába.

— — — — — A Méz szintje az 10. perc után. — — — — —

És tényleg: valaki ordítani kezd a számban.

— — — — — A Méz szintje az 11. perc után. — — — — —

Ordítok, irgalom, butaság, ahogy a lábam megnőtt, az csodálatos.

Két árnyék hajol fölém a vakító fényben. Mosdassa meg, és tegye a mérlegre, mondja az egyik. Látja? A fogó nyoma örökre megmarad.

De legalább túl vagyunk rajta, mondja kimerülten a másik.

— — — — — A Méz szintje az 12. perc után. — — — — —

(A kurzivált részek Kukorelly Endre szövegei.)

skull shatters into fragments, my skull peels off. My hands are still capable of moving, I tear off the pocket of my pants from the inside, I reach to my thighs, and, instead of my familiar wound, I find hot, greasy, alien stretches of skin. I feel like my head is being pulled with large pliers, it feels like when someone moves into your face.

— — — — — Honey-level after 10 minutes. — — — — —

Indeed: somebody starts shouting through my mouth.

— — — — — Honey-level after 11 minutes. — — — — —

*Screaming, mercy, stupid, it's simply wonderful how my legs have grown.*

Two shadows lean over me in the blinding light. Wash it off, and put it on the scale, says one of them. See? The pliers have left a permanent mark.

But at least we're finished, says the other.

— — — — — Honey-level after 12 minutes. — — — — —

(The italicized parts are excerpts from Endre Kukorelly.)



ITALIAN

# ***“SPESSO IL MALE DI VIVERE HO INCONTRATO”***

Eugenio Montale

Spesso il male di vivere ho incontrato:  
era il rivo strozzato che gorgoglia,  
era l'incartocciarsi della foglia  
riarsa, era il cavallo stramazzato.

Bene non seppi, fuori del prodigio  
che schiude la divina Indifferenza:  
era la statua nella sonnolenza  
del meriggio, e la nuvola, e il falco alto levato.



## ***“OFTEN THE PAIN OF LIVING HAVE I PASSED”***

Eugenio Montale, trans. Benjamin DeBisschop

Often the pain of living have I passed:  
it was the strangled river that barked,  
it was the folding of the parched  
leaves, it was the horse collapsed.

Good I knew not, outside of prodigy  
who opens divine Indifference:  
it was the statue in the drowsiness  
of midday, and the cloud, and the falcon soaring steadfast.

## ***“FINE DEL ‘68”***

Eugenio Montale

Ho contemplato dalla luna, o quasi,  
il modesto pianeta che contiene  
filosofia, teologia, politica,  
pornografia, letteratura, scienze  
palesi o arcane. Dentro c'è anche l'uomo,  
ed io tra questi. E tutto è molto strano.  
Tra poche ore sarà notte e l'anno  
finirà tra esplosioni di spumanti  
e di petardi. Forse di bombe o peggio,  
ma non qui dove sto. Se uno muore  
non importa a nessuno purché sia  
sconosciuto e lontano.

## ***“END OF ‘68”***

Eugenio Montale, trans. Benjamin DeBisschop

I contemplated from the moon, almost,  
the modest planet containing  
philosophy, theology, politics,  
pornography, literature, arcane  
and lucid sciences. Inside there is also Man,  
and me among these. And all is very queer.  
In a few hours it will be night and the year  
will end in explosions of champagne  
and fireworks. Maybe bombs, or worse,  
but not where I am. If someone dies  
it will matter to no one, so long as they are  
unknown and far from here.

## Estratto da “*Nome e Soprannome*”

Simone Cattaneo

Mi spiava da dietro gli angoli dei bar  
per vedere che fine avessi fatto,  
se poi realmente fossi scomparso in Calabria o in America  
come avevo promesso, in quelle giornate  
in cui la mattina è un mattone rosso incandescente  
che ti scalda dai piedi fino in gola  
senza chiederti in cambio nemmeno un riflesso  
e poi ho capito che funziona sempre così,  
ci si insegue come biglie di mercurio  
per poi dividersi e sciogliersi nell'acqua  
osservando la terra slacciarsi dal cielo  
in un colore senza più sorgente né mistero.

## Excerpt from “*Name and Nickname*”

Simone Cattaneo, trans. Jacopo Mavica

Spying on me from behind bar corners  
to see what had become of me,  
had I really disappeared to Calabria or America  
as I had promised back then  
when the morning was a scalding red brick  
warming you from feet to throat  
without even asking for a reflection in return  
and then I understood it always goes like this,  
we chase each other like drops of mercury  
to then divide and dissolve in water  
and watch the ground unravel from the sky  
in a color with no more source or mystery.

## Estratto da “*Made in Italy*”

Simone Cattaneo

La madre di un mio compagno delle scuole medie  
mi ha bloccato in una strada del vecchio quartiere  
dicendomi che suo figlio era morto.

Non si è sbilanciata più di tanto e mi ha invitato al funerale.

Mi è parso buona educazione accettare.

Una settimana dopo mi ha fermato sotto casa e con aria decisa  
mi ha confidato che calzo lo stesso numero di piede del suo  
[povero figlio,

così mi ha regalato due paia di scarpe e un giubbotto giallo.

Qualche sera fa sono finito in un bar di Milano e

ho abbordato una ragazza sudamericana molto sensibile

al mio nuovo giubbotto canarino. Ho stretto gli occhi

e le ho sussurrato che per i particolari non bado mai a spese.

## Excerpt from “*Made in Italy*”

Simone Cattaneo, trans. Jacopo Mavica

The mother of one of my middle school classmates  
stopped me on a street in the old quarter  
telling me her son was dead.

She didn't say much more and invited me to the funeral.  
It seemed good manners to accept.

A week later she ran into me outside my house and with a decisive  
air confided in me that I wear the same size shoes as her  
[poor son,

so she gave me two pairs and a yellow jacket.

A few nights ago I ended up at a bar in Milan and  
I chatted up a South American girl who was very taken by  
my new canary jacket. I squinted my eyes  
and whispered to her that when it comes to details I spare no  
expense.





JAPANESE

# Excerpt from 片思い

東野圭吾 [Higashino Keiko]

## 第一章

1

四年生の時のリーグ戦に話題が移ったので嫌な予感がした。どうせまたあの話になるんだろ、と哲朗は思った。俯き、ビールを飲む。少しぬるくなっていた。

「ポイントはやっぱり第三クォーターのフィールドゴールだ。あいつを決めていれば、その後の展開もがらっと変わった。ところがあのキックを外すんだもんなあ。がっくりきちまったよ」その試合でラインメンとして試合に出ていた安西が、笑いながらも眉間に皺を寄せていった。現役時代と同様に分厚い身体をしている。首も太い。あの頃と違っていることは、肩も背中も丸くなってしまった点だ。おまけに腹もスイカを入れたように膨らんでいた。

「だから何度もいってるけど、あの距離を確実に決められるキッカーなんて、そうざらにはいないんだって」割り箸を片手に口を尖らせたのは須貝だ。現在は損害保険会社に勤務している。帝都大のエース・キッカーだった男も、今は社内ではその外見からクマさんという連名をもらっているらしい。「あの時のフィールドゴールは三十七、八、いやもしかしたら四十ヤード近くはあったんじゃないかなあ」

須貝の解説に、安西の隣ですぎ焼きを食べていた松崎がむせそうになった。箸を持ったまま須貝を指した。

「こいつ、あの時のキックの話をする、そのたんびに距離が増えていくんだぜ。前にこの話をした時には、三十二、三ヤードだっていった」

「えっ、そんなことないよ」須貝が心外そうな顔をした。 「

「そうだ、そうだ、たしかにそうだ」安西が太股を叩いた。「なあ、西脇」

# Excerpt from *Kataomoi* (片思い)

Higashino Keiko (東野圭吾), trans. Saiqi Zhang (齊木)

## Chapter 1

### 1

Tetsuro got this awful feeling when folks started talking about that league game from their fourth year. People were going to bring it up anyway, he thought. He lowered his head and drank some beer. It was a little lukewarm.

“The thing is, that field goal in the third quarter could’ve changed the whole game if they’d made it. But they missed it. I gotta admit, I’m still kinda salty about it,” Anzai, who was playing as a lineman in that game, wrinkled his brow while laughing. Anzai’s body was just as thick as it had been during his career. He also had a thick neck. What was different from those days is that his shoulders and back have become round. In addition, his belly had swelled up as if a watermelon was stuffed inside.

“I’ve told you many times, man, there ain’t many kickers who can make a kick from that distance,” said Sugai, with his mouth agape and a pair of disposable chopsticks in one hand. Sugai worked for a general insurance company. He was an ace kicker at Teito University, but is now nicknamed “Mr. Bear” in the company because of his appearance. “I think the field goal at that time was thirty-seven or eight, or isn’t it reaching almost forty yards?”

Matsuzaki, who was eating a piece of sukiyaki next to Anzai, almost choked as Sugai chattered on. He pointed at Sugai with his chopsticks. “This guy, every time he talks about that kick, the distance increases. When we talked about it before, he said it was thirty-two or thirty-three yards.”

“What? I don’t think so.” Sugai made a surprised face.

“Hell yeah, that’s damn true!” Anzai slapped on his thigh, “right, Nishiwaki?”

名字を呼ばれ、哲朗も話に加わらざるをえなくなった。

「そうだったかな」浮かない気持ちが声に現れた。

「忘れたのかよ」

不満顔の安西の脇腹を松崎が肘で突いた。

「西脇があつた試合のことを忘れてるわけないだろう」

この台詞に安西も笑った。「ははは。そうだったよな」

哲朗は苦笑いをするしかなかった。やはり歓迎できない方向に話が動きだした。

リーグ戦最終試合の話だ。その試合に勝てば、哲朗たちのチームの優勝が決定するはずだった。

「ラスト八秒」松崎は腕組みをし、ため息まじりにいった。「あそこで決めてりゃ、めちゃくちゃに格好いいところだった。西脇マジックっていわれたな。きっと」

「早田に投げてりゃ、それが現実になってたんだ。なあ、早田。そう思うだろ」安西は一番端の席で水割りを飲んでいゝる男にいった。

「さあ、どうだったかな」早田と呼ばれた男は気のない返事をした。この話題に付き合う気はなさそうだった。たぶん彼も飽きているのだろう。

「絶対にりゃ決まてた」安西はしつこくいう。「あの時、俺は見てたんだ。早田はフリー になってた。エンドゾーンの左コーナー いっぱいのところさ。あのターゲットを見逃すクォーター バックはいないぜ。あとは西脇が投げるだけでよかった。めでたくタッチダウンだ。俺はやったと 思ったね。ところがさ」後は続けなかった。試合の顛末がどうであるかは、ここにいる全員が知っている。

「あの時、まさか俺んここに投げてくるとは思わなかったよ」松崎が後を継ぐようにいった。「完全にマークされてたもん。作戦が読まれてたんだ。敵 のディフェンスバックは名手オガサワラだ。西脇が投げた瞬間、あっ終わったって思ったもん」

哲朗は黙って聞いているしかない。色がすっかり濃くなったすき焼きを少し食べ、ビールを口に含んだ。最初に乾杯した時よりも、ずいぶんと苦い味がした。

As Tetsuro was called by his last name, he has to join the conversation.

"I don't know about that," he said with a flat tone, clearly not feeling it.

"Did you forget?"

Matsuzaki elbowed him in the side of the abdomen.

"How come Nishiwaki would've forgotten about that match?" Matsuzaki said.

Anzai laughed at this line, "Ha-ha. That's right."

Tetsuro was forced to laugh solely. The conversation was moving in an unpleasant direction.

"The last eight seconds," Matsuzaki said with a sigh, folding his arms. "If we had won that game, it would have been so cool. It would have been called the Nishiwaki magic. I'm sure."

"If I had thrown it to Hayata, it would have become a reality. You think so, don't you, Hayata?" Anzai said to a man sitting at the end of the table drinking a glass of water.

"Well, I don't know." The man called Hayata replied curtly. He did not seem to want to engage in this conversation. He was probably getting tired of it.

"If I had passed the ball to Hayata, it definitely would have ended," Anzai persisted. "I was watching at the time. Hayata was free. He was in the end zone, all the way in the left corner. No quarterback could miss that target. I thought it would be a nice touchdown at that point." He didn't continue. Everyone here knew how the game ended.

"I didn't think he was gonna throw it to me at that point," Matsuzaki chimed in, "I was totally covered, man. They knew our play. Ogasawara was a pro at defense. When Nishiwaki threw that ball, I thought it was game over."

Tetsuro could do nothing but listen in silence. He ate some of the sukiyaki, which had darkened in color, and sipped his beer. It tasted much more bitter than their first toast.



LATIN

## *“Carmen 50”*

Gaius Valerius Catallus

Hesterno, Licini, die otiosi  
multum lusimus in meis tabellis,  
ut convenerat esse delicatos:  
scribens versiculos uterque nostrum

ludebat numero modo hoc modo illoc,  
reddens mutua per iocum atque vinum.

atque illinc abii tuo lepore  
incensus, Licini, facetiisque,  
ut nec me miserum cibus iuaret  
nec somnus tegeret quiete ocellos,  
sed toto indomitus furore lecto

versarer, cupiens videre lucem,  
ut tecum loquerer, simulque ut essem.

at defessa labore membra postquam

semimortua lectulo iacebant,  
hoc, iucunde, tibi poema feci,  
ex quo perspiceres meum dolorem.

nunc audax cave sis, precesque nostras,

oramus, cave despuas, ocelle,  
ne poenas Nemesis reposcat a te.  
est vehemens dea: laedere hanc caveto.



## *“Carmen 50”*

Gaius Valerius Catallus, trans. Coulson Matto

Licinius –  
yesterday, at ease, we fucked around  
(on my tablet)  
as suits hedonists like us  
both writing little verses back and forth  
    this meter,  
        then that one  
drunk on wine and laughter.  
I left you, Licinius, so aflame  
by your wit  
that I starved for you,  
and, when I could not close my eyes to dream of you,  
I tossed about the couch  
    in a frenzy,  
begging for the light  
so that I could see you speak.  
I sprawl on the couch, limp,  
exhausted from my exertion,  
    but, dear one,  
I made you this poem,  
to tell you of my aching.  
Now, I beg you,  
    do not swell up,  
    do not spurn my token:  
revenge is a powerful thing, my darling,  
    so beware the anger of Nemesis.

## *“Carmen 17”*

Gaius Valerius Catallus

O Colonia, quae cupis ponte ludere longo,

et salire paratum habes, sed vereris inepta

crura ponticuli axulis stantis in redivivis,  
ne supinus eat cavaque in palude recumbat:

sic tibi bonus ex tua pons libidine fiat,

in quo vel Salisubsali sacra suscipiantur,  
munus hoc mihi maximi da, Colonia, risus.

Quendam municipem meum de tuo volo ponte  
ire praecipitem in lutum per caputque pedesque,

verum totius ut lacus putidaeque paludis  
lividissima maximeque est profunda vorago.

Insulsissimus est homo, nec sapit pueri instar  
bimuli tremula patris dormientis in ulna.  
cui cum sit viridissimo nupta flore puella  
et puella tenellulo delicatior haedo,  
adseruanda nigerrimis diligentius vuis,  
ludere hanc sinit ut lubet, nec pili facit uni,  
nec se sublevat ex sua parte, sed velut alnus  
in fossa Liguri iacet supper nata securi,  
tantundem omnia sentiens quam si nulla sit usquam;

talis iste meus stupor nil videt, nihil audit,  
ipse qui sit, utrum sit an non sit, id quoque nescit.

Nunc eum volo de tuo ponte mittere pronum,  
si pote stolidum repente excitare veternum,  
et supinum animum in gravi derelinquere caeno,

ferream ut soleam tenaci in voragine mula.

## *“Carmen 17”*

Gaius Valerius Catallus, trans. Maggie Hough

O Colonia, you who desire to play on the long bridge,  
and have been ready to leap about, but are wary of the unsuitable  
limbs of the little bridge standing on repurposed wooden boards,  
lest sloping it goes in the cavern, sinking down into the marsh,  
may a good bridge be built for you according to your desire,  
on which even the rites of Salisubsilus may be supported,  
grant me the gift of the greatest sort, Colonia: laughter.  
I wish for a certain fellow citizen of mine from your bridge  
to go headlong into the mire, sinking into it from head to toe,  
In particular where the lake of the whole reeking marsh  
is the murkiest with a most repugnant bottomless chasm  
the man is of the most insipid sort: he has not even the sense of a  
boy two years of age sleeping in the rocking arm of his father:  
although he has married this girl in her freshest flower  
(this girl who is more delightful than a tender young goat,  
and to be guarded more diligently than the sweetest cluster of  
grapes),

he lets this woman play as she desires, and hasn't a single hair of  
care nor does he rouse himself on his own account, but like an  
alder tree in a ditch he lies lamed in the hip by a Ligurian ax,  
having as much sense as if nothing were anywhere

in this way my stuporous man observes nothing, hears nothing,  
he does not even know who he himself may be, whether he is or is  
not,

now I want to launch him headfirst from your bridge  
if it is possible to suddenly rouse his stupid sloth  
and to abandon his negligent mind in the heavy filth,  
as a mule leaves behind her iron shoe in the clinging abyss

## [Excerpt from] “*Cento Vergilianus de laudibus Christi*”

Faltonia Betitia Proba

Iam dudum temerasse duces pia foedera pacis,  
Regnandi miseros tenuit quos dira cupido,  
Diuersasque neces, regum crudelia bella  
Cognatasque acies, pollutos caede parentum  
Insignis clipeos nulloque ex hoste tropaea,  
Sanguine conspersos tulerat quos fama triumphos,  
Innumeris totiens viduatas ciuibus urbes,  
Confiteor, scripsi: satis est meminisse malorum:  
Nunc, deus omnipotens, sacrum, precor, accipe carmen  
Aeternique tui septemplicis ora resolue  
Spiritus atque mei resera penetralia cordis,  
Arcana ut possim vatis Proba cuncta referre.  
Non nunc ambrosium cura est mihi quaerere nectar,  
Nec libet Aonio de vertice ducere Musas,  
Non mihi saxa loqui vanus persuadeat error  
Laurigerosque sequi tripodas et inania vota  
Iurgantesque deos procerum victosque penates:  
Nullus enim labor est verbis extendere famam  
Atque hominum studiis paruam disquirere laudem:  
Castalio sed fonte madens imitata beatos  
Quae sitiens hausit sanctae libamina lucis  
Hinc canere incipiam. praesens, deus, erige mentem;  
Vergilium cecinisse loquar pia munera Christi:  
Rem nulli obscuram repetens ab origine pergam,  
Si qua fides animo, si vera infusa per artus  
Mens agitat molem et toto se corpore miscet  
Spiritus et quantum non noxia corpora tardant  
Terrenique hebetant artus moribundaque membra.  
O pater, o hominum rerumque aeterna potestas,

# Excerpt from “*Vergilian Cento* *about the Glory of Christ*”

Faltonia Betitia Proba, trans. Katelynn Bennett

A long time ago the dutiful treaty of peace was violated by the leader,  
(which held by wretched desire must be ruled,  
and to separate the deaths, the cruel king in the war  
on the Cognatus battleline, having been ruined by the slaughter of the  
father

of famous shields and by nothing from the enemy trophies)  
blood, which having been scattered, had brought triumph by rumor,  
so many times innumerable citizens devoid of cities

I confess, I wrote: it is enough to remember evil.

Now, all powerful God, I beg, begin the holy song  
and release your eternal prayer of seven mouths  
and open the inner spirit of my heart

Proba is altogether able to bring back the secrets of the poet.

Now, I do not care to seek ambrosial nectar,

nor is Aonio permitted to lead the Muses,

it is an empty wrong to convince me not to speak rocks

and to follow laurelled oracles with vain vows

and scolding high gods and the conquered families:

for the work is nothing to extend rumor with words

and the pursuits of men to investigate small praise:

but delighted Calisto dampened the copied fountain

I, who thirsting, drank the sacred offering of light

henceforth I will begin to sing. Presenting, God, raise your mind;

I speak Vergil to sing the pious gifts of Christ:

I will go from origin returning to nothing vague, the mind, which if true  
in spirit, if truth pours out through the limbs

agitates the crowd and itself mixes the whole body and the spirit

and they hinder and dull terrestrial limbs and mortals not as harmful  
bodies.

Oh father, oh of humans and eternal power of things,

Da facilem cursum atque animis illabere nostris,  
Tuque ades inceptumque una decurre laborem,  
Nate, patris summi vigor et caelestis origo,  
Quem primi colimus meritosque nouamus honores,  
Iam noua progenies, omnis quem credidit aetas.

give an easy course and flow into our minds,  
and you are near and one beginning you hasten in effort,  
the Son, liveliness of the highest Father and heavenly family,  
who we worship foremost and we renew the deserved graces,  
is now the new race, to which all eternity is entrusted.





RUSSIAN

# **«Я помню чудное мгновенье»**

Александр Сергеевич Пушкин

Я помню чудное мгновенье:  
Передо мной явилась ты,  
Как мимолетное виденье,  
Как гений чистой красоты.

В томленьях грусти безнадежной,  
В тревогах шумной суеты,  
Звучал мне долго голос нежный,  
И снились милые черты.

Шли годы. Бурь порыв мятежный  
Рассеял прежние мечты,  
И я забыл твой голос нежный,  
Твои небесные черты.

В глуши, во мраке заточенья  
Тянулись тихо дни мои,  
Без божества, без вдохновенья,  
Без слез, без жизни, без любви.

Душе настало пробужденье,  
И вот опять явилась ты,  
Как мимолетное виденье,  
Как гений чистой красоты.

И сердце бьётся в упоенье,  
И для него воскресли вновь  
И божество, и вдохновенье,  
И жизнь, и слезы, и любовь.

# ***“I Remember a Wonderful Moment”***

Alexander Pushkin, trans. Enlik Tagasheva

I remember a wonderful moment:

Before me, you

Like a fleeting vision,

Like a prodigy of pure beauty.

In contempt of hopeless melancholy

In the anguish of noisy bustle,

Calling for some time, there was a soft voice

And I dreamed of your sweet face.

The years flew by. A gust of restless storms

Scattered the dreams of the past,

I forgot your tender voice,

And the features of your heavenly face.

In the wilderness, in the darkness of captivity

My days dragged on quietly,

Without an idol, without inspiration,

Without years, without life, without love.

In my soul, appeared an awakening:

And there again appeared you,

Like a fleeting vision,

Like a genius of pure beauty.

My heart beats in rapture,

For it, hearts are resurrecting

And divinity, and inspiration,

And life, and tears, and love.

# **“Легенда о любви Енлик и Кебека”**

автор неизвестен

Наша страна богата различными легендами, и по сей день слагающимися народом Казахстана.

Когда мне исполнилось 6 лет, моя бабушка повезла меня в свой родной край предков, родину великого казахского поэта, писателя Абая Кунанбаева и казахского писателя драматурга и ученого Мухтара Ауэзова. Мы ездили по родным местам, где жили мои прадеды по линии матери - их род Тобыкты.

Чтобы сократить дальнюю дорогу в бесконечной степи, мне рассказывали разные истории, легенды. Особенно мне запомнилась легенда о трагической судьбе двух молодых. Легенда гласит так:

В то время среди рода Тобыкты были очень отважные батыры, один из них был Кебек. Он отличался богатырской силой, храбростью и стремлением к подвигам. Однажды парень захотел узнать, что ждет его в будущем, и отправился к предсказателю, жившему в горах. Тот предрек батыру гибель из-за девушки. Спустя какое-то время Кебек поехал на охоту. Он заблудился и забрел в аул, где встретил девушку чудной красоты по имени Енлик. Кебеку удалось покорить сердце девушки. Молодые влюбились друг в друга. Но девушка была сосватана за старика из знатного рода Керей. Им нельзя было пожениться, старинные жестокие обычаи не позволили этого сделать. И они решились на побег. В одну из ночей они сбежали, долго прятались в горах.

Они стали мужем и женой, и у них родился сын. Но род девушки не смог с этим согласиться - побег молодых приняли как предательство, и началась месть роду Кебек. Началась вражда - они угоняли скот, поджигали юрты. Род девушки собирали сход богатых и старейших и решили наказать беглецов. Один бий был

# *“The Love Legend of Enlik and Kebek”*

Anonymous, trans. Enlik Tagasheva

Our country is rich with various legends, which to this day are composed of the people of Kazakhstan.

When I turned six years old, my grandmother took me to the land of her ancestors, the birthplace of the great Kazakh poet and writer, Abai Kunanbayev, and Kazakh playwright, and scientist, Mukhtar Auezov. We visited our native places, where my great-grandfathers lived on my mother's side— their Tobykty clan.

To make a long journey in the endless steppe shorter, I was told different stories and legends. I especially remember the legend about the tragic fate of two young people. The legend goes like this:

At that time, there were very brave warriors called Batyrs among the Tobykty clan – one of them was Kebek. He was known for his heroic strength, bravery, and thirst for feats. One day he wanted to find out what the future holds for him, and went to a fortune teller who lived in the mountains. The fortune teller predicted that the Batyr's death would occur because of a young woman. After some time, Kebek went hunting. He got lost and wandered into a village, where he met a young woman of unbelievable beauty named Enlik. Kebek managed to win Enlik's heart. The two fell in love with each other. But Enlik was promised to an old man from a noble clan of Kerey. Enlik and Kebek could not be together, as the old cruel customs did not allow such a union to happen, so they decided to run. One night they ran away and hid in the mountains for a long time.

They became husband and wife, and they had a son. But Enlik's family could not agree with this—the escape of young people was considered as betrayal, and revenge against the Kebek family began. A feud started—they stole cattle and set fire to yurts.

очень строгим и жестоким, он и приговорил влюбленных к смерти. Долго искали молодых и нашли их в горах среди скал. Их связали арканом за шеи и, привязав к лошади, растерзали до смерти.

Перед смертью Енлик попросила своих родственников не бросать на произвол судьбы маленького сына и похоронить ее с мужем в одной могиле. После похорон никто так и не взял к себе их сына, даже родители девушки боялись старых обычаев.

После многих лет народ, сохранивший в памяти легенду о любви Енлик и Кебека, стали слагать о них песни, писать поэмы. Я побывал на памятнике, он находится недалеко от трассы Семей- с. Караул. Оказывается, в шестидесятые годы над могилой влюбленных установили памятник, куда приходят молодые люди перед женитьбой. Все проезжие съезжают с трассы, чтобы поклониться великому и светлому чувству любви, не знающему преград.

Enlik's family called a gathering of old, wise, rich elders and they decided to punish the fugitives. One wise elder was exceptionally strict and cruel, and he sentenced the lovers to death. They searched for the young couple for a long time and found them in the mountains among the rocks. They were tied with a noose by their necks and tied to a horse. The horses then were let go, and Enlik and Kebek were torn apart to death.

Before her death, Enlik asked her relatives not to abandon her little son to the mercy of fate, and to bury her and her husband in the same grave. After the funeral, no one took their son in – even the girl's parents were afraid of the old customs and traditions.

After many years, the people who remembered the legend of the love of Enlik and Kebek began to compose songs and write poems about them. I visited the monument. It is located near the highway in Semei-S, Karaul. It turns out that in the sixties, a monument was placed over the grave of lovers, where young people come before marriage. All the passers-by get off the highway to pay their tribute to the power of pure love that knows no barriers.

# **“Гой, Роде, Гой!”**

группа «Аркона». Автор текста: Мария Архипова

Ой, гой, Роде! Ой, гой, Роде!

Сквозь седой туман  
Взгляд устремился вдаль  
Там в мире мертвых скал  
Ты затаил печаль  
Мечется душа  
Над ледяной волной  
Чуешь, что смерть близка  
Страх овладел тобой

Не ставший жертвой буйных вод  
В смертельной схватке с ветром  
Вздымая длани к небесам  
Ждешь Родова ответа

Как во лесе, ой да во темном  
Требы огнем воспылают  
Гласом священного рога  
Братья богов восславляют

Да прольется святая сурья  
В чашу у лика родного  
Устами славу глаголят  
Словом, да к Родову дому

Гой, Роде, гой!  
Гой, Роде, гой!  
Гой, Роде, гой!  
Ты слышишь?  
Гой, Роде, Гой!



## ***“Hoy, Rod, hoy!”***

Arkona (lyrics by Maria Arkhipova),  
trans. Will Schorer

Oh, hoy, Rod! Oh, hoy, Rod!  
Through gray fog,  
I look into the distance.  
There, in a world of dead stone,  
You're holding sorrow.  
The soul trembles,  
Above an icy wave.  
Do you fear that death is near,  
Fear has gripped you.

Not a victim of violent waters,  
In a deadly battle with the wind.  
Raise your hands to the sky,  
And wait for Rod's answer.

In the forest, oh, in the dark forest,  
Sacrifices burn in flame.  
With the voice of a sacred horn,  
Brothers praise the gods.

May Holy Surya flow,  
Into the cup of the motherland.  
Through their mouths and words,  
They glorify Rod's home.

Hoy, Rod, hoy!  
Hoy, Rod, hoy!  
Hoy, Rod, hoy!  
Do you hear me?  
Hoy, Rod, hoy!

Эй, Стрибога - Ветра вы дети  
Песнь мою вы несите с собою  
Да воспойте, как на рассвете  
Бились мы с пучиной морскою

Не слышны нам звонкие песни  
Мы одни под холодной луною  
Что же боги поведают вскоре  
Нам, укрытым ночи пеленою?

Взор к богам до небес воздымается  
Кровь из ран на земь проливается  
Сон в хладной тьме согреет  
Мы уйти обречены  
Жизнь во сне померкнет  
В царство Мары сгинем мы

Как во лесе, ой да во темном  
Лежа у пепла, да тленна  
Устами жизнь воспевают  
В хладных объятях Марены  
Да прольется алою кровью  
Горе, да болью пронзая  
Гласом во синее небо  
Рода пред сном восславляя:

Гой, Роде, гой!  
Гой, Роде, гой!  
Гой, Роде, гой!  
Ты слышишь?  
Гой, Роде, Гой!

Ой, гой Роде! Ой, гой, Роде!

Hey, Stribog— children of the wind,  
Carry my song with you.  
Yes, sing at dawn,  
How we battled the sea's depths.

We cannot hear the ringing songs,  
We are alone beneath the cold moon.  
What will the gods soon say,  
To us, covered by night's veil?

Look to the gods as the heavens rise,  
Blood spills from wounds to the earth.  
A dream shall warm me in cold darkness.  
We are doomed to leave,  
In a dream, life shall fade,  
Into the kingdom of Mara we shall vanish.

As in the forest, oh yes, in the dark,  
They are laid to ash.  
With their mouths they sing of life,  
In Marena's cold embrace.  
May it be shed in scarlet blood.  
In sorrow, yes, with piercing pain,  
A voice in the blue sky,  
Praises Rod before sleeping:

Hoy, Rod, hoy!  
Hoy, Rod, hoy!  
Hoy, Rod, hoy!  
Do you hear me?  
Hoy, Rod, hoy!

Oh, hoy, Rod! Oh, hoy, Rod!

## “Особь без лица”

группа «Штадт». Автор текста: Дмитрий  
Филюшин

Я особь без лица  
Один своего образца  
Я слово из уст подлеца  
С бессовестным взглядом  
Я пёс, познавший злость  
Ты хозяин, а я твой гость  
Ешь мясо, бросай мне кость  
Что отравлена ядом

Нет ни вины, ни вина  
Нет верха, нет и дна

Нет ни ночи, нет ни дня  
Нет верха, нет и дна  
Нет ни меча, ни коня  
Нет покоя, нет и сна  
Вместо «сегодня» — «вчера»  
Нет ни кола, ни двора  
Нет золота, нет серебра  
Нихера!  
То ли шутка, то ли игра

## ***“One without a Face”***

Stadt, (lyrics by Dmitry Filyushin), trans. Will Schorer

I am the one without a face,  
One of its own specimen.  
I am a word from the mouth of a scoundrel  
With the evil eye.  
I am a hound, who has known rage.  
You are the master, I am your guest.  
Eat meat, throw me a bone,  
That was steeped in poison.

There is no guilt, no guilt.  
There is no top, there is no bottom.

There is no night, there is no day.  
There is no top, there is no bottom.  
There is no sword, there is no steed.  
There is no rest, there is no sleep.  
Instead of today— yesterday.  
There is neither a stake, nor a yard.  
No gold, no silver.  
Not a fucking thing!  
Either a joke, or a game.

## “Сад”

группа «Утро». Автор текста: Владислав Паршин

Я иду за тобой, ты ускоряешь шаг  
Я иду за тобой, ветер толкает меня  
Видишь ворота в сад?  
Тугой воротник впитывает пот со лба

Как земля родит дерево, ветер выбьет окно  
За наказанием — прощение, за падением — боль  
Как земля родит дерево, ветер выбьет окно  
За наказанием — прощение, за падением — боль

Страхи уйдут и придут твои сёстры с руками в земле  
Страхи уйдут и дождем разразится осенний день  
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## *“The Garden”*

Utro (lyrics by Vladislav Parshin), trans. Will Schorer

I'm coming for you, you're picking up the pace.  
I'm coming for you, the wind is pushing me.  
Do you see the gate to the garden?  
My tight collar is soaked with sweat from my brow.

Just as the earth births a tree, the window will knock out a  
window.  
Behind the punishment— forgiveness, behind the fall— pain.  
Just as the earth births a tree, the window will knock out a  
window.  
Behind the punishment— forgiveness, behind the fall— pain.

Fear will go away and your sisters will come with their hands in  
the earth.  
Fear will go away and autumn day will break like rain.  
Fear will go away and your sisters will come with their hands in  
the earth.  
Fear will go away and autumn day will break like rain.

## “Осень”

Михаил Юрьевич Лермонтов

Листья в поле пожелтели,  
И кружатся и летят;  
Лишь в бору поникши ели  
Зелень мрачную хранят.  
Под нависшею скалою  
Уж не любит, меж цветов,  
Пахарь отдыхать порою  
От полуденных трудов.  
Зверь отважный поневоле  
Скрыться где-нибудь спешит.  
Ночью месяц тускл и поле  
Сквозь туман лишь серебрит.



## ***“Autumn”***

Mikhail Lermontov, trans. Jonah Roth

In the meadow, leaves have yellowed,  
And they whirl and ride the breeze;  
Still the spruces, dark and mellowed,  
Guard green scraps among the trees.  
‘Neath the overhanging boulder,  
In between the vines, no more  
Does the plowman’s aching shoulder  
Care to rest between each chore.  
And, perforce, the brave beast dances  
Into some agrestal shield.  
And, at night, the dim moon glances  
On the foggy silver field.

## “Парус”

Михаил Юрьевич Лермонтов

Белеет парус одинокий  
В тумане моря голубом...  
Что ищет он в стране далёкой?  
Что кинул он в краю родном?

Играют волны - ветер свищет,  
И мачта гнётся и скрипит...  
Увы, - он счастья не ищет  
И не от счастья бежит!

Под ним струя светлей лазури,  
Над ним луч солнца золотой  
А он, мятежный, просит бури,  
Как будто в бурях есть покой!

## *“The Sail”*

Mikhail Lermontov, trans. Jonah Roth

A lonely sail is swiftly paling  
Inside the blue fog o'er the foam...  
What does it seek in foreign sailing?  
What did it cast while leaving home?

The waves are playing - wind is shrieking,  
The mast bows down with wooden cries...  
Alas - it is not joy it's seeking,  
Nor is it joy from which it flies!

Below, an azure jet a-brightening;  
Above, a ray of golden sun;  
The sail, a rebel, asks for lightning,  
As if in lightning, peace is won!

# ***“Выхожу один я на дорогу”***

Михаил Юрьевич Лермонтов

Выхожу один я на дорогу;  
Сквозь туман кремнистый путь блестит;  
Ночь тиха. Пустыня внемлет Богу.  
И звезда с звездою говорит.

В небесах торжественно и чудно!  
Спит земля в сияньи голубом...  
Что же мне так больно и так трудно?  
Жду ль чего? Жалею ли о чём?

Уж не жду от жизни ничего я,  
И не жаль мне прошлого ничуть;  
Я ищу свободы и покоя!  
Я б хотел забыться и заснуть!

Но не тем холодным сном могилы...  
Я б желал навеки так заснуть,  
Чтоб в груди дремали жизни силы,  
Чтоб, дыша, вздымалась тихо грудь;

Чтоб всю ночь, весь день, мой слух лелея,  
Про любовь мне сладкий голос пел,  
Надо мной чтоб, вечно зеленея,  
Тёмный дуб склонялся и шумел.

## ***“I Set Out Alone”***

Mikhail Lermontov, trans. Jonah Roth

I set out alone. The gleams illumine,  
Through the fog, the flinty path I walk.  
Night is still; the desert heeds its numen,  
And two stars amongst each other talk.

Heaven looks exquisite and outstanding!  
Earth is sleeping in the gleaming blue...  
Why is this so painful and demanding?  
What do I await? Have I no rue?

No, in life, not one thing keeps me waiting,  
Likewise, I have no regrets to keep;  
I seek what is freeing and sedating!  
I would like to drop and fall asleep!

I mean not the cold dream six feet under...  
I wish for an endless sleeping rest,  
So that in my chest, there sleeps life's thunder,  
So my breathing faintly heaves my breast;

So all night and day my ears are cherished  
While a sweet voice sings to me of love,  
And the endless green has never perished  
While a dark oak stoops and stirs above.



SPANISH

## *“Nacimiento”*

Haydeé Ramos Cadena

Estás naciendo  
y llora con estrépitos la carne,  
rayos luminosos tu partida,  
mis piernas gimen sangre  
y la cabeza tibia danza la marea.

Estás naciendo de nosotros.

Vieja guerrera anuncias la llegada  
suave con la corneta,  
la jornada ha llegado a su fin  
y a todos avisas,  
prevengan sus brazos para acurrucarte.

No soy yo hablando.  
Eres tú escribiendo,  
la música del día 8 en que naces  
mujer liebre infinito  
luz a nuestros días.  
Te anuncias en esta escritura.



## ***“Birth”***

Haydeé Ramos Cadena, trans. Havvah Keller

You are being born  
and the flesh cries with the commotion,  
your departure of luminous rays,  
my legs groan blood  
and the warm head dances the tide.

You are being born of us.

Ancient warrior woman you announce your arrival  
softly with the bugle,  
the day has come to its end  
and you announce to everyone  
to prepare their arms to curl you up.

It is not me speaking.  
It is you who is writing,  
the music of the eighth day in which you are born  
of the divine and selfless hare, you  
light to our days,  
You announce yourself in this writing.

## ***“Mes tercero”***

Haydeé Ramos Cadena

Madre, lluvia nos sobra  
después de lamentar,  
las decisiones están hechas.

Sobre la cornisa de la casa  
vemos pasar a la señora  
con sus flores en venta  
presurosa en la calle  
para que no se le marchiten.  
Nosotras somos ellas,  
siempre con nuestras manos  
llenas de trabajo.

Tú no eres mi abuela,  
ni tus ojos verdes diste en sacrificio,  
los años inmaduros decidieron sobre nosotras.  
No seré tú, ni tú mi abuela,  
y mi hija será otra, una mujer,  
que se escuche a sí misma  
con la libertad  
que sacude el polvo  
de las vírgenes muertas  
para ser humana.

## ***“Third Month”***

Haydeé Ramos Cadena, trans. Havvah Keller

Mother, we have rain enough  
from lamenting,  
the decisions have been made.

From the cornice of the house  
we see the lady passing by  
with her flowers for sale,  
hurrying in the street  
so that they do not wilt.  
We are them,  
our hands always  
full of work.

You are not my grandmother,  
nor did you give to us your green eyes in sacrifice,  
immature years decided for us.  
I will not be you, nor you my grandmother,  
and my daughter will be another,  
a woman who listens to herself  
with the freedom  
that shakes the dust  
from all the dead virgins  
to be human.

## ★ “*Recordar*”

Havvah Keller

*Un poema escrito por mi, Havvah—please note: Spanish is not my mother tongue, as I am a native English speaker who just learned Spanish this fall in the intensive class and in the corresponding class trip to Oaxaca, and am currently continuing learning and studying Spanish and Latin American Literature abroad in Chile. I've been playing around writing in Spanish lately, as well as translating my own English work to Spanish. This poem was originally written in English, then I translated it to Spanish, and ended up writing it anew in Spanish, and translating that newest version, which you see below, back to English! Hispanohablantes, please excuse any errors I may have made, I am very much in the process of learning this incredible language.*

Woodstock, esa noche, después de la cena—  
portando camisas de lana,  
llevando algo de la eternidad  
alrededor de cada vuelta del río.  
Lluvia cayendo a través de ti en la ducha—  
cayendo a través del dosel  
del bosque de nuestros brazos—  
después y antes de la noche  
mientras descansábamos,  
lánguida, la hora, como un gato  
acurrucándose para dormir;  
riendo a la cascada  
que me encontré en mis sueños.

★ *“To remember”*

Havvah Keller

Woodstock, that night, after dinner–  
wearing woolen shirts,  
carrying something of eternity  
around every bend of the river.  
Rain falling through you in the shower–  
falling through the canopy  
from the forest of our arms–  
after and before night  
as we rested,  
time, languid, like a cat  
curling up for sleep;  
laughing at the waterfall  
I encountered in my dreams.

## *“Dieciséis”*

Y La Bamba (letra de Luz Elena Mendoza)

La energía es el color de mi piel  
La pobreza es el resultado de mi despertar  
La electricidad es el movimiento de mi pecado  
La debilidad es la guerrera que ha luchado por mí  
La imaginación es el efecto de la agitación  
La rendición es lo que me despierta en mi sueño  
La dependencia es la muerte de mi conocimiento  
El miedo es el amante a mi lado  
El perdón es la celebración que busco yo  
La humildad es el niño que me apuñala la garganta  
La bondad es el sufrimiento que viene a mi espina  
La ira es el bautismo en el que me han bañado  
La expresión es el camino de los desquiciados  
El sufrimiento es la bendición que pone en peligro mi razón  
La razón es la contemplación del ego  
Morir es la naturaleza de lugar.

## ***“Sixteen”***

Y La Bamba (lyrics by Luz Elena Mendoza),  
trans. Ismael-Vicente Delgado

Energy is the color of my skin  
Poverty is the result of my awakening  
Electricity is the movement of my sin  
Weakness is the warrioress that has fought for me  
Imagination is the effect of agitation  
Rendition is what awakens me in my dream  
Dependence is the death of my knowing  
Fear is the lover by my side  
Forgiveness is the celebration that I search for  
Humility is the child that stabs my throat  
Kindness is the suffering that comes at my spine  
Rage is the baptism in which I have been bathed  
Expression is the path of the unhinged  
Suffering,  
it is the blessing that endangers my reason  
Reason is the contemplation of the ego  
Dying is the nature of place.

## *“Medidas”*

Juan Gelman

El abuelo me mira desde  
la foto de siempre, me mira  
desde el fondo de Rusia y otras desgracias.  
Desde el ghetto me mira. Dicen que  
escribió una carta a Dios para  
que inundara las casas de trigo,  
de vino y de pan ázimo de Pascua,  
y ató la carta a la pata de un pájaro  
que voló de país en país buscando el cielo.  
Me mira con las ojeras lentas  
de quién veló el espanto. Nunca  
me levantó en sus brazos. Nunca  
lo tuvé, nunca  
me tuvo, nunca  
es la palabra entre los dos. Quiso  
que la verdad pasara por la calle  
y la cubrió con una máscara  
para que le quisieran.  
Esa máscara es su rostro en la foto.  
Le habrá pedido a Dios que no  
borre ni escriba nada porque  
todo podía ser peor. La foto  
está enferma, levanta  
una humareda de brazos que no se encontrarán.  
Empoza su linaje y  
me sigue como un perro.



## *“Measures”*

Juan Gelman, trans. Elias Ephron

Grandfather looks at me from  
the usual photo, he looks at me  
from the depths of Russia and other misfortunes.  
From the Ghetto he looks at me. They say that  
he wrote a letter to God so  
the houses would flood with wheat,  
with wine, with unleavened bread for Passover,  
and he tied the letter to the foot of a bird  
who flew from country to country searching for the sky.  
He looks at me with the slow dark eyes  
of one who kept vigil to terror. Never  
did he lift me in his arms. Never  
did I hold him, never  
did he hold me, never  
is the word between us. He wanted  
the truth to walk down the street  
and covered it with a mask  
so it would be loved.  
That mask is his face in the photo.  
He must have asked God not to  
erase or write anything because  
it all could be worse. The photo  
is sick. It raises  
a haze of arms that will not meet.  
His lineage pools and  
follows me like a dog.

## ***“Introduction to (Soma)tic Poetry Rituals”***

CAConrad

Growing up in a rural factory town I watched my creative family extend the grind of their monotonous jobs outside the factory walls and into their lives until they were no longer capable of accessing their artistic abilities. The factory essentially divorced them from their sense of their essential selves. This wouldn't happen to me, I thought, and moved to a large city to foster my skills as an artist and to surround myself with like-minded people. For many years this was feeling right, and that I was doing exactly what I came to do, not working in the factory back home. But in 2005 when visiting my family for a reunion I listened again to their stories about the factory, and as always these stories saddened me. On the train ride home I had an epiphany that I had been treating my poetry like a factory, an assembly line, and doing so in many different ways, from how I constructed the poems, to my tabbed and sequenced folders for submissions to magazines, etc. This was a crisis, and I stopped writing for nearly a month, needing to figure out how to climb out of these factory-like structures, or to quit writing altogether. But I wanted to thrive in the crisis rather than end the trajectory of self-discovery the poems had set me on over the years. One morning I made a list of the worst problems with the factory, and at the top of that list was “lack of being present.” The more I thought about this the more I realized this was what the factory robbed my family of the most, and the thing that frightened me the most, this not being aware of place in the present. That morning I started what I now call (Soma)tics, ritualized structures where being anything but present was next to impossible. These rituals create what I refer to as an “extreme present” where the many facets of what is around me wherever I am can come together through a sharper lens. It has been inspiring that (Soma)tics reveal the creative viability of everything around me.

## ★ *“Introducción a Rituales de la Poesía (Soma)tica”*

CAConrad, trans. Chris Valdivia

Creciendo en una ciudad de fábrica, veía a mi familia creativa extender el trajín de sus trabajos monótonos afuera de las paredes de la fábrica y dentro de sus vidas, hasta que ya no eran capaces de acceder a sus habilidades artísticas. La fábrica los divorció del sentido fundamental de su ser. No me pasará esto a mí, pensaba, y me mudé a una ciudad grande para desarrollar mi técnica como artista y para rodearme con gente afín. Por varios años esto se sentía bien, y que estaba haciendo exactamente lo que vine a hacer, no trabajar en la fábrica de mi pueblo. Pero en 2005 cuando visité a mi familia para una reunión, volví a escuchar sus historias de la fábrica y, como siempre, estas historias me entristecieron. Durante el viaje de tren a casa, tuve una epifanía: que yo estaba tratando a mi poesía como una fábrica, como una línea de montaje, y haciéndolo de varias maneras, desde cómo construía los poemas hasta mis carpetas catalogadas y ordenadas para entregas a revistas, etc. Esto fue una crisis, y dejé de escribir por casi un mes, necesitando encontrar cómo salirme de estas estructuras medio-industriales, o abandonar totalmente la escritura. Pero quería prosperar en la crisis en vez de cortar la trayectoria de autoconocimiento en que los poemas me habían puesto durante los años. Una mañana, hice una lista de los problemas más graves con la fábrica, y lo que estaba al principio de la lista fue “falta de estar presente”. Cuanto más pensaba, más me daba cuenta de que esto era lo que la fábrica le había robado más a mi familia, y era la cosa que me asustaba más que nada, esta inconsciencia de lugar en el presente. Esa misma mañana empecé lo que ahora llamo (Soma)ticos, estructuras ritualizadas en las cuales ser algo que no fuera presente era imposible. Estos rituales crean a lo que me refiero como un “presente extremo” donde las múltiples facetas de lo que me rodea, donde sea que estoy, se pueden unir a través de una lente de ángulo estrecho. Ha sido inspirador que (Soma)ticos revele la viabilidad creativa de todo lo que existe a mi alrededor.

**from “PRETERNATURAL  
CONVERSATIONS”**

**“ONE”**

CAConrad

i'm going in for  
a CAT scan i  
mean an audition  
for an opera  
will it finally  
break into  
Two paths  
this suffering One is tiresome  
every gentle piece  
of marble in  
the sun was  
once beaten  
into shape  
this doesn't  
work with people  
take many deep  
breaths maybe  
breathing can help  
Jesus didn't  
need balance  
he had nails

## de “CONVERSACIONES PRETERNATURALES”

### ✧ “*UNO*”

CAConrad, trans. Chris Valdivia

ahora entro para  
una TAC digo  
una audición  
para una ópera  
es que romperá  
finalmente en  
Dos caminos  
este sufrimiento Uno es tedioso  
cada pieza delicada  
de mármol en  
el sol fue  
una vez golpeada  
a su forma  
esto no funciona  
con la gente  
toma varios respiros  
profundos tal vez  
respirar ayuda  
Jesús no necesitaba  
la balanza  
tenía clavos

# ***“I WANT TO DO EVERY THING WRONG JUST ONCE”***

CAConrad

suddenly we are  
a daisy under  
the big wheel  
throw it out to the batter leave it up to the outfield  
the umpire sees how I divide you from me  
you have no choice over the  
weak notes in the song  
you think I'm afraid  
of course I am  
I'm disgusted chopping us in two  
will it help to  
kill the one who  
hypnotizes you?  
we can try  
we can always try  
betting on the better point of quaking  
we cap the balding yard with angel wings ancient astronauts  
a poetic acuity we have been waiting to carry us away forever  
to survive I stayed away from  
people who wanted to  
kill me (that's  
the big secret)  
let them jam it  
in the back of your  
mouth just a quick  
police search

# ★ “*QUIERO HACER CADA COSA MAL SÓLO UNA VEZ*”

CAConrad, trans. Chris Valdivia

de repente somos  
una margarita bajo  
la llanta  
tíralo al bateador déjaselo al outfield  
el umpire ve cómo te divido de mí  
no tienes opción  
sobre las notas flojas en la canción  
crees que tengo miedo  
claro que sí  
estoy asqueado picándonos en dos  
¿te ayudará  
matar a quien  
te hipnotiza?  
lo podemos intentar  
siempre lo podemos  
apostar al borde del temblar  
tapamos la yarda calva con alas de ángeles antiguos astronautas  
una agudeza poética que hemos estado esperando que nos  
lleve lejos para siempre  
para sobrevivir me alejé de  
gente que me quería  
matar (ese es  
el gran secreto)  
déjales metérsela  
al fondo de la  
boca sólo una  
busquedita  
de policía

# ***“LADRA LO CRUDO”***

Saúl Yurkiévich

ese perro ladra de noche  
ese perro ladra sin parar

no aúlla ni rabia  
no ladra por circunstancia  
ladra por condición

¿es el ladrido su pesadumbre?  
ladra su fundamento  
sus húmeros ladran sus lagrimales su páncreas  
ladra lo latente  
la cifra de su substancia  
lo carnal ladra en él  
lo desolado  
ladra lo crudo  
ladra su atónito desamparo  
la yaga vasta amenaza  
ladra por todo lo hostil

de noche ladra contra lo oscuro  
que lo traspasa  
contra lo desalmado  
ladra.

Por igual  
como perro de noche  
por parecido desamparo  
ante mí  
llora mi amigo Ken  
trata de contener su congoja



## ***“HE BARKS THE RAW”***

Saúl Yurviévich, trans. Asher Freund (Amherst)

that dog barks at night  
that dog never stops barking

he doesn't howl, doesn't rage  
he doesn't bark from circumstance  
it is his lot

is that barking his sorrow?  
he barks his reason  
his humeruses bark his tear ducts his pancreas  
he barks the suppressed  
the figure of his substance  
the carnal barks in him  
    the desolate  
he barks the raw  
he barks his stunning neglect  
the ulcerated vast threat  
he barks at everything hostile

at night he barks at the dark  
that pierces him  
    at the heartless  
he barks

Just like  
    a dog in the night  
out of a similar neglect  
my friend Ken cries  
in front of me  
tries to hide his distress

y desespera  
convulso el llanto estalla  
impúdico  
allende toda urbanidad  
el llanto lo rebasa

el cúmulo negro lo abruma  
se desmorona su morada  
su lengua se deshila  
todo se agarrota  
el sin sentido lo cerca  
lo vacante lo anonada  
mi amigo Ken  
ya no puede tenerse en pie  
estremecedoramente  
como perro que ladra de noche  
por compulsión  
estalla en llanto.

Hay que vivir — le digo.  
La vida es un don.  
No obstante.  
A pesar del pesar.  
Es duro, pasmoso, insoportable don. —

and despair  
    the convulsive sobbing explodes  
    obscene  
beyond civility  
the sobbing overwhelms him

the black cumulus burdens him  
his dwelling comes apart at the seams  
his tongue unfolds  
everything stiffens  
the senseless nears  
the vacant stuns him  
my friend Ken  
cannot stand up anymore  
frighteningly  
like a dog barking at night  
he bursts  
into tears.

You have to live — I tell him.  
Life is a gift.

    All the same.  
In spite of regret.  
A tough, staggering, unbearable gift. —

## ***“ECLIPSE”***

Saúl Yurkiévich

Supuse que al borde del mar  
todo era diferente

Vi el rostro de una niña perdida  
en un país lejano.

Y caminamos en la noche solitaria.

## ***“ECLIPSE”***

Saúl Yurkiévich, trans. Asher Freund (Amherst)

I supposed that at the edge of the sea  
everything was different

I saw the face of a girl lost  
in a distant country.

And we walked in the empty night.

# Selecciones de *Piedra de sol*

Octavio Paz, editado por Wyatt Reu

una presencia como un canto súbito,  
como el viento cantando en el incendio,  
una mirada que sostiene en vilo  
al mundo con sus mares y sus montes,  
cuerpo de luz filtrado por un ágata,  
piernas de luz, vientre de luz, bahías,  
roca solar, cuerpo color de nube,  
color de día rápido que salta,  
la hora centellea y tiene cuerpo,  
el mundo ya es visible por tu cuerpo,  
es transparente por tu transparencia,

★★

voy por tu cuerpo como por el mundo,  
tu vientre es una plaza soleada,  
tus pechos dos iglesias donde oficia  
la sangre sus misterios paralelos,  
mis miradas te cubren como yedra,  
eres una ciudad que el mar asedia,  
una muralla que la luz divide  
en dos mitades de color durazno,  
un paraje de sal, rocas y pájaros  
bajo la ley del mediodía absorto,

★★

tu falda de maíz ondula y canta,  
tu falda de cristal, tu falda de agua,  
tus labios, tus cabellos, tus miradas,  
toda la noche llueves, todo el día  
abres mi pecho con tus dedos de agua,  
cierras mis ojos con tu boca de agua,

# Selections from *Sunstone*

Octavio Paz, trans. Wyatt Reu

a presence like a song from the silence,  
like the wind singing through a burning building,  
a glance that holds by a thread  
all the world and its mountains and seas,  
body of light shining through an agate,  
legs of light, stomach of light, sunlit stone,  
bays of light, body the color of clouds,  
the color of a bright and leaping day,  
the hour coruscates and has a body,  
the world is visible through your body,  
transparent through your transparency,

★★

I travel through your body as through the world,  
your stomach is a plaza filled with sun,  
your breasts two churches where the blood  
officiates its parallel mysteries,  
my glances cover you like ivy,  
you are a city besieged by the sea,  
ramparts the light breaks into two halves  
the color of peaches, a secret refuge  
of salt and rocks and seabirds, under  
the dominion of an insensate noon,

★★

your skirts of maize ripple and sing,  
your skirts of crystal, your skirts of water,  
your lips, your hair, your glances,  
you rain all night long, and all through the day  
you open my chest with your fingers of water,  
you close my eyes with your mouth of water,  
you rain ceaselessly over my bones,

sobre mis huesos llueves, en mi pecho  
hunde raíces de agua un árbol líquido,

\*\*

busco una fecha viva como un pájaro,  
busco el sol de las cinco de la tarde  
templado por los muros de tezontle:  
la hora maduraba sus racimos  
y al abrirse salían las muchachas  
de su entraña rosada y se esparcían  
por los patios de piedra del colegio,  
alta como el otoño caminaba  
envuelta por la luz bajo la arcada  
y el espacio al ceñirla la vestía  
de un piel más dorada y transparente,

\*\*

tigre color de luz, pardo venado  
por los alrededores de la noche,  
entrevista muchacha reclinada  
en los balcones verdes de la lluvia,  
adolescente rostro innumerable,  
he olvidado tu nombre, Melusina,  
Laura, Isabel, Perséfone, María,  
tienes todos los rostros y ninguno,  
eres todas las horas y ninguna,

\*\*

frente a la tarde de salitre y piedra  
armada de navajas invisibles  
una roja escritura indescifrable  
escribes en mi piel y esas heridas  
como un traje de llamas me recubren,  
ardo sin consumirme, busco el agua  
y en tus ojos no hay agua, son de piedra,



and in my chest sink deep and spread  
the liquid roots of a tree made of water,

\*\*

I search for a day alive as a bird,  
I search for the sun of five in the afternoon,  
tempered by walls of porous stone:  
the hour ripened its clusters, its fruits split open,  
and from them poured schoolgirls  
filling the courtyard of the academy,  
one tall as autumn walked, enveloped  
in the light below the arcade, and space,  
clinging to her, dressed with a skin  
even more golden and transparent,

\*\*

tiger color of light, grey-brown deer,  
fleeting forms in the realms of the night,  
glimpses of a girl leaning against a rail,  
green balconies open to the rain,  
metamorphic, adolescent face,  
I've forgotten your name, Melusina,  
Laura, Isabel, Persephone, Mary,  
your face is all of these and none of them,  
you are every hour and none of them,

\*\*

before an afternoon of saltpeter and stone,  
armed with an invisible blade,  
you carve into my skin a baffling glyph,  
you write into my skin and these wounds  
coat me like a suit of flames, I burn  
without consuming myself, I search for water  
and there is no water in your eyes, only stone,  
and your breasts, your stomach, your hips

y tus pechos, tu vientre, tus caderas  
son de piedra, tu boca sabe a polvo,  
tu boca sabe a tiempo emponzoñado,  
tu cuerpo sabe a pozo sin salida,  
pasadizo de espejos que repiten  
los ojos del sediento, pasadizo  
que vuelve siempre al punto de partida,  
y tú me llevas ciego de la mano  
por esas galerías obstinadas  
hacia el centro del círculo y te yergues  
como un fulgor que se congela en hacha,  
como luz que desuella, fascinante  
como el cadalso para el condenado,  
flexible como el látigo y esbelta  
como un arma gemela de la luna,  
y tus palabras afiladas cavan  
mi pecho y me despueblan y vacían,  
uno a uno me arrancas los recuerdos,  
he olvidado mi nombre, mis amigos  
gruñen entre los cerdos o se pudren  
comidos por el sol en un barranco,

★★

miradas enterradas en un pozo,  
miradas que nos ven desde el principio,  
mirada niña de la madre vieja  
que ve en el hijo grande un padre joven,  
mirada madre de la niña sola  
que ve en el padre grande un hijo niño,  
miradas que nos miran desde el fondo  
de la vida y son trampas de la muerte  
¿o es al revés: caer en esos ojos  
es volver a la vida verdadera?,  
¡caer, volver, soñarme y que me sueñen  
otros ojos futuros, otra vida,  
otras nubes, morirme de otra muerte!  
esta noche me basta, y este instante

are stone, your mouth tastes of dust,  
your mouth tastes of poisoned time,  
your body a well with no escape,  
hallway of mirrors that repeat the same  
thirsting eyes, hallway that returns  
always to the place where I began, and you,  
you take me blind by the hand through these  
unyielding galleries, towards the center of the maze,  
and you stiffen like a flash of light frozen  
into a hatchet, light that flays like a torturer,  
fascinating like the gallows for the condemned,  
tensile like a whip and slender like the  
twin swords of the moon, and your sharpened words  
dig into my chest and empty me out,  
one by one you tear out my memories,  
I've forgotten my name, my friends grunt amongst swine or rot,  
eaten by the sun in some ditch,

★★

glances buried in a well,  
eyes that watch us from the beginning,  
in the eyes of the old mother, a young girl,  
that sees in her oldest son a young father,  
the old mother's eyes in the lonesome girl,  
who sees in her father a little boy,  
glances that watch us from the depths  
of life and are the snares of death –  
                    or is it other way around?  
and to fall into those eyes  
is to return to true life?

to fall, to return, to dream myself,  
and to dream of other, future eyes,  
another life, other clouds, to die another death,  
I've had enough with this night, this instant  
that ceaselessly opens itself and reveals to me  
where I was, who I was, what your name is,

que no acaba de abrirse y revelarme  
dónde estuve, quién fui, cómo te llamas,  
cómo me llamo yo:

\*\*\*

quiero seguir, ir más allá, y no puedo:  
se despeñó el instante en otro y otro,  
dormí sueños de piedra que no sueña  
y al cabo de los años como piedras  
oí cantar mi sangre encarcelada,  
con un rumor de luz el mar cantaba,  
una a una cedían las murallas,  
todas las puertas se desmoronaban  
y el sol entraba a saco por mi frente,  
despegaba mis párpados cerrados,  
desprendía mi ser de su envoltura,  
me arrancaba de mí, me separaba  
de mi bruto dormir siglos de piedra  
y su magia de espejos revivía  
un sauce de cristal, un chopo de agua,  
un alto surtidor que el viento arquea,  
un árbol bien plantado mas danzante,  
un caminar de río que se curva,  
avanza, retrocede, da un rodeo  
y llega siempre:

what my name is:

★★

I want to go on, to go further, and I cannot:  
this moment plunged into another, and another,  
and I dreamed the dreams of dreamless stones,  
and at the end of my years like stones  
I heard the song of my blood singing in its prison,  
with a murmur of light the sea singing, and  
one by one the walls fell, every door  
collapsed into the dust, and the sun  
pierced through my forehead of stone,  
it tore open my lidded eyes  
broke free my being from its rotten shell,  
it tore me out of myself, it raised me  
from my animal sleep of centuries of stone  
and its magic of mirrors revived  
a willow of crystal, a poplar of water  
a fountain of water splayed by the wind,  
a dancing tree, deeply rooted,  
the course of a river that bends, rushes forth,  
falls back, takes the long way around, and  
forever arrives:



TURKISH

# “Bir Ağaç Karşısında”

Ahmet Hasim

Soğuk bir kış günü karanfil almak için çiçekçi dükkanına girdim. Tatlı bir yaz hararetiyle ısıtılan bu yerin havası, nebati usarelerin hafif, sert ve yeşil tebahhuratıyla meşbû idi. İstediğim çiçeklerin destelenmesine kadar bana gösterilen, sandalyede oturdum. Mesut bir insan hayalhanesi gibi iklim, mevsim, yer ve zaman haricinde meyil ve hevesin arzu edebileceği her türlü renkte otlar, yapraklar ve çiçeklerle dolu adeta sihirli dükkânda, sessiz bir hayat ile teneffüs ettiği hissedilen karanlık yapraklı, bodur bir hurma ağacından başka hiç bir şeyle meşgul olmadım. Hayalim sanki aciz bir sinekti ve nebati örümcek onu birden ağlarında avlamıştı..

Hareketsiz duran haşin ağaca baktım ve düşündüm: Bir limonlukta mahpus olduğu için, uzaklarda kalan diğer hemcinsleri gibi öğle güneşlerinde sıcak toprağa gölge salamayan, yağmurlarda ıslanmayan, fırtınalarda sarsılmayan, semayı, yıldızları, Ay’ı görmeye görmeye unutan şu ağaç, bulunduğu köşede acaba mesut muydu? En hakir ottan, en muhteşem çınara kadar, her nebatın muhtaç olduğu hava ve ziyadan, kuş ve böcek ziyaretinden mahrum olarak, bu ağacın soba harareti ve insan nefesiyle yaşamaktan mesut olabileceğine hükmetmek için kendimce bir makul sebep bulamadım.

Nebatatın zekası hakkında büyük «Maeterlinck» in anlattığı muhayyirü’l-ukul müşahedelerden sonra, bir ağacı mesut veya mustarip tasavvur etmekte hiç bir garabet kalmıyor.

Mevcudatın sükutuna aldanmamalı. Mustaripler yalnız «mustaribim» diye bağırabilenler değildir. Bilinmez niçin, acıyı hayata katan kudret, insandan başka hiç bir mahluka acının sırrını faş etmek imkânını vermemiştir. Her mahlûk, hayatın kanlı yollarında, boynuna geçirilen ve sesini boğan bir ağır «sükût» zincirini sürükleyip yürüyor. Hiçbir beygir, hiçbir arı, hiçbir sinek, başının ağrıdığını veya midesinin bulandığını bize söyleyememiştir. Fakat bu neviden bir ıstırabın, gözü, başı, ağzı olan bir mahlûka yabancı olabileceğini zannetmek ne merhametsizliktir.



## *“In Front of a Tree”*

Ahmet Hasim, trans. Onur Oztemir (Amherst)

On a cold winter day, I entered a florist's shop to buy carnations. The air of this place, which was warmed by a sweet summer heat, was filled with the light, hard, and green murmurs of plant life. Until my desired flowers were arranged, I was shown to a chair. In a climate like a happy person's daydream, filled with all kinds of herbs, leaves, and flowers in every color that inclination and desire could desire, except for a dark-leaved, dwarf date palm that felt like it was breathing a quiet life, I was not busy with anything else. My imagination was like a helpless fly and the plant spider had suddenly caught it in its web.

I looked at the motionless, rough tree and thought: imprisoned in a lemon tree pot, like its other counterparts far away, unable to cast shade on the hot earth during midday suns, not getting wet in the rain, not shaken in storms, forgetting to see the sky, stars, and moon, was this tree in its corner happy? I couldn't find a reasonable cause to assume that this tree could be happy living solely on stove heat and human breath, deprived of the air and visits from birds and insects that every plant needs, from the lowliest weed to the grandest oak.

After the observations of the great “Maeterlinck” on the intelligence of plants, there is no longer any strangeness in imagining a tree as happy or suffering.

One should not be deceived by the silence of creatures. Sufferers are not only those who can cry out, “I suffer.” For some unknown reason, the power that gives pain to life has not granted any creature except man the possibility of revealing the secret of pain. Every creature drags a heavy chain of “silence” around its neck that stifles its voice as it walks the bloody paths of life. No horse, no bee, no fly has been able to tell us that their head aches or that their stomach is upset. But to think that such suffering could be foreign to a creature with eyes, head, and mouth is to be merciless.

Rüzgarlı, karanlık gecede bahçenin ağaçları vahşi gürültülerle hışırıyor; bu ağaçlardan niceleri kırılan bir dalın yarasıyla kanıyor, niceleri gizli bir haşerenin zehriyle için için ölüyor, niceleri can çekişmekte, niceleri anlaşılmaz acıların kısılcasına yakalanmış, kıvranmaktadır. Fakat bunu hiç kimse bilmiyor. Çünkü rüzgarlı, karanlık gecede hepsi aynı gürültü ile sallanıp hışırıyor. Cöllerin serbest bir ağacı iken irsî bir terbiye ile ateş kenarında yaşamağa mahkûm uyusuk bir kedi zilletine indirilmiş, bu şimdi çiçeksiz, meyvesiz, aşksız ağacın her neshinin, duyulmak için ağız ve sestten başka bir şey istemeyen bin karanlık feryat ile dolu olduğunu pek muhtemel gördüm.

Dar saksıya gömülen kısa kütükten çelik sürgünler gibi fişkırıp yapraklar, korkunç bir ıstırap ile gerilmiş azim bir elin bana doğru uzanmış sert parmakları gibi göründü ve demir kafes arkasında hasta aslanın sıtmalı, büyük, sarı gözlerini andıran nebatî gözlerle, mahpus ağacın bana bakmakta olduğunu tüylerim ürpererek düşündüm.

On a windy, dark night, the trees in the garden rustle with wild noises; many of these trees bleed from the wound of a broken branch, many die within from the poison of a hidden pest, many are writhing in agony, caught in incomprehensible pain. But no one knows this. Because in the windy, dark night, they all sway and rustle with the same noise. I have seen that this now flowerless, fruitless, loveless tree, once a free tree of the deserts, has been reduced to the ignominy of a numb cat, condemned to live by the fire with a thousand dark cries that need nothing but mouth and voice to be heard.

The leaves that sprouted from the short log buried in the pot, like steel shoots, appeared to me like the hard fingers of a determined hand stretched towards me with terrible agony, and I shuddered at the thought that the imprisoned tree was looking at me with vegetative eyes resembling the sick lion's malaria-infected, large, yellow eyes behind the iron cage.



TWI

## ***“AHOBANBO” (Excerpt)***

amoafowaa

Sɛ afe afe ne ho afiri n’apɔ  
...ɛɛkɔ tɔ afe foforo nhyiaso yi  
Asan afedie bebreɛ na asumsum  
Ɛnti ahwɛyie ne ahobanbɔ afidie  
...na onipa biara hia de ayɛ ahowen

### II

Bɔ wo ho ban firi asan ho  
...na ma w’adɔfo adwen nkɔ adidie  
...wɔ asomdwoɛ agrɔdibea  
Bɔ wo ho ban firi ɔhaw ho  
...na

## Excerpt from “*A Promise Bonded to the Heart*”

amoafowaa, trans. Jonathan Asiedu  
& his parents, Roberta and Jonathan Sr.

If from January to December  
...the year has gone round and come  
Back to January  
And you are still alive and protected yourself  
...then good tidings will take me all through the year  
And take me to another year

### II

Love and protection  
...has kept me away from all bad omen  
...Peace and playfulness (peacefulness)  
has created a hedge around me  
and my self-protection





YIDDISH

## אסתר

פֿון ציליע דראָפּקין פֿון שבע צוקערס די גאַלדענע פּאַווע

איך האָב דיר הײַנט אין גאָס געטראָפֿן,  
סײַז מײַד געווען דײַן קול;  
דײַן האַלדז געווען צום קאַלטן וועטער אָפֿן,—  
איך וועל קויפֿן דיר אַ שאַליקל פֿון וואָל.

עס וועט פֿאַקשטעלן דיר דײַן האַלדז פֿון בײַזן וועטער.  
איך קען פֿון אַנדער בײַז דײַך נײַט פֿאַרשטעלן.  
ווען סײַוואָלטן העלפֿן גאָט, צי געטער,  
אַפּגעהאַקט וואָלט איך פֿון טעמפלען אַלע שוועלן.

איך קען די נאַכט נײַט רויקן שלאָפֿן,  
טראַכטנדיק פֿון דיר.

סײַז מײַד אַזױ דײַן קול,  
דײַן לעבן איז צום שטורעם אָפֿן,  
צו בײַז געווינטער אָפֿן איז דײַן טער,—  
איך וועל קויפֿן דיר אַ שאַלירל פֿון וואָל.

## ***“To Esther”***

Celia Dropkin (from Sheva Zucker’s *The Golden Peacock*), trans. Misha Schaffner-Kargman

We met in the street today,  
Your voice was tired;  
Your neck exposed to the cold, –  
I want to buy you a woolen scarf

It would hide your throat from bad weather.  
Even if I can’t hide you from misery.  
Though I would tear down all the doors from all the temples,  
If G-d would help me.

I know the nights of restless sleep,  
Thinking only of you.

Your voice is so tired.  
Your life is too exposed,  
Your door too open to bad storms, –  
I want to buy you a woolen scarf

## ווייס ווי דער שניי

פֿון ציליע דראָפּקין פֿון שבע צוקערס די גאָלדענע פּאָווע

ווייס ווי דער שניי אויף די אַלפֿן,  
שאַרף, ווי די באַרגיקע לופֿט,  
געווירצט, ווי פֿאַרציִטיקע זאַלבן,  
מיך דיין שיינקייט רופֿט.

ווייל דו בלענדסט, ווי אומבאַרירטע שניי,  
פֿאַרכפּסט דעם אָטעם, ווי די צו הויכע לופֿט,  
און עס הייבט מאַדנע דער קאָפּ אָן דרייען,  
ווי פֿון פּריקרען פֿאַרכישופֿטן דופֿט.

אַבער דו ביסט נאָר אַ קליין-שטעטלדיק ייִנגל,  
מיט אַ ביסל אַ צו לאַנגער נאָז.  
דו וועסט אָנטאָן דיין פּלה דעם רינג,  
און אויף מיר וועסטו וואַקסן זיך גראָז.

## ***“White as the Snow”***

Celia Dropkin (from Sheva Zucker’s *The Golden Peacock*), trans. Misha Schaffner-Kargman

White as the snow on the Alps,  
Sharp, like the mountain air,  
Spiced, like ancient salves,  
Your beauty calls to me.

You dazzle like untouched snow,  
Taking my breath like high air,  
As my head begins to oddly spin,  
From some unpleasantly enchanted scent.

But you’re only a small-town boy,  
With a nose that’s just a bit too long.  
You’ll put a ring on your bride’s finger,  
As grass grows over me.

## “Prayer”

Dave Malloy (from *Ghost Quartet*)

I will try,  
To forgive myself,  
For living in the dark,  
For my loss of wonder,  
For forgetting how to play.

I will try,  
To forgive myself,  
For being absent in public,  
And bored before stars.

For not remembering,  
For not being in my body,  
For not starting right now.

I will try,  
To see myself,  
As I am.

## \* תפילה

פֿון רוח קווארטעט- דייוו מאלוי  
--איבערזעצונג פֿון מײַכע שאַפֿנער-קאַרגמאַן

איך וועל פֿרוווען,  
זיך מוחל זײַן,  
פֿאַרן לעבן אין חושך,  
פֿאַרן דעם פֿאַרפֿאַלענען ווונדער,  
פֿאַרן געוואָקסען זײַן צו שנעל.

איך וועל פֿרוווען,  
זיך מוחל זײַן,  
פֿאַרן צעטראַגן זײַן אין דעם גאס,  
און נודניען זיך אונטערן שטערן.

פֿאַרן נישט געדענקען,  
פֿאַרן נישט זײַן אין דעם גוף,  
פֿאַרן נישט אָנהייבן יציט.

איך וועל פֿרוווען,  
צו זען זיך אליין,  
אז איך בין.





# INTERVIEWS

## **BENJAMIN DEBISSCHOP** *with* **ZIAD DALLAL**

*At the end of the fall semester, I held an interview with professor Ziad Dallal. Dallal teaches Arabic and Arabic literature at Bard. We talked about translation as an educational tool, his personal experience as a translator, American perceptions of the Arab World, and the concept of untranslatability.*

**BENJAMIN DEBISSCHOP** - Your teaching style focuses very heavily on translation, whether that be through in-class exercises or having students submit to *Sui Generis*. Why is that? Do you think translating is essential to understanding a language?

**ZIAD DALLAL** - I definitely think it runs both ways. I come from a school of thought that believes in two very contradictory things: that everything is translatable, and nothing is translatable. And that's why I focus on translation in class. You will notice a lot of times in class I say "Do not think in translation when it comes to prepositions," or "Do not think in word for word translations, that's not gonna be helpful." But then yes, you're correct in asking why we do translation in class at all. It is because we are always thinking in one language or another, and exposing students to how there's a dissonance or an incommensurability between languages allows them to start thinking in the language that they're learning. You start to think, "Oh, okay, so when I'm speaking in this sense or when I want to communicate that meaning, I cannot phrase the sentence in my head in English (or whatever your mother tongue is)." So you start to appreciate the very particular specificities of the language that you're learning by realizing that: "Ok, this thing is untranslatable. To translate it I need to start over from scratch, and to start to assemble this sentence in Arabic from point zero rather than have a basis in English."

**BD** - What's your personal history with translation? When did you start translating?

**ZD** - We all have a history with translation, especially coming to the United States or before that. I came to the United States for my PhD in 2012, but before that, living in Lebanon, a country that speaks, supposedly, three languages (Arabic, English, and French, but none of them too well, and we're always code-switching between one or the other), I've lived and grown up my entire life through translation. I went to an American school, but a lot of my family do not speak English. Some of my family speak French as their second language, but especially the older members of the family only speak Arabic, so I'd always have to have this double life of going to school, having everything be taught in English, and then going home to family events and then having to translate all of that or to embody a different sort of personality in a different language. But professionally, I started with translation from a theoretical point of view, and that is mainly because the very contingent circumstances of going to NYU in the comparative literature department. Two of my professors were very big on the idea of translation and translation theory, and they edited together a dictionary called *The Dictionary of Untranslatables*. And so in all of my classes, even if we were reading early modern English poetry, translation was always a lens through which to read this poetry. But then it became much more professional and practical when I started working with Syrian refugees who were resettling in the United States as immigrants. I think that was just before the Trump quote-unquote "Muslim ban". After that I also started working with a documentary crew, with a production company that were making a film about these Syrian refugee families in Baltimore. And so my job on that film was to translate everything from the Arabic to the English in order to subtitle it, but also in order for the director and the producer who did not know Arabic to know what they were doing (*laugh-ter*). Which was a very weird situation, because the whole film depended on my interpretation of what's going on in the scenes and what's going on there in reality... And of course it's a very

delicate matter when these Syrian refugees who do not know English at all had no filter in Arabic, so a lot of the interpretive decisions I had to do on the spot. I had to take into account how the director and the producers who did not understand Arabic and were unfamiliar with Arab culture at all would understand it, which was my first step of considering how to translate and how to interpret their words. Then I also had to think of the audience that was going to be reading the subtitles and depending on my subtitles to understand the whole thing. And, you know, certain translation choices can make an audience empathetic or not. ...

**BD** - That point about the empathy in the audience that you were talking about was really interesting. How did you balance the sort of “universality” and the “otherness” of their experiences? How close did you want the audience to feel to the people in the film?

**ZD** - Yes, it's a very difficult thing to negotiate. Partly because I knew that my role in the film was very limited.... And so it was very hard to negotiate because I was always working as sort of removed and knowing that the final decision is not going to be mine, not knowing if a scene was going to be included or if the subtitle was going to be there at all. And so I tried my best to recognize the fact that if I'm removed from the executive decision of what to include in the movie and not, the subjects of the film—the refugees themselves—are *further* removed, because there's hundreds of hours of footage, and you produce a film of 90 minutes. So there's a very selective process to create a sort of narrative which sometimes by the end of the film, working on it for a year and a half, you're like “This doesn't map out at all on what we've seen or on their experiences.” And so I tried my best throughout all of my translation ... to present the refugees, the Syrian subjects of the film, in a very positive light. For example, there are certain idioms in Arabic that we use that may be, in simple translation, very violent. One could be an idiom that says *taqburny* (يَنرَبِّقَت) which in Arabic means “I hope you bury me”, which is a term of endearment, you know, to say “I

hope I don't live a day without you on earth, I hope I die before you so I never have to mourn you, I never have to miss you.” But of course the Syrian subjects are using this word or this idiom in a very loose way, sometimes to express actual feelings of misery, but other times to express feelings of love, and I had to be very careful of how to communicate that so that they are not quickly perceived as this violent “other” that have this violent imaginary, and that they can only express love in terms of death, and vice versa. And so the way to do that is to position myself as an American, which is very hard to do, and to assume myself as someone who would be reading these subtitles for the very first time, and see, okay, what sort of associations come when an English speaker who knows only English would read “I hope you bury me”, or “I want to bury you” or something like that. So obviously it's not translated in these words, you choose something else, something that does not map out word for word on the Arabic idiom, but would communicate the intended emotion of the scene or of the moment.

**BD** - Right, so it's just a whole process of negotiating between the people you're portraying, and the people you're working for, and also the audience who you'll maybe never meet—you just have to imagine how they're gonna perceive it.

**ZD** - Right. And of course, for that film, I knew that the intended audience belong to a certain political cadre. The documentary premiered at Sundance Film Festival and it won Best Documentary in the Audience Awards. So the audience liked it, but the audience could only understand it by virtue of what I told them was happening, the subtitles. So in that sense, it was a success (*laughter*).

**BD** - Let's move on a bit into your work with Levantine hip-hop. Did this research include translation?

**ZD** - Yes, I think you're referring to some of the articles that I wrote in Arabic on Lebanese hip-hop, especially about the artist called El-rass (الرأس), meaning “the head”. The history of that

article is that I originally wrote it in English for a graduate class at NYU. But I wrote it in English, and I wasn't very satisfied with how I was translating the lyrics because rap lyrics are notoriously very difficult to translate—lots of very local references, lots of puns, et cetera. So the best way for me to translate those lyrics to English when I was originally writing the essay was to rid all of the lyrics from their poetic value, and there were all of these brackets and footnotes explaining everything that was happening in the song for an English audience. So I thought to myself, "Ok, I've written this in English about these Arabic rap songs, Arabic lyrics," but then I decided to translate the whole essay into Arabic. And that felt much more liberating, because I didn't feel that I was trying to, you know... I felt that I was talking about a Lebanese phenomenon in Arabic and writing for Lebanese and Arab people, rather than writing for a professor who only reads English, or an English audience, published in an English journal. Now of course I say that, but the other difficulty in translating into Arabic is to translate theory into Arabic, which is another sort of can of worms. And this is one of the dissonances that happens when you read a lot of theory written in English or French and you want to translate it into Arabic, you have to start to think theoretically in Arabic how to translate those terms. And one term that really I had a lot of trouble with, it comes from Fred Moten, is "hapticality" (*I laugh and wince*). Hapticality... Now on the iPhone there's haptic touch and stuff like that, but hapticality refers to this sort of affective feeling in touch with something at a distance, and so I translated that to Arabic as *al-lamsiyya* (اللمسية), where *lams* (لمس) is touching and *lamsiyya* becomes the adjective form of it, and I don't know if that works or not (*laughter*) but you get a sense of what the theory means. But regardless of the theory thing, we have to produce theoretical knowledge in Arabic, and although it was difficult, it was also rewarding in that sense.

**BD-** But even within Arabic, you're talking about writing in *fus'ha* (فصحى) (Modern Standard Arabic), and you're talking about rappers who are singing in a dialect, in a very specific subset of that dialect. Did you feel like you had to bridge that

gap? Were there any difficulties there making the rap understood in an academic context?

**ZD** - You know, I don't think so. I thought, because I was doing this whole process of treating an Arabic thing in English, then translating my English essay into Arabic, I went through this weird translation process and journey, it made me realize how the dialect is very different from the modern standard Arabic, but it's also very close—one comes from the other. It made me appreciate how the Lebanese, the Levantine dialect is in a way its own thing but is borrowing a lot from the *fus'ha*. And another thing about the rapper that I was focusing on is that he sings in both; sometimes in the same song he switches from *fus'ha* and then switches to the Lebanese dialect, and I think he does that in order to give himself a sort of... not authenticity, but authority, so that if there are any nay-sayers or skeptics, they can see that this person is writing poetry in all of the linguistic resources that he has.

**BD** -In your work with the hip hop and with the documentary, without you as the translator and without someone recording these instances, they would just be conversational or one-and-done. But as a translator you're also sort of working as a record-keeper, or a historian. Do you feel like that makes you more careful, or does it make you more conscious of what you're doing?

**ZD** - Certainly. It comes with a lot of responsibility and I always think that there's a responsibility of choosing what to translate it and why to translate it. Certainly in all of my work so far I never accept to translate an essay if I do not believe in the worth of that essay, whether to English or to Arabic. And one thing that, for example, I am really excited to do, and this is sort of a future project that I want to embark upon, is to translate into Arabic a book, or an essay, or a collection of essays by a French philosopher called Alain Badiou, because I think that we need exposure to that sort of philosophical knowledge in Arabic which is, so far, absent. So when I embark on such a project and

I think “Ok, someone should translate it, and why not? It can be me,” I am approaching it from a sort of ethical perspective, where I’m not only translating it because I think Alain Badiou is a genius. Regardless of that, I’m translating it because I think it will help what I believe to be happening in the Arab world, and that reading that kind of knowledge, and giving access to this kind of thought in Arabic will allow Arabic intellectual thought to grow and develop further in a way that I want it to develop.

**BD** - Is there anything else you wanted to add?

**ZD** - Maybe I’ll add a thing about the term “untranslatable” which is, as I said, sort of where I come from intellectually based on my studies and my training in comparative literature. And there is this sense that to say something is untranslatable—for example, classical Arabic poetry is untranslatable to English—some people misunderstand that as saying that Arabic culture cannot be understood at all by an English person. And so it becomes a way for people to speak about the untranslatable in a chauvinistic way, but that is totally not the intended consequence, that is a misunderstanding of the category of the untranslatable. I think what the category of the untranslatable does is to say, you know, there are lived experiences that are communicated in a certain language that can not be accessed from English very easily, or to access it from English is to actually commit a certain violence on the original experience. And so what the untranslatable is inviting people to do is to not live monolingually. Even if you do not have the capacity to learn Arabic or learn another language, whatever it may be, the untranslatable is an invitation to recognize the existence of different linguistic experiences and the existence of different forms of life based on language itself, and how to understand that. So in a sense it’s actually an invitation to be less xenophobic and chauvinistic about how people understand the world from a monolingual perspective.





# **CHRIS VALDIVIA with COLE HEINOWITZ**

**(Selections). 1/13/23, Cole's House.**

**CHRIS:**

How's it going? What are you up to?

**COLE:**

Well, I'm working on a book of essays called Poetry as Coexistence.

**CV:**

Your class was named after that.

**CH:**

Yes. The classes have been test-runs of exactly what you were talking about [before recording]: direct perception and direct transcription of experience, using language in a way that's not driven principally by its signifying function but by its affective/electromagnetic force.

**CV:**

Can you say more on that? I was interested [before recording] in thinking about "transcription." In our SPROJ meetings, we've talked a lot about this apprehension [of mine] with putting things to paper and writing about what feels very intuitive and visceral. This kind of...bodily trust of language that is not yet articulated. What happens in that process of putting language to the page in order to articulate and explain... *something*? I've struggled a lot with this feeling, and still now, which is I think a lot of why SPROJ sometimes doesn't feel like it's going as well as I think I would like it to. But, this feeling: what is that process of putting something to a page? What is *lost*? And especially in terms of when I hold on to it in my body and in my heart, and it feels like it can just live there, and doesn't have to be put on a page. And that I'd rather it *not* be put on a page because I'm

afraid that there will be some kind of loss in that process. That's a bit winded, but it's related to what you were talking about just now.

**CH:**

Yeah, sure. I want to respond to what you were saying from two different angles, and both of them are related to not-signification- foregrounded- language. This is a big reorientation of the way we commonly think about expression, and it's easier said than understood. When we talk about the loss involved in assigning language to somatic or psychic experience, the default understanding is to think of language as discourse. Meaning it's trying to explain, or it's trying to translate. Now that's not necessarily true and I'm more interested in language that is not trying to express, or explain, or compel, or persuade, or justify, or contextualize – any of those things. Not trying to make someone feel what I felt. And so, then, it's common for whoever I'm talking to say, "so, then, what is language doing? Is it just sound?" And my answer is: that's how poetry functions. Poetry is not discursive. If you *feel* it, you're perceiving meaning, and the meaning is *not* the signification. The meaning is a living compound of the somatic and the psychic and the cognitive. This is what the Germans invented a name for, "the hermeneutic circle." And it seems like a paradox, which is that to get to the meaning of a text, you need to already know what it's saying, but you can't until you read it. So where is the meaning? You can't point to it in any one sentence. It just sort of comes on you gradually, and then wraps around and reinforces everything else. A good metaphor might be a hologram. Have you seen one?

**CV:**

Like the Michael Jackson hologram where it's not actually Michael Jackson, but it's just a hologram. A literal hologram of Michael Jackson.

**CH:**

Okay, perfect. Yeah, a hologram is a photographic image pro-

jected on a plate so large that the image seems to have three dimensions and mobility. And it's not just that the scale is different. If you shatter the plate, the entire image is still there, unlike a photograph, which, if you rip it up, you just get a little piece of the whole. With holographic printing, you have the whole in each part. So if you just had a tiny shard of the plate, you'd still have the whole Michael Jackson, he'd just be blurrier. It wouldn't be like you only had his foot.

**CV:**

Just a bit out of focus, maybe?

**CH:**

Yeah, just a little out of focus. And so, having more parts of the plate just gives it added clarity and depth. In other words, the *meaning*, like, the "Michael Jackson," is in every single part of the image. It's not just "here's the foot, here's the hand, here's the nose." And I think of meaning in language that way, too. And by "meaning," again, to underscore, I'm talking about something that sinks below semantic content and hovers above it, and is the condition of possibility for understanding.

Does that make sense?

It hovers above and it sinks beneath meaning. Meaning is the vibrational envelope in which content can be exchanged.

(...)

**CH:**

How do you transmit an attitude or a stance towards someone, *to* them? Like, how do I make you know that I hold you in unconditional positive regard, and bring to your interests curiosity and unconditional support? I think you feel that. And I think that is part of the envelope that holds the content of what I share with you, right? And that changes it. What do we call *that*? It's not exactly just emotion. It's not just, exactly, intention. It's not just context or positionality or relation. It's the transmission of *something* that gives the meaning to what I say, to *you*, specifically.

**CV:**

Right, like, only I can deduce the meaning. You're not delivering to me a meaning.

**CH:**

Right. So what do we call it? Like, is it a space? Is it an envelope? Is it a container? Is it a condition of possibility? Is it like a horizon of expectation? It's all of these things. And that includes the somatic and the psychic, of course, and the electromagnetic. But I don't think of it in terms of either/or. Therefore, I don't focus on the *loss* in transcription, to get back to your main question, because I don't believe that a 1-to-1 correspondence is possible between content and form. And I'm glad for it, because if there were, we would be much more limited in what we could get from reading. Reduced to, like, "I relate to it" or "I don't relate to it." That assumes that there is a 1-to-1 correspondence between what went into the words on the page, and what can be taken out of them. And I don't believe that's true. So it's maybe more useful to think of language as a *performance* of meaning, because you have to *recreate* the original content in a new medium. It's not about translating, actually, it's about recreating, re-performing, reinitiating, reenergizing. It's like if I had a snowman here and I wanted to have "the snowman effect" in San Diego, I couldn't just make a snowman there out of fake snow. It wouldn't have the same meaning at all. I'd have to find some kind of analog in that climate that performed the meaning of the snowman *here*. T. S. Eliot put it pretty damn well, and this is in his essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent," when he says that "poetry is not the turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion," and a creation of emotions you can only have in language. So that's a good way of saying that a 1-to-1 correspondence between content and the form in which it manifests is not the goal. So then that means you can clear off a big bunch of worry about the content that will be lost.

**CV:**

Or how somebody else will receive or interpret something, as if they could possibly interpret it in the way that *I* want them

to, which itself is a lost cause. I can't control that, and perhaps I shouldn't worry about controlling that.

**CH:**

I agree. Poetry is where this is most concentrated for me. For example, I write poems for people, but there is *never* really an instance in which I say something I would personally say, there's nothing discursive that happens there. It's like the poem *recreates* the relationship rather than trying to describe it.

**CV:**

How is it, if you can say more, when you're writing to whomever, what is that process like in terms of...transcribing?

**CH:**

There is no transcribing, that's what I'm trying to say. It's not, "This is how I feel, and I want to get it on paper," ever, ever, ever. In fact, most of the time when I'm writing poetry, my energy is directed toward getting *around* what I actually feel and think, in my life, and finding analogs to it that emerge only in language.

(...)

**CH:**

To be as explicit as possible, here's what I think makes Ana's work so compelling. Ana [Segovia] is working with a lot of stock imagery from the golden age of Mexican film and particularly is concentrated on the image of the Macho, and oftentimes takes as their point of departure a still from a film that was supposed to be funny or supposed to be adventurous, but one that captures an ambiguous gesture of intimacy between two Machos that, if you were to decontextualize it, would seem very provocative but ambiguous. And so what these paintings do is that they stand as a kind of window into what cannot manifest fully. The voices that cannot be spoken, the voices of desire, or voices of shame, or voices of interior psychological states that can't manifest in the film or in the bull ring or whatever, become pos-

sible. And it's not that they override it. It's not like Ana's doing a sort of queering of Macho culture, but rather that you can sort of hear or see or intuit the presence of what is excluded from the frame. So that's how I *really* feel about Ana's painting. But that does not sound at all like [a poem I wrote for her]: "These shapes rise directly from the silence / still half enclosed in sleep they gesture clumsily / to know if they are in the world at all / A radiance surrounds the empty space / and threatens to expand in all directions / If desire seems to fix upon an object / or if the lovers seem to touch / inside the loose-weave sphere of matter / it is the silence that connects them." "Silence" is not in anything that I mentioned when I was just talking about Ana's work. So I had to find some form *outside* of the content of their work and my feelings about their work to recreate the phenomenon of my experience of their work. Does that make sense?

**CV:**

Yeah, it does.

**CH:**

"Silence" ended up being where I could recreate the experience of Ana's work outside of the terms that that work proposes for itself, and outside of the terms that I as a viewer would propose to *explain discursively* what I think is going on. So it's more like an *actualization*, in another medium, of an experience. And I'm *not* looking for a 1-to-1 correspondence, because I couldn't be. It has to be alien. It has to be in an alien medium.

**CV:**

Can you, not "assign," but *characterize* it with a feeling, or an adjective?

**CH:**

No, absolutely not. Because if I want it to produce a feeling, I cannot know that feeling in advance or I get trapped in that loop, that hermeneutic circle, of where I'm like, "I'm trying to get *you* there, to the feeling." So that's why most of my time when I'm writing poetry is banishing my feeling and banishing

the language I have to try to discursively express it.

(...)

**CH:**

...what I wanted to say about this is that I think the reason that we're getting it wrong most of the time, in talking about the capacity of language to translate interior experience or to externalize interior experience, the reason I think we're getting it wrong, at least in the Western world, is because of a misreading of the Socratic tradition. So it's a really old, old issue, but it's really one that starts – you're going to always know in advance, with me – it starts with the Romantics. Because that's when the understanding of Socrates that we still have was born, and it hasn't changed, and here it is. You know the parable of the cave, right?

**CV:**

Yeah, of course.

**CH:**

It's all these people that we call "living real life" that are actually living underground, looking at shadows. And if somebody somehow managed to get up into the open air and see the sun and see things that had color and depth, and came back down and told the other people, they would try to kill him because they would think he was dangerously insane. The metaphor is obvious. Okay, so in terms of what that shows or is *supposed* to show us about Plato's thought? It's supposed to show us that appearances or phenomena are a pale shadow of essence, truth. And I think most people are wired to think in that way now, right? That the surface, what is manifest, what can be ascertained through the senses is somehow *less* than that which, by definition, cannot manifest and can't be ascertained through the senses, because that's where essence lives, that's where truth lives, that's where God lives, that's where goodness lives, etc. But that's a very selective reading of what Plato and Socrates are doing. Or it's *one* possible reading. Here's the other one. The



manifest isn't a second-class citizen. What can be put into words, or what can be drawn on a piece of paper, or what can be touched, or what can be smelled, is not a pale shadow of the real – illusions somehow cheapened by the fact that we can exchange them and touch them and smell them. Surfaces and exteriors, *are* the truth. Are the real. Are the essence. And I am not a postmodernist. I'm not saying "It's all surfaces." And I'm not a relativist either, saying, "It's all how you take it." If I say the way you look is who you are, not a distorted reflection, or that the way you write is who you are, not just a segment of you, I mean what the ancient Athenians meant by the term *aesthesis*. This moment when you see something or hear something outside of yourself and you \*GASP!\* because it moves you, because it got through. And so they called that "aesthesis," which is where the word "aesthetics" comes from. But it's beauty, it's Aphrodite. The apprehension of the beautiful, \*GASP!\*, even if it's ugly. We're much better at perceiving the ugly nowadays, but it's still *aesthesis*. It suddenly comes on you, the full meaning of it, and you \*GASP\*, you inhale, you inspire.

**CV:**

That's interesting. The full meaning of... a moment.

**CH:**

Yeah! And it comes through the surface. Beauty or ugliness, or what the senses can give you, is the only way we have access to essence. And it's *not* a shame. It's not like, "Oh, it's too bad that we can only get so far towards essence because of our limited senses or our limited cognition." Absolutely not. We're all the way there already. It's what makes possible the idea that there *is* an essence, that sudden apparition of the beautiful that takes your breath away.

**CV:**

Yeah. Yeah. This feels very grounded in, for me, the "present," or moments – immediate reception and intake of the world as it exists.

**CH:**

So this is completely contrary to all of the narratives from Christianity and Gnosticism to classical philosophy and phenomenology. It's completely contrary to it because all of those systems of organizing value and meaning are predicated on the absence of the essential, the absence of the true. They're all predicated on the idea that the truth is withdrawn and obscured by the means we use to try to access it. And I don't believe that's true. I don't think meaning is elsewhere. I think it's here. But we have been trained not to perceive it, or acknowledge it, or invest it with the significance that it does have. We prefer to scuttle around, searching for the mystery so we can crack the code, so we can actually point to the real and say, "All of that was a charade. All of that was a costume."

**CV:**

What do you mean when you say "the real"? Are you talking about [Jacques] Lacan?

**CH:**

No, no. I mean the essence.

(...)

**CV:**

This is slightly related to things we've already talked about: you used the phrase, once, in our meetings, of "tapping into your heart." I wonder where that fits.

**CH:**

Oh, oh, great. I'm so glad you asked me that. While you were reading your translation [aloud] just now, there were moments when I, involuntarily, said, "muy bien" or "mm." Those are the points where my heart was touched. It's not like "Oh *good work*, Chris." Or, like, "Oh, I 'feel' that." It was like it crystallized into an entity of its own, and I felt its force. I felt with my heart. A little bit of science, maybe, to explain what I mean when I say the ideal stance is to walk through the world with your heart-

field open.

**CV:**

I feel like I know what you mean when you say that.

**CH:**

I know you know, but then we're talking, como, entre nosotros. But then what if Mr. Big Bad Scientist comes into the room? He's going to be like, "Oh, you silly liberals" or whatever. But it doesn't have to be like that.

**CV:**

No, it doesn't.

**CH:**

So, the world we live in is an electromagnetic field, and everything is an electromagnetic transmitter and receiver, just like radio signals, sound waves. And you can tune to them on your radio, right, if you're in range. Well, we can tune to the electromagnetic fields of other entities, too. Like, I have an electromagnetic set of signals that I'm sending out. It's the sum total of all of the electromagnetic oscillators in my body. The three strongest, in order of their strength, are the heart, the gut, and the brain. So when you get a vibe from someone that's not socially coded, that's what you're picking up, their frequency. And it extends about 10ft, that's what they've measured up to, beyond your fingertips. Some people call this "the spiritual body," but it's really the extent to which the electromagnetic field given off by a person has been measured. It might be bigger. But I'm touching you right now, is the point, and you are touching me. We're changing each other. Our electromagnetic oscillators, like *all* electromagnetic oscillators, *entrain* in proximity to each other, meaning they sync up. And usually the more regular one is the one that gets synced to. So if you've ever been really sick and gone to a doctor who just said, "Yeah, you're really sick," but when you left, you felt better? Like, healers oftentimes develop a very regular heart rhythm that the heart of those near them will entrain with, and you feel better. In traditional healing it can

also work the other way... A sick person comes to them and the healer entrains to the sick rhythm in order to know, from their own body, how to help.

**CV:**

That's lovely.

**CH:**

So that's *always* happening. That's the baseline. The second piece is that our hearts have their own nervous systems. Neurons and synapses aren't just in the brain. Hearts have neurotransmitters. The heart is usually thought of as a pump. It's not. What the heart is is the first brain. Some traditions think the gut is, which makes sense if you think about the fact that roughly 90% of our neuromodulators are produced in the intestinal tract. But the heart is the sentinel. It's where information comes to us *first*, the first organ of perception. And we don't notice, we don't notice it. But it is true that things only go to the brain afterwards.

**CV:**

And I agree. And I feel it, especially when I actually try to not get caught up in the brain, and in explaining things, and in meaning- making. And just sitting and *feeling*. I think I also feel that.

**CH:**

I know you do. You have an innate ability there, but everyone can learn it. And people can strengthen their innate abilities—for instance anytime you objectively describe something. Like, describe that plant, write down what you see for a page. You will go through a shift from sympathetic to parasympathetic function. Your pupils will dilate a little bit. Your heart rate will slow. These are somatic modifications that you can induce in your body through simple acts of writing.

(...)



