

SUI GENERIS

2022



SUI GENERIS

of its own kind

Spring 2022

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Sui Generis is an annual literary magazine which publishes translations and original creative work in any language other than English. Submissions are accepted from the entire Bard community.

Special thanks to the Division of Languages and Literature, and to Patricia López-Gay.

Additional thanks to Linnea Iannazzone, Cecile Kuznitz, Oleg Minin, and Christi Shingara.

Aprender a hablar es aprender a traducir; cuando el niño pregunta a su madre por el significado de esta o aquella palabra, lo que realmente pide es que traduzca a su lenguaje el término desconocido. La traducción dentro de una lengua no es, en este sentido, esencialmente distinta a la traducción entre dos lenguas, y la historia de todos los pueblos repite la experiencia infantil...

When we learn to speak, we are learning to translate; the child who asks his mother the meaning of a word is really asking her to translate the unfamiliar term into the simple words he already knows. In this sense, translation within the same language is not essentially different from translation between two tongues, and the histories of all peoples parallel the child's experience.

Octavio Paz, trans. Irene del Corral
Traducción: literatura y literalidad.
1971.

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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 for further explanation.*

A Letter From the Editors

Dear Readers,

Bard College's *Sui Generis* represents a collective of works in translation, generated and compiled by a diverse community of students. The work contained in this year's issue spans vast expanses of time and space, across no fewer than fifteen languages - a *Sui Generis* record! This is the largest issue we have ever published, and we were continually awed by the creativity and dedication that our translators brought to their submissions. The editorial team is honored to be able to provide a space for the sharing of such wonderful work.

This issue also contains three interviews with noted translators: a conversation between celebrated writer Lydia Davis and Spanish Studies major Wyatt Reu '23, a dialogue with Professor Ahmad Ayyad of Al-Quds Bard College in Jerusalem, conducted by Environmental and Urban Studies major Khadija Ghanizada '23, and a discussion of Professor Joseph Luzzi's new translation of *La Vita Nuova* by Dante Alighieri, between Professor Luzzi and Literature major Martial Junceau '24. All three pieces offer exciting perspectives on the beauty, complexity, and nuances of translation.

The editors would like to thank the network of student translators, language tutors and faculty members without whom our publication would not be possible. We are endlessly grateful for your support and your fine work. As always, we offer special thanks to our faculty advisor Professor Patricia Lopez-Gay for her guidance and encouragement throughout the editing process.

In times of isolation and in times of conflict, the act of translation becomes a feat of human connection, representing our persevering commitment to communicating with and understanding each other. The editors present this volume as an embodiment of our community's linguistic diversity, and of our experience both as individuals and as a network of readers, thinkers, and translators. Please enjoy this year's issue of *Sui Generis*.

The Editors

Artist Statement

To think that in translation the original fervor of a piece has been butchered and reconstructed into some half expression would be wrong. What could be a threadbare translation, in my experience, is instead, an articulate and personal message-- sometimes witty and even sad. The people on this cover of *Sui Generis* (Yalitza Aparicio, Sandra Cisneros, Yasunari Kawabata, Akwaeke Emezi, and Ismail Kadare) are figures who have impacted my friends and myself in some shape or form with their words. What I used to think was forceful reading, turned into pleasure and I thank the art of translation for allowing me to feel close to experiences that I would otherwise be ignorant of.

Aisaiah Levon Pellecer

ANCIENT GREEK

Ἀντιγόνη

Σοφοκλής [SOPHOCLES]

πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κούδεν ἄνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει·
 τοῦτο καὶ πολιοῦ πέραν πόντου χειμερίῳ νότῳ
 χωρεῖ, περιβρυχίοισιν
 περῶν ὑπ' οἴδμασιν.
 θεῶν τε τὰν ὑπερτάταν, Γᾶν
 ἄφθιτον, ἀκαμάταν ἀποτρύεται,
 ἰλομένων ἀρότρων ἔτος εἰς ἔτος,
 ἵππειῳ γένει πολεῦων.

κουφονόων τε φύλον ὀρνίθων ἀμφιβαλῶν ἄγει
 καὶ θηρῶν ἀγρίων ἔθνη πόντου τ' εἰναλίαν φύσιν
 σπεύρασι δικτυοκλώστοις,
 περιφραδῆς ἀνήρ:
 κρατεῖ δὲ μηχαναῖς ἀγραύλου
 θηρὸς ὀρεσσιβάτα, λασιαύχενά θ'
 ἵππον ὀχμάζεται ἀμφὶ λόφον ζυγῶν
 οὔρειόν τ' ἀκμήτα ταῦρον.

καὶ φθέγμα καὶ ἀνεμόεν φρόνημα καὶ ἀστυνόμους
 ὀργὰς ἐδιδάξατο καὶ δυσάυλων
 πάγων ὑπαίθρεια καὶ δύσομβρα φεύγειν βέλη
 παντοπόρος: ἄπορος ἐπ' οὐδὲν ἔρχεται
 τὸ μέλλον: "Αἶδα μόνον φεῦξιν οὐκ ἐπάξεται:
 νόσων δ' ἀμηχάνων φυγὰς ζυμπέφραστα.

σοφόν τι τὸ μηχανόεν τέχνας ὑπὲρ ἐλπίδ' ἔχων
 τοτὲ μὲν κακόν, ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἔσθλόν ἔρπει.
 νόμους παρείρων χθονὸς θεῶν τ' ἔνορκον δίκαν
 ὑψίπολις: ἀπολις ὄτῳ τὸ μὴ καλὸν
 ξύνεστι τόλμας χάριν. μήτ' ἐμοὶ παρέστιος
 γένοιτο μήτ' ἴσον φρονῶν ὅς τάδ' ἔρδει.

ANTIGONE (I. 332-375)

FRANCIS KARAGODINS

Many awes, none than man more awesome.
 Across the gray sea with the winter's southern wind
 He goes, engulfing passes under swells.
 Of gods the utmost, Earth undying, unfatigued, he rubs away
 With rolling plows, from year to year,
 With horses turns it up.

The brood of lightly minded birds, enclosing it, he leads away,
 The class of rough beasts and the orders of the sea,
 With nets of coils wound, all-shrewd man. He tames with guiles
 The beast of the field that roams the hill,
 The hairy horse he binds and yokes about the neck,
 The tireless mountain-bull.

And speech and windy thought and passion for a country's laws
 He learned. Bad lodgings of the frost and sky,
 The darts of bad storms, he flees in every way.
 Wayless he goes to no thing yet to be.
 From Hades only flight he shall not get,
 But flight from guileless sickness he
 Has taken counsel for.

With wisdom and the guile of craft beyond hope,
 Now to ill he comes and now to good.
 Heeding the hard fashions of the land,
 The sworn sake of the gods,
 His town is high and he is high within it.
 Townless to whom no good is joined thanks to boldness.
 Let him not be companion of my hearth,
 Nor think the same, who does such things.

Διονυσιακά

Νόννος [NONNUS]

καὶ θρασὺς ἴστατο κοῦρος ὑπὲρ βοέιο μετώπου
ἀμφάφρων ἐπίκυρτον ἀταρβεί χειρὶ κεραίη·
καὶ βοὸς ὑλονόμοιο τεθηγμένος ἠδέϊ κέντρῳ
ἤθελεν ἄζυγα ταῦρον ὀρίδρομον ἠνιοχεύειν.

δρεψάμενος δὲ πέτηλα βαθυσχοίνῳ παρὰ ποίη
ψευδαλέην χλοεροῖσι λύγοις ἔπλεξεν ἱμάσθλην
μόσχοις ὀξυτέροισι, πολυστρέπτῳ δὲ κορύμβῳ
γνάμψας ἀγκύλα κύκλα τύπον ποίησε χαλινουῦ·

καὶ δροσεροῖς πετάλοισι δέμας διεκόσμεε ταύρου,
καὶ ῥόδα φοινίσσοντα πέριξ ἐπεδήσατο νώτῳ,
καὶ κρίνα καὶ νάρκισσον ἐπήρωρησε μετώπῳ,
αὐχένι πορφύρουσαν ἐπικρεμάσας ἀνεμώνην·

καὶ διδύμην ἐκάτερθε κατεchrύσωσε κεραίην
χερσὶ βαθυνομέναις ξανθόχροα πηλὸν ἀφύσσων
γεῖτονος ἐκ ποταμοῖο. καὶ αἰόλον ὑπόθι νώτου
δέρμα περιστορέσας ῥαχίης ἐπεβήσατο ταύρου·
καὶ βοέαις πλευρῆσι νόθην μάλιστα τιταίνων,
εὐχαίτην ἄτε πῶλον, ἐὼν μάλιστα φορῆα.

Καὶ θρασὺς ἠύτησεν ἔπος ταυρώπιδι Μήνη·
"Εἶξον ἐμοί, κερόεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη·
ἄμφω γὰρ κερόεις γενόμην καὶ ταῦρον ἐλαύνω."
Τοῖον ἐπαυχῆσας ἔπος ἴαχε κυκλάδι Μήνη.

καὶ φθονερῆς σκοπίαζε δι' ἠέρος ὄμμα Σελήνης
Ἀμπελον ἀνδροφόνῳ πεφορημένον ἄρπαγι ταύρῳ,
καὶ οἱ πέμπε μύωπα βοοσσόον· αὐτὰρ ὁ πικρῷ
ἄστατα φοιτητῆρι δέμας κεχαραγμένος οἴστρω
δύσβατον ἀμφὶ τένοντα κατέτρεχεν εἴκελος ἵππῳ.

Καὶ νέος ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἰδὼν λυσσώδεϊ κέντρῳ

DIONYSIACA (I. 167-254)

EM SETZER

Bold twigboy stood before bull before brow
 unafraid hand feeling curved horn, on edge from
 splinter of desire for beast living in the woods,
 he wanted to steer this mountainranging bull
 untamed.

By meadow heavy with reeds he plucked reaching
 grasses, wove a false whip from palegreen stems
 and thinnest branches, shaping crescents and loops
 from a verytwisted braid he made something like
 a rein.

With dewy leaves he festooned bull's living body,
 with roses reddening he bound its back, lilies white
 and narcissus flowers he draped over its brow, and
 a ring of bluepurple anemone he hung on its neck.

For gold

horns, two on each side he went deep in neighboring
 river, made full his hands and took for himself some
 ochre clay. Covering, with particolor skin of leopard,
 his back and spine, he mounted bull and on bullish ribs
 uncurled

bastard whip, whipping weightbearing body as if riding
 a prettymaned colt. Boldly he tossed a word to cow-
 faced Moon: "Yield to me O Selene you antlered
 conductor of beasts, as I am both horned and riding!"

To round

Moon he rang out such a word in celebration. With
 jealous eye, through blue air Selene spied Ampelos,
 carried by mankilling manstealing bull. Down sent she
 a cattleprodding fly and bull, with skin bit all over by
 bitter

unceasing fly, it raced like a horse through the hard
 mountain sinew. Young boy, seeing bull unyoked and
 unmade by needling bites, galloping like a madman

ἴχνος ἀερσιλόφοισιν ἐπιρρήσσοντα κολώναις,
ταρβαλέος πρὸ μόροιο γοήμονι λίσσετο φωνῆ·

“Σήμερον ἴστασο, ταῦρε, καὶ αὔριον ὠκὺς ὀδεύσεις·
μὴ με κατακτείνεις ἐρημάδος ὑψόθι πέτρης,
πότμον ἐμὸν νήπυστον ὅπως μὴ Βάκχος ἀκούσῃ.

μὴ κοτέης, ὅτι, ταῦρε, τήν χρύσωσα κεραίην·
μὴ φθονέης, ὅτι Βάκχος ἐμὴν φιλότητα φυλάσσει.
εἰ δὲ κατακτείνεις με καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγεις Διονύσου,
οὐδέ τις οἶκος ἔχει σε γοήμονος ἠνιοχῆος,
ὅττι νέος γενόμεν, ὅτι καὶ φίλος εἰμὶ Λυαίου,
εἰς Σατύρους με κόμιζε καὶ αὐτόθι, ταῦρε, δαμάσσεις,
ὄφρα τύχω μετὰ πότμον ἐρικλαύτοιο κονίης·

ναί, λίτομαι, φίλε ταῦρε· παραιφασίην δὲ νοήσω,
πότμον ἐμὸν στενάχοντος ἀδακρύτου Διονύσου.
εἰ τεὸν ἠνιοχῆα κερασφόρον ἠπεροπεύεις
εἵκελον εἶδος ἔχοντα τεῆ ταυρώπιδι μορφῇ,
γίνεο φωνήεις καὶ ἐμὸν μόρον εἶπέ Λυαίω·
ταῦρε, τεῆς Δήμητρος ἀνάρσιε καὶ Διονύσου,
ἀχθυμένου Βρομίιο συνάχνηται ὄμπνια Δηῶ.”

Τοῖον ἔπος ῥοδόεις νέος ἔννεπεν Ἄιδι γείτων
δύσμορος· αἴσσω δὲ ποδῶν διδυμάονι χηλῇ
οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα δυσέμβατα λυσσαλέος βοῦς
ἠβητὴν προκάρηνον ἐὼν ἀπεσεῖσατο νώτων·

ἦριπε δ’ αὐτοκύλιστος· ἐπ’ ἀστραγάλου δὲ πεσόντος
λεπτὸν ὑποτρίζων ἐδιχάζετο δόχμιος αὐχὴν·
καὶ μιν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο παλινδίνητον ἐλίξας
θηγαλή γλωχῖνι κατεπρήνιξε κεραίης.
καὶ νέκυσ ἦν ἀκάρηνος· ἀτυμβεύτοιο δὲ νεκροῦ
λευκὸν ἐρευθιόωντι δέμας φοινίσσετο λύθρω.

Καί τις, ἰδὼν Σατύρων κεκονιμένον ὑψόθι γαίης
Ἄμπελον ἱμερόεντα, δυσάγγελος ἦλυθε Βάκχω.
καὶ θεὸς εἰσαῖων ταχὺς ἔδραμεν εἵκελος αὔραις·
οὐτόσον Ἡρακλῆς δρόμον ἦνυσεν, ὀππότε Νύμφαι

toward skyscraping peaks, he became afraid of his
bad fate

and made a mourning prayer sound: “Stop for today
O bull! Tomorrow you can journey quickswift but
bind me not to death up high on this lonely rock,
my end never heard by Bacchos. Do not be angry

O bull

that I made your horns gold! Do not be jealous that
Bacchos keeps my love close! But if you must kill me,
if you have no love for Dionysus, no pity for your sad
rider, because I am young and beloved by the Loosener,
bring me

O bull to the Satyr place and slaughter me there, so
when I happen upon destiny, many tears will fall on
my ashes. Yes I am begging dear bull, I will be glad if
my unlucky hand is lamented by unlamenting Dionysus.

So if

you betray your rider, who is horned like your bovine
form, then please become withspeech and, of my fate
all mulberry black, tell the Loosener. O bull you enemy
to Demeter and Dionysus, know that when God cries,
Goddess

with arms full of wheat, cries with Him.” Such a word
the youth blacklucked and rosy said, with Hades now
his neighbor. Darting and glancing, with twincloven
hooves, on high mountain’s head, bull raged and bucked
headfirst

off his back the just ripened boy. Boy crashed and fell,
unrolled his spine with a cry-squeak-chirp and snapped
in two his thin husk neck. Bull tossed him to the ground,
spun him like stars, and with sharpmoon point, pinned
him down

to make a beheaded corpse. Boy’s tombless body, its
white was made red and spoiled with blood. And some
Satyr, finding Ampelos lovely and covered with dust up
on the high earth, ran as a sad messenger to Bacchos.

The God,

ἄβρὸν ὕλαν φθονεροῖσι κατεκρύψαντο ῥεέθροις
 νυμφίον ἰκμαλήη πεφυλαγμένον ἄρπαγι κούρη,
 ὡς τότε Βάκχος ὄρουσεν ὀρίδρομος· ἐν δὲ κόνιῃ
 κείμενον ἔστεινε κοῦρον ἄτε ζῶοντα δοκεύων.

καί μιν ἀνεχλαίνωσε τὸν ἄπνοον, ὑψόθεν ὤμου
 νεβρίδα καὶ ψυχροῖσιν ἐπὶ στέρνοισι καθάψας,
 καί, νέκυός περ ἐόντος, ἐδήσατο ταρσὰ κοθόρνοις·
 καὶ ῥόδα καὶ κρίνα πάσσε κατὰ χροός, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίταις,
 οἷα μινυνθαδίοιο δεδουπότος ὀξεί κέντρῳ,
 ἄνθος ἀνηώρησε ταχυφθιμένης ἀνεμώνης·

καὶ παλάμη πόρε θύρσον, ἐὼ δέ μιν ἔσκεπε πέπλω
 πορφυρέῳ· καὶ δῶρον ἀκερσικόμοιο καρήνου
 πλοχμὸν ἕνα τμήξας ἐπεθήκατο μάρτυρι νεκρῷ
 λοίσθιον· ἀμβροσίην δὲ λαβὼν παρὰ μητέρι Ῥεῖῃ
 ὠτειλαῖς ἐπέχευεν, ὅθεν νέος εἶδος ἀμείψας
 ἀμβροσίην εὐοδομον ἐῆ μετέθηκεν ὀπώρη.

καὶ νέκυος χαρίεντος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο ταθέντος
 οὐ χλόος ἀμφεχύθη ῥοδόεν δέμας· ὠκυμόρου δὲ
 καὶ πλόκαμοι χαρίεντες ἐρωτοτόκοιο καρήνου
 αὔραις φειδομένησιν ἐπαιθύσσοντο προσώπῳ·

ἦν δέ τις ἡμερόεις κεκοιμένος. ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
 Σειληνοὶ στενάχιζον, ἐπωδύροντο δὲ Βάκχοι.
 οὐδέ ἐ κάλλος ἔλειπε, καὶ εἰ θάνεν· ὡς Σάτυρος δὲ
 κείτο νέκυς, γελῶντι πανεῖκελος, οἷά περ αἰεὶ
 χεῖλεσιν ἀφθόγγοισι χέων μελιηδέα φωνήν.

Καὶ νέκυν εἰσορόων κινυρὴν ἀνενεῖκατο φωνήν
 νηπενθῆς Διόνυσος, ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπήν·

in tears, ran fast like a morning wind. Not even
 Heracles ran such a race (when Nymphs jealous hid
 his delicate pageboy in flowing rivers, to preserve as
 wet bridegroom for some stealing girl) as Bacchos
 did then,

dartingsharp on mountain roads. And when He spied
 in the dust, lying outstretched as if alive, His twigboy,
 God cried. He covered unbreathing dead thing, over
 raw shoulder and cooling chest He laid deerhide, on
 small feet

He laced tragic boots, and roses then lilies He sprinkled
 over boyskin. On looseflowing hair a garland He hung
 of windflowers which die fast, like the life felled early
 by a sharp horn. In boy's palm He put a fennelwand,
 a shroud

He made from His own robe of purple, then at last,
 God took a gift from His head of uncut hair, one curl
 he sheared and laid upon dead boy as final memory.
 Taking ambrosia from mother Rhea, over bodywounds
 He poured

(and Ampelos, when he took later a new shape, he
 infused into his fruit the musky liquor). Now boy's
 body was dead and elegant, fanned out on the ground.
 No pale color of sick embraced roselike skin, and his
 face, spared

by the breeze, was kissed by the charming curls on his
 head. Yes, dead and lovely, he was ravishing even in the
 dirt. Around the body Old Satyrs wept and Bacchae
 wailed, and beauty did not abandon him even in death.

A Satyr

his corpse stayed, smiling as if always from lips silent,
 honeyed sound would pour. And, laying eyes upon
 boy's dead body, a mourning sound was breathed out
 by unmourning Dionysus, His face unsmiling.

SAPPHO 31

Ψάπφω [SAPPHO]

φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν
ἔμμεν' ὤνηρ, ὅττις ἐνάντιός τοι

ἰσδάνει καὶ πλάσιον ἄδου φωνεί-
σας ὑπακούει

καὶ γελαίσας ἰμέροεν, τό μ' ἦ μὰν
καρδίαν ἐν στήθεσιν ἐπτόαισεν,
ὥς γὰρ ἔς σ' ἴδω βρόχε' ὥς με φώνας
οὔδεν ἔτ' εἴκει,

ἀλλὰ κάμ μὲν γλῶσσα ἔαγε, λέπτον
δ' αὐτικά χρωὶ πῦρ ὑπαδεδρόμακεν,

ὀππάτεσσι δ' οὐδ' ἐν ὄρημμ', ἐπιρρόμ-
βεισι δ' ἄκουαι,

κάδ' δέ ἴδρωσ κακχέεται, τρόμος δὲ
παῖσαν ἄγρει, χλωροτέρα δὲ ποίας
ἔμμι, τεθνάκην δ' ὀλίγω 'πιδεύης
φαίνομ' ἔμ' αὐτά.

ἀλλὰ πᾶν τόλματον, ἐπεὶ καὶ πένητα -

SAPPHO 31

ISABELLA SPAGNUOLO

He seems to me to be equal
to a god, that man who sits opposite you and
hears you speaking
sweetly nearby
and laughing charmingly, and this truly
makes my heart flutter in my chest,
whenever I look at you briefly, no voice
comes to me,
but my tongue breaks entirely, and a delicate
flame at once runs under my skin,
I see nothing with my eyes, and my
ears ring,
and sweat pours down me, and trembling
seizes my whole body, and I'm greener than
grass, and I seem
nearly dead.
But everything must be dared, since even a
poor man...

CATULLUS 51

GAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS

Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
ille, si fas est, superare divos
qui sedens adversus identidem te
spectat et audit

dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,
Lesbia, adspexi, nihil est super mi
vocis in ore

lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
flamma demanat, sonitu suo
tintinant aures, gemina teguntur
lumina nocte.

otium, Catulle, tibi molestum est:
otio exsultas nimiumque gestis.
otium et reges prius et beatas
perdidit urbes.

CATULLUS 51*

ABBY BLACKBURN

**Translator's note: Sappho 31 is a fragment of a poem by Sappho written in the sixth century BCE. Catullus 51 is an adaptation of the Greek into Latin, by the first century BCE poet Catullus. These English translations put into relief what is essentially the same poem (save Catullus' final stanza) but from two very different times and cultures, as well as different gender perspectives.*

He seems to me equal to a god
 he, if it is acceptable to the gods' law, seems to surpass divinity,
 who sitting opposite you again and again
 watches and listens

laughing sweetly, she rips away my senses
 from everything miserable: for from the moment
 I saw you, Lesbia, nothing remains of
 my voice in my mouth

but my tongue is numb, a slender flame
 glides down my limbs, from inside themselves
 my ears ring, my eyes are covered
 by twin night.

Idleness, Catullus, is troublesome for you:
 you exalt in idleness and rejoice too much:
 idleness has previously destroyed both kings
 and prosperous cities.

ARABIC

دَعُونِي أُوقِي السَّيْفَ

[ANTARAH IBN SHADDAD] عنتره بن شداد العبسي

دَعُونِي أُوقِي السَّيْفَ فِي الْحَرْبِ حَقَّهُ
وَأَشْرَبُ مِنْ كَاسِ الْمَنِيِّ صَافِيَا
وَمَنْ قَالَ إِنِّي سَيِّدٌ وَإِبْنُ سَيِّدٍ
فَسَيِّفِي وَهَذَا الزُّمُحُ عَمِّي وَخَالِيَا

LET ME FULFILL THE RIGHT OF THE SWORD

HUDSON HOOTON

Let me fulfill the right of the sword in war
As I drink from the cup of pure demise
And who said that I am the master or kin to the master?
My sword and this spear are my uncles.

A MOMENT OF HAPPINESS*

JALAL AL-DIN MUHAMMAD RUMI

**anonymous English translation.*

A moment of happiness,
you and I sitting on the verandah,
apparently two, but one in soul, you and I.
We feel the flowing water of life here,
you and I, with the garden's beauty
and the birds singing.
The stars will be watching us,
and we will show them
what it is to be a thin crescent moon.
You and I unselfed, will be together,
indifferent to idle speculation, you and I.
The parrots of heaven will be cracking sugar
as we laugh together, you and I.
In one form upon this earth,
and in another form in a timeless sweet land.

لحظة سعادة*

KHADIJA GHANIZADA

**translated from English into Arabic.*

لحظة سعادة
 نجلس انا وانتِ
 نظهر كائين ولكننا واحد في الروح، انت وانا
 نشعر بالمياه المتدفقة للحياة هنا
 انتِ وانا مع جمال الحديقة
 والطيور تغرد
 النجوم ستراقبنا
 ونحن نظهر لهم
 كيف يكون الهلال رقيقاً
 انت وانا من دون انفسنا سنكون معاً
 غير مباشرين لتكهنات فارغة انت وانا
 ببيغوات الجنة سيكسرون السكر
 بينما نبتسم معاً أنت وأنا
 في شكل واحدٍ على هذه الأرضِ
 وفي شكّلٍ آخر على أرضِ حلوة خالدة

قارئة الفنجان

نزار توفيق قباني [NEZAR QABBANY]

جلست والخوف بعينيها
تأمل فنجاني المغلوب
قالت:

يا ولدي.. لاتحزن
فالحب عليك هو المكتوب
يا ولدي،
قد مات شهيداً
من مات على دين المحبوب

فنجانك دنيا مرعبةٌ
وحياتك أسفاً وحروب..
ستحب كثيراً يا ولدي..
وتموت كثيراً يا ولدي
وستعشق كل نساء الأرض..
وترجع كالملك المغلوب

بحياتك يا ولدي امرأةٌ
عيناها، سبحان المعبود
فمها مرسوم كالعنقود
ضحكتها موسيقى و ورود
والشعر العجري المجنون
يسافر في كل الدنيا
قد تغدو امرأةً واحدةً
يهواها القلب هي الدنيا
لكن سماءك ممطرة..
وطريقك مسدود.. مسدود

فحبيبة قلبك.. يا ولدي
نائمة في قصر مرصود
من يطلب يدها..
من يدنو من سور حديقتها.. مفقود
من حاول فك ضفائرها..
يا ولدي..

QARE'AT ALFINJAN

HADEER EID

She sat down with fear in her eyes
 fixed on my upside down cup.
 She said: my son.. Don't be sad.
 Love is what is destined for you.
 My son,
 who dies on his beloved's religion,
 is a martyr.

Your cup is a terrifying world...
 And your life is travels and wars...
 You will love many...
 And you will die more...
 And you will adore all women on
 Earth...
 And you will return like a defeated
 king.

There is a woman in your life, son.
 Her eyes, praise Divinity.
 Her mouth is drawn like a spring.
 Her laugh is music and roses.
 And the crazy, gypsy hair
 is traveling through the world.
 One woman that the heart loves
 might become the world.
 But your sky is rainy
 and your path is blocked... blocked

For your beloved... my son,
 is sleeping in a watched palace.
 Whoever asks for her hand,
 whoever approaches her garden's
 wall... is doomed.

مفقود.. مفقود
بصرت.. ونجمت كثيراً
لكني.. لم أقرأ أبداً
فجاناً يشبه فجانك
لم أعرف أبداً يا ولدي..
أحزاناً تُشبه أحزانك
مقدورك.. أن تمشي أبداً
في الحب.. على حد الخنجر
وتظل حزينا كالصفا
وتظل وحيداً كالأصداف
مقدورك أن تبقى مسجوناً بين الماء وبين
النار

وبرغم جميع حرائقه
وبرغم جميع سوابقه
وبرغم الحزن الساكن فينا ليل نهار
وبرغم الريح.. ورمم الجو الماطر
والإعصار
الحب سيبقى يا ولدي أحلى الأقدار

سُفِّتْش عنها يا ولدي في كل مكان
وستسأل عنها موج البحر وقيروز الشيطان
وتجوب بحاراً وبحاراً.. وتفيض دموعك
أنهاراً
وسيكبرُ حزنك حتى يصبح أشجاراً

لكنك ترجع يا ولدي
مهزوماً مكسور الوجدان
وستعرف بعد رحيل العمر
بأنك كنت تُطارده خيط دخان
فحبيبة قلبك

ليس لها أرض أو وطن أو عنوان
ما أصعب أن تهوى امرأةً يا ولدي
ليس لها عنوان.

Whoever tries to unbraid her
braids... my son,
is doomed... doomed.

I have been telling fortune by
reading stars for so long.
But I have never read
a cup like your cup
I have never known, my son...
sorrows like yours.
It is your destiny to walk on a
dagger edge for eternity.
And to stay as sad as willow.
And to stay as lonely as shells.
It is your destiny to be imprisoned
between water and fire.

Is spite of all its fires.
And regardless of all its
precedents.
And regardless of the resident
sorrow within us night and day.
And despite of the wind... and
despite the rainy weather and
hurricane,
love will remain the best of fates,
my son.

You will search for her everywhere,
my son.
And you will ask seawaves and the
Fayrouz docks.
And you will wander the seas... and
you will cry rivers.
And your sorrow will grow until it
becomes trees.
But you will return, my boy,

defeated, sentimentally broken,
and you will know, after life's
departure,
that you have been chasing a
thread of smoke.
For your sweetheart
has no land, no home, no address.
How hard it is to love a woman, my
boy,
that has no address.

هي الخالق

[JALAL AL-DIN MUHAMMAD RUMI] جلال الدين محمد رومي

يوجد حديث عن محمد قال فيه، ”الرجل الحكيم
”..يسمع ويقبل قيادة امزاة، أما الرجل الجاهل فلا
من تجذبه رغباته لإحيوانية ينقصه اللطف والمشاعر
التي تبقي الرجال أناس.
الغضب و الرغبات القوية هي صفات حيوانية
أما العطف المحب تجاه النساء يظهر شخصاً لم تعد
تجذبه الحاجات و النقص.
قلب الانثى ياتي مثل شعاع من الشمس
ليس الشكل الخارجي الذي تسمع عنه في
أغاني الغزل؛ يوجد لغموضها أكثر من هذا.
قد تستطيع أن تقول أنها ليست من هذا العالم الظاهر
كلياً، بل خالقه.

SHE IS THE CREATOR

KHADIJA GHANIZADA

There is a Hadith from Mohammad in which he said, “the wise man
Hears and accepts women’s leadership, but the ignorant man won’t.”
He who is attracted to his animal desires and lacks kindness and feelings
Which keeps men human beings
Anger and strong desires are characteristics of animals
But kindness and love towards women reveals a person
Who is no longer attracted by needs and shortcomings.
A feminine heart comes like a ray from the sun
It is not the external appearance which you hear of in
Ghazal songs, there is more to her mystery.
You can say that she is not from this apparent world
Entirely, but she created it.

الغرباء

[MUHAMMAD AL-MAGHUT] محمد الماغوط

قبورنا معتمةٌ على الرابيه
 والليل يتساقطُ في الوادي
 يسيرُ بين الثلوج والخنادق
 وأبي يعود قتيلاً على جواده الذهبي
 ومن صدره الهزيل
 ينتفض سعالُ الغابات
 وحفيفُ العجلات المحظمه
 والأنين التائه بين الصخور
 ينشدُ أغنيةً جديدةً للرجل الضائع
 للإطفال الشقر والقطيع الميت على الضفة الحجرية.

...

أيتها الجبالُ المكسوةُ بالثلوج والحجارة
 أيها النهض الذي يرافق أبي في غربته
 دعوني انطفئ كشمعةٍ أمام الريح
 أتألم كالماء حول السفينة
 فالألم يبسط جناحه الخائن
 والموتُ المعلقُ في خاصرة الجواد
 يلج صدري كنظرة الفتاة المراهقة
 كأنين الهواءِ القارس.

THE STRANGERS

HUDSON HOOTON

Our graves are blackened on the mound
 As night stumbles into the valley
 It walks between the snow and the trenches
 My father returns on his golden horse, killed
 And from his gaunt chest
 Erupts a sylvan cough,
 The clattering of broken wheels,
 And the lost whimper among the rocks.
 He sings a new song for the lost man,
 For the blonde children and the dead herd on the jagged bank.

...

○ mountains covered with snow and rocks
 ○ river accompanying my father in exile
 Let me be snuffed out like a candle in the wind
 I suffer like water around a ship
 For pain extends its treacherous wing
 And death, suspended on the side of the horse,
 Penetrates my chest like the glare of an adolescent girl
 Like a whimper of frigid air.

الذئب

أنسى الحاج [OUNSI EL-HAJJ]

في قصص الكبار للصغار
ذئب يكون دائماً
وراء أحجار
وراء أسفار
وراء أشجار
وراء بُستان من الأزهار.

...

ويهجمُ الذئبُ
في قصص الكبار
ليأكل الصغار.

...

وذهب الكبارُ
وأقبل الصغارُ
وذهب الصغار.

...

ويوم لم يعدُ
يأكلني الذئبُ لكي أنامُ
بكيْتُ عشرين سنةً
ومتُّ من شوقي إليك
يا ذئبُ
من شوقي إليك!

THE WOLF

HUDSON HOOTON

In children's stories told by adults
There is always a wolf
Behind rocks
Behind journeys
Behind trees
Behind a grove of flowers.

...

And the wolf attacks
In stories told by adults
To eat the children.

...

The adults left
The children drew near
The children left.

...

And the day is no more
The wolf eats me so that I can sleep
I cried for twenty years
And I died from longing for you
O wolf
From longing for you!

فَلَيْتَكَ تَحَلُّو وَالْحَيَاةُ مَرِيرَةٌ

[AL-HALLAJ]

فَلَيْتَكَ تَحَلُّو وَالْحَيَاةُ مَرِيرَةٌ
يُولَيْتَكَ تَرْضَى وَالْأَنَامُ غَضَابُ
وَلَيْتَ الَّذِي بَيْنِي وَبَيْنَكَ عَامِرٌ
وَبَيْنِي وَبَيْنَ الْعَالَمِينَ خَرَابُ
إِذَا نِلْتُ مِنْكَ لِلْوَدِّ فَالْكَلُّ هَمٌّ
وَكُلُّ الَّذِي فَوْقَ التُّرَابِ تُرَابُ
فَيَا لَيْتَ شُرْبِي مِنْ وَدَادِكَ صَافِيًا
وَشُرْبِي مِنْ مَاءِ الْفُرَاتِ سَرَابُ

YA LEYT

HADEER EID

If only you could sweeten when life is traumatic
 If only you could be content when all creation is furious
And if only what you and I have is thriving
 And what I and humans have is destructed
If you grant me love then everything is insignificant
 And all above dust is dust
So if only my drink from your love is pure
 And my drink from Euphrates is sarab.

CHINESE

人,居,思

周迪洋 [DIYANG ZHOU]

建筑是人学会建造自己
是依照梁造了鼻梁,还是依照鼻梁造了梁?
“宅者,人之本”

于是人的身体也是建筑物
城市是个大建筑 建筑是个小城市

尺度的不同
各种身体便在各种大身体里游走
没有方向 也没有物

看到的 是人建造的身体
感受到的 是人建造的自己

于是
这个世界里 臆想出无数个自己后
什么也没有

BEING, BAUEN, THINKING

DIYANG ZHOU

Translator's note: this poem is inspired by Martin Heidegger's 1951 essay "Bauen, Wohnen, Denken" ("Building, Dwelling, Thinking").

To build is to build oneself
 To build a nose-bridge based on a bridge
 Or to build a bridge based on a nose-bridge?
 To be is to build
 And to build is to be

Human's body is an architecture
 A city is a big architecture; An architecture is a small city

Because of the different scales,
 Small bodies wander in Big bodies
 Orientless, thingless

To see is to see the body built by oneself
 To perceive is to perceive oneself built by his body

In this world,
 What we have is the infinite number of imaginary bodies.
 And there is nothing really,
 really, left...

魏書

魏收 [WEI SHOU]

昔黃帝有子二十五人，或內列諸華，或外分荒服。昌意少子，受封北土，國有大鮮卑山，因以為號。其後，世為君長，統幽都之北，廣漠之野，畜牧遷徙，射獵為業，淳樸為俗，簡易為化，不為文字，刻木紀契而已，世事遠近，人相傳授，如史官之紀錄焉。黃帝以土德王，北俗謂土為托，謂后為跋，故以為氏。其裔始均，入仕堯世，逐女魃於弱水之北，民賴其勤，帝舜嘉之，命為田祖。爰歷三代，以及秦漢，獯鬻、獫狁、山戎、匈奴之屬，累代殘暴，作害中州，而始均之裔，不交南夏，是以載籍無聞焉。

THE BOOK OF WEI (PROLOGUE)

KENT ZHENG

In times past Huangdi (“Yellow Emperor”) had twenty-five sons, some established in the hua (“civilized”) lands, others dispatched abroad to outer regions. Changyi, his youngest son, was granted a fief in a northern land, the country named after the “Great Xianbei Mountain” within its borders. Since then, the [Xianbei] chiefs of every generation have ruled lands north of Youdu and the vast wilderness of the steppe, rearing livestock and migrating periodically, making hunting by bow their profession. Plain were their customs and simple their culture, such that they made no use of letters and merely recorded events through wood engravings. Of happenings in the world both far and near, the people related to each other, as if historians had recorded them. Huangdi claimed kingship by virtue of the earth [element]. Northern custom renders earth [“tu”] as “tuo” and king [“hou”] as “ba”, and thus [the Xianbei chiefs] adopted this [“Tuoba”] as the name of their clan. Huangdi’s descendant Shijun entered the court as a minister during the reign of Yao [the second to last mythical ruler before the founding of Xia], chased the goddess of drought Nüba to the north of Ruoshui, and was relied upon by the people for his diligence. The Emperor Shun [Yao’s successor] rewarded him, naming him the ancestral patron of agriculture. Throughout the three dynasties [Xia, Shang, Zhou] and the reigns of the Qin and the Han, the Xun-yu, Xian-yun, Shan-rong, and Xiong-nu tribes afflicted the central domains with their atrocious violence from generation to generation, but the sons of Shijun did not interact with the Xia states to the south, such that they are not heard of in the chronicles.

持续被刻下的悲痛

周迪洋 [DIYANG ZHOU]

有人把悲痛刻在镜子上
悲痛无限次地在反射

有人把悲痛刻在水里
悲痛就流走了

还有人把悲痛刻在心里
固体和液体之间
悲痛没有被放大或者缩小
悲痛就在那里

CARVING SORROWS

DIYANG ZHOU

Someone carves their sorrows in the mirror
Sorrows reflect endlessly

Someone carves sorrows in the water
Sorrows flow away

Someone carves sorrows in their heart
In between the state of solid and fluid
Sorrows are not zoomed in or out
Sorrows are just there.

焰火

李豫鲁 [LI YULU]

大雨漫灌到了
视线所及之处最高的位置
水花还在跳跃着
像是来自天上人间的焰火
从云层中坠落
直到触碰大地的那刻才怦然绽放
这一刻
我又想起你
在被你漫灌之后
在心里泛起一阵阵涟漪之后
一切终将褪去
我还会像原来一样枯涸
然后晴日暖阳
像从未下过雨一样

FLAMES

YOU XIN

The heavy rain brimmed over
the highest place as high as one can see
The splashes are still rippling
Like a flame from the sky world
Falling from the clouds
Until the moment it touches the ground, it bursts into bloom
In that moment
I think of you again
After being brimmed over with you
After a ripple in my heart
Everything will eventually fade away
I'll be as drained as before
And then the sun will shine
Like it never rained before.

寻找影子的人

周迪洋 [DIYANG ZHOU]

寻找影子的人 都先找到了太阳
墙角里 车窗外 瓶子后 树林旁
断断续续的
存在是因为了光

最奇怪的是
人可以从别人身上
看到太阳给不了的影子

每个人的身上都有片段我的影子
尽管 所有的影子加起来 仍不是
一个完整的我

THE SHADOW SEEKER

DIYANG ZHOU

Translator's note: the word “影子” means both “shadow” and “reflection” in Chinese.

The one who seeks the shadows looks for the sun first
In the corner of the walls, behind the bottles, by the bush
lack of continuities, discontinuities,
The existence of shadows relies on the existence of the light

But the strange thing is
Humans can seek the shadows, i.e. their reflections, from
 someone else
that are not from the sunlight

Everyone reflects part of me,
Even though the sum of the reflections of everyone
is not “I.”

中文

化初雪

周迪洋 [DIYANG ZHOU]

草地上的雪化了一半

就像我对你
不是绿的
不是白的
稀稀落落的

苦涩着呢

SNOW

DIYANG ZHOU

The snows on the grass are melting on half of its way

What am I to you?

Not very green

Not very white

Green-and-white, slushy slushy,

Kind of sad.

兰若度母

福禄寿 [FULUSHOUFLORUITSHOW]

众生万过皆因果
本是无争无灾祸
浑浊之花挂青天
零落零落何处躲

无言劝了千万般
无有一个回头看
流离之子在深海
俯首静候登彼岸

太阳落到半山腰
山上老牛在吼叫
没来由大声叫
叫醒了牧童快快跑
乘大风快快跑
慌慌张张看见了

见那人握一朵花
那人穿蓝罗袍
金光明晃晃照
照着污泥沼
也照着绿丝绦
照着寰宇天地万物齐声道

嗡哒啦嘟哒啦 嘟啦南摩哈啦唎啦 吽哈啦唎哈
嗡哒啦嘟哒啦 嘟啦南摩哈啦唎啦 吽哈啦唎哈
嗡哒啦嘟哒啦 嘟啦南摩哈啦唎啦 吽哈啦唎哈
嗡哒啦嘟哒啦 嘟啦南摩哈啦唎啦 吽哈啦唎哈...

TĀRĀ

ROSE XU

Each of the million evils is the cause and effect of another
 The very beginning of this world had no desire and no disaster
 The flower of defilement now hangs in the middle of sky
 All sentient beings have no escape

(The Buddha has) given thousands of wordless guidance
 Not a single being turned away from the evils
 The son of exile is in the deep sea of suffering
 Bowing down and waiting for arriving the Land of Bliss

The sun sets halfway down the mountain
 An old cattle in the mountain is roaring
 Roaring for no reason
 Waken up the shepherd boy to let him run
 Run in the storm
 In fluster, the boy sees

He sees a (wo)man holding a flower
 (S)he wears a blue robe
 The golden light shines everywhere
 Shining on the muddy swamp
 Shining on the green silk tapestry
 Shining on the voice of all sentient beings, who recite in unison:

(the Tārā mantra)
 Om Tara Tutara Tura Namō Hara Hera Hom Hara Soha
 Om Tara Tutara Tura Namō Hara Hera Hom Hara Soha
 Om Tara Tutara Tura Namō Hara Hera Hom Hara Soha
 Om Tara Tutara Tura Namō Hara Hera Hom Hara Soha...

路灯下的洗衣机

陈昊南 [MORI]

在学校一年一度的某盛大聚会结束之后，他空着肚子坐在城市里购物中心一楼的咖佔店。他选择坐在一个视野宽阔的角落，这会给他願的空间无法比拟的安全感。观察願人是他天生的怪癖，他相信这将会同十六年前响亮的啼哭声一起刻在他的墓碑上。“一定要葬在某鬚茁壮生长的苹果树下。”他想。

这家咖啡店的外墙是玻璃打造的，玻璃由内而外不断交换着一种令人不安的介质。围绕着他正前方一张桌子喋喋不休的是三个穿深色衣服的中年妇女，背对着他的两个女人中，一个刚刚烫了头发。她的健谈（或者说是善于附和）让她更有信心，也更有力地搂住身旁瘦小女人的肩膀开怀大笑，不断与对面的女人交换—在他眼里的瞥看来是—恐怖的微笑眼神。上了年纪的女人们总是很会用巧妙的回应和微笑来督促其他人继续陈述他们的故事，而这在他看来透露着不合时宜的安详与温暖，一如深夜路灯下的洗衣机。因为想要呕吐，他不得不停止观察三位令人尊敬的中年女人，而去将自己的注意力转移到面前的冰凉咖佔上。这杯咖佔看着就很凉，因为杯子是透明的，且里面加了像冰一样冷酷的冰块。他的心脏似乎是有一些先天性的问题，所以相比于其他完美无瑕的身体来说，他的身体可以更轻松愉悦的被他自己伤害—不用在纹理鲜明的膊膊上耆下道道血痕—一杯任何形式的咖佔都足以让他通过自己冰凉而颤抖的指尖体会到自虐的快感。他的坐姿半向外打躬，一如一听拉躬一半的沙丁鱼罐头，让人移不懂他到底是在等待什么願的人还是在享受仅一个人重量的真皮沙发。他总是如此这般恶劣地让人捉摸不透，这里不是什么高深的捉摸不透，而是一耆由于他自己都不知道自己在或者想要干什么而透露出来的，可笑的捉摸不透。

好的。独自的空间在刚刚被一位讲中文的外国女人打破了，一如进入平底锅前的冰冷鸡蛋。不去想鸡蛋的事，他实实在在地被震撼到了。他被自己在一瞬间体现出的一耆完美地不稳定的思想震撼到了。当外国女人端着巧克力蛋糕和看不透里面装的是什么的纸杯并且说着中文出现在他面前时，他几近疯癲。因为这里是中国的北方地区，所以他首先想到的是用俄语问好，但与此同时他已经准备好了解决对方不是俄罗斯人且

WASHING MACHINE UNDER THE STREETLAMP

MORI

After watching a terrible movie, he sat on an empty stomach in a coffee shop on the ground floor of a shopping mall in the city. He normally won't be caught in any coffeeshop, but this time he needed to write something about being in somewhere he is strange to.

He chose to sit in a corner with a wide view, which would give him a sense of security unmatched by other spaces. It was his natural quirk to observe others, and he believed it would be engraved on his tombstone along with the loud cries of twenty years earlier. "It must be buried under some thriving apple tree," he thought.

The façade of this coffee shop is made of glass, which constantly exchanges a disturbing medium from the inside out. Chattering around a table directly in front of him were three middle-aged women in dark clothes. One of the two women with their backs to him had just permed her hair. He could smell it. Her talkativeness (or being good at echoing) made her more confident than the others, and more forceful when wrapping her arms around the shoulders of the thin woman next to her, laughing loudly, constantly exchanging - in his eyes - terrifying smiling eyes with women.

Older women are always very good at urging others to continue their stories with clever responses and smiles, which, in his view, revealed an anachronistic serenity and warmth, like a washing machine under a street light in the middle of the night. Because he wanted to vomit, he had to stop observing the three respectable middle-aged women and turn his attention to the ice cold coffee in front of him. This cup of coffee looks cold because the cup is transparent and has ice cubes that are as cold as ice. His heart seems to have some congenital problems, so compared to other flawless bodies, his body can be harmed by himself more easily and happily - without slashing blood on his well-textured arms - a cup of any kind of coffee was enough to make him feel the

不说俄语的尴尬场面的圆滑英文句子。他很自信能处理好这次人际交流,直到对方笏口问他“这里有人么”。无计可施,他只以自己的母语回答并将刚刚精妙的准备与突兀的自信一起丢进鏖鏖箱,按下冲水键。在女人吃东西的过程中,他巧妙地发起了呆,那是一秒不用闭上双眼就可以笏始奇幻梦境的美妙技能。利索地处理完自己的食物与饮品后,女人起身走了,没有一丝累赘的行动,僵步伐箭快地消失在这一方冷气笏的过足的空间里。虽然外面的天气并不是很热,他还是不可避免地想起了十一岁时读到的“天气太热小丑就会融化”的可怕笑话,与他因过满而发出信号的膀胱一起在角落里迸发出微弱的笑意。此时此刻,他的膀胱不太允许他坐在这个宝贝角落,他的孤独却不太允许他离笏这个宝贝角落。在尿意与安全感的斡旋下,他陷入了蠊思。

蠊闷的思考并没有持续很久,一如在他起身后仓皇逃窜的黑色暗影。处理完内部事务后,他以一秒僵硬的态度乘坐蠊梯去往购物中心八楼的一家膾茶店。只要来到这附近方圆一百米内,他一定会被自己的循规蹈矩吸引到这家面积小的有些过分的膾茶店。他只爱且必须喝这家的某一秒膾茶,像“吃饭时要用鴿子”或者“出生时要剪断脐带”一样,“到购物城附近一定要去喝某一家的某一秒膾茶”是一秒仪式感的表明。

令人高颞的是,膾茶店的服务人员并不会像街角那家人迹罕至的咖佔馆一样记住他一定要喝的某一秒膾茶(或咖佔),他想可能是因为这地方人来去的过于频繁且自己也没什么特颞到能让颞人记住的属性导致的。如约取到了泛着苍白琥珀颜色的膾茶后,他以另一秒僵硬的态度乘坐蠊梯到购物城一楼,然后走向不堪重负的大门。人来人往。这个时候想让人们眼神中流露出来一点什么有趣的东西是虚妄,是白日见鬼,因为这是人们肚子空空,但同时又为追寻进食时间的准颞而漫无目的地游荡的一个小时或者四十分钟。他并不很饿,于是通过旋转門走到更大的外部空间去,坐在路边的道坎上吮吸那某一秒膾茶。

上瘾似的,他再次放弃对本能的抵抗,又笏始解剖道路上的人群—他的技巧并不高超,因为他总是联想到脱离实际:脱离被活体解剖的那群人,而紫到遥远的过去和未来。他像一面可悲的镜子,永远站在过去和未来之间,嘴里还不停嘟囔着对现在的神圣赞美诗。膾茶的甜腻笏始将他生吞活剥,他

masochistic pleasure through his cold, trembling fingertips.

His sitting position was half-opened, like a half-opened sardine can, making it impossible to understand whether he was waiting for someone else or enjoying a leather sofa that weighs only one person. He's always been so wickedly unpredictable, not some kind of deep incomprehension here, but a kind of ridiculous one carefully revealed because he didn't even know what he was doing or wanted to do.

OK. The solitary space was just broken by a Chinese-speaking Korean woman, like a cold egg before entering the pan. Without thinking about eggs, he was truly shocked. He was struck by the thought of a perfect uncertainty that he embodied in an instant. He was almost insane when the Korean woman appeared in front of him with chocolate cake and paper cups that couldn't see what was inside, speaking Chinese. Since it's Ktown, his first thought is to say NO, PLEASE TAKE A SEAT in Korean, but at the same time he's ready for slick English sentences to deal with awkward situations where the other person isn't doesn't speak Korean.

He was confident that he could handle this interpersonal exchange until the other person asked him “这里有人吗?” (“is there anyone here?” in Chinese). There was nothing he could do, he only answered in his native language and threw the delicate preparations he had just prepared into the trash can along with his abrupt confidence, and pressed the flush button.

While the woman was eating, he subtly initiates daze, a wonderful skill to start a fantastic dream without closing your eyes. After finishing her food and drinks neatly, the woman got up and left without any cumbersome actions. She quickly disappeared into the air-conditioned space. Although it wasn't very hot inside, he inevitably remembered the horrible joke he had read when he was eleven, “Hot weather makes clowns melt”. It burst into a faint smile in the corner, along with his bladder signaling for being overfilled. At this moment, his bladder does not allow him to sit in this precious corner, but his loneliness does not allow him to leave this precious corner. Under the mediation of the desire to urinate and the sense of security, he fell into contemplation.

The dull thinking didn't last long, just like the black shadows running away after he got up. After dealing with internal affairs, he took the escalator with a stiff posture to a milk tea shop on the second floor of the shopping center. As long as he comes within a

兀地感觉到大难临头: 他看起来貌似不是特愿属于这样的一个时间和地点。他在傍晚六点零三分出现在购物城 旁边马路的道坎上, 一如洗衣机在午夜八点四十一分出现在火葬场旁边马路的路灯下。

100-meter radius of this neighborhood, he will definitely be attracted to this small and somewhat excessive milk tea shop by his own behavior. He only loves and must drink a certain milk tea from this house, like “I use chopsticks when eating” or “they cut the umbilical cord when I was born”, he must drink a certain type of milk tea from a certain house near the shopping mall” is a sense of ritual.

Happily, the waiter at the milk tea shop does not remember a certain milk tea (or coffee) that he must drink like the off-the-beaten-path cafe on the street corner, he thinks it may be because the place has been visited by many people. With a rarely numerous frequency. And he himself has nothing special enough to be remembered by others. After getting the pale amber-colored milk tea as promised, he rode the escalator to the first floor of the shopping mall with another stiff posture, and then walked towards the overwhelmed gate. People come and go. At this time, wanting to see something interesting in people’s eyes is vain, it is daydreaming, because this was an hour or forty minutes of people wandering aimlessly with an empty stomach but at the same time in pursuit of the exact time to eat. He was not very hungry, so he walked through the revolving door to the larger outer space, and sat on the roadside sill to drink that certain kind of milk tea.

More like an addiction, he once again gave up his resistance to instinct and began to dissect the crowd on the road again - his skill was not superb, because he always thought of being out of reality: away from the group of people being vivisected, and running to a distant place past and future. Like a sad mirror, he stands forever between the past and the future, mumbling divine hymns to the present. The sweetness of the milk tea began to devour him alive, and he suddenly felt that disaster was imminent: he didn’t seem to belong to such a time and place. He appeared on the sill of the road next to the shopping mall at 6:03 in the evening, just as the washing machine appeared under the streetlamp on the road next to the crematorium at 2:41 midnight.

願

蔣勳 [JIANG HSUN]

我願是滿山的杜鵑 只為一次無憾的春天
我願是繁星 捨給一個夏天的夜晚
我願是千萬條江河 流向唯一的海洋
我願是那月 為你 再一次圓滿

如果你是島嶼 我願是環抱你的海洋
如果你張起了船帆 我願是輕輕吹動的風浪
如果你遠行 我願是那路 準備了平坦 隨你去到遠方

當你走累了 我願是夜晚 是路旁的客棧
有乾淨的枕席 供你睡眠

眠中有夢 我就是你枕上的淚痕

我願是手臂 讓你依靠
雖然白髮蒼蒼 我仍願是你腳邊的爐火
與你共話回憶的老年

你是笑 我是應和你的歌聲
你是淚 我是陪伴你的星光

當你埋葬土中 我願是依伴你的青草
你成灰 我便成塵

如果 如果你對此生還有眷戀
我就再許一願 與你結來世的姻緣

WISH

PIN-SHAN LAI

I wish to be the mountain of azaleas just for one unregretful spring
 I wish to be the millions of stars to give myself to one summer's night
 I wish to be thousands of rivers floating to the only sea
 I wish to be that moon for you to become full again

If you are an island I wish to be the ocean surrounding you
 If you open up your sail I wish to be the gentle wind
 If you decide to travel I wish to become your path
 with prepared smoothness Ready to follow you

When you are exhausted from the trip I wish to be the night
 the lodge next to you with clean sheets and pillows
 for you to rest

If you dream in your sleep I am the tears on your pillow

I hope to be your arm to let you lean on
 Even when our hair turns white I still wish to be the fire next to you
 Chatting our memories in our old age

If you are laughter I am the song that echoes you
 If you are tears I am the starlights that stay with you

When you are forever in the ground
 I wish to be the meadow that surrounds you
 If you become ashes I will become dust

If if you longed for what we had in this life
 I would make another wish to be with you in our next life.

DARI

هیچ

رومی [RUMI]

دنیا همه هیچ و اهل دنیا همه هیچ
ای هیچ .. برای هیچ بر خویش مپیچ
دانی که ز آدمی چه ماند پس مرگ
عشق است و محبت است و باقی همه هیچ

NOTHING

KHADIJA GHANIZADA

The world is all nothing and the people of the world are all nothing
Oh, nothing, don't complicate yourself for nothing
Know what is left after death
It is love and affection and the rest is nothing.

هیچ

رومی [RUMI]

دنیا همه هیچ و اهل دنیا همه هیچ
ای هیچ .. برای هیچ بر خویش مپیچ
دانی که ز آدمی چه ماند پس مرگ
عشق است و محبت است و باقی همه هیچ

ال شيء*

KHADIJA GHANIZADA

**translated from Dari into Arabic.*

كل الدنيا لا شيء و أهل الدنيا لا شيء
يا ال شيء.. لا تعقد نفسك بلا شيء
أعرف أن ما يبقى بعد الموت
هو عشق و حب و الباقي لا شيء

FRENCH

N'IMPORTE OÙ HORS DU MONDE

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Cette vie est un hôpital où chaque malade est possédé du désir de changer de lit. Celui-ci voudrait souffrir en face du poêle, et celui-là croit qu'il guérirait à côté de la fenêtre.

Il me semble que je serais toujours bien là où je ne suis pas, et cette question de déménagement en est une que je discute sans cesse avec mon âme.

« Dis-moi mon âme, pauvre âme refroidie, que penserais-tu d'habiter Lisbonne? Il doit y faire chaud et tu t'y ragailardirais comme un lézard. Cette ville est au bord de l'eau; on dit qu'elle est bâtie en marbre et que le peuple y a une telle haine du végétal, qu'il arrache tous les arbres. Voilà un paysage fait selon ton goût, un paysage fait avec la lumière et le minéral et le liquide pour les réfléchir! »

Mon âme ne répond pas.

« Puisque tu aimes tant le repos, avec le spectacle du mouvement, veux-tu venir habiter la Hollande, cette terre béatifiante? Peut-être te divertiras-tu dans cette contrée dont tu as souvent admiré l'image dans les musées. Que penserais-tu de Rotterdam, toi qui aimes les forêts de mats et les navires amarrés au pied des maisons. »

Mon âme reste muette.

« Batavia te sourirait peut-être davantage, nous y trouverions l'esprit de l'Europe marié à la beauté tropicale. »

Pas un mot. – Mon âme serait-elle morte?

« En es-tu donc venue à ce point d'engourdissement que tu ne te plaises que dans ton mal? S'il en est ainsi, fuyons vers les pays qui sont les analogies de la Mort. –

ANYWHERE OUT OF THIS WORLD

DIANA CONTRERAS HERNANDEZ

This life is a hospital where each illness is possessed by the desire to change their beds. This one would like to suffer in front of the stove, and that one there believes she would heal next to the window.

It seems to me that I will always feel good there, where I do not, and this matter of relocation is an endless debate with my soul.

“Tell me my soul, poor shivering soul, would you like to live in Lisbon? It must be warm and you would get energized as a lizard. This city is on the coast; they say that it is entirely made of marble, and that people there have such hatred for vegetation that they wrench all the trees. There you are, a landscape designed for your taste, a landscape made with light and mineral and liquid just to think about them.”

My soul did not respond.

“Since you love the tranquility, with the show of movement, do you want to move to Holland, that beautiful land? Perhaps you will enjoy yourself in that country whose image you have admired for so long in museums. What would you say about Rotterdam? You have always liked the forests of masts and the boats berthed along the porches.”

My soul remained silent

“Batavia may please you more, we will find there the spirit of Europe united with tropical beauty.”

Not a word. Could my soul possibly be dead?

“Have you ever come to a point of numbness where nothing can please you but your unhappiness? If that is the case, let us escape

« En es-tu donc venue à ce point d'engourdissement que tu ne te plaises que dans ton mal? S'il en est ainsi, fuyons vers les pays qui sont les analogies de la Mort. – Je tiens notre affaire, pauvre âme! nous ferons nos malles pour Tornéo. Allons plus loin encore, à l'extrême bout de la Baltique; encore plus loin de la vie, si c'est possible; installons-nous au pôle. Là le soleil ne frise qu'obliquement la terre, et les lentes alternatives de la lumière et de la nuit suppriment la variété et augmentent la monotonie, cette moitié du néant... Là, nous pourrons prendre de longs bains de ténèbres cependant que, pour nous divertir les aurores boréales nous enverront de temps en temps leurs gerbes roses, comme des reflets d'un feu d'artifice de l'enfer! »

Enfin, mon âme fait explosion et sagement elle me crie: « N'importe où ! n'importe où! pourvu que ce soit hors de ce monde! »

to countries which are analogies of death. – I'm on your side, my poor soul! We will pack our bags to Tornio. Let's go even farther, to the other extreme end of the Baltic sea; let's go beyond life if possible, we will settle down in the North Pole. There the sun only approaches the Earth along an angular path, and the slow alternations between light and blackness eliminate variety and increase monotony, this half of nothingness... There, we will be able to take long baths of darkness, meanwhile, we will rejoice in the rose sparks that the Northern lights will send us from time to time, like the reflection of a hellish firework!"

Finally, my soul exploded and punctually shouted at me: "It doesn't matter where! It doesn't matter where! As long as it is anywhere out of this world!"

铸剑

鲁迅 [LU XUN]

“哈哈！我一向认识你。”那人的声音说。“我知道你背着雄剑，要给你的父亲报仇，我也知道你报不成。岂但报不成；今天已经有人告密，你的仇人早从东门还宫，下令捕拿你了。”

眉间尺不觉伤心起来。

“唉唉，母亲的叹息是无怪的。”他低声说。

“但她只知道一半。她不知道我要给你报仇。”

“你么？你肯给我报仇么，义士？”

“啊，你不要用这称呼来冤枉我。”

“那么，你同情于我们孤儿寡妇？……”

“唉，孩子，你再不要提这些受了污辱的名称。”他严冷地说，“仗义，同情，那些东西，先前曾经干净过，现在却都成了放鬼债的资本。我的心里全没有你所谓的那些。我只不过要给你报仇！”

“好。但你怎么给我报仇呢？”

“只要你给我两件东西。”两粒磷火下的声音说。“那两件么？你听着：一是你的剑，二是你的头！”

眉间尺虽然觉得奇怪，有些狐疑，却并不吃惊。他一时开不得口。

“你不要疑心我将骗取你的性命和宝贝。”暗中的声音又严冷地说。“这事全由你。你信我，我便去；你不信，我便住。”

“但你为什么给我去报仇的呢？你认识我的父亲么？”
“我一向认识你的父亲，也如一向认识你一样。但我要报仇，却并不为此。聪明的孩子，告诉你罢。你还不知道么，我怎么地善

LES ÉPEÉS (I. 129-179)*

HANQI LIU

**Translator's note: Forging the Swords (in Chinese: 《铸剑》), written by Lu Xun in 1927, one of the eight stories from the collection Old Tales Retold (《故事新编》), gives a new telling of a story of revenge from ancient history of China. The son of an excellent blacksmith, who has forged swords for the king and was executed, pledges revenge on the king. Often compared to Shakespeare's Hamlet, this version is considered as an existentialist attempt and the richest in ideas among all different versions from ancient times.*

Based on this version I have made an attempt to rewrite the story in French, in alexandrine. Originally the idea of a work of translation practice was conceived, but abandoned later, with the thought that this particular verse form can potentially go very well with the plot of this story. The poem consists of 300 lines of verse, which, of course, is not able to translate every detail from the original. The following presents the section of the boy's encounter with the sorcerer who offers to help him but demands his head in order to carry out the plan of revenge, demand to which he agrees and cuts off his own head.

« On ne s'est jamais vu, pourtant de tout j'augure :
Ton nom et tes causes, ta faiblesse et ton fort ;
Mais je connais aussi la fin de l'aventure
Où tu risques ta vie pour d'un autre le tort.

L'échec sera certain, évite le supplice.
Ta tête jeune et belle est voulue par le roi.
Ayant peur qu'un rêve changer en fait ne puisse,
Du sommeil éveillé il est troublé d'effroi ;

Comme il est maintenant rentré de l'autre porte
De la ville pleine de ses perquisiteurs
Qui de te capturer ont la volonté forte ;
Il faut te soustraire à leurs fatales ferveurs.

Mais je te vengerai. » « Vous plaignez nos misères ? »
« Que tu m'écoutes bien : à rien il faut tenir.
Les bonnes mœurs ne sont que parfois trop légères
Et la langue creuse pour nos vœux soutenir.

于报仇。你的就是我的;他也就是我。我的魂灵上是有这么多的,人我所加的伤,我已经憎恶了我自己!”

暗中的声音刚刚停止,眉间尺便举手向肩头抽取青色的剑,顺手从后项窝向前一削,头颅坠在地面的青苔上,一面将剑交给黑色人。

“呵呵!”他一手接剑,一手捏着头发,提起眉间尺的头来,对着那热的死掉的嘴唇,接吻两次,并且冷冷地尖利地笑。

笑声即刻散布在杉树林中,深处随着有一群篝火似的眼光闪动,倏忽临近,听到咻咻的饿狼的喘息。第一口撕尽了眉间尺的青衣,第二口便身体全都不见了,血痕也顷刻舔尽,只微微听得咀嚼骨头的声音。

最先头的一匹大狼就向黑色人扑过来。他用青剑一挥,狼头便坠在地面的青苔上。别的狼们第一口撕尽了它的皮,第二口便身体全都不见了,血痕也顷刻舔尽,只微微听得咀嚼骨头的声音。

他已经掣起地上的青衣,包了眉间尺的头,和青剑都背在背脊上,回转身,在暗中向王城扬长地走去。

狼们站定了,耸着肩,伸出舌头,咻咻地喘着,放着绿的眼光看他扬长地走。

他在暗中向王城扬长地走去,发出尖利的声音唱着歌:

哈哈爱兮爱乎爱乎!
 爱青剑兮一个仇人自屠。
 伙颐连翩兮多少一夫。
 一夫爱青剑兮呜呼不孤。
 头换头兮两个仇人自屠。
 一夫则无兮爱乎呜呼!
 爱乎呜呼兮呜呼阿呼,
 阿呼呜呼兮呜呼呜呼!

Je ne veux que venger. Laisse-moi te tout dire :
 Toi, mon très cher enfant, ne sais-tu pas trop bien
 Que j'excelle à venger ? Ne veux-je pas maudire
 Mon âme surchargée ? — le tien, le mien, le sien...

Ne doute pas de moi, que jusqu'au bout je tienne.
 Deux choses j'aime avoir : l'épée à ton côté,
 Et l'autre, une tête, celle qui est la tienne. »
 Ayant vu le garçon de tout courage ôté,

L'inconnu a la main placée sur son épaule :
 « Je n'ai pas contre toi de complots odieux,
 Il ne dépend que de toi pour remplir ton rôle.
 Sans le consentement, faisons-nous nos adieux. »

Et lui a parlé bas, mais d'un tout affreux charme
 Que tout le bois s'est tu à écouter sa voix.
 Le garçon fort ému a fait tirer son arme
 L'a placée près du cou — pour toutes une fois,

Une tête trop belle est tombée sans remèdes.
 L'homme en ricanant l'a prise par les cheveux,
 Appuyant ses lèvres contre les siennes tièdes ;
 Son baiser était doux, mais ses yeux pleins de feux.

Des vautours qui planaient autour de la ripaille
 Un fort audacieux s'est perché sur le sein
 De l'enfant sans tête, picorant son entraille,
 Et le cœur ne pouvait révéler son dessein ;

Sur ces entrefaites s'en est approché l'homme,
 Tuant d'un coup l'oiseau, laissant voler sa voix,
 Un chant effroyable dans l'épaisseur du bois :

« Celui qui est, Hélas ! des glaives amoureux
 Qui fait qu'un ennemi se tue enfin pour eux
 N'en aura pas un seul : on est mille à venir ;
 Ce qui est fait est fait, qui est à revenir.

Un en échange d'un, deux ennemis se tuent,
Pour un but partagé deux vengeurs se remuent ;
À la vie, à la mort, à deux la même tombe,
Et que notre ennemi à nos fureurs succombe ! »

INTRODUCTION TO POETRY

BILLY COLLINS

I ask them to take a poem
and hold it up to the light
like a color slide
or press an ear against its hive.
I say drop a mouse into a poem
and watch him probe his way out,
or walk inside the poem's room
and feel the walls for a light switch.
I want them to waterski
across the surface of a poem
waving at the author's name on the shore.
But all they want to do
is tie the poem to a chair with rope
and torture a confession out of it.
They begin beating it with a hose
to find out what it really means.

L'INTRODUCTION A LA POETISME*

PAUL DE TOURNEMIRE

**translated from English into French. Translator's note: I translated Billy Collins' "Introduction to Poetry" into French because I had read it in an American Literature class four years ago, and its message remains pertinent to my experience. When we develop a literary work, similarly to developing an interpretation, it begins with choice. Some amount of potential is always left undeveloped when meaning is translated from free experience to deliberate communication.*

Je leur demande de prendre un poème
 et de le mettre contre la lumière
 comme un vitrail coloré
 ou de coller un oriel contre sa ruche.
 Je dis met un souriceau dans un poème
 et regarde le sonder son manière de sortir,
 ou rentre dans la chambre du poème
 et sentir les murs cherchant le commutateur.
 Je veux qu'ils ski nautique
 a travers la surface d'un poème
 saluant le nom de l'auteur sur la rive.
 Mais tout ce qu'ils veulent faire
 c'est d'attacher le poème à une siège avec une corde
 et le torturer pour faire sortir un aveu.
 Ils commencent à le battre avec un tuyau
 pour découvrir son vrais sens.

FRAGMENTS D'UN DISCOURS AMOREAUX

ROLAND BARTHES

« Ça ne peut pas continuer »

INSUPPORTABLE. Le sentiment d'une accumulation des souffrances amoureuses explose dans ce cri: « Ça ne peut pas continuer. »

1. A la fin du roman, d'un mot qui précipiter le suicide de Werther, Charlotte (qui a aussi ses problèmes) finit par constater que « cela ne peut continuer ainsi ». Ce mot, Werther aurait pu le dire lui-même, et très tôt, car il appartient à la situation amoureuse d'être tout de suite intolérable, dès que l'émerveillement de la rencontre est passé. Un démon nie le temps, la maturation, la dialectique et dit à chaque instant : ça ne peut pas durer! — Cependant, cela dure, sinon toujours, du moins longtemps. La patience amoureuse a donc pour départ sa propre dénégation : elle ne procède ni d'une attente, ni d'une maîtrise, ni d'une ruse, ni d'un courage; c'est un malheur qui ne s'use pas, à proportion de son acuité; une suite d'accoups, la répétition (comique ?) du geste par lequel je me signifie que j'ai décidé — courageusement! — de mettre fin à la répétition; la patience d'une impatience. (Sentiment raisonnable : tout s'arrange — mais rien ne dure. Sentiment amoureux : rien ne s'arrange — et pourtant cela dure.)

2. Constater l'Insupportable : ce cri a son bénéfice : me signifiant à moi-même qu'il faut et sortir, par quelque moyen que ce soit, j'installe en moi le théâtre martial de la Décision, de l'Action, de l'Issue. L'exaltation est comme le profit secondaire de mon impatience; je m'en nourris, je m'y vautre. Toujours « artiste », je fais de la forme même un contenu. Imaginant une solution douloureuse (renoncer, partir, etc.), je fais retentir en moi le fantasme exalté de l'issue; une gloire d'abnégation m'envahit (renoncer à l'amour, non à l'amitié, etc.) et j'oublie aussitôt ce qu'il faudrait alors sacrifier : tout simplement ma folie — qui, par statut, ne peut se constituer

A LOVER'S DISCOURSE

JANE SARTWELL

“This cannot go on.”

Intolerable (/ɪn'tɒlərəbəl/ *adjective*): An accumulation of romantic suffering eventually explodes in this cry: “This cannot go on.”

1. At the end of the novel [The Sorrows of Young Werther by Goethe], Charlotte (who, of course, has her own problems) utters a phrase which sends Werther plunging toward suicide: “it cannot go on like this.” This phrase is one Werther himself could have said much earlier; for any romantic situation is always distinctly and completely intolerable as soon as the first enchantment wanes. Only a demon denies time, maturation, dialectics, and at each instant says: it cannot last! — this conviction, ironically, always lasts for a very long time. Romantic patience is maintained by means of its own denial: this is not a patience born of control, of cleverness, of courage; it is simply an ache which, despite its unbearable sharpness, does not wear out; this patience is a series of jolting realizations, the (comedic?) repetition of the gesture in which I prove to myself that I have decided — courageously! — to put a stop to this repetition; it is the patience of impatience. (The reasonable sentiment: everything will work out — but this cannot go on. A romantic sentiment: nothing will work out — and yet this must go on.)

2. To name the Intolerable as intolerable: this cry has its benefits: I prove to myself that it is necessary to leave. I enter the interior, militaristic theater of Decision, Action, Outcome. Exaltation is the secondary reward of my impatience; I feed on it, I wallow in it. Always an “artist,” I shape form into content. In the imagining of a painful solution (giving up, leaving, etc.), I glimpse the exalted fantasy of closure; I am seized by the imagined glory and dignity of self-control (renouncing love in favor of friendship, for example) and I immediately forget what I would need to sacrifice to attain this glory: my own madness — which, by definition, cannot be an

en objet de sacrifice : voit-on un fou « sacrifiant » sa folie à quelqu'un ? Pour le moment, je ne bois dans l'abnégation qu'une forme noble, théâtrale, ce qui est encore la retenir dans l'enceinte de mon Imaginaire.

3. Lorsque l'exaltation est tombée, j'en suis réduit à la philosophie la plus simple : celle de l'endurance (dimension naturelle des fatigues vraies). Je subis sans m'accommoder, je persiste dans m'aguerrir : toujours éperdue, jamais découragé; je suis une poupée Daruma, un poussah sans jambes auquel on donne des chiquenaudes incessantes, mais qui finalement reprend son aplomb, assuré par une quille intérieure (mais quelle est ma quille ? La force de l'amour ?). C'est ce que dit un poème populaire qui accompagne ces poupées japonaises :

« Telle est la vie
Tomber sept fois
Et se relever huit. »

object of sacrifice: have you ever seen a madman “sacrificing” his madness for someone? For the moment, the nobility and theatricality of self-control remain sealed in my Imagination.

3. As soon as my exaltation falls away, I am reduced to the simplest philosophy: endurance (the natural expression of true fatigue). I suffer without adapting, I persist but I do not get stronger: always frantic and never discouraged; I am a Daruma, a round Japanese doll which receives incessant flicks but always ends up upright, saved by an interior anchor (but what is my anchor? The force of love?). The popular poem which accompanies these dolls reads:

“Such is life
To fall seven times
And get up eight.”

LES BOULEVARDS DE CEINTURE

PATRICK MODIANO

[...] Par quel hasard ai-je entendu au milieu du brouhaha général cette phrase de Lestandi: « Excusez-moi, mais je vais faire un petit footing »? Avant même qu'il ne quittât le bar, j'étais sur le perron de l'auberge. Et là nous nous sommes trouvés en présence. Quand il m'a confié son projet de se dégourdir un peu les jambes, je lui ai demandé, avec le plus de naturel possible, si je pouvais l'accompagner.

Nous avons suivi la piste cavalière. Et puis nous nous sommes engagés dans les sous-bois. Une futaie de hêtres où le soleil répandait, en cette fin d'après-midi, la lumière nostalgique des tableaux de Claude Lorrain. Il m'a dit que nous avons raison de prendre l'air. Il appréciait beaucoup la forêt de Fontainebleau. Nous nous sommes entretenus de choses et d'autres. De la profondeur du silence et de la beauté des arbres.

- Haute futaie! ... Ces arbres ont dans les cent vingt ans.
- Il a ri. — Je vous parie que je n'atteindrai pas cet âge...
- Sait-on jamais?

Il m'a désigné un écureuil qui traversait l'allée à une vingtaine de mètres devant nous. Mes mains étaient moites. Je lui ai dit que je lisais avec plaisir ses « échos » hebdomadaires dans C'est la vie, qu'il poursuivait, à mon avis, une belle et courageuse entreprise de salubrité publique. Il m'a répondu, oh! qu'il n'avait pas de mérite à cela. Il n'aimait pas les juifs, voilà tout, et le journal de Murraille lui permettait de s'exprimer sans détours sur la question. Ça changeait de la presse pourrie d'avant-guerre. Bien sûr, Murraille avait un penchant pour l'affairisme et la facilité et il était certainement « demi-juif », mais bientôt « on éliminerait » Murraille au profit d'une équipe de « purs ». Des gens comme Alin-Laubreaux, Zeitschel, Sayzille, Darquier, lui-même. Et surtout Gerbère, le plus doué d'entre eux. Des camarades de combat.

- Et vous, la politique, ça vous intéresse?
- J'ai dit que oui, et qu'on avait besoin d'un coup de balai.
- De coups de matraque, vous voulez dire!
- Et, pour me donner un exemple, il m'a parlé, à nouveau, de

RING ROADS (p. 166-169)

VIVECA LAWRIE

Translator's note: this book is set in France during the Occupation in World War II. Before this scene the narrator witnessed two things: a conversation between Lestandi and other Nazi collaborators on how to spot Jews, and a glass of champagne being thrown in his father's face.

[...] What a coincidence that I heard in the midst of the general hubbub this remark from Lestandi: "Excuse me, I'm just going for a short walk"? Even before he'd left the bar, I was on the front steps of the inn. And there we ran into each other. When he told me his plan to stretch his legs a bit, I asked him, as naturally as possible, if I could accompany him.

We followed the bridle path. And then we headed into the undergrowth. A grove of beech trees into which the sun poured, on this late afternoon, the nostalgic glow of the paintings of Claude Lorrain. He told me that we were right to get some fresh air. He very much enjoyed the forest of Fontainebleau. We talked about this and that. About the depth of the stillness and the beauty of the trees.

"What a lofty grove! ... These trees are about a hundred and twenty years old." He laughed. "I bet you I won't reach that age..."

"Does anyone ever know?"

He pointed to a squirrel running across the path twenty meters in front of us. My hands were clammy. I told him that I enjoyed reading his weekly "echos" in *C'est la vie*, that he pursued, in my opinion, a beautiful and courageous undertaking of public hygiene. He answered, oh! he could take no credit for this. He didn't like Jews, that was all, and *Murraille's* magazine allowed him to express himself plainly on the subject. That was different from the shitty pre-war press. Of course, *Murraille* had a penchant for profiteering and easy money and he was obviously "half-Jewish," but soon *Murraille* "would be eliminated" in favor of a "pure" team. People like *Alin-Laubreaux*, *Zeitschel*, *Sayzille*, *Darquier*, himself. And especially *Gerbère*, the most talented among them. Comrades

ce Schlossblau qui souillait la Promenade des Anglais. Or, ce Schlossblau était revenu à Paris et se terrait dans un appartement dont lui, Lestandi, connaissait l'adresse. Il suffisait d'un « échos » et quelques militants musclés viendraient sonner à la porte. Il se félicitait à l'avance de cette bonne action.

Le crépuscule tombait. J'ai décidé de brusquer les choses. Une dernière fois j'ai regardé Lestandi. Il avait de l'embonpoint. Gastronomes, certainement. Je l'imaginai, attablé devant une brandade de morue. Et je pensais à Gerbère aussi, à son zézaiement de normalien et à ses fesses flottantes. Non, ils n'étaient ni l'un ni l'autre des foudres de guerre et je ne devais pas me laisser intimider.

Nous marchions à travers des taillis de plus en plus épais.

— Pourquoi courir après Schlossblau? lui ai-je dit. Des juifs, on en a sous la main...

Il ne comprenait pas et me jeta un regard interrogatif.

— Ce monsieur qui a reçu tout à l'heure une coupe de champagne en pleine gueule... Vous vous rappelez?

Il a éclaté de rire.

— Mais oui... Nous lui trouvions, Gerbère et moi, une tête de margoulin.

— Un juif! Je m'étonne que vous ne l'ayez pas deviné!

— Mais qu'est-ce qu'il fiche parmi nous?

— Je voudrais bien le savoir...

— Nous allons demander à ce salopard qu'il nous montre ses papiers!

— Inutile!

— Vous le connaissez?

J'ai respiré un grand coup.

— C'EST MON PÈRE.

Je lui serrais la gorge et mes pouces me faisaient mal. Je pensais à vous pour me donner du courage. Il a cessé de se débattre.

Au fond, c'était idiot d'avoir tué ce gros joufflu.

in arms.

“And you, are you interested in politics?”

I said yes, and that we needed to do some sweeping.

“With cudgels, you mean!”

And, to give me an example, he told me again about that person named Schlossblau who was defiling the Promenade des Anglais. Now, this Schlossblau had returned to Paris and was holed up in an apartment of which he, Lestandi, knew the address. It would only take an “echo” and some armed thugs would come knocking on the door. He was commending himself in advance for this good deed.

Dusk was falling. I decided to get on with it. One last time I looked at Lestandi. He was overweight. A gourmet, clearly. I imagined him sitting at a table in front of a cod brandade. And I thought of Gerbère too, of his schoolboy lisp and quivering buttocks. No, neither of them were thunderbolts of war, and I mustn’t let them intimidate me.

We were walking through more and more dense thickets. “Why run after Schlossblau?” I asked him. “Jews, we’ve got them all over the place...” He didn’t understand and shot me a questioning look.

“That man who just now got a glass of champagne thrown in his face... You remember?” He burst out laughing.

“Of course... Gerbère and I thought he looked like a swindler.”

“A Jew! I’m surprised you didn’t figure it out!”

“But what’s he doing around us?”

“I’d really like to know...”

“We’ll ask this bastard to show us his papers!”

“Pointless!”

“You know him?”

I took a deep breath.

“HE’S MY FATHER.”

I squeezed his throat and my thumbs hurt. I thought of you to give myself courage. He stopped struggling.

In the end, it was silly to have killed that fat chubby-cheeked fool.

A BLOCKHEAD

AMY LOWELL

Before me lies a mass of shapeless days,
Unseparated atoms, and I must
Sort them apart and live them. Sifted dust
Covers the formless heap. Reprieves, delays,
There are none, ever. As a monk who prays
The sliding beads asunder, so I thrust
Each tasteless particle aside, and just
Begin again the task which never stays.
And I have known a glory of great suns,
When days flashed by, pulsing with joy and fire!
Drunk bubbled wine in goblets of desire,
And felt the whipped blood laughing as it runs!
Spilt is that liquor, my too hasty hand
Threw down the cup, and did not understand.

TÊTE VIDE*

BENJAMIN DEBISSCHOP

**translated from English into French.*

Devant moi se trouve une masse de jours sans
Forme, des atomes inséparés, et
Je dois les trier et les vivre. Le poussier
Tamisé couvre le tas informe. Empêchements,
répétés, il n'y en a jamais. Comme un moine
qui prie pour que les perles glissantes s'écartent, ainsi je mets
Chaque particule insipide à côté, et refais
La tâche qui ne reste que pour un moment.
Et j'ai connu une gloire de grands soleils,
Quand les jours étincelaient devant moi, poussant de la joie et du feu!
Bu du vin pétillant dans des coupes de vœux,
Et senti le sang fouetté rire pendant qu'il coulait!
Renversé ce spiritueux, ma main trop hâtive
A jeté le verre par terre, et n'a pas compris.

GEORGIAN

ბისექტრისა

ნიკა კოხოძე [NIKA KOKHODZE]

Translator's note: this poem only has a small part in Georgian, representing a synthesis of my two selves.

If only, I had time entrapped,
Only then perhaps,
I could tame
Futures unexpected anxious
pluripotentiality,

My rhymed revenant reasoning,
Reflects no relevance,
On reckless authorities
Blatant faces

დრო შიმშილობს, ითხოვს აღწერას,
მე ვერ ვახერხებ დაწევას,
[ისინი] თავისუფლებას დაფლეთენ,
ახლად შვილობილს

— მე ვერ ვაკეთებ არჩევანს.

სევდა არწევს ბრაზით სავსე აკვანს,
[ჩვენ] ვქმნით და ველოდებით
სივრცეების აფეთქებას.
ვანებებ, თავს ვატან,
მუდმივ ბუნდოვანებას.
ბოლო არ ჩანს.

If only, I had time entrapped,
Only then perhaps,
I could comprehend,
Moving through spaces bidirectionally,

Polarizing duets never end
— they turn into an intolerable symphony,
Like our unbearable need,
To be on an unerring side of history.

BISECT

NIKA KOKHODZE

If only, I had time entrapped,
 Only then perhaps,
 I could tame
 Futures unexpected anxious
 pluripotentiality,

My rhymed revenant reasoning,
 Reflects no relevance,
 On reckless authorities
 Blatant faces

Time is starving, begging to be described,
 I can not catch up,
 [They] will tear apart
 This newly adopted freedom.

- I'm unable to make a choice.

Melancholy enters the cradle full of anger,
 [We] create and we wait
 The explosion of spaces.
 I let it go, lose myself to fear, to constant obscurity.
 The end seems nowhere near.

If only, I had time entrapped,
 Only then perhaps,
 I could comprehend,
 Moving through spaces bidirectionally,

Polarizing duets never end
 — they turn into an intolerable symphony,
 Like our unbearable need,
 To be on an unerring side of history.

სხვადასხვა სიმართლევები

ნიკა კოხოძე [NIKA KOKHODZE]

განრისხებული ხალხი ითხოვდა,
აღმასრულებელი ხელისუფლების გადაყენებას,
მათშივე არსებულ უწონასწორობის აღმოფხვრას,
ძლიერ წყრომაზე აყოლილთაგან,
არცერთს არ ჰქონდა აზრი შრომაზე,
ისინი ითხოვდნენ ახალ პარადიგმას.

ტყუპები გაუჩნდა გენერალს,
მათი სამყარო ცალცალკე გარდაიქმნა,
ერთი პოეტი დამდგარა,
მეორე კომენტატორი.
ერთი ლექსებს უწერდა ხალხს,
მეორე მოვლენებს ადებდა ხმას.

და თუ ბოლომდე გაექცათ კონტროლი მათ,
იქ ხომ წოდებებს, გოდებას, სტატუსებს,
მხილებას, გამოგონებულ ღირებულებას,
განსხავებულთა რწმენის სისტემას,
აზრი აღარ აქვს.

ვარ, სხვებში და უცნობებში,
აღქმაში, ენაში, ხალხში,
მათ სახლშიც, ხედვაში,
თავში და ბგერებში,
სხვადასხვა სიმართლევებში.

ჩვენ ხომ ვხედავდით თუ რა ხდებოდა დღეს
სტადიონზე,
ჩვენ ხომ ვხედავდით თუ როგორ ყვავოდა იასამანი,
და მაინც გაუჩნდა გენერალს ტყუპები,
და მაინც გაჩნდება გამონაგონნი.

DIFFERENT TRUTHS

NIKA KOKHODZE

Infuriated people demand,
 Dislodge of executives,
 The eradication of inequality in themselves,
 Among anger motivated delusional followers,
 None of them had an opinion about labour,
 They are demanding a new paradigm.

General had twins,
 Each of their universe transformed separately,
 One became a poet,
 The other a commentator.
 One was writing poems for people,
 The other was vocalizing events.

And, If they become wholly out-of-control,
 Than, ranks, statuses, to lament,
 unmasking, the invented virtues,
 Difference of belief-systems,
 Won't hold meaning anymore.

Am, in others and in strangers,
 in perception, in language, in people,
 in their homes, in vision,
 in their heads and in sounds,
 In Different Truths.

Didn't we see what would happen on the stadium,
 Didn't we see how Lilac was flowering,
 And yet General still had twins,
 And yet the invented will still appear.

მე ვარ დუმილი

ნიკა კოხოდე [NIKA KOKHODZE]

მე ვარ დუმილი,
გამქრალი წერის სურვილი,
თავისუფლების ყვითელი

ლურჯად გადატეხილი სევდა,
გადაჩხაპნილი აზრები

შფოთით გაკაწრული ელდა,
მე ვარ დატენილი ვაზნები,
ლვივის ვაგონები, ათვლილი დღეები და გადათვლილი
ნაღმები.
ვერ ვაგონებდი.

სამყაროს
ახალი
წესრიგი

მე ვარ დუმილი,
გამქრალი წერის სურვილი,
შეჭმულ დროს დაბადებული,
მიუღწეველის წყურვილი.

I AM SILENCE

NIKA KOKHODZE

Translator's note: this poem was written in light of the war in Ukraine.

I am silence,
Perished desire to write,

Freedom yellow
Sorrow broken in blue,
Crossed out thoughts,
Anxiety stricken terror,

I am loaded cartridges,
Lviv's wagons, counted days and recounted mines,
My voice wobbles.

New
World
Order

I am silence,
Perished desire to write,
Born during the time corrodible,
I'm thirsting for inaccessible.

ოქტავად

ნიკა კოხოძე [NIKA KOKHODZE]

დო, უკან არ დაბრუნდება დრო,
რე, კითხვებს გადავეყარე,
მი, ყველა ღიმილზე ღიმილი,
ფა, სხვადასხვა სახის გარდაქმნა,
სოლ, მე ვეღარ ვხვდები სცენაზე ჩემ როლს,
ლა, ვითომ ხო ყველაფერი დალაგდა,
სი, ვიცი რომ მოვა სიკვდილი,
დო, უკან არ დაბრუნდება დრო.

OCTAVE-ILL

NIKA KOKHODZE

C, Time won't turn back,

D, I've encountered questions,

E, Smile at all smiles,

F, Different kinds of transformation,

G, I can't understand my role on the stage anymore,

A, As if everything is settled,

B, I know the death will come,

C, Time won't turn back.

GERMAN

COMING-OUT: WIR MÜSSEN NICHT SEIN, WAS WIR SPIELEN

CAROLIN STRÖBELE

Man könnte jetzt wieder mit Rupert Everett anfangen. Everett wird nämlich meist angeführt, wenn es darum geht, wie schwierig es für Schauspieler sei, wenn sie sich als schwul outen. Everetts Rollen nach seinem Coming-out 1989 fielen nämlich oft in die Kategorie bester Freund einer weiblichen Hauptfigur. Der darf schwul sein. Ein Held, gar ein romantischer, eher nicht.

Man könnte aber auch mit Mark Waschke anfangen. Er hatte 2016 als erster Tatort-Kommissar eine Sex-Szene mit einem Mann. Dafür, dass dies ein Novum in der jahrzehntelangen Geschichte der Serie war, wurde damals nicht viel Aufhebens gemacht. Weder um die TV-Figur noch um den Darsteller. Waschke spielte seither viele Familienväter in Filmen.

Nun hat sich Waschke im SZ-Magazin geoutet, zusammen mit 184 weiteren schwulen, lesbischen, bisexuellen, queeren, nicht-binären und trans* Schauspielerinnen und Schauspielern. Und man darf die Hoffnung hegen, dass dieser Schritt ähnlich wahrgenommen wird wie die schwule Sex-Szene im Tatort: als ein Novum, das aber im Grunde nur eine längst bestehende Realität abbildet.

Waschke gehört zu den prominentesten Gesichtern der Aktion #actout. In einem Manifest prangern Schauspielerinnen und Schauspieler an, dass ihnen vonseiten der Agenturen, Castingagenten, Produzentinnen und Regisseuren bislang vermittelt worden sei, "die eigene sexuelle Orientierung, Identität sowie Gender geheim zu halten, um unsere Karrieren nicht zu gefährden".

COMING OUT: WE DON'T HAVE TO BE WHAT WE ACT TO BE

EDA KURNALI

One could start again with Rupert Everett. Everett is usually mentioned when it comes to how difficult it is for actors to come out as gay. Everett's roles after his revealing in 1989 namely fit into the category of the best friend of a female lead. There, he's allowed to be gay. A hero, even a romantic one, rather not.

But one could also start with Mark Waschke, a German actor. In 2016, he was the first "Tatort" (a well-known German series, in English, literally translated into crime scene) commissar to have a sex scene with a man. Considering that this was a novelty in a decades-long history of the series, not much fuss was made about it at that time. Neither for the TV character nor the actor. Since then, Waschke has played many roles as a family father in movies.

Now Waschke has come out in the SZ magazine, one of the largest magazines in Germany, along with 184 other gays, lesbian, bisexual, queer, non-binary, and trans* actors and actresses. And one is allowed to cherish the hope that this step will be perceived similarly to the gay sex scene in "Tatort": as a novelty, but which basically only reflects a reality that has existed for a long time.

Waschke is part of the most prominent faces of the #actout campaign (which is a socio-political initiative and fights for more acceptance in society for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, queer, and non-binary people within the German film industry). In a manifesto, actors and actresses denounce the fact that they have so far been told by agencies, casting agents, producers, and directors "to keep their sexual orientation, identity as well as gender a secret to not ruin our careers".

VON EWIGER LIEBE

AUGUST HEINRICH HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

„Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.
Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.“

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
„Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.

Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
„Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!“

DE AMOR ETERNAL*

NICOLE HAZAN & MADDOX O'ROURKE

**translated from German into Spanish.*

¡Oscuro, que oscuro en el bosque y en el campo!
Ya es de noche, y se calla el mundo.
Ninguna luz y ningún humo,
Sí, y la alondra se calla también.

Fuera del pueblo viene el joven,
Escotando a su amada hacia su casa,
Pasan el arbusto del mimbreral
Hablando mucho y de muchas cosas:

“Si sufres de pena y te entristeces,
Si sufres de pena a causa de mí,
Entonces nuestro amor ha de ser segado tan rápido,
Tan rápido como cuando antes juntos estuvimos.
Hemos de separarnos con lluvia y con viento,
Tan rápido como cuando antes juntos estuvimos.”

Dijo la doncella, Magdalena dijo:
“¡Nuestro amor no se quebrará!
Fuerte es el acero, como también el hierro,
Pero nuestro amor es más fuerte que ellos.

El acero y el hierro, los dos pueden ser transformados,
Pero nuestro amor, ¿quién se atreverá a cambiarlo?
El acero y el hierro, los dos se pueden derretir,
¡Nuestro amor eternamente debe de existir!”

VON EWIGER LIEBE

AUGUST HEINRICH HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

„Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.
Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.“

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
„Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.

Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
„Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!“

不変な愛*

RYOMA OKADA & MADDOX O'ROURKE

**translated from German into Japanese.*

いわ! も も
 になってもかもかです
 も もありません
 そしてたちもかです

からのがいて
 をにきます
 をりぎて
 いろいろなことをしています

「もしもあなたがめられてしんでいるのなら
 もしものために められているのなら
 それでのをくされる
 あのはあっというに はにたされました
 ともをこわする
 あのののにいました 」

はました はいました
 「のくことはできない!
 ももいですが
 ののほうがいですよ

ももえさせられる
 のは がえられるですか?
 ももさせられる
 のはいつまでもたえぬくのです!」

LÖWENHERZ

JULIA ENGELMANN

Ich weiß nicht, was ich sagen soll,
mir ist, als ob es gestern war,
weil alles, was ich sage,
doch nichts ändert oder besser macht.
Ich höre dich noch lachen,
und ich sehe dich noch am Fensterplatz.
Du ahnst nicht, was ich machen würde,
dass ich dich noch länger hab.

Vom Himmel fehlt ein kleines Stück,
ich sehe es von hier,
eine Lücke, die sich nie mehr schließt,
sie hat die Form von dir.
Ich wünschte mir, wir könnten alles haben,
ohne zu verlieren.
Doch niemand wird in tausend Jahren
wieder sein wie wir.

Ich sehe, durch die grauen Wolken
bahnt sich grad ein Licht.
Was es auch bedeuten soll,
ich weiß es heute noch nicht

Ich hoffe, du bist längst,
wo es schön für dich ist,
und dass du an mich denkst,
denn ich denke an dich.

*Ich träume jede Nacht von dir
und auch davon, wie schön es wär.
Sag mir, hab ich immer einen
Platz in deinem Löwenherz?
Und ich träum von einem Land für dich,
in dem du jetzt der König wärst.*

LIONHEART

YUCHEN ZHOU

I don't know what to say
 As if it was yesterday
 As if I was wise
 But nothing changes, nothing gets better
 I can still hear you laughing
 And I can still see you sitting on the seats by the window
 You have no idea what I will do
 So that I can have you longer

A little piece of the sky is missing
 I see it from here
 a gap that will never close
 It has the shape of you
 I wish we could have everything we used to have
 and never lose them again
 But nobody will, in a thousand years,
 be like us again.

I see,
 light is shining through the gray clouds,
 What does it mean?
 I don't know yet

I hope,
 you have been to the place
 where it is nice and beautiful
 where you can think about me
 because I always think about you

*I am dreaming about you all night
 What a beautiful dream!
 Tell me, do I have
 a spot in your lionheart?
 I dream of a Kingdom for you*

*Du weißt, du hast für immer einen
Platz in meinem Löwenherz.*

Und auf diesem Zettel thront
noch immer deine Handschrift,
und da auf dem Tisch liegt noch
dein aufgeschlagenes Buch.
Draußen ist der Abdruck
deiner Füße auf dem Sandweg,
und an deinem Pulli
hängt noch immer dein Geruch.

Und auf dem alten Plattenspieler
dreht sich dein Vinyl.
Ich höre deine Stimme klar
und darin dein Gefühl.
Ich sehe deine Gesten noch,
ich glaub fast, du hörst zu.
Die Tür steht immer offen,
denn sie hofft auf deinen Besuch.

Es scheint mir noch ein bisschen so,
als ob du bald zurück bist.
Alles, was du wissen sollst, ist,
wie sehr ich dich vermisse.
Und mit jedem Atemzug
und auch mit jedem Schritt
gehst und lebst du immer
noch ein bisschen mit mir mit.

Was bleibt, ist deine Liebe,
deine Jahre voller Leben,
das Leuchten in den Augen aller,
die von dir erzählen.
Millionen Sterne in der Nacht,
und einer aber flimmert
in der Ferne und verblasst,
doch ich werde ihn erinnern.

*where you are the king
You know, you always have a
spot in my lionheart.*

And on this note
is still your handwriting
and on the table lies
your opened book
Outside is your footprint
your feet used to step on the sandy path
and on your sweater
your smell still exists

And on the old record player,
your vinyl is spinning
I can clearly hear your voice
and feel like you are still here
I can see your gestures
I almost think that you are listening to it with me
The door is still open
because she hopes for your visit.

I still feel like
you will be back soon
All you need to know is
how much I miss you
And with every breath
and also with every step
you seem to walk and live
with me

What remains is your love
years full of love
the glow in everyone's eyes,
seems to tell me about you
Millions of stars at night,
but only one is shimmering
in the distance and faded

Und ein Leben ist viel mehr, ich weiß,
als Name, Bild und Datum.
Es sind Wünsche, all die Zeit
und auch all deine Erfahrung.
Es sind die Menschen, die dich lieben,
sind dein Lieblingsfilm und -essen,
deine Gesten, deine Mimik,
deine Wahrheit und dein Lächeln.

*Ich träume jede Nacht von dir
und auch davon, wie schön es wär.
Ich hoffe, ich hab für immer einen
Platz in deinem Löwenherz.
Und ich träum von einem Land für dich,
in dem du jetzt der König wärst.
Und du hast für immer einen
Platz in meinem Löwenherz.*

Als Allerletztes ist da etwas,
das ich dir versprechen kann:
dass ich dich nie vergessen werde
und auch nie vergessen hab.
Ich lach mit dir für eine Weile,
sitz mit dir am Fensterplatz.
Mein Löwenherz, ich würde es teilen,
dass ich dich noch länger hab.

but I will remember it forever

And I think life is more than
name, picture, and date.
there is wish, time
and all the experience with you
there are people who love you
your favorite movies, your favorite food
your move, your facial expressions
your honest and your smile

*I am dreaming about you all night
What a beautiful dream!
Tell me, do I have
a spot in your lionheart
I dream of a Kingdom for you
where you are the king
You know, you always have a
spot in my lionheart.*

Finally, there is something
that I can promise you:
that I will never forget you
I have never forgotten you
I laugh with you for a while
sit with you by the window
My lionheart, I will share it
so that I can have you longer.

DAS NÄCHSTE DORF

FRANZ KAFKA

Mein Großvater pflegte zu sagen: »Das Leben ist erstaunlich kurz«. Jetzt in Erinnerung drängt es sich mir so zusammen, daß ich zum Beispiel kaum begreife, wie ein junger Mensch sich entschließen kann, ins nächste Dorf zu reiten, ohne zu fürchten, daß - von unglücklichen Zufällen ganz abgesehen - schon die Zeit des gewöhnlichen, glücklich ablaufenden Lebens für einen solchen Ritt bei weitem nicht hinreicht.

THE NEXT PLACE

TALLULAH WOITACH

My grandpa often said: “life is so astonishingly short.” My memories are so crowded now they collapse into one another. I can barely comprehend how a young person can make up their mind to even go to the next town. How can they not be afraid that, even without unfortunate coincidence, the distance of a blessedly long life is not enough.

GREEK

Ο δεμένος ώμος

Κ. Π. Καβάφη [C. P. CAVAFY]

Είπε που χτύπησε σε τοίχον ή που έπεσε.
Μα πιθανόν η αιτία να 'ταν άλλη
του πληγωμένου και δεμένου ώμου.

Με μια κομμάτι βίαιη κίνησιν,
απ' ένα ράφι για να κατεβάσει κάτι
φωτογραφίες που ήθελε να δει από κοντά,
λύθηκεν ο επίδεσμος κ' έτρεξε λίγο αίμα.

Ξανάδεσα τον ώμο, και στο δέσιμο
αργούσα κάπως· γιατί δεν πονούσε,
και μ' άρεζε να βλέπω το αίμα. Πράγμα
του έρωτός μου το αίμα εκείνο ήταν.

Σαν έφυγε ηύρα στην καρέγλα εμπρός,
ένα κουρέλι ματωμένο, απ' τα πανιά,
κουρέλι που έμοιαζε για τα σκουπίδια κατ' ευθείαν·
και που στα χείλη μου το πήρα εγώ,
και που το φύλαξα ώρα πολλή —
το αίμα του έρωτος στα χείλη μου επάνω.

THE BANDAGED SHOULDER

EM SETZER

He spoke of hurt against a wall or he spoke
of falling. But likely it had an origin other
that injured and bandaged shoulder.

With a somewhat hard gesture — down
from a shelf, a katabasis of photographs
he wanted to see up close — it was un-
done, the gauze. Then out came a little
blood.

I bound again the shoulder. Over the dressing
I lingered a moment, because he had no pain
and because I liked to look at the blood.
It was the stuff of love — of my love — that
blood.

He left. I found, at the chair's feet, a scrap
from the bindings, all blooded. A scrap
asking to be discarded. A scrap I brought
to my mouth and kept safe for a while.
There — upon my lips — the blood
of love.

Όταν έπαψε να είναι γυμνός

Ιφιγένεια Γιαννέ [IFIGENEIA GIANNE]

Ήταν γυμνός. Ήταν γυμνός με την αλήθεια του. Ποια αλήθεια του; Κουβαλούσε πολλές. Εκείνη του μικρού παιδιού, του ερωτευμένου αγοριού, του προδομένου συζύγου, του ονειροπόλου ηλικιωμένου... Κάθε φορά και άλλου ανθρώπου... Κάθε φορά και άλλη ιστορία... Κουραστικό; Μπορεί. Για εκείνον; Μαγικό. Μαγευτικό. Μεθυστικό.

Και αυτός; Τι ήταν αυτός; Κάποιος υπερήρωας; Κάποιος άνθρωπος που ήξερε πως νιώθουν όλοι οι άλλοι; Όχι... Δεν ήταν κάτι το αφύσικο. Απλά δεν φοβόταν να είναι γυμνός. Όχι με την σημερινή πρόστυχη χροιά της λέξης. Φορούσε ρούχα. Περίεργα ρούχα. Πολύχρωμα ρούχα. Ρούχα από άλλες εποχές. Κάποιες φορές πολυφορεμένα και φθαρμένα ρούχα και άλλες σπάνια. Τότε πως ήταν γυμνός; Άμα φορούσε ρούχα τότε δεν ήταν γυμνός! Κ' όμως, ήταν. Είχε βγάλει από πάνω του όλα τα περιττά. Έχανε το φύλο του, τις αντιλήψεις του, τις ιδέες του. Για μερικές ώρες της ημέρας δάνειζε το κουφάρι του σε κάποιον άλλο. Σε κάποιον χαρακτήρα που γεννήθηκε στο κεφάλι κάποιου συγγραφέα που δεν είχε γνωρίσει ούτε και θα γνώριζε, γιατί κατά πάσα πιθανότητα ήταν νεκρός. Δεν είχε σημασία όμως. Μπορούσε να επικοινωνήσει μαζί του. Εκείνος του δάνειζε τον χαρακτήρα που είχε πλάσει στο μυαλό του και μετά είχε μετατρέψει σε λέξεις τις οποίες είχε ακουμπήσει σε μερικές κόλλες χαρτί, και εκείνος φρόντιζε να είναι γυμνός για να τον δεχτεί. Για δυο ώρες την ημέρα έπαυε να είναι εκείνος. Και το λάτρευε! Μπορούσε να βιώσει- η τουλάχιστον προσπαθούσε να βιώσει- τα συναισθήματα ανθρώπων από άλλη εποχή, με άλλες αντιλήψεις, με άλλες ανάγκες και κοσμοθεωρία. Πράγματα που φαντάζουν ουτοπικά πια και άλλα που θα έπρεπε να φαντάζουν και δεν είναι... Έβλεπε τις ομοιότητες με τον μεσαίωνα και έψαχνε την σημερινή «πρόοδο». Τρόμαζε. Τον τρόμαζε η γύμνια του. Μα την αγαπούσε. Είχε ταυτίσει την ζωή του με εκείνη. Είχε εθιστεί σε αυτή. Όχι με την αρνητική χροιά που έχει αποκτήσει πια η λέξη... Μανία με το να βάζουμε πρόσημα στις λέξεις! Τον εκνεύριζε αυτή η τάση... Είχε πει τόσες λέξεις στην ζωή του, «καλές» και «κακές», που πια όλες φαινότανσαν ίδιες. Είχε δει λέξεις να αλλάζουν σημασία από κείμενο σε κείμενο, από συγγραφέα σε συγγραφέα και είχε καταλήξει στο ότι καμία δεν έχει αξία από μόνη της.

THE LAST TIME HE WAS NAKED

IFIGENEIA GIANNE

He was naked. He was naked with his truth. What was his truth? He carried many. That of a small child, a boy in love, a betrayed husband, a daydreaming old man. Every time another person... every time another story... tiring? Maybe. For him, magic. Magnificent. Intoxicating.

Him? What was he? A superhero? Someone who knew how everyone else felt? No, he wasn't a nonhuman creature. He just was not afraid to be naked. Not with the current vulgar connotation of the word. He was wearing clothes. Strange clothes. Colorful clothes. Clothes from other eras. Then how was he naked? If he was wearing clothes, then he was not naked! But he was. He got rid of everything unnecessary. He lost his gender, his perceptions, his ideas. For a few hours of the day, he lent his trunk to someone else. He lent his body to a character born in a writer's head that he would probably never get to meet because the writer was probably already dead. It did not matter, though. For two hours a day, he stopped being him. And he loved it! He could experience - or at least try to experience - the feelings of people from another era, with different perceptions, needs, and worldviews. Things that seem utopian now and others that should be and are not. He saw the similarities with the Middle Ages and was looking for today's "progress." He was scared. He was frightened by his nakedness. But he loved it. He had identified his life with it. He was addicted to it. Not with the negative connotation that the word has acquired but the modern obsession to categorize the words. This tendency irritated him. He had said so many words in his life, "good" and "bad," that now they all seemed the same. He had seen words change meaning from text to text, from author to author, and had concluded that none had a prior value.

He woke up in the morning and was looking forward to the night. He kept rehearsing. He would go up and down his small apartment and say words. He just did not tell them, of course.

Ξύπναγε το πρωί και μέχρι το βράδυ ανυπομονούσε. Έκανε συνέχεια πρόβες. Πήγαινε πάνω κάτω στο μικρό του διαμέρισμα και έλεγε λέξεις. Δεν τις έλεγε απλά βέβαια. Κάθε μια έκρυβε και ένα συναίσθημα, ή μάλλον, πολλά περισσότερα από ένα. Μια τον εκδικητικό και προδομένο Ορέστη, την άλλη τον μεθυσμένο Αζντάκ, ακόμα και την παρεξηγημένη Μήδεια. Και μόλις έπεφτε ο ήλιος ήξερε ότι είχε έρθει η ώρα. Έπαιρνε την τσάντα με τα γνωστά του ρούχα, άφηνε τα υπόλοιπα πράγματα που φορούσε στο σπίτι και πήγαινε στο θέατρο.

Αχ το θέατρο. Κάθε φορά του φαινόταν διαφορετικό. Έβλεπε τις θέσεις να γεμίζουν σιγά σιγά με θεατές και γαλήνευε η ψυχή του. Έβλεπε τα φώτα να ανάβουν ένα ένα και ζεσταινόταν το είναι του. Έβλεπε τους υπόλοιπους ηθοποιούς να ετοιμάζονται και αυτοί και ένιωθε ότι δεν είναι μόνος του σε αυτό τον κόσμο. Έβλεπε τον σκηνοθέτη να παίρνει την θέση του, και κάθε χαμόγελο του ήταν ένδειξη ότι όλα πάνε καλά. Του άρεσε να παρατηρεί τους ανθρώπους. Ένα από τα πράγματα που μπορείς να κάνεις καλύτερα όταν είσαι γυμνός είναι αυτό. Δεν έχεις ενδοιασμούς, δεν σε κρατάει τίποτα πίσω. Μπορείς να δεις τους άλλους χωρίς προκαταλήψεις, χωρίς προκατασκευασμένες εικόνες.

Το πρώτο κουδούνι τον επανάφερε από όλες αυτές τις σκέψεις! Το δεύτερο χτύπησε πριν καν το καταλάβει! Έπρεπε να πάρει την θέση του. Μια δόση αγωνίας. Τόση όσο χρειάζεται. Το τρίτο κουδούνι την έπαιρνε και αυτή, σαν τον αέρα που σέρνει τα ξεραμένα φύλλα. Μια βαθιά ανάσα και έβγαине. Γυμνός και έτοιμος να μοιραστεί αυτή του την αλήθεια.

Κάθε φορά όμως απογοητευόταν. Έβλεπε τους καλοντυμένους ανθρώπους και έψαχνε την διάθεση τους για αλλαγή μέσα σε όλα αυτά τα ρούχα. Κάτω από τις γούνες, κάτω από τα ακριβά κοσμήματα. Μα δεν έβρισκε τίποτα. Την πρώτη φορά σκέφτηκε, «Δεν τους είπε κανείς ότι εδώ βγαίνουμε γυμνοί!». Μετά κατάλαβε... Πρέπει να θέλεις να είσαι γυμνός. Δεν γίνεται κάποιος άλλος να στο επιβάλει. Αν έλεγε παραδείγματος χάρη «ΓΙΑ ΝΑ ΜΠΕΙΤΕ ΣΤΑ ΘΕΑΤΡΑ ΠΡΕΠΕΙ ΝΑ ΕΙΣΑΣΤΕ ΓΥΜΝΟΙ!» θα έχανε την αξία του. Κάθε άνθρωπος οφείλει να παλέψει για αυτό. Και ακριβώς αυτή ήταν η δουλειά του. Να δίνει την αφορμή στους ανθρώπους, να τους δείχνει την γύμνια άλλων μπας και βρουν και εκείνοι την θέληση να αλλάξουν. Προσπαθούσε να τους μεταδώσει το συναίσθημα, την αίσθηση της γύμνιας του και χτύπαγε σε τοίχους. Αντί να τα παρατάει όμως πείσμωνε περισσότερο! Ένιωθε τόσο τυχερός που τα είχε καταφέρει, τόσο ευγνώμων στον χώρο που αγκάλιαζε αυτή του την πλευρά, που είχε χρέος να το μοιραστεί με τους υπόλοιπους ανθρώπους. Όσο περισσότερες αντιστάσεις συναντούσε τόσο περισσότερη

Each hid an emotion, or rather, much more than one. One the vengeful and betrayed Orestes, the other the drunk Azdak, even the misunderstood Medea. As soon as the sun went down, he knew the time had come. He would take the bag with his clothes, leave the rest of the things he wore at home, and go to the theater.

Ah, the theater. Each time it seemed different. He saw the seats slowly fill with spectators, and his soul calmed down. He could see the lights turn on one by one, and his being warmed up. He saw the other actors getting ready, and he felt that he was not alone in this world.

The first bell brought him back from all these thoughts. The second one hit before he even realized it! He had to take his place. A dose of agony. As much as needed. The third bell picked her up, too, like the wind blowing the dried leaves. A deep breath and he entered the stage. Naked and ready to share this truth.

But each time, he was disappointed. He saw well-dressed people and looked for their desire to cause change in all these clothes. Under the furs, under the expensive jewelry. But he found nothing. The first time he thought, "Didn't anyone tell them that to enter this place, you must be naked?" Then he came to understand. You must want to be naked. No one else can force it. For example, if they said, "IN ORDER TO ENTER THEATRES YOU MUST BE NAKED," it would be of no value. Everyone should fight for it. And that was his job. To stimulate people, show them the beauty of nudity, and encourage them to change. He was trying to convey to them the feeling of his nakedness, and he was banging on walls. He couldn't give up, though; he was stubborn! He felt so lucky that he had succeeded to be naked, so grateful for the space that embraced this side of him that he had a moral duty to share it with other people. The more resistance he encountered, the more he tried. Maybe because if you feel the release, the power of change, you can not ignore it!

The applause at the end of the show warmed his soul. He

θέληση έβρισκε! Ίσως γιατί άμα νιώσεις την απελευθέρωση, την δύναμη της αλλαγής, δεν μπορείς να την παραβλέψεις!

Το χειροκρότημα στο τέλος της παράστασης του ζέσταινε την ψυχή, και ας ήταν ένα κομμάτι της νεκρό. Δεν ανυπομονούσε να πάει σπίτι. Του άρεσε να βλέπει τον θιασάρχη να μέτρα τα χρήματα, τον φωτιστή να κλείνει τα φώτα. Ήταν κομμάτι της μαγείας! Εξάλλου ήξερε. Το ήξερε καλά. Μόλις πήγαινε σπίτι θα τελείωναν και όλα. Αφήνοντας την ασφάλεια του θεάτρου, έχανε και την γύμνια του.

Και έτσι, ένα βράδυ, μετά από την συνηθισμένη παράσταση, ήρθε η ώρα να μπει στο σπίτι του. Το μικρό του διαμέρισμα, κάπου στο κέντρο της πόλης. Έψαχνε αρκετή ώρα τα κλειδιά του, και πάντα -πάντα όμως, ήταν μπλεγμένα με τα ακουστικά. Ξεκλείδωσε την εξώπορτα, μπήκε στο ασανσέρ, και άνοιξε την πόρτα του σπιτιού του. Μπήκε μέσα, έκλεισε ξανά την πόρτα και έβγαλε τα παπούτσια του. Άφησε την τσάντα-του-θεάτρου στην γνωστή θέση. Δίπλα στην πόρτα. Στο ράφι όμως, μην την περάσει η γάτα για παιχνίδι... Έτοιμη για αύριο. Έτοιμη για την αυριανή παράσταση. Έφτιαξε ένα τσάι και κάτι πρόχειρο να φάει. Είχε δει την παράσταση ένας φίλος του, οπότε διάβασε και το μήνυμα που του έστειλε λίγο αργότερα. "Πολύ συναίσθημα έβγαλες, Μπράβο!". Χαμογέλασε. Τον ευχαρίστησε και έκλεισε το κινητό του. Είχε πάει αργά οπότε πήγε προς το κρεβάτι του, ρίχνοντας μια κλεφτή ματιά στην τσάντα, όπως και κάθε βράδυ. Εκείνη εκεί, σαν τον πιο πιστό εραστή, περίμενε. Σαν να του έλεγε, πως και αύριο θα είναι εκεί για να ντύσει την γύμνια του.

Την άλλη μέρα ξύπνησε με ένα περίεργο προαίσθημα. Λες και θα ερχόταν το τέλος του κόσμου. Και ήρθε! Άνοιξε το κινητό του και ήταν λες και είχε ξυπνήσει σε κάποια ταινία επιστημονικής φαντασίας. Ιός! Πανδημία! Καραντίνα! Το θέατρο; Τι θα γίνει με το θέατρο; Πανικόβλητος σηκώθηκε από το κρεβάτι. Δεν ήπια καφέ, δεν έπλυσε καν το πρόσωπο του. Πήρε την τσάντα του που τον περίμενε στην ίδια θέση, έβαλε βιαστικά τα παπούτσια του και ξεχύθηκε στον δρόμο. Έτρεχε! Έτρεχε με όλη του την δύναμη και όμως, δεν ήταν αρκετό. Μετά από λίγο έφτασε. Το καλό του να μένεις στο κέντρο -ή μάλλον ένα από τα καλά του να μένεις στο κέντρο της Αθήνας είναι πως όλα είναι κοντά. Μα του φάνηκε τόσο μακρινό. Ήταν μπροστά από τον αγαπημένο του χώρο, μα δεν μπορούσε να μπει. Είχε ένα λουκέτο. Η πόρτα ήταν σφραγισμένη και το λουκέτο απέτρεπε την είσοδο. «Σύμφωνα με τα νέα κυβερνητικά μέτρα...». Δεν κατάφερε να διαβάσει την ανακοίνωση. Οι λέξεις χοροπήδαγαν και δεν μπορούσε να τις διακρίνει. «Πότε το αποφάσισαν, πότε το τοιχοκόλλησαν;» σκέφτηκε. Είχε σαστίσει. Απλά κοίταζε το λουκέτο. «Δεν είναι δυνατόν» ψέλλισε. Δεν μπορούσε να το πιστέψει. Έμεινε

was not looking forward to going home. He liked to observe the luminaire turning off the lights. It was part of the magic! Besides, he knew. He knew it well. As soon as he went home, everything would be over. Leaving the sacred place of the theater, he also lost his nudity.

And so, one night, after the performance was over, it was time to enter his house, his small apartment, somewhere in the city center. He searched for his keys for a long time, and like always, they were tangled with the headphones. He unlocked the front door, entered the elevator, and opened the door of his house. He went in, closed the door again, and took off his shoes. He left the bag-of-the-theater in the familiar place, next to the door. Ready for tomorrow's performance. He made some tea and something to eat. A friend of his had seen the show, so he read his message. "You conveyed a lot of emotion, Congratulations!" He smiled, thanked his friend, and hung up his cell phone. He had gone late, so he went to his bed, glancing furtively at the bag, as he did every night. It was there, like the most faithful lover, waiting. As if telling him that he will be there tomorrow to dress his nudity.

The next day he woke up with a strange feeling. It was as if the end of the world was coming. And it came! He turned on his cell phone, and it was as if he had woken up in a science fiction movie. Virus! Pandemic! Quarantine! Theater? What will happen to the theater? Panicked, he got out of bed. He did not drink coffee; he did not even wash his face. He took his bag waiting for him in the same place, hurriedly put on his shoes, and spilled out into the street. He ran with all his will and yet, it was not enough. After a while, he arrived. He was in front of his favorite place, but he could not enter. The door was sealed, and the padlock prevented entry. "According to new government measures..." He could not read the announcement. The words jumped, and he could not distinguish them. "When did they decide? When did they stick it to the wall?" he thought. He was confused. He was looking at the padlock. "It is not possible," he cried. He could not believe it. If it were all a dream, it would be a nightmare.

αρκετή ώρα να κοιτά. Σαν να περίμενε κάτι ή κάποιον να του πει πως κάνει λάθος. Αν ήταν όνειρο όλο αυτό, θα ήταν σίγουρα εφιάλτης.

Μόλις κατάλαβε την ματαιότητα του πράγματος, αποφάσισε να γυρίσει στο σπίτι. Δεν βιάστηκε στην διαδρομή. Η τσάντα του φαινόταν πιο βαριά από ποτέ. Ασήκωτη. Σαν να κουβαλούσε τα ρούχα όλου του κόσμου. Η πόλη ήταν άδεια. Δεν έβλεπε άλλους ανθρώπους. Μπήκε στο σπίτι και με την ευλάβεια που συνήθιζε, άφησε την τσάντα του δίπλα στην πόρτα. Δεν ήξερε τι να κάνει. Να κάνει πρόβα; Για ποιο λόγο; Αφού δεν θα γινόταν η παράσταση... Ένωσε αποκλεισμένος. Ένωσε νεκρός. Και το χειρότερο, ένωσε τόσο ντυμένος που τα ρούχα του τον έπνιγαν. Άρχισε με μανία να τα τραβάει. Πρώτα την μπλούζα του, μετά το παντελόνι του, μέχρι που έμεινε κυριολεκτικά γυμνός. Κ' όμως δεν ένωσε καμία ανακούφιση. Δεν άλλαξε τίποτα στα συναισθήματα του. «Τι κάνω ο ηλίθιος» μονολόγησε... Έβαλε τις πιτζάμες του και πήγε στο κρεβάτι του. Πρώτη φορά δεν κοίταξε την τσάντα. Την ντρεπόταν... Ίσως και αυτή να τον ντρεπόταν. Είχε αθετήσει την υπόσχεση της, δεν αγκάλιασε την γύμνια του σήμερα.

Δεν το έκανε ούτε την επόμενη μέρα. Δεν το έκανε ούτε την μεθεπόμενη μέρα. Δεν το έκανε για πολλές μέρες ακόμα. Ο κόσμος άλλαζε. Οι άνθρωποι άλλαζαν. Όλοι είχαν κάτι να πουν-για το σύστημα υγείας, την πολιτική, το εμβόλιο. Όλοι για όλα. Δεν παρακολουθούσε την εξέλιξη της ζωής. Δεν μπορούσε να τρέχει πίσω από τις εξελίξεις. Ένωθε στάσιμος. Ήταν στάσιμος. Ήταν ανήμπορος. Είχε την ατυχία να γευτεί την ελευθερία της γύμνιας, και η τόση βίαιη στέρησή της του ήταν ανυπόφορη. Προσπάθησε. Προσπάθησε υπερβολικά πολύ. Έκανε πρόβες στο σπίτι του, πήγε ακόμα και σε πάρκα, αλλά δεν... Δεν μπορούσε να βρει την αλήθεια του, χωρίς να ξέρει ότι το βράδυ το θέατρο θα την αγκαλιάσει. Είναι τελικά ο χώρος που έχει την μαγεία; Αυτή την μαγεία που δεν έβρισκε αλλού; Ή μήπως είναι η συνθήκη που σου δημιουργείται όταν πατάς το πόδι σου στην σκηνή;

Δεν κατάφερε να την συνηθίσει την καινούρια του ζωή. Δεν την ήθελε καν. Την συνέχισε όμως. Με την ελπίδα ότι την επόμενη μέρα κάτι θα αλλάξει. Ακόμα και όταν άλλαξε όμως, το λουκέτο έμεινε εκεί. Μέρα με την μέρα έσβηνε η πίστη του, η ελπίδα του για το άνοιγμα του πιο σημαντικού μέρους για εκείνον. «Είναι δυνατόν να μην το βλέπουν;» σκέφτηκε τις πρώτες μέρες. Μέχρι που κατάλαβε... Να δουν τι; Πόσοι άνθρωποι σκεφτόντουσαν έτσι; Σε πόσους ανθρώπους έλειψε το θέατρο; Και αν ναι γιατί; Και σε κάθε περίπτωση, πόσοι άνθρωποι θέλησαν την γύμνια στις «φυσιολογικές» μέρες για να την θελήσουν τώρα; Δεν είχε απάντηση σε αυτές

Once he realized that nothing would change, he decided to go home. His bag looked heavier than ever. The city was empty. He did not see other people. He entered the house and left his bag next to the door. He did not know what to do. Rehearse? For what reason? He felt dead. And worst of all, he felt so dressed that his clothes drowned him. He started pulling them furiously. First his shirt, then his pants, until he was naked. But he did not feel any relief. He put on his pajamas and went to bed. The first time he did not look at the bag. He was ashamed of it. Maybe it was ashamed of him too. It had broken its promise; it did not embrace his nakedness today.

He did not do it the next day either. He did not do it for many days yet. The world was changing. People were changing. Everyone had something to say - about the health system, politics, the vaccine. He was helpless. He had the misfortune to taste the freedom of nudity, and the violent deprivation of it was unbearable.

He could not get used to his new life. He did not even want it. But he continued it. He was hoping that something would change the next day. But even when it changed, the padlock remained there. Day by day, his hope in the theater reopening faded. "How can they not see it?" he thought. Until he understood...how many people missed the theater? And if so, why? And in any case, how many people wanted nudity in the "normal" days to want it now? He had no answer to these questions, and he couldn't bear it. He had no answer. Only questions. He was frantically searching for plays and texts, but no one had written anything about it. He would have to wait for a modern play to come out unless, of course, all the artists had died from a lack of creativity. He already felt dead. Alone. No need for creation. He just existed. He was maintaining a trunk, hoping that he would be able to feel naked again at some point.

τις ερωτήσεις, και αυτό τον σκότωνε πιο πολύ από όλα. Δεν είχε καμία απάντηση. Μόνο απορίες. Δεν είχε ήρωες που να μιλάν για αυτό το θέμα. Έψαχνε με μανία θεατρικά και κείμενα, αλλά κανείς δεν είχε γράψει κάτι σχετικό. Θα έπρεπε να περιμένει να βγει κάποιο σύγχρονο θεατρικό, αν βέβαια δεν έχουν πεθάνει όλοι οι καλλιτέχνες από έλλειψη δημιουργικότητας. Εκείνος ήδη ένιωθε νεκρός. Πνιγμένος από τα ρούχα. Πνιγμένος από όσα τον σκέπαζαν. Χωρίς τα γεμάτα θέατρα να γεμίζουν την ψυχή του. Χωρίς τα φώτα να ζεσταίνουν το είναι του. Χωρίς τους υπόλοιπους ηθοποιούς. Χωρίς τον σκηνοθέτη να χαμογελά. Μόνος. Χωρίς διάθεση για δημιουργία. Να διατηρεί ένα κουφάρι, με την ελπίδα ότι κάποια στιγμή θα καταφέρει να νιώσει γυμνός ξανά.

Ἡ σονάτα τοῦ σεληνόφωτος

Γιάννης Ρίτσος [YIANNIS RITSOS]

[Ἀνοιξιάτικο βράδι. Μεγάλο δωμάτιο παλιοῦ σπιτιοῦ. Μιά ἡλικιωμένη γυναίκα ντυμένη στὰ μαῦρα μιλάει σ' ἓναν νέο. Δὲν ἔχουν ἀνάψει φῶς. Ἄπ' τὰ δυὸ παράθυρα μπαίνει ἓνα ἀμείλικτο φεγγαρόφωτο. Ξέχασα νὰ πῶ ὅτι ἡ γυναίκα μὲ τὰ μαῦρα ἔχει ἐκδώσει δυό-τρεῖς ἐνδιαφέρουσες ποιητικές συλλογές θρησκευτικῆς πνοῆς. Λοιπόν, ἡ Γυναίκα μὲ τὰ μαῦρα μιλάει στὸν νέο]:

Ἄφησέ με νάρθῶ μαζί σου. Τί φεγγάρι ἀπόψε! Εἶναι καλὸ τὸ φεγγάρι, - δὲ θὰ φαίνεται πὺ ἀσπρίσαν τὰ μαλλιά μου. Τὸ φεγγάρι θὰ κάνει πάλι χρυσὰ τὰ μαλλιά μου. Δὲ θὰ καταλάβεις. Ἄφησέ με νάρθῶ μαζί σου.

Ὅταν ἔχει φεγγάρι, μεγαλώνουν οἱ σκιές μὲς στὸ σπίτι, ἀόρατα χέρια τραβοῦν τίς κουρτίνες, ἓνα δάχτυλο ἀχνὸ γράφει στὴ σκόνη τοῦ πιάνου λησμονημένα λόγια - δὲ θέλω νὰ τ' ἀκούσω. Σώπα.

Ἄφησέ με νάρθῶ μαζί σου λίγο πιὸ κάτου, ὡς τὴ μάντρα τοῦ τουβλάδικου, ὡς ἐκεῖ πὺ στρίβει ὁ δρόμος καὶ φαίνεται ἡ πολιτεία τσιμεντένια κι ἀέρινη, ἀσβεστωμένη μὲ φεγγαρόφωτο τόσο ἀδιάφορη κι ἄϋλη, τόσο θετικὴ σὰν μεταφυσικὴ πὺ μπορεῖς ἐπιτέλους νὰ πιστέψεις πὺς ὑπάρχεις καὶ δὲν ὑπάρχεις πὺς ποτὲ δὲν ὑπῆρξες, δὲν ὑπῆρξε ὁ χρόνος κ' ἡ φθορά του. Ἄφησέ με νάρθῶ μαζί σου.

Θὰ καθίσουμε λίγο στὸ πεζούλι, πάνω στὸ ὕψωμα, κι ὅπως θὰ μᾶς φυσάει ὁ ἀνοιξιάτικος ἀέρας μπορεῖ νὰ φαντάζουμε κιόλας πὺς θὰ πετάξουμε, γιατί, πολλές φορές, καὶ τώρα ἀκόμη, ἀκούω τὸ θόρυβο τοῦ φουστάνιοῦ μου, σὰν τὸ θόρυβο δυὸ δυνατῶν φτερῶν πὺ ἀνοιγοκλείνουν, κι ὅταν κλείνεσαι μέσα σ' αὐτὸν τὸν ἦχο τοῦ πετάγματος νιώθεις κρουστὸ τὸ λαιμό σου, τὰ πλευρά σου, τὴ σάρκα σου, κι ἔτσι σφιγμένος μὲς στοὺς μῶνες τοῦ γαλάζιου ἀγέρα, μέσα στὰ ρωμαλέα νεῦρα τοῦ ὕψους, δὲν ἔχει σημασία ἂν φεύγεις ἢ ἂν γυρίζεις οὔτε ἔχει σημασία πὺ ἀσπρίσαν τὰ μαλλιά μου, δὲν εἶναι τοῦτο ἡ

MOONLIGHT SONATA (I. 1-36)

ARTEMIS ANASTASAKIS

[Spring night. Big room, old house. An elderly woman dressed in black is talking to a youth. They haven't turned on the light. A relentless moonlight enters through the two windows. I forgot to say that the woman in black has published two or three interesting poetry collections of religious flavor. So, the Woman in black speaks to the youth]:

Let me come with you. What a moon tonight! It's good, the moon – you won't see my whitened hair. The moon will make my hair golden again. You won't realize it. Let me come with you.

When the moon is out, the shadows in the house lengthen, invisible hands draw the curtains, a fading finger writes forgotten words on the dust of the piano – I don't want to hear them. Be silent.

Let me come with you a bit down the street, until the gate of the brickyard, until where the road turns and the city looks concrete and airy, washed white with moonlight so nonchalant and immaterial, so positive, like metaphysics, so you can at last believe that you exist, and that you don't exist, that you never existed, time and its corruption never existed. Let me come with you.

We'll sit on the steps for a little while, up on the hill, and as the spring breeze is blowing through us we might imagine that we'll fly, because, many times, and even now, I hear the sound of my dress, like the sound of two strong wings fluttering, and when you shut yourself in this flying sound you feel your neck turning into percussion, your ribs, your flesh, and pressed like this into the muscles of the light blue air it doesn't matter whether you're leaving or coming back or whether your hair has turned white, that is not my sorrow – my sorrow is that my heart hasn't whitened too. Let me come with you.

I know that everyone enters into love alone, alone into glory and into death. I know. I've tried it. It isn't profitable. Let me come with you.

λύπη μου - ή λύπη μου είναι που δέν άσπρίζει κ' ή καρδιά μου.
"Άφησέ με ν'άρθω μαζί σου.

Τò ξέρω πώς καθένας μοναχός πορεύεται στόν έρωτα,
μοναχός στη δόξα και στο θάνατο. Τò ξέρω. Τò δοκίμασα. Δέν
ώφελει. "Άφησέ με ν'άρθω μαζί σου.

ITALIAN

CAPITOLO 2

VERONICA FRANCO

Prendi, re per virtù sommo et perfetto,
quel che la mano a porgerti si stende:
questo scolpito e colorato aspetto,
in cui' l mio vivo e natural s'intende.
E, s'a esempio si basso e si imperfetto
la tua vista beata non s'attende,
risguarda a la cagion, non a l'effetto.
Poca favilla ancor gran fiamma accende.
E come' l tuo immortal divin valore,
in armi e in pace a mille prove esperto,
m'empio l'alma di nobile stupore,
così l desio, di donna in cor sofferto,
d'alzarti sopra' l ciel dal mondo fore,
mira in quel mio semblante espresso e certo.

CAPITOLO 2

NORA FURLONG

Take, king, emblem of perfection and virtue,
what my hand, extended, offers you:
this shaped and shaded sight,
in which my unfeigned self is rendered.
And if this blemished and boorish image
is not what your blessed gaze believes,
Consider my intention rather than the effect.
A little whit may still kindle a great blaze.
And because your everlasting, Elysian spirit,
tried by a thousand trials in war and peace,
left my soul in noble stupor -
So the wish of a suffering woman's heart,
to hoist you 'fore heaven, over this earth,
emerges, evinced, in this portrait of mine.

(CON IL LATTE)

CRISTINA ALI FARAH

Viene in sandali stamani
contro spine e rocce infide per caviglie delicate
stretto in seno la tua mamma porta burro e carne secca
Sulla via la vecchia acacia, si riposa alla sua ombra
Non tacere mia creatura
sta venendo a liberare la tua lingua intorpidita
Ora amore sta vagando
tra le aiuole e i marciapiedi
si riposa sull'asfalto, mentre cerca la tua voce
Ma le sfugge dalla bocca, scivolando tra i canini

con il latte scrivo il tuo nome
con il latte

Bevo succo di cammella
scorre a fiotti dalla gola bianco denso come inchiostro
Stretta in pugno la mia spada, taglio d'agave foglie e lamine
per avere fibra abbondante.
Non disfare la mia trama, fuoco e fumo i suoi ricami
Madre mia, sono il tuo miele
la mia voce ti consoli e lambisca la tua pena
Verso liquidi latte e lacrime sopra juta e stoffa vergine
Ho ingannato il carceriere e ingoiato la sua lingua
Burro sciolto carne e sangue per scolpire il mio sgomento

Scrivo il tuo nome con il latte
scrivo

(IN MILK)

BENJAMIN DEBISSCHOP

She comes in sandals this morning
 against treacherous thorns and rocks on delicate ankles
 Clutched to her breast, your mother carries butter and dry meat
 Past the old acacia, she rests in its shadow
 Don't hush my creature
 She's coming to free your sluggish tongue
 Now love meanders
 through the flowerbeds and sidewalks
 she rests on the asphalt, while searching for your voice
 But it escapes by her mouth, slipping through the canines

in milk I write your name
 in milk

I drink camel juice
 it flows in spurts from my throat, dense white like ink
 Clenched in my fist, the sword cuts from agave leaves and sheets
 for fibers abundant.
 Don't undo my plot, fire and smoke its embroidery
 Mother of mine, I am your honey
 my voice consoles you and skims your pain
 towards liquid milk and tears on jute and virgin cloth
 I swindled the jailer and swallowed his tongue
 Melted butter meat and blood to sculpt my dismay

I write your name in milk
 in milk

SCHEHERAZADE

RICHARD SIKEN

Tell me about the dream where we pull the bodies out of the
lake

and dress them in warm clothes again.

How it was late, and no one could sleep, the horses running
until they forget that they are horses.

It's not like a tree where the roots have to end somewhere,
it's more like a song on a policeman's radio,

how we rolled up the carpet so we could dance, and the days
were bright red, and every time we kissed there was another
apple

to slice into pieces.

Look at the light through the windowpane. That means it's noon
that means

we're inconsolable.

Tell me how all this, and love too, will ruin us.

These, our bodies, possessed by light.

Tell me we'll never get used to it.

SCIARAZADE*

BENJAMIN DEBISSCHOP

**translated from English into Italian.*

Dimmi del sogno dove tiriamo fuori i corpi dal lago
e li rivestiamo in vestiti caldi.

Com'era tardi, e nessuno poteva dormire, i cavalli che correvano
finché non dimenticano che sono cavalli.

Non è come un albero dove le radici devono finire da qualche
parte,

è più come una canzone da una radio di un poliziotto,
come abbiamo arrotolato il tappeto per ballare, e i giorni
erano rossi brillanti, e ogni volta che ci siamo baciati c'era un'altra
mela

da affettare a pezzi.

Guarda la luce attraverso le finestre. Vuol dire che è mezzogiorno,
vuol dire

che siamo inconsolabili.

Dimmi che tutto questo, e anche l'amore, ci rovineranno.

Questi nostri corpi, posseduti dalla luce.

Dimmi che non ci abitueremo mai.

A UN ALBERO MERAVIGLIOSO

VIVIAN LAMARQUE

Caro albero meraviglioso
che dal treno qualcuno
ti ha tirato un sacchetto
di plastica viola
che te lo tieni stupito
sulla mano del ramo
come per dire
cos'è questo fiore strano?
speriamo che il vento
se lo porti lontano.
Ci vediamo al prossimo viaggio
ricorderò il numero del filare
il tuo indirizzo, ho contato
i chilometri dopo lo scalo-merci
arrivederci.

TO A MARVELOUS TREE

BENJAMIN DEBISSCHOP

Dear marvelous tree
who someone on the train
threw a purple
plastic bag onto
you clutch it, amazed, in your branch's
hand, as if to say
what strange
flower blooms today?
let's hope the wind
carries it far away.
We'll see each other on the next journey
I will remember your row number
your address, I counted
the kilometers past the freight-sty
goodbye.

JAPANESE

かがみの孤城

辻村深月 [MIZUKI TSUJIMURA]

おととい、お母さんと見学に行ったスクールに、今日から、本当に行ける気がしていた。

だけど、朝起きたらダメだった。

いつものようにおなかが痛い。

仮病じゃない。本当に痛い。

どうしてかわからなかった。朝、学校に行く時間になると、仮病じゃないのに、本当におなかや、時には頭も痛くなるのだ。

無理なくていい、とお母さんには言われていた。

だから、そこまで構えずに、ここは朝、二階の自分の部屋から、ダイニングに下りていった。

「お母さん、おなか痛い」

ホットミルクとトーストを用意していたお母さんが、こころの声を聞いて、露骨に表情をなくした。黙った。

こころを見ない。

まるでこころの声が聞こえなかったように俯いて、場気を立てるマグカップを食卓に運ぶ。そのまま、うんざりしたような声で、「痛いってどういうふうに?」と聞いた。

仕事用のパンツスーツの上からを不機嫌そうに脱ぎ捨てて、椅子にかける。

「いつもと同じ」

「いつもと同じって、昨日までは平気だったんでしょ? スクールは学校じゃないのよ。毎日じゃないし、来てる人数も学校より少ないし、先生もいい人そうだったでしょう。行くって、こころが言ったんでしょ。どうするの、行かないの?」

矢継ぎ早に責められるように言われると、ああ、お母さんは行って欲しいんだとわかる。行きたくないんじゃない、仮病じゃない。本当におなかがい。

こころが答えないでいると、お母さんがいらいらしたように急に時計を気にし出す。「ああ、もうこんな時間」と舌打ちをする。

「どうするの?」

足が固まったようになって動けない。

「行けない」

THE ISOLATED CASTLE IN THE MIRROR (p. 12-14)

JADE LING GARSTANG

The day before yesterday, Kokoro and her mother visited an alternative school.

Kokoro felt like it was a place she could actually bring herself to attend.

But when she woke up, she realized that nothing had changed.

As usual, her stomach hurt.

She wasn't faking it. It really did hurt.

Kokoro didn't know why, but in the morning, when it was time to go to school, there was always this pain in her stomach.

Sometimes her head would hurt, too.

Her mother had said not to force herself.

So, when Kokoro went downstairs to the dining room, she didn't hide anything.

"Mom, my stomach hurts."

Her mother had been preparing hot milk and toast. When she heard what Kokoro said her face went blank.

Her mother wouldn't look at her.

She lowered her head, as if she hadn't heard, and carried the mug of hot milk to the dining table. "How does it hurt?" she asked, annoyed.

She yanked off the red apron that was covering her pantsuit and placed it on a chair, before sitting down.

"Same as always," said Kokoro in a small voice. Before she could finish speaking, her mother interrupted.

"Same as always, huh? You were fine yesterday, weren't you? It's not like it's normal school. You don't even have to go every day, and the classes are smaller. The teachers seem nice too. You told me you would go, didn't you? But now you're saying you won't, is that it?"

Kokoro could tell her mother really wanted her to go by the way she rapidly scolded her. But it wasn't that she didn't want to go. And she wasn't faking being sick. Her stomach really did

行かないんじゃないなくて、行けない。

精一杯気持ちを込めて呟くように言うと、お母さんが目の前で大きなため息をついた。自分まで体のどこかが痛いように顔をしめた。

「……今日だけ行けないの?それともずっと行かないの」

答えられない。

今日は行けないけど、次にスクールがある日にまたおなかが痛くなるかどうかなんてわからない。

仮病じゃなくて、本当に、痛いからただ行けないだけなのに、こんな理不尽なことを聞かれるなんてと悲しくなってくる。

答えないままお母さんの見ていると、お母さんが「もういい」と立ち上がった。感情にまかせるように、朝ごはんの載った皿を持ち上げ、トーストを流しの隅にある三角コーナーに放り込んだ。

「牛乳も飲まないのね、せっかくあたためたのに」と言うなり、返事も聞かずに流しに捨てる。台所にミルクの場気がふわっと大きく下がり、すぐに水音とともに消えた。

本当は後で食べようと思っていたけど、答える暇もなかった。

ドアの前でパジャマ姿のまま動けないところを無視するように「ちょつとどいて」と通り抜けたお母さんが、奥野リビングに消える。すぐに、どこかに電話する声が聞こえてきた。

「ああー、すいません。安西ですけれども」と、それまでの不機嫌を根こそぎ拭いたような、よそ行きの声が聞こえてくる。

ええ、そうなんですよ。おなかが痛いと言い出して。申し訳ありません。見学の時にはあの子の方が行きたいって乗り気だったんですけど、はい、本当にご迷惑をおかけして――。

hurt.

When Kokoro didn't respond her mother looked at the clock, clearly irritated.

"Well?"

She couldn't move. Her legs felt frozen.

"I can't go."

It wasn't that she didn't want to go. She couldn't go.

When Kokoro murmured those words earnestly, her mother took a deep breath and gave a grimace, as if she were in pain.

"Is it only today that you can't go? Or are you never going to go?"

Kokoro couldn't answer.

She didn't know if it would just be today. It was possible that her stomach might hurt another day, too.

Just the thought of going to school made her upset.

"Alright," said her mother, standing up. She picked up Kokoro's plate and tossed it into the waste bin in the corner of the sink.

"You won't drink the milk either? I even heated it up for you and everything..." she added, pouring it into sink without waiting for a reply. Steam rose as the milk swirled down the drain, before being drowned out by the sound of the tap.

Kokoro had planned to have the toast and milk later on, but she didn't have a chance to say anything.

Kokoro stood motionless by the doorway. "Move," said her mother, disregarding her and disappearing into the living room.

Shortly after, Kokoro heard her talking on the phone.

"Good morning, this is Anzai speaking," she said politely, all traces of her earlier ire gone.

"Yes, that's correct. She says that her stomach hurts. I'm very sorry. When we visited she had seemed so enthusiastic about attending... Yes, I apologize for the trouble."

SECRET BASE ~君がくれたもの~

町田 紀彦 [NORIIHIKO MACHIDA]

君と夏の終わり 将来の夢
大きな希望 忘れない
10年後の8月
また出会えるのを 信じて
最高の思い出を...
出会いは ふっとした 瞬間
帰り道の交差点で
声をかけてくれたね
「一緒に帰ろう」
僕は 照れくさそうに
カバンで顔を隠しながら
本当は とても とても
嬉しかったよ
ああ 花火が夜空 きれいに咲いて
ちょっとセツナク
ああ 風が時間とともに 流れる
嬉しくって 楽しくって
冒険も いろいろしたね
二人の 秘密の 基地の中
君と夏の終わり 将来の夢
大きな希望 忘れない
10年後の8月
また出会えるのを 信じて
君が最後まで 心から
「ありがとう」叫んでたこと
知ってたよ
涙をこらえて 笑顔でさようなら
せつないよね
最高の思い出を...
ああ 夏休みも あと少いで
終わっちゃうから
ああ 太陽と月 仲良くして
悲しくって 寂しくって
喧嘩も いろいろしたね
二人の 秘密の 基地の中
君が最後まで 心から

SECRET BASE ~THE THINGS THAT YOU GAVE ME~

NAO OKADA

The end of the summer, the time I spent with you
 We had future dreams
 I will not forget that wish
 I believe that we will see each other again in 10 years, in August
 The best memories ever...
 The first met was the moment I didn't imagine
 It was at the intersection, on the way back to home from school
 You asked me to go home together
 I might have acted shy; I concealed my face with a bag
 To be honest, I was very very happy
 Ah, fireworks bloomed beautifully in the night sky
 A little sadly
 Ah, the wind and time flows
 I was happy, and it was fun
 We went on adventures together, many times
 Inside our secret base
 End of the summer spent with you
 We had future dreams
 I will not forget that wish
 I believe that we will see each other again in 10 years, in August
 I knew that you said loudly "Thank you" until the last moment
 from the bottom of your heart
 Holding back tears and saying goodbye with a smile, isn't that sad?
 The best memories ever...
 Ah, summer vacation will almost over
 So, I want to ask the sun and the moon, please be nice to each
 other
 It's sad It's loneliness
 We fought sometimes, remember?
 I knew that you said loudly "Thank you" until the last moment
 from the bottom of your heart
 The best memories ever...
 But the sudden school transfer

「ありがとう」叫んでたこと
知ってたよ
涙をこらえて 笑顔でさようなら
せつないよね
最高の思い出を...
突然の 転校で どうしようもなく
手紙 書くよ 電話もするよ
忘れないでね 僕のことを
いつまでも 二人の 基地の中
君と夏の終わり ずっと話して
夕日を見てから星を眺め
君の頬を 流れた涙は
ずっと忘れない
君が最後まで
大きく手を振ってくれたこと
きっと忘れない
だから こうして 夢の中で
ずっと永遠に...
君と夏の終わり 将来の夢
大きな希望 忘れない
10年後の8月
また出会えるのを 信じて
君が最後まで 心から
「ありがとう」叫んでたこと
知ってたよ
涙をこらえて 笑顔でさようなら
せつないよね
最高の思い出を...
最高の思い出を...

Nothing helped us
I'll write you a letter, also I'll call you
Don't forget about me
Forever, our in the base
The end of the summer
Talking together for a while
We saw the sunset, and then viewed the stars
I will not forget the tears that flowed down your cheeks
Until the end, you waved your arm for me
I will not forget
So, like this, in the dream
Forever and ever ...
End of the summer spent with you
We had future dreams
I will not forget this wish
I believe that we will see each other again in 10 years, in August
I knew that you said loudly "Thank you" until the last moment
 from the bottom of your heart
Holding back tears and saying goodbye with a smile, isn't that sad?
The best memories ever...
The best memories ever...

LATIN

DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIAE

ANICIUS MANLIUS SEVERINUS BOETHIUS

Quisquis composito serenus aevo
fatum sub pedibus egit superbum
Fortunamque tuens utramque rectus
invictum potuit tenere vultum, Non
illum rabies minaeque ponti Versum
funditus exagitantis aestum Nec
ruptis quotiens vagus caminis
torquet fumificos Vesaevus ignes
aut celsas soliti ferire turrets
ardentis via fulminis movebit. Quid
tantum miseri saevos tyrannos
mirantur sine viribus furentes? Nec
speres aliquid nec extimescas,
exarmaveris impotentis iram. At
quisquis trepidus pavet vel optat,
quod non sit stabilis sui iuris,
abiecit clipeum locoque motus
nectit qua valeat trahi catenam.

THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY

KATELYNN BENNETT

Whatever God of settled age
able to uphold his unconquerable countenance
drove proud fate under foot
staring at both good and bad fortune;
madness and threats of the sea
driving out the tide overthrown completely
will not provoke him, nor how often restless
Vesuvius hurls smoking fires;
the path of flashing lightning is customary
to strike lofty towers.

Why are wretched people amazed
by wicked tyrants raging without power?
You should neither hope for nor dread anything,
and you will have disarmed anger of powerless men.
Whereas whoever frightened fears or even desires,
who is not firm in his own right,
abandons his shield and having been moved
from his place ties himself in a chain
where he may be able to be drawn up.

ELEGIAE

SEXTUS PROPERTIUS

Sunt aliquid Manes: letum non omnia finit,
 luridaque euictos effugit umbra rogos.
 Cynthia namque meo uisa est incumbere fulcro,
 murmur ad extremæ nuper humata uiae,
 cum mihi somnus ab exsequiis penderet amoris,
 et quererer lecti frigida regna mei.
 eosdem habuit secum quibus est elata capillos,
 eosdem oculos; lateri uestis adusta fuit,
 et solitum digito beryllon adederat ignis,
 summaque Lethæus triuerat ora liquor.
 spirantisque animos et uocem misit: at illi
 pollicibus fragiles increpuere manus:

‘perfide nec cuiquam melior sperande puellae,
 in te iam uires somnus habere potest?
 iamne tibi exciderant uigilacis furta Suburæ
 et mea nocturnis trita fenestra dolis?
 per quam demisso quotiens tibi fune pependi,
 alterna ueniens in tua colla manu!
 saepe Venus triuio commissa est, pectore mixto
 fecerunt tepidas pallia nostra uias.
 foederis heu taciti, cuius fallacia uerba
 non audituri diripuerunt Noti.
 at mihi non oculos quisquam in clamauit euntis:
 unum impetrassem te reuocante diem:
 nec crepuit fissa me propter harundine custos,
 laesit et obiectum tegula curta caput.
 denique quis nostro curuum te funere uidit,
 atram quis lacrimis incaluisse togam?
 si piguit portas ultra procedere, at illuc
 iussisses lectum lentius ire meum.
 cur uentos non ipse rogis, ingrata, petisti?
 cur nardo flammæ non oluere meae?
 hoc etiam graue erat, nulla mercede hyacinthos

ELEGIES 4.7

ISABELLA SPAGNUOLO

Lo! There are ghosts, death is not the end of all things,
 and the pale shades do struggle free from their pyres.
 For Cynthia, freshly buried beneath the murmur
 of a faraway road, seemed to lean on my bedpost,
 when sleep was hanging over me after my love's funeral,
 and I was grieving the cold domain of my bed.
 She had the same hair, the same eyes as when they carried
 her away; her clothes were burnt on one side,
 the fire had consumed the beryl on her finger,
 and the Lethean water had eaten away her face.
 She spoke, wheezing out her breath, and the
 bones of her brittle hands rattled:

*“Asshole! What else could a girl expect?
 You're already sleeping?
 Have our downtown trysts, and my window, worn out from
 nighttime tricks, have these already slipped your mind?
 How I used to dangle a rope down to you,
 and I'd climb, hand over hand, falling into your arms?
 How many times did we meet at that intersection, and make
 the streets sweat beneath our tangled bodies?
 All the falsehoods of a whispered promise
 were torn apart by a disinterested wind.
 No one made a sound as my eyes closed,
 but I might have lived another day if you had called me back,
 no one kept watch over my corpse,
 and broken glass sliced open my naked head.
 Who saw you hang your head at my funeral,
 who saw you warm my black dress with your tears?
 If you couldn't be bothered to follow my procession past the door,
 you might have asked them to carry me gently.
 Why didn't you pray for a breeze to fan my pyre?
 Why didn't you perfume my flames?
 Even tossing me a flower, which would have cost you nothing,*

inicere et fracto busta piare cado.
 Lygdamus uratur — candescat lamina uernae —
 sensi ego, cum insidiis pallida uina bibi —
 at Nomas — arcanas tollat uersuta saliuas;
 dicet damnatas ignea testa manus.
 quae modo per uilis inspecta est publica noctes,
 haec nunc aurata cyclade signat humum;
 et grauiora rependit iniquis pensa quasillis,
 garrula de facie si qua locuta mea est;
 nostrarque quod Petale tulit ad monumenta coronas,
 codicis immundi uincula sentit anus;
 caeditur et Lalage tortis suspensa capillis,
 per nomen quoniam est ausa rogare meum.
 te patiente meae conflauit imaginis aurum,
 ardente e nostro dotem habitura rogo.
 non tamen insector, quamuis mereare, Properti:
 longa mea in libris regna fuere tuis.
 iuro ego Fatorum nulli reuolubile carmen,
 tergeminusque canis sic mihi molle sonet,
 me seruasse fidem. si fallo, uipera nostris
 sibilet in tumultis et super ossa cubet.
 nam gemina est sedes turpem sortita per amnem,
 turbaque diuersa remigat omnis aqua.
 unda Clytaemestrae stuprum uehit altera, Cressae
 portat mentitae lignea monstra bouis.
 ecce coronato pars altera rapta phaselo,
 mulcet ubi Elysias aura beata rosas,
 qua numerosa fides, quaque aera rotunda Cybebes
 mitratisque sonant Lydia plectra choris.
 Andromedeque et Hypermestre sine fraude maritae
 narrant historiae tempora nota suae:
 haec sua maternis queritur liuere catenis
 bracchia nec meritas frigida saxa manus;
 narrat Hypermestre magnum ausas esse sorores,
 in scelus hoc animum non ualuisse suum.
 sic mortis lacrimis uitae sancimus amores:
 celo ego perfidiae crimina multa tuae.
 sed tibi nunc mandata damus, si forte moueris,

or paying me respects, even that was too much to ask of you.
 I hope Lygdamus burns, I hope there's a branding iron waiting for him,
 because I knew it when I drank that wine, too pale to be true;
 and Nomas, that schemer, I hope all her poisons are destroyed.
 The white-hot shards will prove their hands are damned.
 That bitch who used to be public property, a cheap night,
 now trails a golden train behind her,
 and if someone whispers about my beauty,
 she assigns them a heavier load.
 Old Petale is chained to a filthy block of wood,
 just for placing garlands on my tomb,
 and Lalage is dead, hanged from her own braids,
 for daring to mention my name.
 You let her melt down my gold, so that she could have
 a dowry from my pyre before it had even gone out.
 Still, I don't blame you, Propertius, even though you deserve it.
 I'll be queen forever in your books.
 I swear it by the Fates' song, irrevocable,
 so let the three-headed dog softly whimper
 that I've been faithful. If I lie, send a viper
 to slither into my tomb and coil around my bones.
 There are two places for the dead, on the foul river,
 and everyone must sail on separate streams.
 One tide carries Clytemnestra's shame, another
 carries Pasiphae's wooden monstrosity, that fake heifer.
 But look, a different crowd is swept along on a pleasure cruise,
 where happy breezes tickle the roses of paradise,
 where lyres upon lyres and cymbals and
 Lydian lutes strum along to turbaned choruses.
 Andromeda and Hypermestra, faultless wives,
 summarize their histories:
 Andromeda remembers how her mother's chains bruised
 her arms, and how her hands didn't deserve the cold rocks,
 while Hypermestra tells how bold her sisters were,
 and how her soul didn't have the strength to deceive.
 We sanctify the loves of life with tears of death,
 while I hide all the crimes of your lies.
 But now I have orders to give. If somehow you're moved by all this,

si te non totum Chloridos herba tenet:
 nutrix in tremulis ne quid desideret annis
 Parthenie: potuit, nec tibi auara fuit.
 deliciaeque meae Latris, cui nomen ab usu est,
 ne speculum dominae porrigat illa nouae.
 et quoscumque meo fecisti nomine uersus,
 ure mihi: laudes desine habere meas.
 pelle hederam tumulo, mihi quae praegnante corymbo
 mollia contortis alligat ossa comis.
 ramosis Anio qua pomifer incubat aruis,
 et numquam Herculeo numine pallet ebur,
 hic carmen media dignum me scribe columna,
 sed breue, quod currens uector ab urbe legat:

'hic Tiburtina iacet aurea Cynthia terra:
 accessit ripae laus, Aniene, tuae.'

nec tu sperne piis uenientia somnia portis:
 cum pia uenerunt somnia, pondus habent.
 nocte uagae ferimur, nox clausas liberat umbras,
 errat et abiecta Cerberus ipse sera.
 luce iubent leges Lethaea ad stagna reuerti:
 nos uehimur, uectum nauta recenset onus.
 nunc te possideant aliae: mox sola tenebo:
 mecum eris, et mixtis ossibus ossa teram.'

haec postquam querula mecum sub lite peregit,
 inter complexus excidit umbra meos.

*if her spell hasn't wholly been cast on you,
 then don't let Parthenie want for anything in her old age,
 she was kind. She was never greedy with you.
 And don't make my darling Latris (I gave her that nickname)
 hold up my mirror for some new girlfriend.
 And whatever verses you wrote in my name?
 Burn them. Quit singing my praises.
 Clear the ivy from my grave which winds around
 my rotting bones with twisted vines and fat clusters.
 By the lush river Anio, lined with orchards,
 where ivory is blessed to never grow dull,
 there, on a column, write something worthy of me,
 something short, so that even a hurried traveller might read it:*

HERE, BENEATH THE TIBUR'S EARTH, LIES GOLDEN CYNTHIA.
 GLORY COMES, RIVER, TO YOUR BANKS.

*Don't fight dreams that come through upright gates;
 when righteous dreams come, they have meaning.
 The night frees hidden shades, at night we drift,
 wandering, and Cerberus himself slips his leash.
 The daylight commands us to return to the murky river,
 we sail away, and the ferryman checks his load.
 Now, others might possess you; soon, only I will hold you.
 You will be with me, and I will grind your bones to dust against my
 own."*

Once she finished her bitter whining,
 her ghost exceeded my grasp.

CARMINA

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS [HORACE]

Non usitata nec tenui ferar
penna biformis per liquidum aethera
vates neque in terris morabor
longius invidiaque maior

urbis relinquam. Non ego pauperum
sanguis parentum, non ego quem vocas,
dilecte Maecenas, obibo
nec Stygia cohibebor unda.

Iam iam residunt cruribus asperae
pelles et album mutor in alitem
superne nascunturque leves
per digitos umerosque plumae.

Iam Daedaleo notior Icaro
visam gementis litora Bosphori
Syrtisque Gaetulas canorus
ales Hyperboreosque campos.

Me Colchus et qui dissimulat metum
Marsae cohortis Dacus et ultimi
noscent Geloni, me peritus
discet Hiber Rhodanique potor.

Absint inani funere neniae
luctusque turpes et querimoniae;
compesce clamorem ac sepulcri
mitte supervacuos honores.

ODES 2.20

ISABELLA SPAGNUOLO

Upon no common, feeble feather will I rise,
a biform prophet, through the liquid air,
nor will I linger longer on the land;
beyond even envy, I will leave cities behind.

Not I, blood of poor parents,
Not I, dear Maecenas, whom you call for,
I will not meet death
nor be dragged under by the Stygian wave.

Now rough skin already settles on my legs,
and above I am changed into a white bird,
and soft feathers burst
through my fingers and shoulders.

Now, more famous than Daedalean Icarus,
as a swan I will visit the sighing shores of the Bosphorus
and the Moroccan quicksands,
singing over the fields of Hyperborea.

Colchians will know me, and Dacians, fearless
of Roman troops, and far-off Scythians will too;
the clever Spaniard will learn of me,
so will the drinker of the Rhone.

Let there be no dirges, repulsive mourning
or complaints at my empty funeral;
keep from crying, and keep
vapid honors off of my tomb.

PHAEDRA

LUCIUS ANNAEUS SENECA THE YOUNGER

Non alia magis est libera et uitio carens
ritusque melius uita quae priscos colat,
quam quae relictis moenibus siluas amat.
non illum auarae mentis inflammat furor
qui se dicauit montium insontem iugis,
non aura populi et uulgi infidum bonis,
non pestilens inuidia, non fragilis fauor;
non ille regno seruit aut regno imminens
uanos honores sequitur aut fluxas opes,
spei metusque liber, haud illum niger
edaxque liuor dente degeneri petit;

PHAEDRA (l. 483-493)

ELI ROSENTHAL

No other life is more free and less infected,
or better honors the ancient rites,
then that which abandons the walls to love the woods.
The raving of greed does not inflame that man's mind
who dedicates himself sinlessly to the mountain tops,
no breath of the people and no masses who are faithless
to good men,
no pestilent envy, no frail favor.
He that does not serve a kingdom nor does he strive after
his own kingdom,
pursuing empty honors or fleeting influence.
Free of hope and terror,
dark devouring envy never struck that man with a decaying
denture.

PRO BALBO

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

Sed per deos immortales! Quae est ista societas, quae amicitia, quod foedus, ut aut nostra civitas careat in suis periculis Massiliensi propugnatore, careat Gaditano, careat Saguntino, aut, si quis ex his populis sit exortus, qui nostros duces auxilio laboris, commeatus periculo suo iuverit, qui cum hoste nostro comminus in acie saepe pugnarit, qui se saepe telis hostium, qui dimicationi capitis, qui morti obiecerit, nulla condicione huius civitatis praemiis adfici possit?

PRO BALBO 9.23

ELI ROSENTHAL

By the immortal gods! Is this our society, our idea of friendship, our form of an alliance? Is it like us that when our citizens are in danger they must be without a defender belonging from Masilla, or without one belonging from Gadis, or without one belonging from Sagunto? Or if someone from the populace rises up, who saves our leaders with his aided labor and provisions, putting himself at risk for us, who has often fought on the front lines in hand to hand combat against our enemies, who time and time again rejected the spears of our enemies, who set himself against the struggles of life, who opposes death itself, on no terms whatsoever is this champion allowed to be awarded the prize of citizenship?

ELEGIAE

SEXTUS PROPERTIUS

haec certe deserta loca et taciturna querenti,
 et vacuum Zephyri possidet aura nemus.
 hic licet occultos proferre impune dolores,
 si modo sola queant saxa tenere fidem.
 unde tuos primum repetam, mea Cynthia, fastus?
 quod mihi das flendi, Cynthia, principium?
 qui modo felices inter numerabar amantis,
 nunc in amore tuo cogor habere notam.
 quid tantum merui? quae te mihi carmina mutant?
 an nova tristitiae causa puella tuae?
 sic mihi te referas, levis, ut non altera nostro
 limine formosos intulit ulla pedes.
 quamvis multa tibi dolor hic meus aspera debet,
 non ita saeva tamen venerit ira mea,
 ut tibi sim merito semper furor, et tua flendo
 lumina deiectis turpia sint lacrimis.
 an quia parva damus mutato signa colore,
 et non ulla meo clamat in ore fides?
 vos eritis testes, si quos habet arbor amores,
 fagus et Arcadio pinus amica deo.
 a quotiens teneras resonant mea verba sub umbras,
 scribitur et vestris Cynthia corticibus!
 an tua quod peperit nobis iniuria curas?
 quae solum tacitis cognita sunt foribus.
 omnia consuevi timidus perferre superbae
 iussa neque arguto facta dolore queri.
 pro quo divini fontes et frigida rupes
 et datur inculto tramite dura quies;
 et quodcumque meae possunt narrare querelae,
 cogor ad argutas dicere solus avis.
 sed qualiscumque es resonant mihi 'Cynthia' silvae,
 nec deserta tuo nomine saxa vacent.

ELEGIES 1.18

EMILY ALLEN

These certainly are desolate and quiet places for lamenting,
 and a breath of Zephyrus seizes this empty forest.

Here it is possible to pour forth your hidden sorrows
 without fear of punishment, if only the lonely stones
 would be able to keep a secret. From where, my Cynthia,
 might I first call to mind your disdains for me?

What do you tell me first, Cynthia, began your crying?

I, who used to be counted among happy lovers,
 now am forced to bear a mark in your love. Why do I deserve
 this from you? Which of my songs makes you change
 towards me? Can it be that a new girl causes your sadness?

If so, may you return yourself to me, fickle one,
 since no other has brought their beautiful feet to my door.

Although my pain owes you many harsh things,
 I won't let my savage anger overtake me, since as a result
 I would always be the deserving cause of your fury,
 and your eyes would become ugly become ugly in your crying,
 cast down by tears. Or is it because I blush too little,

and no faithfulness cries out from my mouth? You will be
 my witnesses, if a tree can hold any affections,
 beech and pine beloved by the Arcadian god. Oh, how often
 my words resound beneath your delicate shadows,
 and Cynthia will be written in your bark! But how many
 concerns does your outrage birth in me? Only
 silent doors will know the cause. I timidly was accustomed
 to enduring all of your orders, arrogant woman,
 and not to complain about your deeds with shrill anguish.

But in return for this, I was given divine springs,
 and cold rocks, and harsh quietness on uncultivated paths.

And whatever my laments are able to say, I am
 forced to speak them alone to the shrill birds. But whatever
 kind you are, let the woods resound Cynthia to me,
 and may these forsaken stones never be empty of your name.

DECEM LIBRI HISTORIARUM

GEORGIUS FLORENTIUS GREGORIOUS [GREGORY OF TOURS]

Caput VII

Igitur Aetius cum Gothis Francisque coniunctus adversus Attilanem confligit. At ille ad internitionem vastari suum cernens exercitum, fuga delabitur. Theodor vero Gothorum rex huic certamine subcubuit. Nam nullus ambigat, Chunorum exercitum obtentu memorati antestites fuisse fugatum. Verum Aetius patritius cum Thorismodo victuriam obtinuit hostesque delivit.

Caput XXVII

Super quem Chlodovechus cum Ragnechario, parente suo, quia et ipse regnum tenebat, veniens, campum pugnae praeparare deposcit. Sed nec iste distolit ac resistere metuit. Itaque inter se utrisque pugnantibus, Syagrius elisum cernens exercitum, terga vertit et ad Alaricum regem Tholosa curso veluci perlabitur. Chlodovechus vero ad Alarico mittit, ut eum redderet; alioquin noverit, sibi bellum ob eius retentionem inferri. Ad ille metuens, ne propter eum iram Francorum incurreret, ut Gothorum pavere mos est, vinctum legatis tradedit. Quem Chlodovechus receptum custodiae mancipare praecipit; regnoque eius acceptum, eum gladio clam feriri mandavit. Eo tempore multae aeclesiae a Chlodovecho exercitu depraedatae sunt, quia erat ille adhuc fanaticis erroribus involutus.

TEN BOOKS OF HISTORY 2.7 AND 2.27

KENT ZHENG

Chapter Seven

Therefore Aetius, reinforced by the Goths and the Franks, engaged in battle against Attila. But Attila, discerning that his army was being depleted to extermination, slipped away in flight. Theodoric, King of the Goths, succumbed to this battle. Let no one doubt that the host of the Huns was put to flight by the prayers of the bishop I have related to you about: Still the patrician Aetius obtained victory along with Thorismund and destroyed his foes.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Clovis, coming upon him [Syagrius] with Ragnachar his own kinsman, for the latter also held a domain himself, challenges him to take the field of battle. But Syagrius himself did not object to the prospect, nor did he fear to contend with Clovis. While they were thus engaged in combat with each other, Syagrius, seeing his own army crushed, turns tail and flees in speedy course to King Alaric in Toulouse. Clovis then dispatches [messengers] to Alaric, hoping that he would return Syagrius; Alaric knew that otherwise a war would be brought upon himself because of Syagrius's custody. Alaric, fearing lest he would incur the wrath of the Franks on Syagrius's account, as it is the custom of the Goths to cower, handed the man over, all bound up, to the delegates of Clovis. Clovis enjoins Syagrius to be imprisoned as soon as he has been recaptured, and having thus seized the domain of Syagrius, he ordered the man to be dispatched secretly with a sword. At the same time many churches were plundered by the army of Clovis since he was still involved in fanatical errors.

RUSSIAN

Медный всадник

Александр Пушкин [ALEXANDER PUSHKIN]

Люблю тебя, Петра творенье,
Люблю твой строгий, стройный вид,
Невы державное течение,
Береговой её гранит,
Твоих оград узор чугунный,
Твоих задумчивых ночей
Прозрачный сумрак, блеск безлунный,
Когда я в комнате моей
Пишу, читаю без лампады,
И ясны спящие громады
Пустынных улиц, и светла
Адмиралтейская игла,
И, не пуская тьму ночную
На золотые небеса,
Одна заря сменить другую
Спешит, дав ночи полчаса.
Люблю зимы твоей жестокой
Недвижный воздух и мороз,
Бег санок вдоль Невы широкой,
Девичьи лица ярче роз,
И блеск, и шум, и говор балов,
А в час пирушки холостой
Шипенье пенистых бокалов
И пунша пламень голубой.
Люблю воинственную живость
Потешных Марсовых полей,
Пехотных ратей и коней
Однообразную красоту,
В их стройно зыблемом строю
Лоскутья сих знамен победных,
Сиянье шапок этих медных,
Насквозь простреленных в бою.
Люблю, военная столица,
Твоей твердыни дым и гром,

THE BRONZE HORSEMAN

JONAH ROTH

I love you, Peter's Great creation,
 I love how stern and neat you seem
 The Neva's tide's grand penetration,
 Your granite shores beside its stream,
 Your ornamental cast-iron grating,
 Your nights of brooding reverie,
 Your moonless dusk's transparent shading,
 While, in my room, permitting me
 To read and write with prayer-lamp absent,
 Your lucid crowds in sleep's entrapment
 Among deserted streets at night,
 Your Admiralty needle bright,
 And, not releasing twilight's shading
 Away from Heaven's golden light,
 As one dawn leaves, another's waiting,
 To grant night half-an-hour, in fright.
 I love your brutal winter fever,
 Your air and frost of still repose,
 Sled races down the big wide Neva,
 Each girl's face brighter than a rose,
 The glitter, noise, and ballroom gossips,
 And at the hour that food is served,
 The idle hiss of foam in goblets,
 The blue-flamed punch beside horderves.
 I love the war-like animation
 Of your amusing Field of Mars
 Your infantry of steeds and guards,
 And glorious monotonization,
 A tunefully unsteady lining,
 Where triumph's tattered banner flaps
 And shots go through those copper hats
 In battle; you can see them shining.
 I love, O Capital of Battles,
 Your fortress and its thundering smoke

Когда полнощная царица
Дарует сына в царской дом,
Или победу над врагом
Россия снова торжествует,
Или, взломав свой синий лёд, Нева к морям его несёт
И, чья вешни дни, ликует.
Красуйся, град Петров, и стой
Неколебимо, как Россия,
Да умирится же с тобой
И побеждённая стихия;
Вражду и плен старинный свой
Пусть волны финские забудут
И тщетной злобою не будут
Тревожить вечный сон Петра!

At midnight when the queen unravels
Her son into the royal folk,
Or when the enemy is choked
And once more, Russia wins her honor
Or, when the dark blue ice breaks free
And Neva bears it out to sea,
Rejoices, sensing Spring upon her.
So flaunt yourself, Great town, upright,
Unwaveringly, just like Russia
'Till with yourself you reunite
When nature is your fateful crusher;
Allow your old strife and confinement
To be forgot 'neath Finnish waves,
And vain distaste won't cause excitement
In Peter's endless restful grave!

Влюбленность

Александр Блок [ALEKSANDR BLOK]

Королевна жила на высокой горѣ,
И надъ башней дымились прозрачные сны облаковъ.
Темный рыцарь въ тяжелой кольчуге шептал о
любови на зарѣ
Въ тѣ часы, когда Рейн выступалъ изъ своихъ
береговъ.

Надъ зелеными рвами текла, розовѣя, весна,
Непомѣрность ждала в синевах отдаленной черты.
И влюбленность звала, — не дала отойти отъ окна,
Не смотрѣтъ въ роковые черты, оторваться отъ
светлой мечты...

— Подними эту розу — шепнула — и вѣтер донесъ
Тишину улетающихъ латъ, бездыханный ответъ...
— Въ синемъ, утреннемъ небѣ найдешь купину
расцвѣтающихъ розъ—
Онъ шепнулъ, и сверкнулъ, и взлетѣлъ... И она
полетѣла вослѣдъ...

И за облакомъ плыло и пѣло мерцание тьмы,
И влюбленность въ погонѣ забыла — забыла свой
щитъ...
И она, окрылясь, полетѣла изъ отчей тюрьмы:
На воздушномъ пути королевна полетъ свой стремить.

Ужъ въ стремнинахъ туманъ, и рога созываютъ стада,
И завѣтная мгла протянула плащи и скрестила мечи,
И вечернюю грусть тишиной отражаетъ вода,—
И надъ лѣсомъ погасли лучи...

Не смолкаетъ вдали властелиновъ борьба —
Распри дѣдовъ надъ ширью земель...
Но различна Судьба: здѣсь — мечтанье раба,—

Тамъ — воздушной Влюбленности хмель!

И въ воздушный покровъ улетѣла на зовъ
Навсегда... О, Влюбленность! Ты строже Судьбы!
Повелительнѣй древнихъ законовъ отцовъ!
Слаще звука военной трубы!

But Fate differs: here — the dream of a slave, —
There — an air of Love drunkenness!

And she flew into the airy cover at the call
Forever... Oh, Falling in Love! You are stricter than Fate!
More imperious than the ancient laws of the fathers!
Sweeter than the sound of war trumpets!

NINE SHORT STORIES

Линор Горáлик [LINOR GORALIK]

Вот такая

Она поцеловала сначала самые кончики пальцев, самые-самые, где от краешков ногтей начинают почесываться губы, а потом поцеловала складочки, где пальцы сгибаются и прихватывают губы немножко, и губам становится тепло. Потом она стала целовать ладони, по кругу, как если бы «этому дала, этому дала», так, чтобы было немножко влажно, и добралась до тоненькой-тоненькой кожи запястий, и ее тоже целовала, двигаясь вверх, к впадинке локтя, и по плечам щекотно проводила губами, и, неловко скрючиваясь, по одному целовала длинные пальцы на ногах, и жалела только, что нельзя так изогнуться, чтобы поцеловать пухленький живот с горизонтальной щелочкой пупка, и все это время поглядывала радостно в зеркало, и шептала себе тихонько, как шептала, купая ее по вечерам, баба Анюта: «Ах, какая Маша... Ах, Маша какая уродилась...»

Ещё и ещё

Он был старше всех, старше даже, чем Дрон, и должен был ходить в седьмой класс, только никуда он не ходил, и всем почему-то было на это наплевать.

— Это сразу значит, что человек теперь конченный, — объяснил он. — «Конченный» — значит, жизнь его конченная, понятно?

— Убьют? — хриплым голосом спросил Яша.

— Зачем убьют? — сказал он. — Просто его как будто уже нет. Никто с ним за один стол не сядет на обеде. Ну и вообще в тюрьме конченный — это сложное дело, вы не поймете.

NINE SHORT STORIES BY LINOR GORALIK

MARÍA JULIA HERNÁNDEZ SÁEZ

Here She Is

She kissed only the tips of her own fingers at first, mostly where the lips scratch themselves from the nail's edges, and then she kissed the folds where the fingers bend and grab the lips a little and the lips turn warm. Then she began kissing her palms in a circle, as if to say that "it happen," as if to make them a little moist, and she reached the thin-thin skin of the wrist, and she also kissed it, moving up towards the cavity of the elbow, and her lips tickled her shoulders, crouching awkwardly, she kissed one by one her long toes, and felt only sorry that she couldn't bend enough to kiss her pudgy belly with the horizontal slit of the bellybutton, and all this time she stared joyfully in the mirror, and she whispered quietly to herself, like baba Anyuta whispered when she gave her baths in the evening, "Oh, this Masha... Look how well Masha turned out to be..."

More and More

He was older than the rest, even older than Dron, and he should have been in the seventh grade, except that he never went to school, and for some reason no one cared.

— This at once means that the person is now finished, — he explained. — "Finished" — it means that his life is now over, understand?

— Will they kill you? — asked Yasha in a hoarse voice.

— What for would they kill you? — he said. — It is simply as if he was already gone. No one will share a table with him at lunch. And he is basically finished in prison — it's a complicated thing, you won't understand.

— У меня дядя двоюродный сидел в тюрьме, — сказал Дрон, и все посмотрели на него, а он совсем не гордился и даже смотрел в пол. — Только он ни за что сидел.

— Вот именно, — сказал он. — Сложное дело.

— А я бы зубы сжал и все, — сказал Фанта. — Или кусался бы.

— Дурак ты, — сказал он, — Тебе бы их быстро разжали. Я же сказал, вы не поймете. Зря я вам объясняю. Вот дядя твой женат?

— Нет, — сказал Дрон. — Пока вроде нет.

— А конченный никогда не женится. И детей не будет у него. Поэтому он и конченный.

— Так он жене может не рассказать, что было, — сказал Фанта. — Откуда она знает? Пойдет за него замуж, а потом уже все.

— А он не позовет ее замуж, — сказал он. — Конченный — это потому, что после первого раза ты всегда хочешь только это самое. Ты хочешь еще и еще и еще. Один раз они с тобой это сделают — и теперь ты всегда хочешь еще, понимаешь? Еще и еще и еще.

Я/Мы

На полях манускрипта яростно мастурбировало какое-то чешуйчатое, и, поднося к миниатюре лупу, он каждый раз на миг с отвращением видел здесь себя самого: маленького, жирного, скрюченного, пустого.

— My Great-uncle did time in prison, — said Dron, and everyone looked at him, but he was not at all proud of himself and even looked down at the floor. — He was just sitting in jail for no reason.

— Exactly, — he said. — A complicated case.

— And I would have clenched my teeth and all, — said Fanta. — or I would bite.

— You are a fool, — he said, — They would have released you quickly. I already told you that you won't understand. I am wasting my time trying to explain this to you. Say, is your uncle married?

— No, — said Dron. — It seems like a no for now.

— But a finished man will never get married. And he won't have children. This is why he is finished.

— But he may try to avoid telling his wife what happened, — said Fanta. — How would she know? She will marry him, and then it will be too late.

— But he won't ask her to marry him, — he said. — He is finished — it's because after you try it for the first time, you will always want the same thing. You want more and more and more. They do it to you once — and now you always want more, you understand? More and more and more.

I/We

On the margins of the manuscript some scaly creature fiercely masturbated, and, bringing it to the magnifying glass he saw it, each time for a moment, with disgust, here for himself: small, fat, crooked, hollow.

Соло

“Я маленькая девочка, танцую и пою, я Сталина не видела, но я его люблюююю”, - пела эта крошечная старая женщина небесным, останавливающим сердце сопрано, пока медсестра не забрала ее из коридора и не уложила, сжигаемую жаром, обратно в палату, и все она хватала медсестру за рукав эпидемкостюма, все хотела петь дальше, и медсестра сказала подруге: “Вот же болезнь, кого на что прошибает”.

Нет, что вы

Он поднял руку, и класс застонал: дело шло к звонку, но его это никогда не останавливало. Он спросил этого нарядного полицейского, действительно ли можно принять столько наркотиков, что ты убьешь человека и не будешь этого помнить. Полицейский сказал, что да, можно. Тогда он спросил, сколько и каких.

Не баловать

Никогда он не торопился с решением - подавать милостыню или нет. Вглядывался в человека, думал, взвешивал. Обязательно задавал вопросы. Одна женщина плюнула и попала ему на воротник. Он дал ей десять рублей и внес в свой список: внешность, где стоит, «не баловать».

Панадол

Тогда он пошел в спальню и перецеловал все её платья, одно за другим, но тоже не помогло.

Done and Done

Уже потом, в раю, им довелось побеседовать о том, имело ли это смысл, и по всему получалось, что — нет, не имело.

Solo

“I am a small girl, dancing and singing, I didn’t see Stalin but I loooooove him,” - sang this tiny old woman in heavenly, heart-stopping soprano, while the nurse did not take her away or laid her down, the burning heat back in the ward, and all she grabbed from the nurse was the sleeve of her scrubs, all she wanted was to sing more, and the nurse said to her friend: “Here is the same disease that breaks through.”

No, What Are You

He raised the pen, and the class groaned: the issue went with the bell, but this never stopped him. He asked this elegant policeman, whether he can really take as many narcotics as what would kill a man and not remember it. The policeman said that yes, it can be done. Then he asked how many and which ones.

Don’t Pamper

He never rushed with a decision - to give out charity or to not. He stared at the person, and thought, pondered. He surely asked questions. One woman spat and grabbed him by the collar. He gave her ten rubbles and added to his list: appearance, where it stands “don’t pamper.”

Panadol

Then he went to the bedroom and kissed all of her dresses, one after the other, but it also didn’t help.

Done and Done

Already then, in paradise, they had a chance to talk to him about whether this had meaning, and through it all they got that no, it did not have one.

SNAFU

— Ты меня любишь? — спросила она, пытаясь поудобнее устроить пятки на сбившемся в ком одеяле.

— Прости, — сказал он.

— Ну и хорошо. — Сказала она. — Ну и хорошо. Ты, главное, не переживай из-за этого.

SNAFU

— Do you love me? — she asked, trying to comfortably arrange the ends on the lumpy quilt.

— Pardon, — he said.

— All right then. — she said. — All right then. You, most importantly, don't worry about this.

Письмо карандашом

Ирина Ратушинская [IRINA RATUSHINSKAYA]

Я знаю, что его не получить
И не отправить. В мелкие клочки —
Как только домараю — черновик.
Потом. Когда-нибудь. Ведь ты привык,
Читая между недошедших строк,
Всё понимать. И в крошечный листок
Я умечаю ночь, не торопясь.
Куда спешить, когда минувший час —
Всё в тот же срок, неведомо какой.
И шевелится слово под рукой —
Скворчонком! Шорохом! Движением ресниц!
Всё хорошо. Но ты пока не снись.
Чуть позже. Я узлом скручу печаль,
Закину голову, и на уста — печать —
Улыбку, княже! Хоть издалека!
Ты чувствуешь: тепла моя рука —
По волосам! По впадинке щеки!
Как декабрём подуло на виски...
Как похудел... Ещё приснись, ещё!
Открыть окно. Подушке горячо.
Шаги за дверью, и на башне бой:
Два, три... Ты помнишь, а ведь мы с тобой
Не попрощались! Это ничего.
Четыре... Всё. Какой тяжёлый звон!

PENCIL LETTER

ZOE ALLEN

I know that it won't be received
And won't be sent. This draft will be
Reduced to scraps as soon as I've got it down.
Later, then. Sometime. You're used to it now,
Reading between vanished lines
And understanding it all. And I
Fill these tiny slips with night, without hurrying.
What's the rush, when the hour passing,
Like everything else, belongs to the same unknown span.
And the words stir beneath my hand
Like starlings! Like rustling! Like how eyelashes bat!
Everything's fine. But don't enter my dream just yet.
In a little while. I'll twist my sorrow into a knot,
Throw back my head, and on my lips you'll spot
A seal. A smile, my prince! Although far gone!
Do you feel it, the warmth of my palm
Through your hair! Across your wasted
Cheeks! How December's blown across your face...
How thin you are... Stay here, don't go, not yet!
Open the window. The pillow is hot.
Footsteps at the door, and in the tower chimes:
Two, three... Don't you remember, you and I
Never said goodbye! It's fine.
Four... That's it. How heavily it tolls!

Снег идет

Борис Пастернак [BORIS PASTERNAK]

Снег идет, снег идет.
К белым звездочкам в буране
Тянутся цветы герани
За оконный переплет.

Снег идет, и всё в смятеньи,
Всё пускается в полет, -
Черной лестницы ступени,
Перекрестка поворот.

Снег идет, снег идет,
Словно падают не хлопья,
А в заплатанном салопе
Сходит наземь небосвод.

Словно с видом чудака,
С верхней лестничной площадки,
Крадучись, играя в прятки,
Сходит небо с чердака.

Потому что жизнь не ждет.
Не оглянешься — и святки.
Только промежуток краткий,
Смотришь, там и новый год.

Снег идет, густой-густой.
В ногу с ним, стопами теми,
В том же темпе, с ленью той
Или с той же быстротой,

Может быть, проходит время?
Может быть, за годом год
Следуют, как снег идет,
Или как слова в поэме?

SNOW FALLS

FAYE THOMPSON

Translator's note: famous Russian poet, novelist, and translator Boris Pasternak wrote the poem "Снег идет," "Snow Falls," in 1957; later, it was set to music by Sergei Nikitin. Writing eighteen years later in 1975, Yevgeny Yevtushenko composed the touching love poem "А снег идет," "And Snow Falls," which too has been sung to several melodies. The two poems form a lineage, poem after poem. Yevtushenko writes of love in wintertime, borrowing from the falling snow swirling through Pasternak's beautiful imagery, and deployed in the famous poet's metaphorical reflections on the passage of time, on our fleeting lives. The poems are translated below in their order of publication.

Snow falls, snow falls.
Toward the little white stars in the storm
Geranium flowers stretch out
From behind the window frame.

Snow falls, and all is in turmoil,
All sets out in flight, -
Steps of a dark staircase,
The turn at a crossroads.

Snow falls, snow falls,
As if it were not flakes falling
But, in a thick patched robe,
The cupola of the heavens was coming down to earth.

As if, with an eccentric air,
From the upper staircase landing,
Stealthily, playing hide and seek,
The sky descends from the attic.

Because life doesn't wait.
There's no time to look around— it is
Christmastime.
There is only a short gap,
You look, and there is New Year's.

русский язык

Снег идет, снег идет,
Снег идет, и всё в смятении:
Убеленный пешеход,
Удивленные растенья,
Перекрестка поворот.

Snow falls, thick, thicker.
In pace with the snow,
In the same tempo, with the same sloth,
Or with the same light feet,

Maybe that is how time passes?
Maybe, year after year
Follows as the snow falls,
Or like words in a great poem?

Snow falls, snow falls,
Snow falls, and all is in turmoil:
Whitened-out passerby,
Wide-eyed plants,
The turn in the crossroads.

А снег идет

Борис Пастернак [BORIS PASTERNAK]

А снег идет, а снег идет,
И все вокруг чего-то ждет...
Под этот снег, под тихий снег,
Хочу сказать при всех:
«Мой самый главный человек,
Взгляни со мной на этот снег —
Он чист, как-то, о чем молчу,
О чем сказать хочу».
Кто мне любовь мою принес?
Наверно, добрый Дед Мороз.
Когда в окно с тобой смотрю,
Я снег благодарю.
А снег идет, а снег идет,
И все мерцает и плывет.
За то, что ты в моей судьбе,
Спасибо, снег, тебе.

AND SNOW FALLS

FAYE THOMPSON

And so snow falls, snow falls,
And all does wait as the night still stalls...
To the tune of this snow, this whispered snow,
Before all, I wish, my words might grow:
“My most precious one, I ask you, please,
To look upon this snow with me —
It is clean as my silence, white, and fair,
Pure as that which I long to share.”
Who has brought me my love, once lost?
Perhaps it was kind Father Frost.
When I look with you through the window pane,
It is the snow that wins my thanks, again.
And so it falls, the snow, it falls,
And all shines and shivers in gentle squalls.
But here, you belong in my destiny,
And I owe it all to this snow, that you are with me.

SPANISH

ROMANCE DE LA LUNA, LUNA

FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA

La luna vino a la fragua
con su polisón de nardos.
El niño la mira, mira.
El niño la está mirando.

En el aire conmovido
mueve la luna sus brazos
y enseña, lúbrica y pura,
sus senos de duro estaño.

Huye luna, luna, luna.
Si vinieran los gitanos,
harían con tu corazón
collares y anillos blancos.

Niño, déjame que baile.
Cuando vengan los gitanos,
te encontrarán sobre el yunque
con los ojillos cerrados.

Huye luna, luna, luna,
que ya siento sus caballos.

Niño, déjame, no pises
mi blancor almidonado.

El jinete se acercaba
tocando el tambor del llano.
Dentro de la fragua el niño,
tiene los ojos cerrados.

Cómo canta la zumaya,
¡ay, cómo canta en el árbol!
Por el cielo va la luna

BALLAD OF THE MOON

TALLULAH WOITACH

The moon returns to the forge
with its bustle of sharp flowers.
The boy looks at her, look.
The boy is looking at her.
In the shaking air
the moon moves her arms
and teaches, slippery and pure,
her breasts of stiff tin.

Run away, moon, run away, moon.
If the gypsies came,
they'd steal your heart
to make white necklaces and rings.

Boy, let me dance.
When the gypsies come,
they find you on top of the anvil
little eyes closed.

Run away, moon, run away, moon,
already, I hear their horses.

Boy, abandon me, don't crush
my white stiffness.

The horseman approached
playing the drum of the plain.
Inside the forge, the boy
his eyes closed.

Through the olive grove they came
made of bronze and dreams, the gypsies.
Heads upright and
eyes ajar.

con un niño de la mano.

Dentro de la fragua lloran,
dando gritos, los gitanos.

El aire la vela vela.

El aire la está velando.

How the owl sings,
oh, how it sings in the tree!
The moon strolls through the sky
holding the boy's small hand.

Inside the forge they cry out,
the gypsies lament.
The air holds vigil, stays, watches.
The air is watching her now.

EL GOTEADOR

CHRISTOPHER VALDIVIA

Tú llegaste encima de una camilla, con los ojos cerrados y sangrando de la boca, rodeado por rostros calientes que te empujaron por el pasillo al quirófano. Lo mío estaba al lado tuyo, a tu lado derecho, mirándote mientras caminábamos en nuestro ritmo usual. Recuerdo haber pensado que me parecías tranquilo. Joven, también. Un jovencito. Llevaste un sombrero en tus manos, todos descansando encima de tu pecho. Tenías la cara relajada, y de tu boca – apenas abierta – chorreaba sangre lentamente sobre nuestra almohada, cómo si estuvieras bromeando, cómo si fueras un árbol. Apurándonos bajo ese pasillo – que ya no chirriaba bajo de las suelas como antes –, me pregunté, otra vez, por qué es que los más gentiles son los que aparecen tan a menudo en esta caminata, y tan temprano en el día. Fue esa mañana cuando empecé a preocuparme por ti. Pero en esos momentos apresurados, no indicaste ninguna señal de vida ni lucha.

Los demás todavía te hicieron unas preguntas y pruebas, abriéndote los ojos y pellizcando tu barriga, que era un poco grande para el resto de tu cuerpo, hasta que sentí tu muñeca, flaca, buscando un pulso y encontrándolo muy tranquilo.

– ¡Está vivo! – dije a los demás en voz alta.

Cada uno sintió por sí mismo tu pulso. Sus caras se relajaron despacio por sentir vida sostenida, y después se ralentizó un poco el caminar colectivo.

– Estaba pensando por qué éste no estaba luchando. Empecé a pensar que renunció. – dijo otro cirujano, no dejando de pellizcarte.

El resto fue un duro golpe para nosotros, una anomalía incómoda. Te cortamos la ropa – un traje con corbata – buscando manchas pálidas y moretones aunque todo, hasta tu cabello, era marrón. Nos centramos en tu vientre. Fue lo único que nos pareció extraño, no para hacerte sentir mal. Tomamos las radiografías, pero no encontramos nada fatal. No había ninguna indicación de que hayas intentado una sobredosis. Ni de que alguien te haya engañado a tomar algo que no deberías. Me pareció que ni

THE BLEEDER

CHRISTOPHER VALDIVIA

You arrived on a stretcher, eyes closed and bleeding from the mouth, surrounded by warm faces that pushed you down the hall to the operating room. Mine was next to you, on your right side, looking at you while we walked our usual rhythm. I remember thinking that you seemed calm. Young, too. A young man. You held a hat in your hands, all of which rested atop your chest. Your face was relaxed, and from your mouth – barely open – dripped blood slowly onto our pillow, as if you were joking, as if you were a tree. Hurrying down that hall – which didn't squeak under the soles like before –, I wondered, again, why it was that the gentlest were the ones who showed up so often on this walk, and so early in the day. It was that morning when I started to worry about you. But in those rushed moments, you gave no sign of life or fight.

The rest of them still asked you questions and took some tests, opening your eyes and pinching your belly, which was a bit bigger than the rest of you, until I felt your wrist, skinny, looking for a pulse and finding it calm.

– He's alive! – I said to the others.

Everyone felt for themselves. I watched their faces relax slowly at feeling sustained life; the collective walk slowed down.

– I was wondering why this one wasn't fighting. Started to think he quit. – said another surgeon, still pinching you.

But the rest was a blow to us, an uncomfortable anomaly. We cut off your clothes – a suit and tie – looking for pale spots and bruises, though everything, up to your hair, was brown. We focused on your stomach. It was the only thing that looked out of place, not to make you feel bad. We took some x-rays but found nothing fatal. There was no indication that you had tried to overdose. Nor that someone had tricked you into taking something you shouldn't have. I didn't even think you had breakfast. We checked your lungs, your heart, your brain. We saw all of you, everything, and you gave us nothing. On your surface there was nothing indicating that someone had tried to rob you or had kned you, nothing suggesting you had tried to fight back. You were

desayunaste. Chequeamos tus pulmones, tu corazón, tu cráneo. Vimos todo, todo, y no nos diste nada. En la superficie, tampoco vimos ninguna indicación de que alguien te haya robado o dado un rodillazo, y ciertamente nada de que hayas tratado de luchar contra ellos. Nada más estabas aquí, como todos los demás antes y después de ti, excepto que fueras el más gentil, y el que menos entendí.

– Chequéale el hígado, otra vez. – dije.

– ¿Para qué, si ya lo hicimos?

– Solo hazlo.

Te disparamos de nuevo, inconsciente – honesto – de cuánto te estábamos bombeando con radiación. Dejaste de gotear, tu pulso siguió calmado. Pensé que podrías haber tenido síntomas de cirrosis, pero vi que no bebiste lo suficiente para eso.

Nos reunimos alrededor de la pantalla, perplejos e inútiles, observando cada fotografía con nuestras espaldas a ti. Me preguntaba – todo lo que había eran preguntas –, perdido en tus entrañas, si tú podrías vernos con tus ojos agudos, tu personalidad cuidadosa, estos cinco o seis cirujanos pensándote comatoso por tanto tiempo. A mí también me parecería gracioso e irónico, aunque no estaría seguro si realmente pensaras eso.

Volteé la cabeza para mirarte otra vez, cuando tocaste tus labios juntos.

– ¡Oigan, miren! – dije a los demás.

Acercándonos, esperábamos, callados, en un ansia y anticipación, como padres y madres acercándose a una cuna o a un ataúd. Frunciste las cejas, pareciendo muy preocupado, los ojos aún cerrados. Dejaste salir un suspiro – sonabas agotado. Te agarré la mano, aunque no recuerdo por qué. Tampoco recuerdo cómo se sentía, si era frío o cálido. Ojalá me acordara. Pero lo apreté y el otro te pellizcó otra vez, y después de eso abriste los ojos.

Te levantaste súbitamente, mirando alrededor de ti pero procesando poco, como si estuvieras a punto de correr a algún lado.

– Tranquilo, chico. Todo está bien, estamos aquí. – te dijo un cirujano.

– ¿Estás bien? ¿Te duele algo? – te preguntó otro.

– Quédate quieto. – te dije, poniéndote un babero

just here, like the others before and after you, except that you were the most gentle, and the one I understood the least.

– Check his liver, again. – I said.

– For what? We did it already.

– Just do it.

We shot you again, unaware – honestly – of how much we were bombing you with radiation. You had stopped bleeding, your pulse was still calm. I thought you might have had symptoms of cirrhosis, but saw that you didn't drink enough for that.

We gathered around the screens, perplexed and useless, eyeing each x-ray with our backs to you. I asked myself – all there were were questions –, lost in your insides, if you could see us with your sharp eyes, your cautious self, these five or six surgeons thinking you comatose for so long. It would have seemed funny and ironic to me, as well, though I could never be sure if you really thought that.

I turned around to look at you again, when I saw you touch your lips together.

– Hey, look at this! – I said to the others.

Closing in, we waited, silent, in anxiety and anticipation, like fathers and mothers approaching a crib or a casket. You furrowed your brow, looking concerned, your eyes still closed. You let out a sigh – you sounded exhausted. I grabbed your hand, though I don't remember why. I don't remember how it felt, either, whether it was cold or warm. I wish I remembered. But I squeezed it, and the other one pinched you again, and after that you opened your eyes.

You sat up suddenly, looking around you but processing little, as if you were about to run off somewhere.

– Easy, kid. Everything's alright, we're here. – said one surgeon.

– Are you okay? Does something hurt? – asked another.

– Stay still. – I said, wrapping a bip around you, seeing that you had started to bleed again.

Your pupils almost ate the rest of your eyes, and your mouth was open again, wider this time; for a moment you looked shaken, in something like shock that you weren't dead. I thought you were about to cry, like you were about to tell us what was going on with you, and I wish you had done both but, the only thing

cuando vi que empezaste a sangrar otra vez.

Tus pupilas casi se comieron el resto de tus ojos, y tenías la boca abierta de nuevo, pero más amplio; trastornado pareciste, por un momento, en algo como shock que no habías muerto. Pensé que estabas a punto de llorar, de contarnos de qué te estaba pasando, y ojalá que hubieras hecho ambas, pero lo único que dijiste fue:

– ¿Cuánto tiempo voy a estar aquí? Me tengo que ir pronto.

Tus pupilas se redujeron, cómo si de voluntad. Paraste de sangrar, de nuevo.

– ¿Qué? – dije, un poco perturbado.

– Sí, señor, lo siento, pero tengo que irme. Tengo trabajo que hacer. Llego tarde.

Tu voz baja sorprendió a todos. Quizá bebiste más de lo que pensé. Te duró unos segundos sin respuesta para ver que estabas desnudo. Cuando te has visto así imagino que te sentiste expuesto y nervioso por la posibilidad de estar casi diseccionado, aunque dudo que ninguno de nosotros sacáramos suficiente de eso; y todo esto nada más asumo, porque no tenías dicha reacción. Tratamos de diseccionarte, de todos modos.

– Abre la boca, porfa. – te dije. No peleaste.

Tenías buenos dientes, pero una muela – hacia todo atrás y a la derecha – estaba colgando de su lugar por un trozo de tus encías. Nos turnamos para mirarlo para que no pudieras cerrar la boca y tragártela.

– Tienes buenos dientes, hijo. ¿Pero qué te pasó con lo de atrás?

Viendo que no tenías adónde ir, te soltaste un poco. Sólo un poco. Lo golpeaste con la lengua y lo pensaste también, pero pareció que al pensarlo te diste cuenta de que dolía, y agarraste la mandíbula con una mueca de dolor.

– Me caí.

– ¿Cuándo?

– Hoy.

– ¿Cuándo? – pregunté de nuevo.

– Antes de salir de casa.

– ¿Al trabajo?

you said was:

– How long will I be here? I have to go soon.

Your pupils shrank, as if willed. You stopped bleeding, again.

– What? – I asked, perturbed.

– Yes, sir, I'm sorry, but I have to go. I have work to do. I'm

late.

Your voice surprised all of us. Maybe you drank more than I thought. It took a few seconds without a response for you to see that you were naked. When you saw yourself, I imagine you felt exposed and nervous at the prospect of almost being dissected, though I doubt that either one of us would have gotten enough out of that; and all of this I assume, because you did not have such a reaction. We tried to dissect you, in any case.

– Open your mouth, please. – I said. You did not fight.

You had good teeth, but one of your molars was hanging from its place by a piece of your gums. We took turns looking at it so you couldn't swallow.

– You have good teeth, son. But what happened to the one in the back?

Seeing that you had nowhere to go, you let go a bit. Only a bit. You hit it with your tongue and thought about it, too, but it seemed that as you thought you realized that it hurt and, wincing, held your jaw.

– I fell.

– When?

– Today.

– When? – I asked again.

– Before I left home.

– To work?

– Yes, sir.

I didn't ask about your job, though I doubt you would have told me even if I did. I figured that if you had fallen, you would have hit more than a tooth. Maybe you read my mind.

– I fainted, sir. In front of my door. I wasn't feeling well before heading out. Usually, I buy a chorizo on the way. But I imagine Miss Luisa has already left my corner...

Still quite close to your face, I asked if you wanted the tooth inside or out, and you said out, with a cup of water. We

– Sí, señor.

No pregunté por tu trabajo enseguida, aunque dudo que me lo hubieras dicho si lo hubiera hecho. Pensé que si caíste, hubieras golpeado más que un diente. Quizás leíste mi mente.

– Me desmayé, señor. Enfrente de mi puerta. No me sentía bien antes de salir. Usualmente compro un chorizo en camino, pero imagino que la señora Luisa ya se ha ido de mi esquina...

Todavía de cerca a tu cara, te pregunté si querías tu diente adentro o afuera, y me dijiste afuera, con un vaso de agua. Lo hicimos con rapidez. Después de que salió, apuntaste al desinfectante encima de una mesa con instrumentos. Tenía sentido. Eché un poco sobre una bola de algodón, pensando poco en otra cosa que no fuera tú, este hombre bruscamente a cargo de las operaciones. Te lo he pasado. Lo aplicaste, en pinceladas, bizqueando los ojos – cerrados, de nuevo, no haciéndonos caso hasta que extendiste tu mano, haciendo señas para otra. Solamente te miramos, aturridos pero obedientes. Cuando terminaste, preguntaste sobre la basura, finalmente diciéndonos gracias cuando te trajimos el canasto. Pasaste tus manos por tu cabello, que vi ahora tenía unas canas.

– ¿Puedo irme? – preguntaste cortésmente, un esmalte corriendo sobre tus ojos.

Nos miramos, los cirujanos. Ni una palabra fue intercambiada.

– Si estás bien para caminar. Pues, imagino que sí. – dijo uno.

– Genial. ¿Dónde está mi traje? ¿Y mi gorra?

Apuntamos a tu gorra, al lado de las radiografías. Te levantaste fácilmente de la camilla – apenas pudimos devolverla, para la próxima – y caminaste al otro lado, asegurando tu sombrero y parando para mirar adentro. Era una gorra negra, formal, con una banda roja envuelta alrededor de ella. De en medio sacaste una cosa plástica, con un agarre y una punta pequeña. Una cosa ligera, viendo como la pesabas en tu mano, apuntando la punta hacia abajo, deslizándola, firmemente, expertamente, como si estuvieras cortando a alguien de izquierda a derecha, como si nos estuvieras haciendo los honores. Aunque no me pareció tan aguda

pulled it quickly. Then you pointed to the disinfectant atop a table with instruments. It made sense. I poured a little onto a cotton ball, thinking about little else other than you, this man suddenly in charge of operations. I passed it to you. You applied it in dabs, squinting your eyes as you did so – closed, again, and not paying us any attention until you held out your hand, gesturing for another. All we did was watch, stunned but obedient. When you finished you asked for the trash, finally saying thank you once we brought you the bin. You ran your hands through your hair, which I now saw had some little white hairs.

– Can I go? – you asked, politely, a glaze running over your eyes.

We looked at each other, the surgeons. No words were exchanged.

– If you are good enough to walk. Well, I suppose. – said one.

– Wonderful. Where is my suit? And my hat?

We pointed to your hat, which was next to the x-rays. You got up easily from the stretcher – we didn't even have the chance to return it, for the next one – and walked to the other side of the room, securing your hat and stopping to look inside. It was black, formal, with a red band wrapped around it. From behind the band you pulled out a plastic thing, which had a grip and a small point. A light little thing, seeing how you weighed it in your hand, pointing it tip-down, sliding it firmly, expertly, as if you were cutting someone open from left to right, as if you were doing us the honors. Though, it didn't look sharp enough to suggest you wanted to hurt one of us. Seeing that your thing was there, and that your motor skills were in check, your face relaxed, easing from a certain subtle anxiety that I could distinguish.

– It's okay if you cut the suit clean off me. But could I trouble you to find me something else? I think it's a bit chilly outside.

The rest happened quickly. The others brought you some clothes from the next room: some blue jeans, a t-shirt, and a blue blazer, which fit you well. We returned your socks and you tied your shoes, fixing your belt, as well. You got ready, again, and put your thing in your pocket. You asked for the exit and we looked to the swinging doors through which we had entered, some forty

para sugerir que querías herir a uno de nosotros. Al ver que estaba tu cosa allí, y que tu motricidad estaba bajo control, se te relajó la cara de una cierta ansiedad sutil que podía distinguir.

– Está bien si me cortaron el traje. ¿Pero los puedo molestar a encontrarme otra cosa? Creo que hace un poco de frío afuera.

El resto sucedió rápidamente. Los demás te trajeron algunas cosas del salón de al lado: unos vaqueros, una camiseta y un saco azul, que te quedó bien. Te devolvemos tus medias y amarraste tus pasadores, ajustando también tu cinturón. Te alistaste, de nuevo, guardando la cosa tuya en tu bolsillo. Preguntaste por la salida, y miramos todos hacia las puertas batientes por las que entramos, unos cuarenta minutos antes. Te dirigiste hacia ellas. Pero antes de irte, antes de que dejaras existir en mi vida bien larga, antes de que pararas de sangrar encima de una almohada estéril, te hice otra pregunta:

– ¿Te gusta tu trabajo, no?

Y con eso me miraste en los ojos, colocando tu sombrero encima de tu cabeza y dejando tu mano allí, asumiendo algo como ansiedad, no, temor, no, alivio, por no perder tu cabeza, por mantener algo. Te despediste con la otra mano y saliste, dejando las puertas balanceándose detrás de ti. Los demás empezaron a tirar la almohada, las radiografías, lo que quedó del traje, mientras me paré enfrente de las puertas, viéndote la figura, el chico desconocido.

Caminaste y después empezaste a correr, tu figura encogiéndose – instantáneamente – por las puertas, por el pasillo. Las luces apenas te delinearon. Aún pude ver tus pies golpear el suelo, ver el ritmo al que operabas tú. Ver las estacas de tu trabajo. Pero cuando rompiste a través de las puertas lejanas, llegando a la calle, un baño de luz te devoró por sí, y ahora fue yo lo que empezó a bizquear, cegado por ti. Apenas distinguiendo tu figura, te vi voltear la cabeza, mirando súbitamente alrededor de ti, a todo, antes de correr de nuevo.

Me pareciste tranquilo, quizá un chico de buen corazón, además de las peculiaridades de esa mañana. Los demás que vinieron fueron normales. Algunos eran feos, pero todos sobrevivieron. Pero cada vez que llegaba alguien, ninguna persona

minutes earlier. You started towards them. But before you left, before you ceased to exist in my very long life, before you would forever stop bleeding onto a sterile pillow, I asked you, finally:

– So, you like your job, huh?

And with that you looked me in the eyes, placing your hat atop your head and leaving your hand there, assuming something like anxiety, no, fear, no, relief, at not having lost your head, at maintaining something. You waved to us goodbye with your other hand and walked out, leaving the doors swinging behind you. The others started to throw out the pillow, the x-rays, what was left of your suit, while I stood in front of the doors watching your figure, the unknown man.

You walked, then broke into a run, your figure shrinking – instantly – through the doors, down the hall. The lights barely made you out. Yet I could see your feet hit the ground, could see the pace at which you operated. I could see the stakes in your work. But when you broke through the distant doors, reaching the street, you were bathed in and devoured by light, and this time it was me who started to squint, blinded by you. Barely making out your figure, I watched you turn your head, looking alertly around you, at everything, before running once again.

You seemed calm, maybe a kid with a good heart, aside from the peculiarities of that morning. Any others that came were ordinary. Some were ugly, but all survived. However, none bled from the mouth. Nor did they take initiative like you. Nor were they as scared. For years I could not stop thinking about you, but the memory doesn't bother me anymore. It's just the questions. Questions, especially about those like you, are never answered and are never asked – questions that formed the moment I watched you go.

Sometimes, when I get ready to go to that room, I think of your relatives, your loved ones, wondering if it was them who called the ambulance, if they wanted you to go; if every morning, before you left to buy your breakfast, they knew where exactly you were going, and from where exactly you would be coming from.

sangraba de la boca. Ni tomaban la iniciativa como tú. Ni tenían tanto miedo. Por años no podía dejar de pensar en ti, aunque actualmente ya no me molesta el recuerdo. Sólo son las preguntas. Las preguntas, especialmente sobre tipos como tú, no se resuelven ni se preguntan – preguntas que se formaban en el momento que te vi desaparecer.

A veces, cuando me alisto para irme a ese cuarto limpio, pienso en tus parientes, en tus seres queridos, preguntándome si fueron ellos que llamaron a la ambulancia, si querían que te fueras; si, cada mañana, antes de que compres tu desayuno, supieran a dónde exactamente ibas y de dónde regresarías.

EL HOMBRE MUERTO

HORACIO QUIROGA

El hombre y su machete acababan de limpiar la quinta calle del bananal. Faltábanles aún dos calles; pero como en éstas abundaban las chircas y malvas silvestres, la tarea que tenían por delante era muy poca cosa. El hombre echó, en consecuencia, una mirada satisfecha a los arbustos rozados y cruzó el alambrado para tenderse un rato en la gramilla.

Mas al bajar el alambre de púa y pasar el cuerpo, su pie izquierdo resbaló sobre un trozo de corteza desprendida del poste, a tiempo que el machete se le escapaba de la mano. Mientras caía, el hombre tuvo la impresión sumamente lejana de no ver el machete de plano en el suelo.

Ya estaba tendido en la gramilla, acostado sobre el lado derecho, tal como él quería. La boca, que acababa de abrirse en toda su extensión, acababa también de cerrarse. Estaba como hubiera deseado estar, las rodillas dobladas y la mano izquierda sobre el pecho. Solo que tras el antebrazo, e inmediatamente por debajo del cinto, surgían de su camisa el puño y la mitad de la hoja del machete, pero el resto no se veía.

El hombre intentó mover la cabeza en vano. Echó una mirada de reojo a la empuñadura del machete, húmeda aún del sudor de su mano. Apreció mentalmente la extensión y la trayectoria del machete dentro de su vientre, y adquirió fría, matemática e inexorable, la seguridad de que acababa de llegar al término de su existencia.

La muerte. En el transcurso de la vida se piensa muchas veces en que un día, tras años, meses, semanas y días preparatorios, llegaremos a nuestro turno al umbral de la muerte. Es la ley fatal, aceptada y prevista; tanto, que solemos dejarnos llevar placenteramente por la imaginación a ese momento, supremo entre todos, en que lanzamos el último suspiro.

Pero entre el instante actual y esa postrera expiración, ¡qué de sueños, trastornos, esperanzas y dramas presumimos en nuestra vida! ¡Qué nos reserva aún esta existencia llena de vigor, antes de su eliminación del escenario humano!

THE DEAD MAN

WYATT REU

The man and his machete had just cleared the fifth row of the banana grove. They still had two more to finish, but since usually in these were only some thin bushes and wild mallows, the task ahead of them was slight. Knowing this, the man gave a satisfied look over the trimmed banana trees and went to cross through the barbed wire fence to rest on the grass a while.

But upon lowering the wire and ducking himself through, his left foot slipped on a piece of bark hanging from the post. At the same time the machete slipped from his hand. As he fell, the man had the supremely distant impression that the blade was missing from the ground.

Laid out on the grass, he was resting on his right side as he had wanted. His mouth, which had just opened as wide as it could, had also just closed. He was just as he had desired to be: his knees bent and his left hand resting on his chest. It was only that across his forearm and protruding from his shirt just below his belt was the handle of the machete and what seemed only to be half the blade. The rest of it could not be seen.

The man tried to move his head. In vain. He glanced out of the corner of his eye at the handle sticking out of him, still damp from the sweat of his hand. He traced in his mind the length and trajectory of the machete inside his stomach, and acquired as he did – cold, mathematical fate– the certainty that he had just reached the end of his existence.

Death.

Over the course of one's life one thinks many times about how one day, after years, months, weeks, and days of preparation, we will arrive at our turn on the threshold of death. This is the fatal law, well-foreseen and accepted – so much so, that often-times we even allow ourselves to be pleasantly carried away by our dreaming of that moment, our last and greatest of all, in which we release our final breath.

But between the here and now and that distant expiration – what dreams, upheavals, hopes and dramas we presume our life

Es este el consuelo, el placer y la razón de nuestras divagaciones mortuorias: ¡Tan lejos está la muerte, y tan imprevisto lo que debemos vivir aún!

¡Aún...? No han pasado dos segundos: el sol está exactamente a la misma altura; las sombras no han avanzado un milímetro. Bruscamente, acaban de resolverse para el hombre tendido las divagaciones a largo plazo: se está muriendo.

Muerto. Puede considerarse muerto en su cómoda postura.

Pero el hombre abre los ojos y mira. ¿Qué tiempo ha pasado? ¿Qué cataclismo ha sobrevivido en el mundo? ¿Qué trastorno de la naturaleza trasuda el horrible acontecimiento?

Va a morir. Fría, fatal e ineludiblemente, va a morir.

El hombre resiste —¡es tan imprevisto ese horror! y piensa: Es una pesadilla; ¡esto es! ¿Qué ha cambiado? Nada. Y mira: ¿No es acaso ese bananal? ¿No viene todas las mañanas a limpiarlo? ¿Quién lo conoce como él? Ve perfectamente el bananal, muy raleado, y las anchas hojas desnudas al sol. Allí están, muy cerca, deshilachadas por el viento. Pero ahora no se mueven... Es la calma del mediodía; pero deben ser las doce.

Por entre los bananos, allá arriba, el hombre ve desde el duro suelo el techo rojo de su casa. A la izquierda entrevé el monte y la capuera de canelas. No alcanza a ver más, pero sabe muy bien que a sus espaldas está el camino al puerto nuevo; y que en la dirección de su cabeza, allá abajo, yace en el fondo del valle el Paraná dormido como un lago. Todo, todo exactamente como siempre; el sol de fuego, el aire vibrante y solitario, los bananos inmóviles, el alambrado de postes muy gruesos y altos que pronto tendrá que cambiar...

¡Muerto! ¿Pero es posible? ¿No es éste uno de los tantos días en que ha salido al amanecer de su casa con el machete en la mano? ¿No está allí mismo con el machete en la mano? ¿No está allí mismo, a cuatro metros de él, su caballo, su malacara, oliendo parsimoniosamente el alambre de púa?

¡Pero sí! Alguien silba. No puede ver, porque está de espaldas al camino; mas siente resonar en el puentecito los pasos del caballo... Es el muchacho que pasa todas las mañanas hacia el puerto nuevo, a las once y media. Y siempre silbando.. Desde el

will hold! What existence full of vigor is still reserved for us before our removal from the human stage! This is the consolation, the pleasure, and the merit of our mortal digressions: so far away is the day of death! And so wonderfully unexpected all that we have yet to live!

Yet...? Two seconds haven't passed: the sun is at exactly the same height. The shadows haven't advanced an inch. The man laid out on the grass has just had a lifetime's conjecture abruptly resolved: now, he dies.

Dead. He can consider himself dead in his comfortable spot on the ground.

But the man opens his eyes and looks around. What time has passed? What cataclysm has come over the earth? What disorder of nature transpires the horrible event?

He is going to die. Just like that. Cold, inescapable. He is going to die.

The man resists – how unexpected this horror! – and thinks: this is a nightmare, that's all it is. What has changed? Nothing. And look: is this not his banana grove? Does he not come every morning to clear it? Who knows it like he does? He sees the grove perfectly, so sparse, and the broad banana leaves exposed to the sun. There they are, torn and frayed by the wind, so close. But now they're still... it's the midday calm. It must be twelve o'clock.

From where he lies on the ground the man can see, up in the distance through the banana trees, the red roof of his house. To his left, he can just make out the scrubland and the plot he cleared for cinnamon trees. He can't see more, but he knows very well that behind him is the road that goes to the new port, and that in the direction of his head, down below, at the bottom of the valley lies the Paraná River, dormant like a lake. All of it, every last thing, is exactly as it always is: the blazing sun, the vibrant and solitary air, the stolid bananas, the wire fence with thick, tall posts which he reminds himself he will have to replace soon...

Dead!

But is it possible? Isn't this just one of so many days in which he leaves his house at dawn with his machete in hand? Is he not in fact here at the banana grove right now with the machete in his hand? Is his horse not in fact right there in front of him, sniffing

poste descascarado que toca casi con las botas, hasta el cerco vivo de monte que separa el bananal del camino, hay quince metros largos. Lo sabe perfectamente bien, porque él mismo, al levantar el alambrado, midió la distancia.

¿Qué pasa, entonces? ¿Es ése o no un natural mediodía de los tantos en Misiones, en su monte, en su potrero, en el bananal ralo? ¿Sin duda! Gramilla corta, conos de hormigas, silencio, sol a plomo...

Nada, nada ha cambiado. Sólo él es distinto. Desde hace dos minutos su persona, su personalidad viviente, nada tiene ya que ver ni con el potrero, que formó él mismo a azada, durante cinco meses consecutivos, ni con el bananal, obras de sus solas manos. Ni con su familia. Ha sido arrancado bruscamente, naturalmente, por obra de una cáscara lustrosa y un machete en el vientre. Hace dos minutos: se muere.

El hombre muy fatigado y tendido en la gramilla sobre el costado derecho, se resiste siempre a admitir un fenómeno de esa trascendencia, ante el aspecto normal y monótono de cuanto mira. Sabe bien la hora: las once y media... El muchacho de todos los días acaba de pasar el puente.

¿Pero no es posible que haya resbalado..! El mango de su machete (pronto deberá cambiarlo por otro; tiene ya poco vuelo) estaba perfectamente oprimido entre su mano izquierda y el alambre de púa. Tras diez años de bosque, él sabe muy bien cómo se maneja un machete de monte. Está solamente muy fatigado del trabajo de esa mañana, y descansa un rato como de costumbre.

¿La prueba..? ¿Pero esa gramilla que entra ahora por la comisura de su boca la plantó él mismo en panes de tierra distantes un metro uno de otro! ¿Ya ese es su bananal; y ese es su malacara, resoplando cauteloso ante las púas del alambre! Lo ve perfectamente; sabe que no se atreve a doblar la esquina del alambrado, porque él está echado casi al pie del poste. Lo distingue muy bien; y ve los hilos oscuros de sudor que arrancan de la cruz y del anca. El sol cae a plomo, y la calma es muy grande, pues ni un fleco de los bananos se mueve. Todos los días, como ése, ha visto las mismas cosas.

...Muy fatigado, pero descansa solo. Deben de haber pasado ya varios minutos... Y a las doce menos cuarto, desde allá

meekly around the barbed wire fence?

But yes, of course! Someone whistles. He can't see because his back is to the road, but he hears a set of hooves clapping over the little bridge... It's the boy who passes by each morning at eleven-thirty on his way to the port. And always whistling... From the stripped post that he can just barely touch with his boots to the natural border of the scrubland that separates the plantation from the road there are fifteen long meters. He knows this perfectly well because he measured the distance himself when he put up the fence.

What's the matter, then? Is this or not a normal afternoon, one of countless on the frontier, on his hill, in his pasture, in his well-maintained banana grove? Surely it is! Short-cut grass, tiny ant hills, silence, sun straight overhead...

Nothing... absolutely nothing has changed. He alone is distinct. In the two minutes that have passed, his person – his living personality! – already has nothing to do with the pasture that he himself had formed with his hoe over five long months, nor with the banana plantation, the work of his own solitary hands. Nor with his family. Violently, naturally, he has been torn from his life by a slick peel of bark and a machete in his stomach. Two minutes ago. He is dying.

The man, laid out on his right side over the grass, so very tired, is still reluctant to admit the transcendent aspect of the landscape that surrounds him, given how normal and monotonous everything looks. He knows the time well: eleven thirty... The boy just crossed the bridge as he always does...

But it's not possible... that he'd have slipped...! The handle of his machete (he should exchange it soon for another, it doesn't have much bite left) was tucked perfectly between his left hand and the barbed wire fence. He spent ten years in the jungle – he knows exactly how to wield a bush-machete. He's just very tired from the week's work and he's resting a while, as is his habit.

The proof...? But he himself planted this grass that enters now through the corner of his mouth! In shallow holes a meter apart... This is his banana grove, and this his horse which snorts now cowardly at the fence. He sees the horse perfectly well. He knows it won't dare to go around the corner into the plantation

arriba, desde el chalet de techo rojo, se desprenderán hacia el bananal su mujer y sus dos hijos, a buscarlo para almorzar. Oye siempre, antes que las demás, la voz de su chico menor que quiere soltarse de la mano de su madre: ¡Piapiá! ¡ Piapiá!

¿No es eso... ? ¡Claro, oye! Ya es la hora. Oye efectivamente la voz de su hijo...

¡Qué pesadilla...! ¡Pero es uno de los tantos días, trivial como todos, claro está! Luz excesiva, sombras amarillentas, calor silencioso de horno sobre la carne, que hace sudar al malacara inmóvil ante el bananal prohibido.

...Muy cansado, mucho, pero nada más. ¡Cuántas veces, a mediodía como ahora, ha cruzado volviendo a casa ese potrero, que era capuera cuando él llegó, y antes había sido monte virgen! Volvía entonces, muy fatigado también, con su machete pendiente de la mano izquierda, a lentos pasos.

Puede aún alejarse con la mente, si quiere; puede si quiere abandonar un instante su cuerpo y ver desde el tejamar por él construido, el trivial paisaje de siempre: el pedregullo volcánico con gramas rígidas; el bananal y su arena roja: el alambrado empequeñecido en la pendiente, que se acoda hacia el camino. Y más lejos aún ver el potrero, obra sola de sus manos. Y al pie de un poste descascarado, echado sobre el costado derecho y las piernas recogidas, exactamente como todos los días, puede verse a él mismo, como un pequeño bulto asoleado sobre la gramilla —descansando, porque está muy cansado.

Pero el caballo rayado de sudor, e inmóvil de cautela ante el esquinado del alambrado, ve también al hombre en el suelo y no se atreve a costear el bananal como desearía. Ante las voces que ya están próximas —¡Piapiá!— vuelve un largo, largo rato las orejas inmóviles al bulto: y tranquilizado al fin, se decide a pasar entre el poste y el hombre tendido que ya ha descansado.

because he's still lying down by the post. He sees his horse so vividly: the dark threads of sweat streaking down his cross to his haunches. The sun drops like a bullet, a great calm comes over the landscape, not a strand of the banana leaves move. Every day, like this day, he has seen the same things...

...So very tired, but he's just resting. Several minutes must have passed now... And at a quarter till noon, from up there, from his little house with the red roof, his wife and his two children will flurry towards the grove to find him and tell him to come have lunch. Always, before he hears the rest, he hears the voice of his youngest son who cries 'Papa! Papa!' as he tries to break from his mother's hand.

Is this not him now...? Yes. He hears him. Yes! It's that time of day... He hears clearly the voice of his son...

What a nightmare...! But it's a day like any other... trivial like all the rest... of course it is...! Excessive light, yellowing shadows, silent heat cooking his flesh like an oven, heat that makes the motionless horse sweat before the forbidden grove.

So tired, so much to... but nothing more. How many times, around midday, around now, had he crossed that pasture to return home to his family, that pasture that was a barren waste when he arrived. He would return each day, tired as he is now, with slow steps, with his machete dangling from his hand.

He could relive every step of that walk right now in his mind if he wanted to. He could leave his body as it lies and see from the top of that terracotta roof the ordinary view, the volcanic gravel of the road littered with rigid weeds, the banana grove and its red sand, the wire fence intersected and made small by the slope of the hill that leads towards the road. And even farther still, his field, work of his own two hands. And by the foot of the flayed post of the wire fence, laid out on his right side exactly as he'd be any day, he could see himself, a small shape lying in the sun on the soft grass – resting, because he is so very tired...

But the horse ribbed with sweat remains wary and motionless at the corner of the fence. It too watches the man on the ground and still does not dare to wander into the grove as he would wish. As the voices come nearer – Papa! Papa! – it turns its attentive ears to the bulk by the fencepost. It listens for a long

while.

Then, reassured at last, it enters the grove, passing between the post and the man laid out on the grass, who has finally come to rest.

LÁZARO EL BUITRE

CLAUDIA HERNÁNDEZ

De vez en cuando, a Lázaro se le salía el instinto. Sucedió sobre todo en los funerales, donde siempre había que mantenerlo lejos del muerto porque se le acercaba de más y decía en voz alta que quería comérselo, que le despertaba el apetito. Entonces nos lo llevábamos a un restaurante más cercano a tomar una copa y a que comiera algo.

Ordenaba carne cruda para que le recordara al “bocado que acababa de dejar en el ataúd.” Nosotros le celebrábamos el comentario como si se tratara de la mejor de las bromas, pero sabíamos que hablaba en serio. Lázaro, bajo el traje y la sonrisa, era un buitre como los otros. No lo disimulaba. No se recortaba las garras ni plegaba las alas, salvo cuando viajaba en autobús, por consideración a los demás pasajeros. Pero, una vez en la calle, las extendía de nuevo y, si andaba más contento de lo usual, elevaba el vuelo, surcaba la ciudad y coloreaba con sus alas nuestro cielo de granito.

Era motivo de conversaciones tanto si volaba como si se quedaba en tierra. La gente le sonreía y lo saludaba, no porque fuera un buitre, sino porque era gracioso, amable. Caminaba por la ciudad soltando frases corteses al aire y provocando pláticas en cada esquina. Como siempre tenía algo qué comentar, nadie lo excluía por ser un buitre ni por tener plumas incrustadas en la piel y un pico enorme en lugar de boca o por su estatura de hombre, que es descomunal para un buitre. Él se comportaba como hombre. Salía temprano de casa y compraba los periódicos de la tarde. Era un buen ciudadano, pese a que no tenía sus papeles en orden ni había hecho algo por obtenerlos.

Le agradaba a todo el mundo - a los de las calles, a los del vecindario y hasta a mí, que tenía que soportar su silencio sobre mi techo - porque era simpático. Sus chistes eran lo mejor que cualquiera hubiera oído. Eran capaces de hacer reír hasta a los que les corre vinagre por las venas. Uno podía perdonarle cualquier cosa con tal de conservar su compañía. El gusto por la carne cruda durante las cenas que compartía con nosotros, su arrogancia

LÁZARO, THE VULTURE

ZOE ALLEN

From time to time, Lázaro's instinct got the better of him. It happened most often at funerals, where he always had to be kept far from the corpse because he would draw close and loudly proclaim that he wanted to eat it, that it aroused his appetite. Afterwards we would take him to the nearest restaurant for a drink and something to eat.

He would order raw meat to remind himself of "the morsel he'd just left in the casket." We would celebrate the remark as if it were the best of jokes, but we knew he was serious. Lázaro, beneath the suit and the smile, was a vulture just the same. He didn't hide it. He didn't trim his talons or even fold up his wings, save for when riding the bus, out of consideration for the other passengers. Once in the street, however, he would extend them again and, if more content than usual on his walk, he would soar upwards, sailing through the city and coloring our granite sky with his wings.

He was just as much a topic of conversation if he flew or if he remained grounded. People greeted him with smiles, not because he was a vulture, but because he was charming, friendly. He would walk through the city offering up polite phrases and chit-chatting on every corner. As he always had something to say, nobody excluded him for being a vulture or for having feathers embedded in his skin and an enormous beak in place of a mouth or for being as tall as a man, which is enormous for a vulture. He behaved himself like a man. He left the house early and always bought the evening paper. He was a good citizen, despite not having his papers in order and having done nothing to obtain them.

Everyone was fond of him — people on the street, people in the neighborhood, and even I, who had to withstand his silence above my ceiling — because he was likable. His jokes were the best that anyone had heard. They could get a laugh out of even those with vinegar running through their veins. One could forgive him for anything for the sake of keeping his company. His taste for raw meat during the dinners he shared with us, his arrogance when describing how good it feels to fly unenclosed by airplane walls,

cuando hablaba de lo bien que se siente volar sin ir encerrado en un avión, el olor del polvillo que despedían sus plumas y hasta su manía de salir por la ventana en lugar de retirarse, como todos nosotros, por la puerta eran tolerables. Yo pude incluso perdonarle que, en un día de hambre, arrebatara de mi terraza al perro de mi señora (no puede uno negarle comida al vecino) y que, otro día, hiriera por accidente con sus garras el brazo de mi hija cuando quiso tomarla durante un juego. Lo que no pude excusarle fue la avidez con que le limpió la sangre con su propia lengua.

Mi esposa, que no ve malas intenciones, le dijo que no se abochornara, que la herida cerraría porque mi hija tenía un buen organismo. Hasta besó su mejilla en agradecimiento porque él continuaba lamiéndole la herida, sonriendo y haciéndole cosquillas a mi hija. Ella, como los demás, reía creyendo que él jugaba. Parecía que habían olvidado que nadie que juega mira con la voracidad con que él miraba a mi niña.

Lázaro deseaba comérsela como se había comido al perro y como había querido comerse a los muertos en los funerales, y como comía la carne cruda en los restaurantes, y como se habría comido a miles de animales en el lugar de donde venía. Yo lo sabía. Lo había descubierto. Él lo notó, por eso se acercó a disculparse conmigo, a decirme que aún no lograba controlar ciertos impulsos, que no fuera yo a creer que él quería dañar a mi hija. Le sonreí entonces y le dije que no había problema. En verdad quise creerlo. Pero, por la noche, lo veía en mis sueños llevarse en las garras y el pico al perro muerto de mi esposa, a mi hija y a mi hijo. En ellos, los devoraba con deleite, y luego, junto a una bandada inmensa de buitres, devoraba al resto de las personas de esta ciudad.

Tras notarme nervioso los días siguientes, me invitó a salir para que olvidara lo sucedido. Me rehusé la mayor parte de las veces. Por fin, acepté y lo llevé de caza sin decirle a nadie y sin darle tiempo para que avisara hacia dónde saldría pero no acepté, sino solo una vez, sin decirle a nadie y sin darle tiempo para que avisara hacia dónde saldría. Él, encantado, insistió durante el camino en que - gracias a su vuelo, su vista y sus garras - atraparíamos piezas valiosas. Cada vez que lo afirmaba, le brillaban los ojos de deseo.

Una vez en el campo, él volaba alto y dibujaba círcu-

the dusty scent which his feathers gave off, and even his habit of going out through the window instead of leaving, as we all did, through the door were tolerable. I could even forgive that, one hungry day, he stole my wife's dog from my terrace (one cannot deny food to a neighbor) and that, another day, he accidentally scratched my daughter's arm with his talons when he tried to catch her during a game. What I couldn't excuse was the eagerness with which he cleaned away the blood with his own tongue.

My wife, who is blind to bad intentions, told him not to feel ashamed, that the wound would close because my daughter was young and healthy. She even kissed his cheek in gratitude because he continued licking the wound, smiling and tickling my daughter. She, like the rest, laughed thinking that he was playing. They seemed to have forgotten that nobody who plays stares with the voracity with which he stared at my little girl.

Lázaro wanted to eat her like he'd eaten the dog and like he'd wanted to eat the corpses at the funerals, and like he ate raw meat in restaurants, and like he'd probably eaten thousands of other animals in the place he came from. I knew it. I'd figured it out. He noticed, and for that he reached out to explain himself, to tell me that he hadn't yet managed to control certain impulses, that I shouldn't go about believing that he wanted to hurt my daughter. So I smiled at him and told him that it wasn't a problem. Truthfully, I wanted to believe it. But at night, in my dreams, I saw him carrying in his talons and his beak my wife's dead dog, my daughter and my son. In these dreams, he devoured them with delight and afterwards, together with a great band of vultures, he devoured the rest of the people in this city.

Having noticed my nervousness in the following days, he invited me out so as to forget the incident. I declined most of the time. At long last, I accepted and took him hunting without telling anyone and without giving him time to say where he'd be going. He, delighted, insisted along the way that — thanks to his flight, his sight, and his talons — we would trap invaluable game. Each time he repeated the claim, his eyes shone with desire.

Once in the countryside, he flew high and drew circles in the sky while I pretended to search for hares. Lázaro, every so often, would descend and return to me with an enormous catch

los en el cielo mientras yo fingía buscar liebres. Lázaro, cada cierto tiempo, descendía y volvía a mí con una pieza enorme incrustada en las uñas. La depositaba a mis pies, me miraba con malicia y decía que aún podía traer algo más grande. Yo sonreía.

Después de siete piezas, voló alto y dibujó círculos en el trozo de cielo que estaba sobre mí. Supe entonces que era mi momento. Antes de que decidiera arrojarse sobre mí, le disparé. Mientras galanteaba su vuelo, le disparé. Mientras se precipitaba herido, le disparé. Le disparé cuando cayó. Incluso cuando ya estaba muerto le disparé. Luego regresé a casa, donde nadie había notado nuestra ausencia porque yo había vuelto a la misma hora de todos los días.

Cuando comentaban que ya no aparecía y ya no volaba, yo sugería que a lo mejor se había marchado, así, sin avisar, como había llegado. O que, a lo mejor, nunca había sido, nunca había estado ni se había llamado Lázaro, sino que solo había sido un sueño colectivo. Y, como la dejó de preocuparse y olvidó con facilidad, yo decidí hacer igual. Así, cuando el dueño del edificio vino una tarde a desalojar sus pertenencias, me lamenté como el resto por su ausencia y ayudé a embalarlas. De entre todo lo que sacamos, me quedé con uno de sus trajes. Los demás se quedaron aguardando la llegada del siguiente vecino.

embedded in his fingernails. He would deposit it at my feet, look at me with malice and say that he could still bring something bigger. I smiled.

After seven kills, he dipped low and drew circles in the piece of sky above me. I knew then that it was my moment. Before he could decide to cast himself down upon me, I shot him. As his flight's path began to curl, I shot him. As he tumbled down wounded, I shot him. I also shot him when he fell. Even when he was already dead, I shot him. Afterwards I returned home, where nobody had noted our absence because I'd come back at the same hour I did every day.

When it was noted that he no longer appeared and no longer flew, I suggested that perhaps he'd simply left, without warning, as he'd come. Or that, perhaps, he'd never been, never been here and never been called Lázaro, that he was but a collective dream. And, as people ceased their worrying and forgot him with ease, I decided to do the same. Accordingly, when the owner of the building came by one afternoon to remove his belongings, I lamented his absence like the rest and helped to pack them away. Of everything we took out, I was left with one of his suits. The rest remained, awaiting the arrival of the next neighbor.

SOBRE SU CEGUERA

JORGE LUIS BORGES

Al cabo de los años me rodea
una terca neblina luminosa
que reduce las cosas a una cosa
sin forma ni color. Casi a una idea.
La vasta noche elemental y el día
lleno de gente son esa neblina
de luz dudosa y fiel que no declina.
y que acecha en el alba. Yo querría
ver una cara alguna vez. Ignoro
la inexplorada enciclopedia, el goce
de libros que mi mano reconoce,
las altas aves y las lunas de oro.
A los otros les queda el universo;
a mi penumbra, el hábito del verso.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

TALLULAH WOITACH

After the years, it surrounds me
a stubborn luminous haze
that reduces the things to a thing
without color, without form. Almost a mere idea.
The elemental vastness of night and day
a haze of crowded people
a light that does not falter
and lingers into dawn. I would like
to see a face sometime. I ignore
the unexplored encyclopedia, the joy
of the books that my hand can recognize,
the tall birds and moons of gold.
The others get the universe:
compared to my half-light, this habit of verse.

MOTHS

CHRISTOPHER VALDIVIA

On one news channel, a group of moths tried to speak a frantic, funny kind of English. From the sofa, I had flipped to the channel at the moment they were circling a great big star. They were doing too many things at once, I thought, talking and watching and showing and moving. The one who was showing was carrying the camera through which I was watching all this happen, this spectacle of light, and it was only after a few minutes that I realized that I was sitting very seriously, with my elbows on my knees. They continued to speak as if they were part of a show, and I continued to eat my sandwich – meat – and watch. There were large, clunky red shards of metal clumped together into a kind of ball, uncomfortable. One of the moths said something wonderful about “barreling,” which caught more of my attention, perhaps in the way one tries to explain witnessing an incredible shooting star – something that speeds into orbit, ablaze, breaking through the sky, a match only ever seen by the lucky.

I continued to eat my sandwich but found that once I had finished it, I was overcome with shame, ashamed that I was breaking an unremarked rule. Watching something so great and so hot. Feeling cold in my living room. Being in-between. But the spectacle continued to consume me. The T.V. showed suddenly that there were smaller stars breaking excitedly off of the one the moths had gathered around – and there were more of them, now – and I, leaning in, became just as phototactic.

I stood up and my eyes were hard open. The eyes of the moths. I could see their faces, and I could see how great their pupils had gotten, filling in anticipation of something tremendous, brimming then spilling from the heat. The wheels popped and a brilliant flame cheered the light to go even further, even taller than anyone had ever seen. A few began to inch away but I felt ready for the image to take me into itself. Something about the heat of the moment was painful and pulling at the same time. I saw sweat reeling off their foreheads, those who were so lucky to be there. I rushed to the air conditioner, turned it off without taking

POLILLAS*

CHRISTOPHER VALDIVIA

**translated from English into Spanish.*

En un canal de noticias, un grupo de polillas intentaron hablar una afanosa, divertida especie de inglés. Había dado vuelta al canal, desde el sofá, en el momento en el que rodeaban una gran estrella. Pensé que estaban haciendo demasiadas cosas a la misma vez, hablando y mirando y mostrando y moviendo. La que estaba mostrando cargaba la cámara a través de la cual yo estaba mirando todo lo que sucedía, este espectáculo de luz, y fue solo después de unos minutos que me di cuenta de que estaba sentada de una manera muy seria, con los codos sobre las rodillas. Siguieron hablando como si fueran parte de un show y seguí comiendo mi sándwich de carne, y mirando. Había grandes y torpes trozos de metal rojo unidos casi como una bola. Incómodo. Una de las polillas dijo algo maravilloso sobre “volando a toda velocidad”, lo cual me llamó aun más la atención, quizás como uno trata de explicar ser testigo de una estrella increíble y fugaz – algo que invade la órbita, en llamas, rompiendo a través del cielo, un fósforo solo visto por los más afortunados.

Seguí comiendo mi sándwich aunque cuando descubrí que lo había terminado, me llené de una vergüenza ajena, avergonzado de que estaba rompiendo una regla tácita. Mirando a algo tan gran y tan caliente. Sintíendome frío en mi sala. De estar en el intermedio. Sin embargo, el espectáculo continuaba a consumirme. De repente, la televisión mostró que había estrellas más pequeñas saltándose de la que las polillas rodeaban – y había más de ellas, ahora – y yo, inclinándome, me puse tan foto táctica como ellas.

Me puse de pie con ojos de piedra. Los ojos de las polillas. Podía ver sus caras, y podía ver cuán grandes se pusieron, sus pupilas, llenándose con anticipación de algo tremendo, rebosándose y después derramándose por el calor. Las llantas se reventaron y una llama excelente ovacionó que la luz siguiera aun más, más alta que nadie había visto nunca. Algunas de las polillas empezaron a alejarse, pero me sentí listo, listo para que la imagen me tragara dentro de sí. Algo del calor del momento era doloroso e irrefren-

my eyes with me. Then I stumbled closer, toward the television, then placed my right hand atop the cable box and rested my left on the screen – I waited to warm. Many grew wary and fled. My mother could not watch any longer, either, so she left the room. The headlights were drowned away in what was now a heavy, red wall of fire, and I stood in front of both, amazed.

The camera pulled away. As it did, I felt myself get hungry again. Perhaps it was not just me.

A few minutes passed, the room dimmed as the hoses went. I sat by my window, to feel the sun on my forehead. I began to sweat. I wondered, only then, if anyone in there was okay. I do not remember when this was.

able al mismo tiempo. Vi el sudor tambalear de sus frentes, aquellas con tanta suerte de estar allí. Corrí al aire acondicionado, apagándolo sin llevar conmigo los ojos. Tropecé hacia la televisión. Puse mi mano derecha encima de la caja de cable y descansé mi izquierda sobre la pantalla. Y esperé calentarme. Varias, ahora, se volvieron cautelosas y huyeron. Mi madre tampoco podía mirar más, y se fue de la sala. Los faros se ahogaron por lo que ahora era una pared pesada de fuego rojo, y me paré frente a ambos, boquiabierta.

La cámara se alejaba. Al hacerlo, sentí que volviera a tener hambre. Tal vez no fue solo yo.

Pasaron varios minutos. La sala se atenuó mientras se iban las mangueras. Me senté en mi alféizar para sentir el sol en mi frente. Y empecé a sudar. Me pregunté, solo entonces, si alguien allí estaba bien. No me acuerdo cuándo sucedió esto.

PRÓLOGO

OCTAVIO PAZ

Allá, donde terminan las fronteras, los caminos se borran. Donde se empieza el silencio. Avanzo lentamente y pueblo la noche de estrellas, de palabras, de la respiración de un agua remota que me espera donde comienza el alba.

Invento la víspera, la noche, el día siguiente que se levanta en su lecho de piedra y recorre con ojos límpidos un mundo penosamente sonado. Sostengo al árbol, a la nube, a la roca, al mar, presentimiento de dicha, invenciones que desfallecen y vacilan frente a la luz que disgrega.

Y luego la sierra árida, el caserío de adobe, la minuciosa realidad de un charco y un pirú estólido, de unos niños idiotas que me apedrean, de un pueblo rencoroso que me señala. Invento el terror, la esperanza, el mediodía – padre de los delirios solares, de las falacias espejeantes, de las mujeres que castran a sus amantes de una hora.

Invento la quemadura y el aullido, la masturbación en las letrinas, las visiones en el muladar, la prisión, el piojo y el chancro, la pelea por la sopa, la delación, los animales viscosos, los contactos innobles, los interrogatorios nocturnos, el examen de conciencia, el juez, la víctima, el testigo. Tú eres esos tres. ¿A quién apelar ahora y con qué argucias destruir al que te acusa? Inútiles los memoriales, los ayes y los alegatos. Inútil tocar a puertas condenadas. No hay puertas, hay espejos. Inútil cerrar los ojos o volver entre los hombres: esta lucidez ya no me abandona. Romperé los espejos, haré trizas mi imagen – que cada mañana rehace piadosamente mi cómplice, mi delator.

La soledad de la conciencia y la conciencia de la soledad, el día de pan y agua, la noche sin agua. Sequía, campo arrasado por un sol sin párpados, ojo atroz, oh conciencia, presente puro donde pasado y porvenir arden sin fulgor ni esperanza. Todo

PROLOGUE

WYATT REU

Out there, all roads are erased. Where the frontier ends and silence begins. I go forth slowly and populate the night with stars, with words, with the breathing of a distant water which waits for me when the dawn comes.

I invent dusk, the night, the day to come that rises from its bed of stone and surveys with clear eyes a world arduously dreamt. I sustain the tree, the cloud, the rock, the sea, premonition of bliss, inventions that flicker and fade before a dispersive light.

And later the arid mountain, the adobe village, the meticulous reality of the puddle and the uncomprehending tree, the idiot children that stone me, a rancorous people that mark me. I invent terror, hope, midday – father of the sun's delirium, of mirroring fallacies, of the women who castrate their lovers of the hour.

I invent the burn and the howl, masturbation in the latrines, visions in the shit and filth, the prison, lice and the ulcer, fights over soup, denunciation, those vicious animals, contemptible associates, the night interrogations, inspection of consciousness, the judge, victim, and witness. You are all three. Who will hear your appeal? What defense could you make to silence that which accuses you? Useless my memorials, my cries, my pleas. Useless to knock on condemned doors. Not doors, they are mirrors. Useless to close my eyes or return among the people: this lucidity will never leave me. I will shatter these mirrors, turn my image to shards – which every morning my accomplice, my betrayer, will piously refashion.

Solitude of consciousness and consciousness of solitude, day of bread and water, night without water. Drought, countryside ravaged by an unblinking sun, terrible eye, oh consciousness, pure present where past and future burn without brilliance or hope. All converging on this eternity which leads to nothing.

desemboca en esta eternidad que no desemboca.

Allá, donde los caminos se borran, donde acaba el silencio, invento la desesperación, la mente que me concibe, la mano que me dibuja, el ojo que me descubre. Invento al amigo que me inventa, mi semejante; y a la mujer, mi contrario: torre que coronó de banderas, muralla que escalen mis espumas, ciudad devastada que renace lentamente bajo la dominación de mis ojos.

Contra el silencio y el bullicio invento la Palabra, libertad que se inventa y me inventa cada día.

Out there, beyond roads, beyond silence, I invent despair, I invent the mind that conceives me, the hand that draws me, the eye that discovers me. I invent the friend that invents me, my likeness, and woman, my contrary: tower I crown with banners, rampart scaled by my surf, devastated city reborn slowly under the domination of my eyes.

Against the silence and against the noise I invent the Word, freedom that invents itself and me every day.

PUERTO SUPE

BLANCA VARELA

Está mi infancia en esta costa,
bajo el cielo tan alto,
cielo como ninguno, cielo, sombra veloz,
nubes de espanto, oscuro torbellino de alas,
azules casas en el horizonte.

Junto a la gran morada sin ventanas,
junto a las vacas ciegas,
junto al turbio licor y al pájaro carnívoro.

¡Oh, mar de todos los días,
mar montaña,
boca lluviosa de la costa fría!

Allí destruyo con brillantes piedras
la casa de mis padres,
allí destruyo la jaula de las aves pequeñas,
destapo las botellas y un humo negro escapa
y tiñe tiernamente el aire y sus jardines.

Están mis horas junto al río seco,
entre el polvo y sus hojas palpitantes,
en los ojos ardientes de esta tierra
adonde lanza el mar su blanco dardo.
Una sola estación, un mismo tiempo
de chorreantes dedos y aliento de pescado.
Toda una larga noche entre la arena.

Amo la costa, ese espejo muerto
en donde el aire gira como loco,
esa ola de fuego que arrasa corredores,
círculos de sombra y cristales perfectos.

Aquí en la costa escalo un negro pozo,

PUERTO SUPE

WYATT REU

Translator's note: Puerto Supe is the name of a small Peruvian port-town - about three hours north of Lima - in which Varela was born and raised. Though 'puerto' reasonably translates to the English 'port', 'supe', while here a place name, is also a commonly used word in Spanish: the first-person, past-preterit tense of 'saber' or 'to know'; in English: "I knew." A literal translation, or an interpretation by a Spanish-speaking reader unfamiliar with Peruvian geography, might sound like: "Port I Knew." But this "Puerto Supe" would also sound strange to a native Spanish speaker. "Saber" in Spanish reflects a different kind of 'knowing' than personal familiarity – the kind we expect from nostalgic recollections of childhood, as seems the subject of the poem. This is typically served by 'conocer', and would sound more like "Puerto (que) Conocía" (Port I used to Know). "Puerto Supe", then, might suggest - with a fair amount of poetic license - more akin to a discrete revelation, something 'known' or understood about this place by the poet at a specific point in time: this place (Puerto) which at one moment I knew, or: this place (Puerto), at which, once, I knew...

My infancy remains in this coast,
 below such a distant sky,
 sky like no other, heaven, swift shadow,
 startling clouds, a dark whirlwind of wings,
 the little blue houses on the horizon.

There with the great windowless mansion,
 there with the cows orphaned of light,
 there with the cloudy spirits and the carnivorous bird.

O sea that lies in wait behind all the days –
 mountainous sea,
 damp mouth of the frigid coast –

There, I destroy with brilliant stones
 what remains of my parents' home,
 there, I shatter the cage of those little birds,
 I open the old bottles and a black vapor escapes
 and colors tenderly the air and its gardens.

voy de la noche hacia la noche honda,
voy hacia el viento que recorre ciego
pupilas luminosas y vacías,
o habito el interior de un fruto muerto,
esa asfixiante seda, ese pesado espacio
poblado de agua y pálidas corolas.
En esta costa soy el que despierta
entre el follaje de alas pardas,
el que ocupa esa rama vacía,
el que no quiere ver la noche.

Aquí en la costa tengo raíces,
manos imperfectas,
un lecho ardiente en donde lloro a solas.

My hours wait beside the dried-up river,
amid the dust and its pulsating leaves,
in the eyes of this land with fiery longing
at which the sea hurls its spumy darts.
A single season, an unchanging time:
hand with fingers dripping wet,
mouth with breath stale from fish –
a long night among the sands of the shore.

I love the coast, that dead mirror
where the air spins over and over as if mad,
that wave of fire sweeping through
corridors, circles of shadow, perfect crystals.

Here in this coast I ascend from a dark well,
I flee from the night into the deep night,
I make for the wind that traverses blindly
these empty and luminous pupils,
or make my home deeper still, within a dead fruit,
its suffocating silk, a crushing expanse
of water and pallid flowers.
In this coast I am the one who awakens
among the foliage of gray wings,
the one who occupies the vacant branch,
the one who does not wish to see the night.

Here in this coast I have my roots,
those imperfect hands – this coast
a burning bed, where alone I cry.

SOBREVIVIENTES

ROSE MARÍA ROFFIEL

Yo conozco tu locura
porque también es la mía.

Somos locas rebeldes,
locas de estar vivas,
locas maravillosas,
estrafalarias, floridas.

Ovejas negras
descarriadas sin remedio,
vergüenza de la familia,
piezas de seda fina,
amazonas del asfalto,
guerrilleras de la vida.

Locas de mil edades
llenas de rabia y gritos,
buscadoras de verdades,
locas fuertes,
poderosas,
locas tiernas,
vulnerables.

Cada día una batalla
una norma que rompemos,
un milagro que creamos,
para poder seguir siendo.

Locas solas,
tristes,
plenas.

Mujeres locas, intensas
locas mujeres ciertas.

SURVIVORS

VERÓNICA MARTÍNEZ-CRUZ

I know your madness
because it's mine too.

We are rebellious madwomen,
crazy to be alive,
wonderful madwomen,
quirky, flowery.

Black sheep
hopelessly misguided,
shame of the family,
pieces of fine silk,
amazons of asphalt,
warriors of life.

Madwomen of a thousand ages
full of rage and screams,
seekers of truths,
strong madwomen,
powerful,
gentle madwomen,
vulnerable.

Every day a battle,
a rule we break,
a miracle we create,
so we can go on being.

Crazy, lonely,
sad,
fulfilled.

Madwomen, intense,
crazy real women.

TUS MANOS

PABLO NERUDA

Cuando tus manos salen,
amor, hacia las mías,
¿qué me traen volando?
¿Por qué se detuvieron
en mi boca, de pronto,
por qué las reconozco
como si entonces, antes,
las hubiera tocado,
como si antes de ser
hubieran recorrido
mi frente, mi cintura?

Su suavidad venía
volando sobre el tiempo,
sobre el mar, sobre el humo,
sobre la primavera,
y cuando tú pusiste
tus manos en mi pecho,
reconocí esas alas
de paloma dorada,
reconocí esa greda
y ese color de trigo.

Los años de mi vida
yo caminé buscándolas.
Subí las escaleras,
crucé los arrecifes,
me llevaron los trenes,
las aguas me trajeron,
y en la piel de las uvas
me pareció tocarte.
La madera de pronto
me trajo tu contacto,
la almendra me anunciaba

YOUR HANDS

GABRIELLE ALEXIS PENN

When your hands reach out
towards mine, my love,
how they carry me to the clouds.
They've stopped at my lips
so sudden, so subtle.
Why do I recognize them
as if I had touched them
in a time before this one?
As if before this moment,
before this breath,
they had already embraced
my face? And my waist?

Their softness flew
through time, and thick fogs,
across seasons, and oceans.
When you placed
your hands on my chest,
I knew them as the wings
of a golden dove,
I sunk into them like wet clay,
surrendering to skilled palms.

In the years of my life
that I spent seeking
such tenderness,
I climbed stairs,
and waded over reefs.
Trains carried me,
currents guided me,
and in the skins of grapes,
I was in your presence.
I could sense you in the
in the wood of almond trees

tu suavidad secreta,
hasta que se cerraron
tus manos en mi pecho
y allí como dos alas
terminaron su viaje.

and they all sang to me
the secrets of your softness
until your hands fluttered shut on my chest
and there like two wings,
they finished their journey.

YIDDISH

אין דרויסן איז פֿינסטער

ANONYMOUS FOLKSONG

אין דרויסן איז פֿינסטער
אין דרויסן איז פֿינסטער, ס'איז שפעט ביי נאַכט
מען הערט קיין זשום, קיין שאַרק, קיין פֿייגעלע פֿליען אויף דער גאַס

אָווו ביסטו געווען?
כ'ויל מיט דיר צוויי ווערטער רעדן
אָווו ביסטו געווען?
כ'ויל מיט דיר צוזאַמען גייען

טאָ קום אַרויס צו מיר
מיין טיערע זיס לעבן
איך שטיי און וואַרט אין גאַס, איך ווייס אַליין ניט פֿאַר וואַס

קום זשע אַרויס
כ'ויל מיט דיר צוויי ווערטער רעדן
קום זשע אַרויס
כ'ויל מיט דיר צוזאַמען זיין

אוי דין שיין פנים
מיט דין שוואַרצינקע אַטשקעלעך
אוי און דין מויל מיט דין שינע וויסינקע ציין

אָווו ביסטו געווען?
כ'ויל מיט דיר צוויי ווערטער רעדן
קום זשע אַרויס
כ'ויל מיט דיר צוזאַמען זיין.

OUTSIDE IT IS DARK

MISHA SCHAFFNER-KARGMAN

Outside it is dark,
Outside it is dark, and very late,
There isn't a hum, a sound, or a bird flying in the street.

And where have you been?
All I want is just two words from you,
Where have you been?
I want to walk together with you.

Come out side to me,
My dear, my sweet, my heart,
I stand and wait in the street alone and I don't know why.

Come out to me,
All I want is just two words from you,
Come out to me,
I want to be together with you.

Oh your beautiful face,
With your cute black eyes,
Oh and your mouth with white teeth.

And where have you been?
All I want is just two words from you,
Come out to me,
I want to be together with you.

מיט לידער פֿון "יונג-ישראל"

רבקה באַסמאַן בן-חיים [RIVKA BASMAN BEN-KHAYM]

מיר איז באַשערט,
אַריינאַטעמען אייערע אָטעמס,
מיר איז באַשערט זיך טונקען,
אין אייער געזאַנג--
אַ יונג-אַלטער
אַ זיס-זאַלציקער
אַ וואָר-חלומותדיקער--
און איך לייען די שורות אייערע,
און בענק און רייד מיט אייך,
און שוויג.

WITH POEMS OF “YUNG-YISROEL”

MISHA SCHAFFNER-KARGMAN

I am fated,
To inhale your breaths,
I am fated to submerge myself,
In your songs—
A young-elderliness
A sweet-saltiness
A dreamy-truth—
And I read your lines,
And I yearn and speak with you,
And silence.

AHMAD AYYAD: LANGUAGE, EQUALITY, AND POWER

INTERVIEW BY KHADIJA GHANIZADA

Ahmad Ayyad is a Professor of Translation Studies at Al-Quds Bard College, where he teaches translation and English language courses both at the BA and MA levels.

Khadija Ghanizada is a student at Bard College majoring in Environmental and Urban Studies. She translates across three different languages - English, Arabic, and Dari (her native language) - focusing on the works of Jalal al-Din Muhammad Rumi, whose poetry knows no borders and language barriers.

* * *

Can you please introduce yourself?

My name is Ahmad Ayyad, a Visiting Assistant Professor of Translation Studies at Al-Quds Bard College (AQB) in Jerusalem, Occupied Palestine where I teach English language and translation courses at both undergraduate and postgraduate programs. I earned my MSc in Arabic-English Translation and Interpreting from Heriot-Watt University in Scotland, UK and PhD in Translation Studies from Aston University in Birmingham, UK with a thesis on the roles that translations of politically negotiated documents play in situations of contemporary conflict, particularly, in the Palestinian-Israeli context.

Currently, I am the Division Head of English as a Foreign Language and the Director of Al-Quds Bard Academy. I am also the manager of a US Department of State funded project titled “Establishing Al-Quds University Career Center”. Before joining Al-Quds Bard College, I was Assistant Dean of the Faculty of Arts, Chair of English Department, Director of Modern Languages Center and the Coordinator of the MA Program in Translation and Interpreting at Al-Quds University. My main research interests include sociology of translation, translation, media and conflict, language, ideology and power, Political Discourse Analysis in translation, and the Palestinian-Israeli conflict.

At what age did you start translating?

I started translating when I was twenty-five. I am forty-six now and I still enjoy it. For me, it is a challenging but a very rewarding process.

How many books, articles, and other materials have you translated?

I have been a freelance English-Arabic translator since 2000. I have done many translation projects in many domains such as law, politics, media, and education for a variety of clients in the Middle East, Europe, and the US. This has been an incredibly rich and productive experience which helped me in teaching translation later in my life at the university level. In the past ten year or so, I have been focusing on teaching translation, research, and projects, and thus, I only accept small translation jobs from time to time.

Why did you choose translation as a path?

Since I was very young, I have always been fascinated with languages, particularly, Arabic and English. I am a native speaker of Arabic and English is my second language which I started learning since a very early age. After moving to my home country, Palestine, in the early 1990s, I became obsessed with the interplay between Arabic and English, and Hebrew, particularly, in the context of the Palestinian-Israeli conflict. In my mid-twenties, and after finishing my MA in Translation and Interpreting, I became interested in studying the conflict from language and translation point of view, particularly, how translation, as a social practice in the hands of different social and political agents, play a major role in influencing and shaping the public discourses, attitudes and thinking of the rivals of the conflict.

What is the importance of translation?

I believe that translation plays different major roles in different contexts. First, communication largely depends on translation. For example, governments, political parties, organizations, social agents, and even ordinary people rely on translation as a major source of information. Second, translation is a site for power struggle and contestation

of ideologies. In this light, translation is no longer considered as a merely linguistic activity but a social one governed and controlled by institutions. Thus, it is embedded in and determined by social, institutional, ideological norms, conditions, and constraints.

How do you think translation solves the problem of inequality and accessibility?

I think that the inequality between languages is an inherent one. Translation only highlights this unequal relationship. In situations of conflict, for example, translation plays a significant role in the circulation, enforcement and contestation of these ideologies and narratives and influencing and shaping public discourses, attitudes, and ideological thinking of their targeted audiences.

LA VITA NUOVA: AN INTERVIEW WITH JOSEPH LUZZI

BY MARTIAL JUNCEAU

Joseph Luzzi is a Professor of Comparative Literature at Bard College and has been reading, writing about, researching, and teaching Dante for decades. He holds a doctorate from Yale. He has written many acclaimed books such as *My Two Italies*, *Romantic Europe and the Ghost of Italy*, and *In a Dark Wood*.

Martial Junceau is a student at Bard College majoring in Literature. If he can ever get past his current struggles with learning Italian, he hopes to translate certain necessary fragments of Dante, Pasolini, and Gramsci into English.

The following is a conversation about the writing of Dante Alighieri in the context of the Italian poetry of his day, the eternal newness of Dante's La Vita Nuova (The New Life), and Professor Luzzi's in-progress translation of this work.

* * *

La Vita Nuova is written by a young poet developing his authorial voice and his craft. Of course, Dante was writing 700 years ago so there is a gulf between our minds and his, but nonetheless how did you try to translate, for readers who are in the present, what must have seemed like a radical newness and freshness in Dante's own time?

That is a really important question because it was one of the reasons why I wanted to translate the *Vita Nuova* in the first place. Since Dante is so revered and canonical a writer worldwide, it can be easy to forget that he had his own periods of uncertainty and risk-taking as a writer. The *Vita Nuova* is, as you note, a youthful work, and it comes from a time when Dante is trying to prove his worth as an author to his fellow poets in Florence, while simultaneously trying to make sense of all the powerful emotions of love that his text narrates. My hope is to translate the work in a way that takes

the reader back to this exciting, challenging, often overwhelming period in the young poet's life. I try to achieve this by finding the language, rhythm, and tone that recreate that "newness and freshness" you mention, so that today we can see Dante in all his vulnerability and originality.

***La Vita Nuova* is written in light of a movement called the Dolce Stil Novo (Sweet New Style), which included such poets as Guido Cavalcanti. Can you tell me about the ways in which Dante both breaks with this poetic tradition while perhaps also finding himself within it?**

Well, Guido was a remarkable poet, and was unquestionably Dante's poetic mentor at the time of the *Vita Nuova*. Dante dedicates the text to him and calls him his primo amico, "first" or "best" friend. When you read Guido's poetry, you can see why: it is hauntingly gorgeous, and through its world of destructive love and overwhelming passion, it radiates a dark pessimism of profound originality that shimmers with Cavalcanti's philosophical brilliance. You can see Dante imitating or at least emulating Guido throughout the *Vita Nuova*—especially in his descriptions of how his love for Beatrice drives him to states of emotional despair, even physical illness.

There are also what I like to think of as "Cavalcantian" signifiers sprinkled throughout the *Vita Nuova*: whenever Dante invokes a language of sospiri, sighs, and sbigottimento, bewilderment, you sense the influence of Guido and the Sweet New Style. But in the end, Dante could never fully subscribe to Cavalcanti's pessimistic, irreligious worldview, nor accept his defeatist understanding of love. The poetic "break" with Guido certainly comes by the time Dante starts writing the *Commedia* about a decade after the *Vita Nuova*, and the tensions that drove the two poets apart are also present in the *Vita Nuova*. So, among many other things, the *Vita Nuova* is the story of the beginning, and implicit end, of one of the most complicated and consequential poetic friendships in the history of Western lyric.

You've suggested before that Cavalcanti is very difficult to translate. By contrast, Dante is a poet who seeks to communicate in a much more open and all-encompassing voice

than anyone before him—so why does he often prove so challenging to his English translators?

Thanks for reminding me about my thoughts on Cavalcanti. His “Italian” (that is, Tuscan) is so precise, particular, and embedded in key words from the Sweet New Style that it is very hard for any translator to remove them from their original context and make them “sing” in English. You also allude to the difficulties of translating Dante into English. To begin with, Dante wrote in rhyming tercets (*terza rima*) that give his lines their propulsive rhythm and surging energy. It’s quite a challenge to recreate this in English. For one thing, Italian is much more “rhyme-rich” than English since almost all of its words end in vowels.

Another challenge is that Dante’s Tuscan draws on the raw energies of the everyday spoken dialect, so it can be quite colloquial and bound to its original time and place in a way that, say, the more elegant and refined poetic language of a successor like Petrarch is not. In fact, Petrarch became a more prevalent poetic model in the Renaissance than Dante precisely because his way of writing lent itself more readily to imitation.

My sense is that the ultimate difficulty in translating Dante lies in his brilliance as both poet and scholar: there are so many references and allusions to other writers, texts, and intellectual traditions in his work. That capaciousness of mind along with his radical experimentalism as a poet (think, for example, of all the neologisms in *Paradiso*!) pose extraordinary challenges for modern translators because they need to capture both the music of the original writing and the soaring erudition of a poem that encapsulates complex discourses on literature, philosophy, politics, theology, even science, and much more.

What changes in Dante’s language when his muse Beatrice dies in *La Vita Nuova*?

So much. Before Beatrice dies, Dante treats her as a revered muse and angel-like presence who both inspires his writing and sends him into emotional tailspins whenever they cross paths (which is surprisingly rare). After her death, it’s as though much of the con-

vention that Dante inherited from the medieval lyric tradition about how to write about one's muse gets seriously revised. He grieves Beatrice's death, and as he experiences her loss it can feel like he is unsure of what the next step should be for him as poet. I definitely get the sense that Beatrice's death brought Dante into an aesthetic as well as personal crisis. He ends the *Vita Nuova* by saying that he will no longer write about Beatrice until he can do so in a more noble way, and that he hopes one day to write about her as no woman had ever been described. You can feel Dante's transformation as a writer taking place in relation to this cataclysmic experience of Beatrice's death.

What is a 21st-century reader to understand from the visionary, even apocalyptic imagery in the text?

I think this question gets to the heart of Dante and why we continue to read him with such intensity and frequency. To answer you, I would point not so much to the *Vita Nuova*, but rather to the *Commedia* and its famous opening lines: Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita / mi ritrovai per una selva oscura, "In the middle of our life's journey / I found myself in a dark wood." The tension between "our life" and "my journey" says it all: the story we're about to read is definitely Dante's, and as such it will be intimate and private. But it is also part of "our life": without having to share Dante's particular religious belief or medieval worldview, we too can relate to the narrative of the soul's journey through the afterlife. The "dark wood," to me, is that universal space of suffering and crisis where, unfortunately, at one point or another we will all likely find ourselves.

Now, the *Vita Nuova* is a much different kind of work—it is more private, self-bound, and restricted in its reach than the *Commedia*. And yet...in this earlier text we still find some of the same sense of public engagement that defines the *Commedia*. By the end of the *Vita Nuova*, Dante expresses his wish to communicate with readers outside of his small elite circle in Florence, and earlier in the text he had voiced his wish to write for "ladies who have knowledge of love," a striking departure from the typical patriarchal readership of the period. You're right: the *Vita Nuova* has "visionary, even apocalyptic imagery" that can seem remote, perhaps more strictly "medieval"

to today's readers. But when we connect that imagery to Dante's hope of finding a public voice and making his message heard broadly in the *Vita Nuova*, we discover an increasingly "contemporary" Dante whose work makes eminent sense to us today.

The tension between the hermetic, neo-troubadour quality of *La Vita Nuova* and its self-critical, intimate behind-the-curtain element is fascinating. What does it tell us about Dante's mind and vision?

I like this question because it speaks to qualities of Dante I have spoken of above: his ambition and excellence as both poet and scholar. The "hermetic, neo-troubadour" quality you describe is a function of the restless, ceaselessly experimental poetic voice of the text, while the self-critical "behind-the-curtain" element captures Dante's intellectual and cultural aim of spreading the message about the power of the Tuscan dialect to all his readers. He wanted the Tuscan vernacular to enjoy the same literary renown as Latin. So he not only crafted exquisite vernacular poems that display the aesthetic force of his native tongue, but he also supplied explanations and analysis of these same poems in the *Vita Nuova* in order to situate his work in a prestigious literary tradition and connect it to his beloved Latin poets like Horace, Virgil, and Ovid.

This dual function in the *Vita Nuova*, this mix between poetic and scholarly concerns, can make Dante difficult to translate, as I have discussed earlier. But it also reveals what I take to be a key element of all his writing, especially the *Commedia*: Dante dwelt in tensions. These tensions were ultimately unresolvable, but they were incredibly productive, driving his writing and its themes. For example, the *Commedia* is about the spiritual life of the soul, but it is also a sustained meditation on secular life. Virgil is Dante's beloved guide to the first stages of the afterlife, but he is also from what Dante calls the "time of the false and lying gods" in Limbo. The list goes on. So when we see the tension in the *Vita Nuova* between Dante's hermeticism and self-referentiality as a poet in dialogue with that self-critical element of exploring the role and reach of his poetry, we are witnessing the essence of Dante's poetics writ large.

LYDIA DAVIS ON TRANSLATION

INTERVIEW BY WYATT REU

Lydia Davis is a renowned writer, translator, and former Professor of Literature at Bard College. She has translated a number of significant French authors, such as Flaubert and Proust, and is known for her original, very short stories.

Wyatt Reu is a student at Bard College and editor of *Sui Generis*. He is a Written Arts and Latin American and Iberian Studies major, studying poetry, criticism, and translation. He primarily works with Spanish texts, translating, most recently, the writings of Blanca Varela.

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In an interview you said that you once calculated you had earned just about a dollar an hour for translating a difficult book by Maurice Blanchot. With young college graduates in mind, do you think one can make a living on translating alone?

Well, I don't know what the situation is like now for, say, technical translating, which is not as interesting as literary translation but might pay better. If you're passionate about languages and even translating, I wouldn't give up on it but do it "on the side" while working at something that pays better. Then you might be able to transition gradually into higher paying translation work—i.e. build up a resume of translations and command a higher rate. But the trouble is that paying for a translation is always an added expense for a publisher, so they're reluctant to pay very well up front. You may be able to work out a good contract where they don't pay a very high advance but pay you a percentage of the royalties, any movie deal, etc. It's tough, but I wouldn't want to discourage anyone—it's very satisfying work!

You've also said that in translation that you can "enter another person and speak in his or her own voice." Do you feel that the writers you have translated have always been welcoming of this entry? Of your presence in their world? Have you ever felt hostility or reluctance from these

writers to you translating them?

Most of the writers I've translated have been dead and gone, and not in a position to object. But the ones who were still living have been very pleased to be translated, very prepared to help with problems. Also prepared to set me straight if I misunderstood. It has always been a good relationship.

What writer have you felt most intimate with through translation? How would you characterize this intimacy? If you met them in person would you feel that you knew them?

That's a tough question, because I have really felt quite close to almost all of them—that is, the authors whose work I translated out of choice, not necessity. When you translate an author day after day, you certainly are living with him (I'll say him because almost all of the authors I've worked on have been men) constantly, hearing his voice in your head, becoming very familiar with the way he thinks. This was most recently true, for me, with Proust and Flaubert, since I spent so long with their books. But I've also translated the short fiction of the Dutch A. L. Snijders and the Swiss Peter Bichsel and have come to know them as well. But meeting in person is different—you do see more of a person then. Writing—what one chooses to write—is always a selection, only a partial view of oneself.

Have you read or written a translation into English that you felt was superior to the original? Should this be the translator's goal?

Certainly, some originals need to be improved. But only once did I set out to improve an original, and that was a biography, not a work of fiction. The original was written in a rather silly, whimsical style that I felt wouldn't go over into English very well. I did not feel that was a betrayal. But I would never do that in the case of an original that was on a very high level, and I don't think it should ever (or almost ever) be the aim of a translator. I even reproduced plot mistakes that Proust had made, for instance.

You've said that translators should not have a recognizable, "signature" style across translations of different authors, that they should be more or less invisible. Would you give the same advice to someone writing their own, original pieces of writing?

Oh, that's quite different. But then, I don't think a writer should strive for a signature style in the case of original work, either. The style should develop very naturally from the writer's personality and character, and the way he/she prefers to use language, the kind of language and syntax he/she is naturally drawn to. I'd say "Be yourself" and at the same time work hard at your writing skill, and your own characteristic style will emerge.

In the United States, only around 3% of books published annually are translations (compared to, say, 27% in France). Do you think this is a fixture of American culture or are you optimistic it could change?

I'm afraid our culture in the U.S. is more and more dominated by money and the profit motive, so it's a little hard to see the publishing industry willingly spending more to produce interesting books. We are also quite provincial in our outlook, compared to Europe, for instance. But as our own population becomes more and more diverse, it's possible that readers will simply demand more books from other cultures—that could happen.

What languages do you feel have been generally underrepresented in English translation? What writers and languages would you like to see more of in English?

I don't really have the kind of overview to be able to answer that in any informative way, but generally I'm sure there are terrific works—novels, memoirs, poetry—in the lesser known languages that are not finding their way into English. Sometimes I'll read about some amazing work in Icelandic, say, that won't ever be translated, not because there are not good translators from Icelandic but because the work is so complex linguistically that it can't be properly translated—but that's another problem. Really, in the case of the lesser known lan-

guages—think how many there are on the continent of Africa alone, for instance—there may simply not be enough skilled translators familiar with them and prepared to push hard for more translations of their literature.

What language are you learning now and what will you learn next?

The most recent completely new language I embarked on learning was Polish. I thought I would venture out of my more comfortable territories of Romance and Germanic languages and try a very different language with only a little overlap with the ones I knew. It has been harder going but not impossible. I like trying even to master the sounds of the language. I'm also reading some Swedish poetry just now, to get more familiar with Swedish again, because I'm watching the older Wallander series (Swedish version, with subtitles) and trying to actually understand a sentence here and there.

Do you ever dream about the work you are translating? Do you dream in the language you are working with?

I do dream about problems in the work I'm doing, but these days I'm working more on climate mitigation projects where I live than on translations, so I'll wake up with a solution or I'll have a quasi-nightmare about not finding a solution. As for dreaming in another language, no, not at the moment. But fairly often, a word in another language will pop up in my mind in response to something that I'm seeing or thinking. For instance, the very last scene of "All Quiet on the Western Front" involves a butterfly. After seeing that, and thinking about it a few hours later, the word "mariposa" popped into my head, even though I hadn't been reading or hearing Spanish recently. I might not even have remembered that word if someone had asked me. So, I don't know where all these words are hiding in one's brain.

