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ARABIC

# There Will Come Soft Rains

Sara Teasdale

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,  
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools singing at night,  
And wild plum trees in tremulous white,

Robins will wear their feathery fire  
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one  
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree  
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn,  
Would scarcely know that we were gone.

# سوف تأتي أمطار خفيفة

سارا تيسديل

*Translated by Declan Carney*

سوف تأتي أمطار خفيفة  
ورائحة الأرض والطيور الغريدة

وتغني الضفادع في البرك ليلاً  
وشجر البرقوق الأبيض تقف جليلاً

أبو الحناء على سلك السياج  
وكأنه بصفيحه يفكر في الحب والزواج

لن يفكر أحد منهم في الحرب  
لن يتذكر أحد منهم الكرب

لن يفتقدوا الإنسانية إذا غادرنا  
لن يتعجبوا لماذا ما رجعنا

الربيع لن يلاحظ حتى  
ولا الصيف والخريف ولا الشتاء

# أحد عشر كوكباً على آخر المشهد الأندلسي

محمود درويش

في المساء الأخير على هذه الأرض نَقَطْعُ أَيَّامَنَا  
عَنْ شَجَرَاتِنَا ، وَنَعُدُّ الضُّلُوعَ الَّتِي سَوْفَ نَحْمِلُهَا مَعَنَا  
وَالضُّلُوعَ الَّتِي سَوْفَ تَتْرُكُهَا هَهُنَا ... في المساء الأخير  
... لا نُودِّعُ شَيْئاً ، ولا نَجِدُ الْوَقْتَ كَيْ نَنْتَهِيَ

كُلُّ شَيْءٍ يَظُلُّ على حَالِهِ ، فَالْمَكَانُ يُبَدِّلُ أَحْلَامَنَا  
وَيُبَدِّلُ زَوَارَهُ . فَجَاءَهُ لَمْ نَعُدْ قَادِرِينَ على السُّخْرِيَةِ  
فَالْمَكَانُ مَعْدٌ لِكَيْ يَسْتَصَيِّفَ الْهَبَاءَ .. هُنَا في الْمَسَاءِ الْآخِرِ  
نَتَمَلَّى الْجِبَالَ الْمُحِيطَةَ بِالْعَيْمِ : فَتَحَّ .. وَفَتَحَ مُضَادَّ  
وَزَمَانٌ قَدِيمٌ يُسَلِّمُ هذا الزَّمَانَ الْجَدِيدَ مَفَاتِيحَ أَبْوَابِنَا  
فَادْخُلُوا ، أَيُّهَا الْفَاتِحُونَ ، مَنَازِلَنَا وَاشْرَبُوا حَمَرَنَا  
، مِنْ مُوَشَّحِنَا السَّهْلِ . فَالْلَيْلُ نَحْنُ إِذَا انْتَصَفَ اللَّيْلُ  
.. لا فَجَرَ يَحْمِلُهُ فَارِسٌ قَادِمٌ مِنْ نَوَاحِي الْأَذَانِ الْآخِرِ

شَايِنَا أَخْضَرَ سَاخِنٌ فَاشْرَبُوهُ ، وَفُسْتُقُنَا طَارِجٌ فَكُلُوهُ  
وَالْأَسِرَةَ خَضْرَاءَ مِنْ حَشَبِ الْأَزْرِ ، فَاسْتَسْلِمُوا لِلنُّعَاسِ  
بَعْدَ هذا الْجُصَارِ الطَّوِيلِ ، وَتَامُوا على رِيَشِ أَحْلَامِنَا  
الْمَلَأَتْ جَاهِزَةً ، وَالْعُطُورُ على الْبَابِ جَاهِزَةٌ ، وَالْمَرَايَا كَثِيرَةٌ  
فَادْخُلُوهَا لِتَخْرُجَ مِنْهَا تَمَامًا ، وَعَمَّا قَلِيلٍ سَنَبَحْتُ عَمَّا  
كَانَ تَارِيخُنَا حَوْلَ تَارِيخِكُمْ في الْبِلَادِ الْبَعِيدَةِ  
وَسَنَسْأَلُ أَنْفُسَنَا في النِّهَايَةِ : هَلْ كَانَتْ الْأَنْدَلُسُ  
هَهُنَا أَمْ هُنَاكَ ؟ عَلَى الْأَرْضِ ... أَمْ في الْقَصِيدَةِ ؟



# The Curtain Falls on Andalusia

Mahmoud Darwish

*Translated by Declan Carney*

On the ultimate evening, we cut down our days  
From the arbors, and counted the memories that fell.  
We could only bring some; leave the rest, turn our gaze  
From this land, and depart without saying farewell.

While a place never changes—who visits may change,  
And their dreams come and go like the scene on a stage.  
So we chuckled, yet swiftly our humor was hushed;  
This performance was ended, the next act was dust.  
As the clouds storm the mountains, and seaward then churn,  
So a people, once conquered, reconquers in turn.  
In this moment, time stops only once, at the door  
To deliver to After the keys from Before.

Well, then enter, you conquerors! Enter our homes,  
Take the songs from our pantries, drink up on our odes;  
Nevermore shall brave horsemen dash out from the dawn;  
Nevermore shall the daybreak succeed the azaan.  
Here, our tea is still hot, our pistachios fresh,  
And our comfortable beds still await weary flesh.  
Take the books off our shelves; take the clothes from our drawers;  
Take a look in the mirror; our reflections are yours.

On a day not too far, on a now distant shore,  
We will read of the land that we once called our home.  
And we'll wonder if it really was that land, or  
If al-Andalus only existed in poem....

# معزوفةٌ لدرويشٍ متجول

محمد الفيتوري

شَحَبْتُ رُوحِي، صَارَتْ شَفَقًا  
شَعَتْ غِيماً وَسَنَا  
كَالدُرُوشِ الْمَتَعَلِّقِ فِي قَدَمِي مَوْلَاهُ أَنَا  
أَمْرَغُ فِي شَجْنِي  
أَتُوهِجُ فِي بَدَنِي  
غَيْرِي أَعْمَى، مَهْمَا أَصْغَى، لَنْ يَبْصُرَنِي  
فَأَنَا جَسَدٌ .. شَجَرٌ  
شِيءٌ عَبَرَ الشَّارِعَ  
جَزَرَ غُرْقِي فِي قَاعِ الْبَحْرِ  
حَرِيقٌ فِي الزَّمَنِ الضَّائِعِ  
قَنْدِيلٌ زَيْتِي مَبْهُوتٌ  
فِي أَقْصَى بَيْتٍ، فِي بَيْرُوتٍ  
أَتَأَلَّقِي حِينًا. ثُمَّ أُرْتَقِ ثُمَّ أَمُوتِ

\* \* \*

...ويحي  
وَأَنَا أَتْلَعْنَمُ نَحُوكَ يَا مَوْلَايَ  
.... أَجْرَدُ أَحْزَانِي  
أَتَجَسَّدُ فِيكَ  
هَلْ أَنْتِ أَنَا؟  
يَدُكَ الْمَمْدُودَةُ أَمْ يَدِي الْمَمْدُودَةُ؟  
صَوْتُكَ أَمْ صَوْتِي؟  
تَبْكِينِي أَمْ أَبْكِيكَ؟

# Sonata of a Wandering Dervish

Muhammad al-Fayturi

*Translated by Bashir Elhassan*

My soul has paled and turned into twilight  
It shines with clouds and lightning  
Like the dervish clinging to his lord's feet I am  
In my grief I wallow  
In my body I incandesce  
Everyone else is blind, even if they harken to me, they can not see  
me  
Because I am a body, I am trees  
An object across a street  
Islands sunk at the bottom of the sea  
A fire in the wasted time  
A faded oil lantern  
In the furthest house in Beirut  
Awhile I glimmer .. I flicker .. I die

\* \* \*

Woe is me!  
As I stammer towards you my lord  
Stripping off my sorrows  
You I embody  
Are you me?  
Is the outstretched arm yours or is it my arm?  
Is it your voice or mine?  
Are you mourning me, or I you?

في حضرة من أهوى  
عبثت بي الأشواق  
حدقتُ بلا وجه  
ورقصت بلا ساق  
وزحمت براياتي  
وطبولي الآفاق  
عشقي يُفنى عشقي  
وفنائِي استغراق  
مملوكك.... لكني  
سلطان العشاق.

\* \* \*

In the presence of the beloved  
Longings trifled with me  
I stared without a face  
I danced without a leg  
I crowded the horizon  
With my banners and drums  
My love annihilates my love  
And I evanesce through my annihilation  
I am in your servitude .. yet I am  
The Sultan of the Enamored

# To the Human

Keamo Mokone

The bath is stained blue  
I'm still trying to wash you away  
To conjure images of new lovers  
But the sea threatens to drown me

There are times I try to disappear  
But you refuse to let me go  
Yet you plot my murder  
Crimson coats up both

I didn't consent to your desires  
I want to bask in honeys and pastels  
So my bed can no longer be your easel  
There is no more room for your greys and iceberg blues

I was wrong  
My new lover will understand why I am so blue  
And they'll see the yellows, greens, and marigolds too  
I am your canvas no more

# إلى الإنسان

Keamo Mokone

*Translated by Keamo Mokone*

الحَمَام مُلَطَخ بِالْأَزْرَق  
مازلت احاول ان اغسلك  
لاستحضار صور العُشاق الجُدد  
لكن البحر يهدد بإغراقني

هناك أوقات أُجْرِبُ أَنْ أُخْتَفِي  
لكنك ترفض السماح لي بالرحيل  
ومع ذلك فإنك تخطط لقتلي  
قرمزي ينقعنا على حد سواء

لم أوافق على رغباتك  
أريد أَنْ أَسْتَلْقِي بِالْعَسَلِ وَالْبَاسْتِيلِ  
سريري لم يعد يمكن أَنْ يَكُونَ السَّنْدِ  
الخاص بك  
لم يعد هناك مجال للون الرمادي والأزرق الجليدي

كنت مخطئة  
سيفهم حبيبي الجديد سبب الأزرق  
وسيرون اللون الأصفر، والأخضر، والقطيفة أيضًا  
أنا لم أعد قماشك

# Zombie

The Cranberries

Another head hangs lowly  
Child is slowly taken  
And the violence caused such silence  
Who are we mistaken?

But you see, it's not me  
It's not my family  
In your head, in your head, they are fighting  
With their tanks and their bombs  
And their bombs and their guns  
In your head, in your head, they are crying

In your head, in your head  
Zombie, zombie, zombie-ie-ie  
What's in your head, in your head?  
Zombie, zombie, zombie-ie-ie-ie, oh

Do, do, do, do  
Do, do, do, do  
Do, do, do, do  
Do, do, do, do



# زومبي

ذي کرانبیریز

*Translated by Emily Hall Smith*

رأس آخر يعلق منخفضاً

طفل يوخذ ببطء

والعنف سبب صمت كهذا

من نكونا؟ المخطئين

ولكن ترى، ليس انا

هي ليست أسرتي

في رأسك، في رأسك، هم يقاتلون

بدباباتهم وقنابلهم

وصواريخهم ومسدساتهم

في رأسك، في رأسك، هم سيكون

في رأسك، في رأسك

زومبي، زومبي، زومبي - ي - ي

ما في رأسك، في رأسك؟

زومبي، زومبي، زومبي - ي - ي - و

دو، دو، دو، دو

دو، دو، دو، دو

دو، دو، دو، دو

دو، دو، دو، دو

Another mother's breaking  
Heart is taking over  
When the violence causes silence  
We must be mistaken

It's the same old theme  
Since nineteen-sixteen  
In your head, in your head, they're still fighting  
With their tanks and their bombs  
And their bombs and their guns

In your head, in your head, they are dying  
In your head, in your head  
Zombie, zombie, zombie-ie-ie  
What's in your head, in your head?  
Zombie, zombie, zombie-ie-ie-ie  
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh, eh-eh oh  
ya-ya

والدة أخرى تكسر  
القلب يؤخذ بعيدا  
عندما العنف يسبب الصمت  
لازم نكون مخطئين

هو نفس السيناريو القديم  
منذ ألف و تسعمائة وستة عشر  
في رأسك، في رأسك، ما زالوا يقاتلون  
بدباباتهم وقنابلهم  
وصواريخهم ومسدساتهم

في رأسك، في رأسك، هم يموتون  
في رأسك، في رأسك  
زومبي، زومبي، زومبي - ي - ي  
ما في رأسك، في رأسك؟  
زومبي، زومبي، زومبي - ي - ي  
و - و - و - و - و - و، ي - ي و  
يا - يا



CHINESE

# Down By the Salley Gardens

William Butler Yeats

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;  
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;  
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.  
In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

# 莎莉花园

威廉·巴特勒·叶芝

*Translated and rewritten as a wu-yan by Lucina Yue*

曲径通幽处，吾爱初相逢。  
玉足踏青过，枝舞新芽萌。  
唇启莺语暖，缱绻温如梦。  
少小不谙愁，贯耳信随风。  
河畔芳草萋，比肩执手立。  
佳人殷殷嘱，置罔抚柔荑。  
生如苕于堤，淡泊且自逸。  
叶浓春醒时，泪眼徒红浥。





FRENCH

# V. Joue Pour Moi

Sonny Rupaire

Joue pour moi.

Les senteurs

que ta main fait naître dans mon rêve  
me rappellent parfois

Un grand fleuve d'ébène  
racines au vent

Joue pour moi.

Ce temps n'est pas le mien.

Fais tienne ma colère

Saoule-moi.

Saoule-moi de tes sanglots.

Tant pis si la nuit coule sur mon ivresse.

Qu'importe. Reste-là. Agrippe-toi aux mâts.

Le vent claque des dents vers les étoiles blêmes.

Et des lambeaux de voiles frissonnent

sans fin

sans fin.

Je ne veux plus penser que je suis de ce monde.

Fais-moi croire

que je ne les entends pas.

## V. Play For Me

Sonny Rupaire

*Translated by Claire Bartholomew*

Play for me.

The fragrances

that your hand gives birth to in my dream

remind me sometimes of

A big river of ebony

roots in the wind

Play for me.

This time is not mine.

Make my anger yours.

Get me drunk.

Get me drunk off your tears.

Too bad if the night flows on my drunkenness.

Doesn't matter. Stay there. Hold on to the masts.

The wind chatters its teeth towards the somber stars.

And scraps of sails tremble

without end

without end.

I don't want to think that I'm from this world anymore

Make me believe

that I don't hear them.

Ils ne comprendront pas.  
Laisse errer tes doigts.  
Ne pense a rien.  
Joue pour moi.

Je veux entendre les cris de la vierge souillée.  
Je veux revoir les perles salées  
glisser au fond des paraboles d'amertume  
comme des cicatrices déchirant les visages.

Je veux revoir briller  
dans ces halos de deuil  
le tison de la haine au foyer de la peur.  
Et tant pis si je pleure.

Je veux  
des chaînes, des boulets,  
cet ivoire éclatant,  
cette pulpe sanglante.

Je voudrais  
la fourmi avide de prunelles.  
l'horreur des calebasses hors de terre.  
Joue pour moi.

They will not understand.

Let your fingers roam.

Think of nothing.

Play for me.

I want to hear the cries of the soiled virgin.

I want to see again the salty pearls

slipping in the depths of the bitter parables

the way scars tear faces apart

I want to see shine again

in the halos of grief

the ember of hatred in the hearth of fear

And too bad if I cry.

I want

chains, balls,

this dazzling ivory,

this bloody pulp.

I would like

the ant eager for blackthorn

the horror of gourds outside the earth.

Play for me.

Je veux revoir flamber le rhum  
entendre  
dans la nuit ces rires généreux  
qui déforment les masques  
les transes digitales  
aux panses des gwo-ka.  
La nuit est ma complice et veille sur mon rêve.

Je veux tout voir.  
Même le nerf rugueux qui déchire la chair.  
Je veux voir le soleil pâlir dans les ruisseaux de sang.  
qui glissent sur les flancs du marron aux abois.  
Même les chiens hurlant à la grande curée.

Joue pour moi.  
Je veux me souvenir.  
Et mes futurs sourient quand pleurent les présents.  
Joue.  
N'arrete pas.  
Joue pour moi.

I want to see the rum blazing again  
to hear  
in the night this generous laughter  
that distorts the masks  
fingers in trances  
on the bellies of the gwo-ka.<sup>1</sup>  
The night is my accomplice and watches over my dream.

I want to see everything.  
Even the rough nerve that tears apart flesh.  
I want to see the sun grow pale in the streams of blood  
that slide on the flanks of a chestnut at bay.  
Even the dogs howling after the hunt.<sup>2</sup>

Play for me.  
I want to remember myself.  
And my future smiles while the present cries.  
Play.  
Don't stop.  
Play for me.

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<sup>1</sup> A Creole word for big drum, referring to various kinds of hand drums, as well as indicating the Guadeloupean folk music played with them.

<sup>2</sup> *Curée* means parts of an animal that, after it has been hunted, are given to dogs, but also signifies some kind of scramble or pillage.

## VIII. Recuerdo

Sonny Rupaire

Dans la moiteur d'un ciel blessé de pluie  
je pense aux poitrines feuillues  
gonflées de sève  
de mon pays natal.

Mercure et lait.  
Azur et or.  
Orgie de lumière.  
Magnificence d'un jour noyé entre deux infinis

Au loin sur Port-of-Spain  
Diane-les-yeux-bridés  
plane au milieu de nébuleux attelages.  
La pluie sourit comme une ignoble baleine.

Il trotte une tortue sempiternelle  
sur la piste du temps  
et j'ai le cœur brisé de désespoir.  
Je sais trop bien pourquoi.

Toi mon peuple  
d'ébène et d'ivoire  
tout en mains tout en pieds,



## VIII. Recuerdo

Sonny Rupaie

*Translated by Claire Bartholomew*

In the dampness of a sky upset by rain

I think of the leafy bosoms

swollen with sap

of my home country.

## Mercury and milk.

Azure and gold.

Orgy of light.

# Magnificence of a day drowned between two infinities

## Far away at Port-of-Spain

Diane-with-the-slanted-eyes

daydreams amongst clouded coaches

The rain smiles like a vile whale.

## Walks an eternal tortoise

on the trail of time

and my heart is broken with despair.

I know all too well why.

You my people

of ebony and ivory

all hands all feet

je veux te redonner cette enfantine joie  
qui insupporte aux fronts butés  
des taureaux méprisants.

Car je sais que naîtra de l'insolente copulation  
- Phallus exaspéré de la Misère,  
Richesse, pubis qu'ensanglante  
L'avidité de leurs mains -  
la colère accrochée aux jupes de la Faim.

Toi mon peuple vendu,  
toi mon peuple acheté  
sans ton consentement,  
Peuple bafoué  
peuple rongé  
par la chique sournoise du profit,  
peuple-houe

peuple-coutelas,  
ta sueur est cachetée  
Sous appellation contrôlée,  
ton sang est acheté  
sans appel  
et rachetée ta vie  
au prix de la docilité.

I want to give you back this childish joy  
that drives mad the stubborn brows  
of the scornful bulls.

Because I know what will be born from the insolent copulation  
- exasperated Phallus of Misery,  
Wealth, pubis bloodied by  
The greediness of their hands -  
anger clinging to the skirts of Hunger.

You my people sold,  
you my people bought  
without your consent,  
        People scorned  
        people eaten away  
by the gnawing quid of profit  
        people-hoe

        people-knife,  
your sweat is stamped  
Trademarked<sup>1</sup>  
your blood is bought  
no trade back  
and your life redeemed  
at the price of submission

---

<sup>1</sup> In the original French, Rupaire writes “appellation d’origine contrôlée,” which is a kind of certification used in France to designate that a given product was produced in its region of origin in a traditional way and with certain ingredients; it typically applies to products like wine and cheese. He then puns by writing “sans appel” (translated here as “no trade back”), as ‘appel’ mirrors ‘appellation.’

Je pense devant cette vitre  
où je regarde  
Sourire l'ignoble baleine de la pluie  
à toi  
cette marchandise  
qui se donne au premier enchérisseur  
pliée dans les sillons  
à la recherche d'un chimérique El Dorado.

I think in front of this pane  
where I watch  
The vile whale of the rain smile  
    of you  
these goods  
that give themselves to the first bidder  
folded in the creases  
searching in vain for El Dorado.

# Paris n'a pas été inondé (de Mythologies)

Roland Barthes

Malgré les embarras ou les malheurs qu'elle a pu apporter à des milliers de Français, l'inondation de janvier 1955 a participé de la Fête, plus que de la catastrophe.

D'abord, elle a dépaycé certains objets, rafraîchi la perception du monde en y introduisant les points insolites et pourtant explicables : on a vu des autos réduites à leur toit, des réverbères tronqués, leur tête seule surnageant comme un nénuphar, des maisons coupées comme des cubes d'enfants, un chat bloqué plusieurs jours sur un arbre. Tous ces objets quotidiens ont paru tout d'un coup séparés de leurs racines, privés de la substance raisonnable par excellence, la Terre. Cette rupture a eu le mérite de rester curieuse, sans être magiquement menaçante : la nappe d'eau a agi comme un truquage réussi mais connu, les hommes ont eu le plaisir de voir des formes modifiées, mais comme toute « naturelles », leur esprit a pu rester fixé sur l'effet sans régresser dans l'angoisse vers l'obscurité des causes. La crue a bouleversé l'optique quotidienne, sans pourtant la dériver vers le fantastique ; les objets ont été partiellement oblitérés, no déformés : le spectacle a été singulier mais raisonnable.

Toute rupture un peu ample du quotidien introduit à la Fête : or, la crue n'a pas seulement choisi et dépaycé certains objets, elle a bouleversé la cénesthésie même du paysage, l'organisation ancestrale des horizons : les lignes habituelles du cadastre, les rideaux d'arbres, les rangées de maisons, les routes, le lit même du fleuve, cette stabilité angulaire qui prépare si bien les formes de la propriété, tout cela a été gommé, étendu de l'angle au plan : plus de voies, plus de rives, plus de directions : une substance plane qui ne va nulle part, et qui suspend ainsi le devenir de l'homme, le détache d'une raison, d'une ustensilité des lieux.

# Paris didn't flood (from Mythologies)

Roland Barthes

*Translated by Benjamin DeBisschop*

Despite the confusion and hardship it may have brought upon thousands of French folk, the flood of January 1955 was more of a festival than a catastrophe.

First off it displaced certain objects, refreshing one's perception of the world by introducing bizarre (yet still explainable) scenes: cars reduced to their roofs, streetlights with their heads poking out like lilies, houses broken up like a child's building blocks, a cat stuck in a tree for days on end. All of these everyday objects seemed suddenly uprooted, stripped from the substance of reason par excellence, the Earth. This rupture had the virtue of being peculiar while not overwhelmingly threatening: the sheet of water acted like convincing but noticeable special effects; men had the pleasure of seeing shapes modified but still natural; their spirit could stay transfixed on the effect without regressing into anguish over the mysterious cause. The flood upset everyday optics without drifting into fantasy—objects were partially obliterated, not deformed: the spectacle was extraordinary but within reason.

Any rupture of the everyday, however small, borders on Festival: yet, the flood didn't just pick up and displace certain objects—it disrupted the synergy of the landscape, the ancestral organization of horizons no longer in tune with themselves: the inherited lines of the land registry, the curtains of trees, the rows of houses, the roads, the riverbed itself—that stable bend that shapes and precedes all forms of property—all erased, corners flattened to plains : no more streets, no more riverbanks, no more directions : a flat substance going nowhere, suspending man's future, detaching him from reason, from the utility of places.

Le phénomène le plus troublant est certainement la disparition même du fleuve : celui qui est la cause de tout ce bouleversement, n'est plus, l'eau n'a plus de cours, le ruban de la rivière, cette forme élémentaire de toute perception géographique, dont les enfants, justement, sont si friands, passe de la ligne au plan, les accidents de l'espace n'ont plus aucun contexte, il n'y a plus de hiérarchie entre le fleuve, la route, les champs, les talus, les vagues terrains : la vue panoramique perd son pouvoir majeur, qui est d'organiser l'espace comme juxtaposition de fonctions. C'est donc au centre même des réflexes optiques que la crue porte son trouble. Mais ce trouble n'est pas visuellement menaçant (je parle des photos de presse, seul moyen de consommation vraiment collective de l'inondation) : l'appropriation de l'espace est suspendue, la perception est étonnée, mais la sensation globale reste douce, paisible, immobile et liante ; le regard est entraîné dans une dilution infinie ; la rupture du visuel quotidien n'est pas de l'ordre du tumulte : c'est une mutation dont on ne voit que le caractère accompli, ce qui en éloigne l'horreur.

A cet apaisement de la vue, engagée par le débordement des fleuves calmes dans un suspens des fonctions et des noms de la topographie terrestre, correspond évidemment tout un mythe heureux du glissement : devant les photos d'inondation, chaque lecteur se sent glisser par procuration. D'où le grand succès des scènes où l'on voit des barques marcher dans la rue : ces scènes sont nombreuses, journaux et lecteurs s'en sont montrés gourmands. C'est que l'on y voit accompli dans le réel le grand rêve mythique et enfantin du marcheur aquatique. Après des millénaires de navigation, le bateau reste encore un objet surprenant : il produit des envies, des passions, des rêves : enfants dans leur jeu ou travailleurs fascinés par la croisière, tous y voient l'instrument même de délivrance, la résolution toujours étonnante d'un problème inexplicable au bon sens : marcher sur l'eau.

L'inondation relance le thème, lui donne pour cadre piquant la rue de tous les jours : on va en bateau chez l'épicier, le curé entre en barque dans son église, une famille va aux provisions en canoë.



The most troubling phenomenon is certainly the disappearance of the river itself: the cause of all this disturbance is no more, the water no longer has a course—the ribbon of river, this elementary form of all geographic perception, of which children are (rightly) so fond, morphed from a line to a plain, geographic contours taken out of context, no more hierarchy between river, street, field, embankment, vague terrain: the panoramic view loses its major power, which is to organize space as a juxtaposition of functions. It is thus in the very heart of the optical reflex where the flood causes trouble. But this trouble isn't visually menacing (I'm talking about press photos, the only real form of public consumption of the flood): the appropriation of space is suspended, perception is shocked, but the global feeling is calm, peaceful, immobile, and affable; the gaze is swept away in an infinite dilution. The rupture of everyday visuals is not a matter of panic; it's a mutation of which we only see the finished product, keeping the horror at bay.

With these easing visuals, engaged by the tranquil rivers overflowing in a suspension of the functions and names of earthly topography, comes a charming myth of sliding: the reader, confronted with photos of the flood, feels himself sliding by proxy. Hence the sensationality of scenes showing boats going down the street as if taking a stroll. These scenes are plenty—newspapers and their readers seemed to have a real appetite for them. Here we see the child's mythical dream of walking on water. After millenia of navigation, the boat is still an object of surprise: it produces desires, passions, dreams: children playing or workers fascinated by travel, everyone sees within it the instrument of liberation itself, the ever-stunning solution to a problem that cannot be explained within common sense: walking on water.

The flood revives this theme, giving it the thorny frame of everyday streets: a family takes the canoe to get groceries, a priest rows into his church.

A cette sorte de gageure, s'ajoute l'euphorie de reconstruire le village ou le quartier, de lui donner des chemins nouveaux, d'en user un peu comme d'un lieu théâtral, de varier le mythe enfantin de la cabane par l'approche difficile de la maison-refuge, défendue par l'eau même, comme un château fort ou un palais vénitien. Fait paradoxal, l'inondation a fait un monde plus disponible, maniable avec la sorte de délectation que l'enfant met à disposer ses jouets, à les explorer et à en jouir. Les maisons n'ont plus été que cubes, les rails lignes isolées, les troupeaux, masses transportées et c'est le petit bateau, le jouet superlatif de l'univers enfantin, qui est devenu le mode possessif de cet espace disposé, étalé, et non plus enraciné.

Si l'on passe des mythes de sensation aux mythes de valeur, l'inondation garde la même réserve d'euphorie ; la presse a pu y développer très facilement un dynamique de la solidarité et reconstituer au jour le jour la crue comme un événement groupeur d'hommes. Cela tient essentiellement à la nature prévisible du mal : il y avait par exemple quelque chose de chaud et d'actif dans la façon dont les journaux assignaient d'avance à la crue son jour de maximum ; le délai à peu près scientifique imparti à l'éclatement du mal a pu rassembler les hommes dans une élaboration rationnelle du remède : barrages, colmatages, évacuations. Il s'agit de la même euphorie industrielle qui fait rentrer une récolte ou du linge avant l'orage, lever un pont-levis dans un roman d'aventures, en un mot lutter contre la nature par la seule arme du temps.

This sort of challenge is eased by the euphoria of reconstructing one's village or neighborhood, carving out new paths, using it as a theatrical space, reconciling the childlike myth of capsizing with the difficult approach of house-as-refuge, defended by the water itself like a fortified castle or a Venetian palace. Paradoxically, the flood made the world more available and malleable with the same delight as a child arranging its toys, examining them, playing with them. Houses were no more than cubes, railways isolated, herds and masses transported. And the little boat, emblematic toy of the child's universe, has become the method of possessing this rearranged, spread-out, uprooted space.

If we go from myths of sensation to myths of value, the flood keeps the same reserve of euphoria; the press was able to very easily develop a feeling of solidarity and reconstruct the flood day by day as a unifying event. That feeling owed a lot to the predictable nature of the damage. For example, newspapers feverishly predetermined what day the flood would reach its peak. This more-or-less scientific time frame was able to unite men in a rational development of remedies: barricades, dams, evacuations. It was the same industrious euphoria felt during the harvest, while taking in the laundry before a storm, or lifting a drawbridge in a fantasy novel—in a word, fighting against nature with the sole weapon of time.

Menaçant Paris, la crue a pu même s'envelopper un peu dans le mythe quarante-huitard : les Parisiens ont élevé des « barricades », ils ont défendu leur ville à l'aide de pavés contre le fleuve ennemi. Ce mode de résistance légendaire a beaucoup séduit, soutenu par toute une imagerie du mur d'arrêt, de la tranchée glorieuse, du rempart de sable qu'édifient les gosses sur la plage en luttant de vitesse contre la marée. C'était plus noble que le pompage des caves, dont les journaux n'ont pu tirer grand effet, les concierges ne comprenant pas à quoi servait d'étancher une eau que l'on rejetait dans le fleuve en crue. Mieux valait développer l'image d'une mobilisation armée, le concours de la troupe, les canots pneumatiques à moto-godilles, le sauvetage « des enfants, des vieillards et des malades », la rentrée biblique des troupeaux, toute cette fièvre de Noé emplissant l'Arche. Car l'Arche est un mythe heureux : l'humanité y prend ses distances à l'égard des éléments, elle s'y concentre et y élabore la conscience nécessaire de ses pouvoirs, faisant sortir du malheur même l'évidence que le monde est maniable.

In threatening Paris, the flood wrapped itself up in the myth of the 1848 Revolution: Parisians raised “barricades”, defended their city against the enemy river with the help of cobblestones. This legendary mode of resistance was very seductive, more so because of all the imagery of the barrier wall, the glorious trench, the rampart of sand hastily built by kids on the beach fighting against the tide. It was more noble than draining basements, which newspapers quickly found to be less than inspiring, what with housekeepers not understanding the point of throwing the water right back into the flooding river. It was more worthwhile to develop an image of armed mobilization, mass cooperation, inflatable dinghies with motorized oars, the salvation of “children, the sick, and the elderly”, the Biblical return of the troops, the whole fever of Noah filling the Arc. For the Arc is a hopeful myth: in it, humanity distances itself from the elements, concentrates and develops the necessary conscience of its ability, finding evidence that the world is malleable even in times of hardship.

## VII, 3 (des Allures naturelles)

Pierre Alferi

3. ou bien en voiture à l'approche d'un champ  
de blé — de maïs — de hachures qui font masse  
bloc — tache — chaos quand  
les lignes de fuite entre  
les sillons (la figure imposée  
la plus simple) soudain  
paraissent, puis disparaissent, nouées  
en faisceau: lecture où  
la clarté  
n'est pas affaire de profondeur  
et d'analyse mais de vitesse  
et d'angle.

## VII, 3 (from Natural Gaits)

Pierre Alferi

*Translated by Conor Hardie*

3. or else by car approaching a field  
of wheat – of corn – of shading that make a mass  
block – stain – chaos when  
the lines of flight between  
the furrows (the imposed figure  
the simplest) suddenly  
appear, then disappear, knotted  
in a beam : reading where  
clarity  
is not an affair of depth  
and of analysis but of speed  
and of angle.

# Peach

D.H. Lawrence

Would you like to throw a stone at me?  
Here, take all that's left of my peach.

Blood-red, deep:  
Heaven knows how it came to pass.  
Somebody's pound of flesh rendered up.

Wrinkled with secrets  
And hard with the intention to keep them.

Why, from silvery peach-bloom,  
From that shallow-silvery wine-glass on a short stem  
This rolling, dropping, heavy globule?

I am thinking, of course, of the peach before I ate it.

Why so velvety, why so voluptuous heavy?  
Why hanging with such inordinate weight?  
Why so indented?

Why the groove?  
Why the lovely, bivalve roundnesses?  
Why the ripple down the sphere?  
Why the suggestion of incision?  
Why was not my peach round and finished like a billiard ball?  
It would have been if man had made it.  
Though I've eaten it now.



# La pêche

D.H. Lawrence

*Translated by Robert Hewis*

Souhaiterais-tu me jeter une pierre ?  
Voilà, prends tout ce qu'il reste de ma pêche.

Sanguine, foncée :  
Dieu sait comment cela s'est advint.  
Une livre de chair, sacrifiée.

Ridée par les secrets,  
Rigide avec la volonté de les conserver.

Pourquoi, de la floraison argentée,  
De ce calice scintillante-argenté sur une tige courte  
Ce globule lourd qui pend, qui roule ?

Je réfléchis, bien sûr, sur la pêche avant que je l'avais dévoré.

Pourquoi si veloutée, pourquoi si pleine voluptueuse ?  
Pourquoi suspendue d'une telle lourdeur ?  
Pourquoi si échancrée ?

Pourquoi le sillon ?  
Pourquoi la charmante rondeur bivalve ?  
Pourquoi l'ondulation sur la longueur de la sphère ?  
Pourquoi le soupçon d'une incision ?  
Pourquoi ma pêche n'était-elle pas ronde et lisse comme une  
bille?

Elle l'aurait été si l'homme l'avait façonnée.  
Toutefois, je l'ai déjà ingéré.

But it wasn't round and finished like a billiard ball;  
And because I say so, you would like to throw something at me.

Here, you can have my peach stone.

*San Gervasio*

Pourtant elle n'était pas ronde et lisse comme une bille ;  
Et parce que je l'ai dit, tu aimerais me lancer n'importe quoi.

Et bien, voilà, je te laisse mon noyau.

*San Gervasio*

## Excerpt from *Watermark*

Joseph Brodsky

There is something primordial about traveling on water, even for short distances. You are informed that you are not supposed to be there not so much by your eyes, ears, nose, palate, or palm as by your feet, which feel odd acting as an organ of sense. Water unsettles the principle of horizontality, especially at night, when its surface resembles pavement. No matter how solid its substitute - the deck - under your feet, on water you are somewhat more alert than ashore, your faculties are more poised. On water, for instance, you never get absentminded the way you do in the street: your legs keep you and your wits in constant check, as if you were some kind of compass. Well, perhaps what sharpens your wits while traveling on water is indeed a distant, roundabout echo of the good old chordates. At any rate, your sense of the other on water gets keener, as though heightened by a common as well as a mutual danger. The loss of direction is a psychological category as much as it is a navigational one. Be that as it may, for the next ten minutes, although we were moving in the same direction, I saw the arrow of the only person I knew in that city and mine diverge by at least 45 degrees. Most likely because this part of the Canal Grande was better lit. We disembark at the Accademia landing, to firm topography and the corresponding moral code.

## Extrait de *Watermark*

Joseph Brodsky

*Translated by Leigh Ivanova and Katherine Chernyak*

Il y a quelque chose de primordial dans le fait de voyager sur l'eau, même pour de courtes distances. Ce ne sont pas tant vos yeux, vos oreilles, votre nez, votre palais, ou encore, votre paume qui vous indiquent que vous n'êtes pas censé être là, ce sont vos pieds qui endossent étrangement le rôle d'organe sensoriel. L'eau perturbe le principe d'horizontalité, particulièrement de nuit, quand sa surface ressemble à des pavés. Peu importe la solidité de ce qui le substitue sous vos pieds, le pont, sur l'eau vous êtes relativement plus alerte que sur terre, vos facultés sont mieux préparées. Par exemple, sur l'eau vous ne vous déconcentriez jamais comme vous le feriez dans la rue: vos jambes vous maintiennent ainsi que votre esprit, dans un état de contrôle permanent, comme si vous étiez une sorte de compas. Enfin, peut-être que ce qui aiguise votre esprit lorsque vous voyagez sur l'eau, est en fait la résonance du lointain écho des bons vieux chordés. A tous les niveaux, dans l'eau, votre perception d'autrui est affûtée, comme accrue par l'idée d'un danger, commun ou mutuel. Le perte de l'orientation est une catégorie psychologique autant que navigationnelle. Quoi qu'il en soit, lors des dix minutes suivantes, bien que nous avancions dans la même direction, je vis mon aiguille et celle de la seule personne que je connaissais dans cette ville diverger d'au moins 45 degrés. Très probablement parce que cette partie du Canal Grande était mieux éclairée. Nous débarquons sur le ponton de l'Accademia, en proie à une ferme topographie et le code moral qui lui est associé.

After a short meander through narrow lanes, I was deposited in the lobby of a somewhat cloistered pensione, kissed on the cheek - more in the capacity of the Minotaur, I felt, than the valiant hero, and wished good night. Then my Ariane vanished, leaving behind a fragrant thread of her expensive (was it Shalimar?) perfume, which quickly dissipated in the musty atmosphere of a pensione otherwise suffused with the faint but ubiquitous odor of pee. I stared for a while at the furniture. Then I hit the sack.

Après une courte promenade dans les rues étroites, je fus déposé dans le vestibule de quelque pensionne recluse, embrassé sur la joue, je me sentis davantage identifié au minotaure qu'au vaillant héros lorsqu'on me souhaita une bonne nuit. Puis mon Ariane s'évapora, laissant derrière elle une subtile fragrance de son coûteux (peut-être Shalimar?) parfum, qui se dissipa rapidement dans l'atmosphère renfermée d'une pensionne autrement imprégnée par une légère mais omniprésente odeur d'urine. J'ai regardé le mobilier pendant un moment. Puis je suis allé me pieuter.

## Extrait d'*Un barrage contre le Pacifique*

Marguerite Duras

Le piano commença à jouer. La lumière s'éteignit. Suzanne se sentit désormais invisible, invincible et se mit à pleurer de bonheur. C'était l'oasis, la salle noire de l'après-midi, la nuit des solitaires, la nuit artificielle et démocratique, la grande nuit égalitaire du cinéma, plus vraie que la vraie nuit, plus ravissante, plus consolante que toutes les vraies nuits, la nuit choisie, ouverte à tous, offerte à tous, plus généreuse, plus dispensatrice de bienfaits que toutes les institutions de charité et que toutes les églises, la nuit où se consolent toutes les hontes, où vont se perdre tous les désespoirs, et où se lave toute la jeunesse de l'affreuse crasse d'adolescence.

Suzanne s'appliquait à marcher avec naturel. Il était cinq heures. Il faisait encore chaud mais déjà la torpeur de l'après-midi était passée. Les rues, peu à peu, s'emplissaient de blancs reposés par la sieste et rafraîchis par la douche du soir. On la regardait. On se retournait, on souriait. Aucune jeune fille blanche de son âge ne marchait seule dans les rues du haut quartier. Celles qu'on rencontrait passaient en bande, en robe de sport. Certaines, une raquette de tennis sous le bras. Elles se retournaient. On se retournait. En se retournant, on souriait. « D'où sort-elle cette malheureuse égarée sur nos trottoirs ? » Même les femmes étaient rarement seules. Elles marchaient en groupe. Suzanne les croisait. Les groupes étaient tous environnés du parfum des cigarettes américaines, des odeurs fraîches de l'argent. Elle trouvait toutes les femmes belles, et que leur élégance estivale était une insulte à tout ce qui n'était pas elles



## Excerpt from *The Sea Wall*

Marguerite Duras

*Translated by Yilin Li*

The piano started to play. The lights went out. From that moment, Suzanne felt invisible, invincible and began to cry happily. It was like an oasis, the dark hall in the afternoon, the solitary night, the artificial and democratic night, the grand egalitarian night of the cinema, which is more real than the real night, more delightful, more consoling than all the real nights, the chosen night, open to all, offered to all, more generous, more bestowing of benefits than all charities and all churches, the night which consoles all shame, which makes all despairs lost, and which washes youth clean of the awful filth of adolescence.

Susan tried to walk normally. It was five o'clock. It was still hot, but the torpor of the afternoon was gone. The streets, little by little, were filled with white people who rested through a nap and refreshed by a shower in the evening. People looked at her. They turned around and smiled. No young white girl of her age walked alone in the streets of the upper neighborhood. Those that would be seen in the street passed in groups, wore sports suits. Some of them, a tennis racket under their arms. They turned around. Everyone turned around. While turning around, they smiled. "Where does this poor girl who got lost on our sidewalk come from?" Even women were rarely alone. They walked in groups. Suzanne crossed them. The groups were all surrounded by the fragrance of american cigarettes, the smell of money. She found all the women beautiful, and that their summer elegance was an insult to all who were not them.

Surtout elles marchaient comme des reines, parlaient, riaient, faisaient des gestes en accord absolu avec le mouvement général, qui était celui d'une aisance à vivre extraordinaire. C'était venu insensiblement, depuis qu'elle s'était engagée dans l'avenue qui allait de la ligne du tram au centre du haut quartier, puis cela s'était confirmé, cela avait augmenté jusqu'à devenir, comme elle atteignait le centre du haut quartier, une impardonnable réalité : elle était ridicule et cela se voyait. Carmen avait tort. Il n'était pas donné à tout le monde de marcher dans ces rues, sur ces trottoirs, parmi ces seigneurs et ces enfants de rois. Tout le monde ne disposait pas des mêmes facultés de se mouvoir. Eux avaient l'air d'aller vers un but précis, dans un décor familier et parmi des semblables. Elle, Suzanne, n'avait aucun but, aucun semblable, et ne s'était jamais trouvée sur ce théâtre.

Elle essaya en vain de penser à autre chose.

On la remarquait toujours.

Plus on la remarquait, plus elle se persuadait qu'elle était scandaleuse, un objet de laideur et de bêtise intégrales. Il avait suffi qu'un seul commence à la remarquer, aussitôt cela s'était répandu comme la foudre. Tous ceux qu'elle croisait maintenant semblaient être avertis, la ville entière était avertie et elle n'y, pouvait rien, elle ne pouvait que continuer à avancer, complètement cernée, condamnée à aller au-devant de ces regards braqués sur elle, toujours relayés par de nouveaux regards, au-devant des rires qui grandissaient, lui passaient de côté, l'éclaboussaient encore par- derrière. Elle n'en tombait pas morte mais elle marchait aubord du trottoir et aurait voulu tomber morte et couler dans le caniveau. Sa honte se dépassait toujours. Elle se haïssait, haïssait tout, se fuyait, aurait voulu fuir tout, se défaire de tout. De la robe que Carmen lui avait prêtée, où de larges fleurs bleues s'étaient étalées, cette robe d'Hôtel Central, trop courte, trop étroite.

Especially they walked like queens, talked, laughed, made gestures in absolute accordance with the general movement, which was one of extraordinary ease of living. It had come insensitively, since she had turned into the avenue that went from the tram line to the center of the upper neighborhood, then it had been confirmed, it had increased until it had become, as she arrived at the centre of the upper neighborhood, an unforgivable truth: she was ridiculous and it was obvious. Carmen was wrong. It was not given to everyone to walk on these streets, on these sidewalks, among these lords and these kings' children. Not everyone had the same faculties to move themselves. They seemed to move towards a specific goal, in a familiar setting and among similar people. She, Suzanne, had no goal, anyone similar to her and never found herself on this stage.

She tried in vain to think about other things.

People always noticed her.

The more people noticed her, the more she persuaded herself that she was scandalous, an object of ugliness and stupidity. All it took was for one person to notice her, and immediately it spread out like lightning. Everyone that she crossed now seemed to have been noticed, the whole city had been notified and she could not do anything about it, she could only continue moving forward, completely surrounded, forced to meet the gazes on her, always relayed by new gazes, toward the laughs that grew, passed her by, splashed her again from behind. She did not drop dead because of this but she walked at the edge of the sidewalk and would want to drop dead and sink into the gutter. Her shame excelled all the time. She hated herself, hated all, she fled, would have wanted to flee from everything. From the dress that Carmen lent her, with its large blue flowers spread out, this dress from the Central Hotel, too short, too narrow.

De ce chapeau de paille, personne n'en avait un comme ça. De ces cheveux, personne n'en portait comme ça. Mais ce n'était rien. C'était elle, elle qui était méprisante des pieds à la tête. À cause de ses yeux, où les jeter ? À cause de ces bras de plomb, ces ordures, à cause de ce cœur, une bête indécente, de ces jambes incapables. Et qui trimbale un pareil sac à main, un vieux sac à elle, cette salope, ma mère, ah ! qu'elle meure ! Elle eut envie de le jeter dans le caniveau, pour ce qu'il y avait dedans. Mais on ne jette pas son sac à main dans le caniveau. Tout le monde serait accouru, l'aurait entourée. Mais, bien. Elle alors se serait laissée mourir doucement, allongée dans le caniveau, son sac à main près d'elle, et ils auraient bien été obligés de cesser de rire.

From the straw hat, no one wore anything like this. From these hair, no one grew it like this. But this was nothing. It was her, she who was contemptible from toe to head. Because of her eyes, where to throw them? Because of her arms heavy like lead, that garbage, because of this heart, an indecent beast, because of those incapable legs. And who carries such a bag in hand, an old bag of hers, this bitch, my mother, ah! May she die! She desired to throw it into the gutter, for what was inside... But you don't throw your handbag into the gutter. Everyone would have come running, would have surrounded her. But, fine. She could then let herself die gently, lying down in the gutter, her bag beside her, and they would have had to stop laughing.

# **Vrouw met spiegel en nar: spotprent op de kostbare stijve plooikraag**

Unknown Artist

Marotte & moy l'yn a l'aulture resemblons. Tourne vous : le miroir  
monstre quelles soyons.

Le miroir est le vray cul du diable.

Frases, toufes, perruques, & semblable

Ordure qui au miroir veule regarder,

Que faict il, si non la sotiſe monstrier!

# **Woman With Mirror and Jester: Mockery of the Precious Stiff Pleated Collar**

Unknown Artist

*Translated by Rachel Salem-Wiseman*

My pet and I resemble each other. Turn around: the mirror shows  
what we are.

The mirror is the true ass of the devil.

Ruffs, tufts, wigs, and similar class  
of filth which wants to be seen in the mirror,  
what does it do if not show its own folly.

# Le Spleen de Paris, XXII: 'Le crépuscule du soir'

Charles Baudelaire

Le jour tombe. Un grand apaisement se fait dans les pauvres esprits fatigués du labeur de la journée ; et leurs pensées prennent maintenant les couleurs tendres et indécises du crépuscule.

Cependant du haut de la montagne arrive à mon balcon, à travers les nues transparentes du soir, un grand hurlement, composé d'une foule de cris discordants, que l'espace transforme en une lugubre harmonie, comme celle de la marée qui monte ou d'une tempête qui s'éveille.

Quels sont les infortunés que le soir ne calme pas, et qui prennent, comme les hiboux, la venue de la nuit pour un signal de sabbat ? Cette sinistre ululation nous arrive du noir hospice perché sur la montagne ; et, le soir, en fumant et en contemplant le repos de l'immense vallée, hérissée de maisons dont chaque fenêtre dit : « C'est ici la paix maintenant ; c'est ici la joie de la famille ! » je puis, quand le vent souffle de là-haut, bercer ma pensée étonnée à cette imitation des harmonies de l'enfer.

Le crépuscule excite les fous. — Je me souviens que j'ai eu deux amis que le crépuscule rendait tout malades. L'un méconnaissait alors tous les rapports d'amitié et de politesse, et maltraitait, comme un sauvage, le premier venu. Je l'ai vu jeter à la tête d'un maître d'hôtel un excellent poulet, dans lequel il croyait voir je ne sais quel insultant hiéroglyphe. Le soir, précurseur des voluptés profondes, lui gâtait les choses les plus succulentes.

L'autre, un ambitieux blessé, devenait, à mesure que le jour baissait, plus aigre, plus sombre, plus taquin. Indulgent et sociable encore pendant la journée, il était impitoyable le soir ; et ce n'était pas seulement sur autrui, mais aussi sur lui-même, que s'exerçait rageusement sa manie crépusculeuse.



# Paris Spleen, XXII: “The Dusk of Night”

Charles Baudelaire

*Translated by Stella Scanlon*

Day falls. A great calming down is caused in those poor spirits, tired from the day's labor, and their thoughts now take on the colors, tender and hesitant, of twilight.

Nonetheless, from the top of the mountain, crossing the transparent clouds of evening, a great cry reached my balcony composed of a hollering crowd of protesters, which transforms the space into a lugubrious harmony, like that of a rising tide or an awakening tempest.

What unlucky ones are they, that the evening doesn't calm, and who take, like owls, the coming of the night as a sign of the sabbath? This sinister ululation comes to us in the black hospice, perched on the mountain, and, the evening, in the smoking and contemplating repose of the immense valley thorny with houses whose every window says : “Here is peace! Here is familial joy!” Then I, when the wind whispers on high, lull my surprised thoughts with these imitation infernal harmonies.

The dusk excites the crazed. — I remember having two friends who, at dusk, gave in to all their maladies. One became ignorant of all bonds of friendship and civility and abused like a wild animal the first to cross his path. I saw him throw an excellent chicken at the head of the owner of the hotel whom, he cried, that he saw as an insulting hieroglyph (I do not know which). Evening, precursor to profound delights, would spoil even the most succulent things.

The other, an ambitious invalid, would become as the day lowered more sour, more glum, more pert. Lenient and sociable during the day, he was ruthless in the evening — and wasn't only so with others, — but also with himself, so that he would furiously exercise his twilight “compulsions.”

Le premier est mort fou, incapable de reconnaître sa femme et son enfant ; le second porte en lui l'inquiétude d'un malaise perpétuel, et fût-il gratifié de tous les honneurs que peuvent conférer les républiques et les princes, je crois que le crépuscule allumerait encore en lui la brûlante envie de distinctions imaginaires. La nuit, qui mettait ses ténèbres dans leur esprit, fait la lumière dans le mien ; et, bien qu'il ne soit pas rare de voir la même cause engendrer deux effets contraires, j'en suis toujours comme intrigué et alarmé.

Ô nuit ! ô rafraîchissantes ténèbres ! vous êtes pour moi le signal d'une fête intérieure, vous êtes la délivrance d'une angoisse ! Dans la solitude des plaines, dans les labyrinthes pierreux d'une capitale, scintillement des étoiles, explosion des lanternes, vous êtes le feu d'artifice de la déesse Liberté !

Crépuscule, comme vous êtes doux et tendre ! Les lueurs roses qui traînent encore à l'horizon comme l'agonie du jour sous l'oppression victorieuse de sa nuit, les feux des candélabres qui font des taches d'un rouge opaque sur les dernières gloires du couchant, les lourdes draperies qu'une main invisible attire des profondeurs de l'Orient, imitent tous les sentiments compliqués qui luttent dans le cœur de l'homme aux heures solennelles de la vie.

On dirait encore une de ces robes étranges de danseuses, où une gaze transparente et sombre laisse entrevoir les splendeurs amorties d'une jupe éclatante, comme sous le noir présent transperce le délicieux passé ; et les étoiles vacillantes d'or et d'argent, dont elle est semée, représentent ces feux de la fantaisie qui ne s'allument bien que sous le deuil profond de la Nuit.

The first died of insanity, incapable of recognizing his wife or child; the second brought with him a perpetual malaise of disquiet, and he gratified all the honors that could be awarded to republicans and princes; I believe that the twilight will light him up again, burning with the desire of imaginary distinctions. The night, that puts darkness into their spirits, makes light in mine; and although it wouldn't be unusual to see the same thing produce two contrary effects, I am always intrigued and alarmed by it.

O Night! O Refreshing darkness! For me, you are the signal of internal celebration, you are a deliverance from anguish! In solitude of the planes, in the stony labyrinthine capitol, the scintillating stars, the explosion of streetlamps, the fireworks of the Goddess of Liberty!

Twilight, how tender and soft you are! The ray of rosyng that drags about the horizon like the agony of the day under the victorious oppression of her night, the fires of the candelabras that make opaque, red stains in the last glories of the setting sun, the heavy draperies pulled by an invisible hand in the depths of the Orient, they all imitate the complicated feelings fighting in the heart of man, in life's hours of solemnity.

One could say it looks like one of those foreign dancer's robes, or a transparent and somber gauze letting soft pleasures peak through a blazing skirt, just as the delicious past pierces the dark present; and the vacillating stars of gold and silver, of which night is sown, represent those fires of fantasy that only light under the profound mourning of Night.

# La pesanteur et la grâce

Simone Weil

Tous les mouvements naturels de l'âme sont régis par des lois analogues à celles de la pesanteur matérielle. La grâce seule fait exception. Il faut toujours s'attendre à ce que les choses se passent conformément à la pesanteur, sauf intervention du surnaturel. Deux forces règnent sur l'univers : lumière et pesanteur. Pesanteur. - D'une manière générale, ce qu'on attend des autres est déterminé par les effets de la pesanteur en nous ; ce qu'on en reçoit est déterminé par les effets de la pesanteur en eux. Parfois cela coïncide (par hasard), souvent non. Pourquoi est-ce que dès qu'un être humain témoigne qu'il a peu ou beaucoup besoin d'un autre, celui-ci s'éloigne ? Pesanteur.

\*

Lear, tragédie de la pesanteur. Tout ce qu'on nomme bassesse est un phénomène de pesanteur. D'ailleurs le terme de bassesse l'indique. L'objet d'une action et le niveau de l'énergie qui l'alimente, choses distinctes. Il faut faire telle chose. Mais où puiser l'énergie ? Une action vertueuse peut abaisser s'il n'y a pas d'énergie disponible au même niveau. Le bas et le superficiel sont au même niveau. Il aime violemment mais bassement : phrase possible. Il aime profondément mais bassement : phrase impossible.

\*

Plusieurs fois dans cet état, j'ai cédé du moins à la tentation de dire des mots blessants. Obéissance à la pesanteur. Le plus grand péché. On corrompt ainsi la fonction du langage, qui est d'exprimer les rapports des choses.

\*

La grâce, c'est la loi du mouvement descendant. S'abaisser, c'est monter à l'égard de la pesanteur morale. La pesanteur morale nous fait tomber vers le haut. Un malheur trop grand met un être humain au-dessous de la pitié : dégoût, horreur et mépris. [11]

# Gravity and Grace

Simone Weil

*Translated by Stella Scanlon*

All natural movements of the soul are ruled by material gravity. Grace is the only exception. One must always expect for the things to happen according to gravity, except for supernatural intervention. Two forces reign over the universe: light and gravity. Gravity. – In a general way, that which one waits for in others is determined by the effect of gravity on us; that which we receive is determined by the effects of gravity on them. Sometimes this is a coincidence (by chance), often it is not. Because it is as soon as a human being bears witness that there becomes a need for the other, is it because this person is far from me? Gravity.

\*

Lear, tragedy of gravity. All that we call lowness is a phenomenon of gravity. Incidentally the term lowness is appropriate. The object of the action and the level of the energy that feeds it, these things are distinct. One must do this thing. But from where is the energy drawn? A virtuous action can be reduced if there is not energy available at the same level. The low and the superficial are at the same level. He loves violently but abjectly: a plausible sentence. He loves profoundly but abjectly : an impossible sentence.

\*

Many times in this state, I have ceded to the temptation of saying hurtful words. Obedience to gravity. The greatest sin. One corrupts the function of language, which is to express relations between things.

\*

Grace, it is the law of descending movement. It lowers, and it rises in regard of moral gravity. Moral gravity makes us fall upwards. Too much hardship puts a human being below pity: instead into, disgust, horror and contempt.

La pitié descend jusqu'à un certain niveau, et non au-dessous. Comment la charité fait-elle pour descendre au-dessous ? Ceux qui sont tombés si bas ont-ils pitié d'eux-mêmes ?

\*

Tendance à répandre le mal hors de soi : je l'ai encore ! Les êtres et les choses ne me sont pas assez sacrés. Puissé-je ne rien souiller, quand je serais entièrement transformée en boue. Ne rien souiller même dans ma pensée. Même dans les pires moments je ne détruirais pas une statue grecque ou une fresque de Giotto, Pourquoi donc autre chose ? Pourquoi par exemple un instant de la vie d'un être humain qui pourrait être un instant heureux ?

\*

Tendance à répandre la souffrance hors de soi. Si, par excès de faiblesse, on ne peut ni provoquer la pitié ni faire du mal à autrui, on fait du mal à la représentation de l'univers en soi. Toute chose belle et bonne est alors comme une injure.

\*

Impossible de pardonner à qui nous a fait du mal, si ce mal nous abaisse. Il faut penser qu'il ne nous a pas abaissés, mais a révélé notre vrai niveau.

\*

Ne pas oublier qu'à certains moments de mes maux de tête, quand la crise montait, j'avais un désir intense de faire souffrir un autre être humain, en le frappant précisément au même endroit du front.

Désirs analogues, très fréquents parmi les hommes.

\*

Pierre sur le chemin. Se jeter sur la pierre, comme si, à partir d'une certaine intensité de désir, elle devait ne plus exister. Ou s'en aller comme si soi-même on n'existait pas. Le désir enferme de l'absolu et s'il échoue (une fois l'énergie épuisée), l'absolu se transfère sur l'obstacle. État d'âme des vaincus, des opprimés.

Pity lowers itself to a certain level, and does not go lower. How does charity lower itself? Do those that have fallen so low begin to pity themselves?

\*

Tendency to leave evil outside of yourself : I've done it again!  
Beings and things are not that sacred to me. May I soil nothing when I am entirely transformed into mud. Nothing soils me even in my thoughts. Even in the worst moments if I were to destroy a Greek statue or a Giotto fresco, Why not another thing? Why not for example an instant in the life of a human being that could have been an instant of happiness?

\*

Tendency to leave affliction outside of yourself. If, by an excess of weakness, one cannot provoke pity, nor do harm to others, one does harm in representation of the other, the opposite of oneself. Everything that is beautiful and good becomes an insult.

\*

It is impossible to forgive he who does us evil, if the evil humiliates us. One must think that he has not humiliated us, but woken us up to our real level.

\*

Do not forget that in certain moments when my head aches, when the crisis rises, I have had an intense desire to hurt another human being, to hit the exact same place on their forehead.  
Analogous desires, very frequent among men.

\*

A stone on the road. Throw yourself onto it, as if, starting from a certain intensity of desire, it should no longer exist. Or leave as if you yourself were non-existent. Desire encloses the absolute and if the desire fails (when the energy is exhausted), the absolute is transformed into the obstacle. The state of the souls of the conquered, the oppressed.





GERMAN

# Blaue Hortensie

Rainer Maria Rilke

So wie das letzte Grün in Farbentiegeln  
sind diese Blätter, trocken, stumpf und rau,  
hinter den Blütendolden, die ein Blau  
nicht auf sich tragen, nur von ferne spiegeln.

Sie spiegeln es verweint und ungenau,  
als wollten sie es wiederum verlieren,  
und wie in alten blauen Briefpapieren  
ist Gelb in ihnen, Violett und Grau;

Verwaschnes wie an einer Kinderschürze,  
Nichtmehrgetragnes, dem nichts mehr geschieht:  
wie fühlt man eines kleinen Lebens Kürze.

Doch plötzlich scheint das Blau sich zu verneuen  
in einer von den Dolden, und man sieht  
ein rührend Blaues sich vor Grünem freuen.

# Blue Hydrangea

Rainer Maria Rilke

*Translated by Andrew Altrick*

Just as the last green in paint pots  
these leaves are, dry, rough, and dull,  
behind bushels which don't don  
a blue, only reflect it from afar.

They reflect it tear-stained and imprecise,  
as if they wanted to lose it, again,  
and just like in old blue stationery  
there are traces of yellow, purple, and gray;

Faded like a child's apron,  
no longer worn, no longer touched:  
how one feels the abruptness of a small life.

But suddenly the blue seems to renew itself  
in one of the umbels, and you see  
a poignant blue rejoicing before green.

# Zum Neuen Jahr

Eduard Mörike

Wie heimlicher Weise  
Ein Engelein leise  
Mit rosigen Füßen  
Die Erde betritt,  
So nahte der Morgen,  
Jauchzt ihm, ihr Frommen,  
Ein heilig Willkommen,  
Ein heilig Willkommen!  
Herz, jauchze du mit!

In Ihm sei's begonnen,  
Der Monde und Sonnen  
An blauen Gezelten  
Des Himmels bewegt.  
Du, Vater, du rate!  
Lenke du und wende!  
Herr, dir in die Hände  
Sei Anfang und Ende,  
Sei alles gelegt!

# To the New Year

Eduard Mörike

*Translated by Alex Buckman*

Just like that secret way a little  
angel's rosy feet do gently  
tread upon the earth,  
so the morning came.  
You reverent, rejoice in it; yes,  
welcome it with open arms and  
welcome it with grace!  
Heart, rejoice with us!

In Him it all began: the one who  
moves the moon and stars across the  
canvas blue above -  
heaven's great expanse.  
O Father, counsel us and guide us!  
Lord, into your hands be laid the  
whole of all you've made,  
all creation's sum!

# **Was Ich Habe, Will Ich Nicht Verlieren, Aber**

Thomas Brasch

wo ich bin, will ich nicht bleiben, aber  
die ich liebe, will ich nicht verlassen, aber  
die ich kenne, will ich nicht mehr sehen, aber  
wo ich lebe, da will ich nicht sterben, aber  
wo ich sterbe, da will ich nicht hin:  
Bleiben will ich, wo ich nie gewesen bin.

# What I Have I Do Not Want to Lose, But

Thomas Brasch

*Translated by Linus Coersmeier and Zacari Velascl*

where I am, I don't want to stay, but  
those I love, I don't want to leave, but  
those I know, I no longer want to see, but  
where I live, I don't want to die, but  
where I die, I don't want to go:  
I want to Stay, where I never before was.

# Espenbaum

Paul Celan

ESPENBAUM, dein Laub blickt weiss ins Dunkel.  
Meiner Mutter Haar ward nimmer weiss.

Loewenzahn, so grün ist die Ukraine.  
Meine blonde Mutter kam nicht heim.

Regenwolke, säumst du an den Brunnen?  
Meine leise Mutter weint fuer alle.

Runder Stern, du schlingst die goldne Schleife.  
Meiner Mutter Herz ward wund von Blei.

Eichne Tür, wer hob dich aus den Angeln?  
Meine sanfte Mutter kann nicht kommen.



# Aspentree

Paul Celan

*Translated by Matthew Desrochers*

ASPEN TREE, your leaves glance white into the dark.  
My mother's hair was never white.

Dandelion, so green is the Ukraine.  
My blonde mother did not come home.

Rain cloud, do you border the fountain?  
My quiet mother weeps for everyone.

Round star, you circle the golden loop.  
My mother's heart was pierced by lead.

Oaken door, who lifted you off your hinges?  
My soft mother cannot return.

# Corona

Paul Celan

Aus der Hand frißt der Herbst mir sein Blatt: wir sind Freunde.  
Wir schälen die Zeit aus den Nüssen und lehren sie gehn:  
die Zeit kehrt zurück in die Schale.

Im Spiegel ist Sonntag,  
im Traum wird geschlafen,  
der Mund redet wahr.

Mein Aug steigt hinab zum Geschlecht der Geliebten:  
wir sehen uns an,  
wir sagen uns Dunkles,  
wir lieben einander wie Mohn und Gedächtnis,  
wir schlafen wie Wein in den Muscheln,  
wie das Meer im Blutstrahl des Mondes.

Wir stehen umschlungen im Fenster, sie sehen uns zu von der  
Strasse:  
es ist Zeit, dass man weiss!  
Es ist Zeit, dass der Stein sich zu blühen bequemt,  
dass der Unrast ein Herz schlägt.  
Es ist Zeit, dass es Zeit wird.

Es ist Zeit.

# Corona

Paul Celan

*Translated by Matthew Desrochers*

Out of my hand, fall devours its leaf: we are friends.  
We unshell time from nuts and teach it to go:  
time returns back into its shell.

In the mirror is Sunday,  
in a dream slept  
a mouth speaks truth.

My eye climbs down to the sex of my beloved:  
we see ourselves,  
we speak of darkness,  
we love one another like poppy and memory,  
we sleep like wine in mussels,  
like the sea in the bloodrays of the moon.

We stand embracing at the window, they look to us from the  
street:  
it is time, that one knew!  
It is time, the rock bothered to blossom,  
that a heart beat of unrest.  
It is time, that it became time.

It is time.

# Erinnerungen

Clueso

Der Himmel beginnt sich fein zu streifen  
Minuten aus der Ewigkeit  
Schatten wie Gitarrensaiten  
Die Gefangenes befreien  
Wir sitzen auf alten Steinen  
Trinken Wein, nichts zu bereuen  
Klettern über Zäune  
Schreien, tanzen. Freude  
Kein Gefühl von Müdigkeit

Komm' wir sieben unsere Erinnerung  
Welch ein Stoff zum schweigen  
Vor uns das Meer, der Berg im Hintergrund  
Komm lass uns  
Lass uns noch was bleiben

Wer gern erzählt, braucht Geduld  
Vor Allem einen Anfang  
Formlose dunkle Weiden  
Ziehen hinter schmutzigen Scheiben  
Und die Nacht mustert aus schwarzen Augen  
Still und unbewegt  
Und der Zug. Er fährt so langsam  
Ich glaub  
Ich glaub der kommt nie zu spät

# Memories

Clueso

*Translated by Tamara Fritsch*

The sky delicately turns into streaks  
Minutes from eternity  
Shadows like guitar strings  
Releasing thoughts from captivity  
We are sitting on ancient stones  
Drinking wine, nothing to regret  
Climbing fences  
Screaming, dancing. Joy  
No feeling of fatigue

Come let us strain our memories  
What a substance to silence yourself  
The sea in front of us, the mountain in the background  
Come let us  
Let us remain a bit

Patience is needed from the one who likes to narrate  
Above all a beginning  
Shapeless dark willows  
Passing behind dirty panes  
And the night examines from black eyes  
Still and unmoved  
And the train. It goes so slow  
I believe  
I believe it is never late

Komm' wir sieben unsere Erinnerung  
Welch ein Stoff zum schweigen  
Vor uns das Meer, der Berg im Hintergrund  
Komm lass uns  
Lass uns noch was bleiben

Wie oft saß ich mit meinen Gespenstern  
Schrieb Verse, Kummer und schlief  
Über das Licht das ich gesehen hab  
Von dem ich mich blenden ließ  
Andere sitzen jetzt wie Affen  
Vielleicht für nichts geschminkt  
Rosa Augen aus Smaragden  
Und der Bildschirm flimmert blind  
Irgendwo klingelt ein Telefon  
Jemand will sagen was ihn bewegt  
Ich seh auf deine Jacke  
Durch die Maschen irren Sterne  
Das Licht hat sich gedreht

Komm' wir sieben unsere Erinnerung  
Welch ein Stoff zum schweigen  
Vor uns das Meer, der Berg im Hintergrund  
Komm lass uns  
Lass uns noch was bleiben

Come let us strain our memories  
What a substance to silence yourself  
In front of us the sea, the mountain in the background  
Come let us  
Let us remain a bit

How often did I sit with my ghosts  
Wrote verses, sorrow and slept  
About the light I've seen  
That I allowed to blind me  
Others are sitting like apes  
Perhaps painted for nothing  
Pink eyes made of emeralds  
And the screen flickers blindly  
Somewhere a telephone is ringing  
Someone wants to tell what moves them  
I look at your jacket  
Stars wander through the meshes  
The light has turned

Come let us strain our memories  
What a substance to silence yourself  
In front of us the sea, the mountain in the background  
Come let us  
Let us remain a bit

# Der Panther

Rainer Maria Rilke

Sein Blick ist vom Vorübergehn der Stäbe  
so müd geworden, daß er nichts mehr hält.  
Ihm ist, als ob es tausend Stäbe gäbe  
und hinter tausend Stäben keine Welt.

Der weiche Gang geschmeidig starker Schritte,  
der sich im allerkleinsten Kreise dreht,  
ist wie ein Tanz von Kraft um eine Mitte,  
in der betäubt ein großer Wille steht.

Nur manchmal schiebt der Vorhang der Pupille  
sich lautlos auf –. Dann geht ein Bild hinein,  
geht durch der Glieder angespannte Stille –  
und hört im Herzen auf zu sein.



# The Panther

Rainer Maria Rilke

*Translated by Maggie Hough*

His gaze from looking through the iron bars has  
grown weary, and thus can no longer hold anything.  
To him, it seems as if there were a thousand  
And beyond these thousand iron bars, no world.

The elegance of his course, his strong lithe strides,  
He paces in ever smaller circles,  
Like a dance of impetus 'round a middle,  
There intoxicated, a mighty will lies.

Only now and then shift the pupil's curtains  
Without sound—Then here enters an image  
Courses through the stillness of tensed, strained limbs—  
And ceases in the heart to be.

# **Vorwort von *Die Leiden des Jungen Werthers***

Johann Wolfgang Goethe

Was ich von der Geschichte des armen Werther nur habe auffinden können, habe ich mit Fleiß gesammelt und lege es euch hier vor, und weiß, daß ihr mir's danken werdet. Ihr könnt seinem Geist und seinem Charakter eure Bewunderung und Liebe, seinem Schicksale eure Tränen nicht versagen.

Und du gute Seele, die du eben den Drang fühlst wie er, schöpfe Trost aus seinem Leiden, und laß das Büchlein deinen Freund sein, wenn du aus Geschick oder eigener Schuld keinen näheren finden kannst.

# **Preface from *The Sorrows of Young Werther***

Johann Wolfgang Goethe

*Translated by Alban Guarín López*

What I was able to find from the story of poor Werther, I collected diligently, and present it to you here, and I know, you will thank me for it. You cannot deny your admiration and love to his spirit and his character, nor your tears to his fate.

And you good soul, who, exactly like him, feels in distress, take comfort in his sorrows, and let this little book be your friend, if, because of fate or your own fault, there is not another one near you.

# **I died for Beauty — but was scarce**

Emily Dickinson

I died for Beauty — but was scarce  
Adjusted in the Tomb  
When One who died for Truth, was lain  
In an adjoining Room —

He questioned softly “Why I failed”?  
“For Beauty”, I replied —  
“And I — for Truth — Themselves are One -  
We Brethren are”, He said —

And so, as Kinsmen, met a Night —  
We talked between the Rooms —  
Until the Moss had reached our lips —  
And covered up — Our names —

# **Ich starb für Schönheit — aber war schwerlich**

Emily Dickinson

*Translated by Clarise Reichley*

Ich starb für Schönheit — aber war schwerlich  
Passte mich in der Gruft an  
Als Einer, der für Wahrheit starb, wurde gelegt  
In einen angrenzenden Raum —

Er fragte sanft „Warum bin ich mißlungen“?  
„Für Schönheit“ erwiderte ich —  
„Und ich — für Wahrheit — sie selbst sind Eins -  
Wir Brüder sind“ sagte er—

Und so, als Angehörige, trafen eine Nacht—  
Wir sprachen zwischen den Räumen —  
Bis das Moos an unseren Lippen griff —  
Und zudeckte — Unsere Namen —

# Magie

Rainer Maria Rilke

Aus unbeschreiblicher Verwandlung stammen  
solche Gebilde –: Fühl! und glaub!  
Wir leidens oft: zu Asche werden Flammen;  
doch, in der Kunst: zur Flamme wird der Staub.

Hier ist Magie. In das Bereich des Zaubers  
scheint das gemeine Wort hinaufgestuft...  
und ist doch wirklich wie der Ruf des Taubers,  
der nach der unsichtbaren Taube ruft.

# Magie

Rainer Maria Rilke

*Translated by Jonah Rosario*

From ineffable metamorphoses originate  
Such shapes —: Feel! Believe!  
We suffer often: Flames become ashes;  
Yet, through art: the dust is reignited.

Here is magic. In the sphere of enchantment  
The common world seems elevated...  
Yet is really like the call of a dove,  
Who seeks their invisible other.





HUNGARIAN

# Nem Megy

Emil Rulez

Mi lesz, ha emil vagy akár én is  
Ki akarunk egyszer a játékból állni  
Mint ki rágyújtana már a repülőgépen  
És ha úgy alakul, hát odafent száll ki

És nem érdekli az ejtőernyő  
Sem a kabinban repkedő furcsa tárgyak  
Csak kilép és nincsen alatta semmi  
Beteljesíteni egy vágyat  
Nem megy nem tudom akarni már...

És úgy esik persze, hogy leesik onnan  
De míg leér, nagy dolgokat láthat  
Odakint és persze magába' belül  
Ahogy a föld felfelé vágtat

És mindkét keze a zsebébe' kotor  
Hogy megtalálja azt a szál cigit  
Amit induláskor az útlevéllal együtt  
Tett oda, de még egy kicsit

Nem megy nem tudom akarni már...  
Félhet is, hogy mi lesz, ha leér  
Vagy vissza lehet-e még csinálni ezt  
És ráhúzta-e a kerti sufni  
Ajtajára a kis zöld reteszt

# It doesn't work

Emil Rulez

*Translated by David Keringer*

What if Emil (or even me)  
Boards an airplane, sets himself free,  
Lights a cigarette up there, high,  
Opens the door with clouds passing by.

Fulfill a wish, being unbound!  
Strange objects are flying around,  
as he steps out. Down is the route,  
for him there is no parachute.  
It doesn't work, not anymore.

He falls, of course, after the climb,  
But in the meantime, inside his mind  
He sees the world and himself stirred  
As the landscape gallops upward.

Hands in pockets, seeking solace –  
Lone cigarette, secret promise  
was hidden there, maybe somewhere  
with his passport upon departure, but

It doesn't work, not anymore.  
He might be afraid. What will happen  
when he arrives? Can we undo  
all of this? In his garden's nook,  
Was the shed secured with a green hook?

És eszébe juthat, hogy úgyse' számít  
A retesz és igazán semmi sem  
Túl sok idő már amúgy sem maradt  
És ennyi

Nem megy nem tudom akarni már...

There isn't anything, that would matter –  
this is what he might remember.

And that is all, there goes the play.

Isn't much time left. Anyway,

It doesn't work, not anymore.



ITALIAN

# La rabbia (delle Belle bandiere)

Pier Paolo Pasolini

Cos'è successo nel mondo dopo la guerra e il dopoguerra?  
La normalità.

Già, la normalità. Nello stato di normalità non ci si guarda intorno: tutto, intorno, si presenta come «normale», privo della eccitazione e dell'emozione degli anni di emergenza. L'uomo tende a addormentarsi nella propria normalità, si dimentica di riflettersi, perde l'abitudine di giudicarsi, non sa più chiedersi chi è.

È allora che va creato, artificialmente, lo stato di emergenza: a crearlo ci pensano i poeti. I poeti, questi eterni indignati, questi campioni della rabbia intellettuale, della furia filosofica.

Ci sono stati degli avvenimenti che hanno segnato la fine del dopoguerra: mettiamo, per l'Italia, la morte di De Gasperi.

La rabbia comincia lì, con quei grossi, grigi funerali.

Lo statista antifascista e ricostruttore è «scomparso»: l'Italia si adegua nel lutto della scomparsa, e si prepara, appunto, a ritrovare la normalità dei tempi di pace, di vera, immemore pace.

Egli osserva con distacco—il distacco dello scontento, della rabbia—gli estremi atti del dopoguerra: il ritorno degli ultimi prigionieri, ricordate, in squallidi treni, il ritorno delle ceneri dei morti... E...

... il ministro Pella, che, tronfiamente, suggella la volontà dell'Italia a partecipare all'Europa Unita.



# Anger (from Beautiful Flags)

Pier Paolo Pasolini

*Translated by Benjamin DeBisschop*

What happened in the world, after the war and after after-the-war? Normalcy.

Indeed, normalcy. In the state of normalcy one does not look around: everything in one's surroundings presents itself as "normal", devoid of the excitement and emotion of the years of emergency. Man tends to fall asleep in his own normalcy—he forgets to reflect, loses the habit of judging himself, no longer knows how to ask himself who he is.

It is then that, artificially, the state of emergency is created. It is poets who think to create it. Poets, eternally indignant, those champions of intellectual rage, of philosophical fury.

There have been events signaling the end of the postwar period: for Italy, De Gasperi's death.

Anger starts there, with those grand, gray funerals.

The antifascist statesman and reconstructionist has "disappeared": Italy adapts during its grief and learns once more to find normalcy in times of peace—true, immemorial peace.

He observes at a distance—the distance of discontent, of rage—the extreme acts after the war: the return of prisoners, in squalid trains, remember? the return of ashes... And...

... minister Pella who, triumphantly, endorses Italy's wish to participate in a United Europe.

È così che ricomincia, nella pace, il meccanismo dei rapporti internazionali. I gabinetti si susseguono ai gabinetti, gli aeroporti sono un continuo andare e venire di ministri, di ambasciatori, di plenipotenziari, che scendono dalla scaletta dell'aereo, sorridono, dicono parole vuote, stupide, vane, bugiarde.

Il nostro mondo, in pace, rigurgita di un bieco odio, l'anticomunismo. E sul fondo plumbeo e deprimente della guerra fredda e della Germania divisa, si profilano le nuove figure dei protagonisti della storia nuova.

Krusciov, Kenedy, Nehru, Tito, Nasser, De Gaulle, Castro, Ben Bella.

Finché si arriva a Ginevra, all'incontro dei quattro Grandi: e la pace, ancora turbata, va verso un definitivo assestamento. E la rabbia del poeta, verso questa normalizzazione che è consacrazione della potenza e conformismo, non può crescere ancora.

Cos'è che rende scontento il poeta?

Un'infinità di problemi che esistono e nessuno è capace di risolvere: e senza la cui risoluzione la pace, la pace vera, la pace del poeta, è irrealizzabile.

Per esempio: il colonialismo. Questa anacronistica violenza di una nazione su un'altra nazione, col suo strascico di martiri e di morti.

O: la fame, per milioni e milioni di sottoproletari.

O: il razzismo. Il razzismo come cancro morale dell'uomo moderno, e che, appunto come il cancro, ha infinite forme. È l'odio che nasce dal conformismo, dal culto della istituzione, dalla prepotenza della maggioranza. È l'odio per tutto ciò che è diverso, per tutto ciò che non rientra nella norma, e che quindi turba l'ordine borghese. Guai a chi è diverso! questo è il grido, la formula, lo slogan del mondo moderno. Quindi odio contro i negri, i gialli, gli uomini di colore: odio contro gli ebrei, odio contro i figli ribelli, odio contro i poeti.

This is how, in times of peace, the mechanism of international relations starts up again. Cabinets beget cabinets, airports a constant coming and going of ministers, ambassadors, and plenipotentiaries getting off of the plane, smiling, saying some words—stupid, empty, vane, dishonest words.

Our world, in peace, regurgitates anticommunism from a sinister hatred. Against the depressing leaden background of the Cold War and divided Germany, the outlines of new history's protagonists.

Krushchev, Kennedy, Nehru, Tito, Nasser, De Gaulle, Castro, Ben Bella.

Until we get to Geneva, to the meeting of the Big Four: and peace, still disturbed, approaches a definitive settlement. And the poet's rage towards this normalization (or rather consecration of power and conformism) cannot grow any more.

What is it that makes the poet upset?

An infinity of problems that exist and which no one is capable of solving, without whose resolution peace, true peace, the peace of the poet, is unattainable.

For example: colonialism. This anachronistic violence of one nation over another, with its wake of murders and martyrs.

Or: hunger, for thousands and thousands of subproletarians.

Or: racism. Racism as the moral cancer of the modern man which, just like cancer, has infinite forms. It is hatred born of conformism, of the cult of institution, the arrogance of the majority. It is hatred for all that is different, for all that doesn't fit in the norm and therefore disturbs the order of the bourgeoisie. Shame on whoever is different! this is the cry, the formula, the slogan of the modern world. Therefore, hate against blacks, against yellows, against men of color: hate against Jews, hate against rebel sons, hate against poets.

Linciaggi a Little Rock, linciaggi a Londra, linciaggi in Nord Africa; insulti fascisti agli ebrei.

È così che riscoppia la crisi, l'eterna crisi latente.

I fatti d'Ungheria, Suez.

E l'Algeria che comincia piano piano a riempirsi di morti.

Il mondo sembra, per qualche settimana, quello di qualche anno avanti. Cannoni che sparano, macerie, cadaveri per le strade, file di profughi stracciati, i paesaggi incrostati di neve.

Morti sventrati sotto il solleone del deserto.

La crisi si risolve, ancora una volta, nel mondo; i nuovi morti sono piantati e onorati, e ricomincia, sempre più integrale e profonda, l'illusione della pace e della normalità.

Ma, insieme alla vecchia Europa che si riassetta nei suoi solenni cardini, nasce l'Europa moderna:

il Neo-capitalismo;

il Mec, gli Stati uniti d'Europa, gli industriali illuminati e «fraterni», i problemi delle relazioni umane, del tempo libero, dell'alienazione.

La cultura occupa terreni nuovi: una nuova ventata di energia creatrice nelle lettere, nel cinema, nella pittura. Un enorme servizio ai grandi detentori del capitale.

Il poeta servile si annulla, vanificando i problemi e riducendo tutto a forma.

Il mondo potente del capitale ha, come spavalda bandiera, un quadro astratto.

Così, mentre da una parte la cultura ad alto livello si fa sempre più raffinata e per pochi, questi «pochi» divengono, fittiziamente, tanti: diventano «massa». È il trionfo del «digest» e del «rotocalco» e, soprattutto, della televisione. Il mondo travisato da questi mezzi di diffusione, di cultura, di propaganda, si fa sempre più irrealista: la produzione in serie, anche delle idee, lo rende mostruoso.

Lynchings in Little Rock, lynchings in London, lynchings in North Africa; fascist insults hurled at Jews.

Thus erupts the crisis, the eternal latent crisis.

The facts of Hungary, Suez.

And Algeria who little by little fills herself back up with corpses.

The world seems, for some weeks, that of a few years back. Cannons firing, rubble, bodies on the street, lines of shredded refugees, landscapes encrusted in snow.

Stomachs sliced open under the desert sun.

The crisis is resolved, once again; the new dead are mourned and honored; and the illusion of peace and normalcy, even more integral and profound, starts anew.

But, together with the old Europe readjusting on its solemn hinges, modern Europe is born:

Neo-capitalism;

the EEC, the United States of Europe, the enlightened and “fraternal” industrialists, problems of human relations, of free time, of alienation.

Culture occupies new terrains: a new wind of creative energy in the humanities, in cinema, in painting. A huge service to the strongholds of capital.

The servile poet is undone, frustrating the world’s problems and reducing all to basic shapes.

The powerful world of capital has an abstract painting as its arrogant flag.

And so, while on one hand high culture makes itself even more refined and for-the-few, these few become, artificially, many: they become a “mass”. It is the triumph of the digest and the magazine and, above all, television. The world misinterpreted by these means of diffusion, of culture, of propaganda, makes itself forever more unreal: serial production, even of ideas, renders it monstrous.

Il mondo del rotocalco, del lancio su base mondiale anche dei prodotti umani, è un mondo che uccide.

Povera, dolce Marilyn, sorellina ubbidiente, carica della tua bellezza come di una fatalità che rallegra e uccide.

Forse tu hai preso la strada giusta, ce l'hai insegnata. Il tuo bianco, il tuo oro, il tuo sorriso impudico per gentilezza, passivo per timidezza, per rispetto ai grandi che ti volevano così, te, rimasta bambina, sono qualcosa che ci invita a placare la rabbia nel pianto, a voltare le spalle a questa realtà dannata, alla fatalità del male.

Perché: fin che l'uomo sfrutterà l'uomo, fin che l'umanità sarà divisa in padroni e in servi, non ci sarà né normalità né pace. La ragione di tutto il male del nostro tempo è qui.

E ancora oggi, negli anni sessanta le cose non sono mutate: la situazione degli uomini e della loro società è la stessa che ha prodotto le tragedie di ieri.

Vedete questi? Uomini severi, in doppiopetto, eleganti, che salgono e scendono dagli aeroplani, che corrono in potenti automobili, che siedono a scrivanie grandiose come troni, che si riuniscono in emicicli solenni, in sedi splendide e severe: questi uomini dai volti di cani o di santi, di jene o di aquile, questi sono i padroni.

E vedete questi? Uomini umili, vestiti di stracci o di abiti fatti in serie, miseri, che vanno e vengono per strade rigurgitanti e squallide, che passano ore e ore a un lavoro senza speranza, che si riuniscono umilmente in stadi o in osterie, in casupole miserabili o in tragici grattacieli: questi uomini dai volti uguali a quelli dei morti, senza connotati e senza luce se non quella della vita, questi sono i servi.

È da questa divisione che nasce la tragedia e la morte.

La bomba atomica col suo funebre cappuccio che si allarga in cieli apocalittici è il frutto di questa divisione.

The world of the magazine, human and non-human products thrown onto a global base, is a world that kills.

Poor, sweet Marilyn, obedient little sister, weighed down by your beauty like a slowing, murderous destiny.

Maybe you took the right path and showed it to us. Your white, your gold, your smile shameless due to kindness, passive due to timidity, out of respect for the powers that wanted you just so, still a child; things that invite us to placate our rage with tears, to turn our shoulders to this condemned reality, to the fate of evil.

For so long as man takes advantage of man, so long as humanity is divided into bosses and servants, there will be neither normalcy nor peace. The reason for all of today's evil is this.

And still today, in the sixties, things haven't changed: the situation of men and their society is the same that produced the tragedies of yesterday.

Do you see these? Stern, elegant men in overcoats, entering and exiting airplanes, driving powerful cars, sitting at desks as grandiose as thrones, meeting in solemn semicircles, in harsh and splendid offices: these men with faces like dogs or saints, hyenas or eagles, these are the bosses.

And do you see these? Humble, miserable men wearing rags or mass-produced clothes, coming and going through squalid, overflowing streets, spending hours and hours in a hopeless job, meeting humbly in stadiums and pubs, in miserable huts or tragic high-rises: these men with featureless, corpse-like faces, with no light but the light of life, these are the servants.

It is from this division that tragedy and death are born.

The atomic bomb with its funereal hood growing in apocalyptic skies is the fruit of this division.

Sembra non esservi soluzione da questa impasse, in cui si agita il mondo della pace e del benessere. Forse solo una svolta imprevista, inimmaginabile...una soluzione che nessun profeta può intuire...una di quelle sorprese che ha la vita quando vuole continuare...forse...

Forse il sorriso degli astronauti: quello, forse, è il sorriso della vera speranza, della vera pace. Interrotte, o chiuse, o sanguinanti le vie della terra, ecco che si apre, timidamente, la via del cosmo.



There seems to be no solution to this impasse, in which the world of peace and wellbeing is compressed. Maybe only an unpredictable, unimaginable change... a solution that no prophet can intuit... one of these surprises that comes alive only when it wants... maybe...

Maybe the astronaut's smile; this, maybe, is the smile of true hope, of true peace. When the paths of the world are interrupted, or closed, or bleeding—that is when, timidly, the path of the cosmos begins to open.

# Ti regalerò una rosa

Simone Cristicchi

Ti regalerò una rosa,  
una rosa rossa per dipingere ogni cosa,  
una rosa per ogni tua lacrima da consolare,  
e una rosa per poterti amare.

Ti regalerò una rosa,  
una rosa bianca come fossi la mia sposa,  
una rosa bianca che ti serva per dimenticare  
Ogni piccolo dolore.

Mi chiamo Antonio e sono matto.  
Sono nato nel '54 e vivo qui da quando ero bambino.  
Credevo di parlare col demonio,  
così mi hanno chiuso quarant'anni dentro a un manicomio.

Ti scrivo questa lettera perché non so parlare.  
Perdona la calligrafia da prima elementare.  
E mi stupisco se provo ancora un'emozione,  
ma la colpa è della mano che non smette di tremare.

Io sono come un pianoforte con un tasto rotto.  
L'accordo dissonante di un'orchestra di ubriachi.  
E giorno e notte si assomigliano  
nella poca luce che trafigge i vetri opachi.  
Me la faccio ancora sotto perché ho paura.

# **I will gift you a rose**

Simone Cristicchi

*Translated by Alban Guarín López*

I will gift you a rose,  
a red rose to paint everything,  
a rose for your every tear to console,  
and a rose for being able to love you.

I will gift you a rose,  
a white rose as if you were my wife,  
a white rose to help you forget  
every single pain.

My name is Antonio and I am crazy.  
I was born in '54 and have lived here since I was a kid.  
I believed I spoke with the devil,  
so they locked me forty years inside of a madhouse.

I write this letter to you because I do not know how to speak.  
Forgive my elementary school handwriting.

And I am surprised if I still experience any emotion,  
but the hand that cannot stop shaking is to blame.

I am like a piano with a broken keyboard.  
The dissonant chord of a drunken orchestra.  
And day and night are alike  
in the little light that pierces the opaque glass.  
I am still pissing myself because I am afraid.

Per la società dei sani siamo sempre stati spazzatura,  
puzza di piscio e segatura.

Questa è malattia mentale e non esiste cura.

Ti regalerò una rosa,  
una rosa rossa per dipingere ogni cosa,  
una rosa per ogni tua lacrima da consolare,  
e una rosa per poterti amare.

Ti regalerò una rosa,  
una rosa bianca come fossi la mia sposa,  
una rosa bianca che ti serva per dimenticare  
Ogni piccolo dolore.

I matti sono punti di domanda senza frase,  
migliaia di astronavi che non tornano alla base.  
Sono dei pupazzi stesi ad asciugare al sole.  
I matti sono apostoli di un Dio che non li vuole.

Mi fabbrico la neve col polistirolo.  
La mia patologia è che son rimasto solo.  
Ora prendete un telescopio, misurate le distanze,  
e guardate tra me e voi, chi è più pericoloso?

Dentro ai padiglioni ci amavamo di nascosto,  
ritagliando un angolo che fosse solo il nostro.  
Ricordo i pochi istanti in cui ci sentivamo vivi,  
non come le cartelle cliniche stipate negli archivi.  
Dei miei ricordi sarai l'ultimo a sfumare.  
Eri come un angelo legato ad un termosifone.  
Nonostante tutto io ti aspetto ancora,  
e se chiudo gli occhi sento la tua mano che mi sfiora.

For the society of the sane we have always been trash,  
smelling like piss and sawdust.  
This is a mental illness without a cure.

I will gift you a rose,  
a red rose to paint everything,  
a rose for your every tear to console,  
and a rose for being able to love you.

I will gift you a rose,  
a white rose as if you were my wife,  
a white rose to help you forget  
every single pain.

The insane are question marks without a phrase,  
thousands of spaceships that do not return to the base.  
They are puppets left out to dry in the sun.  
The insane are apostles of a God that does not want them.

I make snow with polystyrene.  
My pathology is that I was left alone.  
Now grab a telescope, measure the distance,  
and look between you and me, who is more dangerous?

Inside of the pavilions we loved each other secretly,  
carving out a corner that was only ours.  
I remember the few moments in which we felt alive,  
not like medical records crammed into archives.  
From my memories you will be the last one to fade.  
You were like an angel tied to a radiator.  
Notwithstanding everything I still await you,  
and if I close my eyes, I feel your hand touching me.

Ti regalerò una rosa,  
una rosa rossa per dipingere ogni cosa,  
una rosa per ogni tua lacrima da consolare,  
e una rosa per poterti amare.

Ti regalerò una rosa,  
una rosa bianca come fossi la mia sposa,  
una rosa bianca che ti serva per dimenticare  
Ogni piccolo dolore.

Mi chiamo Antonio e sto sul tetto.  
Cara Margherita son vent'anni che ti aspetto.  
I matti siamo noi quando nessuno ci capisce,  
quando pure il tuo migliore amico ti tradisce.  
Ti lascio questa lettera, adesso devo andare.  
Perdona la calligrafia da prima elementare.  
E ti stupisci che io provi ancora un'emozione?  
Sorprenditi di nuovo perché Antonio sa volare.

I will gift you a rose,  
a red rose to paint everything,  
a rose for your every tear to console,  
and a rose for being able to love you.

I will gift you a rose,  
a white rose as if you were my wife,  
a white rose to help you forget  
every single pain.

My name is Antonio and I am on the roof.  
Dear Margherita, I have been waiting for you for twenty years.  
The insane are us when nobody understands us,  
when even your best friend betrays you.  
I leave you this letter, I have to go now.  
Forgive my elementary school handwriting.  
Are you surprised that I still experience any emotion?  
Surprise yourself again because Antonio knows how to fly.

# Vignette di *Queering the Map*

## **Villa Trabia - Palermo, Sicilia**

Questo è sempre stato il nostro posto, il posto che ha visto il nostro amore sbocciare, crescere e rafforzarsi. Non scorderò mai quei baci e le tue mani sul mio corpo. Sei stata il mio primo vero grande amore. E non lo dimenticherò mai. Ti auguro la felicità più grande che si possa immaginare

## **Castelvetrano, Sicilia**

La notte in cui mi sono sentito più vivo e innamorato. a 16 anni.

## **L'Isola Bella, Sicilia**

il nostro primo bacio. 16. pieno di pasta, sotto la luna.

## **Stazione Ferroviaria, Scalea, Calabria**

qui ho capito di amare per la prima volta, vederlo andar via con quel treno dopo 2 settimane insieme mi ha distrutto l'anima, ancora oggi ho nostalgia di quella felicità, perchè so che non proverò mai più quel brivido che partiva dal cuore, sei nei miei pensieri, ti amo ancora <3

## **Eboli, Campania**

Ho dovuto fare coming out qui, nel 2010. Sono nata in questo piccolo centro - ho affrontato l'omofobia presente nella mia famiglia, poi mi sono trasferita su a Roma. Questo luogo è parte di me, non posso rinnegare niente, ma è stato così difficile. Sono fiera di essere me stessa, nonostante il dolore che mi porto dietro dal passato. Bisogna essere se stessi.



# Vignettes from *Queering the Map*

*Collected and translated by Luca Rauffer*

## **Villa Trabia - Palermo, Sicilia**

This was always our place, the place that saw our love bloom, grow, and strengthen. I will never forget those kisses and your hands on my body - you were my first great true love. And I will never forget it. I wish you more happiness than you can imagine.

## **Castelvetro, Sicilia**

The night in which I felt the most alive and in love. at 16 years old.

## **L'Isola Bella, Sicilia**

our first kiss. 16. full of pasta, under the moon.

## **Stazione Ferroviaria, Scalea, Calabria**

Here I understood love for the first time. It destroyed my soul watching him leave with that train after our 2 weeks together. Even today I still have nostalgia for those weeks and that happiness, because I know that I will never again feel that thrill that came from the heart. You are in my thoughts, I love you still.  
<3

## **Eboli, Campania**

I had to come out here, in 2010. I was born in this small town - I dealt with homophobia in my family, and then moved to Rome. This place is a part of me, I cannot disown any of it/anything there, but it was so difficult. I am still proud to be me, despite the heartache that I bring behind from the past. You need to be yourself.

### **Traversa Isonzo, Bari**

dove mi sono sentito accettat\* per la prima volta

### **Molfetta, Abruzzo**

Sei stata la prima ragazza di cui mi sono innamorata; avevo dodici anni, tu ne avevi dieci. Ho scritto tantissimo su di te, ripetendomi di non essere lesbica. Ci siamo viste solo un paio di volte, con i nostri amici, vicino alla chiesa; non ti ho mai più rivista, ma ho ancora una tua foto nel cellulare.

### **Pizzoferro Monsignore**

La prima volta che ho preso un treno da sola, solo per vedere te. Ho provato più sentimenti di quanto immagini

### **Traversa Isonzo, Bari**

where I felt accepted<sup>1</sup> for the first time

### **Molfetta, Abruzzo**

You were the first girl that I was in love with. I was 12 years old, you were 10. I have written so much about you, repeating to myself not to be a lesbian. We only saw each other a couple of times, with our friends, near the church; I never saw you again, but I still have your photo on my phone.

### **Pizzoferro Monsignore**

The first time that I took a train alone, only to see you. I experienced more emotions than you can imagine.

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<sup>1</sup> *accetat\** in the original, avoiding a gendered adjective ending by replacing -o or -a with an asterisk



JAPANESE

# 「おーい　でてこーい」(新潮文庫)

星新一

台風が去って、すばらしい青空になった。

都会からあまりはなれていないある村でも、被害があった。村はずれの山に近い所にある小さな社が、がけくずれで流されたのだ。

朝になってそれを知った村人たちは、

「あの社は、いつからあったのだろう」

「なにしろ、ずいぶん昔からあったらしいね」

「さっそく、建てなおさなくては、ならないな」

と言いかわしながら、何人かがやってきた。

「ひどくやられたものだ」

「このへんだったかな」

「いや、もう少しあっちだったようだ」

その時、一人が声を高めた。

「おい、この穴は、いったいなんだい」

みんなが集まってきたところには、直径一メートルぐらいの穴があった。のぞき込んでみたが、なかは暗くてなにも見えない。なにか、地球の中心までつき抜けているように深い感じがした。

「キツネの穴かな」

そんなことを言った者もあった。

「おーい、でてこーい」

若者は穴にむかって叫んでみたが、底からはなんの反響もなかった。彼はつぎに、そばの石ころを拾って投げこもうとした。

「ばちが当たるかもしれないから、やめとけよ」

と老人がとめたが、彼は勢いよく石を投げこんだ。だが、底からはやはり反響がなかった。村人たちは、木を切って縄でむすんで柵をつくり、穴のまわりを囲った。そして、ひとまず村にひきあげた。

# **“He-y! Come On O-ut!” (Excerpt from Bocco-chan)**

Shinichi Hoshi

*Translated by Mingxi Wang*

The Typhoon is over, and the sky has gone to a gorgeous blue. Even a village not far from the city was damaged. A small shrine at the edge of the village and near the mountains was washed away by the landslide. When morning came, the villagers figured out what had happened. “How long has that shrine been there?” “It probably has been there for a surprisingly long time.” “We have to rebuild it right away.” While the villagers were talking to each other, more people came over. “It has been damaged a lot.” “I wonder if it was around here.” “No, it seems to be a little more over there.” Suddenly someone raised his voice. “Hey! What the heck is this hole?”

People all gathered over there. The hole was about a meter in diameter. They looked into it but it was too dark that nothing could be seen. Somehow, there was a feeling that it was so deep that it went through the center of earth. “I wonder if it’s a foxhole.” There are some people saying things like that. “He-y! Come on o-ut!” A young man shouted into the hole but there was no echo from the bottom at all. Then he picked up a pebble and was about to throw it in. “We might have to pay for this, stop it!” an old man warned, but still he vigorously threw the pebble in. As expected, there was no echo from the bottom. The villagers cut down some trees, tied them with rope, and made a fence surrounding the hole. Then they left for the village.

「どうしたもんだろう」

「穴の上に、もとのように社を建てようじゃないか」

相談がきまらないまま、一日たった。早くも聞きつたえて、新聞社の自動車がかけつけた。まもなく、学者がやってきた。そしておれにわからないことはない、といった顔つきで穴の方にむかった。

つづいて、もの好きなやじうまたちが現れ、目のきよろきよろした利権屋みたいなものも、ちらほらみうけられた。駐在所の巡査は、穴に落ちる者があるといけないので、つきっきりで番をした。

新聞記者の一人は、長いひもの先におもりをつけて穴にたらしした。ひもは、いくらでも下っていった。しかし、ひもがつきたので戻そうとしたが、あがらなかった。二、三人が手伝って無理に引っばったら、ひもは穴のふちでちぎれた。

写真機を片手にそれを見ていた記者の一人は、腰にまきつけていた丈夫な綱を、黙ってほどいた。

学者は研究所に連絡して、高性能の拡声器を持ってこさせた。底からの反響を調べようとしたのだ。音をいろいろ変えてみたが、反響はなかった。学者は首をかしげたが、みんなが見つめているので、やめるわけにいかない。

拡声器を穴にぴったりつけ、音量を最大にして、長いあいだ鳴らしつづけた。地上なら、何十キロと遠くまで達する音だ。だが、穴は平然と音をのみこんだ。

学者も内心は弱ったが、落ち着いたそぶりで音をとめ、もっともらしい口調で言った。

「埋めてしまいなさい」

わからないことは、なくしてしまうのが無難だった。

見物人たちは、なんだこれでおしまいかといった顔つきで、引きあげようとした。その時、人垣をかきわけて前に出た利権屋の一人が、申し出た。



“What are we supposed to do?” “Shouldn’t we rebuild the shrine on the hole just like it was above the hole?” As it was to be decided, a day already passed. The news already spread out, and a car from the newspaper rushed over. Soon, a scholar also came along. With an expression as if he knows it all, he went over to the hole. Subsequently, some curious onlookers came into sight, they were looking around restlessly here and there, like concession hunters. In case that someone might fall into the hole, a policeman from the substation constantly attended and kept watch. A newspaper reporter tied a weight to the side of a long cord and lowered it to the hole. The cord went all the way down until it ran out. However, when trying to pull it back up, it did not come up. Two and three people tried helping, still not working. The cord was torn off at the edge of the hole.

Another reporter with a camera in hand, who had been watching, quietly untied a rope that had been twining around his waist. The scholar contacted his laboratory and asked them to bring a high-powered bullhorn, to check out the echo from the bottom. Despite changing around the sound in various ways, there was no echo. The scholar tilted his head in doubt and there was no way that he would give up, since people were all watching.

He put the bullhorn close to the hole, turned the volume to the highest and continued the sound for a long time. If above the ground, the sound would reach several dozen kilometers far away. But the hole calmly and deeply swallowed the sound. Although the scholar felt a loss in his mind, with a calm manner he stopped the sound and said in a perfectly plausible tone: “Fill it in.” It was safer to get rid of the thing you don’t understand. The onlookers were kind of disappointed with it just ending this way, and were about to leave. Just then one person among the crowd came forward and made a proposal.

「その穴を、わたしにください。埋めてあげます」

村長はそれに答えた。

「埋めていただくのはありがたいが、穴をあげるわけにはいかない。そこに、社を建てなくてはならないんだから」

「社なら、あとでわたしがもっと立派なものを、建ててあげます。集会場つきにしましょうか」

村長が答えるさきに、村の者たちが、

「本当かい。それならもっと村の近くがいい」

「穴のひとつぐらい、あげますよ」

と口々に叫んだので、きまってしまった。もっとも、村長だって、異議はなかった。

その利権屋の約束は、でたらめではなかった。小さいけれど集会場つきの社を、もっと村の近くに建ててくれた。

新しい社で秋祭りの行われたころ、利権屋の設立した穴埋め会社も、穴のそばの小屋で小さな看板をかかげた。

利権屋は、仲間を都会で猛運動させた。すばらしく深い穴がありますよ。学者たちも、少なくとも五千メートルはあると言っています。原子炉のカスなんか捨てるのに、絶好でしょう。

官庁は、許可を与えた。原子力発電会社は、争って契約した。村人たちはちょっと心配したが、数千年は絶対に地上に害は出ないと説明され、また利益の配分をもらうことで、なっとくした。しかも、まもなく都会から村まで、立派な道路が作られたのだ。

トラックは道路を走り、鉛の箱を運んできた。穴の上でふたはあけられ、原子炉のカスは穴のなかに落ちていった。

外務省や防衛庁から、不要になった機密書類箱を捨てにきた。監督についてきた役人たちは、ゴルフのことを話しあっていた。作業員たちは、指示に従って書類を投げこみながら、パチンコの話をしていた。

穴は、いっぱいになるけはいを示さなかった。よっぽど深いのか、それとも、底の方でひろがっているのかもしれないと思われた。穴埋め会社は、少しずつ事業を拡張した。

“Let me have the hole please. I will fill it.” The mayor of the village replied: “I appreciate your proposal, but we cannot give it to you. We will have to build a shrine here.” “If you want a shrine, I will build a fine shrine then. Should I also attach a meeting place?” Before the mayor answered, other people of the village shouted: “Are you for real? If that’s the case, it would be better to have it closer to our village.” “It’s just one hole, we will give it to you.” With all these unanimous shouts, it was decided. Even the mayor did not have any objection. The concession hunter’s promise was not totally nonsense. It was small but he really built a shrine with a meeting hall near the village. When the autumn festival was held in the new shrine, he also established a company to fill holes, and the room next to the hole had a sign hanging out. He had loud campaigns in the city. “There is a magnificently deep hole! The scholars also said that it’s at least five thousand meters deep. It is perfect to dump things like nuclear reactor waste.” The government authorities gave permission. The nuclear power companies fought for contracts. People of the village were a bit worried, but it was explained that there would definitely be no contamination above the land for thousands of years, and they would share the profits. Moreover, soon from the city to the village there would be a fine road being built. The trucks drove on the road, they transported lead boxes. Above the hole, the lid was opened, and the wastes from the nuclear reactors were dropped in. From the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Defense Agency, boxes of unnecessary confidential documents were thrown out. The officials who came to direct the disposal were talking about golf. The workers chatted about pachinko while throwing in the papers. The hole showed no sign of being filled up. It was deep to a great extent, or else the bottom might be extremely spacious. The hole-filing company expanded their business little by little.

大学で伝染病の実験に使われた動物の死体も運ばれてきたし、引き取り手のない浮浪者の死体もくわわった。海に捨てるよりいいと、都会の汚物を長いパイプで穴まで導く計画も立った。

穴は都会の住民たちに、安心感を与えた。つぎつぎと生産することばかりに熱心で、あとしまつに頭を使うのは、だれもがいやがっていたのだ。この問題も、穴によって、少しずつ解決していくだろうと思われた。

婚約のきまった女の子は、古い日記を穴に捨てた。かつての恋人ととった写真を穴に捨てて、新しい恋愛をはじめた人もいた。警察は、押収した巧妙なにせ札を穴でしまつて安心した。犯罪者たちは、証拠物件を穴に投げ込んでほっとした。

穴は、捨てたいものは、なんでも引き受けてくれた。穴は、都会の汚れを洗い流してくれ、海や空が以前にくらべて、いくらか澄んできたように見えた。

その空をめざして、新しいビルが、つぎつぎと作られていった。

ある日、建築中のビルの高い鉄骨の上でひと仕事を終えた作業員が、ひと休みしていた。彼は頭の上で、  
「おーい、でてこーい」

と叫ぶ声を聞いた。しかし、見上げた空には、なにもなかった。青空がひろがっているだけだった。彼は、気のせいかな、と思った。そして、もとの姿勢に戻った時、声のした方角から、小さな石ころが彼をかすめて落ちていった。

しかし彼は、ますます美しくなってゆく都会のスカイラインをぼんやり眺めていたので、それには気がつかなかった。

The animal carcass used for epidemic experiments in the universities were also brought here, and corpses of unclaimed vagrants. Better not to throw the city wastes into the ocean, so there was even a plan to have a long pipe to carry them in. The hole gave the residents in cities a sense of security. They just focused on producing one thing after another, everyone disliked thinking about the later consequences. But it was thought that the problems would eventually be solved by the hole. Girls who were engaged dumped their old diaries into the hole. Those who started new relationships threw their old photos taken with former lovers. The police officers felt comforted after getting rid of the cleverly made counterfeit paper money using the hole. The criminals had a feeling of relief after throwing the materials of evidence into the hole. The hole accepted whatever people wanted to throw in. The hole cleaned the filth of the city. The sea and sky seem to become a little bit clearer compared to before. Aiming to keep that kind of sky, new buildings were being constructed one after another.

One day, on a high steel frame of a new building under construction, a workman was taking a break. Above his head there was a voice shouting out: "Hey! Come on o-ut!"

However, looking up to the sky, there was nothing at all. The clear blue sky was simply spreading out. He thought it was just his imagination. And then, he went back to his former position, from the direction where the voice was, a small pebble grazed him and fell. But he did not notice it, he was only staring idly at the ever-beautiful skyline of the city.



LATIN

## Catullus VIII

Miser Catulle, dēsinās ineptīre,  
et quod vidēs perīsse perditum dūcās.  
Fulsēre quondam candidī tībī sōlēs,  
cum ventitābās quō puella dūcēbat  
amāta nōbīs quantum amābitur nūlla.  
Ibi illa multa cum iocōsa fiēbant,  
quae tū volēbās nec puella nōlēbat,  
fulsēre vērē candidī tībī sōlēs.  
Nunc iam illa nōn vult: tū quoque impotēns nōlī,  
nec quae fugit sectāre, nec miser vīve,  
sed obstinātā mente perfer, obdūrā.  
Valē puella. Iam Catullus obdūrat,  
nec tē requīret nec rogābit invītam.  
At tū dolēbis, cum rogāberis nūlla.  
Scelesta, vae tē! quae tībī manet vīta?  
Quis nunc tē adībit? Cui vidēberis bella?  
Quem nunc amābis? Cuius esse dīcēris?  
Quem bāsiābis? Cui labella mordēbis?  
At tū, Catulle, dēstinātus obdūrā.



# Catullus VIII

*Translated by Peter Fields*

Pathetic Catullus, stop being so dense. Trust that if you think it's over, it really is.

It used to feel like the warm-white sun shined only on you when you were with her, wherever she was taking you. We showed her the kind of love other girls will never get to know.

It was then and there those many wonderful memories were made, which you were longing to make, and she not, not longing to.

Really— the sun did shine on you.

Now, it seems she doesn't want you anymore.

You, in your powerlessness, aren't supposed to want her either.

You shouldn't follow what flees and live a pitiful life

when a mind made indifferent will push it down and push on.

He's gotten over it! Already Catullus doesn't care, and he doesn't miss you, and he won't ask about you if you're unwilling to ask about him.

But you, you will hurt when no one asks about you.

How sad!

I mean, what life is left for you?

Who now will follow you around like a puppy dog?

Who now will shower you with endless praise?

Who now is the object of your love?

Who now will they say you belong with?

Will there be anyone there for you to kiss?

Will you ever find new lips to bite?

But you, Catullus, aren't supposed to wonder.

## Catullus XIII

Cenabis bene, mi Fabulle, apud me  
paucis, si tibi di favent, diebus –  
si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam  
cenam, non sine candida puella  
et vino et sale at omnibus cachinnis;                    5  
haec si, inquam, attuleris, venuste noster,  
cenabis bene; nam tui Catulli  
plenus sacculus est aranearum.  
Sed contra accipies meros amores,  
seu quid suavius elegantiusve est:                    10  
nam unguentem dabo, quod meae puellae  
donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque;  
quod tu cum olfacies, deos rogabis,  
totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.

# Catullus XIII

*Translated by Alex Varney*

You will dine well, my Fabullus, at my house,  
If the gods favor you, in a few days—  
If you bring with you a good and large  
Dinner, not without a shining girl  
And wine and wit and all laughter; 5  
If this, I say, you will have brought, our charming friend,  
You will dine well. For the purse  
Of your Catullus is full of cobwebs.  
But in return, you will receive pure love,  
Or if there is anything more pleasant and elegant: 10  
For I will give you a perfume, which the  
Venuses and Cupids gave to my girl;  
Which when you will smell, you will ask the gods,  
To make you all, Fabullus, nose.

## Catullus XIII

Cenabis bene, mi Fabulle, apud me  
paucis, si tibi di favent, diebus –  
si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam  
cenam, non sine candida puella  
et vino et sale at omnibus cachinnis;                    5  
haec si, inquam, attuleris, venuste noster,  
cenabis bene; nam tui Catulli  
plenus sacculus est aranearum.  
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seu quid suavius elegantiusve est:                    10  
nam unguentem dabo, quod meae puellae  
donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque;  
quod tu cum olfacies, deos rogabis,  
totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.

# Catullus XIII

*Translated by Peyton Parker*

You will dine well, my Fabullus, at my house  
In a few days, if the gods favor you, and  
If you bring with you a good and grand dinner,  
Not without a radiant girl  
And wine and spice and all the laughter;  
If you bring these things, I say, our charming one,  
You will dine well; for the pocket of your Catullus  
Is full of cobwebs.  
But in return you will receive undiluted love,  
Or that which is more sweet and tasteful:  
For I will give you perfume, which the  
Venuses and Cupids gave to my girl;  
when you smell it, you will ask the gods  
That they make the whole of you, Fabullus, a nose.

## Catullus LXXVI

Sī qua recordantī benefacta priōra voluptās  
Est hominī, cum sē cōgitat esse pium,  
Nec sanctam violāsse fidem, nec foedere in ūllō  
Dīvum ad fallendōs nūmine abūsum hominēs,  
Multa parāta manent in longā aetāte, Catulle,  
Ex hōc ingrātō gaudia amōre tibi.  
Nam quaecumque hominēs bene cuiquam aut dīcere possunt  
Aut facere, haec ā tē dictaque factaque sunt:  
Omnia quae ingrātae periērunt crēdita mentī.  
Quārē cūr tū tē iam amplius excrucies?  
Quīn tū animō offirmās atque istinc tēque redūcis  
Et dīs invītīs dēsiniis esse miser?  
Difficile est longum subitō dēpōnere amōrem;  
Difficile est, vērū hoc quā libet efficiās.  
Ūna salūs haec est, hoc est tibi pervincendum;  
Hoc faciās, sive id nōn pote sive pote.  
Ō dī, sī vestrum est miserērī, aut sī quibus unquam  
Extrēmam iam ipsā in morte tulistis opem,  
Mē miserum aspicate et, sī vītā pūriter ēgī,  
Ēripite hanc pestem perniciemque mihi!  
Hei mihi subrēpēs imōs ut torpor in artūs  
Expulit ex omnī pectore laetitiās.  
Nōn iam illud quaerō, contrā mē ut diligat illa,  
Aut, quod nōn potis est, esse pudica uelit:  
Ipse valēre optō et taetrum hunc dēpōnere morbum.  
Ō dī, reddite mī hoc prō pietāte meā.

# Catullus LXXVI

*Translated by Peyton Parker*

If there is any pleasure for a man to remember his former  
Good deeds, when he thinks that he is pious,  
And has not violated holy faith, nor abused divine power  
In any contract to deceive men,  
Many joys await you in your lifetime, Catullus,  
prepared from this thankless love.  
For whatever men can say well to someone or whatever men can  
do well  
For someone, these things have been done and said by you:  
All of which have perished entrusted to an ungrateful mind.  
Why then should you torture yourself further?  
Why don't you be obstinate in your mind and bring yourself back  
from this,  
And, even with the gods unwilling, cease to be miserable?  
It is difficult to suddenly lay down a long love;  
It is difficult, yes, but you must effect this no matter what.  
This is your one salvation, you must conquer it.  
You must do this, whether or not it is possible.  
Oh gods, if it is in you to have pity, or if you have ever once  
Brought help at last to men in death itself,  
Behold me miserable and, if I have lived life cleanly,  
Snatch from me this pestilence and ruin,  
Which creeping down to my lowest limbs like a numbness  
Expels all happiness from my chest.  
Now I do not seek that she love me in return, or,  
which is not possible, that she wishes to be chaste:  
I wish myself to be well and put down this foul sickness.  
Oh gods, restore this to me for my piety!

# Bucolica: Ecloga I

P. Vergili Maronis

**MELIBOEUS:** Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi 1.1  
siluestrem tenui Musam meditaris auena;  
nos patriae finis et dulcia linquimus arua.  
nos patriam fugimus; tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra  
formosam resonare doces Amaryllida siluas. 5

**TITYRUS:** O Meliboe, deus nobis haec otia fecit.  
namque erit ille mihi semper deus, illius aram  
saepe tener nostris ab ouilibus imbuet agnus.  
ille meas errare boues, ut cernis, et ipsum  
ludere quae uellem calamo permisit agresti. 10

**M:** Non equidem inuideo, miror magis: undique totis  
usque adeo turbatur agris. en ipse capellas  
protinus aeger ago; hanc etiam uix, Tityre, duco.  
hic inter densas corylos modo namque gemellos,  
spem gregis, a! silice in nuda conixa reliquit. 15  
saepe malum hoc nobis, si mens non laeua fuisset,  
de caelo tactas memini praedicere quercus.  
sed tamen iste deus qui sit, da, Tityre, nobis.



# Bucolics: Eclogue 1

P. Vergili Maronis

*Translated by Rowan Bauman Swain*

**MELIBOEUS:** Oh, Tityus, lying under the vault of the opening beech you study your woodland song on the tender reed-pipe; we leave behind the edges of our homeland and the sweet fields—we flee our homeland; you, Tityrus, at ease in the shadow, teach the woods to sing back “lovely Amaryllis.”

**TITYRUS:** Oh Meliboeus, a god has put me at ease; at least, he will always be a god to me; at his altar some tender lamb from my flock shall often fall. He has licensed my cows to roam, as you see, and me, to play what I will on the rustic pipe.

**M:** Indeed, I don't begrudge you! I marvel, rather: all throughout the country, in every quarter, things are churned up. See!, I myself am chasing my goats along, heartsick; and her, oh Tityrus, I can hardly lead. Just now, back there amidst the clustered hazels—twins, the hope of the herd, ah...!--after laboring bitterly, she left them on the bare flint. Many times—if only my mind hadn't been clumsy—this evil was foretold to us, in the oak trees, struck from the sky... But anyway: tell me, Tityrus, who this god is.

**T:** Vrbem quam dicunt Romam, Meliboeë, putauī  
stultus ego huic nostrae similem, quo saepe solemus 20  
pastores ouium teneros depellere fetus.  
sic canibus catulos similis, sic matribus haedos  
noram, sic paruis componere magna solebam.  
uerum haec tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes  
quantum lenta solent inter uiburna cupressi. 25

**M:** Et quae tanta fuit Romam tibi causa uidendi?

**T:** Libertas, quae sera tamen respexit inertem,  
candidior postquam tondenti barba cadebat,  
respexit tamen et longo post tempore uenit,  
postquam nos Amaryllis habet, Galatea reliquit. 30  
namque (fatebor enim) dum me Galatea tenebat,  
nec spes libertatis erat nec cura peculi.  
quamuis multa meis exiret uictima saeptis,  
pinguis et ingratae premeretur caseus urbi,  
non umquam grauis aere domum mihi dextra redibat. 35

**M:** Mirabar quid maesta deos, Amarylli, uocares,  
cui pendere sua patereris in arbore poma;  
Tityrus hinc aberat. ipsae te, Tityre, pinus,  
ipsi te fontes, ipsa haec arbusta uocabant.

**T:** Quid facerem? neque seruitio me exire licebat 40  
nec tam praesentis alibi cognoscere diuos.  
hic illum uidi iuuenem, Meliboeë, quotannis  
bis senos cui nostra dies altaria fumant.  
hic mihi responsum primus dedit ille petenti:  
'pascite ut ante boues, pueri; summittite tauros.' 45

**T:** That city they call “Rome—” oh, Meliboeus, silly me,  
I thought it was like our “city,” to which we shepherds  
are accustomed to drive down the tender lambs of our flocks.  
As puppies are like dogs, new kids like their mothers—  
that’s how I used to compare big things to small.  
But among other cities, this one has raised up its head  
as much as the cypresses do amidst the lazy gelder-roses.

**M:** The cause of your

**T:** Liberty, who, though late, attended to a lazybones,  
when his beard was falling ever whiter from the clippers—  
she attended to me nevertheless and, after a long time, arrived,  
now that I belong to Amaryllis, and Galatea has quit me.  
For, I will confess, while I was Galatea’s,  
there was no hope of freedom nor care for savings.  
Although many a victim left my enclosures  
and many a soft cheese was pressed for the ungrateful town,  
never yet was my hand returning home heavy with bronze.

**M:** I wondered, Amaryllis, why you called, sorrowing, upon the  
gods,  
for whose sake you suffered your apples hang in the tree;  
Tityrus was gone from here. The very pines, O Tityrus,  
the very springs, these very vines cried out for you.

**T:** What was I to do? I could neither escape from slavery  
nor contemplate the pertinent deities elsewhere. There, I beheld  
that young man, O Meliboeus, for whom our altars smoke twice-  
six days a year, there he gave at once an answer to my pleading:  
“Pasture, as before, the cows, boys; rear the bulls.”

**M:** Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt  
et tibi magna satis, quamuis lapis omnia nudus  
limosoque palus obducat pascua iunco:  
non insueta grauis temptabunt pabula fetas,  
nec mala uicini pecoris contagia laedent.      50  
fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota  
et fontis sacros frigus captabis opacum;  
hinc tibi, quae semper, uicino ab limite saepes  
Hyblaeis apibus florem depasta salicti  
saepe leui somnum suadebit inire susurro;      55  
hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras,  
nec tamen interea raucae, tua cura, palumbes  
nec gemere aëria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.

**T:** Ante leues ergo pascentur in aethere cerui  
et freta destituent nudos in litore piscis,      60  
ante pererratis amborum finibus exsul  
aut Ararim Parthus bibet aut Germania Tigrim,  
quam nostro illius labatur pectore uultus.

**M:** Lucky old man, therefore the lands will remain yours  
and big enough for you, although there is bare stone everywhere  
and swampland chokes the pastures with murky weed.  
Strange fodders won't assail the lambing mothers,  
nor the wicked contagions of a neighboring herd do them harm.  
Lucky old man, here, amidst known streams  
and sacred springs, you'll chase the cool shade;  
on this side, as ever, the neighbor's hedgerow,  
having fed its willow-flower to the Hyblaian bees,  
will persuade you with a languid hum to enter sleep;  
on that side, under the high rock, the leaf-cutter will sing to the  
breezes,  
and meanwhile, neither the hoarse wood-pigeons  
nor the turtle-dove will cease to moan your cares from the airy  
elm.

**T:** Sooner, I say, flying deer shall graze in the ether,  
and the seas will leave fish naked on the shore;  
sooner, with the boundaries of both transgressed,  
will a Parthian exile drink from the Arar, or a German from the  
Tigris,  
than the face of that man shall fade from my heart.

**M:** At nos hinc alii sitientis ibimus Afros,  
pars Scythiam et rapidum cretae ueniemus Oaxen 65  
et penitus toto diuisos orbe Britannos.  
en umquam patrios longo post tempore finis  
pauperis et tuguri congestum caespite culmen,  
post aliquot, mea regna, uidens mirabor aristas?  
impius haec tam culta noualia miles habebit, 70  
barbarus has segetes. en quo discordia ciuis  
produxit miseros: his nos consequimur agros!  
insere nunc, Meliboe, pios, pone ordine uitis.  
ite meae, felix quondam pecus, ite capellae.  
non ego uos posthac uiridi proiectus in antro 75  
dumosa pendere procul de rupe uidebo;  
carmina nulla canam; non me pascente, capellae,  
florentem cytisum et salices carpetis amaras.

**T:** Hic tamen hanc mecum poteras requiescere noctem  
fronde super uiridi: sunt nobis mitia poma, 80  
castaneae molles et pressi copia lactis,  
et iam summa procul uillarum culmina fumant  
maioresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae.

**M:** But we, the others, must go away from here—we will go, some to the parched Africans,  
some to Scythia and the clay-tearing Oaxes  
or to the Britons, utterly rent from the whole globe.  
See!, will I ever, after a long time, marvel, as I look  
at my native borders, the sod-built roof of my poor little hut,  
a couple ears of corn—oh, my kingdoms! after how long?  
A feckless soldier will hold these cherished fallow-lands,  
a barbarian these crops. See, how Discord has begotten  
piteous citizens: for such men we've sown our fields!  
Graft now, Meliboeus, the pear-trees, place, in a row, the vines  
Onward, my own, a once happy herd—onward, oh goats.  
No longer will I, stretched out in the green grotto, watch you  
a ways off, hanging off a brambly cliff;  
I will sing no songs; not, as I attend, oh goats,  
will you crop the flowering trefoil and bitter willows.

**T:** But you might rest here tonight,  
upon the green leaves; there are ripe apples for us,  
soft chestnuts and an abundance of pressed milk,  
and now, far off, all the roofs of the town are smoking  
and great shadows are falling from the high hills.





OLD NORSE

# Geitarlauf

Anonymous

*breitar calla gotulæfen ver kolum Geitarlauf*

Mioc licar mér ok giarna vil ec syna yðr þann strengleic er heitir i volsku chefrefuillenn. Geitalauf i norrœno. hvar þessi strengleicr var gor ok kveðenn ok með hverium hætti þat heui ec a boc leset þat sem margir segia ok sanna um tristram ok um drotneng ok vm hina tryggazto ast þeirra. af hverio þau fengo margan harmulegan harm. ok um siðir do þau bæðe a einum degi. Marhæs konungr var reiðr tristam frænnda sinvm ok firir bauð honum riki sitt sacar þeS at hann unni drotningenni. ok for hann i fóstr lannd sitt. Suðvales þar sem hann var fœddr. ok var hann fulla tolfmanaðe sva at hann fecc ei leyui altir at fara. Siðan lagðe hann sec i abyrgð lifs eða dauða. En þer latet yðr ei kynlect þyckia. Þui at sa er ann trygglega et harms fullr mioc þa er hann fær ei vilia sinn. ok fyst Tistram var mioc ryggr ok firir þui for hann or fostrlande sino. ok stefndi i kornbretalannd. þannog sem drottning var firir. ok fals einnsaman i skogum. En þa er kvellda tóć þa fór hann ór ok toc sér herbyrgi. ok spurðe hvat tit var með konunge. þa sagðu þeir honum er fregit hafðo. at allir lenndir menn. ok hafðingiar skolu safnazc i tintaiol. þuiat konungr vill hallda þar hatið. ok veita ollu hirðliði sinu ok hofðingivm a pikis dogum skolu allir þar vera. ok man þar ei skorta skemtan ok rikan fagnað. ok skal þar þa drottningen vera. Sem tistram hafðe heyrt þat. þa huggaðizc hann miok. þui at hon man ei fara sva um veginn at hann se hana ei. Nu þann dag sem hann vissi at konungr skyldi þangat fara. þa kom Tistram i morkena þar i hia vegenum sem hann vissi at drottning skyldi vm riða.

# Goat's Leaf

Anonymous retelling of Marie de France's  
"Honeysuckle"

*Translated by Olga Borzenko*

*The Britons call it "Gotulæf," and we call it "Goat's Leaf"*

It pleases me a lot and eagerly I will sing to you the lay that is called "The Chefrefuill" in French. In Norse it is called "Geitalauf." Where and how this lay was made and recited, I have read in a book, since many tell and confirm the story about Tristram and the queen, and about their most true love, from which they suffered the most sorrowful sorrow and at last died both on one day. King Mark was angry with Tristram, his kinsman, and forbade him to enter the kingdom because he loved the queen. He went to his native land, South Wales, where he was born. He was there for the whole twelvemonth, since he never got permission to go back. Then he put his life and death in the balance. But do not think it strange, because he who is true is full of sorrow when he does not get his wish and desire. Tristram was very afflicted and because of that he left his native land and set off to Cornwall, on the way that led to the queen, and hid all alone in the woods. But towards evening he went out and stayed somewhere for the night, and often asked about how the king was. Then they told him what they have heard, that all the barons and chieftains shall gather in Tintagel, because the king wishes to hold a feast and wants all his troops and chieftains to be there at Whitsuntide. There would be no lack of amusement and great joy, and the queen shall be present. When Tristram had heard that, he was greatly comforted, because she might not travel this way without him seeing her. On the day when he knew the king should travel there, Tristram came to the forest by the road where he knew the queen should ride.

þa hio hann niðr einn hesli vonnd ok telgdi ferstrenndan með knifi sinum. ok reist nafn sitt a stavenom. ef sva kann at bera at drotning ser stafenn. þa man hon ihuga unnasta sinn. þui at sva hafðe henni oðru sinni atborit. Nu var ristið a stavenom at Tistram hafðe þar lengi beðit hennar ok umlyz at spyria til hennar ok vita með hverivm hætti hann mætti sia hana. þui at hann ma engum kosti liva on hennar. Sva ferr með ocr kvað hann sem viðundil sa er binnz um hæslivið. Meðan þessir tveir viðir bua baðer saman. þa liva ok bera lauf sitt. En sa er þessa viðe skildi hvarn frá oðrum. þa déyr haslenn ok þui nest uiðvinndillenn ok berr hvarki lauf. nema þorna ok firir verðaz bæðe. Hin friða unnasta min. Sva ok eftir þeim hætti ero vit. Ei ma ec lifa on þin. ok ei þu on min. Drotning kom þa riðannde ok leit stafenn er stoð i veginum. ok toc stafenn. ok upp las þat er á var ristit. Riddara þa er fylgdo henni let hon nema stað. ok bauð þeim at biða sin. hon kvaz vilia stiga af hesti sinum. ok huilazc þar nockura stund. ok gerðo þeir sem hon mællti. En hon gec þa mioc fiarre liði sinu. ok kallaðe hon þa þionasto mey sina. sem Brengveinn het er henni var iafnam holl ok trygg. Oc gec hon þa af vegenom at hon fann þann er hon mioc elskaðe. yuir alla livannde. ok var i þeim funndi mikill fagnaðr hvarstveggia ok mællti við hann i goðo tome allt þat er henni licaðe ok hann til hennar. Siðan sagðe hon honum með hverivm hætti hann ma fa sætt ok samræðe af herra sinum konungi. ok at konungrinn mioc iðraðezc at hann visti honum i brott. ok trvði vandra manna uraðom. þui nest skildizc hon við unnasta sinn. En þa er at kom skilnaðe þeirra. þa greto þau bæðe.

Then he cut down a hazel wand, and hewed a square with his knife, and carved his name on the stick, so that if it could happen that the queen saw the stick, she would think about her lover, because thus it had happened to her before. Then it was carved on the stick that Tristram had been asking about her for a long time, and was lying in wait to hear about her and know how he could see her, because he could by no means live without her. 'So it goes with the two of us,' he said, 'as with a honeysuckle that binds itself to a hazel tree. As long as these two plants stay together, they live and come into leaf. But if somebody separates them, one from the other, then dies the hazel and thereupon the honeysuckle, and neither comes into leaf, but both dry out and are lost. My beautiful lover, so it is with us: I cannot live without you, nor you without me.' Then the queen came riding and saw the stick that was left on the road, and read what had been written on it. When she ordered the knights accompanying her to stop, and asked them to wait for her, and expressed a wish to dismount from her horse and to take some rest, they did as she told them. She is going far away from her troops, having called her maid named Brengveinn, who was always faithful and true to her. Then she went off the road, and so she found him whom she loved greatly, above all living things. Great joy was found in both of them, and she spoke to him at ease about everything that pleased her, and likewise he to her. Then she told him how he could have reconciliation and gain the confidence of his lord the king, and that the king greatly repented that he had sent him away and believed the bad counsel of wicked men. Thereupon she parted with her lover. And when the time came for their parting, they both wept.

Tistram dvaldizc i vales allt till þes er konungrinn moðor broðer hans sendi eftir honum ok uppgaf honum reiði sina. Nv af þeim fagnaðe er hann fec i morkinni af huggan drotningarennar ok af syn hennar ok funndi. at mvna þau orð er hon mællti. Tistram er fullkominn var allzskonar strengleica er i horpu gerazc. fann þa nyian strengleic. betar kalla gotulæf. valskir menn chæfrefuill. En ver megum kalla Geitarlauf. En nv heui ec yðr sagt þat sem ec veit sannazt um þessa skemtan.

Geitarlauf er her

Tristram had stayed in Wales until the king, his uncle, sent for him and granted him forgiveness. Because of the joy that he found in the forest in the comfort the queen gave him, and in the sight of her, and in their meeting, and to remember those words that she said, Tristram, who was perfect at singing all kinds of lays performed on the harp, composed a new lay which the Britons call “Gotulæf”, and the French call “Chæfrefuill.” And we can call it “Goat’s Leaf.” And now I have told you what I know is true about this joy.

Here is the Goat’s Leaf





RUSSIAN

## У всех весна, а у нас война

Дмитрий Коломенский

У всех весна, а у нас война.  
У нас войной голова полна,  
И это слово на букву «вэ»  
Гудит в моей голове.

У всех обед, а у нас война.  
Настали гнойные времена:  
Смердящий месяц, кровавый год,  
Засилье чумных погод.

У всех бардак, а у нас война.  
Войне не скажешь: иди ты на! —  
Она врастает в мое житье,  
И не обойти ее.

О чем еще говорить, о чем?  
Хохочет век за моим плечом,  
Клокочет пламя в моей груди —  
Ни проблеска впереди.

А мне твердят, что война не здесь,  
Здесь можно жить, целоваться, есть.  
Но кто там чистит на горе всем  
Заржавленный АКМ?

# Everyone has spring; we have war

Dimitri Kolomenski

*Translated by Laurel Cline*

Everyone has spring; we have war  
Our minds are full of war,  
And this is the 'W' word  
Buzzing in my head.

Everyone has lunch; we have war.  
Purulent times have come:  
A stinking month, a bloody year,  
The dominance of plague weather.

Everyone has a mess; we have war.  
You cannot tell war: f... off! —  
It grows into my life,  
And you cannot avoid it.

What else is there left to say, what else?  
A century is laughing behind my back,  
A flame is bubbling in my breast —  
Not a glimpse ahead.

And they keep telling me over and over that the war is not here,  
Here you can live, kiss, eat.  
But who is there cleaning, to bring sorrow to everyone,  
His rusty Kalashnikov?

Мой сын, ты видишь святыя сны.  
Но ты родился в канун войны,  
И мертвая тень ее крыла  
На темя твое легла.

За что тебе такая беда,  
Как яд, разлившаяся вовне,  
И я, сгорающий от стыда  
В прозрачном сухом огне?

My son, you see holy dreams.  
But you were born on the eve of war,  
And the dead shadow of the wing of war  
Lay upon your crown.

Why are you experiencing such tribulation,  
Like poison spilling out,  
And I, burning from shame  
In a transparent dry fire?

# Журавль

Велимир Хлебников

На площади в влагу входящего угла,  
Где златом сияющая игла  
Покрыла кладбище царей  
Там мальчик в ужасе шептал: ей-ей!  
Смотри закачались в хмеле трубы — те!  
Бледнели в ужасе заики губы  
И взор прикован к высоте.  
Что? мальчик бредит наяву?  
Я мальчика зову.  
Но он молчит и вдруг бежит: — какие страшные  
скачки!  
Я медленно достаю очки.  
И точно: трубы подымали свои шеи  
Как на стене тень пальцев ворожей.  
Так делаются подвижными дотоле неподвижные  
на болоте выпы  
Когда опасность миновала.  
Среди камышей и озерной кипи  
Птица-растение главою закивала.  
Но что же? скачет вдоль реки в каком-то вихре  
Железный, кисти руки подобный крюк.  
Стоя над волнами, когда они стихли,  
Он походил на подарок на память костяку рук!  
Часть к части, он стремится к вещам с неведомой еще  
силой  
Так узник на свидание стремится навстречу милой!  
Железные и хитроумные чертоги, в каком-то  
яростном пожаре,

# The Crane

Velimir Khlebnikov

*Translated by Leigh Ivanova*

In the square to the water of the incoming angle,  
Where a needle shining with gold  
Covered a graveyard of kings  
There a boy, terrified, whispered: uh-oh!  
Look, the pipes have withered drunkenly - these!  
Stuttering lips turned pale in horror  
And his gaze is fixed upon the heights.  
What? is the boy delirious?  
I call the boy.  
But he is silent and suddenly runs: — such scary  
leaps!  
I slowly take out my glasses.  
And truly: pipes were lifting their necks  
As shadows of a fortune-teller's fingers on the wall.  
As, hitherto still, bitterns in the swamps  
become agile  
When the danger has passed.  
Among the reeds and boiling lake  
Bird-plant is nodding its head.  
But what is it? Galloping along the river in a whirlwind  
There is an iron hook, like a wrist of a hand.  
Standing over the waves, when they died down,  
It looked like a keepsake to the bones of a hand!  
Piece to piece, he strives for things with a yet unknown  
force  
As a prisoner hurries towards his sweetheart for a date!  
Iron ingenious fortresses in a  
furious blaze,

Как пламень возникающий из жара,  
На место становясь, давали чуду ноги.  
Трубы, стоявшие века,  
Летят,  
Движеньям подражая червяка игривей в шалости  
котят.  
Тогда части поездов с надписью «для некурящих»  
и «для служилых»  
Остов одели в сплетенные друг с другом жилы  
Железные пути срываются с дорог  
Движением созревших осенью стручков.  
И вот и вот плывет по волнам, как порог  
Как Неясыть иль грозный Детинец от берегов  
отпавшийся Тучков!  
О Род Людской! Ты был как мякоть  
В которой созрели иные семена!  
Чертя подошвой грозной слякоть  
Плывут восстанием на тя, иные племена!  
Из желез  
И меди над городом восстал, грозя, костяк  
Перед которым человечество и все иное лишь пустяк,  
Не более одной желёз.  
Прямо летящие, в изгибе ль,  
Трубы возвещают человечеству погибель.  
Трубы незримых духов се! поют:  
Змее с смертельным поцелуем была людская грудь  
уют.  
Злей не был и кощей



Like fire arising from heat,  
 Taking their place, gave legs to the wonder.  
 The pipes, that stood for centuries,  
 Fly,  
 Mimicking movements of a worm more playful  
 than kittens.  
 Then parts of the trains with the inscription «for non-smokers»  
 and «for servicemen»  
 Dressed the skeleton in the intertwined sinew.  
 Railways break off roads  
 With the flick of ripe pods in the fall.  
 And here and here sails through the waves,  
 as a rapid,  
 as Neyasit or terrible Detinets<sup>5</sup>,  
 from the shore separated Tuchkov<sup>6</sup>!  
 O' Humankind! You were the pulp  
 Where other seeds are ripe!  
 Drawing in slush with a terrible sole,  
 Sail with a rebellion against ya, other tribes!  
 Out of iron  
 And brass over the city the frame arose, threatening,  
 In front of whom humanity and all is just a trifle,  
 Not more than one of the glands.  
 Flying straight or in a curve,  
 Pipes herald death to humanity.  
 Pipes of unseen spirits this! sing:  
 To a snake with a deadly kiss the human breast  
 is comfort.  
 Koshchei<sup>3</sup> wasn't more angry

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<sup>1</sup> Neyasit (Strix) and Detinets are the rapids of Dnieper river

<sup>2</sup> Tuchkov is the name of the bridge, located in St Petersburg, connecting two islands that the city stands on

<sup>3</sup> Archetypal character in Slavic folklore, usually has an epithet of "The Immortal", canonically a villain, whose death is hidden from the hero to find

Чем будет, может быть, восстание вещей.  
Зачем же вещи мы балуем?  
Вспенив поверхность вод  
Плывет наперекорь волне железно стройный плот.  
Сзади его раскрылась бездна черна,  
Разверсся в осень плод  
И обнажились, выпав, зерна.  
Угловая башня, не оставив глашатая полдня —  
длинную пушку,  
Птицы образует душку.  
На ней в белой рубашке дитя  
Сидит безумнее, летя. И прижимает к груди подушку.  
Крюк лазает по остову  
С проворством какаду.  
И вот рабочий, над Лосьим островом,  
Кричит безумный «упаду».  
Жукообразные повозки,  
Которых замысел по волнам молний сил гребет,  
В красные и желтые раскрашенные полосы,  
Птице дают становой хребет.  
На крыше небоскребов  
Колыхались травы устремленных рук.  
Некоторые из них были отягощением чудовища зоба  
В дожде летящих в небе дуг.  
Летят как листья в непогоду  
Трубы сохраняя дым и числа года.  
Мост который гиератическим стихом  
Висел над шумным городом,  
Объяв простор в свои кова,

Than, maybe, the uprising of things will be.  
Why do we pamper things?  
Bubbling the surface of waters,  
Despite the waves, an iron slender raft drifts  
Behind it a black abyss opened,  
A fruit gaped to fall,  
And the seeds bared, fallen out,  
The corner tower, not leaving a town crier of the noon —  
long cannon,  
Forms the bird's psyche.  
On top of it there is a child in a white shirt  
Who sits madder, flying. And cuddles pillow to the chest.  
The hook climbs the skeleton  
With the agility of a cockatoo.  
And here a worker, above the Losii island,  
Screams, mad, «I'll fall».  
Bug-like wagons,  
Whom the purpose rows in the waves of lightning forces,  
Colored in red and yellow stripes,  
Give the bird a backbone.  
On rooftops of skyscrapers  
The grass of propelled hands fluttered.  
Some of them were weights in the monster's goiter  
In the rain of arches flying in the sky.  
Fly like leaves in the inclement weather  
Pipes keeping smoke and dates of a year.  
A bridge, the hyperbolic poem,  
Hung above the bustling city,  
Embraced the space in its chains,

Замкнув два влаги рукава,  
Вот медленно трогается в путь  
С медленной походкой вельможи, которого обшита  
золотом грудь,  
Подражая движению льдины,  
И им образована птицы грудина.  
И им точно правит какой-то кочегар,  
И может быть то был спасшийся из воды в рубахе  
красной и лаптях волгарь,  
С облипшими ко лбу волосами  
И с богомольными вдоль щек из глаз росами.  
И образует птицы кисть  
Крюк, остаток от того времени, когда четверолапым  
зверем только ведал жисть.  
И вдруг бешеный ход дал крюку возница,  
Точно когда кочегар геростратическим желанием  
вызвать крушение поезда соблазнится.  
Много — сколько мелких глаз в глазе стрекозы —  
оконные  
Дома образуют род ужасной селезенки.  
Зеленно грязный цвет ее исконный.  
И где-то внутри их просыпаясь дитя оттирает глазенки.  
Мотри! Мотри! дитя,  
Глаза, протри!  
У чудовища ног есть волос буйнее меха козы.  
Чугунные решетки — листья в месяц осени,  
Покидая место, чудовища меху дают ось они.  
Железные пути, в диком росте,  
Чудовища ногам дают легкие трубчатообразные кости.  
Сплетаясь змеями в крутой плетень,  
И длинную на город роняют тень.

Locking two water sleeves,  
Here slowly hits the road  
With a sluggish gait of a noble, whose  
chest is clad with gold,  
Mimicking the movement of an ice floe,  
And it forms the bird's sternum.  
And it is surely ruled by some stoker,  
And maybe that was the rescued from the water in a shirt  
Red-colored and bast shoes volgar<sup>4</sup>,  
With hair stuck to the forehead  
And praying dew along the cheeks from eyes.  
And forms the bird's wrist  
The hook, a vestige of that times, when a four-legged  
Beast was only known to life.  
And at once the charioteer gave to the hook a mad pace,  
As when a stoker with a Herostratus' wish  
is tempted to cause the train crash.  
Many — as many tiny eyes as there are in a dragonfly's eye —  
windowed  
Houses form a sort of terrible spleen.  
Dirty green is its native color.  
And somewhere inside of them a child, waking up, rubs its eyes.  
Look! Look! child,  
Wipe your eyes!  
Beast's legs have hairs more lush than a goat's fur.  
Cast-iron lattices - leaves in a month of fall,  
Leaving their places, they give an axis to the monster's fur.  
Railways, in a wild growth,  
Give light tubular bones to the monster's legs.  
Weaving together as snakes into a steep wattle fence,  
And drop a lengthy shadow on the city.

---

<sup>4</sup> Volgar is the name for the inhabitants of Povolzhye

Полеты труб были так беспощадно явки  
Покрытые точками точно пиявки,  
Как новобранцы к месту явки  
Летели труб изогнутых пиявки,  
Так шея созидалась из многочисленных труб.  
И вот в союз с вещами летит поспешно труп.  
Строгие и сумрачные девы  
Летят, влача одежды, длинные как ветра сил напевы.  
Какая-то птица шагая по небу ногами могильного  
холма  
С восьмиконечными крестами  
Раскрыла далекий клюв  
И половинками его замкнула свет  
И в свете том яснее толпы мертвецов  
В союз спешащие вступить с вещами.  
Могучий созидался остов.  
Вещи выполняли какой-то давнишний замысел,  
Следуя старинным предназначениям.  
Они торопились, как заговорщики,  
Возвести на престол: кто изнемог в скитаниях,  
Кто обещал:  
«Я лалы городов вам дам и сел,  
Лишь выполните, что я вам возвещал».  
К нему слетались мертвецы из кладбищ  
И плотью одевали остов железный.  
Ванюша Цветочкин, то Незабудкин бишь  
Старушка уверяла: «он летит болезный».  
Изменники живых,  
Трупы злорадно улыбались,  
И их ряды, как ряды строевых,  
Над площадью желчно колебались.

The flights of the pipes were that mercilessly vivid,  
Covered with dots like leeches,  
Like new recruits to the place of appearance  
Curved leeches of pipes flew,  
Thus a neck was observed from numerous pipes.  
And here a corpse flies hastily to an alliance with things.  
Strict and gloomy virgins  
Fly, dragging along robes, long like wind forces' tunes.  
Some bird, walking the sky with legs of a burial  
mound  
With eight-pointed crosses  
Opened a distant beak  
And with its halves closed the light  
And in this light dead crowds brighten  
Hurrying to enter the alliance with things.  
Mighty skeleton was observed.  
Things acted upon a long-standing intent,  
Following ancient prophecies.  
They hurried as conspirators,  
To promote to the throne: who was fatigued in wanderings,  
Who promised:  
«I will give you the jewels of cities and of villages,  
Just follow what I have preached to you».  
Dead from the graveyards flocked to him  
And dressed the iron frame with flesh.  
Vanusha Cvetochkin, as in Nezabudkin<sup>5</sup>  
Old lady insisted «he flies sick».  
Traitors of the living,  
The corpses smiled gloatingly,  
And their rows, like combatant units,  
Above the square wavered bitterly.

---

<sup>5</sup> Probably a joke on the name of one of the famous Russian pilots, Utochkin

Полувеликан, полужуравель  
Он людом грозно правил,  
Он распростер свое крыло, как буря волокна  
Путь в глотку зверя предуказан был человечку,  
Как воздушинке путь в печку.  
Над готовым погибнуть полем.  
Узники бились головами в окна,  
Моля у нового бога воли.  
Свершился переворот. Жизнь уступила власть  
Союзу трупа и вещи.  
О человек! Какой коварный дух  
Тебе шептал убийца и советчик сразу,  
Дух жизни в вещи влей!  
Ты расплескал безумно разум.  
И вот ты снова данник журавлей.  
Беды обступали тебя снова темным лесом,  
Когда журавль подражал в занятиях повесам,  
Дома в стиле ренессанс и рококо,  
Только ягель покрывший болото.  
Он пляшет в небо высоко.  
В пляске пьяного скелета.  
Кто не умирал от смеха, видя,  
Какие выкидывает в пляске журавель коленца.  
Но здесь смех приобретал оттенок безумия,  
Когда видели исчезающим в клюве младенца.  
Матери выводили  
Черноволосых и белокурых ребят  
И, умирая, во взоре ждали.  
О дне от счастья лицо и концы уст зыбят.  
Другие, упав на руки, рыдали  
Старосты отбирали по жеребьевке детей —  
Так важно рассудили старшины  
И, набросав их, как золотистые плоды в глубь сетей,



Half-giant, half-crane  
He sternly ruled the people,  
He spread his wing, as storms does fibers,  
Way to the beast's throat was destined to a little man,  
As to an air molecule the way to a furnace.  
Above the field ready to die.  
Prisoners hit their heads on windows,  
Begging the new god for freedom.  
The coup has struck. Life gave up the power  
To the union of a corpse and a thing.  
O' human! What a treacherous spirit  
A murderer and an advisor in one whispered to you,  
Pour the spirit of life into things!  
You spilled your reason madly.  
And here again you are a subject of cranes.  
Misfortunes thronged to you as a dark forest,  
When crane mimicked young rakes' affairs,  
Houses in the style of Renaissance and Rococo,  
Only reindeer moss covered the swamp.  
He dances high in the sky.  
In the sway of a drunk skolot.  
Who didn't die of laughter seeing  
Which tricks the crane played in the dance.  
But laughter here acquired notes of madness,  
When they saw an infant disappearing in the beak.  
Mothers led out  
Black-haired and fair-haired lads  
And, dying, awaited in the eyes.  
Ones happily rippled their face and corners of their lips.  
Others, fallen in their arms, cried  
Elders selected children in a blind draw —  
Thus patriarchs formidably reasoned  
And, throwing them, as golden fruits, in the depth of nets,

К журавлю подымали в вышины.  
Сквозь сетки ячейки  
Опускалась головка, колыхая шелком волос.  
Журавль, к людским пристрастись обедням,  
Младенцем закусывал последним.  
Учителя и пророки  
Учили молиться, о необоримом говоря роке.  
И крыльями протяжно хлопал  
И порой людишек скучно лопал.  
Он хохот клик вложил  
В победное «давлю».  
И, напрягая дуги, жил,  
Люди молились журавлю.  
Журавль пляшет звончее и гольче еще  
Он людские крылом разметает полчища,  
Он клюв одел остатками людского мяса.  
Он скачет и пляшет в припадке дикого пляса.  
Так пляшет дикарь под телом побежденного врага.  
О, эта в небо закинутая в веселии нога.  
Но однажды он поднялся и улетел в даль.  
Больше его не видали.

Raised to the heights to the crane.  
Through meshes of the net  
A head lowered, fluttering silk of hair.  
The crane, used to the people's masses,  
Snacked on the infant last.  
Teachers and prophets  
Taught how to pray, talking of an invincible fate.  
And flapped his wings with a drawl  
And at times dully devoured humans.  
He put laughter clatter  
Into the victorious «I crush».  
And, straining arches, lived,  
People prayed to the crane.  
The crane dances more vibrantly and clearly  
He scatters hordes of people with his wing,  
He dressed his beak with the leftovers of human meat.  
He jumps and whirls in a fit of wild dance.  
How a savage dances under the body of a defeated enemy.  
O', this leg thrown into the sky in joy.  
But once he rose and flew into the distance.  
They've never seen him since.

# Когда-нибудь это кончится

Наталья Ключарёва

Когда-нибудь это кончится.  
Да, непременно кончится.  
Бомбы и гречка кончатся,  
Танки и спички кончатся,  
Фарш в мясорубке кончится,  
Сыр в мышеловке кончится,  
Воздух в скафандре кончится,  
Время и деньги кончатся,  
Соль и терпенье кончатся,  
Посадки и взлёты кончатся,  
Бои и припасы кончатся,  
Слова и свободы кончатся,  
И мы, вероятно, кончимся,

А может быть, просто скорчимся  
У серой стены на корточках,  
Но всё это точно кончится.  
Когда-нибудь это кончится.

7 марта 2022

# Someday this will end

Natalia Klucharyova

*Translated by Samantha Miller*

Someday this will end.  
Yes, it will certainly end.  
Bombs and buckwheat will end,  
Tanks and matches will end,  
Minced meat in a meat grinder will end,  
Cheese in a mouse trap will end,  
Air in a spacesuit will end,  
Time and money will end,  
Salt and patience will end,  
Landings and takeoffs will end,  
Fights and provisions will end,  
Words and freedom will end,  
And we will, probably, end  
So maybe, let's just curl up  
Squatting by a gray wall,  
But all this will surely end.  
Someday this will end.

7th of March 2022

## ЭТОТ ГОРОД ПОКИНУТ ЕГО ДОЧЕРЬМИ

Демян Кудрявцев

этот город покинут его дочерью  
на прощанье парадные машут дверью  
нас и было казалось не больше восьми  
а теперь нас тут сотнями нету  
не зови нас к ответу но к свету возьми  
тех кто мелкими лег по предместьям костью  
пусть крылатыми станут кто были людьми  
чтобы сверху смотреть на планету

задышу ли я снова неважно уже  
мы давно обитаем на том рубеже  
где не весят слова при любом тираже  
всё никчемное подлое злое  
чем мы были несчастны и счастливы тут  
пусть другие как смогут на тех же растут  
одеялах а вырванный с мясом лоскут  
время стянет сапожной иглою

# **this city abandoned by his daughters**

Demijan Kudryavtsev

*Translated by Enlik Tagasheva*

this city abandoned by his daughters  
in farewell the front doors are waving  
it seemed like there was barely eight of us  
but now hundreds of us are gone  
don't call us to respond but take us to the light  
those who laid their tiny bones on the outskirts  
let them who were once people become winged  
to watch the planet from above

whether I take another breath does not matter  
we had long been inhabiting that border  
where the words don't weigh anything at every edition  
everything that's worthless, vile and evil  
that we were unhappy and happy here with  
let others grow as best as they can, on the same  
blankets and a piece of cloth that was torn out with the meat  
will be sewn back  
by the time with a shoe needle

## Белый день

Арсений Тарковский

Камень лежит у жасмина.  
Под этим камнем клад,  
Отец стоит на дорожке.  
Белый-белый день.

В цвету серебристый тополь,  
Центифолия, а за ней —  
Вьющиеся розы,  
Молочная трава.

Никогда я не был  
Счастливей, чем тогда.  
Никогда я не был  
Счастливей, чем тогда.

Вернуться туда невозможно  
И рассказать нельзя,  
Как был переполнен блаженством  
Этот райский сад.



# A White Day

Arseny Tarkovsky

*Translated by Klara Zaykova*

A stone is lying by the jasmine.  
Beneath the stone lies treasure.  
Father stands on a pathway.  
The day is white as day can be.

A silver poplar blossoms forth,  
Centifolia, and behind—  
Climbing roses,  
Milk grass.

Never have I been happier  
Than that day.  
Never have I been  
Happier than that day.

To return there is impossible  
Nor it can be told  
How bliss overfilled  
This heavenly garden.



SPANISH

# Y el viento va

Oscar García & Carlos Groisman

*Dedicado, con cariño, a mi abuela Elsa.*

Después del mar, quedó la sal,  
después del sol la soledad.  
De tanta tierra despoblada  
un suelo solo nada más.  
Más que el lugar donde nací  
me importa donde hechar raíz.  
Esta es mi tierra, está mi gente aquí.  
Yo ya elegí donde vivir, donde morir  
La Pampa canta y el viento va en su voz  
por mucho tiempo lloró lágrimas de sal  
para arrancar sangre del agua y dar  
vida a la paz, porque al dolor, razón al sol.  
Mi tierra baya guarda en su corazón  
bajo su piel de espina, roca, viento y sal  
una canción que el agua llevará  
a cada amigo, cada esquina, cada hogar.  
Desde el caldén hasta el zampal,  
desde la barda hasta el trigal,  
toda mi gente va templando  
el rostro nuevo de la paz.  
La Pampa canta y el viento va en su voz  
por mucho tiempo lloró lágrimas de sal  
para arrancar sangre del agua y dar  
vida a la paz, porque al dolor, razón al sol.

# And the wind flows

Oscar García & Carlos Groisman

*Translated by Lucila Bretón*

*Dedicated, with love, to my grandma Elsa.*

After the sea, the salt remained,  
after the sun, the solitude.  
From so much deserted land,  
soil by itself, nothing else.  
More than the place where I was born,  
I care about where to put down roots.  
This is my land, my beloved ones are here.  
I have already chosen where to live, where to die.  
La Pampa sings and the wind flows in its voice  
For a long time, it cried tears of salt  
To yank blood out from the water and bring  
peace to life, because in the face of pain, accept the sun.  
My bay land keeps in its heart  
under its skin of thorn, rock and salt  
a song which the water will take  
to every friend, every corner, every home.  
From the caldén[1] to the saltbush  
From the sand dune to the wheat field  
all my people are tuning  
peace's new face.  
La Pampa sings and the wind flows in its voice  
For a long time, it cried tears of salt  
To yank blood out from the water and bring  
peace to life, because in the face of pain, accept the sun.

Mi tierra baya guarda en su corazón  
bajo su piel de espina, roca, viento y sal,  
bajo su piel una canción... y el viento va...  
Canta La Pampa, mi tierra baya.  
Lunas enormes flotan sobre el salitral,  
y el viento va llevando en su canción,  
a cada amigo, cada esquina, cada hogar.

My bay land keeps in its heart  
under its skin of thorn, rock and sand,  
under its skin a song... and the wind flows...  
La Pampa sings, my bay land.  
Huge moons float over the salt pan  
and the wind flows carrying in its song,  
to every friend, every corner, every home.

# A Day's Journey Through a Great Brooklyn Brewery (from *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*)

Unknown author

Long vaults, dark as mines, filled with tremendous casks; vaults into which meu [sic] go with dim flickering candles; vaults whose thick stone walls are oozing water; vaults with a Winter temperature in the Summer time; vaults on whose concrete floors water which has oozed through the walls lies thick; vaults under vaults, the lowest rows, thirty feet underground, ramifying in every direction for hundreds of feet; vaults so silent, so thick walled and so out off from light and human help and the upper world that murders could be committed there and no cry ever be heard, no body ever be found, huge brick buildings rising 100 feet above ground, surrounded by buildings which seem small only by comparison with their monstrous neighbors. Great floors carpeted six inches deep with damp malt. Capacious kilns in which hundreds of bushels of damp malt are drying. Large rooms filled from floor to ceiling with thousands of bushels of hops. Great central chambers half way between the bottom and top of the big building filled to overflowing with ice. A large room on the top floor occupied by a shallow basin so broad and long that it holds a small lake of beer. Yards filled with stout, well painted trucks, stables filled with big fat horses. Scores of big busy, square shouldered, open faced, hearty looking, German men.

That is a bird's eye view of a local brewery.

(*Sunday, November 9, 1884*)



# Un día de viaje por una gran cervecería de Brooklyn (de *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*)

*Translated by William Dunsmore*

Bóvedas largas, oscuras como minas, llenas de tremendos barriles, bóvedas a las que entran hombres con velas tenues y parpadeantes, bóvedas cuyos gruesos muros de piedra rezuman agua, bóvedas con temperatura de invierno en tiempo de verano, bóvedas en cuyos suelos de cemento yace espesa el agua que se ha filtrado a través de las paredes, bóvedas bajo bóvedas, las filas más bajas, a nueve metros bajo el suelo, ramificándose en todas las direcciones por cientos de metros, bóvedas tan silenciosas, con paredes tan gruesas, tan aisladas de la luz, de la ayuda humana y del mundo superior, que se podían cometer asesinatos allí y nunca se oiría ningún grito, ningún cuerpo se encontraría, edificios enormes de ladrillo que se elevan treinta metros sobre el suelo, rodeados de edificios que parecen pequeños solo en comparación con sus monstruosos vecinos. Pisos grandes alfombrados con quince centímetros de espesor de malta húmeda.

Hornos espaciosos en los que se secan cientos de fanegas de malta húmeda. Habitaciones grandes, llenas desde el piso hasta el techo con miles de fanegas de lúpulo. Grandes cámaras centrales a mitad de camino entre la parte inferior y superior del gran edificio que rebosa con hielo. Un cuarto largo en el último piso ocupado por una palangana poco profunda, tan ancha y larga que contiene un pequeño lago de cerveza. Patios llenos de camiones robustos y bien pintados, establos llenos de caballos grandes y gordos. Montones de alemanes corpulentos, atareados, de hombros cuadrados, con rostros abiertos y aspecto vigoroso.

Esa es una vista aérea de una cervecería local.

*(Domingo, noviembre 9, 1884)*

# Telomeres

Sleep Token ( written by Vessel)

You guide me in  
To safety and silence, oh  
As you breathe me out  
I drink you in, oh

And we go beyond the farthest reaches  
Where the light bends and wraps beneath us  
And I know as you collapse into me  
This is the start of something

Rivers and oceans  
We could beckon, no  
Your eyes and your limbs  
Are instruments to pick apart  
The distance within

Let the tides carry you back to me  
The past, the future  
Through death  
My arms are open

And we go beyond the farthest reaches  
Where the light bends and wraps beneath us  
And I know as you collapse into me  
This is the start of something

# Telómeros

Sleep Token (Escrito por Vessel)

*Translated by William Dunsmore*

Tú me guías hacia  
La seguridad y el silencio, oh  
Mientras tu me exhalas  
Yo te bebo, oh

Y vamos más allá de los límites más lejanos  
Donde la luz se dobla y se envuelve bajo nosotros  
Y yo sé mientras colapsas en mí  
Esto es el comienzo de algo

Ríos y océanos  
Podríamos señalar, no  
Tus ojos y tus extremidades  
Son instrumentos para separar  
La distancia de adentro

Deja que las mareas te traigan de regreso a mí  
El pasado, el futuro  
A través de la muerte  
Mis brazos están abiertos

Y vamos más allá de los límites más lejanos  
Donde la luz se dobla y se envuelve bajo nosotros  
Y yo sé mientras colapsas en mí  
Esto es el comienzo de algo

# Jardines de Francia (de Parisiana)

Rubén Darío

En mis paseos intelectuales—“promenades littéraires”, diría Rémy de Gourmont—he encontrado, o me ha parecido encontrar, no lo sé, una apacible y elegante villa, que alegran gracias de jardín, visiones de parque. He penetrado a respirar el olor de las frescas arboledas. He hallado esbeltos plátanos, como los que invitan a soñar, allá en Versalles; hayas frondosas, laureles rosa. Con su idioma de susurros y de gestos lentos, me han contado la poesía de sus estaciones. A veces, de lo alto de una verde copa, ha dado su testimonio la voz de un pájaro. He visto mármoles, aquí, allá; grupos, estatuas, bustos. Y una fuente verleniana, que, en las noches de luna, lanza su chorro de cristal “esbelto entre los mármoles” . . . Como en felices tiempos románticos, he encontrado en un tronco de árbol un nombre grabado . . . La primavera debe haberle aromado muchas veces, tras la inútil frialdad de los inviernos, pues se siente en el ambiente el imperio de la juventud, el triunfo de la vida. Noto los bustos: el uno es de Lamartine, el otro de Víctor Hugo, el otro de Verlaine . . . En un pequeño lago cercano, se hace presente la curva armoniosa de un cuello de cisme, blanco y sincero—que apenas, parece, haber visto pasar de lejos a Mallarmé . . . El viento que suavemente vuela trae ecos lejanos: ecos de mar, de montaña, de landas. Todos los oros del otoño se sospechan en tal dorado simulacro; y á pesar de un vago deseo de ensueño que se siente por todas partes, se manifiesta la reminiscencia de una imperativa influencia solar. De la villa oigo brotar un canto de mujer. El canto es melodioso, ardiente, profundo. Me detengo cerca de decorativos “boulingrins,” macizos de rosas de Francia, plantíos de violeta de Francia, admirables lirios de Francia.

# French Gardens (from *Parisiana*)

Rubén Darío

*Translated by Oskar Pezalla-Granlund*

On my intellectual walks—promenades littéraires, as Rémy de Gourmont would say—I've encountered, or it seems like I've encountered, I'm not sure, a pleasant and elegant villa enchanted by a garden, a little vision of a park. I've stolen in to breathe the scent of the fresh groves. I've found slender banana plants, like those that in Versailles invite you to dream; and leafy beeches, rose laurels. With their language of whispers and slow gestures they've narrated to me the poetry of the seasons. Sometimes, from a green treetop, the voice of a bird has offered its testimony. I've seen marbles, here, there; groups, statues, busts. And a Verlainian fountain, which in the night hurls its cristal stream "slender among the marbles"<sup>1</sup>. . . Like in happy romantic times, I've found a name recorded on the trunk of a tree . . . The spring must have sweetened that air many times, after the useless chill of the winter, that feeling of the haughtiness of youth, the triumph of life. I take note of the busts: one is of Lamartine, another of Victor Hugo, another of Verlaine . . . In a small lake close by one finds the harmonious neck of a swan, white and sincere—which seems to have passed Mallarmé from afar, just barely in sight<sup>2</sup> . . . The wind which softly rushes brings distant echoes; echoes of the sea, of the mountains, of the forests. One suspects all of autumn's golds in that golden simulacrum; and despite a vague desire, felt everywhere, to dream, the reminiscence of a commanding solar influence manifests itself. From the villa I hear a woman's song break out. The song is melodious, passionate, profound. I stop near the decorative bowling-greens, the groves of French roses, the French violet patches, the admirable French lilies.

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<sup>1</sup> A quotation of part of the final line of French poet Paul Verlaine's "Clair de Lune," written in 1869.

<sup>2</sup> An echo of the French poet Stéphane Mallarmé's 1876 "L'après-midi d'un faune": "At the slow dawning prelude of my flute / This flash of swans, nay naiads, is away / Or plunges . . ."

Al lado, cerca de términos y á la entrada de glorietas, ví guijarros marinos y de esos sonoros caracoles que pintaban los pintores de antaño, como trompetas de tritones. Tomé uno de ellos y lo acerqué a mi oído. Se oía—curioso—primero como el ruido del Océano, mas después como ruido de aguas de gran río . . . Esto me recuerda algo de “por allá” me dijo yo . . . Anduve, anduve entre los árboles. Unos tenían nidos en las ramas. Otros formaban arcadas como ojivas de catedrales de ensueño; otros me recordaban paisajes de viñeta—¿de dónde?—y otros me invitaban á descansar bajo su amable sombra. Iba á salir ya por la puerta del jardín, cuando volví a oír la voz femenina que, acompañada suavemente por un piano, llegaba hasta mí. Entonces tomé otro rumbo. Me detuve delante de un fresco laurel y admiré lo bien cuidado que estaba. Corté una hoja, la masqué, y supe una vez más que era amarga.

Luego seguí, caminando, caminando, hasta que me detuvo la visión de un ombú . . . “¿Un ombú?” me dije. “¿En París un ombú?” Yo había creído hasta entonces que el ombú era, como la mandrágora de la leyenda, fabuloso . . . Que no se encontraba sino en los versos de tales poetas argentinos, y que su figura era ilusoria . . . Mas el ombú estaba allí. Y estaba bien conservado, bien cuidado.

Sus ramas decían toda la inmensa pampa y su corazón de árbol aparecía en su ademán vegetal, como traducción del corazón expirante y ya extraño del gaucho . . . “¿Qué es esto, me dije, en un parque francés, en un jardín parisense de París?”

To the side, close to the edge and at the entrance to the arbor, I saw pebbles from the sea, and those echoing seashells that the painters of yesteryear used to paint, like Triton's Trumpets. I picked one of them out and brought it to my ear. It sounded—curiously—first like the noise of the ocean, later like the noise of the water of a grand river . . . This reminds me of something from “over there,” I told myself . . . I walked, I kept walking through the trees. Some had nests in their branches. Others formed arches like the pointed archways of cathedrals of reverie; others reminded me of vignettes of landscapes—from where?—and others invited me to rest beneath their pleasant shadows. I was already headed toward the garden's gate, when I heard again the feminine voice which, softly accompanied by a piano, drifted towards me. So I took another course. I stopped in front of a fresh laurel and admired how well it was tended. I cut a leaf, I chewed it, and was reminded once again that it was bitter.

Later I continued, walking, walking, until I was stopped by the vision of an ombú<sup>3</sup> . . . “An ombú?” I told myself. “An ombú in Paris?” I had thought until then that the ombú, like the mandrake from the legend, was mythical . . . That one did not encounter it except in the verses of those Argentine poets, and that its figure was illusory . . . But the ombú was there. And it was well-conserved, well-tended.

Its branches told of the immense pampa and the heart of the tree appeared with its vegetal gestures like a translation of the expiring and already foreign heart of the gaucho . . . “What is this, I said, in a French park, in a Parisian garden, in Paris?”

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<sup>3</sup> A large evergreen tree native to the Pampas, or grasslands, of Argentina.

Me sacó de mi sorpresa el dueño de la villa, el propietario del chalet, que vino hacia mí con la mayor afabilidad. En un español que no ocultaba el acento francés, me dijo: “Me llamo José María Cantilo, y me parece que es usted medio paisano mío . . . Está usted en su casa. Soy un argentino, jardinero de Francia . . . ¡Mire qué rosas! ¡Mire qué claveles! ¿Quiere usted champaña? ¿Quiere usted mate?” Opté por el mate. No le encontré gusto muy criollo . . . El mate era de plata y la bombilla de oro. Y, tal vez porque ya voy perdiendo la costumbre, me quemé los labios . . . Mas me supo delicioso—coma cosa nuestra—como el café de José María de Heredia.



The owner of the villa, the proprietor of the chalet, snapped me out of my surprise, and he came towards me with the greatest of affability. In a Spanish that didn't hide the French accent, he said to me "My name is José María Cantilo, and it seems you're half a countryman of mine . . . This is your house. I'm an Argentinian, and a French gardener . . . Look at these roses! And these carnations! Would you like champagne? Would you like mate<sup>4</sup>?" I opted for the mate. I didn't find the taste very criollo<sup>5</sup> . . . The mate was silver, and the bombilla was gold. And, perhaps because already I'm losing the custom, I burnt my lips . . . But it tasted delicious to me—like a thing of our own—like the coffee of José-Maria de Heredia . . .

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<sup>4</sup> A characteristic Argentinian drink made from crushed yerba mate consumed with a bombilla, a silver straw.

<sup>5</sup> Literally "creole," but closer to "homelike" or "native" here.

# **A la sombra de un árbol (de México moderno: Revista mensual de letras y artes)**

Dr. Atl [Gerardo Murillo]

He andado sin reposo toda mi vida por los caminos del Mundo, a través de los desiertos, sobre los montes, bajo los follajes espesos y húmedos de las selvas y por las calles intrincadas de las ciudades.

Mis piernas se han encajado en mi vientre—tanto yo he caminado. Pero ahora me reposo. Sentado a la sombra de un árbol, contemplo tranquilamente la ruta sin fin que se extiende hacia atrás y hacia adelante.

Pocas cosas he visto durante mi peregrinación: una mujer, pocos hombres. Muchas nubes y muchas estrellas en el cielo. Entre la bruma de la lejanía, el miraje de una esperanza. Sobre la ruta, enormes piedras inmóviles.

A mis oídos ha llegado el rumor de las disputas de las tribus que riñen por un pedazo de tierra, y los ecos extraños de una voz que pide siempre justicia y libertad.

La armonía y la contradicción me han parecido siempre la misma cosa. Cuando la lluvia mojaba mis vestidos, el sol los secaba, y cuando el sol quemaba mi cuerpo, la lluvia descendía inconsciente a refrescarlo.

Sólo la Noche, el Dolor y el Esfuerzo, me han parecido grandes.

Sin embargo, ahora que estoy sentado a la sombra de este Árbol y que miro y siento la luz y el calor del sol inundar los campos y los montes y encender la atmósfera, me pregunto: ¿qué es el día?

Y la luz me responde: el día es un accidente trágico de la Noche.

# **In the Shadow of a Tree (from México moderno: Revista mensual de letras y artes)**

Dr. Atl [Gerardo Murillo]

*Translated by Oskar Pezalla-Granlund*

I have walked without rest all my life along the paths of the World, across deserts, over mountains, under the thick and humid foliage of the jungles and along the intricate streets of the cities.

So much have I walked that my legs have wedged themselves in my stomach. But now I rest. Seated in the shadow of a tree, I contemplate tranquilly the endless route that extends forwards and backwards.

I've seen few things during my wandering: a woman, a few men. Many clouds and many stars and the sky. Between the mist of the distance, the mirage of a hope. Along the route, enormous immobile stones.

The rumors of the disputes of the tribes that fight for a piece of earth, and the strange echoes of a voice that forever begs for justice and liberty, have reached my ears.

Harmony and contradiction have always seemed to me the same thing. When the rain wets my clothes, the sun dries them, and when the sun burns my body, the rain unwittingly descends to refresh it.

Only the Night, Pain and Effort seem great to me.

However, now that I'm seated in the shadow of this Tree and now that I look and see the light and the heat of the sun inundate the fields and the mountains and light the atmosphere on fire, I ask: what is the day?

And the light tells me: the day is a tragic accident of the Night.

# Nine Point Eight

Mili

Calla lily, carnation, daisy silently chase away your worries.

Chrysanthemum, kalanchoe become your shield whenever you fall asleep.

I cried out:

“Please don't leave me behind, leave me behind!”

So you held me tight and said: “I will be just fine, I will be just fine, I will be just fine.”

Petals dance for our valediction and synchronize to your frozen pulsation.

Take me to where your soul may live in peace.

Final destination.

Touch of your skin sympathetically brushed against the shoulders you used to embrace.

Sparkling ashes drift along your flames and softly merge into the sky.

Lisianthus aroma drags me out of where I was.

Cream rose, stargazer, iris construct the map that helps me trace your steps.

Zips my mouth.

I just keep climbing up, keep climbing up.

# Nueve Punto Ocho

Mili

*Translated by Alban Guarín López*

Lirio de agua, clavel, margarita ahuyentan silenciosamente  
tus preocupaciones.

Crisantemo, kalanchoe se convierten en tu escudo cada  
vez que te quedas dormido.

Grité:

¡Por favor no me dejes, no me dejes!

Entonces me abrazaste fuerte

y dijiste: "Estaré bien, estaré bien, estaré bien."

Pétalos danzan en nuestra despedida y se sincronizan con  
tu pulso helado.

Llévame a dónde tu alma pueda vivir en paz.

Destino final.

El toque de tu piel rozando con simpatía los hombros  
que solías abrazar.

Centelleantes cenizas flotan a la deriva de tus llamas y se  
fusionan suavemente con el cielo.

El aroma del lisianthus me arrastra fuera de donde estaba.

Rosa crema, stargazer, iris construyen el mapa que me  
ayuda a rastrear tus pasos.

Cerré mi boca.

Sigo escalando, sigo escalando.

Justify our vows. I know you are right above, you are right above, you are right above.

Look now.

I'm on the top of your world, top of your world, my darling.

Here I come! I yell and take a leap to Hell.

Swirling wind sings for our reunion and nine point eight is my acceleration.

Take me to where our souls may live in peace.

Our brand new commencement.

Touch of your lips compassionately pressed against the skull that you used to cherish.

Delicate flesh decomposes off my rotten bones and softly merge into the sky.

Justifica nuestros votos. Yo sé que estás justo arriba, estás justo arriba, justo arriba.

Ahora mira.

Estoy en la cima de tu mundo, en la cima de tu mundo, amor mío. ¡Allá voy! Grito y doy un salto hacia el infierno.

El viento arremolinado canta por nuestra reunión y nueve punto ocho es mi aceleración.

Llévame a dónde nuestras almas puedan vivir en paz.  
Nuestro nuevo comienzo.

Toque de tus labios presionados compasivamente contra el cráneo que tanto solías apreciar.

Carne delicada se descompone en mis huesos podridos y se fusiona suavemente con el cielo.

# Movimiento

Jorge Drexler

Apenas nos pusimos en dos pies  
Comenzamos a migrar por la sabana  
Siguiendo la manada de bisontes  
Más allá del horizonte  
A nuevas tierras, lejanas  
Los niños a la espalda y expectantes  
Los ojos en alerta, todo oídos  
Olfateando aquel desconcertante paisaje nuevo, desconocido

Somos una especie en viaje  
No tenemos pertenencias sino equipaje  
Vamos con el polen en el viento  
Estamos vivos porque estamos en movimiento  
Nunca estamos quietos, somos trashumantes  
Somos padres, hijos, nietos y bisnietos de inmigrantes  
Es más mío lo que sueño que lo que toco

Yo no soy de aquí  
Pero tú tampoco  
Yo no soy de aquí  
Pero tú tampoco  
De ningún lado del todo  
De todos lados un poco

Atravesamos desiertos, glaciares, continentes  
El mundo entero de extremo a extremo  
Empecinados, supervivientes



# Movement

Jorge Drexler

*Translated by Chris Hallman*

Having just barely stood on two feet  
We began to migrate across the savannah  
Following the herds of bison  
Far beyond the horizon  
To new and distant lands  
The children anxious and close at our backs  
With eyes wide open, ears alert  
Sniffing out that new and threatening landscape, as yet unknown

We are a traveling species  
Rather than belongings, we have baggage  
Drifting in the wind with the pollen  
We're alive because we're in motion  
Never standing still, we are nomadic  
We're fathers, children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren of  
immigrants  
I am defined more by my dreams than where I stand

I'm not from here  
But neither are you  
I'm not from here  
but neither are you  
From no place in particular  
From everywhere a little bit

We crossed deserts, glaciers, continents  
The whole world from end to end  
hard-headed, survivors

El ojo en el viento y en las corrientes  
La mano firme en el remo  
Cargamos con nuestras guerras  
Nuestras canciones de cuna  
Nuestro rumbo hecho de versos  
De migraciones, de hambrunas  
Y así ha sido desde siempre, desde el infinito  
Fuimos la gota de agua viajando en el meteorito  
Cruzamos galaxias, vacío, milenios  
Buscábamos oxígeno, encontramos sueños

Apenas nos pusimos en dos pies  
Y nos vimos en la sombra de la hoguera  
Escuchamos la voz del desafío  
Siempre miramos el río  
Pensando en la otra rivera

Somos una especie en viaje  
No tenemos pertenencias sino equipaje  
Vamos con el polen en el viento  
Estamos vivos porque estamos en movimiento  
Nunca estamos quietos, somos trashumantes  
Somos padres, hijos, nietos y bisnietos de inmigrantes  
Es más mío lo que sueño que lo que toco  
Yo no soy de aquí  
Pero tú tampoco  
Yo no soy de aquí  
Pero tú tampoco  
De ningún lado del todo y  
De todos lados un poco

Lo mismo con las canciones, los pájaros, los alfabetos  
Si quieres que algo se muera, déjalo quieto

We carried on with our wars  
eyes on the wind and the currents  
hands firm on the oar  
Our bedtime lullabies  
Our course set in verse  
Of migrations, of famines  
And this is how it has been forever, eternally  
We were that drop of water traveling aboard the meteor  
We crossed galaxies, the void, millennia  
In search of oxygen, we found dreams

We had just barely stood on two feet  
When we saw ourselves in the shadow of the campfire  
And we heard a voice calling us  
We always looked towards the river  
Wondering about the distant shore

We are a traveling species  
Rather than belongings, we have baggage  
Drifting in the wind with the pollen  
We are alive because we are in motion  
Never standing still, we are nomadic  
We're fathers, children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren of  
immigrants  
I'm defined more by my dreams than where I stand  
I'm not from here  
but neither are you  
I'm not from here  
but neither are you  
From nowhere altogether  
From everywhere a little bit

The same goes for songs, for birds, for alphabets  
If you want something to die, leave it motionless

# Guitarra y Vos

Jorge Drexler

Que viva la ciencia  
Que viva la poesía  
Qué viva siento mi lengua Cuando tu lengua está sobre la lengua  
mía

El agua está en el barro  
El barro en el ladrillo  
El ladrillo está en la pared  
Y en la pared, tu fotografía

Es cierto que no hay arte sin emoción  
Y que no hay precisión sin artesanía  
Como tampoco hay guitarras sin tecnología

Tecnología de nailon para las primas  
Tecnología del metal para el clavijero  
La prensa, la gubia y el barniz  
Las herramientas del carpintero

El cantautor y su computadora  
El pastor y su afeitadora  
El despertador, que ya está anunciando la aurora  
Y en el telescopio, se demora la última estrella

# My Guitar and You

Jorge Drexler

*Translated by Chris Hallman*

Science is alive

Poetry is alive

How alive my tongue feels when your tongue is together with  
mine

There's water in clay

There's clay in bricks

There are bricks are in the wall

And on the wall, a photo of you

Certainly there's no art without emotion

Nor is there precision without craftsmanship

Just as there are no guitars without technology

Nylon technology for the high strings

Metallurgy for making the peg board

The vice, the gauge, and varnish

Tools of the carpenter's trade

The singer-songwriter with his computer

The Shepherd and his electric razor

My alarm, just now announcing the dawn of a new day

While in the telescope, the last star's light has yet to arrive

La máquina la hace el hombre  
Y es lo que el hombre hace con ella  
El arado, la rueda, el molino  
La mesa en que apoyo el vaso de vino  
Las curvas de la montaña rusa  
La semicorchea y hasta la semifusa

El té, los ordenadores y los espejos  
Los lentes para ver de cerca y de lejos  
La cucha del perro, la mantequilla  
La yerba, el mate y la bombilla

Estás conmigo  
Estamos cantando a la sombra de nuestra parra  
Una canción que dice  
Que uno solo conserva lo que no amarra

Y sin tenerte  
Te tengo a vos  
Y tengo a mi guitarra

Hay tantas cosas  
Yo solo preciso dos  
Mi guitarra y vos  
Mi guitarra y vos

Hay tantas cosas  
Yo solo preciso dos  
Mi guitarra y vos  
Mi guitarra y vos

Man makes the machine  
And with it he makes still more machines  
The plow, the wheel, the mill  
The table upon which I set my glass of wine  
The curves of a roller coaster  
The sixteenth up to and including the sixty-fourth note

And tea, and computers, and mirrors  
Lenses to see both close up and far away  
The dog's kennel, creamy butter  
Yerba, Mate, and a bombilla

You are with me  
And we're singing in the shadow of our vine  
It's a song that says  
If you love someone, set them free

Yet even without you  
Your voice is still with me  
And I still have my guitar

There are many many things  
But I only need two  
My guitar and you  
My guitar and you

There are many many things  
But I only need two  
My guitar and you  
My guitar and you

Hay cines, hay trenes, hay cacerolas  
Hay fórmulas hasta para describir la espiral de una caracola  
Hay más  
Hay tráfico, créditos, cláusulas, salas vip

Hay cápsulas hipnóticas y tomografías computarizadas  
Hay condiciones para la constitución de una sociedad limitada  
Hay biberones, hay obuses, hay tabúes, hay besos  
Hay hambre, hay sobrepeso

Hay curas de sueño y tisanas  
Hay drogas de diseño  
Y perros adictos a las drogas en las aduanas

Hay manos capaces de fabricar herramientas  
Con las que se hacen máquinas para hacer ordenadores  
Que, a su vez, diseñan máquinas que hacen herramientas  
Para que las use la mano

Hay escritas infinitas palabras  
Zen  
Gol  
Bang  
Rap  
Dios  
Fin

Hay tantas cosas  
Yo solo preciso dos  
Mi guitarra y vos  
Mi guitarra y vos (x4)



There's movies, there's trains, there's saucepans  
Even formula to describe the spiral of a snail shell  
And more  
There's traffic, loans, clauses, VIP rooms

There are sleeping pills and computed axial tomography  
There are conditions for constituting a corporation  
There are baby bottles, bombshells, taboos, and kisses  
There's hunger, and obesity

There's alternative medicine and herbal teas  
There are designer drugs  
And drug-addicted dogs at the customs office

There are hands capable of fabricating tools  
With which machines can be made for making computers  
Which, in turn, design machines to make tools  
So that they can be used by hands

There are infinite written words  
Zen  
Goal  
Bang  
Rap  
God  
End

There are many many things  
But I only need two  
My guitar and you  
My guitar and you (x4)

# They Went Home

Maya Angelou

They went home and told their wives,  
that never once in all their lives,  
had they known a girl like me,  
But... They went home.

They said my house was licking clean,  
no word I spoke was ever mean,  
I had an air of mystery,  
But... They went home.

My praises were on all men's lips,  
they liked my smile, my wit, my hips,  
they'd spend one night, or two or three.  
But...

# Se Fueron A Casa

Maya Angelou

*Translated by Norwood Keaton*

Se fueron a casa y dijeron a sus mujeres ,  
Que nunca antes en la vida entera,  
Habían conocido a una chica como yo,  
Pero ...se fueron a casa.

Dijeron que mi casa, tan limpia que se la podía lamer,  
Ninguna palabra que dije fue nunca descortés,  
[Ninguna mala palabra de mi boca caer]  
Que tenía un aire encubierto ,  
Pero ... se fueron a casa.

Todos los hombres tenían elogios para mi en sus labios,  
Les gustaba mi sonrisa, mi cadera, mis sabios ,  
Ellos pasarían una noche, o dos, o tres.  
Pero ...

# La Contadora

Gabriela Mistral

Cuando camino se levantan  
todas las cosas de la tierra  
y me paran y cuchichean  
y es su historia lo que cuentan.

Y las gentes que caminan  
en la ruta me la dejan  
y la recojo caída  
en capullos que son de huella.

Historias corren mi cuerpo  
o en mi regazo ronronean.  
Tantas son que no dan respiro,  
zumban, hierven y abejean.  
Sin llamada se me vienen  
y contadas tampoco dejan...

Las que bajan por los árboles  
se trenzan y se destrenzan,  
y me tejen y me envuelvan  
hasta que el mar los ahuyenta.

Pero el mar que cuenta siempre  
más rendida, más me deja...  
Los que están mascando bosque  
y los que rompen la piedra,  
al dormirse quieren historias.

# The Storyteller

Gabriela Mistral

*Translated by Havvab Keller*

When I walk they rise up—  
all the things of the earth—  
and they stop me and they whisper  
and they tell me their story.

And the people walking  
the road leave their stories to me  
and having fallen, I collect them—  
buds like forgotten footprints.

Stories run through my body  
or in my lap they purr softly.  
So many they don't let me breathe,  
buzzing, boiling, and humming.  
Uninvited, they come to me  
and once told, they don't leave either...

Those that fall from the trees  
braid and unbraid themselves,  
and they weave me and envelop me  
until the sea drives them out.

But the sea who's always telling stories,  
the more weary I am, the more she tells me...  
Those who cut forests,  
and those who split stone,  
want stories when they go to sleep.

Mujeres que buscan hijos  
perdidos que no regresan,  
y las que se creen vivas  
y no saben que están muertas,  
cada noche piden historias,  
y yo me rindo cuenta que cuenta.

A medio camino quedo  
entre ríos que no me sueltan,  
el corro se va cerrando  
y me atrapa en la rueda.

Los ribereños me cuentan  
la ahogada sumida en hierbas,  
y su mirada cuenta su historia,  
y yo las tronco en mis palmas abiertas.

Al pulgar llegan las de animales,  
al índice las de mis muertos.  
Las de niños, de ser tantas  
en las palmas me hormiguean.

Cuando tomaba así mis brazos  
el que yo tuve, todas ellas  
en regalo de sangre corrieron  
mis brazos una noche entera.  
Ahora yo, vuelta al Oriente,  
se las voy dando porque no recuerdo.

Los viejos las quieren mentidas,  
los niños las quieren ciertas.  
Todos quieren oír la historia mía  
que en mi lengua viva está muerta.

Women searching for  
children who do not return,  
and women who think they're alive,  
and don't know they are dead,  
every night ask for stories,  
and I return tale for tale.

In the middle of the path,  
between rivers that won't let me go,  
the circle goes on closing  
and traps me in its wheel.

The river people tell me  
of the drowned woman sunk in the grasses,  
and their gaze tells her story,  
and I etch it into my palms.

To my thumb come the stories of animals,  
to my index finger those of my dead.  
Those of children, there are so many  
that they swarm in my palms like ants.

When I held in my arms  
he who was mine, the stories  
ran like a legacy of blood  
through my arms all night long.  
Now, facing the east  
I'm giving them up for I can't remember.

The old want them to be lies,  
the young want them to be true.  
All of them want to hear my story  
which on my living tongue, is dead.

Busco alguna que la recuerde  
hoja por hoja, hierba por hierba.  
Le presto mi aliento, le doy mi marcha  
por si el oír la me la despierta.



I am searching for one who remembers it  
leaf by leaf, thread by thread.  
I lend her my breath, I give her my fight  
in case when I hear it, it awakens within me.

# Los sonetos de la muerte, I

Gabriela Mistral

Del nicho helado en que los hombres te pusieron,  
te bajaré a la tierra humilde y soleada.  
Que he de dormirme en ella los hombres no supieron,  
y que hemos de soñar sobre la misma almohada.

Te acostaré en la tierra soleada con una  
dulcedumbre de madre para el hijo dormido,  
y la tierra ha de hacerse suavidades de cuna  
al recibir tu cuerpo de niño dolorido.

Luego iré espolvoreando tierra y polvo de rosas,  
y en la azulada y leve polvareda de luna,  
los despojos livianos irán quedando presos.

Me alejaré cantando mis venganzas hermosas,  
¡porque a ese hondor recóndito la mano de ninguna  
bajará a disputarme tu puñado de huesos!

# Sonnets on Death, I

Gabriela Mistral

*Translated by Havvah Keller*

From the frozen niche in which the men put you  
I will lower you to the humble and sunlit earth.  
That I must sleep in her the men did not know,  
and that we must dream too, on the same pillow.

I will lay you down in the sunlit earth, with the  
sweetness of a mother for her sleeping son  
and the earth must make itself soft as a cradle  
to receive your broken, childlike body.

Then I will go about sprinkling soil and the dust of roses,  
and in the slight and bluish dust of the moon,  
your weightless remains will live on imprisoned.

I will go far away singing my beautiful vengeance,  
because in that hidden depth the hand of no other  
will descend to dispute me for your handful of bones!

# **Mi Corazón Es Como La Nación De Bolivia**

Calvin Pineda

La nación de Bolivia  
tiene dos capitales ;  
ciudad y ciudad  
únicas en ubicación pero  
idénticas en la belleza de las vidas

así también es mi corazón.  
El amor, como Dios,  
no discrimina persona alguna :  
¡Ah! no, sino que revitaliza,  
como La Paz y Sucre  
están en lo alto, por encima del  
todas las capitales del mundo

así también es mi amor  
para él y ella. Un amor  
en el cielo : una vida  
en las nubes.

# **My Heart is Like the Nation of Bolivia**

Calvin Pineda

*Translated by Calvin Pineda*

The nation of Bolivia  
has two capitals ;  
city and city  
unique in location but  
identical in the beauty of their lives

so too is my heart.  
Love, like God,  
is no respecter of persons :  
ah, no, but it revitalizes,  
like how La Paz and Sucre  
are high above all other capitals  
in the world

so too is my love  
for him and them. A love  
in the sky : a life  
in the clouds.

# POEMA PARA JOAN C. BAEZ EN LA NOCHE DE SU CUMPLEAÑOS, EDAD CIENTOVEINTISÉIS

Calvin Pineda

¿CUÁNDO VAS A SANGRAR?

¿CUÁNDO VAS A SANGRAR?

¿CUÁNDO VAS A SANGRAR?

voy a tomar las pastillas  
que me rasga todos los sentidos  
de mí cerebro y cuerpo

*ella me dirá*

(y) voy a cagar en soprano  
como todo lo que hago está en soprano

*ella me dirá*

*cuando el tiempo sea correcto*

pero

¿CUÁNDO VAS A SANGRAR?

*y en mí memoria, tú eres  
una femmadulce cantante;  
un pájaro con ojos secretos.  
sí, tú encarnas mis alegrías*

pero todavía me pregunto

¿CUÁNDO VAS A SANGRAR?

POEM FOR JOAN C. BAEZ ON  
THE NIGHT OF HER BIRTHDAY, AGE  
AHUNDREDTWENTYSIX

Calvin Pineda

Translated by Calvin Pineda

WHEN YOU GONNA BLEED?  
WHEN YOU GONNA BLEED?  
WHEN YOU GONNA BLEED?

i'm gonna take the pills  
that rip apart the feelings  
in my brain and body

*she'll say to me*

(and) i'm gonna shit in soprano  
like i do everything in soprano

*she'll say to me*

*when the time is right*

but

WHEN YOU GONNA BLEED?

*and in my memory, you are*

*a sweetfemme singer;*

*a bird with secret eyes.*

*yes, you make flesh my joys*

but still I wonder

WHEN YOU GONNA BLEED?

*hoy no me dices nada  
pero incluso tu silencio  
es bonito, bellissimo,  
porque todo lo que tú eres es  
bonito, bellissimo:*

*¡tu voz! ¡tu voz! tu voz  
(y) tus amores fallidos:  
¡bellí!si!si!si!si!mo!  
todo tu ser es perfecto*

pero

¿CUÁNDO VAS A  
¿CUÁNDO VAS A  
¿CUÁNDO CARAJOS VAS A SANGRAR?



*today you tell me nothing  
but even your silence  
is pretty, beautiful,  
because everything you are is  
pretty beautiful:*

*your voice! your voice! your  
voice (and) your failed loves:  
yes! so! yes! so! beautiful!  
all you are is perfect,*

but

WHEN YOU GONNA  
WHEN YOU GONNA  
WHEN YOU GONNA FUCKING BLEED?

# **The Creative Process (from Creative America, Ridge Press, 1962.)**

By James Baldwin

Perhaps the primary distinction of the artist is that he must actively cultivate that state which most men, necessarily, must avoid; the state of being alone. That all men are, when the chips are down, alone, is a banality—a banality because it is very frequently stated, but very rarely, on the evidence, believed. Most of us are not compelled to linger with the knowledge of our aloneness, for it is a knowledge that can paralyze all action in this world. There are, forever, swamps to be drained, cities to be created, mines to be exploited, children to be fed. None of these things can be done alone. But the conquest of the physical world is not man's only duty. He is also enjoined to conquer the great wilderness of himself. The precise role of the artist, then, is to illuminate that darkness, blaze roads through that vast forest, so that we will not, in all our doing, lose sight of its purpose, which is, after all, to make the world a more human dwelling place.

The state of being alone is not meant to bring to mind merely a rustic musing beside some silver lake. The aloneness of which I speak is much more like the aloneness of birth or death. It is like the fearless alone that one sees in the eyes of someone who is suffering, whom we cannot help. Or it is like the aloneness of love, the force and mystery that so many have extolled and so many have cursed, but which no one has ever understood or ever really been able to control. I put the matter this way, not out of any desire to create pity for the artist—God forbid!—but to suggest how nearly, after all, is his state the state of everyone, and in an attempt to make vivid his endeavor. The state of birth, suffering, love, and death are extreme states—extreme, universal, and inescapable. We all know this, but we would rather not know it. The artist is present to correct the delusions to which we fall prey in our attempts to avoid this knowledge.

# El proceso creativo

James Baldwin

*Translated by Miriam Schwartz*

Quizá la distinción principal del artista es que debe cultivar activamente ese estado que la mayoría de los hombres necesariamente debe evitar; el estado de estar solo. El hecho que todos son, a la hora de la verdad, solos, es una trivialidad—una trivialidad porque está dicho frecuentemente, pero muy raramente, por la evidencia, creído. La mayoría de nosotros no nos predisponemos a permanecer con la soledad, puesto que es un conocimiento que puede paralizar toda acción en este mundo. Existen siempre pantanos para drenar, ciudades para construir, minas para explotar, hijos para alimentar. Nada de eso se puede hacer solo. Pero la conquista del mundo físico no es el único deber del hombre. También se lo exige conquistar el gran yermo de sí mismo. El papel particular del artista, pues, es iluminar esa oscuridad, abrir ese bosque vasto, para que en toda nuestra actividad no perdamos la vista de su propósito, que es, después de todo, hacer que el mundo sea una morada más humana.

El estado de estar solo no quiere llevar a la mente meramente un contemplativo rústico al lado de algún lago plateado. La soledad de la que hablo es mucho más semejante a la soledad del nacimiento o la de la muerte. Es como la soledad intrépida que uno encuentra en los ojos de alguien que está padeciendo, a quien no podemos ayudar. O es como la soledad del amor, la fuerza y misterio que tantos han exaltado y tantos han maldicho, pero la cual jamás se ha entendido ni, de hecho, podido controlar. Pongo la cuestión así no por ningún deseo de crear pena para el artista—¡que Dios lo impida! —pero para sugerir cuán cerca, al final, es su condición a la condición de todos, y con la intención de hacer vívida su empresa. El estado de nacimiento, sufrimiento, amor, y muerte son estados extremos—extremos, universales, e inescapables. Todos sabemos eso pero preferimos no saberlo. El artista está presente para corregir las delusiones en cuyos redes nos caemos al tratar de evitar este conocimiento.

It is for this reason that all societies have battled with the incorrigible disturber of the peace—the artist. I doubt that future societies will get on with him any better. The entire purpose of society is to create a bulwark against the inner and the outer chaos, in order to make life bearable and to keep the human race alive. And it is absolutely inevitable that when a tradition has been evolved, whatever the tradition is, the people, in general, will suppose it to have existed from before the beginning of time and will be most unwilling and indeed unable to conceive of any changes in it. They do not know how they will live without those traditions that have given them their identity. Their reaction, when it is suggested that they can or that they must, is panic. And we see this panic, I think, everywhere in the world today, from the streets of New Orleans to the grisly battleground of Algeria. And a higher level of consciousness among the people is the only hope we have, now or in the future, of minimizing human damage.

The artist is distinguished from all other responsible actors in society—the politicians, legislators, educators, and scientists—by the fact that he is his own test tube, his own laboratory, working according to very rigorous rules, however unstated these may be, and cannot allow any consideration to supersede his responsibility to reveal all that he can possibly discover concerning the mystery of the human being. Society must accept some things as real; but he must always know that visible reality hides a deeper one, and that all our action and achievement rest on things unseen. A society must assume that it is stable, but the artist must know, and he must let us know, that there is nothing stable under heaven. One cannot possibly build a school, teach a child, or drive a car without taking some things for granted. The artist cannot and must not take anything for granted, but must drive to the heart of every answer and expose the question the answer hides.

Es por esta razón que todas las sociedades han luchado con el alterador incorregible de la paz— el artista. No dudo que las sociedades futuras no caerán mejor con él. El propósito entero de la sociedad es crear un bastión contra el caos interior y exterior, para hacer aguantable la vida y mantener viva la raza humana. Y es absolutamente inevitable que cuando se ha desarrollado una tradición, no importa qué sea, la gente, en general, supone que haya existido desde antes que el principio del tiempo y será reacísima y de hecho incapaz de concebir ningún cambio en ella. No saben cómo vivirán sin esas tradiciones que les han dado su identidad. Su reacción, cuando se sugiere que pueden o deben hacerlo, es el pánico. Y vemos este pánico, pienso yo, en todo el mundo hoy, desde las calles de Nueva Orleans hasta los horripilantes campos de batalla de Algeria. Y un nivel más alto de conciencia entre las personas es la única esperanza que tenemos, ahora o en el futuro, para minimizar el daño humano.

El artista se distingue de todos los demás actores en la sociedad—los políticos, legisladores, educadores, y científicos—por el hecho de que él es su propia probeta, su propio laboratorio, trabajando según reglas muy rigurosas, por no declaradas puedan ser, y no puede permitir que ninguna consideración suplante su responsabilidad de revelar todo lo que le es posible descubrir en cuanto al misterio del ser humano. La sociedad tiene que aceptar algunas cosas como reales; pero él siempre debe saber que la realidad visible oculta una aún más profunda, y que toda nuestra acción y realización se apoyan por cosas no vistas. Una sociedad tiene que presumir que es estable, pero el artista tiene que saber, y debe dejarnos saber, que no hay nada bajo el cielo que es estable. No es posible construir una escuela, enseñar a un crío, o conducir un auto sin dar algunas cosas por hecho. El artista no puede ni debe dar nada por hecho, mas debe hincar al corazón de cada respuesta y revelar la pregunta que ésta oculta.

I seem to be making extremely grandiloquent claims for a breed of men and women historically despised while living and acclaimed when safely dead. But, in a way, the belated honor that all societies tender their artists proven the reality of the point I am trying to make. I am really trying to make clear the nature of the artist's responsibility to his society. The peculiar nature of this responsibility is that he must never cease warring with it, for its sake and for his own. For the truth, in spite of appearances and all our hopes, is that everything is always changing and the measure of our maturity as nations and as men is how well prepared we are to meet these changes, and further, to use them for our health.

Now, anyone who has ever been compelled to think about it—anyone, for example, who has ever been in love---knows that the one face that one can never see is one's own face. One's lover—or one's brother, or one's enemy—sees the face you wear, and this face can elicit the most extraordinary reactions. We do the things we do and feel what we feel essentially because we must---we are responsible for our actions, but we rarely understand them. It goes without saying, I believe, that if we understood ourselves better, we would damage ourselves less. But the barrier between oneself and one's knowledge of oneself is high indeed. There are so many things one would rather not know! We become social creatures because we cannot live any other way. But in order to become social, there are a great many other things that we must not become, and we are frightened, all of us, of these forces within us that perpetually menace our precarious security. Yet the forces are there: we cannot will them away. All we can do is learn to live with them. And we cannot learn this unless we are willing to tell the truth about ourselves, and the truth about us is always at variance with what we wish to be.

Parece que planteo afirmaciones grandeloquentísimas acerca un estirpe de hombres y mujeres históricamente despreciado mientras viviendo y alabado una vez felizmente muerto. Pero, en cierto sentido, el honor tardío que todas las sociedades presentan a sus artistas prueba la realidad de la posición que quiero exponer. Realmente quiero aclarar la naturaleza de la responsabilidad que tiene el artista a su sociedad. El extraño índole de esta responsabilidad es que el artista jamás debe cesar de luchar contra su sociedad, por su bien y el de ella. Porque la verdad, a pesar de las apariencias y todos nuestros deseos, es que todo siempre está cambiando y la medida de nuestra madurez como naciones y como hombres radica en que tan preparados somos para enfrentarnos con estos cambios, y más allá, para usarlos para nuestra salud.

Bueno, cualquiera que se haya obligado pensarlo—cualquiera, por ejemplo, que haya estado enamorado—sabe que la única cara que jamás ve es la suya. Su amante—o su hermano, o su enemigo— ve la cara que llevas, y ésta puede provocar las reacciones más extraordinarias. Hacemos lo que hacemos y sentimos lo que sentimos básicamente porque tenemos que hacerlo— nos responsabilizamos por nuestros actos, pero raramente los entendemos. No hace falta decir, creo, que si nos comprendieramos mejor, nos dañaríamos menos. Pero la barrera entre uno y su conocimiento de sí mismo es grande de verdad. ¡Hay tantas cosas que preferiría no saber! Nos convertimos en seres sociales porque no podemos vivir de otro modo. Pero para volvernos social, hay una gran cantidad de cosas que no debemos llegar a ser, y tenemos miedo, todos nosotros, de estas fuerzas dentro de nosotros que amenazan nuestra precaria seguridad. Empero las fuerzas existen: no podemos disponer que no sean. Lo único que podemos hacer es aprender a vivir con ellas. Y no podemos aprender esto a menos que nos dispongamos a contar la verdad sobre nosotros, y ésta siempre está en contra de lo que deseamos ser.

The human effort is to bring these two realities into a relationship resembling reconciliation. The human beings whom we respect the most, after all---and sometimes fear the most---are those who are most deeply involved in this delicate and strenuous effort, for they have the unshakable authority that comes only from having looked on and endured and survived the worst. That nation is healthiest which has the least necessity to distrust or ostracize these people---whom, as I say, honor, once they are gone, because somewhere in our hearts we know that we cannot live without them.

The dangers of being an American artist are not greater than those of being an artist anywhere else in the world, but they are very particular. These dangers are produced by our history. They rest on the fact that in order to conquer this continent, the particular aloneness of which I speak---the aloneness in which one discovers that life is tragic, and therefore unutterably beautiful---could not be permitted. And that this prohibition is typical of all emergent nations will be proved, I have no doubt, in many ways during the next fifty years. This continent now is conquered, but our habits and our fears remain. And, in the same way that to become a social human being one modifies and suppresses and, ultimately, without great courage, lies to oneself about all one's interior, uncharted chaos, so have we, as a nation, modified or suppressed and lied about all the darker forces in our history. We know, in the case of the person, that whoever cannot tell himself the truth about his past is trapped in it, is immobilized in the prison of his undiscovered self. This is also true of nations. We know how a person, in such a paralysis, is unable to assess either his weaknesses or his strengths, and how frequently indeed he mistakes the one for the other. And this, I think, we do. We are the strongest nation in the Western world, but this is not for the reasons that we think.



El esfuerzo humano es hacer que estas realidades se relacionen de una manera que semeja acuerdo. Los seres humanos que más respetamos, a fin de cuentas— y a veces que más tememos— son aquellos que están más profundamente involucrados en este esfuerzo delicado y arduo: puesto que ellos tienen la autoridad inquebrantable que procede sólo de haber mirado y aguantado y sobrevivido lo peor. Aquella nación está más saludable que tiene menos necesidad para desconfiar o aislar o victimizar a estas personas—quienes, como digo, honramos, una vez que fallezcan, porque, en alguna parte de nuestros corazones, sabemos que no podemos vivir sin ellas.

Los peligros de ser un artista norteamericano no son más grandes que ser un artista en cualquier otra parte del mundo, pero son muy particulares. Estos peligros se producen por nuestra historia. Se basan en el hecho que, para conquistar este continente, la soledad particular de la que hablo—la soledad en que uno descubre que la vida es trágica, y, por eso, inefablemente hermosa—no se podía permitir. Y que esta prohibición es típica de todas las naciones emergentes se probará, no dudo, durante los siguientes cincuenta años. Este continente ya está conquistado, pero nuestros hábitos y miedos permanecen. Y, en la misma manera en que para hacerse social una persona modifica y reprime y, finalmente, sin gran coraje, se miente a sí mismo en cuanto a la totalidad de su caos interior inexplorado, así como una nación, hemos modificado y reprimido y mentido sobre las fuerzas más oscuras de nuestra historia. Sabemos, en el caso de la persona, que quién no pueda decirse la verdad acerca su pasado se atrapa dentro de ello, se inmoviliza en la prisión de su yo indescubierto. Esto también es cierto de las naciones. Sabemos cómo una persona, en tal parálisis, se incapacita para evaluar ni sus puntos débiles ni sus puntos fuertes, y que tan frecuentemente de verdad confunde uno por el otro. Y esto, pienso, hacemos. Somos la nación más fuerte del Occidente, pero esto no es así por las razones que pensamos.

It is because we have an opportunity that no other nation has in moving beyond the Old World concepts of race and class and caste, to create, finally, what we must have had in mind when we first began speaking of the New World. But the price of this is a long look backward when we came and an unflinching assessment of the record. For an artist, the record of that journey is most clearly revealed in the personalities of the people the journey produced. Societies never know it, but the war of an artist with his society is a lover's war, and he does, at his best, what lovers do, which is to reveal the beloved to himself and, with that revelation, to make freedom real.

Es porque tenemos una oportunidad que no tiene ninguna otra nación para superar los conceptos del mundo antiguo de la raza y la clase y la casta, y crear, finalmente, lo que debemos haber tenido en mente cuando apenas empezamos a hablar del Nuevo Mundo. Pero el precio de esto es un vistazo largo por atrás de donde venimos y una evaluación determinada del registro. Para un artista, el registro de ese viaje está revelado más claramente en las personalidades de las personas que el viaje produjo.

Las sociedades jamás lo saben, pero la lucha del artista con su sociedad es la pelea de un amante, y el artista hace, en su mejor, lo que hacen amantes, que es revelar el amado a sí, y con esa revelación, hacer que la libertad sea real.



YIDDISH

## קיבא

### יעקב גלאטשטיין

א

בעס, נקמה, רויך  
אַ קליינע מחנה מיט רציחה אין די אויגן  
אַנגעגורט מיט פֿייל און בויגן  
אין נאַכטיקן פֿאַרראַט  
האַבן מײַנע ברידער  
רחמנות אין זיך אָפּגעשמדט  
און פסול געמאַכט דעם פֿאַרמעט פֿון מײַן לעבן  
גאָט מײַנער פֿון געדולדיקן בית־מדרש  
שווער אַזאַ פֿינסטערע העלדישקייט צו פֿאַרגעבן

ג

שונא מײַנער, מײַן שטאַרקער אָרעם  
וועט אויך זײַן גערעכט  
פֿאַרשוועכט וועט נישט זײַן  
דאָס ייִדישע וואָרט  
דאָס אָרט וווּ ס'וועט געלייגט ווערן  
דער שלום־שטיין  
וועט זײַן פֿעלדזן־פֿעסט און ריין

# Excerpts from Qibya<sup>1</sup>

Jacob Glatshteyn

*Translated by Arinel Paddock*

## I

Rage, revenge, smoke.  
A small band with murder in their eyes.  
Armed with bow and arrow,  
In midnight treachery  
My brothers  
Shed their mercy  
And defiled the parchments I have lived.  
My God of the patient study-house.  
Such vile valor is hard to forgive.

## III

Enemy mine, my strong arm  
will set you straight.  
The Jewish word  
will not be profaned.  
Somewhere washed clean  
and boulder-strong,  
the peace-stone will be laid.

---

<sup>1</sup> Qibya is the name of a West Bank village attacked by Israeli troops in late 1953

און אז מיר וועלן אלע געפאלענע ציילן  
וועלן מיר די טרויעריקע ווונדן היילן  
מיט רחמים, מיט גלויבן  
אז אפילו אויפן פעלד פון שלאכט  
אין דער פארשעמטער, פֿינסטערער נאכט  
מוזן אונדזערע זין זיין ליכטיקע יידן  
נישט קיין אנפאלערישע רוצחים  
נאָר באַשיצערס, זיגערס, הויך־דערהויבן



As as we count the dead,  
heal the awful wounds—  
with compassion, with conviction,  
even on the fields stained red,  
even in night's shameful prison—  
our children must be nobler Jews.  
Not aggressors, killers, villains,  
but healers, heroes, righteous-risen.

## ליד פֿון אַ טאָגבוך

### אַברהם סוצקעווער

ווער וועט בלייבן? וואָס וועט בלייבן? בלייבן וועט אַ ווינט  
בלייבן וועט די בלינדקייט פֿונעם בלינדן, וואָס פֿאַרשווינדט  
בלייבן וועט אַ סימן פֿונעם ים: אַ שנירל שוים  
בלייבן וועט אַ וואַלקנדל פֿאַרטשעפעט אויף אַ בוים

ווער וועט בלייבן? וואָס וועט בלייבן? בלייבן וועט אַ טראָף  
בראשיתדיק אַרויסצוגראָזן ווידער זיין באַשאַף  
בלייבן וועט אַ פֿידלרויז לפֿבֿוד זיך אַליין  
זיבן גראָזן פֿון די גראָזן וועלן זיך פֿאַרשטיין

מער פֿון אַלע שטערן אַזש פֿון צפֿון ביז אַהער  
בלייבן וועט דער שטערן, וואָס ער פֿאַלט אין סאַמע טרער  
שטענדיק וועט אַ טראָפּן וויין בלייבן אין זיין קרוג  
ווער וועט בלייבן? גאָט וועט בלייבן, איז דיר ניט גענוג

# Poem from a Diary

Avrom Sutzkever

*Translated by Arinel Paddock*

Who will remain? What will remain? It will remain: a breeze,  
It will remain: the blindness of a blind man, once he flees.  
It will remain: a string of foam, a lacy trace of sea,  
It will remain: a scrap of cloud entangled in a tree.

Who will remain? What will remain? One syllable outlasts,  
When all creation once again is lush primeval grass.  
It will remain: a fiddle-rose, itself alone to show,  
Seven blades in all the grasses, only they will know.

Of all the stars and countless more, from furthest north to here,  
It will remain: the single star who sheds an honest tear.  
A drop of wine, inside its jug, will see existence through,  
Who will remain? God will remain—is that enough for you?

## מיט לידער פֿון "יונג-ישראל"

פֿון רבקה באַסמאַן בן חיים

מיר איז באַשערט  
אַריינאַטעמען אייערע אָטעמס  
מיר איז באַשערט זיך טונקען  
— אין אייער געזאַנגען  
אַ יונג-אַלטער  
אַ זיס-זאַלציקער  
— אַ וואָר-חלומותדיקער  
און איך לייען די שורות אייערע  
און בענק און רייד מיט אייך  
און שווייג.

# **‘With Songs’ from Yung-Yisroyl**

By Rivka Basman ben-Khaym

*Translated by Misha Schaffner-Kargman*

It is destined for me to  
Inhale your exhales,  
It is destined for me to submerge myself  
In your songs —  
A youthful-antiquity  
A sweet-saltiness  
A truthful-dreaminess —  
And I read your lines  
And I yearn and I speak with you  
And silence.

## ווי פֿלאַטערלעך פֿון יעקב גלאַטשטיין

ווי פֿלאַטערלעך צום פֿייער  
זיַינען געפֿלויגן קולבאַק, בערגעלסאַן און מאַרקיש  
זיי האָבן מיט גוואַלד געבראַכט  
– ווינענדיקע ייִדישע אותיות  
צום שמד-שטיין  
די טויף-עקדה האָט געפֿלאַקערט  
די אותיות האָבן געשריגן  
ראַטעוועט אונדז  
ריַיזען, לייוויק, אָפּאַטאַשו, גלאַטשטיין  
די פֿרומע אותיות זיַינען זיך צעפֿלויגן  
געבונדענע אויפֿן פֿאַרלאַשענעם שטיין  
זיַינען געבליבן ליגן  
קולבאַק, בערגעלסאַן און מאַרקיש  
מיט אויסגעברענטע אויגן

# Like Moths

by Yekob Glatshetyn

*Translated by Misha Schaffner-Kargman*

Like moths to the fire,  
Flew Kulbak, Bergelson, and Markish,  
And by force they brought with them  
Crying Yiddish letters—  
To the apostate's stone.  
As the fire of baptismal martyrdom flared,  
the letters cried out:  
“Save us,  
Rayzen, Layvik, Opatoshu, Glatshetyn.”  
The devout letters are rent asunder.  
Tied together on the extinguished stone,  
The remnants lie,  
Kulbak, Bergelson, and Markish,  
With burned eyes.

## אָדָם

### פֿון ציליע דראָפּקין

1

אַ צעלאָזענעם  
אָן אויסגעצערטלטן פֿון פֿילע פֿרויען-הענט  
האַב איך דיך אויף מיין וועג געטראָפֿן  
יונגער אָדָם  
און איידער איך האָב צוגעלייגט צו דיר מיין ליפֿן  
האַבטו מיך געבעטן  
מיט אַ פנים, בלאַסער און צאַרטער  
פֿון דער צאַרטסטער ליליע  
ניט בייס מיך, ניט בייס מיך —  
איך האָב דערזען, אַז דיין לייב  
איז אין גאַנצן באַדעקט מיט צייכנס פֿון ציינער  
אַ פֿאַרציטערטע האָב איך זיך אין דיר איינגעביסן

2

דו האָסט פֿונאַנדערגעבלאָזן איבער מיר  
זיינע דינע נאָזלעכער  
און האָסט זיך צוגערוקט צו מיר  
ווי אַ הייסער האַריזאָנט צום פֿעלד

3

?ער: ווען זאָל איך ווידער צו דיר קומען  
זי: ווען דו וועסט בענקען  
?ער: און דו? וועסט גאָר ניט בענקען  
זי: פֿאַר מיר ניט זאָרג זיך  
איך בין שוין צוגעוויינט צו לעבן מיט געשטאַלטן  
דו וועסט פֿאַרבלייבן אייביק לעבן מיר  
און מעגסט שוין איצט ניט עפֿענען מיין טיר  
וועסטו פֿון מיר זיך ניט באַהאַלטן



# Odem | Adam

By Celia Dropkin

*Translated by Misha Schaffner-Kargman*

1

Such a fuckboy,  
Scrawny from the hands of so many women,  
That is how I met you,  
Young Odem.  
And before I even pressed my lips to yours,  
You begged me  
With a face, sallow yet tender  
Like that of the tenderest lily;  
– Don't bite me, please don't bite me.  
I saw your body  
Entirely covered in teeth marks,  
And still, as I trembled, I bit in.

2

Your breath rushed over me  
A shrill sound from your thin nostrils,  
And you shoved yourself towards me,  
Like a hot horizon to the burial field.

3

Him: When should I come back?  
Her: When you need me.  
Him: And you? You won't need me?  
Her: Don't worry about me,  
I'm used to living with what you leave behind,  
You'll stay with me forever,  
I will not let you open my door,  
And I will not let you hide from me.



# INTERVIEWS

# On literary translation: an interview with Ann Goldstein

At the beginning of March, I sat down to meet Ann Goldstein over Zoom. She is best known for translating Elena Ferrante's Neapolitan Novels, among many others. We talked about the process of translation, the perception of translators, and how the craft may change with advancing technology.

Benjamin DeBisschop: Let's start at the beginning—How and when did you learn Italian? and what is your relationship with the language now?

Ann Goldstein: I had always had a kind of desire to learn it—I took a Dante class in college and I just totally fell in love with Dante, so I wanted to read Dante in Italian. I actually took the same Dante class twice [laughing] I was so taken by Dante. However I didn't learn Italian until much later. In those days I was working at the New Yorker and they had a kind of benevolent society where they would pay for classes so I convinced some of my colleagues that we all wanted to learn Italian and read Dante. We had a teacher who came to the office and I think we spent a year sort of studying grammar and then we actually read the whole of Dante.

BD: All of it, wow.

AG: Yeah, I mean it was over a period of many years, but really that's how I learned. That was the beginning of my attraction to Italian and to Dante. Dante really was the original thing, but also the language—I just was very taken by the language.

BD: Yeah, I mean what better place to start

AG: Yeah, right! [laughter]

BD: And your relationship with Italy itself, have you ever lived or worked there for a long period?

AG: No, no, I mean I have no organic relationship with Italy. I just have a relationship that... I love it. I mean, the first time I went I was pretty old, I mean it was just like soon after I started studying Italian, really I was in my late 30s so I wasn't a kid. And of course I now regret that I never lived in Italy. Not that I couldn't still but, but you know things happen in your life and you're no longer quite as free as you were.

BD: Well being based in New York, do you find that that distance affects how you approach the translation, whether positively or negatively?

AG: No, I mean I spend a fair amount of time in Italy, even when I was working I would go twice or three times a year. The pandemic really cut into that, but no—it's good to be there because you just hear things and it just improves your sense of the language. But you know in a way translation is a very... it's kind of a literary activity. You're working on paper, well not on paper. Sometimes [laughter]. I mean you're really working with a book. But you know, of course, being there is really important. It's important to see the places, it's important to hear, to just have the sound in your ear. I'm not underestimating that at all. I'm saying it's possible to, not to have total immersion I guess.

BD: Well on the other hand though, during the pandemic, did you find that that was a good opportunity to sort of hunker down and really get to know a book and start translating it, or not really?

AG: Well, really, the way I know a book is by translating it. I mean a lot of times I don't even read the book, you know for one reason or another I don't even read the book first, mostly because

I don't have time.

BD: That's always an issue

AG: Yeah, exactly, you'd think that there's no deadline for a translation of an Italian book but I don't know, publishers have their ideas.

BD: That reminds me of one thing I wanted to ask later but just, on the logistic side, doing the complete works of Primo Levi, I can't even imagine how you would stick with that and keep that momentum going. How did that process look?

AG: That was, that was a really complex process. I was really learning by doing, and I wouldn't say it was the smoothest thing ever. It involved a lot of translators, and that was complicated. And I wanted to read everything myself and I also wanted to check everything myself so it was pretty complicated. And of course on that project, deadlines came and went like, you know...

BD: How long did that take

AG: Well it was complicated in the beginning, because the editor at Liveright, Bob Weil, spent – the rights, the English rights to Primo Levi's works were scattered among many publishers, so he spent a long time just collecting the rights, and then I don't know. If I count the rights, it was really like a ten year project, it was many year. And in fact, Originally the idea was to collect the translations and put them together in a, you know, in one big volume or one big set of volumes, but it was so obvious that there was such a difference in the translations. They were old, some were good, some were less good, people had complained about them over the years. So we decided to just make it a much bigger project than it was, so that was another thing that made it more complicated. So he got the english rights to everything except

If this is a man, *Se questo è un uomo*, so that was an interesting case because the translator of that story, Woolf had had to do his translation very quickly and wasn't even allowed to collect it. I mean he didn't read the proofs, and so for years he'd been wanting to redo it. So basically we gave him a chance to look at his translation again and fix it up and have it edited and all that. So that was pretty interesting, and lucky as well. Otherwise we would've had one translation that was like, you know, different

BD: That's a pretty big one to be missing or sticking out like that

AG: Exactly. I mean we would've been able to use the old translation but it wouldn't have fit with the program of new translations. Anyway it was very complicated, and then we were working with the Primo Levi center in Turin, and they wanted certain things, they wanted to have—I mean actually they were right—they wanted to have some notes and bibliographies and things like that, you know, so it could be a critical apparatus to an extent. And the other thing I will say about this project, which is very unfortunate and which you have probably come across, is that Bob Weil got the rights to retranslate all of these books, but he did not get the rights to sell them as individual books. So that is really tragic, in a way. Because you can't just buy one, you know, you can't just get *The Periodic Table*.

BD: Yeah, yeah. It's quite a commitment for someone who's just trying to, you know, get an introduction to him.

AG: Yeah. I mean the old translations are available, but um, of course we think you should be reading the new ones!

BD: I agree!

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BD: With the Neapolitan Quartet, you were sort of thrown into

the spotlight in a way which is rare for translators.

AG: Totally, totally strange.

BD: Yeah. How did you deal with that? and has it changed your approach since then, how you approach translating?

AG: No, no I mean, no, it was really—I was so startled by that. With the anonymity of the author, there was this great desire to have this person around whom to collect and whom to ask questions, to find out about, you know, people just want—these days, people just want to have a person. Somehow. I was so surprised. And Ferrante from the start had always said she would never be present, she would never do anything about. There's a famous letter, I don't know if you've read it, I may have quoted it somewhere, which she wrote when her first book *Troubling Love* was published. She wrote to the publisher and said "I will do nothing for this book. If you want it, and you want to publish it, that's great, but I am done with it." And, you know, they published it! [laughter] And then they went on to publish these other books.

Anyway, I was so startled that anyone was interested in me, but I also thought that it was a chance for people to get an idea of translation, because usually, as you say, the translator is just the forgotten man. And so it just seemed like it was a good way of making translators in general more visible— not necessarily me, but , you know, all translators. And I think it's made a difference! I mean I think there's a lot more visibility now with translators, and there are more translation prizes, there's you know the Booker International Prize, the National Book award added or re-added translation, and there's some outspoken translators and, you know, it's really good. But there's still, it's still a struggle; what hasn't changed is it's still not very well paid and it's still not very well respected. Jennifer Croft, the translator of Olga Tokarczuk, the Nobel prize winning writer, she won't do a translation unless



her name is on the cover, and so many publishers will still not do that. That's just one example of how far we haven't come,

BD: You were talking about the audience having you as someone to identify the book with. Did you find that the editors, or publishers also saw you in that way?

AG: No, no, the publishers, they just wanna sell books. I don't mean that in a — they want to publish good books and they want to sell their books, so for them actually it was kind of a windfall in the sense that there was a person who could go around and be the representative. You couldn't have an author tour but you could have a little bit of a translator tour. So I did a lot of appearances and stuff on behalf of Ferrante. But again it was a particular situation, and I always like to make it clear that I'm not Ferrante [laughter]. So it's a different kind of public figure or, a different kind of figure around whom to coalesce

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BD: I remember you giving the example of *smarginatura* during your talk at Bard as one of those words that took a lot of attention. I was wondering if either you could go over that again for the readers or think of another example, either from the Neapolitan Novels or something else.

AG: Oh I should've brought my papers [laughter]. Um, well *smarginatura* is really a technical word that has to do with printing, with the margins of the pages. It means both cutting off the margins and bleeding, when the margins bleed. You couldn't use a word like *emargination*. It was hard to find a single word in English, there isn't a single word in English that has the printer connotations and also means what Ferrante wants it to mean, which is borders that aren't clear, borders, edges that run into each other, that aren't well defined. I mean it's what happens to Lila, you know, two big times in the book but apparently other times to that we don't even know about. But the thing though

that's interesting is that I translated each book as it was written in Italian, so I never saw the whole thing. So *smarginatura*, which came up in the first book, I think I said dissolving boundaries or dissolving margins, I can't remember. But it was just a small part of the first book. But in the third or fourth book with the earthquake, it's gone into in much greater detail, but I didn't have the advantage of seeing that beforehand. I don't know if it would've changed anything, but it's still kind of a strange thing. That's a footnote to the question of figuring out how to translate a word. I think I also had things like trimming the edges. Trimming the edges, trimming the margins, but in the end I sort of realized that I was going to have to use more than one word, and that one of them was gonna have to be a verb, because you needed the send of some action, some motion, so I mean, if you can think of dissolving as a motion, something that happens. I mean it's probably not ideal, maybe the person who re-translates these books in fifty years will have another, a totally other idea.

BD: Similarly, names can be difficult to translate. I'm thinking specifically of Arturo's Island.

I guess you have the advantage there of that just being one book, but I'm thinking of *Il moro*, *Immacolatella*, *Pugnale Algerino*, and I was wondering if you also had a similar sort of difficulty in finding out how to translate those

AG: Yeah well *moro* is a different problem. Yeah, it is difficult because in Italian he's just saying 'you're a little black-haired kid', it has no racial connotation like it would have in English if you called somebody blackie. I don't think you could do that. What I did was, and I did this in the Neapolitan Novels too in other cases, I just explained it at the first mention, and then I left it in Italian for the rest of the book. Which I think is actually not so bad, since it's a nickname that the father has for his son, so every once in a while it reminds the reader that they're reading a book that was originally in Italian.

BD: It's hard to sort of balance the desire to explain to the audience and also the desire not to hand it to them on a plate.

AG: Yeah

BD: Even at the thematic level in that book, with World War II sort of bubbling under the surface and then exploding at the end...

AG: I know

BD: I think that's very different for a modern American audience than an Italian one of the time, so I was wondering how you balanced that.

AG: I didn't write any kind of introduction or any kind of explanation, although sometimes I have done that in other books. I think that I'm always translating for a contemporary American audience, and even though as you say you don't want to explain too much, the tone is not from 70 years ago, I'm not writing in the fifties, and I'm not writing for an Italian audience. But then again, Morante is such a, you know, her writing is so all over the place in a way. [laughter] You know, Arturo's Island, even for Italian the writing is not very contemporary, it's very elaborate, almost Baroque, you know, it's complex. I had read it years ago before I translated it, and I hadn't remembered that the language was so complex and elaborate. It's really interesting. Now I'm working on *La storia*, History, by Morante. And it's totally different. It's a completely different style.

BD: Yeah

AG: So, she's really an interesting writer.

BD: Very much so.

AG: Well obviously you like her, you're interested.

BD: Yeah [laughter] But yeah, I mean with *La storia*, even from the title, that's difficult to translate, and then with such a long, detailed, emotional but also historical-analytical...

AG: Exactly, exactly. It covers all kinds of writing.

BD: It puts you to the test

AG: Yes, it's definitely a test.

BD: Going back to 'il moro', I know you've talked about— I know your opinions on censorship and how to approach uncomfortable or problematic words and subjects. I've wondered if you've ever had pushback from editors or publishers in that regard.

AG: Not really, I don't think so. You mean who would want me to be more, excuse the expression, politically correct?

BD: Yeah, maybe not telling you directly, but if there's ever been any back and forth where they've said "are you sure this is how you want to publish it? is that really what it meant?"

AG: No, I've never really encountered that.

BD: Even not in the politically correct sense, I'm sure it's hard to balance the creative side and the logistic side, the business side of it almost.

AG: Well, you know, there's always a demand for more money. But you know, the advice that I always give translators is to have a day job—if you're starting out, have a day job. And I mean, I

always felt that my day job supported my habit of translation, and it would be very hard to make a living as a translator. It still would be hard. From that point of view, there's a little bit of pushback from publishers on that end. Or they have rules. At some point I was making a contract with a publisher I hadn't worked with before and I said that I would like to have royalties in the contract. I mean it's so unlikely that I'll get them, but I just want them in the contract. And they were like "no, we don't do that." I mean they're just like...

BD: They're very yes or no

AG: Yeah, there's a kind of rigidity I guess. But on the other hand I would also say that there are so many small new publishers publishing translations, that that's really encouraging. I mean, you know, I'm not saying they pay very much but.. and that's okay, well it's okay for me because I'm you know, I don't care anymore [laughter] I mean I do care, but I'm not trying to make a living at it.

BD: Right, not just getting started. It's something new at least. And I guess we'll see how it plays out. On a similar note, I feel like the elephant in the room for a lot of translators is artificial intelligence. I don't know if you have any fears or excitements about that.

AG: I, no, no, I don't really, I don't know. I mean I've heard two different sides, two different versions. I've never really dealt with it myself. But I know some people who say that, for example, there will always need to be translators, because AI is not that literary from what I've heard. However what there won't be a need for, this was somebody else giving me the example, if you're trying to sell a book in a foreign language to a publisher who doesn't read that language, you know, they'll often ask for a sample or something. Like that may be eliminated, because

somebody can say “Oh I can just run the whole book through AI and I’ll have a sense of what it’s like.” I don’t know, maybe that’s an exaggeration, but that’s what somebody said to me. That was one possibility. But I think most people feel that it can’t fully replace the human voice. And also, even a situation or a system where the translations are done by AI and then fixed over by a translator, I think that’s just inefficient, probably. You know? It’s like correcting another person’s translation—sometimes, editing or correcting a translation, it’s like it would’ve been easier to do it yourself. So yeah, I don’t know. I’m sure people are worried about it. They should be worried about it, because a publisher or whoever may find that quality isn’t that important. And maybe for like genre books it doesn’t matter. Like romance and whatever those other things are, horror and gothic, I don’t know.

BD: I mean it really could go either way. I mean it also depends on who the publisher is, what their bottom line is, but there will always be another publisher or someone who values translation more.

AG: I mean you hope so!

BD: You hope, yeah. You mentioned earlier you’re working on *La storia*. Is there anything else you’re working on?

AG: I’m about to start, there’s an author called Donatella di Pietrantonio and I’m gonna start on her third book. She wrote—her first book was really wonderful, in Italian it was called *L’arminuta*, which means “the person who returned” in dialect. I think in English it was called *Girl Returned*. And it’s interesting, again it’s got this kind of shadow of history behind it. It’s about a girl growing up in a middle class family, and all of the sudden she’s sent to a very poor family who is her birth family, which she had no idea about. When she was little, her parents were so poor that they gave her away to another family, and now this family is sending her back. You don’t know that in the beginning, you find it out as she does. It’s worth reading, it’s really well done, and that writer is really good. *La storia* is kind of a gigantic project

so that's taking a while. And the other project I'm working on is Alba de Céspedes. The first one that came out was called *Forbidden Notebook*, which is really a wonderful book. Again, it was written during the war, or actually in 1951 but it takes place in the 40s— well I guess it takes place in '51 but it has that in the background, what it was like to live during the war. That was her third novel. Her first novel is coming out in November, called *There's No Going Back*. That one is really interesting. That one does take place during fascism, it's not specific but it's there. She's a great writer.

BD: Are there any other authors or translators whose work you're looking forward to?

AG: Um, well, you know I'm always waiting for more Ferrante. But, no, I mean, new things, new people always come along.

# **On Language, Research, and a Nineteenth Century Chinese Lacquerware at Kingscote: An Interview with Luli Zou**

William Dunsmore with Luli Zou`

In early March I had the opportunity to sit down with my colleague Luli Zou to discuss her research, and the significance of language and translation to her studies. Ms. Zou is a master's student at Bard Graduate Center in New York City. She studies art conservation, Chinese decorative arts, Chinese trade, and Chinese lacquerware in the global market. Our discussion includes how she uses both her native Mandarin and English to improve and expand her research.

**WILLIAM DUNSMORE** – Why don't you introduce yourself first?

**LULI ZOU** – Hello, I'm Luli Zou and I'm currently finishing my master program at Bard Graduate Center, focusing on, well, I would say, broadly eighteenth and nineteenth century Chinese decorative arts, and American collecting practices in terms of Chinese or East Asian arts, especially export wares. And that's basically where I am now, I'm graduating this May.

**WD** – So, I was wondering what languages you speak - obviously English, we're talking in English right now – or what languages that you read in as well?

**LZ** – Yeah, as I said, because my research focuses Chinese



decorative Arts, so of course I speak Chinese. I'm a native Chinese speaker. I was born and raised in mainland China until I went to Hong Kong for my first master's degree and then I moved to the U.S. Yeah, so basically Chinese and English are the two main research languages that I use all the time.

WD – Which type of Chinese? Cantonese or Mandarin?

LZ – That's a good question. Mandarin. I used to live in Hong Kong for a year and a half so I can understand like 80 percent of Cantonese, but I can't speak it at all, but I can read it. So, in Chinese, we have simplified Chinese and we have traditional Chinese. So, Cantonese does, in terms of writing, they do use traditional Chinese so I can read both.

WD – So, how do you use different languages in your research? When do you use them? And how do they help?

LZ – So, for me, Chinese is my native and I started learning English when I was in elementary school until college. Before I went to Hong Kong, I didn't really use English in my research that much because I studied history and cultural heritage studies — I studied art conservation. So, basically all my classes were in Chinese until I went to Hong Kong where the program is taught in English. Then I moved to the States and worked as a research fellow where the program was all English-speaking education. So, I have to use English much more often. I actually use English as my main research language while Chinese is the second one. In terms of how knowing different languages has helped me, I think it really all depends on my research projects and my research interests. For example, I'm super interested in the eighteenth and nineteenth century Chinese decorative arts and especially American collections. So, these types of things, for example, are all over the American historic houses, now historic museums, and so all the information records are in English which requires me to use English as the primary research language.

But in terms of provenance research, for example, I'm also writing this for my Qualifying Paper (QP), I have all my English resources in the museum context, but when studying the specific decorative objects, I need to go back to China to Chinese history, to Chinese scholarship, to search and find more information. So that's basically how I use my two languages. I'm now translating Chinese scholarship and Chinese information into English or vice versa.

WD – Oh, that's interesting. So, because you're studying American collections, you're kind of doing primary resources, in both English and Chinese, because you're doing, the primary sources from the museum itself in English and then the original sources of that individual object you're studying in Chinese?

LZ – Yes, in Chinese.

WD – When you consult secondary sources, like academic articles, about any of these objects you're studying, or similar pieces that you can learn from. Do you find more sources in Chinese generally or English?

LZ – Yeah, I still want to use my QP as an example, I think it's just a good case study to answer that question. I'm studying a dressing case or dressing box. Basically, a box that contains your toiletry items, and it has, such a long history, like 2,000 years. Yeah, more than 2,000 years ago that Chinese people already started to use dressing cases as their daily routine, both for men and women. But this specific dressing case, I found in Kingscote in Newport, Rhode Island – a nineteenth century, Gothic Revival style Mansion. I found it in the master bedroom without any provenance research. And there's only one line in the museum database saying this is “Chinese export ware from the late nineteenth century?” Oh sorry - 1860s. And that's it, Just a

“dressing case, Chinese export ware, 1860s” – and that's all the information I have. That's the basic primary resource I have in English.

I started examining this little box with visual examinations and material examinations. And then

I had to definitely look back to China. So, I went back to Chinese scholarship academic papers, master's and doctoral student theses, and already published books, and searching for other information of this sort of nineteenth century, dressing box, and I figured out actually the provenance of this dressing case. So, consulting Chinese language sources helps me a lot without using any scientific analysis tools, and instead just analyzing the form and the decorative motifs discussed in Chinese scholarship. I was able to gather all this information for this little box, which is far away from where it was made in China, ending up in this American mansion without any reliable provenance information. But also, in terms of primary resources in English, when I finished my work on the Chinese secondary scholarship, and I went back to the collection to find how this dressing case ended up in the house – which I had no information at the beginning. I really delved into the archives that they have, and most of the archives in terms of the ownership of this little box, are unprocessed. I had to go through those handwritten records, paper by paper. I can't even remember how many unprocessed boxes I went through. But then I found some connections in terms of the last owner of this box, who, I am under the assumption, bought or was gifted the box, because I found two letters on the back of the mirror in this box with her initials.

WD – Wow, and this is in Newport right?

LZ – Yes.

WD – What's the name of the house?

LZ – It's called Kingscote, which is one of the mansion that now belongs to the Preservation Society of Newport County, and they turned it into a historic house museum. And I think you can have a tour within the house. But this house itself – I just love this so much.

WD – And you used to work with them, correct?

LZ – Yes. That's why I got access to this box and got to process the archive boxes.

WD – It sounds like part of what you're looking at, is how it got from China to Rhode Island. So, in that case – maybe I'm wrong about this – but I don't think that ships went directly from China to the east coast of North America, they probably stopped somewhere along the way, or maybe the goods were dropped in Europe first and then to North America. Am I correct in thinking along these lines?

LZ – Well, yes and no. Because, after the first ship, the Empress of China, after the American War of Independence, the United States became an independent country that traded directly with China. And, at the time for western countries, Canton was still the only port that they could trade and conduct business with the Chinese. So, after independence, the American's first ship departed from the New York harbor and successfully arrived in Canton. And well, I think you're right in that they actually stopped somewhere, but I can't remember exactly which place, but I read some journals from the people who were on that ship. They stopped somewhere for a quick stop and then they continued onto the Canton port and then back to New York after a several months journey.

WD – I guess my reason for asking that question was, if they weren't going directly from the port in China, to the port in

Rhode Island, or New York, or wherever in North America – if they weren't going directly between the two ports, then they have another provenance somewhere along the way. So, I'm just wondering if there were any languages – other than English and Mandarin – that you eventually wanted to learn because they might be helpful to your research in tracing the social lives of these dressing boxes?

LZ – I love your question. In terms of this specific box, I don't think it was directly traded between China and the US. Because my assumption is that it was made in the late nineteenth century and maybe early twentieth century, and it was a folk art, and so I don't know how it ended up in Rhode Island in that house –

WD – Can you explain what you mean by folk art?

LZ – The reason I call it “folk art” is because, at that time, I compared it with other court level, or court workshop produced dressing cases with the same forms. And I found that apparently this specific dressing case form didn't reach the court level. So, it remains a very folk art style.

WD – Kind of an art for the people and not really the elites?

LZ – But it was for the elite because it was still well decorated with black lacquer, with gold, with carvings, and the forms perfectly fit all the visual dictionaries at that time. So it was for the elite, but it was not for the court level. It was kind of below the court, it was at least for upper class ladies, or very wealthy merchant class ladies.

WD – I see what you mean. When you said folk art, in my head I was imagining this was a style that's Chinese and made for Chinese people and not really meant for export.

LZ – Actually, that's exactly what I argued in this paper – that this box was not meant for the export market at all. That's why I said, I didn't think it was directly traded from China to the US as an export ware. I think it was somehow bought by somebody who then just took it to Europe or took it to the U.S and then somehow it ended up in an antique shop and bought by this lady whose name is Mrs. Gwendolyn Rives Armstrong. Mrs. Rives Armstrong passed away in 1972. So, even though I dated this box to the late nineteenth century, it doesn't mean that it was shipped to her house directly after it was made – because at that time, she was not even born yet. But yeah, that's what I argued in my paper – that this was not for the export market, it was for the domestic market. Somehow Mrs. Rives Armstrong got this piece and appreciated some sort of authentic Chinese culture, or at least she was trying to learn more about Chinese culture.

If it's okay, I can give you a little bit more background just to make it clear. Mrs. Rives Armstrong belongs to the King family, and this house was purchased by the King family who amassed their fortune from trading with China in the late nineteenth century. The men in this family usually retired in their late 20s or 30s from China trade, and then they got all this tons of money to buy this mansion in Newport as their summer cottage. They brought all these artworks back from China with them to decorate their house. So, this house remained in the King family until this lady (Mrs. Rives Armstrong) passed away. And she inherited her ancestors' China trade treasures. That's why I think the database, no matter who – the previous curator, or somebody – put the information about this dressing box as export ware, was because there are just too many Chinese export wares in that house, and they placed it into this category. But actually, all I want to argue is no, this box does not belong to the previous generations of the Kings, and it was actually a gesture from Mrs. Rives Armstrong.

In the last few years of her life, she was very active in talking to the Peabody Essex Museum, one of the largest China and Asian

trade collection, and also talked to the Forbes House Museum, also called the China Trade Museum. From her letters from all the unprocessed archives, she actually was very active and enthusiastic in reaching out to other people and talking about her Chinese art collections and China trade collections and her family's connections with China. Among some of her Chinese painting and photograph collections, there is a pattern of collecting upper class, female domestic lives. I've tried to draw a connection between this domestic dressing case to her curiosity or her passion in learning authentic Chinese culture not only through those purely export wares which were designed for the export market for foreign customers, but also through these more authentic ones.

WD – In her archives. Have you managed to find anything specifically about that box that you're looking at? Like anything that directly references that box? Or are you finding more about her interactions with Chinese art generally?

LZ – Most are general interactions with Chinese art, but there is one painting she collects which is a Chinese lady in Chinese clothes, but with western facial features, sitting in front of a dressing table.

WD – Are the paintings she collected are a western woman in Chinese dress and scenery or are they a Chinese woman that's using makeup to look more Western?

LZ – These paintings were also made for the export market, so that's why there's these Western facial features on export glass paintings and some lacquers. They all have this very similar, very Western facial features, but in Chinese dress.

WD – I guess just to bring this a little bit back to languages and translation, in this household collection, looking not just at the

box you're researching, but also everything you have worked on there, do you find you need to learn any other languages in the near future? Obviously with Chinese you are getting more in depth research, but for consulting other sources, what languages do you think could help?

LZ – Yes. I think Japanese is another very important language for me. Especially because I'm super interested in lacquerware, and this complicated relationship between Japan, China, Europe, and America. Within these kinds of historic houses, there's often a misunderstanding – they couldn't tell the differences between Japanese and Chinese language.

Let's use a lacquer as an example. Japanese can be very helpful to me because sometimes you are lucky enough to find inscriptions on the lacquer. Which if people are not familiar with both Chinese and Japanese, it's easy for somebody to assume that it's one or the other.

Also, during the Gilded Age in America, which is also a time period I am interested in. There is a lot of Chinese and East Asian art was brought to the US. Not from China, but from Europe, and with all these records and archives, sometimes you see French and German. I think those are languages I would like to learn.

WD – What about Dutch?

LZ – Dutch is another very important language, but it's more relevant to know for studying the sixteenth or seventeenth century – which is earlier than my focus. It's a very useful language to know, in terms of global trade. But for me, except for Chinese and English, I think Japanese and French would be my priority.

WD – And you've started learning French right?



LZ – Yes. I actually started learning both Japanese and French. And Japanese for a native Chinese speaker is actually way easier than maybe for you as an English speaker to learn, because Japanese and Chinese share some similarities and sometimes you can just read and guess more than half the meanings from the characters. But yeah, I started French it's not easy for me at all. It's actually very difficult. But I took two workshops and took several lessons with a tutor. So hopefully, I can Um, practice and learn more about French,

WD – Is there anything else you'd like to add about language and your research?

LZ – I think I really benefit being bilingual, even though I still need to practice my English. And for those, what is that – cursive writing? It's really hard for me to read them. Especially in archives, it takes me a lot of time just to recognize what letter it is sometimes.

I really think that having the knowledge of more than one language can benefit your research. Well, at least in my area of research – or let's say in the study of art and history generally. Especially if you want to look at cultural exchanges and trans-cultural relations.

Another thing, actually, I think my research interest was somehow shifted by my language skills. For example, I think I'm very interested in the cultural communication between China and early America, not only because I'm Chinese and I'm now in the US, but also because I have the skills of both languages, which opens more doors for me to dig deep into archives, and really dig into those primary sources. And also for secondary sources in those languages – allowing me to explore research in both languages and then combine them together.

WD – Thank you for taking the time to speak with me. It was very interesting to hear about your research and how knowing different languages really propels your research forward.

