



2026

Sui Generis
Urgency and Its Ramifications

2026

Annandale-on-Hudson,
New York

Without the guidance of Professor Chiara Pavone, who took on Sui Generis as our faculty advisor in such a graceful way. Thank you for your patience, passion for translation and attention to detail throughout the process of this issue.

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NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

The theme for this year's issue of *Sui Generis* is Urgency and its Ramifications. Introduced to the English language around 1540, the English word "urgency" comes from the Latin verb *urgere* meaning to press hard, to urge. The word "urgency" has increased in usage since its introduction — 1800, it occurred about twice per every million words, a number that quadrupled to 6 occurrences per million words in 2019. As the word itself has changed throughout its usage, we invite you to think about urgency not only as it relates to nationwide and worldwide issues such as politics, climate, human rights, but also in the small, "quotidian" happenings of everyday life. Included in that is the language we use and the stories we tell, the books we read and the things we translate.

Whether it be through a reminder of the reality that our world is becoming increasingly focused on materialism, in Naomi Shihab Nye's *Rebellion Against the North Side* (1984), or through the fast paced, punctuation-sparse, stream of consciousness writing style utilized in Patrick McCabe's *The Butcher Boy*, Urgency shows up many different forms in this issue. Everyone's conception of urgency and how it relates to their life, at the end of the day, is up to their interpretation.

We have considered the following questions among our translators and our editors and now we invite you to consider them as well, if you so wish, while reading this issue. What do you deem urgent? What drives you to put pen to paper? What is being said in one language that hasn't necessarily been expressed in English? When translating, how might different languages change the way an individual approaches or views urgency? How do time and the limits of capitalism impact us as translators (and ultimately, humans?) How do we bridge the gap between languages to stand in solidarity with one another?

It is certainly not easy to consider these questions, but regardless, we believe it is urgent to do so.

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Translator's Note

Batool Jalal

I have been studying Arabic for some time now, and I wanted to use what I have learned and my knowledge of the language in a meaningful way that is also beneficial for others. Translating this beautiful poem by Mahmoud Darwish felt like an opportunity to share his powerful voice and deep sense of belonging with readers who may not have access to the original Arabic. Through this translation, I hope to carry his words into another language, and also the emotion they hold.

~

هناك

محمود درويش

أَنَا مِمَّنْ هُنَاكَ. وَلِي ذِكْرِيَا نَت. وَوَلِدِي نَت كَمَّا تُوَلِدُ النَّاسُ. لِي وَالدِدَّةُ
 وَبِت كَثِيرُ النَوَافِذِ. لِي إِخْخَوَةٌ. أَصْصِدِقَاءٌ. وَوَسِجْجُنْ بِنَا فِدَّةً بَارِر دَّةُ.
 وَلِي مَمُوجَّةٌ خَطَفَتْهَا النَوَارِسُ. لِي مَمَشْهَدِي الْخَاص. لِي عَشْبَةُ زَائِدَّةُ
 وَلِي قَمَمَرٌ فِي أَفَاصِ الْكَلَامِ، وَرَزَقُ الطُّيُورِ، وَزَيْتُونَةُ خَالِدَّةُ
 مَمَرَزْتُ عَاضِلَ الْفَيْلِ مَمَرُورِ السُّيُوفِ عَلَى جَسَدٍ حَلُولُوهَ إِلَى مَمَائِدَّةُ.
 أَنَا مِمَّنْ هُنَاكَ. أَعِيدُ السَّمَاءَ إِلَى أُمِّهَا حِينَ تَبْكِي السَّمَاءُ عَلَى أُمِّهَا،
 وَأَبْكِي لَتَعْرِفَنِي غَيْمَةٌ عَائِدَّةُ.
 تَعَلَّمْتُ كُلَّ كَلَامٍ يَلِيْقُ بِمَحْكَمَةِ الدَّمِ كَيْ أَكْسِرَ الْقَاعِدَةَ.
 تَعَلَّمْتُ كُلَّ الْكَلَامِ، وَفَكَكْتُهُ كَيْ أَرْكَبَ مُفْقَرَةً وَاجِدَّةُ
 هِيَّ: الْوَطَنُ...

I'm From There (trans. Batool Jalal)

I'm from there. And I have memories. I was born as people are born. I have a mother and a house with many windows. I have brothers. Friends. And a prison cell with a cold window. I have a wave kidnapped by seagulls. I have my special view and an extra blade of grass.

I have a moon at the far edge of the words, and the provision of the birds, and the eternal olive tree. I walked this land before the swords turned its body into a table.

I'm from there. I return the sky to its mother when it cries for its mother. And I weep to make myself known to a returning cloud.

I learnt all the words suited to the court of blood so that I could break the law. I learned all the words and broke them down to make a single word.

That is Homeland!

DeclanCarney

~

أين صاحبي حسن؟؟

أحمد مطر

زارر الرررئيسسُ المؤتمن
بعضض محافظات الووطنن

وحيينن زاررر حيننا

قالل لنا:

هاتواشكاواكم بصيصديق في الععلنن
ولا تخافوا أححدأ...

فقدددمضى ذاكك الررر مممن .

فقالل صاحبي حسسسن:

ياسيددي

أينن الررر غيفف واللببنن ؟

وأينن تأمينن السسككنن ؟

وأينن توفيرر الممهنن ؟

وأينن توفيرر الددواء للفقير بلا نممنن ؟

ياسيددي

لمم نررر ممين ذلكك شيئا أبدا .

قالل للرئيسس في حزرزنن :

أحزرررق رببي ججسسدي

أَكْكَلْ هَذَا حَاصِصِلٌ فِي بَلَدَدِي ؟!
 شُكْرًا عَلَى صِصِدُّقِكْإِكْ فِي تَنْبِيهِنَا يَا وَوَلَدَدِي
 سَوْفَ تَرَى الْخَيْرَ غَدًا .

**

وَوَبَعَدَدَّعَامِمَزَارَرْنَا
 وَمَمَّرَّرَّةَانِيَّةَقَالَلْنَا:
 هَاتُوا شِكَاوَاكُم بِصِصِدُّقِي فِي الْعَعْلَنَن
 وَلَا تَخَافُوا أَحَدًا
 فَقَدَمَمَضَى ذَاكَالزَّرَمَمَن .
 لَمْ يَشْتَكِ الْنَّاسُ !
 فَقُمْتُ تَتُّ مُمُّ عُعْلِنَا :
 أَيْنَ الرَّزَّ غِيفُ وَاللَّيْبَنَن ؟
 وَأَيْنَ تَأْمِينُ السَّسَكَّكَن ؟
 وَأَيْنَ تَوْفِيرُ الْمِمِهَنَن ؟
 وَأَيْنَ تَوْفِيرُ الدَّوَاءِ لِلْفَقِيرِ بَلَا تَمَمَّن ؟
 ..وَأَيْنَ صَاحِبِي (حَسَسَن) ؟ /

And My Friend Hassan—Where Is That Guy? (trans. Declan Carney)

The president (who would never lie),
 When he was traveling around the country
 Visited our end of the block and stopped by
 To say:
 Be open about your troubles; don't be shy!
 We know you've got 'em, no need to deny
 Now's the time for honesty.
 So my friend Hassan said in reply,
 Sir,
 Where's the bread and milk supply?
 And where's the home insurance and warranty?
 And the jobs programs? Where can we apply?
 And where's the low income medical policy?
 Sir,
 We never got any.
 The president said, truly sorry,
 Lord scorch my body!
 This is all happening here? Really?
 Thank you for alerting us, my boy
 You'll be rewarded handsomely.

And so a year had gone by
 And the president said, when he came back our way:
 Be open about your troubles; don't be shy!
 We know you've got 'em, no need to deny
 Now's the time for honesty.
 And from the crowd there wasn't a cry
 So said I:
 Where's the bread and milk supply?
 And where's the home insurance and warranty?
 And the jobs programs? Where can we apply?
 And where's the low income medical policy?
 And my friend Hassan—where is that guy?

Translator's Note

Nessim Khayyat

Al Andalus endures in the imaginary as a beacon of all things - creation, the earth, and profound loss. Here, Mahmoud Darwish draws a parallel between the fall of Muslim Spain and the colonial exile of Palestinians; a homeland seized, a people expelled, and an eternity destroyed.

~

في المساء الأخير على هذه الأرض

محمود درويش

في المَسَاءِ الأخيرِ على هذه الأرض نَقُطِّعُ معَ أَيْامِنَا
 عن سُجَّجِيرِ اتِّينَا، وَنَعُدُّ الضُّلُوعَ الَّتِي سَسُوَّقَتْ نَحْحَمِلُهَا مَمْعَنَا
 وَالضُّلُوعَ الَّتِي سَسُوَّقَتْ نَنْتَرِرُ كُكْهَا، هُنَا.. فِي الْمَسَاءِ الْأَخِيرِ
 لَا نُؤَوِّدُ سَسِيئًا، وَلَا نَجْجِدُ الْوَقْتَ كَكِي نَنْتَهِي..
 كُلُّ شَيْءٍ يَظَلُّ عَلَى حَالِهِ، فَأَلَمَّكَانِ يُبَدِّلُ أَحْضَامَنَا
 وَوَيُبَدِّلُ رُزُورَهُ. فَجَجَاهُ لَمْ نَعُدْ قَادِرِينَ عَلَى السَّخْرِيةِ
 فَالْمَكَانِ مَمْعِدِ لِكَكِي يَسْهَبُ ضَيْفُ الْهَبَاءِ... هُنَا فِي الْمَسَاءِ الْأَخِيرِ
 نَنْتَمِّلُ الْجِبَالَ الْمُحِيطَةَ بِاللَّغَيْمِ: فَتَحْجَ ... وَوَقَّتْ حَ مُمُضَادَّ
 وَرَزْمَانِ قَدِيمِ يَسْهَبُ هَذَا الرِّزْمَانِ الْجَدِيدُ مَفَاتِيحَ أَبْيُونِنَا
 فَادْخُلُوا، أَيُّهَا الْفَاتِحُونَ، مَنَازِلَنَا وَاشْرَبُوا خَمْرَنَا

مِمَّنْ مُمَوَّشِحِنَا السَّهْلِيلِ. فَالْلَّيْلُ نَحْحُنْ إِذَا انْتَصَصَفَ اللَّيْلُ، لَا

فَجَجْرَرَّ يَحْمَلُهُ فَارْسُ قَادِمٍ مِمَّنْ نَوَاحِي الْأَذَانِ الْأَخِيرِ..

شَائِنَا أَخْخَضِرَ سَاخِخِنَ فَاثْشَرَّ بُوهُ، وَوَقْسَسْتَفْنَا طَارَزَجَ فَكَكَلُوهُ

وَالْأَسْرَةُ خَضَاءٌ مِنْ خَشَشَبِ الْأَرْزِزِ، فَأَسْتَسْتَفَمُوا لِلنَّعَّاسِ

بَعَعَدَدَ هَذَا اللَّحِصَارِ الطَّوِيلِ، وَنَأَمُّوا عَلَى رِيَشِ أَحْحَلَامِنَا

الْمَلَاءَتِ جَاهِزَةً، وَالْعُطُورُ عَلَى اللَّبَابِ جَاهِزَةً، وَالْمَرَايَا كَثِيرَةً

فَادْخُلُوهَا لِنَخْخَرَجَّ مِمَّنْهَا تَمَامًا، وَوَعَمَّا قَلِيلٍ سَسَبِّحْتُ عَمَّا

كَانَ تَارِيخَنَا حَقُولَ تَارِيخِكُمْ فِي الْبِلَادِ اللَّبَعِيدَةِ

وَوَسَسَسَالِلُ أَنْفُسُنَا فِي النَّهَايَةِ: هَلْ لَّ كَانَتْ الْأَنْدَدُ سَسْ

هَهُنَا أَمْ هُنَاكَ؟ عَضِيظُورُ. أَمْ فِي الْقَصَصِ يَدَّةٌ؟

On The Last Evening On This Earth (trans. Nessim Khayyat)

On the last evening on this earth, we sever our days
From our saplings, and we count the ribs we shall carry with us
And those which we will leave behind, here....on this, the last evening
We bid nothing goodbye, and find no time for our ending...
Everything remains as it was, for this place trades our dreams
And exchanges its visitors. All at once, we are incapable of irony,
For this place is intended to host nothingness...here, on the last evening
We make for the mountains enveloped by clouds: a conquest..and a conquest in return
And an ancient eternity surrenders the keys of our doors to the present
So enter our homes, O conquerors, and drink the wine
From our easy *muwashah*. For we are the night if it was cloven in two, no
Horseman, bound from whence the last prayer calls, will carry the dawn...
Our tea is green, and hot, so drink it, and our pistachios are fresh, so eat them
And our beds are tinged green by cedarwood, so surrender to drowsiness
After this protracted siege, sleep on the feathers of our dreams
The bedclothes are ready, and the fragrances by the door are ready, and the mirrors are many
Enter, so that we may leave in finality, and soon we will search
For whether our history was simply orbiting yours, in those lands far away
And we will ask ourselves, in the end: was Al-Andalus
Here, or was it there? On earth...or in a poem?

Translator's Note
ClariseReichley

With “urgency” in mind, I hoped to preserve the immediacy of my reading experience and resist a need for literal correctness by only reading the sonnet once before translating it. Though there were certain words, such as “verschmähten,” I didn’t know, I coupled context clues with homophonic translation to arrive at the final translation: “dismayed.” (I was delighted to re-read the unintentional assonance in “dismayed Maenads” that echoed the German “verschmähten Mänaden.”)

~

Sonett XXVI by Rainer Maria Rilke (*Die Sonette an Orpheus*)

Du aber, Göttlicher, du, bis zuletzt noch Ertöner,
da ihn der Schwarm der verschmähten Mänaden befiel,
hast ihr Geschrei übertönt mit Ordnung, du Schöner,
aus den Zerstörenden stieg dein erbauendes Spiel.

Keine war da, daß sie Haupt dir und Leier zerstör.
Wie sie auch rangen und rasten, und alle die scharfen
Steine, die sie nach deinem Herzen warfen,
wurden zu Sanftem an dir und begabt mit Gehör.

Schließlich zerschlugen sie dich, von der Rache gehetzt,
während dein Klang noch in Löwen und Felsen verweilte
und in den Bäumen und Vögeln. Dort singst du noch jetzt.

O du verlorener Gott! Du unendliche Spur!
Nur weil dich reißend zuletzt die Feindschaft verteilte,
sind wir die Hörenden jetzt und ein Mund der Natur.

XXVI (trans. Clarise Reichley)

But you, godly one, you intoned to the very end,
Even as the swarm of dismayed Maenads attacked,
Their shrieks overtoned by you, mellifluous one,
From the destruction emerged your abounding song.

None were there who could destroy your lyre, your essence.
How they ravaged and hissed, all the sharp
Stones they threw at your heart,
softened in you, surrendered to listening.

At last they beat you dead, split from wholeness,
But your sounds thrummed on in lions and boulders
And in the trees and birds. There you still sing.

O you forlorn god! You, unending trace!
Only because you were torn and scattered to hostile winds
Are we the listeners now, a mouth of nature.

Translator's Note

SeanMcLeod

The complexity of translating this poem stems from the many possibilities contained in words such as *verlangt* and *finster*, and also from the curious uncertainty of certain phrases, especially of “und wer riecht uns den Himmel zu Ende.”

~

Winterantwort by Ilse Aichinger

Die Welt ist aus dem Stoff,
 der Betrachtung verlangt:
 keine Augen mehr,
 um die weißen Wiesen zu sehen,
 keine Ohren, um im Geäst
 das Schwirren der Vögel zu hören.
 Großmutter, wo sind deine Lippen hin,
 um die Gräser zu schmecken,
 und wer riecht uns den Himmel zu Ende,
 wessen Wangen reiben sich heute
 noch wund an den Mauern im Dorf?
 Ist es nicht ein finsterer Wald,
 in den wir gerieten?
 Nein, Großmutter, er ist nicht finster,
 ich weiß es, ich wohnte lang
 bei den Kindern am Rande,
 und es ist auch kein Wald.

Winteranswer (trans. Sean McLeod)

The world is of that
which demands contemplation:
no more eyes
eyes to see the white meadows
no ears in the branches,
ears to hear the whirring of birds.
Grandmother, where are your lips gone
lips to taste the grasses,
and who, for us, smells the sky finally,
whose cheeks rub themselves raw to this day
upon the village walls?
Is it not a sinister forest,
into which we ran?
No, Grandmother, it is not sinister,
this I know, I lived long
by the children at the edge,
and it is no forest.

Shosha Wheeler

~

Winterantwort by Ilse Aichinger

Die Welt ist aus dem Stoff,
der Betrachtung verlangt:
keine Augen mehr,
um die weißen Wiesen zu sehen,
keine Ohren, um in Geäst
das Schwirren der Vögel zu hören.
Großmutter, wo sind deine Lippen hin,
um die Gräser zu schmecken,
und wer riecht uns den Himmel zu Ende,
wessen Wangen reiben sich heute
noch wund an den Mauern im Dorf?
Ist es nicht ein finsterer Wald,
in den wir gerieten?
Nein, Großmutter, er ist nicht finster,
ich weiß es, ich wohnte lang
bei den Kindern am Rande,
und es ist auch kein Wald.

Winter Reply (trans. Shosha Wheeler)

The world is made of material
which demands consideration:
no more eyes
to look over the white meadows,
no ears, to hear the flutter
of the birds in the branches.
Grandmother, where have your lips gone
to taste the grasses,
and who will smell for us the sky to its end,
whose cheeks are still rubbing raw
against the village walls today?
Isn't it a gloomy forest
we've stumbled into?
No, grandmother, it is not gloomy,
I know it, I lived with the children
on its edges for a long time,
and it is also no forest.

Translator's Note

Aurora Cont and Giorgia Pucker

Rebellion Against the North Side is a critique against materialism, which invites the reader to consider a more meaningful, grounded lifestyle. In our Italian translation, the addressee of the poem becomes even more universal since we decided to render “you” with the plural personal pronoun “voi” rather than “tu” (singular). This way, the universality of the poem is stressed, reminding the reader that everyone is involved in the dynamics pervading our society. Moreover, while translating, we aimed at keeping the contrast between the rather soft tone of the poem and the powerful themes it revolves around.

~

Rebellion Against the North Side (1984) - Naomi Shihab Nye

There will be no monograms on our skulls.

You who are training your daughters to check for the words
“Calvin Klein” before they look to see if there are pockets
are giving them no hands to put in those pockets.

You are giving them eyes that will find nothing solid in stones.
No comfort in rough land, nameless sheep trails.
No answers from things which do not speak.

Since when do children sketch dreams with price tags attached?
Don't tell me they were born this way.
We were all born like empty fields.
What we are now shows what has been planted.

Will you remind them there were people
who hemmed their days with thick-spun wool
and wore them till they fell apart?

Think of darkness hugging the houses,
caring nothing for the material of our pajamas.

Think of the delicate mesh of neckbones
when you clasp the golden chains.

These words the world rains back and forth
are temporary as clouds.

Clouds? Tell your children to look up.

The sky is the only store worth shopping in
for anything as long as a life.

Ribellione al Lato Nord (trans. Aurora Cont & Giorgia Pucker)

Non ci saranno monogrammi sui nostri teschi.
Insegnate alle vostre figlie a cercare la scritta
“Calvin Klein” prima di controllare se ci sono tasche
senza dare loro le mani da mettere in quelle tasche.

Date loro occhi che non troveranno niente di stabile nelle pietre.
Nessun conforto nella terra brulla, desolati sentieri di pastori.
Nessuna risposta dalle cose che non parlano.

Da quando i bambini disegnano i sogni con l’etichetta?
Non ditemi che sono nati così.
Siamo tutti nati come campi vuoti.
Ciò che siamo ora è quello che è stato piantato.

Ricorderete loro che c’erano persone
che facevano l’orlo ai loro giorni con lana spessa
eli indossavano fino a quando non si disfavano?

Pensate all’oscurità che abbraccia le case,
noncurante del materiale del nostro pigiama.
Pensate alla trama delicata delle vertebre del collo
quando stringete le catenine dorate.
Queste parole che il mondo fa piovere avanti e indietro
sono passeggiare come le nuvole.
Nuvole? Dite ai vostri bambini di guardare in su.
Il cielo è l’unico negozio dove vale la pena spendere
per qualcosa che duri tutta una vita.

Translator's Note

Davide Marcadent

This text is an excerpt from Patrick McCabe's *The Butcher Boy*, whose style is famous for being a stream of consciousness with very little punctuation. The translation tries to preserve this feature that reflects Francie's traumatic urgency. The main challenge of this excerpt is the translation of Irish slang into a colloquial non-regional Italian.

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The Butcher Boy (36-40) by Patrick McCabe

I waited until [da] was asleep in the armchair and then I opened the front door and went out into the morning. I was afraid because I hadn't planned it and I had never run away from home before. I should have brought a bag or something. But I didn't. As soon as I got out the front door I just started walking. I wanted to walk and walk until the soles of my boots were worn out and I could walk no more. I was like the boy on the back of a colouring book I had. His cheeks were fat red plums and he blew a puffjet of steam from his mouth as he walked up one side of the globe and back down the other. I had a name for him. I called him The Boy Who Could Walk For Ever and that was what I wanted to do now -- become him once and for all. I left the town far behind me and came out onto the open road. The white clouds floated across the clear blue glass of the sky. I kept thinking of da and Alo standing outside the gates of the home all those years ago. How many windows do you think are there says da. Seventy-five says Alo. I'd say at least a hundred says da. The priest brought them inside through long polished corridors. The assembly hall was crowded. They were all cheering for the two new boys. The priest cleared his throat and said quiet please. I would like you to meet our two new boys he said. Bernard and Alo. Bernard and Alo who? said all the other boys. The priest smiled and rubbed his soft hands together. I was waiting for him to say *Brady* and finish it. But he didn't say Brady. He said: *Pig*. Every day I walked until it got dark. I slept under bushes and once in a tyre. I didn't know what day it was when I reached the city. I was exhausted so I leaned against the big sign. It read: WELCOME TO DUBLIN.

The buses were green as gooseberries and a stone pillar cut the sky. This is Dublin I says to a fellow yeah its Dublin where do you think it is for the love of Jaysus. I liked the way he said that and I tried to say it myself. Jay-zuss. Who's that over there I says to this woman and she looks at me with her mouth open. A big grey statue mouthing about something in the middle of the street and birds shiting all over his head. I thought it was the president but she told me it was Daniel O'Connell. I didn't know anything about him except he was something to do with the

English and all that. The way they were going across that bridge you'd think someone had said: I'm sorry but we're going to let off an atomic bomb any minute now. Bicycles going by in dozens, tick tick tick. Where were they all going. If they were all going to work there was a lot of jobs in Dublin. It was eight o'clock in the morning. There was picture houses and everything. Over I went. The Corinthian Cinema written in unlit lights. What's going on here I said. The creatures were coming to take over the planet earth because their own was finished there was nothing left on it. The shaky writing said they came from beyond the stars bringing death and destruction. I'd have to go and see them aliens when it opened up. I went into a chip shop. There was a woman with bags and half a beard muttering to herself and spilling tea on the saucer. She said she hoped the communists won she said they're no worse than the rest of them. She looked over at me and told me she had two sons. And neither of them were any good she said. I wasn't listening to her. I was thinking about how I was going to get money to see the aliens. The girl says to me what would you like. I says chips. What have you been up to she says you look like you've been dragged backways through a ditch. Oh just walking I says. You'll need a few extra chips so she says and gives me a big heap. I could see her counting money in behind the counter. Then off she'd go into the kitchen with the door swinging behind her I could hear her going on about dances. I wished the old woman would hurry up and get out, her and her sons and her bags. Soon as she waddled off I waited for the girl to go back into the kitchen. I was in behind the counter like a bullet and I stuffed any notes I could into my pocket. Then I ran like fuck. All the way down the street I kept thinking: Hunted from town to town for a crime he didn't commit -- Francie Brady -- The Fugitive! Except for one thing -- I did commit it. The first thing I did was I went into a sweetshop with bullseyes and the whole lot. There was a woman there with a chain on her glasses. What did she think -- someone was going to try and steal the glasses off her face? Thirty Flash Bars I said. I put them all into my pockets and ate as many of them as I could.

The Butcher Boy (trans. Davide Marcadent)

Ho aspettato che papà si addormentasse sulla poltrona, poi ho aperto la porta d'ingresso e sono uscito, avvolto dal mattino. Avevo paura, perché non era nei miei piani e non ero mai scappato di casa prima d'ora. Avrei dovuto portare una borsa o qualcosa del genere, ma non l'ho fatto. Appena uscito dalla porta d'ingresso, ho semplicemente cominciato a camminare. Volevo camminare finché non si consumassero le suole degli stivali e le gambe non mi reggessero più. Mi sentivo come quel ragazzino sul retro di un libro da colorare che avevo. Le sue guance erano paffute/grasse prugne rosse e faceva uscire uno sbuffo-getto dalla sua bocca mentre saliva da un lato del mondo e scendeva dall'altro. L'avevo ribattezzato Il Ragazzo Che Poteva Camminare Per Sempre ed era quello che volevo fare ora — diventare lui, una volta per tutte. Mi lasciai la città alle spalle e uscii sulla grande strada. Le nuvole bianche erano sospese sul vetro azzurro del cielo. Continuavo a pensare a papà e ad Alo, fermi fuori dai cancelli della casa così tanti anni prima. «Quante finestre ci sono, secondo te?» chiese papà. «Settantacinque» rispose Alo. «Io direi almeno un centinaio» ribatté papà. Il prete li condusse all'interno, attraverso lunghi corridoi lucidi. L'aula magna era affollata. Si sentivano urla e applausi per i due nuovi ragazzi. Il prete si schiarì la voce: «Silenzio, per favore. Vorrei presentarvi i nostri due nuovi allievi» disse. «Bernard e Alo.» «Bernard e Alo chi?» chiesero in coro gli altri ragazzi. Il prete sorrise e si strofinò le mani. Stavo aspettando che dicesse «Brady» per finire la frase. Invece non disse Brady. Disse: «Maiale». Ogni giorno camminavo fino a quando non faceva notte. Dormivo sotto i cespugli e una volta avevo dormito dentro uno pneumatico. Quando arrivai in città non sapevo più che giorno fosse. Ero esausto, così mi appoggiai a un grande cartello. Si leggeva: **BENVENUTI A DUBLINO.**

Gli autobus erano verdi come uva spina e una colonna di pietra tagliava il cielo. «Questa è Dublino?» dissi a un passante. «Sì, è Dublino. Per l'amor di Giessù! Dove credi che siamo ragazzo?» Mi piaceva come lo aveva detto, e ci provai anch'io: «Giessù!» «Chi è quello laggiù?» chiesi alla donna e lei mi guardò a bocca aperta. C'era una grande statua grigia in mezzo alla strada, con la bocca aperta come se stesse parlando, e gli uccelli che le facevano la cacca in testa. Pensavo fosse il Presidente, ma mi disse che era Daniel O'Connell. Non sapevo niente di lui, se non che aveva a che fare con gli inglesi e robe del genere. Dal modo in cui stavano attraversando il ponte sembrava che qualcuno avesse detto: «Mi spiace, ma tra un attimo lanciamo una bomba atomica.» Dozzine di biciclette sfrecciavano tic-tic-tic. Dove andavano tutti? Se andavano al lavoro, allora Dublino offriva un bel po' di posti. Erano le otto del mattino. C'erano cinema e ogni ben di Dio. Andai oltre. La scritta che recitava "Cinema Corinthian" aveva le luci spente. «Che succede qui?» dissi. Le creature stavano arrivando per conquistare il pianeta Terra perché il loro era finito e non ne restava più niente. Le scritte tremolanti dicevano che venivano da oltre le stelle portando morte e distruzione. Dovevo assolutamente andare a vederli, quegli alieni, quando avrebbe aperto il cinema.

Entra in una friggitoria. C'era una donna con delle borse e una specie di barba che borbottava tra sé e sé e rovesciava il tè sul piattino. Diceva: «Spero vincano i comunisti, non sono certo peggio degli altri.» Mi guardò e disse che aveva due figli; «E sono tutti due dei buoni a nulla» disse. Non la stavo ascoltando. Pensavo a come avrei fatto a racimolare i soldi per vedere gli alieni. La ragazza dietro al banconemichiese cosa volevo e io risposi «Patatine». «Ma che ti è successo?», chiese. «Sembra che ti abbiano trascinato per un fosso.» «In realtà, ho solo camminato» dissi. «Hai bisogno di qualche patatina in più?» mi disse, e mi ne versò un bel mucchio. La vidi contare i soldi dietro al bancone, poi sparì in cucina e la porta sbatté; la potevo sentire ancora parlare di balli. Desideravo che la vecchia signora si brigasse a uscire, coi suoi sacchetti e i figli. Appena se ne andò goffamente, sfruttai il momento: balzai dietro il bancone e infilai in tasca tutte le banconote che trovai. Poi scappai a gambe levate. Giù per la strada continuavo a pensare: «Ricerca da una città all'altra per un crimine che non ha commesso — Francie Brady — Il Fuggiasco!» Tranne per un piccolo dettaglio: quel criminale l'aveva commesso davvero. La prima cosa che feci fu entrare in un negozio di dolci, con le mentine Bullseyes e ogni tipo di caramella. C'era una donna con una catena alla gliocchiali. Cosa credeva, che qualcuno glieli avrebbe rubati? «Trenta barrette al cioccolato» dissi. Le infilai tutte nelle tasche e ne mangiai quante più potevo.

Translator's Note

Kiara A. Peña

One of my biggest struggles with this text was maintaining the original author's voice. I found myself constantly changing the syntax of sentences, shorting them and adding nouns until my translation sounded nothing like the original. Ultimately, I had to retrace my steps in order to make it similar to the original writing style while trying to make the story understandable in English.

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“La Historia del Nuovo Mondo” by Girolamo Benzoni

MONDO NUOVO LIB. I. 19
Isolani veduta tale; Certi venti si leuarono, & vno potentissimo, chiamato da gli Spagnuoli FURACANO, venne con tanto impeto, che pose terrore al Cielo, & spauento alla terra; & parue che volesse l'vno, & l'altro rouinare; onde si tenne per fermo ciascuno di morire, & che gli Elementi si douessero confondere, & risolvere. et dar fine al mondo. I lampi dell'aria erano estremi, & spessi, i tuoni spauentevoli & grandi, il giorno pareua notte, con le tenebre tanto scure, che gli huomini non si vedeano l'vn l'altro. Voi haureste veduto le genti stordite, spauentate, & fuori di sentimento correre per ogni trauerfo, senza saper donde s'andassero, e tanta era la rabbia de' venti, che insieme combatteuano stridendo, che gli sbarbauano gli alberi, spiccavano le pietre da' monti, et con furia grandissima le rouinauano a' piani; spianando case, & ammazando huomini, & infino alle case intere con le genti dentro furon portate per aria, & fracassate. Onde il grido de' popoli era per tutto graue, & dolente; cosi in spatio di poche hore furono fatti danni estremi; infino a tre nauì, lequali erano in porto sicure, sulte le ancore,

DELL'HISTORIE DEL
 pena poteuano respirare, la fauella era ristretta, & la voce loro tutta smarrita. Tornati alquanto in loro, questi Isolani, fra loro ragionando haueuano altra opinione, che non era quella de' Cristiani; percioche imputauano tanto danno à cattiu portamenti de' gli Spagnuoli. & che gli volesse il Cielo da loro scacciare; ma fosse questo, ò altra cagione, lo lasciero al giuditio de' più saui, & più degni intelletti che il mio, & il loro. Nel termine di cinque anni auenire, due al-

“La Historia del Nuovo Mondo” (trans. Kiara A. Peña)

Coming from the Levant, a great misfortune happened, the likes of which had never been seen before by the islanders. Many winds arose, but one potent gust, called *Furacano* by the Spanish, came with such impetus that it terrorized the sky and frightened the earth. It appeared to want to ruin everything in its path. Hence, every person was sure death was upon them. It seemed as if all the elements were confused and determined to bring the end of the world. The lighting in the sky was extreme and dense. The thunder was dreadful and immense. The day resembled night; with a darkness so deep that people were unable to see one another. One could have seen helpless people, stunned and scared out of their minds, running every which way, unsure where to go.

So much was the rage of these winds that together they battled shrieking, that they left the trees bare and dislodged boulders from mountainsides. Such intense fury indeed that it destroyed valleys, uprooting houses and killing men. Ultimately, entire houses were lifted with men still inside of them and as they were carried away into the sky, the houses crumbled into pieces. Thus, the cries of the people were grave and sorrowful seeing as in the span of a few hours extreme damage had been done. Furthermore, up to three ships, which were securely fastened to the port, with their anchors weighing them down, had their new sturdy ropes slashed, causing them to sink with all the mariners inside.

By hiding in certain caves, many Indians saved themselves. Later, when they went back outside, they were so shocked and at a loss due to the severity of the situation that they could barely breathe, their speech was restricted and their voices strained. After regaining their composure, these islanders within their own reasoning had reached another opinion, which was not that of the Christians. For they believed so much damage was due to the evil behavior of the Spanish, the Sky wanted to force the Spaniards away from them. But be it this, or another reason, I will leave it to the judgement of those wiser and with a worthier intellect than mine and theirs.

Translator's Note

Luca Caterina Raufer

Sibilla Aleramo, most known for her novel *Una Donna*, was an adamant letter writer, writing over 25,000 letters in her lifetime. While her novels have been translated into English, these letters, published first in Italian in 1982 and again in 2021 with commentary by Alessandra Cenni, have yet to be published in English translation. Written to Italian feminist writer and activist Lina Poletti, these letters provide a glimpse into Queer life and love in early 1900s Italy. I have formatted my translations side by side with the original letters, in an attempt to emphasize their chronology and the way they connect with each other. I also hope this will emphasize to the reader the intimacy that can be found within the poetics of the original text and the epistolary form itself. This work is a sampling of the research and translation I have conducted as part of my Senior Project.

Firenze, 10 aprile 1909

Florence, April 10 1909

Lina, Lina, che avviene in me? Io speravo che Lina, Lina, what has come over me? I was questi giorni di lontananza valessero almeno a hoping that these days of distance would at darmi un più chiaro senso di questa nuova least give me a clearer sense of this new phase fase della mia vita... Invece, no. M'immergo of my life... but instead, no. I constantly dive sempre più in un'atmosfera di sogno, che mi deeper into a dreamlike atmosphere, that fa indicibilmente soffrire e indicibilmente makes me suffer indescribably and enjoy godere... Le parole sono tutte usate. Una sola indescribably... words are all used up. Only risponde alla realtà e pur non m'appaga: ti one phase responds to reality and even that penso. Sempre, sempre, sempre, intendi? Ed è one doesn't satisfy me: I think of you. terribile.

Always, always, always, do you understand?

It is terrible.

I never before have experienced this lucid

Mancava alla mia esperienza questa lucida
 follia: questa gioia senza causa e senza scopo,
 questo dolore nato non so come e che non so
 come morirà. Ciò che è in me di crudele è
 soddisfatto una volta ancora: ancora posso
 sopportare la vita, non la vita che tutti intorno
 vivono, ma quella violenta, tempestosa,
 abbagliante, che s'è compiaciuta di
 tormentarmi lasciandomi, per la dolcezza
 altrui, un volto di serenità: ancora sono più
 forte dell'onda che mi solleva contro il cielo.

Forse tu non esisti: forse sei molto diversa da
 quello che io vado contemplando ora per ora,
 minuto per minuto, nella mia silenziosa
 esaltazione. Sii benedetta ugualmente! Cara
 mi resterai anche se tutto questo svanirà.

Ieri ho passato molto tempo dinanzi
 all'Aurora della Cappella Medicea. Quella
 creatura che si sveglia non somiglia all'anima
 nostra? Anche noi non sappiamo se il dolore

folly: this joy without cause and without aim,
 this pain — born I don't know how, and I
 don't know how it will die. That cruel part of
 me is satisfied once more: I can still handle
 life, not the life that all the others live, but that
 violent, stormy, dazzling life, that with she
 enjoyed tormenting me by leaving me for
 other sweetness, a face of serenity: still I am
 stronger than the shadow that lifts me against
 the sky.

Maybe you don't exist: maybe you are very
 different from what I contemplate hour by
 hour, minute by minute, in my exalted silence.
 May you be blessed anyway! You will stay
 dear to me, even if all of this vanishes.

Yesterday I spent a long while in front of the
 sculpture of Aurora in the Capella Medicea
 (Medici Chapel). Doesn't that awakening
 creature remind you of our soul? Even we
 don't know if greater pain was in dreams or if

maggiore fu nel sonno o sarà nella vita. Pur che esso sia racchiuso in linee divine!	it will be in life. Even when that pain is kept in the outline of the divine!
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16 maggio (1909)	May 16th, 1909
Lina, creatura mia, ho rivissuto tutta notte l'ora suprema di iersera, coll'anima inondata dalla stessa dolorosa luce stellare. Per sempre così. E benedetta la natura che ci ha guardate in volto e salvate. Ma ora ho bisogno di sapere come tu stai, mia diletta, e ho bisogno di un attimo di tenerezza tua, oggi, nel sole. Mi sembra che abbiamo fatto una strada infinita, iersera: non vuoi ch'io mi appoggi al tuo braccio, non vuoi chinare il capo sul mio cuore, un momento? (...) Non posso pensare di rivederti fra la gente. Domattina alle sette potrei aspettarti a Villa Borghese 10	Lina, my creature, all through the night, I relived our evening, my soul, flooded with that same sorrowful starlight. Forever. Blessed be nature that looked us in the face, and saved us. Now, I must know — how are you, my dearest? I need a moment of your tenderness today, in the sun. It seems that we walked an infinite path last night: don't you want me to lean on your arm? Don't you want to lean your head on my heart, for a moment? I can't imagine seeing you among other people. Tomorrow morning at seven, I could wait for you, at 10 Villa Borghese.

Santa Marinella, 2 giugno 1909	Santa Marinella, June 2nd 1909
Come stanotte il mare respira ampio e calmo. Trema su di lui il bagliore lunare. La spiaggia è deserta sotto le stelle. Amore, amore, e	The sea breathes, sweeping and calm as the night. The moon's lunar glow trembles upon it. The beach is deserted under the stars. My

questa mia prima giornata di raccoglimento
termina con un'invocazione vana e
appassionata. La senti tu? Puoi tu, stasera
stessa, a traverso tanto spazio, immaginare
che ti tendo le braccia da questa terrazza
sospesa nel silenzio, e vivere lo stesso mio
desiderio delirante? Oh averti qui, ora! Sole al
mondo nella lunga notte splendente! E la tua
voce che s'accorda col mormorio dell'onda, e
la mia mano fra i tuoi capelli, e tutte le stelle
che brillano meno del tuo sguardo! Lina, lo
sai che ti amerei anch'io con una forza
smisurata? Io sarei per questa notte una
creatura appena sorta dal mare, a cui la vita si
rivelerebbe per la prima volta e che
crederebbe stringendoti al petto di stringere
tutto l'universo, tutta la gioia, tutta la bellezza,
tutta la luce!

Epoi correrei a piedi nudi sul lido, e forse
scoprirei qualche segreto armonioso e forse
anche il mio cuore si spezzerebbe nel respiro

love, my love, this is my first day of
meditation, and it ends with a vain and
passionate invocation. Do you hear it? Could
you, tonight, from so far away, imagine that I
extend my arms out to you from this terrace,
suspended in silence; and could you live with
my same delirious desire? Oh to have you
here, now! Sun to the world in a long shining
night! And your voice in tune with the
murmur of the waves, and my hand in your
hair, and the shine of all the stars combined,
still less brilliant than your gaze! Lina, do you
know that I would love you too with an
immeasurable force. I would be for this night
a just emerged sea creature, who is revealed in
life for the first time, and who believes that
holding you to her chest forms the entirety of
the universe, the entirety of joy, the entirety of
beauty, the entirety of light!

And then I would run barefoot on the beach,
maybe I would discover some harmonious
secret, and maybe even my heart would burst

troppo possente e tu, allora, amata,
prolungheresti d'un poco il tepore sulle mie
labbra con gli ultimi tuoi baci (...) Non
sapresti tu prepararmi il rogo? E per tutta la
vita avresti di me un'immagine divina.

from breathing so heavily, and then you,
beloved, you would extend the warmth of my
lips for just a moment with your final kisses.
Wouldn't you know how to prepare a funeral
pyre for me? And for the rest of your life you
would have a divine image of me.

Translator's Note

Alex Leonard

This translation is an excerpt from my senior project, a translation of the 2020 essay collection 海をあげる (I'll Give You the Sea) by Yōko Uema. Though this is a small sample, there are some translation choices I'd like to highlight. For instance, I decided to split up the dialogue between Uema and her daughter at the beginning into several paragraphs; though in the original text it's all in the same paragraph, which is fairly natural in Japanese, in English the more conventional way to show clear dialogue is on separate lines, and I felt that rendering it as such clarified it significantly. Additionally, when Fūka says "hermit crabbies," this is a choice I made to translate her childish pronunciation of the word 死ぬ (*shinu*, to die) as 死ぬ (*shimu*) in the original. Finally, the phrase "in the blink of an eye" is more accurately あっというま in the original, or "the time it takes to say ah." I chose to represent it as this phrase because it's an idiom with very similar meaning and maintains the parallelism of the paragraph. Translating the voice of this text was super interesting throughout, and I hope you enjoy it!

~

海をあげるYōko Uema

東京で暮らしているときに驚いたことのひとつは、軍機の音が聞こえないということだった。線路沿いで暮らしていたので深夜まで電車の音は聞こえたけれど、それでも部屋が震えることもなく、テレビの電波が乱れることもなく、隣にいるひとの声が聞こえなくなることもなかった。

私が沖縄出身だと話すと、沖縄っていいところですね、アムロちゃんって可愛いよね、沖縄大好きですなどと仲良くしてくれるひとは多かったが、ああ、こんなところで暮らしているひとに、軍隊と隣り合わせで暮らす沖縄の日々の苛立ちを伝えるのは難しいと思い、私は黙り込むようになった。

だからといって、沖縄の基地問題に関心があると話すひとたちを前にして、私が黙り込まなかったわけではない。私の通った大学院は、社会的な運動に関わるのが奨励されるような文化を持っており、沖縄の基地問題もまたときどき話題になった。

一九九五年に沖縄で、女の子が米兵に強姦された事件のときもそうだった。基地に隣接する街で、買い物にでかけた小学生が四人の米兵に拉致されたこと、あまりにも幼いという理由で一人の米兵は強姦に加わらなかったものの、残りの三人は浜辺でその子を強姦したこと、沖縄では八万五〇〇〇人のひとびとが集まる抗議集会が開かれたこと。東京でも連日のように、この事件は報道された。

東京の報道はひどかった。ワイドショーでは、被害にあった女の子の家が探し出され、その子の家も映された。その映像をみれば、私が暮らしていた狭い島では、被害にあったのがだれなのかがはっきりわかる。

被害にあったのはこの子だけじゃない。手のひらに、草を握りしめたまま強姦されて殺された女の子の母親は、腐敗した娘の服さえ捨てられなかったと聞いている。

あの子は最期に何をみたのだろうか？ 娘の手のひらをひろげて草をとりだした母親は、いまどうしているのだろうか？

抗議集会が終わったころ、指導教員のひとりだった大学教員に、「すごいね、沖縄。抗議集会に行けばよかった」と話しかけられた。「行けばよかった」という言葉の意味がわからず、「行けばよかった？」と、私は彼に問いかえした。彼は、「いやあ、ちょっとすごいよね、八万五〇〇〇は。怒りのパワーを感じにその会場にいたかった」と答えた。私はびっくりして黙り込んだ。

そのころ東京と沖縄の航空チケットは往復で六万円近くかかり、私にとって沖縄は、「行けばよかった」と言える場所ではなかった。でも私が黙りこんだのは、沖縄に気軽に行ける彼の財力ではなく、その言葉に強い怒りを感じたからだ。あの子の身体の温かさと沖縄の過去の事件を重ね合わせながら、引き裂かれるような思いでいる沖縄のひとびとの沈黙と、たったいま私が聞いた言葉はなんと遠く離れているのだろう。

それから折に触れて、あのとき私はなんと言えよよかったのかと考えた。私が言うべきだった言葉は、ならば、あなたの暮らす東京で抗議集会をやれ、である。沖縄に基地を押しつけているのは誰なのか。三人の米兵に強姦された女の子に詫びなくてはならない加害者のひとは誰なのか。

沖縄の怒りに癒され、自分の生活圏を見返すことなく言葉を発すること自体が、日本と沖縄の関係を表していると私は彼に言うべきだった。言わなかったから、言葉は私のなかに沈んだ。その言葉は、いまも私のなかに残っている。

I'll Give You the Sea (trans. Alex Leonard)

When I moved to Tokyo, I was surprised I couldn't hear the sound of military aircraft overhead. I lived along the train line, so I could hear the trains until late into the night; but,

unlike in Okinawa, the room never shook, the TV signal never faltered, and it never got so loud I couldn't hear the person next to me.

When I tell people I'm from Okinawa, most people respond with niceties: "Okinawa is such a wonderful place," "Amuro-chan* is so cute," or the trite "I love Okinawa." I found it difficult to explain the daily injustices of living next to a military base, so I began to fall silent when the topic came up.

That isn't to say I just sat there silently when I was faced with people who really did care; people who wanted to talk about Okinawa's military base issue. The graduate school I attended encouraged us to get involved in social movements, and Okinawa's base problem came up from time to time.

It was the same after the incident in 1995, when a young girl was raped by U.S. soldiers. In a town adjacent to the base, an elementary-school girl who was out shopping was abducted by four U.S. servicemen; three of them raped her on the beach. One of them didn't take part because she was so young. A protest in Okinawa drew eighty-five thousand people, and the case was on the news in Tokyo every day.

The coverage in Tokyo was awful. On talk shows they tracked down the victim's house and broadcast it to the whole country. On the little island where I live, anyone would have been easily able to tell who the girl was from the footage.

She wasn't the only victim. I heard about a mother whose daughter's corpse was found with grass still clenched in her palm. She couldn't even bring herself to throw away her child's stained and rotten clothes.

What was the last thing that little girl saw? What must that mother, who unclenched her daughter's palm and carefully took the grass out from it, be living through now?

After the protest had ended, one of my advisors at the university said to me, "Wow, Okinawa's really something. You should've gone to the protest." I didn't understand what he meant by his words, so I asked, "What do you mean by 'You should've gone'?" He said, "Well, eighty-five thousand people is pretty amazing. I wish I'd been there, to feel the force of that kind of anger." I was stunned, and just fell silent.

At that time a round-trip ticket between Tokyo and Okinawa cost nearly sixty thousand yen (\$1,200 today); Okinawa wasn't somewhere I could easily say, "I should've gone there." It wasn't that he was more able to go than I; it was the flippancy with which he spoke that filled me with so much rage that all I could do was fall silent. While I felt the fading warmth of that child's body becoming just another Okinawan incident, I couldn't help but feel how distant the torn-open silence of my island's people was from the words I just heard.

Since then, I've often wondered what I should have said. What I should have told him then was: if you feel that way, hold a protest in Tokyo. Who imposes bases on Okinawa? Which of us is the perpetrator? Who owes an apology to the girl raped by those three soldiers?

I should have told him that the very act of being comforted by Okinawa's rage, while failing to reflect on your own conditions, itself perfectly captures the relationship between Japan

and Okinawa. I didn't say anything at all; the words simply sank into me. They remain with me still.

Translator's Note

Kalina Beleska

Whilst translating, the fear of misunderstanding and thus misrepresenting the author's intention was most daunting. Yet, no matter how thoroughly I analyzed, there were always ambiguities; my translation, along with every other I suspect, is hence an act of profound personal rendition.

~

„Мојот син учи географија“ Методија Ст. Тошевски

Мојот син учи географија

и прашува

каде е Македонија на дедо му

Што да му одговорам се прашувам себе

Те прашувам тебе и тие до тебе

Каде е Македонија на дедо му

Гледаме во картата за почетните одделенија

сега кога се бележат границите на сознанијата

а таа е погрешно поставена

Кој ќе ја објасни подоцна неминовноста на времето

Кој ќе го објасни подоцна во детскиот резон

хаосот на заблудите што ги сејат соседите

Мојот син учи географија

и неприродно му стои распоредот на реките

Како секоја од себе да влече во неизвесно

како да немеат, како да се одродуваат
а тој чувствува
сестрите на мајка му се далеку
ја нема нивната љубов меѓу денот и ноќта
Прашува постојано
кога ќе се укинат границите
да го види морето
во кое неговите тетки го мијат невиното лице
на младоста

Мојот син учи географија
и прашува
каде е Македонија на дедо му
Што да му одговорам се прашувам себе
Те прашувам тебе и тие до тебе
ако во неговите почетни учебници
нема одговор за тоа
Што да му одговорам, боже

“My son learns geography” (trans. Kalina Beleska)

My son learns geography
and asks
where is Macedonia grandpa
What do I tell him I ask myself
I ask you and those adjacent to you
Where is his grandpa's Macedonia

We look into the map designed for those with unripe minds
Now when it outlines the borders of consciousness
and she is placed awkwardly
Who is going to explain the inevitability of time
Who is going to explain to a childish disposition
the chaotic whims neighbors sow

My son learns geography
and the man-made arrangement of rivers pricks his vision
It seems each current timidly tends to uncertainty
it seems each river is becoming increasingly inarticulate, increasingly unborn
and he feels
his mother's sisters are far
days wither to nights and still he knows their love exists only in absence

He asks incessantly
when will they abolish the borders
so that he may see the sea
in which his aunts purify the innocent face of their youth

My son learns geography
and asks
where is Macedonia grandpa
What do I tell him I ask myself
I ask you and those adjacent to you
if his primary school textbooks
refrain from uttering such answer
What do I tell him, God

Translator's Note

Bambii Vargas

"In this translation, we tried to remain as faithful as possible to the tone, and emotional force of the original Spanish text without heavily modifying it. However, because the poem is deeply rooted in Puerto Rican cultural and historical contexts, we adapted certain words, so that they could resonate more naturally with Chinese readers."

~

¿Y tu agüela, aonde ejtá?

By Fortunato Vizcarrondo

Ayé me dijite negro
Y hoy te boy a contejtá:
Mi mai se sienta en la sala.
¿Y tu agüela, aonde ejtá?

Yo tengo el pelo'e caíyo:
El tuyo ej seda namá;
Tu pai lo tiene bien lasio,
¿Y tu agüela, aonde ejtá?

Tu coló te salió blanco
Y la mejiya rosá;
Loj lábioj loj tiénej finoj . . .
¿Y tu agüela, aonde ejtá?

¿Disej que mi bembá ej grande
Y mi pasa colorá?
Pero dijme, por la vijne,
¿Y tu agüela, aonde ejtá?

Como tu nena ej blanquita
La sacaj mucho a pasía . . .
Y yo con ganae gritate
¿Y tu agüela, aonde ejtá?

A ti te gujta el fojtrote,
Y a mi brujca maniguá.
Tú te laj tiraj de blanco
¿Y tu agüela, aonde ejtá?

Erej blanquito enchapao
Que dentraj en sosiedá,
Temiendo que se conojca
La mamá de tu mamá.

Aquí el que no tiene dinga
Tiene mandinga . . ¡ja, ja!
Por eso yo te pregunto
¿Y tu agüela, aonde ejtá?

Ayé me dijite negro
Queriéndome abochoná.
Mi agüela sale a la sala,
Y la tuya oculta ajtá.

La pobre se ejtá muriendo
Al belse tan maltratá.
Que hajta tu perro le ladra
Si acaso a la sala bá.

¡Y bien que yo la conojco!
Se ñama Siña Tatá . . .
Tu la ejconde en la cosina,

Po'que ej prieta de a beldá.

俺奶奶在堂屋坐着呢，你奶奶呢？

Trans. Huiwen Li and Bambii Vargas

昨儿你喊我“黑鬼”，今儿咱得说道说道：
我娘这会儿就在堂屋坐着，
你奶奶呢？

我的头发可是自来卷的，
你的头发直挺挺的；
你爹头发拉得像铁丝，
你奶奶呢？到底在哪儿啊？

你的脸碰巧是白白的，
也有红红的腮头，
还有薄薄的嘴唇——
你奶奶呢？到底在哪儿啊？

你说我嘴唇厚，
说我头发红不溜秋，
看在上帝的份上，那你倒说说看，
你奶奶呢？到底在哪儿啊？

你闺女皮肤白白，
所以成天领出去显摆……
我真想扯嗓子喊：
你奶奶呢？到底在哪儿啊？

你爱跳那洋气的狐步舞，
俺就爱唱咱接地气的“BrucaManiguá”。

你还总显摆自己“白净”，
可你奶奶呢？到底在哪儿啊？

你的皮肤是变白了，
可不敢往贵人堆里凑，
还不是怕人认出来嘛——
那是你娘的娘。

在这儿，
要么流着丁加人的血，
要么淌着曼丁加人的血！
所以俺才问你：
你奶奶的根儿还找得到吗？

昨儿你骂我“黑鬼”，想
臊我的脸。俺奶奶在
堂屋坐着呢，你奶奶
却在后院躲着。

可怜她快闭眼了，
一辈子让人瞧不上。
连你家狗见了，
都咬着叫着不让她进屋。

她我再熟悉不过了，
她的名字叫西尼亚•塔塔。
你们把她关在厨房里，
因为她的皮肤实在是太黑了。

Translator's Note

Joaquin Quintero

This Vallejo poem has been translated a few times, yet in every single one I've read, they always use "baguette" to mean "pan", perhaps because a baguette cost seven dollars in the supermarket near my house in Ecuador, but it took away the everydayness in the translation. So I changed it.

~

Untitled by Cesar Vallejo

Un hombre pasa con un pan al hombro
¿Voy a escribir, después, sobre mi doble?

Otro se sienta, ráscase, extrae un piojo de su axila, mávalo
¿Con qué valor hablar del psicoanálisis?

Otro ha entrado en mi pecho con un palo en la mano
¿Hablar luego de Sócrates al médico?

Un cojo pasa dando el brazo a un niño
¿Voy, después, a leer a André Bretón?

Otro tiembla de frío, tose, escupe sangre
¿Cabrán aludir jamás al Yo profundo?

Otro busca en el fango huesos, cáscaras
¿Cómo escribir, después del infinito?

Un albañil cae de un techo, muere y ya no almuerza
¿Innovar, luego, el tropo, la metáfora?

Un comerciante roba un gramo en el peso a un cliente
¿Hablar, después, de cuarta dimensión?

Un banquero falsea su balance
¿Con qué cara llorar en el teatro?

Un paria duerme con el pie a la espalda
¿Hablar, después, a nadie de Picasso?

Alguien va en un entierro sollozando
¿Cómo luego ingresar a la Academia?

Alguien limpia un fusil en su cocina
¿Con qué valor hablar del más allá?

Alguien pasa contando con sus dedos
¿Cómo hablar del no-yo sin dar un grito?

Untitled (trans. Joaquin Quintero)

A man passes by, loaf on shoulder
Will I write, thereafter, on my double?

Another sits, scratches, extracts, kills, armpit-lice
With what gall can I talk of psychoanalysis?

Another enters my chest, stick in-hand
To then discuss Socrates with the Doctor?

A one-legged man crosses, leading a child by hand
Will, I thereafter read Andre Breton?

Another is cold, shivers, coughs, spits bloody spit
How to ever allude to the deep-Self?

Another searches bones, rinds among the muck
How to write thereafter, of infinity?

A worker falls from the roof, dead; he no longer eats
To then innovate, the trope, the metaphor?

A merchant steals a gram off a customer
To talk then, of the fourth dimension?

A banker fakes his balances
With what tears, to cry in the theater?

A pariah sleeps, feet on back
To talk then, to none, of Picasso?

Sobbing, someone goes to a funeral
How to enter the Academy then?

Someone cleans a rifle in the kitchen
With what value, one speaks of the far beyond?

Someone passes, counting their fingers
To then talk of the not-me, without breaking?

Translator's Note

Eleanor Tappen

The project was a translation of Mexican author Rosario Castellanos' philosophy master's thesis, which was published posthumously in 2004 but originally written in 1950. In it, she investigates the question of a so-called "feminine culture". She draws from phenomenology and value theory, and argues for a teleological understanding of culture as the result of humanity's pursuit of the highest value—the attainment of eternity. She asks: "[Do women] not suffer from the same need for eternity that torments men and makes them create?" Rather than look to material or political conditions, she looks to the biological. She ultimately adheres to an essentialist perspective, claiming that women's most immediate means of achieving eternity is through maternity, an eternity that men, being unable to give birth, are "forced" to achieve through the production of culture. I was surprised by her conclusions, and I wanted to understand what brought a writer who would eventually be recognized as a trailblazing feminist to write a philosophical text which largely aligns with the "detractors" of her sex? I could also understand what it might have been like, as a woman in philosophy where women "producers of culture" are so scarcely studied as to become myths, where the question of whether women can create culture might seem like one that isn't entirely absurd to ask.. Castellanos later writes about the existentialist and feminist philosophies of de Beauvoir and Weil, whom she had not yet read at the time. So her philosophy changes drastically. Anyway, I selected this section because it kind of explains her project, and also has some of her characteristic irony that I think is more fun to read, and also makes her conclusions slightly ambiguous (does she really mean what she says about women's inferiority? In the end, I don't think so, but I think in this piece she is confused, and really looking for some empirical evidence or "philosophical" answers about the uncomfortable reality of the lack of women's representation / appreciation in the creation of culture).

Editorial Note: Eleanor translated chapter two from Rosario Castellanos' book *Sobre Cultura Femenina*. Due to formatting and copyright restraints, the original text will not be included. Below you will find Eleanor's translation

II. Intermission: About the Method (trans. Eleanor Tappen)

From classic Cartesian discourse until now, it seems indispensable, before undertaking any task, to come to an agreement with oneself as to how to carry out such a task, to explain beforehand and clearly, irrevocably, by which paths one proposes to travel to reach the goal. And this for me is slightly strange. How am I going to choose the path before the goal? How am I going to determine the latter by the former? First, I need to clarify before my own eyes what it is that I want to know, and only then will I be able to determine by which methods this knowledge will be made accessible to me.

Of course (and for motives that aren't relevant to disclose) what interests me is the problem of "feminine culture." But when I say "feminine culture" I am using terms only partially known to me. I have one foot on more or less firm ground, but the other one hangs in the void. Because if someone were to ask me, I could say something about the "feminine." The authors whose opinions are recorded in the previous pages have informed me, although with a certain ferocity and perhaps with bad intentions, about this matter. Thanks to them, I know that the essence of femininity resides fundamentally in negative aspects: the weakness of the body, the ineptitude of the mind—in sum, the incapacity for work. Women are women because they do neither this nor that, nor anything else. And this, that, and everything else is enclosed in a vague and nebulous term: the term "culture". Here, precisely, is where I realize that my foot is pulled into the void.

But coming back to firm ground. Firstly, I am not permitted a certain attitude: that of feeling offended by the defects of the sex to which I belong that the men I have read and cited love to enumerate. Their wisdom is indisputable, their reasoning excellent, and the sources of their information irreproachable. Unfortunately, I am not so short-sighted that I don't notice that those defects exist. I have noticed them through my own experience. If I compete in physical strength with a normally endowed man (being myself a normally endowed woman) he will certainly win. If I compare my intelligence with that of a man normally endowed (being myself a normally endowed woman) he will certainly surpass me in wit, agility, volume, precision, and especially the interest and passion he dedicates to passing the test. If I set out for a task that for me is the height of ambition and I submit it to the judgment of a man, he would deem it pointless. From his point of view, I (and all women) am inferior. From my point of view, shaped traditionally through theirs, I am also inferior. It is an undeniable fact: it's there. And it might even be all right. Either way, this isn't the matter at hand. The matter at hand is that my inferiority closes a door on me, and another, and another, through which they comfortably pass into a luminous, serene world. A world so high I can't even conceive of it. The only thing I do know is that it's incomparably better than the one I inhabit: gloomy, with an atmosphere so dense it's almost unbreathable, with its ground upon which they crawl, in contact and within reach of the most rude and repugnant realities. The world that is closed to me has a name: it's called "Culture". Its inhabitants are all of the male sex. They call themselves "men", and their ability to reside in the world of culture and to live comfortably in it, "humanity". If I ask one of them what

they do, he and all of his companions in that world will answer me with many things: books, paintings, statues, symphonies, devices, formulas, gods. If he consents to explain it and show it to me, I can manage to grasp some idea of what each one of those things they do is, even if this idea proves slightly confusing because even for him it isn't very clear. Now, if I ask him permission to enter, he'll deny me. Neither I nor any woman has anything to do there. We would bore ourselves to death. And not to mention that we would double the fun of others at the cost of our humiliation. Before such convincing arguments, I would withdraw, docile and in silence. But I would keep thinking, not of the injustice nor the arbitrariness of that exclusion applied to me and my *compañeras* in misfortune (in truth I didn't really want to enter, I was just curious). Rather, I don't understand how it is possible that there are books signed by women, canvases painted by women, statues... (well, I'm still not very sure of that and of the rest, and I don't have enough time to do the research). How did they manage to move their contraband across borders so zealously guarded? But above all, what was it that so irresistibly prompted them to risk becoming smugglers? Because the truth is, most women are perfectly at ease in their houses and within their limits without organizing gangs to infringe the law. They accept the law, they observe it, they respect it. It's enough for them. Why, then, has a woman named Sappho, and another named Saint Teresa, and another they call Virginia Woolf, and another (who I know of in a tangible way, who is not a myth as the others might be, and I know this because I have seen her, I have heard her speak, I have touched her hand) who has christened herself and made a name for herself as Gabriela Mistral, come to transgress the law? These women and not the others are the point of contention; they, not the others, the problem. Because I don't want to defend all women, as feminists do, by only mentioning a few. I do not want to defend them. (In any case my defense would be ineffective, because the implacable Weininger proved in *Sex and Character*¹ that famous women are more famous than they are women. Indeed, in studying their morphology, their attitudes, their preferences, markedly viriloid traces are found in them. From this he infers that it was the man in these women that was acting, the man that was being expressed through their works. But this test, so alarming at first glance, is not original. Wolfgang of Saxony alludes to it centuries earlier in his treaty *De hermaphroditis*. And, Lord Chesterfield recalls it in one of the select pieces he authored and which, alongside other writings issuing from other consecrated pens, he recommends to his son Stanhope as models of "invention, clarity, and elegance".² Perhaps this test is also objectionable since the same can be argued of many famous men whose virility is questionable, and we could just as inaccurately argue that it was the woman in those men that struggled to manifest itself.) What I want is to attempt to account for these few exceptional women, understand them, find out why they separated themselves from the rest of the flock and invaded forbidden territory, and, above all, what inclined them to realize this achievement? From where did they get the strength to modify their natural conditions and become fit for work that, at the very least, they are not accustomed to?

¹ Chapter VI, "Emancipated women"

² My translation of her citation from "Afectaciones de las mujeres, Trozos selectos de Lord Chesterfield" in *Cartas completas a su hijo Stanhope*, translation by Luis Manerio, Diana, Mexico, 1949.

Very well. Now that I know what the goal is I shall begin to choose the path to reach it. Logic puts at my disposal various paths that it calls methods. Logical paths, as was to be feared. But not only am I not accustomed to thinking in accordance with logic and its canons (nor am I even accustomed to thinking), not only does my feminine mind feel completely off-center when I try to make it function in accordance with certain invented norms, practiced by men and dedicated to masculine minds, but rather my feminine mind is below those norms and it is too weak and little to rise to their level. There may not be any choice but to take this peculiarity into account. But is there a mode of thinking that is specific to women? If so, what is it? The most venerated authors affirm that it is a direct intuition, obscure, inexplicable, and generally accurate. Very well—I will let myself be guided by my intuition. As it is natural, I won't pretend to hold up this experience of mine, perhaps intransferable, as a general model that must be copied. If I can't anticipate anything regarding the goodness of the results of my own investigation, much less can I commit myself not just to assuring the goodness, nor even the results, of a different investigation attempted by someone else. Well then, my direct, obscure intuition...I fervently hope that for just this once, it tells me that if I want to justify the cultural activity of certain women it is necessary to, first of all, have arrived at the formation of a concept of what is culture, thus filling that void which keeps pulling my foot under.

What I know of culture, so far, is that it is a world distinct from the world that I vegetate. I found myself suddenly in mine, and to be worthy of belonging to it demands no special or rare quality of me. It is enough to simply exist. Events happen within me and around me without my provocation, without me guiding them. Everything is already given beforehand, I just have to endure it. Meanwhile, in the world of culture everything has to be done, created, and maintained by force. I already know that men create force and that they can make it by virtue of specific aptitudes that make them into beings superior to me. These aptitudes, he proclaims, are not anarchical and capricious, but rather they obey the rules, can be poured into certain molds. However, masculine behavior (they call it "human"), no matter how easily observable, it will continue to appear to me a deployment of useless energy, foolish and without sense, if I ignore what are the ends that they pursue and, above all, what devices push such behavior to pursue those ends. Once I resolve this investigation (whose results I will not look for because I would not find them neither in myself nor in any other woman, but rather in the men who make culture and know what they make) it will then be easier to answer the question of why the "feminine" doesn't interfere with the cultural process, a question that can be responded to with two hypotheses: the one we already examined, that of the specific incapacity of the woman (which leaves unclear why some exceptional women are indeed capable) and another: the lack of attraction that culture exerts over the feminine. This is a lack of effective allure in ordinary circumstances but which, varying the circumstances, can disappear and convert culture into an attractive force in which the woman becomes able to respond, as would prove the isolated examples that, until now, we have been so concerned with.