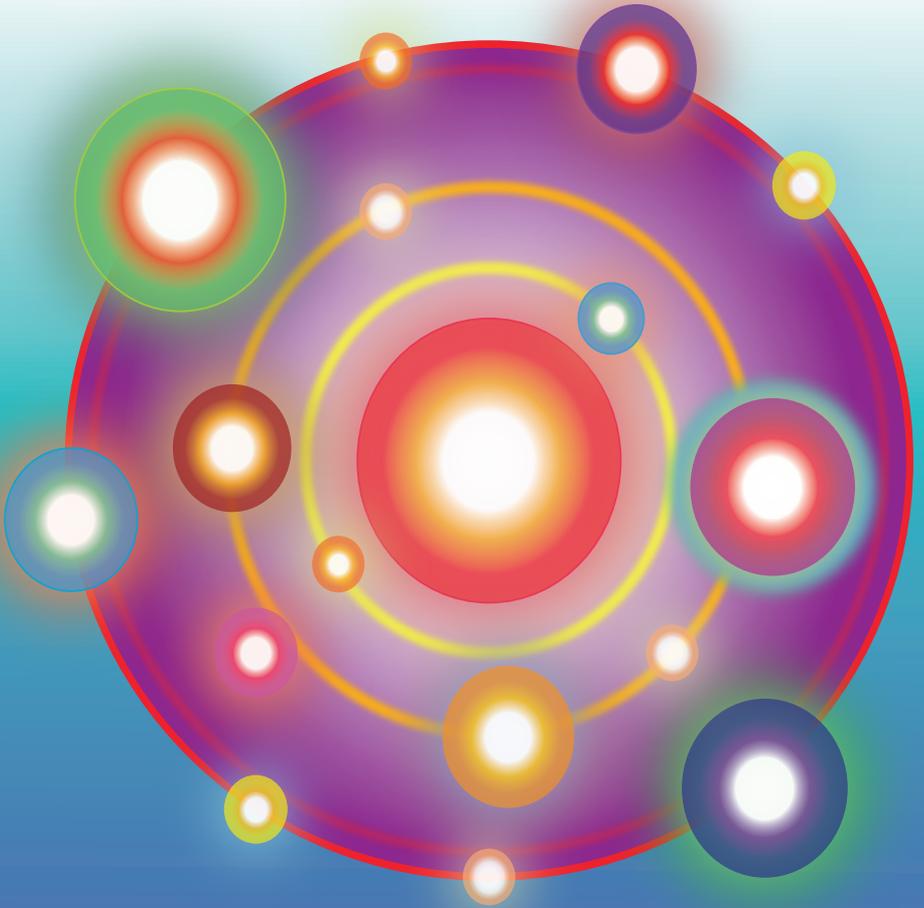


TO SPEAK A LANGUAGE IS TO TAKE ON A WORLD, A CULTURE
FRANTZ FANON



SUI GENERIS

BARD COLLEGE SPRING 2021

ore legar populi, perque omnia saecula fama,
siquid habent veri vatum praesagia, vivam.

“I will be spoken through the mouth of the people,
and, known through all the ages,
if there is any truth in the wisdom of poets,
I will live”

Ovid, *Metamorphoses*. Trans. by Isabella Spagnuolo

SUI GENERIS

BARD COLLEGE

2021

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Artist's Statement

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Language is infectious. No matter where you go, you are always surrounded by tongues of different origin and when you choose to engage with another language, you slowly start to gravitate closer to the core of a language: it's culture. You become another entity in its field of influence. So much so that through language you can even become a part of a community you thought was so far from your own identity. I aimed to capture this influence of language in this cover.

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A NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

Bard College's *Sui Generis* represents a collection of original translations by a diverse group of student translators from an array of academic disciplines. Our 2021 publication contains work from twelve languages, spanning continents and millenia. The past year has brought unprecedented hardships and, for many, a sense of isolation. Now, more than ever, we feel a collective yearning for community and connection. Many of us who study language have dug deeper into our disciplines as a means of connecting and inspiring us. For example, this past semester saw the formation of the student group *Collecta in Classicis*, which seeks to foster discussions about diversity among scholars of Latin and Ancient Greek at Bard and beyond. From this year, despite all its trials, sprung a variety of submissions, which may suggest that connecting to other people, cultures and eras through language brings solace to the translator, and through their own unique translation, to the reader.

This issue also contains a critical essay on translation by Hosni Mostafa El-dali, and notes from a conversation between translator Dr. Anna Deeny Morales and Spanish Studies Major Kady Drorbaugh '21. We hope that as you read this year's issue, you'll hear a symphony of voices stretching across time and space, amplified by the voices of your Bard peers, and you'll feel a little more connected to our community in Annandale-on-Hudson and to the larger network of writers and thinkers represented herein.

In compiling this year's issue, the editors have been especially aware of and thankful for the community of people on which *Sui Generis* depends. Our publication is made possible by the language tutors, student editors and faculty members whose tireless work and dedication to this publication cannot be overstated. Special thanks, as always, to our faculty advisor Patricia Lopez-Gay for her guidance in overseeing the editing process.

Above all, let this volume stand as a testament to our unity, and a celebration of our endeavors as readers, thinkers and translators. Please enjoy this year's issue of *Sui Generis*.

“WHAT IS TRANSLATION”: TOWARDS AN UNDERSTANDING OF THE DISTINCTIVE NATURE OF TRANSLATION STUDIES

BY HOSNI MOSTAFA EL-DALI

At the outset, it may be important to point out that translation has been defined in many ways, and every definition reflects the theoretical approach underpinning it. As Shuttworth and Cowie (1997) observe throughout the history of research into translation, the phenomenon has been variously delimited by formal descriptions, echoing the frameworks of the scholars proposing them. For example, Bell (1991: XV) starts with an informal definition of translation, which runs as follows: the transformation of a text originally in one language into an equivalent text in a different language retaining, as far as is possible, the content of the message and the formal features and functional roles of the original text. At the beginning of the ‘scientific’ (Newmark, 1988, p. 2) study of translation, Catford (1965, p. 20) described it in these terms: [...] the replacement of textual material in one language (SL) by the equivalent textual material in another language (TL). That his concern was with maintaining a kind of ‘equivalence’ between the ST and the TT is apparent.

Thirty years later, in Germany, the concept of translation as a form of ‘equivalence’ is maintained, as we can see from Koller’s definition (1995, p. 196): “The result of a text processing activity, by means of which a source language text is transposed into a target-language text. Between the resultant text in L2 (the target-language text) and the source text in L1 (the source language text) there exists a relationship, which can be designated as a translational, or equivalence relation”. Because complete equivalence (in the sense of synonymy or sameness) cannot take place in any of his categories, Jakobson (1959) declares that all poetic art is, therefore, technically untranslatable. That is, the translator has to take the question of interpretation into account in addition to the problem of selecting a TL phrase which will have a roughly similar meaning. Exact translation is impossible. In this regard, Bassnett (1996) claims that all texts, being part of a literary system descended from and related to other systems, are “translations of translation of translations”: every text is unique and at the same time, it is the translation of another text. No text is entirely original because language itself, in its essence, is already a translation: firstly, of the non-verbal world and secondly, since every sign and every phrase is the translation of another sign and another phrase. However, this argument can be turned around without losing any of its validity: all texts are original because every translation is distinctive. Every translation, up to a certain point, is an invention and as such it constitutes a unique text.

Central to reflections on the nature of translation, the task of the translator has always been the question of the translator's responsibility towards the original. To what extent, scholars have been asking for hundreds of years, can the translator add to, omit from, or in any way alter the source text? Debates on this issue have given rise to much theorizing and are at the heart of the age-old free/literal translation paradigm. In modern times, considerations of the relationship between translation and original have often focused on principles of 'faithfulness' and 'accuracy'. While usually understood in widely diverse ways, faithfulness has assumed the status of an ethical responsibility, with translators in many countries required to take an oath to guarantee the accuracy and correctness of their work before being officially licensed to practice. Translators, thus, are expected to present their readers with an 'accurate' picture of the original, without any 'distortions', and without imposing their personal values, or those of their own culture, on the intellectual products of other nations. For a long time this valorization of the original did not disrupt the almost universally accepted precept of 'natural' translation. A translated text, it is often still emphasized, should read like an original composition and not call attention to its translatedness – an effect that is usually created through 'free' translation strategies. According to Robinson (1997a, p. 126), free translation became an orthodoxy in the West from the Renaissance onwards.

In recent years, however, challenges to the 'transparency' principle have been mounted chiefly by postmodernist and postcolonial critics. Perhaps the most widely circulated and influential of these challenges can be found in the work of Lawrence Venuti. Venuti has called attention to the ethnocentrism inherent in what he has termed 'domesticating translation', which assimilates the foreign text to the values of the receiving culture to create an impression of a natural text, whose translator is invisible. Indeed, Venuti equates domesticating translation with 'ethnocentric violence', a violence which involves appropriating others and assimilating them into the target culture's worldview, "reducing if not simply excluding the very differences that translation is called on to convey" (Venuti, 1995/2008). Venuti also maintains that domesticating translation consolidates the power hierarchy that imposes hegemonic discourses on the target culture by conforming to its worldview. In Anglo-American culture, for example, it has contributed to "closing off any thinking about cultural and social alternatives that do not favor English social elites" (ibid., p. 35). Venuti has recently refined his position on domesticating translation. While domestication as a practice is still generally denounced, Venuti introduces a new potential function for it. He conceives of the possibility of a "foreignizing fluency that produces the illusion of transparency and enables the translation to pass for an original composition" (ibid., p. 267). How the illusion of transparency might be distinguished from actual transparency is not made clear, but this newly recognized practice remains in essence a "foreignizing intervention" with the same purpose as foreignizing translation proper: "to question existing cultural hierarchies" (ibid.).

Manfredi (2008) points out that if we look for a definition of translation in a general dictionary, we can find it described as: (1) the process of translating words or text from one language into another; and (2) the written or spoken rendering of the meaning of a word, speech, book or other text, in another language [...] (The New Oxford Dictionary of English 1998). On the other hand, if we consider the definition offered by a specialist source like the dictionary of translation studies by Shuttlesworth and Cowie (1997, p. 181), we can find the phenomenon of translation explained as follows: “an incredibly broad notion which can be understood in many different ways. For example, one may talk of translation as a process or a product, and identify such sub-types as literary translation, technical translation, subtitling and machine translation; moreover, while more typically it just refers to the transfer of written texts, the term sometimes also includes interpreting [...] furthermore, many writers also extend its reference to take in related activities which most would not recognize as translation as such” (see Malmkjar, 2005; House, 2006a, House, 2006b, House, 2008).

In his analysis of the above definition, Manfredi (2008), points out that the above distinction can be divided into two main perspectives, those that consider translation either as a ‘process’ or a ‘product’. To this two-fold categorization, Bell (1991, p. 13) adds a further variable, since he suggests making a distinction between translating (the process), a translation (the product) and translation (i.e., “the abstract concept which encompasses both the process of translating and the product of that process”). Also, it is postulated that translation entails different kinds of texts, from literary to technical. Moreover, from Shuttlesworth and Cowie’s definition it is also clear that nowadays translation includes other forms of communication, like audiovisual translation, through subtitles and dubbing. Also, the reference to machine translation in the quotation above makes clear that today translation is not seen as exclusively a human process and that, at least in certain professional areas, input from information technology has also had an impact, through, for instance, automatic or machine-assisted translation. Moreover, thanks to advances in new technologies, today we can also incorporate into TS the contribution of corpus linguistics, which allows both theorists and translators analyses of large amounts of electronic texts (Manfredi, 2008). On the other hand, Halliday (1992, p. 15) takes translation to refer to the total process and relationship of equivalence between two languages; we then distinguish, within translation, between “translating” (written text) and “interpreting” (spoken text).

Halliday, thus, proposes distinguishing the activity of “translation” (as a process) from the product(s) of “translating”, including both “translation” (concerning written text) and ‘interpreting’ (regarding spoken text). This of course reflects his notion of ‘text’, which “[...] may be either spoken or written, or indeed in any other medium of expression that we like to think of” (Halliday in Halliday and Hasan 1985/89, p. 10). Nord’s definition, conversely, clearly reflects her closeness to ‘skopos theory’ (Reiss and Vermeer, 1984); hence the importance attributed to the purpose and function of the translation in the receiving audience: “Translation is the production of a functional target text maintaining a relationship with a given source text that is specified according to the intended or demanding function of the target text (translation skopos)” (Nord 1991, p. 28). According to House (2001, p. 247) translation is thought of as a text which is a “representation” or “reproduction” of an original one produced in another language (see Anne Brooks-Lewis, 2009).

Hosni Mostafa El-dali,

“Towards an understanding of the distinctive nature of translation studies,”

Journal of King Saud University - Languages and Translation,
Volume 23, Issue 1,
2011, Pages 29-45.

Βάκχαι

Εὐριπίδη [EURIPIDES]

ΧΟΡΟΣ:

ἡδὺς ἐν ὄρεσιν, ὅταν
 ἐκ θιάσων δρομαίων
 πέση πεδόσε, νεβρίδος ἔχων
 ἱερὸν ἐνδυτόν, ἀγρεύων
 αἷμα τραγοκτόνον, ὠμοφάγον χάριν,
 ἰέμενος εἰς ὄρεα
 Λύδι' ὄδ' ἔξαρχος Βρόμιος·
 εὐοῖ.
 ῥεῖ δὲ γάλακτι πέδον, ῥεῖ δ' οἴνω,
 ῥεῖ δὲ μελισσᾶν νέκταρι.
 Συρίας δ' ὡς λιβάνου
 καπνὸν ὁ Βακχεὺς
 ἀνέχων πυρσώδη φλόγα
 πεύκας ἐκ νάρθηκος
 αἴσσει δρόμῳ καὶ
 χοροῖσιν πλανάτας
 ἰέαχα ρεθίῃς τ ζων ἀναπάλλων,
 τρυφερόν βόστρυχον εἰς αἰθέρα ρίπτων.
 ἅμα δ' ἐπ' εὐάσμασιν ἐπιβρέμει τοιάδ'·
 ὦ ἴτε βάκχαι,
 ὦ ἴτε βάκχαι,
 Τμώλου χρυσορόου χλιδᾶ,
 μέλπετε τὸν Διόνυσον
 βαρυβρόμων ὑπὸ τυμπάνων,
 εὔια τὸν εὔιον ἀγαλλόμεναι θεὸν
 ἐν Φρυγίαισι βοαῖς ἐνοπαῖσί τε,
 λωτὸς ὅταν εὐκέλαδος

THE BAKKHAI

EM SETZER

A nonliteral, poetic translation of lines 135-169 from Euripides' "Bakkhai".

CHOROS:

Sweetly received by the mountains,
when He casts the dice of his body
earthwards, running, running from
the revelry, deified deerskins all akimbo,
a bloodhound after the viscera of goats,
a lover of rare steaks, running still to
those Lydian mountains, our leader:

THE ROAR!

EUOI! EUOI!

The ground at His feet flows, flows with
milk, flows with wine, flows with
bee-spat nectar. The Bakkhic One, His
pine torch ablaze, held high, sweet like
Syrian smoke, incensed to light by
fennel wand, He darts. A glance, a
shout, a race, a dance, He rallies His
nomadic troops. A colt buckwild, He
tosses His pretty hair high to heaven.
From a sea of Bakkanalian shouts, His
geyser voice:

GO, YOU BAKKHAI!
GO, YOU BAKKHAI!
WITH TMOLEAN GAIETY,
SHINE LIKE FOOL'S GOLD!
RHAPSODIZE DIONYSUS
AGAINST MOANING DRUMS!
WITH ECSTATIC WHINING,
EXALT THIS GOD OF WHINE!
PIN BACK YOUR EARS WITH
SHARP PHRYGIAN SHOUTS!
AND WHEN THAT HOLY PIPE
SENDS HOLY SOUNDS TO JOIN
YOU IN PLAY, GO, GO TO THE
MOUNTAIN!

ἱερὸς ἱερὰ παίγματα βρέμη σύνοχα
φοιτάσιν εἰς ὄρος εἰς ὄρος. ἠδομέ
να δ' ἄρα πῶλος ὅπως ἅμα ματέρι
φορβάδι κῶλον ἄγει ταχύπουν σκιρτήμασι
βάκχα.

Pleasing herself, a lone Bakkhante
dances. Her mother-herd out to
pasture, she rides her frenzy, both
horse and jockey. A skip, a leap, a
cry, she tosses her limbs like a game
of pick-up-sticks, and dances.

Εἷς Σελήνην

[ANONYMOUS]

Εἷς Σελήνην:

μήνην αείδειν τανυσίπτερον ἔσπετε, Μοῦσαι, ἠδυεπεῖς

κοῦραι Κρονίδεω Διός, ἴστορες ᾠδῆς: ἦς ἄπο αἶγλη

γαῖαν ἐλίσσεται οὐρανόδεικτος κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτιοι,

πολὺς δ' ὑπὸ κόσμος ὄρωρεν αἶγλης λαμπούσης: στίλβει

δέ τ' ἀλάμπητος ἀἷρ χρυσοῦ ἀπὸ στεφάνου, ἀκτῖνες δ'

ἐνδιάονται, εὐτ' ἂν ἀπ' Ὠκεανοῖο λοεσσαμένη χροά καλόν,

εἶματα ἐσσαμένη τηλαυγέα διὰ Σελήνη, ζευξαμένη πώλους

ἐριαύχενας, αἰγλήεντας, ἐσσυμένως προτέρωσ' ἐλάση

HYMN TO SELENE

EM SETZER

A nonliteral, poetic translation of lines 1-14 of the Homeric Hymn to Selene.

For Lady Moon

Muses!

Fall into holy hoots
and howls

for our lady, the Moon.

Zeus-daughters,

with rosewater voices

sweet, sing your gavel-songs for a head removed
from time. From there,

her coiled radiance comes.

From heaven,

her aluminum curls fall

onto the Earth.

The Moon makes

a once-black night

a cat eye, holding

all of the light

in a little cup.

The Moon hangs

a liminal kit

up to dry

on starpoint

she skips

a discoed light

across the waves,

she bathes

in the sea, and

gets dressed atop

mountains and

months.

καλλίτριχας ἵππους, ἔσπερή, διχόμενος: ὃ δὲ πλήθει μέγας

ὄγμος λαμπρόταταί τ' αὐγαὶ τότε' ἀεξομένης τελέθουσιν

οὐρανόθεν.

The Moon drives
her team of mooncalves,
strings beautiful necks
with lasso and yoke,
drives her cometous carriage
to the North.

The Moon
glows
and
glows
and
GLOWS!

The Moon is full.
And the Sun
takes a seat.

ΔΩΡΙΔΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΓΑΛΑΤΕΙΑΣ

[LUCIAN OF SAMOSATA]

ΔΩΡΙΣ

Καλὸν ἐραστήν, ὦ Γαλάτεια, τὸν Σικελὸν τοῦτον ποιμένα φασὶν ἐπιμεμηγένην σοί.

ΓΑΛΑΤΕΙΑ

Μὴ σκῶπτε, Δωρί· Ποσειδῶνος γὰρ υἱὸς ἐστίν, ὁποῖος ἂν ᾖ.

ΔΩΡΙΣ

Τί οὖν; εἰ καὶ τοῦ Διὸς αὐτοῦ παῖς ὢν ἄγριος οὕτως καὶ λάσιος ἐφαίνετο καί, τὸ πάντων ἀμορφότατον, μονόφθαλμος, οἶει τὸ γένος ἂν τι ὀνήσαι αὐτὸν πρὸς τὴν μορφήν;

ΓΑΛΑΤΕΙΑ

Οὐδὲ τὸ λάσιον αὐτοῦ καί, ὡς φῆς, ἄγριον ἀμορφόν ἐστίν— ἀνδρῶδες γάρ—ὁ τε ὀφθαλμὸς ἐπιπρέπει τῷ μετώπῳ οὐδὲν ἐνδεέστερον ὀρῶν ἢ εἰ δὺ ᾖσαν.

ΔΩΡΙΣ

Ἔοικας, ὦ Γαλάτεια, οὐκ ἐραστήν ἀλλ' ἐρώμενον ἔχειν τὸν Πολύφημον, οἷα ἐπαινεῖς αὐτόν.

ΓΑΛΑΤΕΙΑ

Οὐκ ἐρώμενον, ἀλλὰ τὸ πάνυ ὀνειδιστικὸν τοῦτο οὐ φέρω ὑμῶν, καί μοι δοκεῖτε ὑπὸ φθόνου αὐτὸ ποιεῖν, ὅτι ποιμαίνων ποτὲ ἀπὸ τῆς σκοπῆς παιζούσας ἡμᾶς ἰδὼν ἐπὶ τῆς ἡϊόνος ἐν τοῖς πρόποσι τῆς Αἴτνης, καθ' ὃ μεταξὺ τοῦ ὄρου καὶ τῆς θαλάσσης αἰγιαλὸς ἀπομηκύνεται, ὑμᾶς μὲν οὐδὲ προσέβλεψεν, ἐγὼ δὲ ἐξ ἀπασῶν ἢ καλλίστη ἔδοξα, καὶ μόνη ἐμοὶ ἐπέιχε τὸν ὀφθαλμόν. ταῦτα ὑμᾶς ἀνιᾶ· δεῖγμα γάρ, ὡς ἀμείνων εἰμι καὶ ἀξιάραστος, ὑμεῖς δὲ παρώφθητε.

DORIS AND GALATEA

RUBY OSTROW

Doris

It seems, O Galatea, that your beautiful lover, this Sicilian shepherd, desires you greatly.

Galatea

Don't jeer, Doris; he is the son of Poseidon, whatever he may look like.

Doris

So what? Even if he seemed to be the child of Zeus himself, being so wild-looking and hairy, the most misshapen of all, one-eyed, do you think his ancestry would do him any good with that shape?

Galatea

His shagginess and wildness, as you call it, is not unsightly- it is manly. His eye suits his forehead and he sees no worse than if he had two.

Doris

O Galatea, you seem to not have Polyphemus as your pursuer but rather you seem to pursue him, so many ways you praise him.

Galatea

He is NOT my object of pursuit, but I do not quite bear this abuse of yours. You seem to me to do it because you're jealous since while shepherding on the mountain peak, seeing us playing on the shore at the foot of Mount Etna, where the seashore is drawn out between the mountains and the sea, he did not look at you but I appeared the most beautiful of all, and he only had an eye for me. These things trouble you, for it shows that I'm better and more lovable, and you have been overlooked.

ΔΩΡΙΣ

Εί ποιμένι καὶ ἐνδεεὶ τὴν ὄψιν καλὴ ἔδοξας, ἐπίφθονος οἶει
γεγονέναι; καίτοι τί ἄλλο ἐν σοὶ ἐπαινέσαι εἶχεν ἢ τὸ λευκὸν μόνον;
καὶ τοῦτο, οἶμαι, ὅτι συνήθης ἐστὶ τυρῶ καὶ γάλακτι· πάντα οὖν
τὰ ὅμοια τούτοις ἡγεῖται καλά. ἐπεὶ τὰ γε ἄλλα ὁπότεν ἐθελήσης
μαθεῖν, οἶα τυγχάνεις οὐσα τὴν ὄψιν, ἀπὸ πέτρας τινός, εἴ ποτε
γαλήνη εἶη, ἐπικύψασα ἐς τὸ ὕδωρ ἰδὲ σεαυτὴν οὐδὲν ἄλλο ἢ
χροίαν λευκὴν ἀκριβῶς· οὐκ ἐπαινεῖται δὲ τοῦτο, ἦν μὴ ἐπιπρέπη
αὐτῷ καὶ τὸ ἐρύθημα.

ΓΑΛΑΤΕΙΑ

Καὶ μὴν ἐγὼ μὲν ἢ ἀκράτως λευκὴ ὅμως ἐραστὴν ἔχω κὰν τοῦτον,
ὕμῶν δὲ οὐκ ἔστιν ἥντινα ἢ ποιμὴν ἢ ναύτης ἢ πορθμεὺς ἐπαινεῖ·
ὁ δὲ γε Πολύφημος τὰ τε ἄλλα καὶ μουσικός ἐστι.

ΔΩΡΙΣ

Σιώπα, ὦ Γαλάτεια· ἠκούσαμεν αὐτοῦ ἄδοντος ὁπότε ἐκώμασε
πρῶην ἐπὶ σέ· Ἀφροδίτη φίλη, ὄνον ἂν τις ὀγκᾶσθαι ἔδοξεν. καὶ
αὐτὴ δὲ ἢ πηκτὶς οἶα; κρανίον ἐλάφου γυμνὸν τῶν σαρκῶν, καὶ
τὰ μὲν κέρατα πῆχεις ὡσπερ ἦσαν, ζυγώσας δὲ αὐτὰ καὶ ἐνάψας
τὰ νεῦρα, οὐδὲ κολλάβοις περιστρέψας, ἐμελώδει ἄμουσόν τι καὶ
ἀπωδόν, ἄλλο μὲν αὐτὸς βοῶν, ἄλλο δὲ ἢ λύρα ὑπήχει, ὥστε οὐδὲ
κατέχειν τὸν γέλωτα ἐδυνάμεθα ἐπὶ τῷ ἐρωτικῷ ἐκείνῳ ἕσματι· ἢ
μὲν γὰρ Ἥχῳ οὐδὲ ἀποκρίνεσθαι αὐτῷ ἤθελεν οὔτω λάλος οὐσα
βρυχομένῳ, ἀλλ' ἠσχύνετο, εἰ φανεῖη μιμουμένη τραχεῖαν ῥῶδην
καὶ καταγέλαστον. ἔφερον δὲ ὁ ἐπέραστος ἐν ταῖς ἀγκάλαις
ἀθυρμάτιον ἄρκτου σκύλακα τὸ λάσιον αὐτῷ προσεοικότα. τίς οὐκ
ἂν φθονήσῃ σοὶ, ὦ Γαλάτεια, τοιοῦτου ἐραστοῦ;

ΓΑΛΑΤΕΙΑ

Οὐκοῦν σύ, Δωρί, δεῖξον ἡμῖν τὸν σεαυτῆς, καλλίῳ δῆλον ὅτι ὄντα
καὶ ᾠδικώτερον καὶ κιθαρίζειν ἄμεινον ἐπιστάμενον.

ΔΩΡΙΣ

Ἄλλὰ ἐραστῆς μὲν οὐδεὶς ἔστι μοι οὐδὲ σεμνύνομαι ἐπέραστος
εἶναι· τοιοῦτος δὲ οἶος ὁ Κύκλωψ ἐστὶ, κινάβρας ἀπόζων ὡσπερ
ὁ τράγος, ὠμοβόρος, ὡς ασι, καὶ σιτούμενος τοὺς ἐπιδημοῦντας
τῶν ξένων, σοὶ γένοιτο καὶ πάντοτε σὺ ἀντερῶης αὐτοῦ.

Doris

If you looked beautiful to a shepherd, especially one lacking in eyesight, do you think that you've become enviable? And yet what else did he have to praise in you other than your white skin? And this is because, I suppose, he is accustomed to cheese and milk; so he considers everything resembling them beautiful. So, whenever you wish to learn how you truly look, if ever the sea is still, bending over it from a ledge, gaze upon yourself in the water and see that you are nothing other than simply milky skin. And this is not praised, if there is not rosinness present as well.

Galatea

And yet I, wholly white, nevertheless have a lover, even if it's only him. None of you have either a herdsman or a sailor or a ferryman to praise you; and also Polyphemus is even musical in addition to his other qualities.

Doris

Shut up, Galatea. We heard him singing when he praised you in the morning. My dear Aphrodite, someone may have thought that an ass was braying! Also what is that harp? There was the skull of a deer, naked of flesh, and the horns were handles just as they were, and yoking them together and binding the tendons, not tuning it with the pegs, he sung something unrefined and out of tune, at some parts shouting alone, at others the lyre sounding in answer. So we were not able to restrain our laughter at these amatory songs. Even Echo would not wish to answer his teeth-gnashing, despite being a chatterbox, but would be ashamed if she seemed to be imitating his rough, ridiculous songs. And he carried a lovely thing in his arms, a bear cub as a plaything, resembling him in hairiness. Who would not be envious of you, O Galatea, about such a lover?

Galatea

Then Doris you show us yours. It is clear that he is more beautiful, more fond of singing, and a better instrumentalist.

Doris

But I have no lover and I do not pride myself on being attractive. But such a one as your cyclops is, smelling of goat just like a billy goat, eating raw flesh, so it's said, and even eating visiting strangers, may he be yours and may you love him always.

Αΐας

Σοφοκλής [SOPHOCLES]

ἄπανθ' ὁ μακρὸς κἀναρίθμητος χρόνος φύει
 τ' ἄδηλα καὶ φανέντα κρύπτεται· κούκ ἔστ'
 ἄελπτον οὐδέν, ἀλλ' ἀλίσκεται χῶ δεινὸς
 ὄρκος χαί περισκελεῖς φρένες. κἀγὼ γάρ, ὅς
 τὰ δειν' ἐκαρτέρουν τότε, βαφῆ σίδηρος ὡς
 ἐθηλύνθην στόμα πρὸς τῆσδε τῆς γυναικός·
 οἰκτίρω δέ νιν χήραν παρ' ἐχθροῖς παιδὰ τ'
 ὄρφανὸν λιπεῖν. ἀλλ' εἶμι πρὸς τε λουτρὰ
 καὶ παρακτίους λειμώνας, ὡς ἂν λύμαθ'
 ἀγνίσας ἐμὰ μῆνιν βαρεῖαν ἐξαλύξωμαι θεᾶς·
 μολών τε χῶρον ἔνθ' ἂν ἀστιβῆ κίχῳ
 κρύψω τόδ' ἔγχος τούμὸν, ἔχθιστον βελῶν,
 γαῖας ὀρύξας ἔνθα μή τις ὄψεται,
 ἀλλ' αὐτὸ νύξ' Ἄιδης τε σωζόντων κάτω.
 ἐγὼ γάρ ἐξ οὗ χειρὶ τοῦτ' ἐδεξάμην παρ'
 Ἔκτορος δῶρημα δυσμενεστάτου, οὕπω τι
 κεδνὸν ἔσχον Ἀργείων πάρα. ἀλλ' ἔστ'
 ἀληθῆς ἢ βροτῶν παροιμία, ἐχθρῶν ἄδωρα
 δῶρα κούκ ὀνήσιμα. τοιγὰρ τὸ λοιπὸν
 εἰσόμμεσθα μὲν θεοῖς εἴκειν, μαθησόμμεσθα
 δ' Ἀτρείδας σέβειν. ἄρχοντές εἰσιν, ὥσθ'
 ὑπεικτέον. τί μῆν; καὶ γὰρ τὰ δεινὰ καὶ τὰ
 καρτερώτατα τιμαῖς ὑπεῖκει· τοῦτο μὲν
 νιφοστιβεῖς χειμῶνες ἐκχωροῦσιν εὐκάρπῳ
 θέρει· ἐξίσταται δὲ νυκτὸς αἰανῆς κύκλος
 τῆ λευκοπῶλῳ φέγγος ἡμέρα φλέγειν·
 δεινῶν δ' ἄημα πνευμάτων ἐκοίμισε
 στένοντα πόντον· ἐν δ' ὁ παγκρατῆς Ὕπνος
 λύει πεδήσας, οὐδ' αἰεὶ λαβῶν ἔχει· ἡμεῖς δὲ
 πῶς οὐ γνωσόμμεσθα σωφρονεῖν; ἔγωγ'
 ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ ἀρτίως ὅτι
 ὅ τ' ἐχθρὸς ἡμῖν ἐς τοσονδ' ἐχθαρτέος,
 ὡς καὶ φιλήσων αὐθις, ἔς τε τὸν φίλον

AJAX

FRANCIS KARAGODINS

Lines 647-693

By great, uncounted time all things, though dark, are brought
 Forth and once shown are hid away again; not one is not to be
 awaited, but the awful oath
 Is undone, and the hardened heart; so I, whose might
 Was awesome once, am as an iron in the dipping
 Given a woman's mouth beneath this woman here;
 Her widowed by my enemies and fatherless my child:
 To leave them thus is pitiful to me; but I
 Shall go beside the bathing-places in the meadows By the
 shore, to wash from me my filth and leave The goddess'
 wrath and weight; and going where I should Find out a
 place ungone upon, I shall
 Hide there this sword of mine, of weapons all most hateful,
 Digging up the earth where none shall see it; but
 Let night and Hades keep it safe below; for I,
 Since in my hand I took this gifted sword from Hector,
 Utmost of my enemies, have not yet had
 A profit from the Argives; but the saying of men
 Is true, that giftless are the gifts of enemies,
 And useless. So I shall hereafter know to give
 Before the gods and bow before the sons of Atreus. They rule. I
 must obey; what else? For even what Has awe and might gives way;
 the winter's storms, whose snows Tread through the goings up,
 give place to summer's bloom; Night's lasting round quits
 also once the day will forth To fire on horses white its fire; also
 the thrill
 Of awful gusts can stay the groaning of the sea;
 And sleep that masters all shall loose whom it has bound,
 And does not keep forever what it takes; and how
 Shall I not learn to make use of my understanding?

τοσαῦθ' ὑπουργῶν ὠφελεῖν βουλήσομαι,
ὡς αἰὲν οὐ μενοῦντα. τοῖς πολλοῖσι γὰρ
βροτῶν ἄπιστός ἐσθ' ἐταιρείας λιμήν.
ἀλλ' ἀμφὶ μὲν τούτοισιν εὖ σήσει· σὺ δὲ
ἔσω θεοῖς ἐλθοῦσα διὰ τέλους, γύναι,
εὐχου τελείσθαι τούμὸν ὦν ἐρᾶ κέαρ.
ὕμεις θ', ἐταῖροι, ταῦτ' ἀπὸ τῆδέ μοι τάδε
τιμᾶτε, Τεύκρω τ', ἦν μόλη, σημήνατε
μέλειν μὲν ἡμῶν, εὐνοεῖν δ' ὑμῖν ἅμα·
ἐγὼ γὰρ εἶμ' ἐκεῖσ' ὅποι πορευτέον,
ὕμεις δ' ἄ φράζω δρᾶτε, καὶ τάχ' ἂν μ' ἴσως
πύθοισθε, κεί νῦν δυστυχῶ, σεσωμένον.

I must: for I have learned of late, an enemy
Is to be hated only insofar as he
In turn shall be a friend; and I shall do friends well, But inasmuch as
they shall not be always so,
Because for most of men unsure is friendship's mooring. These
things shall be well; just go you, woman, in And make prayer to the
gods that to fulfillment brought Be that for which my heart calls
out; and you, my friends, Obey, as she does, what I say, and ask of
Teucer, If he come, that he take care of me and be
To you well-minded also, because I will go
Where I must go; and you, do what I say; maybe You shall learn,
although now I am in misery, that I am saved.

سوزان وعلي [TAYEB SALIH] الطيب صالح

كان اسمه علي. واسمها هي سوزان. الخرطوم. لندن. درست الفن في معهد سليد. درس العلوم السياسية في معهد الاقتصاد بجامعة لندن.

قالت: "تزوجني." قال: "لا.

صعب." قالت: "لكني أحبك."

قال: "وأنا أيضاً أحبك.

لكن..." ومن ثم عاد إلى بلده.

وأخذا يتراسلان.

"لكني احبك يا علي." "وأنا

أحبك يا سوزان، لكن..." سته

أشهر.

كتبت تقول: "قابلت رجلاً. سأزوجه."

كتب يقول: "لكني أحبك يا سوزان."

وانقطعت الرسائل. يفكر بها في غالب

الأحيان. وتفكر به من حين لآخر.

لكن...

SUZANNE AND ALI

KARIANNE CANFIELD & HUDSON HOOTON

His name was Ali. Her name is Suzanne. Khartoum. London.
She studied Art at Slade Institute. He studied Political Science at
the London School of Economics.

She said: "Marry me."

He said: "No, it's difficult."

She said: "But I love you."

He said: "And I love you as well, but..."

And then he returned to his home country.

And they began exchanging letters.

"But I love you, Ali."

"And I love you Suzanne, but..."

Six months.

She wrote saying: "I met a man. I will marry him."

He wrote saying: "But I love you, Suzanne."

The letters were cut off.

He often thinks about her.

And she thinks about him from time to time.

But...

أنا بعشق البحر [NAJAT AL SAGHIRA] نجات الصغيرة

أنا بعشق البحر
 زيك يا حبيبي حنون
 وساعات زيك مجنون
 ومهاجر ومسافر
 وساعات زيك حيران
 وساعات زيك زعلان
 وساعات مليون بالصبر
 أنا بعشق البحر

أنا بعشق السما
 علشان زيك مسامحه
 مزروعه نجوم وفرحه
 وحببية وغريبة
 وعشان زيك بعيدة
 وساعات زيك قريية
 بعيون متنغمة
 أنا بعشق السما

أنا بعشق الطريق
 لان فيه لقانا
 وفرحنا وشقانا
 واصحابنا وشبابنا
 وفيه ضحكة دموعنا
 وفيه بكيت شموعنا
 وضاع فيه الصديق
 أنا بعشق الطري

أنا بعشق البحر
 وبعشق السما
 وبعشق الطريق
 لأنهم حياتي
 وانت يا حبيبي
 انت كل الحياة

I ADORE THE SEA

CONRAD CLEMENS

I adore the sea
 Like you, my love, it's nurturing
 Sometimes, like you, it's crazy
 Migrating and traveling
 Sometimes, like you, it's confusing
 Sometimes, like you, it's angry
 Sometimes it's full of patience
 I adore the sea

I adore the sky
 Because, like you, it's forgiving
 Embedded with stars and happiness
 Loving and strange
 Because, like you, it's far
 Sometimes, like you, it's near
 With melodic eyes
 I adore the sky

I adore the path
 Because our meetings are in it
 Our happiness and our misery
 Our friends and our youth
 Our tears laughed in it
 Our candles cried in it
 The friend was lost in it
 I adore the path

I adore the sea
 And I adore the sky
 And I adore the path
 Because they are my life
 And you, my love
 You are all of life

IBN BATTUTA, CAIRO, 1326 CE

KARIANNE CANFIELD, CONRAD CLEMENS,
ALEJANDRA GUZMAN, RAPHAEL LEWIS, ELLA MCGRAIL,
GRACE MOLINARO, ELIZABETH M. HOLT

Translators' Introduction:

This is a collective labor of translation, moving from the famous traveller Ibn Battuta's 1326 description of Cairo to a series of English, Italian, visual, and machine translations in order to constellate what it was to praise Cairo in Arabic seven centuries ago. In an effort to highlight the production of meaning through translation, we have included multiple creative English translations which foreground the various connotations which come from translation.

Too often we engage with the practice of translation as an empirical science. Dictionaries and machine translations rely on linguistic answers whose grammar and lexicons are not in parallel. This practice has the tendency to impose a subjectivity upon the authors we read. As students at an elite American institution working with a language spoken in the Global South, our relationship to this language inherently arises from the framework of Orientalism. The various modes of artistry expressed in the below translations aim to identify this Orientalizing perspective by displaying the myriad of ways in which we can laterally communicate the language of a single passage.

To avoid falling into our preconceived notions we are studying multiple translations of the same text. By doing so we can compare what changes and what stays the same throughout each. What must get across in order for the piece to make sense? What dimensions of the text are unique to the original language? What nuances in meaning do the multiple translations reveal? Answering these questions gives us a deeper understanding of the text, and thus something to base our translation off of other than stereotypes and habit. In this way translation is its own creative art form. Translators find themselves struggling to reconcile meaning and style, rhythm and context, paralleling the original text and making the translation sound natural in its target language. There is no such thing as a perfect translation, but there are myriad possibilities. The purpose of this magazine and project is to highlight and celebrate translation's artistic and expressive capabilities.

Ibn Battuta's 1326 CE Description of Cairo, the City Victorious:

وصلت إلى مصر هي أم البلاد (الدنيا). ذات الأقاليم العريضة والبلاد الاريضة (العريضة) المتناهية. ذات الأقاليم العريضة والبلاد الأريضة، المتناهية في كثرة العمارة المتناهية بالحسن والنضارة. مجمع الوارد والصادر، ومحل رحل الضعيف والقادر، وبها ما شئت من عالم وجاهل، وجاد وهازل، وحليم وسفيه، ووضع ونيبه، وشريف ومشروف، ومنكر ومعروف. فقهرت قاهرتها الأمم، وتمكنت ملوكها من نواصي العرب والعجم. وأرضها مسيرة شهرٌ لمجد السير. كريمة التربة، مؤنسة لذوي الغربة. واما المدارس بمصر، فلا يحيط احد بحصرها لكثرتها، واما المارستان الذي بين القصرين عند تربة الملك المنصور قلاوون، فعجز الواصف عن محاسنه

Arabic to English, Collective First Draft:

I arrived in the city of Cairo, mother of all nations, possessor of vast regions and lands, paragon of architecture, flaunting glory and grace. Crossroads of exports and imports, sanctuary of travelers weak and strong, in her is all that could be wanted from the wise and the silly, the serious and the witty, the gentle and the insolent, the lowly and magnificent, the high-born and renowned, the unknown and the known. Her rulers conquered the nations, and she established her kings as the finest of the Arabs and the non-Arabs. Her land is a month's journey for the diligent traveler; the gift of her soil is welcoming to strangers. And as for the schools in Cairo, no one comes close to her multitude. And as for the hospital between the two palaces on the grounds of the king Manssur Qalawun, its greatness is beyond description.

Arabic to English, Rhymed Prose:

I arrived in the city of Cairo, mother of all nations. She is endowed with vast regions that are among the finest in the world and boast the finest of architecture, flaunting glory and grace. Juncture of exports and imports, sanctuary of travelers weak and strong, in her is all that could be wanted from the wise and the silly, the serious and the witty, the gentle and the insolent, the lowly and the mighty gent, the high-born and renowned, the unknown and the known. Her conquerors conquered the nations, and her kings she established as the finest of Arabs and non-Arabs alike. Her land is a month's journey for the diligent traveler; the gift of her soil is welcoming to the homesick. And as for the schools in Cairo, no one comes close to her multitude. And as for the hospital between the two palaces on the grounds of the king Manssur Qalawun, its greatness is beyond description.

Arabic to English, BBC:

Known as the mother of all nations, Cairo is nothing short of spectacular with its boundless landscape, intriguing architecture, and overall magnificence. Cairo is not only the commercial epicenter of the region, it is an oasis for all. Whether you're a seasoned traveler or an inexperienced tourist, Cairo offers a truly inviting and immersive cultural experience for everyone. There is something for the prestigious anthropologist and the exuberant party-animal, the devoted entrepreneur and the bright-eyed traveler, the introverted homebody and the outgoing adventurer, the hitch hiker and the sightseer. Its rich history, teeming with the greatest kings known to man, is at your fingertips. The opportunities are limitless as Cairo's unparalleled tradition is upheld by its prestigious academy. Find yourself hurt in Cairo, the greatest hospital in the world rests upon the majesty of king Mansur Qalawun. Come to Cairo, where the city is your oyster.

Arabic to English, noir:

I rolled into Cairo, the brightest dame on the Nile. She's got it all: glitz and glory, skyscrapers and streets that stretch off into eternity. Nothing happens that doesn't go through Cairo, and anybody who's anybody, jacks and jills, scrubs and sweets, dolls and dalloways, junkies and jokers, kings and quicks; they all get their kicks in Cairo. Her bosses make the bosses in Monaco and New York look like Shirley Temple. Not even a road-weary old salt like me can resist her charms. Didn't think this life could throw any curve ball I hadn't seen before, but who knows? The schools here are the best in the world. I may even learn something, though the way my education usually goes down, I'm lucky there's a damn good hospital here too.

Arabic to English, Googlestyle:

I reached the city of Egypt, which is the mother of the country. The same broad regions and the countries are very thin. It has wide regions and wide countries, infinitely many in architecture, infinitely beautiful and fresh. The complex of incoming and outgoing, the place of departure of the weak and the able, and it includes what you want from a scientist and ignorant, serious and witty, and haleem and foolish, and humble and prophet, and honorable and honorable, and denounced and well-known. Its subjugation conquered the nations, and its kings were able to take care of the Arabs and non-Arabs. Its land is a month-long march for the glory of Sir. Generous soil, sociable for those with strangers. As for the schools in Egypt, no one takes to enumerate them due to their large number. As for the Maristan, which is between the two palaces at the soil of King Mansur Qalawun, the Wassef was unable to meet his good.

Arabic to Italian – what would this sound like in English?:

Arrivai nella città del Cairo. Egitto è nazione la madre di nazioni ella possiede vaste province e grandi paesi, sovraneggia nell'architettura sfoggiando gloria e grazia. Bivio di importazioni ed esportazioni, asilo di viaggiatori deboli e forti, in essa vi è tutto ciò che può desiderare, che tu sia un sapiente o uno stolto, serio o burlone, mansueto o folle, ingenuo o profeta, dagli onorevoli e dagli onorati, sconosciuto o illustre. I suoi sovrani conquistarono le nazioni, ed essa stabilì i suoi re come i più grandi degli arabi e dei non arabi. Al viaggiatore diligente serve un mese per attraversare la sua terra, e il suo suolo è un dono che accoglie gli estranei. E per quanto riguarda le scuole in Cairo, nessun altro luogo si avvicina alla loro ricchezza. E per quanto riguarda gli ospedali che si trovano fra i palazzi sul terreno del re Mansur Qalawun... sfidano ogni descrizione.

Italian to English, by way of Google:

I arrived in the city of Cairo, the mother of nations with large provinces and towns, champion of architecture, showing off glory and grace. Crossroads of imports and exports, asylum of weak and strong travelers, in it lies everything that is wanted by the wise and the ignorant, by the serious and the jokers, the docile and the brash, the plebeians and the patricians, the honorable and the honored, by the unknown and the known. Its rulers conquered the nations, and it established its kings as the greatest of the Arabs and non-Arabs. The diligent traveler needs a month to cross his land, and his soil is a gift that welcomes strangers. And as for the schools in Cairo, nowhere else comes close to their wealth. And as for the hospitals found among the palaces on King Mansur Qalawun's grounds... they defy all descriptions.

Collective English in Google Arabic, translated to Google English:

وصلت إلى مدينة القاهرة ، أم كل الشعوب ، أملك مناطق وأراضي شاسعة ، نموذجاً للعمارة ، ومجداً رائعاً ونعمة. مفترق طرق للصادرات والواردات ، ملاذ للمسافرين الضعفاء والقويين ، فيها كل ما يمكن أن يطلبه الحكيم والسخيف ، الجاد والذكاء ، اللطيف والوقح ، المتواضع والرائع ، العلي المولد. المشهور والمجهول والمعروف. غزا حكامها الأمم ، وجعلت ملوكها أرقى العرب وغير العرب. أرضها هي رحلة شهر للمسافر الدؤوب. هبة ترابها ترحب بالغرباء. أما مدارس القاهرة . فلا أحد يقترب من جمهورها. وأما المستشفى بين القصرين على أرض الملك منصور قلاوون فإن عظمتها تفوق الوصف

I arrived in Cairo, the mother of all peoples, I own vast areas and lands, a model of architecture, and wonderful glory and grace. A crossroads for exports and imports, a haven for the weak and powerful travelers, in it everything that the wise and the absurd, the earnest and the intelligent, the gentle and the sassy, the humble and the magnificent, the Most High born. The famous, the unknown and the well-known. Its rulers conquered the nations, and made its kings the most prestigious of Arabs and non-Arabs. Her land is a month trip for the diligent traveler. The gift of her soil welcomes strangers. As for Cairo schools, no one is close to their audience. As for the hospital between Kasserine on the land of King Mansour Qalawun, its grandeur is beyond description.

Students in my Arabic class were looking for ways to get around a certain Orientalist ring to our translation of Ibn Battuta's description of Cairo – the rhymed prose kept coming back to us sounding like some combination of the Bible, 1001 Nights and fairy tales. Students suggested we try translating using different methods and idioms (you have the result of some of that work), including into Italian and then to English, to see what might happen. We also reached out to Prof. Raizen's Italian class, and have now heard back from two students with translations, who are interested in including their work with ours in the pages of Sui Generis.

Via Italian, c/o Jackie Zeller

I arrived in the city of Cairo, mother of nations possessing provinces and villages far and wide, champion of architecture, flaunting grace and glory. Crossroads of imports and exports, asylum of travelers weak and strong, in her there is everything wanted by the ignorant and the wise, the jesters and the serious, the gentle and the brazen, the plebes and the aristocrats, the honorable and the honored, those known and those unknown. Her rulers conquered nations, and she held her kings as the highest of the Arabs and the non-Arabs. Crossing her earth takes a month for the diligent traveler, and her soil is a bounty that welcomes foreigners. And as for the schools in Cairo, no other place comes close to their richness. And as for the hospitals found among the palaces in the territory of king Mansur Qalawun...they defy every description.

Via Italian, c/o Javen Lara

I arrived in the city of Cairo, the mother of nations that possesses many provinces and regions, a champion of architecture, flaunting much glory and grace. It is a crossroad for importation and exportation, a refuge for travelers weak and strong, holding the desires of many: from the wise to the ignorant, the serious to the foolish, the tame to the brash, the common folk to the aristocrats, and from the honorable, esteemed and known to the unknown people. Cairo's sovereigns conquered its provinces and established their kings as the greatest of the Arabs and non-Arabs. A diligent traveler will take a month to cross its land, and its soil is a gift that embraces foreigners. As for the schools of Cairo, no other place comes close to their prosperity. And as for the hospitals that can be found between the palaces in King Mansur Qalawun's province, they go beyond any description.

عزيزتي إيلين،

الآن انتهت من فض حقائبي. انت عظيمة ولست أدري ماذا أفعل بدونك. كل شيء يلزمني وضعت في الحقائق. تسعة قمصان "فان هوس" ثلاثة منها لا تحتاج للكي. "اغسلها ونشفها والبسها." وانت تعلمين انني لن أفعل شيئاً من هذا القبيل. ربطة العنق التي اشتريتها لي في العام الماضي في بوند ستريت، وجدتها مع خمس كرافتات أخرة "خمس كرافتات تكفيك... أنت لن تخرج كثيراً ولن يدعوك أحد لحفلة... وإذا دُعيت فلا تذهب". كم أحببتك لأنك تذكرت أن تضعي في حقائبي هذه الربطة... ربطة عنق قرمزية اللون، واحدة من ملايين الأشياء الصغيرة التي تشد قلبي إليك... في مثل هذا الوقت من العام الماضي، بعد ثمانية أشهر من معرفتي إليك، في القطار الذي يسير تحت الأرض، الساعة السادسة والناس مزدحمون، ونحن واقفان وأنت متكنة علي، فجأة قلت لك "إنني أحبك... أريد أن أتزوجك". إحمّر خدك والتفت الناس إلينا. طيلة ثمانية أشهر عرفتك فيها لم أقل لك أنني أحبك. كنت أتهرب وأداري وأزوج. ثم فجأة وسط الزحام، في الساعة السادسة مساءً، حين يعود الناس التعبين مرهقين إلى بيوتهم بعد عملٍ شاق طيلة اليوم، فجأة خرجت الكلمة المحرّمة من فمي وكأنني محموم يهذي. لا أعلم أي شيطان حرّك لساني، أي نائر أثارني، ولكنني شعرتُ بسعادة عظيمة، في تلك الساعة، في ذلك الجو الخانق، بين تلك الوجوه الكالحة المكدودة التي اختفت وراء صُحف المساء. ولما خرجنا ضغطتِ على يدي بشدة، ورأيتُ في عينيك طيفاً من دموع، وقلت لي "إنك مهووس. أنت أهوس رجل على وجه البسيطة. ولكنني أحبك. إذا رأيت أن تتزوجني فأنت وشأنك". ثمانية أشهر وأنا أتهرب وأحاور وأحاضر. أحاضر في الفوارق التي تفرقنا. الدين والبلد والجنس. أنت من أبردين في سكتلندا وأنا من الخرطوم. أنت مسيحية وأنا مسلم. أنت صغيرة مرحة متفائلة، وأنا قلبي فيه جروح بعدُ لم تندمل. أي شيء حببني فيكِ؟ أنت شقراء زرقاء العينين ممشوقة الجسم، تحبين السباحة ولعب التنس، وأنا طول عمري أحنُّ إلى فتاة سمراء، واسعة العينين، سوداء الشعر، شرقية السمات، هادئة الحركة. أي شيء حببكِ فيّ، أنا الضائع الغريب، أحمل في قلبي هموم جيل بأسره؟ أنا المغرور القلق المتقلب المزاج؟

LETTER TO EILEEN

CONRAD CLEMENS, CLAIRE STURR, GRACE MOLINARO, RAPHAEL LEWIS, KARIANNE CANFIELD, HUDSON HOOTON, AND ALEJANDRA GUZMAN

My dear Eileen,

I just finished unpacking my bags. You are wonderful, and I don't know what I would do without you. Anything I could have possibly needed, you put in my bags. Nine shirts, Van Heusen, three of which don't need ironing... "Wash them and dry them and put them on." But you know I won't do anything of the sort... The necktie you bought me last year on Bond Street I found tucked in with five other ties. "Five ties are enough. You won't be going out much, and no one's going to invite you to a party. Even if they did, you wouldn't go." How I loved you, because you didn't forget to pack that tie... A crimson one, one of those millions of tiny things that binds my heart to you...

Around this time last year, after eight months of knowing you, on the underground at six o'clock when people were crowding, while we were standing there, you were leaning on me, I suddenly said to you: "I love you. I want to marry you." Your cheeks turned red, and people turned to look at us. For all the eight months I had known you, I hadn't told you that I loved you. I had been avoiding and circling and swerving. Then, suddenly, in the middle of the crowd, at six o'clock in the evening, when all the tired, strained people were returning home after a hard day's work, the forbidden words flew spontaneously from my mouth, as if I were speaking deliriously. I don't know what demon moved my tongue, what emotion roused me, but I felt a wave of magnificent happiness in that hour, in that stifling atmosphere, amongst those grim and worn faces that vanished behind the evening papers. And as we left, you squeezed my hand tightly, and I saw the ghost of tears in your eyes, and you said to me: "You're crazy. You are the craziest man on the face of the earth. But I love you. If you want to marry me, so be it."

For eight months I had been avoiding it, lecturing you on the differences that divide us. Religion, country, and race. You are from Aberdeen in Scotland, and I am from Khartoum. You are Christian, and I am Muslim. You are young, cheerful, and optimistic, while I have wounds in my heart that have never healed. What made me love you? You are blonde with blue eyes and a plump body, you love swimming and tennis. All my life I longed for a tan girl with wide eyes, black hair, eastern features, and calm movements. What made you fall in love with me, a strange wretch carrying the afflictions of my generation in its entirety in my heart? I, who am arrogant, nervous, and moody?

”لا تتعب عقلك في تفسير كل شيء. أنت حصان هرم من بلد متأخر، وقد أراد القدر أن يصيبني مجبك. هذا كل ما في الأمر. تذكر قول شكسبير. كيوييد طفل عفريت. ومن عرفته أنه أصاب لي مجب طامة كبيرة. مشك. و تضحكين، ويقع شعرك الذهبي على وجهك فتزدينه بيدك، ثم تضحكين ضحكتك التي تحاكي رنين الفضة. و ذهبنا إلى مطعم صيني واحتفلنا، و كنت نسيت أن اليوم هو يوم ميلادي. أنا لا أحفل بأمني و لا بيومي و أنت تحفلين بكل شيء. أنت تذكر، فأحضرت ربطة العنق القرمزية هذه. كم أحبك لأنك وضعتها بين متاعي.

عزيرتي إيلين،

هذه هي الليلة الأولى بدونك...منذ عام. منذ عام كامل. ثلاثمائة و خمس و ستون ليلة، وانت تشاو كيني فراشي، تنامين على ذراعي، تحتلط أنفاسنا و عطر اجسادنا، تحلمين احلامي، تقرئين أفكارني، تحضين أفطاري، تستحم معاً في حمام واحد، تستعمل فرشاة اسنان واحدة، تقرئين الكتاب و تحبريني بمحتواه فأكتفي بك فلا أقرأه. تزوجتني قاسية الشعاع، تزوجت فكرياً فوضوي، وأمالاً ظمأى كصحاري قومي. الليلة الاولى عداك يا طفلة من ابردين وضعتها الاقدار في طريقي. تبينته وأجيتني. ”يا اختاه“. البذلة الرمادية التي تؤثرينها. ثلاث بدل اكثر من الكفاية. رجل متزوج يقضي شهراً مع اهله أن أحيفل بك احد، و لن تهتم بك صبايا بلدك ولا حاجة بك الى هندمة تفسك و العتناء بشكلك. ومهما يكن فان شكلك لا تحبدي معه هندمة. أذهب وعد اليّ سليماً؛ إذا ضحكت لي منهم فتاة. أنا في حصابهن كنخلة على الشاطيء اقتلعها التيار وجرفها بعيداً عن منبتها. أنا في حصابهن تجارة كسدت. لكن ما أحلى الكساد معك. الليلة الأولى بدونك. و بعدها ليالٍ ثلاثون كمفازة ليس لما آخر. سأجلس على صخرة قبالة دارنا و أتحدث إليك. أنا واثق أنك تسمعينني. أنا واثق ان الرياح و الكهرباء التي في الأثير الهواجس التي تهجس في الكون، سترهف آذانها، و ستحمل حديثي إليك. موجات هوج من قلبي، تستقبلها محطة في قلبك. حين تنامي مدّي ذراعك حيث أضع رأسي على الوسادة، فاني هناك معك. حين تستيقظين قولي ”صباح الخير“ فاني سأسمع وأرد. أجل سأسمع. أنا الآن أسمع صوتك العذب الواضح تقولين لي: ”أسعد في عطلتك ولكن لا تسعد أكثر منها يجب. تذكر انني هنا أنضوى و أنتظرك. ستكون مع أهلك فلا تنس انك برحيلك ستزكري بلا أهل“

“Don’t tire your mind explaining everything. You are an old horse from a country that lags behind. It was destiny that wanted to afflict me with your love. That is all there is to it. Remember Shakespeare’s saying: ‘Cupid is a devilish child. By his wickedness, he struck my heart with a catastrophic love. Like you.’” And you laughed and your golden hair fell over your face, and you brushed it away with your hand then laughed a laugh like the ringing of silver. We went to celebrate at a Chinese restaurant. I forgot it was my birthday. I never celebrate the past or present, but you celebrate everything. You remembered and brought me this crimson tie. How I love you for putting it among my things.

My dear Eileen,

This is the first night without you... in a year. In a whole year. 365 nights, and you shared my bed, and slept in my arms. Our breath and our bodies’ aromas intermixed, you dreamt my dreams, you read my thoughts, you prepared my breakfast, we bathed together in one bath, we used one toothbrush, you read the book and told me its contents, which was enough for me. I didn’t have to read it. You married me, you married a chaotic East at the crossroads. You married a sun of harsh rays. You married scattered thoughts. Thirsty hopes, like the deserts of my nation. The first night without you, girl from Aberdeen - fate put you in my path. I adopted you and you took me as a brother. “O sister, O sister.” The grey suit that you adored. “Three suits is more than enough. A married man spending a month with his family, no one will react to you. The girls of your country won’t be interested in you. There is no reason for you to groom yourself or worry about your appearance. No matter what, grooming won’t help your appearance. Go away and come back to me safely: If any girl smiles at you, scowl at her.” I am sure no girls will smile at me. In their mind, I am like a date palm on the riverbank ripped from the stream and carried far from its birthplace. In their mind, I’m not in demand. But not being in demand is nice when I’m with you.

The first night without you. After this night, there will be thirty more nights, like a metaphor without end. I will sit on the rock at the front of our house, and I will speak to you. I trust that you will hear me. I trust that the wind and the electricity in the air and the thoughts that occur in the universe will prick their ears and carry my conversation to you. The huge waves from my heart are received by the terminal of your heart. When you sleep, stretch your arm where I lay my head on the pillow, and I am there with you. When you wake up, say good morning, so I will hear you and answer. Yes, I will hear. Right now, I hear your smooth, clear voice saying to me, “Enjoy your vacation, don’t enjoy it more than you need. Remember that I am here waiting for you. You will be with your family, but don’t forget that you’re on your trip and you are leaving me without family.”

أتم الخطاب وثناه أربع ثنيات ووضع في الغلاب، ثم كتب العنوان. ورفع بين اصبعيه وتمعنه طويلاً في صمت كأن فيه سرّاً عظيماً. نادى اخاه الصغير وأمره بالقائه في البريد. مرت بعد ذلك مدة لم يعرف حسابها، لعلها طالت أو قصرت، وهو جالس حيث هو لا يسمع ولا يرى شيئاً. وفجأة سمع ضحكة عالية تتناهى اليه من الجناح الشمالي في البيت. ضحكة أمه. وانشق لأذنيه اللغظ للغظ النساء اللاتي جئن يهنئن أمه بوصوله سالمًا من البلد البعيد. كلهن قريباته. فيهن العمّة والخالة وأبنة العم و أبنة الخالة. وظل كذلك برهة. ثم جاء أبوه ومعه حشد من الرجال. كلهم اقرباؤه. سلموا عليه وجلسوا. جي بالقهوة والشاي وعصير البرتقال وعصير الليمون. شيء يشبه الاحتفال. سألوا اسئلة رد عليها، ثم بدأوا في حديثهم الذي ظلوا يتحدثونه طول حياتهم. وشعر في قلبه بالامتنان لهم أنهم تركوه وشأنه. وفجأة تضخمت في ذهبه فكرة أرتاع لها. هؤلاء القوم قومه. قبيلة ضخمة هو فرد منها. ومع ذلك فهم غرباء عنه. هو غريب بينهم. قبل أعوام كان خلية حيّة في جسم القبيلة المترابط. كان يغيب فيخلف فراغاً لا يمتلئ حتى يعود. وحين يعود يصفحه أبوه ببساطة وتضحك أمه كعادتها ويعامله بقية أهله بلا كلفة طوال الايام التي غابها. أما الآن .. أبوه أحتضنه بقوة وأمّه ذرفت الدموع وبقية أهله بالغوا في الترحيب به. هذه المبالغة هي التي أزعجته. كأن احساسهم الطبيعي قد فتر فدعموه بالمبالغة.

”طويل الجرح يغري بالناسي.“

وسمع صوت ايلين واضحاً عذباً تقول له وهي تودعه: ”أرجو من كل قلبي أن تجد أهلك كما تركتهم، لم يتغيروا. أهم من ذلك من أن تكون أنت لم تتغير نحوهم.“

آه منك يا زمان النزوح!

He finished the letter and folded it into four sections. He placed it in the envelope, then scribbled the address. He lifted it between his fingers and reflected on it for a long time in silence, as if it held a great secret. He called for his little brother and told him to ship it. After that, a period passed which he couldn't account for, maybe it lengthened or shortened, and he was sitting where he couldn't hear or see anything. Then, suddenly, he heard a high-pitched laugh that drifted to him from the north wing of the house. His mother's laugh. The sound of it was clear to his ears, the sound of the women coming, celebrating his unscathed return from the far-off country. All of his female relatives. There was his aunt on his mother's side, his aunt on his father's side, his cousin on his mother's side, and his cousin on his father's side. It remained like that for a while. Then his father came with a crowd of men, all of his male relatives. They greeted him and sat. Coffee, tea, orange juice, and lemonade were served. It resembled a celebration. They asked him questions that he answered, then they began their conversation that had remained ongoing for their entire lives. He felt gratitude in his heart towards them for leaving him alone. Suddenly, an idea swelled in his mind that horrified him. These were his people. He was a member of a massive tribe. Yet they were strangers to him. He was a stranger among them. Years ago, he had been a living cell in the interconnected body of the tribe. He had been missed, leaving a vacuum that would not be filled until he returned. And when he returned, his father would simply shake his hand and his mother would laugh as usual, and the rest of his family would treat him without regard for the days he had been missing. But this time... his father hugged him tightly, his mother shed tears, and the rest of his family was exaggeratedly welcoming. It was this exaggeration that bothered him. The warmth of their natural feeling had cooled off, and so they made up for it with exaggeration. "Long absences can numb affection!" And he heard Eileen's voice, clear and sweet, while she was saying goodbye to him: "I hope with all my heart that you find your family as you left them, unchanged. More important than that is that you have not changed toward them."

Oh, how sad is time apart!

خطوة للأمام

[TAYEB SALIH] الطيب صالح

كانت ممرضة.

و كان معلماً.

تزوجا.

كان أسمر داكناً، أسود إذا شئت. لم تكن سمرتها داكنة، بيضاء إذا شئت.

كان أنفه أفطس، لكنّه لم يكن قبيحاً. وكان أنفها اغيقياً، جذاباً بأي قياس قسته.

و كان شعرها نحاسي اللون، ناعماً و طويلاً، و كانت عيناها رماديتين، تذكّران الراي بأمسيات

معينة.

و كانت عيناها سوداوين، و كذا شعره الذي لم يكن أسود فحسب بل كان أكرت أيضاً.

في مكتب التسجيل في فولام رود، حيث أخذها وحيث تركته أخذها، كانت تصرفات المسجل لا غبار

عليها، لكن خيلاً لبعض الحاضرين انه كان محرراً بعض الشيء.

وأخذها معه إلى أهلها.

أخذ يعلم وأخذت تمريض، وولدت له ابناً.

”ماذا تسميه؟“

A STEP FORWARD

RAPHAEL LEWIS AND CLAIRE STURR

She was a nurse.

And he was a teacher.

They got married.

His tan was dark, black if you like.

Her tan was not dark, white if you like.

His nose was flat, but it was not ugly.

Her nose was Grecian, attractive by any measure.

Her hair was a copper color, soft and long.

And her eyes were grey, reminding the observer of certain evenings.

His eyes were black...

His hair was not only black, it was coarse.

At the registry office on Fulham road, where he took her and she let him take her, the actions of the registrar were not out of the ordinary, but it appeared to some of the onlookers that he felt a little awkward.

He took her with him to his family.

He took up teaching and she took up nursing, and she gave him a son.

“What will you call him?”

”سامي. يسهل لفظه، بالإنكليزية والعربية“.

وَمَا صَحِيحَ الْجِسْمِ وَأَفْرَ الْحِكْمَةِ، فَكُهُمَا الْأَبُ كَذَلِكَ الْإِبْنُ، وَ الْأُمُّ مَمْرُضَةٌ. أَمَا الْغِنَى فَلَمْ يَكُنْ مُؤَكَّدًا.

كانت عيناه رماديتين، نذكران الرائي بأسميات معينة في لندن.

و كان شعره نحاسي اللون. وكان مع هذا أكثر أشعت.

لم يكن أنفه اغريقاً و لا كان أفتس. و هو أمر حسن.

”سيكون طبيياً“، تردد أمه باستمرار.

“Sami. Easy to pronounce in English and Arabic”

He grew up with a healthy body and full of wisdom, like a father like son, and the mother is a nurse.

As for wealth, it was not certain.

His eyes were grey, reminding the observer of certain evenings in London.

His hair was a copper color, coarse and dishevelled as well.

His nose was not Grecian and it was not flat.

Which is good.

“He will be a doctor,” his mother constantly repeats.

《吊带裙》

打工妹 邬霞 [WU XIA]

包装车间灯火通明
我手握电熨斗
集聚我所有的手温
我要先把吊带熨平
挂在你肩上不会累疼你
然后从腰身开始熨起
多么可爱的腰身
可以安放一只白净的手
林荫道上
轻抚一种安静的爱情
然后把裙裾展开
我要把每个褶皱的宽度熨得都相等 让你在湖边 或者草坪上
等待风吹
你也可以奔跑 但
一定要让裙裾飘起来带着弧度 像花儿一样
而我要下班了
我要洗一洗汗湿的厂服
我已把它折叠好打了包装
吊带裙它将被运出车间
走向某个市场某个时尚的店铺 在某个下午或者晚上
等待唯一的你
陌生的姑娘
我爱你

BRACES SKIRTS

WENDY LIANG

Luminous, the light in the packing workshop.
 I hold the iron;
 all the heat in my hands is gathering.
 Firstly, I will press the straps smooth and flat,
 so that they won't tie tightly to your
 shoulders.
 Then the heat goes down from the waist.
 Such a lovely waist—
 I imagine a clean hand lays on,
 on a boulevard,
 to caress a peaceful love.
 Then unfolding the skirt,
 I will iron the pleats one by one for every equal width.
 There you are, by the lake, or on the grass,
 waiting for the wind.
 You can also run, but
 please let the dress fly,
 sink,
 draw a curve,
 like a flower—
 However, it is the time to finish my work.
 I need to wash my uniform that is sweaty and
 soaking wet. The braces skirt, carried out from the
 workshop, that has been folded by me,
 waiting for a delivery to an unknown clothes shop,
 or another unheard boutique.
 In some afternoon or night,
 waiting for the one
 girl, I don't know—
 I Love you.

《致橡樹》

——舒婷 [SHU TING]

我如果愛你——
絕不像攀援的凌霄花，
借你的高枝炫耀自己；

我如果愛你——
絕不學痴情的鳥兒，
為綠蔭重複單調的歌曲；

也不止像泉源，
常年送來清涼的慰藉；
也不止像險峰，增加你的高度，襯托你的威儀。甚至日光。
甚至春雨。

不，這些都還不夠！
我必須是你近旁的一株木棉，
做為樹的形象和你站在一起。
根，緊握在地下，
葉，相觸在雲里。
每一陣風過，
我們都互相致意，
但沒有人

TO THE OAK

TIFFANY LAI

Shu Ting is an iconic female poet that composes modern poems. "To the Oak" is one of her most famous poems that many have called a love poem. However, Shu Ting herself explains that the poem aims to demonstrate gender equality in a relationship, rather than simply love. The first few stanzas (lines 13-36) show her stance that women should neither be viewed as a subunit of men nor a challenge for men to conquer. Her position of women being equal to men contrasts to the traditional values of women being weak, helpless, and soft. In the last few stanzas, she talks about how men and women should both have their own thinking and stand at a similar point. She expresses her view on love, which shows an ideal of being independent, equal, loyal, and dedicated. Through the poem, Shu Ting emphasizes on how each partner can endure challenges and successes in life while still sharing intimacy with one other.

If I love you---

I will not be a strangling trumpet vine,
Using your high bough to flaunt myself;

If I love you---

I will not be an infatuated bird,
Singing shallow songs to the green shade;

I will not be your water source,
Bringing cool comfort continuously; I will not be your perilous peak,
To elevate your status, to raise your dignity. I won't be your sunlight.
I won't be your spring rain.

No, these are not enough!

I must be a kapok tree next to you, Stand
next to you in a tree's image. Our roots,
holding each other underground, Our leaves,
touching each other in the clouds. Through
every blowing wind,
We greet each other.
But others would never
understand the language between us.

中文

聽懂我們的言語。
你有你的銅枝鐵干，
像刀，像劍，

也像戟，
我有我的紅碩花朵，
像沉重的嘆息，
又像英勇的火炬。
我們分擔寒潮、風雷、霹靂；
我們共享霧靄流嵐、虹霓，
仿佛永遠分離，
卻又終身相依。

這才是偉大的愛情，
堅貞就在這裡：
愛——

You have your copper branch and iron trunk,
Like knives, like swords,
Like tridents.

I have my flaming flowers,
Like heavy sighs,
like valiant torches.
We experience blizzards, storms, and thunders;
We share clouds, mists, and rainbows,
As if we are always apart,
But can always lean on each other.

This is the mighty love,
Where faithfulness lays:
I love---
Not only the stalwart stature you have
But also the firm land you stand on, and the Earth underneath
you.

中文

辩证

周迪洋 [DIYANG ZHOU]

那夜和今夜
成熟与不成熟
我们的名字都有水
水里可找不到我们的名字
开始便料到结果
结束后才料到已经开始

爱 作为禁忌
说出来 是最苦的
犹大的吻
是最甜的

DIALECTIC

DIYANG ZHOU

That night and Tonight,
Maturity and Immaturity
Implications of water can be found in our names,
But the implications of our names cannot be found in the water
Once it begins, the outcome is manifested;
Once it's over, just realized it has once started

'Love' is a taboo,
once been spoken, it is the bitterest
Judas's kiss
is the sweetest

日记本

周迪洋 [DIYANG ZHOU]

日记本
是要记怕想不起来的事
还是要记能想的起来的事

会遗忘的事没必要回忆
真正印象深刻的事也没必要记下
模棱两可的事残留在日记本上
反倒混乱了

日记就是杂乱无章

像世界一样

该要遗忘的自然会被遗忘
该会注意到的自然会被注意

日记是一个人杂乱的世界
世界是一群人杂乱的日记

DIARY

DIYANG ZHOU

Is a diary used to record something that may not be recalled any more,
or used to record something that can be recalled in the future?

The ephemeral things do not need to be recalled (for the petti-
ness deserves to be forgotten)

The impressive things do not need to be recalled either (For these
essential things cannot be forgotten)

We recorded the ambiguity between the soon-to-be-forgotten
and the never-ever-to-be-forgotten

And by this way,
we messed up our memories in our diaries.

Diary is the collection of chaos,
like the world,
Something insignificant will be forgotten anyway
Something attentive will naturally catch our attentions

Diary is the chaotic world of a man
World is the chaotic diaries of the men

中文

路

周迪洋 [DIYANG ZHOU]

路的距离对应着不同的时间
人可以从不同方向开始和结束
时间本身决定了路可以延伸的距离
人便可以顺着时间寻找路的方向

时间就是次序性

空间是次序性下可能性的范围

人在路上
倒退回走 也是行进
想的过去 也是现在

THE WAY

DIYANG ZHOU

The distance of the way corresponds to different amounts of the time
A man can start and end from different directions and places
Time itself confines the distance of the way
Hence a man can follow the time to seek the directions of the way

Temporality is the Order

Space is the area extended from the Order within its limit

A man walks on the way

When walking back, he is still moving forward;

When recalling the past, he is still thinking the 'now'

古史新证

王国维 [WANG GUOWEI]

一、总论

研究中国古史，为最纠纷之问题。上古之事，传说与史实混而不分。史实之中，固不免有所缘饰，与传说无异；而传说之中，亦往往有史实为之素地。二者不宜区别，此世界各国之所同也。在中国古代已注意此事。孔子曰：“信而好古”。又曰：“君子于其不知，盖阙如也”。故于夏、殷之礼，曰：“吾能言之，杞、宋不足征也，文献不足故也”。孟子于古事之可存疑者，则曰：“于传有之”。于不足信者，曰：“好事者为之”。太史公作五帝本纪，取孔子所传五帝德及帝系姓，而斥“不雅驯”之百家言。于三代世表，取世本，而斥黄帝以来皆有年数之谍记。其术至为谨慎。然好事之徒，世多有之。故尚书于今、古文外，在汉有张霸之百两篇，在魏、晋有伪孔安国之书。百两虽斥于汉，而伪孔书则六朝以降行用迄于今日。

NEW PROOFS FOR ANCIENT HISTORY

KENT ZHENG

An excerpt from Gushixinzheng (“New Proofs for Ancient History”), in which historian and poet Wang Guowei (1877-1927) discusses the conflation of myth with history prevalent in traditional historiography, acknowledges the value of skepticism, and attempts to establish a middle ground between classical and modern historical studies.

The study of ancient Chinese history is a most contentious subject. In records of ancient matters legends and historical truths mingle and are not distinguished. Among historical truths, many are certainly not free of embellishments, therefore failing to distinguish themselves from legends; among legends however, many also have historical truths as their bases. The difficulty of separating the two is common in all nations of the world. Writers in Chinese antiquity had already called attention to this issue. Kong Zi (Confucius) said:“(I) trust and like ancient matters”. Also:“A gentleman spares his words regarding that which he does not know”. Therefore, regarding the rituals of Xia and Yin, he said:“I can speak of both, yet Qi and Song (1) are insufficient to provide evidence thereof because they lack written documents (on these subjects)”. Meng Zi (Mencius), regarding dubitable entries among ancient matters, said accordingly:“Tradition has it”. Regarding those not worthy of trust, he said:“The meddling made it so”. When the lord Grand Historian compiled the Record of the Five Emperors, he (2) referenced the feats of the five emperors and their genealogies as recorded by Kong Zi and accused the accounts of the Hundred Schools of “lacking elegance and sensitivity”. In the (3) Genealogies of the Three Dynasties, he referenced the Book of Genealogies and rebuked the (4) accounts that had encompassed all intervening years since the reign of Huangdi. His approach (5) was most meticulous. Yet of meddling fellows, the world has had aplenty. Therefore the Classic of Documents, in addition to the Contemporary and Ancient volumes, included the Hundred and Two Passages of Zhang Ba in the Han dynasty and the fake book of Kong Anguo in the times of Wei and Jin. While the Hundred and Two Passages has been discredited since the Han dynasty, the false Book of Kong has seen its use since the Six Dynasties till the present day. (6)

又汲冢所出竹书纪年，自夏以来，皆有年数，亦谍记之流亚。皇甫谧作帝王世纪，亦为五帝、三王尽加年数。后人乃复取以补太史公书。此信古之过也。至于近世，乃知孔安国本尚书之伪，纪年之不可信。而疑古之过，乃并尧、舜、禹之人物而亦疑之。其于怀疑之态度及批评之精神，不无可取；然惜于古史材料，未尝为充分之处理也。吾辈生于今日，幸于纸上之材料外，更得地下之新材料。由此种材料，我辈固得据以补正纸上之材料，亦得证明古书之某部分全为实录，即百家不雅驯之言亦不无表示一面之事实。此二重证据法，惟在今日始得为之。虽古书之未得证明者，不能加以否定，而其已得证明者，不能不加以肯定，可断言也。

Then from the account unearthed in the tomb of Ji County came the Bamboo Annals, in which all intervening years since Xia had been numbered and whose quality was inferior to even that of the miscellaneous genealogies and their likes. Huangfu Mi compiled the Genealogies of Emperors and Kings, and he too added numbers of years to the five emperors and the three kings. Posterity has thus time and again referenced him to complement the Book of the Grand 7 Historian. This counts as an instance of placing excessive trust in ancient records. It was only recently that the false authorship of the Kong Anguo edition of the Classic of Documents and the untrustworthiness of the Annals were known. On the other hand, an instance of excessively doubting antiquity is to doubt therewith the characters of Yao, Shun, and Yu. The skeptical 8 attitude and critical spirit of this (line of critique) is not without merit; yet pure devotion to ancient historiographical sources may not be an exhaustive treatment of the subject matter. Alive in the present age, my generation, in addition to written materials, is fortunate to have gained new sources beneath the ground. With this category of (excavated) sources, we will surely be able to amend written materials accordingly, so as to prove as well certain parts of ancient books to be wholly true accounts, namely, that the uncouth statements of the Hundred Schools are not without a grain of truth. This rule of double verification is only feasible in the present age. That though some books of antiquity have not yet been vindicated, they are not to be dismissed, and that those already vindicated are not to be viewed without approval one can assert with certainty.

1 The designated successor states of Xia and Yin respectively, the first two dynasties recorded in canonical Chinese 1 histories.

2 Sima Qian (145-86 BCE), arguably the father of Chinese historiography. The Hundred Schools of Thought flourished from the sixth to late third centuries BCE, spanning the latter half 3 of the Spring and Autumn period till the first unification of China in 221 BCE; here, the concept explicitly excludes the school of Confucius.

4 Three Dynasties: Xia, Shang, Zhou

Lit. "Yellow Emperor", mythical patriarch and god-king first venerated in the pantheon of the Shang dynasty 5 (1600-1046 BCE)

6 approx. 220-589 CE

ESTOIRE DE MERLIN

INCONNU [UNKNOWN]

Quant ce vint al endemain que li rois i fu uenus & on ot mangie si fist on grant feste . & li troi roy entrerent es loges qui estoient sor la riuere por veor les pres & les gardins . lors regarderent aual si voent venir . j . grant vilain sor la riuere tous les pres . j . arc en sa main & sauoit saietes . si i auoit anetes saluages en . j . ruisel qui se baignoient si comme lor nature lor aporte & li vilains entoise son arc si en fiert lune el col si quil li ront . puis encauche . j . autre bouion si ochist . j . marlart . puis les prent & les pent par les cols a sa coroine . puis sen vait vers les loges ou li troi roy estoient apoie & orent ueu le trait que li vilains auoit fait. Et quant il fu pres des loges le trait a . j . bouion si lapela li rois artus. & quant li vilains vint pres des loges si li demande li rois sil veult uendre ces oisiaus quil a pris . & li vilains li dist que oil volentiers . Et que les faites vous dist li rois & cil ne dist moi . & il ot chaucies vns grans solers de vache & ot uestu cote & surcot de burel & caperon si fu chains dune coroine neuee de mouton . & sestoit gros & lons & noirs & hirechies si samble bien cruel & felon . si dist iou ne prise mie roy qui trop aime son tresor & qui est regretiers . Et mal dehait ait rois regretiers qui nose faire dun poure homme riche quant bien le puet faire . lou vous doins fait il les oisiaus & si nai iou plus vaillant que vous uees . & vous naues pas cuer de doner la tierce partie de vostre auoir qui en terre pourira anchois que vous laies trait ne che nest mie vostre hounor ne vostre preu che sachies . Quant li rois artus entent la parole al vilain si regarde les autres . ij . rois si lor dist . quel diable ont dit a cel vilain que ie ai tresor en terre . lors [I]apela le roy ban & li demande quil auoit dit . & li vilains ne li respont mot ains dist au roy artu quil face prendre les oisiaus & puis senira . Ore nous di fait li rois bans par tame qui te dist que li rois auoit tresor en terre . & li vilains respont il le me dist vns hons saluages qui a non merlins . & si me dist quil vendroit hui parler au roy . Endementres quil parloient ensi issi ulfins dune chambre & sen vint la ou li rois plaidoit au vilain

EXCERPT FROM MERLIN (VULGATE CYCLE, VOL. 2)

VIVECA LAWRIE

The Vulgate Cycle, or the Lancelot-Grail, is a series of Arthurian romances in prose written by unknown authors in Old French in the early thirteenth century. This excerpt is from the Estoire de Merlin, the second volume of the Vulgate Cycle, which is about Merlin and his interactions with Arthur. Just before this passage, Arthur has won a battle and has gone to Carmelide with two other kings, Ban and Bors, and is waiting for Merlin to join him.

The day after the king had arrived, and after he had eaten, there was a great celebration. And the three kings went into the galleries that were by the river in order to look at the meadows and the gardens. Then they looked downstream and saw a huge peasant coming along the river through the meadows, a bow in his hand, and he had arrows. There were wild ducks on a brook that were bathing as their nature leads them to do, and the peasant strung his bow and shot one of them in the neck so that he broke it. Then he let fly another arrow and killed a mallard. Then he took them and hung them by their necks on his belt. Then he went off toward the galleries where the three kings were looking out and had seen the shot that the peasant had made.

And when he was within an arrow shot of the galleries, he called to King Arthur.

And when the peasant came close to the galleries, the king asked him if he wanted to sell the birds that he had killed, and the peasant said, "Yes, gladly."

"And how much are they worth to you?" asked the king, and he did not answer a word.

He had huge cowhide shoes and was dressed in a tunic and coat of burlap and a cape that was girded with a knotted sheepskin belt. And he was big and tall and dark and hairy, and he seemed cruel and wicked. And he said, "I do not at all respect a king who loves his treasure too much and is deplorable. And a curse upon a deplorable king who does not make a poor man rich when he can easily do it! I'll give you the birds," he said, "since I have nothing more worthy that you see. And you don't have the heart to give up a third of your wealth, which will rot in the ground before you can dig it up and which does nothing for your honor or your glory, as you know."

Di ua fait li rois comment ten poroie ie croire que tu aies parle a merlin . Se vous uoles fait li vilains si men crees & si non si ne men crees par car ie nai riens acreu a vous si soions quite & quite . Quant ulfins lentent si commenche a rire si sot bien tantost que ce estoit merlins . & quant li vilains uit ulfin si li dist . dans senescaus tenes ces oisiaus si les dounes auques nuit a mangier a uostre roy qui na mie cuer de faire poure homme riche qui encore li poroit bien gueredouner . Et sacies quil a hui a tel parle a qui il est moult petit de nul auoir tant soit ore grant de sor terre . Lors commencha ulfins a rire moult durement & li dist . sire sil vous plaisoit ie parleroie moult uolentiers a vous . & cil dist quil i parlera moult volentiers & li rois regarde vlfin & le voit rire moult durement si li demande por quoi il rioit . & il li dist quil le sauroit tout a tans . Et li vilains entra laiens ensi aparelliet comme il estoit & dist a keus . tenes sire senescaus ore poes faire ces oisiaus plumer qui si liement les puise vostre rois mangier comme iou les li doins . Sire fait ulfins ce nest mie li premiers douns que vous li aues doune . a ceste parole vint bretel qui ot oi che que vlfin ot dit a celui si connut tantost que ce fu merlin si commenche a rire & li rois li demande pourquoi il auoit ris & il dist quil li dira bien se li vilains veut . & li vilains dist quil le veut bien . Lors dist ulfins au roy sire ne connoisies vous mie merlin vostre acointe & ne duit il hui parler a vous ensi comme cis vilains a dit . Oil fait li rois por quoi le dites vous . Sire fait ulfins ie le di por ce que vous ne le connoisies pas si bien comme ie vaudroie car vous uees la gent . ij . fois ou . iij . & si ne les connoisies mie si men merueil moult . Quant li rois entent ulfin si fu si esbahis quil ne seit quil doie dire fors tant quil li prie quil li die qui cis vilains est sil le seit . sire fait ulfins & ne connoisies vous mie merlin . Certes fait li rois oie . dont regardes bien cest pseudomme fait ulfin se vous le ueistes onques mais il puet bien dire quil a mal emploiet son seruice en vous . car cest merlins qui tant vous a serui & ame & aidie de quanque il pooit faire ne dire contre tous ceaus qui mal vous uoloient . & li rois artus se seigne & li autre doi roy sen sont moult meruelliet si li demandent . merlin estes vous donques ce onques mais ne vous ueismes en tel abit . & il respont que bien puet estre.

When King Arthur heard the words of the peasant, he looked at the other two kings and said to them, "What devils have told this peasant that I have buried treasure?"

Then King Ban called him over and asked him who had told him. And the peasant did not answer a word but told King Arthur to have the birds taken and then he would go away.

"Now tell us," said King Ban, "for the sake of your soul, who told you that the king had buried treasure?"

And the peasant answered, "A wild man named Merlin told me, and he said that he would come today to talk to the king."

While they were talking, Ulfin came out of a room and went over to where the king was pleading with the peasant.

"Say, now," said the king, "how could I ever believe that you have talked to Merlin?"

"If you want," said the peasant, "believe me, and if you don't, then don't believe me! I've got nothing from you, so let's say we're even."

When Ulfin heard this he began to laugh, because he knew right away that it was Merlin. And when the peasant saw Ulfin he said, "Take these birds to the seneschal and give them to eat tonight to your king, who doesn't at all have the generosity to make rich a poor man who could still reward him well. And know that today he has spoken to such a man to whom wealth means very little, even though he is among the greatest on earth!"

Then Ulfin started to laugh much harder and said to him, "My lord, if you would like, I would very gladly talk to you."

And he said that he would very willingly talk with them.

And the king looked at Ulfin and saw him laughing very hard and asked him why he was laughing. And he told him that he would know all in good time.

And the peasant went inside dressed as he was and said to Kay, "Here, my lord seneschal, now you can have these birds plucked so that your king may eat them as joyfully as I give them to him."

"My lord," said Ulfin, "this is not the first gift that you have given him."

At these words came Bretel, who had heard what Ulfin had said to him, and he recognized immediately that this was Merlin and began to laugh, and the king asked him why he had laughed and he said that he would indeed tell him if the peasant wanted him to. And the peasant said that he would like that.

biau signor ce dist ulfins ne soies mie si esbahi car il vous monstera bien la samblance ou vous le ueistes premierement & il dient que ce voldroient li bien . ore venes dont en ceste cambre fait ulfin & il i vont . & ulfins lor dist biaux signors ne vous esmeruellies mie des affaires merlin car il vous monstera de samblances asses . Car toutes les fois quil veut se change il & mue par force dart dingremance dont il est tous plains . & guinebaus qui illuec estoit le tesmoigne bien . Et lors dist il quil se mue por ce quil a moult de gent el pais qui le uoldroient auoir mort . Ore alons tout a lui si le verrons en sa droit samblance . & il i uont si trouuent merlin en la sale en sa droite samblance . Lors courent a lui si li font moult grant ioie comme cil qui moult lamoient & commenchent a rire del trait quil li auoient ueu faire & des paroles quil auoit dit au roy . lors dist li rois artus a merlin or sai iou bien que vous mames car vous me dounastes volentiers vos oisiaus & iou les mangerai por lamor de vous. & merlins dist que ce veut li bien.

So Ulfin said to the king, "My lord, don't you recognize your friend Merlin? And wasn't he supposed to talk to you today just like this peasant said?"

"Yes," said the king, "why do you say that?"

"My lord," said Ulfin, "I say it because you don't know him as well as I would like, because you can see people two or three times and not recognize them, and it amazes me greatly!"

When the king heard Ulfin he was so bewildered that he did not know what he should say, except to beg him to tell him who this peasant was if he knew it.

"My lord," Ulfin said, "don't you recognize Merlin?"

"Certainly," said the king, "yes."

"Then look closely at this worthy man," said Ulfin, "because you have seen him before, but he can well say that he was badly employed serving you. For this is Merlin who has served you and loved you and helped you with as much as he could do or say against all those who wished you ill."

And King Arthur crossed himself, and the other two kings were greatly astonished and they asked him, "Merlin, is this you then? But we never saw you in such clothing!" And he answered that it could well be.

"My good lords," said Ulfin, "don't be so surprised, because he will surely show you the appearance he had when you first saw him," and they said that they would like that. "Now come into this room," said Ulfin, and they went there. And Ulfin told them, "Dear lords, don't be mystified by the things Merlin does, because he will show you many appearances. Because any time he wants to, he changes himself and transforms through the power of the art of necromancy, which he has a great deal of." And Guinebal, who was there, attested to this. And then he said that he changed himself because there were many people in the country who wanted to have him dead. "Now let's all go to him and see him in his true appearance."

And they went out and found Merlin in the hall in his true appearance. Then they ran to him and they rejoiced greatly because they loved him very much, and they started to laugh at the way he had made himself look and the words he had spoken to the king. Then King Arthur said to Merlin, "Now I am certain that you love me, because you willingly gave me your birds, and I will eat them for love of you." And Merlin said that he would like that very much.

“CHANT SIXIÈME” DES CHANTS DE MALDOROR

COMTE DE LAUTRÉAMONT

Le corsaire aux cheveux d'or, a reçu la réponse de Mervyn. Il suit dans cette page singulière la trace des troubles intellectuels de celui qui l'écrivit, abandonné aux faibles forces de sa propre suggestion. Celui-ci aurait beaucoup mieux fait de consulter ses parents, avant de répondre à l'amitié de l'inconnu. Aucun bénéfice ne résultera pour lui de se mêler, comme principal acteur, à cette équivoque intrigue. Mais, enfin, il l'a voulu. À l'heure indiquée, Mervyn, de la porte de sa maison, est allé droit devant lui, en suivant le boulevard Sébastopol, jusqu'à la fontaine Saint-Michel. Il prend le quai des Grands-Augustins et traverse le quai Conti ; au moment où il passe sur le quai Malaquais, il voit marcher sur le quai du Louvre, parallèlement à sa propre direction, un individu, porteur d'un sac sous le bras, et qui paraît l'examiner avec attention. Les vapeurs du matin se sont dissipées. Les deux passants débouchent en même temps de chaque côté du pont du Carrousel. Quoiqu'ils ne se fussent jamais vus, ils se reconnurent ! Vrai, c'était touchant de voir ces deux êtres, séparés par l'âge, rapprocher leurs âmes par la grandeur des sentiments. Du moins, c'eût été l'opinion de ceux qui se seraient arrêtés devant ce spectacle, que plus d'un, même avec un esprit mathématique, aurait trouvé émouvant. Mervyn, le visage en pleurs, réfléchissait qu'il rencontrait, pour ainsi dire à l'entrée de la vie, un soutien précieux dans les futures adversités. Soyez persuadé que l'autre ne disait rien. Voici ce qu'il fit : il déplia le sac qu'il portait, dégagea l'ouverture, et, saisissant l'adolescent par la tête, il fit passer le corps entier dans l'enveloppe de toile. Il noua, avec son mouchoir, l'extrémité qui servait d'introduction. Comme Mervyn poussait des cris aigus, il enleva le sac, ainsi qu'un paquet de linges, et en frappe, à plusieurs reprises, le parapet du pont. Alors, le patient, s'étant aperçu du craquement de ses os, se tut. Scène unique, qu'aucun romancier ne retrouvera ! Un boucher passait, assis sur la viande de sa charrette. Un individu court à lui, l'engage à s'arrêter, et lui dit : « Voici un chien, enfermé dans ce sac ; il a la gale : abattez-le au plus vite. » L'interpellé se montre complaisant.

SIXTH CANTO

HANQI LIU

The corsair with golden hair has received the response from Mervyn. He follows in this singular page the trace of the intellectual turmoil of the one who wrote it, succumbing to the weak forces of his own suggestion. This one could have done much better by consulting his parents, before responding to the goodwill of a stranger. No advantage will ensue for him to get embroiled, as the principal actor, in this dubious intrigue. But, well, he has wanted it himself. At the indicated time, Mervyn, from the gate of his house, went straight ahead of him, going along the Boulevard Sébastopol, all the way to the Fontaine Saint-Michel. He took the Quay des Grands-Augustins and crossed the Quay Conti; at the moment when he passed on the Quay Malaquais, he sees walking over the Quay du Louvre, parallel to his own direction, an individual carrying a sack under his arm, who seems to examine him with care. The vapor of morning has dispersed. The two passerbys arrive at the same time at both ends of the Pont du Carrousel. Even though they have never seen each other, they recognized one another! True, it was touching to see these two beings, separated by age, draw their hearts closer through the nobleness of sentiments. At least, this would have been the opinion of those who would have stopped at this sight, that more than one, even with a mathematical mind, would have found moving. Mervyn, face in tears, reflected that he was meeting, so to speak at the beginning of life, a precious support in the future adversities. Be assured that the other person said nothing. This is what he did: he unfolded the sack that he carried, pulled the opening out, and, grabbing the adolescent by his head, he stuffed the entire body in the canvas envelope. He tied, with his handkerchief, the end of it which served as the opening. As Mervyn was screaming, he lifted the sac, just like a bag of linens, and hit it, several times, against the parapet of the bridge. At this point, the patient, perceiving the crack of his bones, fell silent. A unique scene that not a single novelist will find! A butcher was passing by, sitting on the meat in his barrow. ual runs to him, invites him to stop, and says to him: "Here is a dog, trapped in this sack; it has mange: slaughter it as quickly as possible."

L'interrompteur, en s'éloignant, aperçoit une jeune fille en haillons qui lui tend la main. Jusqu'où va donc le comble de l'audace et de l'impunité ? Il lui donne l'aumône ! Dites-moi si vous voulez que je vous introduise, quelques heures plus tard, à la porte d'un abattoir reculé. Le boucher est revenu, et a dit à ses camarades, en jetant à terre un fardeau : « Dépêchons-nous de tuer ce chien galeux. » Ils sont quatre, et chacun saisit le marteau accoutumé. Et, cependant, ils hésitent, parce que le sac remuait avec force. « Quelle émotion s'empare de moi ? » cria l'un d'eux en abaissant lentement son bras. « Ce chien pousse, comme un enfant, des gémissements de douleur, dit un autre ; on dirait qu'il comprend le sort qui l'attend. » « C'est leur habitude, répondit un troisième ; même quand ils ne sont pas malades, comme c'est le cas ici, il suffit que leur maître reste quelques jours absents du logis, pour qu'ils se mettent à faire entendre des hurlements qui, véritablement, sont pénibles à supporter. » « Arrêtez !... arrêtez !... cria le quatrième, avant que tous les bras se fussent levés en cadence pour frapper résolûment, cette fois, sur le sac. Arrêtez, vous dis-je ; il y a ici un fait qui nous échappe. Qui vous dit que cette toile renferme un chien ? Je veux m'en assurer. » Alors, malgré les railleries de ses compagnons, il dénoua le paquet, et en retira l'un après l'autre les membres de Mervyn ! Il était presque étouffé par la gêne de cette position. Il s'évanouit en revoyant la lumière. Quelques moments après, il donna des signes indubitables d'existence. Le sauveur dit : « Apprenez, une autre fois, à mettre de la prudence jusque dans votre métier. Vous avez failli remarquer, par vous-mêmes, qu'il ne sert de rien de pratiquer l'inobservance de cette loi. » Les bouchers s'enfuirent. Mervyn, le cœur serré et plein de pressentiments funestes, rentre chez soi et s'enferme dans sa chambre. Ai-je besoin d'insister sur cette strophe ? Eh ! qui n'en déplorera les événements consommés ! Attendons la fin pour porter un jugement encore plus sévère. Le dénouement va se précipiter ; et, dans ces sortes de récits, où une passion, de quelque genre qu'elle soit, étant donnée, celle-ci ne craint aucun obstacle pour se frayer un passage, il n'y a pas lieu de délayer dans un godet la gomme laque de quatre cents pages banales. Ce qui peut être dit dans une demi-douzaine de strophes, il faut le dire, et puis se taire.

The man spoken to seems willing to do this. The interrupter, when leaving, catches sight of a young girl in rags who reaches out to him. How far is the height of audacity and of impiety? He does charity to her! Tell me if you would like me to introduce you, some hours later, to the gate of an isolated abattoir. The butcher came back, and told his comrades, while throwing a load onto the ground: "Let's get on with killing this mangy dog." They are four, and each one grabs his accustomed hammer. Then, however, they hesitated, for the sack was moving with force. "What emotion seizes me?" cried one of them while slowly putting down his arm. "This dog utters, like a child, groans of grief," said another one; "it seems like it understands the destiny awaiting it." "That's their habit," responded a third one, "even when they are not sick, as is the case here, it suffices that their owner stays a few days absent from his dwelling, for them to start to have their howlings heard which, verily, are impossible to bear." "Stop! ... stop! ... " yelled the fourth one, before all the arms were raised in rhythm to strike resolutely, this time, at the sack. "Stop, I tell you; There is a fact which eludes us. Who told you that this sack contains a dog? I want to make sure of it." And then, despite the mocking from his companions, he untied the package, and pulled out from it one after another the limbs of Mervyn! He was almost suffocated by the discomfort of this position. He passed out on seeing the light again. Some moments later, he showed indubitable signs of life. The savior said, "Tell yourself, once again, to be careful in your profession. You almost noticed, by yourself, that it is useless to be non-adherent to this law." The butchers ran away. Mervyn, with a heart heavy and full of gloomy premonition, goes back home and locks himself up in his room. Do I need to insist on this stanza? Ha! Who won't deplore perpetrated events! Let us wait for the ending to bring us a sentence even more severe. The denouement will precipitate itself; and, in these kind of tales, where a passion, of some sort as it may be, is given, this one is not concerned with any obstacle to fight its way through, there is no reason to spin out in a pot a gum lacquer of four hundred banal pages. What can be told in half a dozen stanzas, it is necessary to tell, and then be silent.

NUR EINE ROSE ALS STUETZE

HILDE DOMIN

Ich richte mir ein Zimmer ein in der Luft
unter den Akrobaten und Vögeln:
mein Bett auf dem Trapez des Gefühls
wie ein Nest im Wind
auf der äußersten Spitze des Zweigs.

Ich kaufe mir eine Decke aus der zartesten Wolle
der sanftgescheitelten Schafe die
im Mondlicht
wie schimmernde Wolken
über die feste Erde ziehen.

Ich schließe die Augen und hülle mich ein
in das Vlies der verlässlichen Tiere.
Ich will den Sand unter den kleinen Hufen spüren
und das Klicken des Riegels hören,
der die Stalltür am Abend schließt.

Aber ich liege in Vogelfedern, hoch ins Leere gewiegt.
Mir schwindelt. Ich schlafe nicht ein.
Meine Hand
greift nach einem Halt und findet
nur eine Rose als Stütze.

ONLY A ROSE FOR SUPPORT

ANONYMOUS

I furnish myself a room in the air
among acrobats and birds:
my bed on the trapeze of feeling
nests in the wind
on the outermost tip of a branch.

I buy a blanket of the softest wool
from the tender-parted sheep
which roam in the moonlight
like shimmering clouds
over the firm earth.

I close my eyes and envelop myself
in the fleece of the reliable animals.
I want to feel the sand under their little hoofs
and hear the clicking of the latch
which locks the barn door at night.

But I float among feathers, cradled in airy emptiness.
I feel dizzy. Can't fall asleep.
My hand
reaches out and finds
only a rose for support.

רק על ע צ מי

[RACHEL BLUWSTEIN] רחל בלוּסְטַיִן

רק על ע צ מי ל ס פר יד ע תני.
צר עו ל מי בעו לם נמ לה,
גם מ ש אי ע מ ס תי כמו ה
רב ו כ בד מ כ ת פי הד לה.

גם את דר כי – בדר בה אל צ מרת –
דרך מ כאוב ודר ע מל,
יד ענ קים זדונה ובו ט חת,
יד מ ת בד חת שמה ל אל.

כל ארחוּתִי ה ליז ו ה ד מיע
פ חד ט מיר מיד ענ קים.
ל מה קרא תם לי, חו פי ה פ לא?
ל מה בז ב תם, אורות רחו קים?

ONLY ABOUT MYSELF

ARTHUR KILONGO

Only about myself I knew to recount.
My world is as narrow as one of an ant,
And my load is loaded just like that of hers
Great and heavy on my meagre shoulder.

And my journey – as her way to the top –
Through pain and through toil,
A gigantic hand, malicious and assured,
A mocking hand, has given an end.

All my paths has it mocked and teared
Obscure fear of the hand of a giant
Why have you called me, shores of wonder?
Why did you deceive, distant lights?

IL MANIFESTO DELLA CUCINA FUTURISTA

FILIPPO TOMMASO MARINETTI

3. L'invenzione di complessi plastici saporiti, la cui armonia originale di forma e colore nutra gli occhi ed ecciti la fantasia prima di tentare le labbre.

Esempio: Il Carneplastico creato dal pittore futurista Fillia, interpretazione sintetica dei paesaggi italiani, è composto da una grande polpetta cilindrica di carne di vitello arrostita ripiena di undici qualità diverse di verdure cotte. Questo cilindro disposto verticalmente nel centro del piatto, è coronato da uno spessore di miele e sostenuto alla base da un anello di salsiccia che poggia su tre sfere dorate di carne di pollo.

Esempio: Il complesso plastico mangiabile Equatore + Polo Nord creato dal pittore futurista Enrico Prampolini è composto da un mare equatoriale di tuorli rossi d'uova all'ostrica con pepe sale limone. Nel centro emerge un cono di chiaro d'uovo montato e solidificato pieno di spicchi d'arancio come succose sezione di sole. La cima del cono sarà tempestata di pezzi di tartufo nero tagliati in forma di aeroplani negri alla conquista dello zenit.

Questi complessi plastici saporiti colorati profumati e tattili formeranno perfetti pranzi simultanei.

THE FUTURIST COOKBOOK

JACKIE ZELLER

3. The invention of flavored sculptural complexes whose original harmony of form and color feeds the eyes and excites fantasy before parting the lips.

Example: The *Carneplastico*, created by Futurist painter Fillia, synthetic interpretation of Italian landscapes, is comprised of a giant cylindrical meatball made with roasted veal filled with eleven different types of cooked vegetables. This cylinder arranged upright in the center of the plate is crowned with a thick coating of honey and sustained at its base by a ring of sausage that rests atop three golden spheres of chicken meat.

Example: The edible sculptural complex *Equator + North Pole*, created by Futurist painter Enrico Prampolini, is comprised of an equatorial sea of ostrich egg yolks with lemon pepper salt. In the center emerges a cone of egg whites, mounted and solidified, full of orange wedges, like juicy sections of sun. The summit of the cone will be stormed with pieces of black truffle, cut in the shape of black airplanes, at the conquest of the zenith.

These flavored colored perfumed and tactile sculptural complexes will form perfect simultaneous dishes.

SO WE LOOK GOOD IN PHOTOS

VALERIO ANGELETTI

Yes, there will be, there will be the redemption
 and it'll taste of revenge, revendication,
 as Teo's laugh says,
 ingesting another cooled
 Diavola, remembering how we became
 friends among the Modern History
 rejected, for this is how we make an ally: sitting
 in some peripheral bar, scrutinized,
 in their pink cardigans,
 by the owners' withered daughters, until
 – Teo continues –
 after the Master we started
 to look for a double room
 in a faulty-intercoms-road,
 and here we come: the meals with strangers
 become friends, rolling tobacco
 as a rule. When at eleven
 arrives Monica, our
 aspiring-psychologist-flatmate, we knocked
 back
 another bottle of bad wine
watching M, the Düsseldorf Monster,
 and as a platoon we back to via Vecellio,
 marching almost happy,
 as if we were going to Paradise,
 whereas we are going to burrow into
 our damaged
 kit, into wounded walls,
 into the concrete, wondering
 how could an apartment
 be shared.

タイム・マシン

星新一 [SHINICHI HOSHI]

彼はピストルを携えタイム・マシンにのりこんだ。そばでは彼の母親がさっきから言い続けていた。

「そんなことはやめてちょうだい。無茶よ。とんでもないことになったら、どうするの。お前はたった一人の子供なのよ」

だが、彼は思いとまる気配を示さなかった。

「思い込んだらやりとげないと気が済まないんです。いいでしょう」

彼は返事を聞こうともせず、タイム・マシンのスイッチを入れた。

過去に遡って自分の祖先を殺すとどうなるだろう。彼はある時、この問題を思いつくとたちまちその魅力のとりことなった。そして、全情熱を傾け、タイム・マシンを作り上げ、過去を目指して出発するに至ったのだった。祖先といっても大ぜいある。だが彼は問題を簡単にするため、父を殺すことにした。現在、彼の父はすでに死んでいた。すでに死んでいるのだから、改めて殺してもかまわないだろう。こんな勝手な理屈を彼は目的の実行のためにひねり出し、自分を納得させていた。それに父以外の祖先では人違いをする可能性がないこともなかった。

彼は過去について。物かげから窺い、父であることをたしかめ、弾丸をうちこみ、息の絶えるのを見きわめてから、再びタイム・マシンにとって返した。

タイム・マシンは現在にもどり、彼は茫然とした顔つきで降りた。彼の母親は、

「どうだった」

と聞いた。彼はそれに答えようともせず、ぼんやりと立ちつづけていた。思いつめていた計画をやり終えたあとの虚しさ、たいした変化をもたらさなかったことへの失望とを味わいながら。

母親はその様子を、微笑を浮かべながら眺めていた。彼女がかつて若かった頃、いくら拒んでも、

「思い込んだらやりとげないと気が済まないんです」

と、若々しい情熱を傾けてきたある男性についての思い出をなつかしく味わいながら。

THE TIME MACHINE

NAO ODAKA

He got into the time machine with his handgun. His mother kept saying next to him,

“Stop it! Don’t be unreasonable, or you will be in big trouble. You know, you’re my only child.”

However, he didn’t seem to be discouraged at all.

“I won’t be able to relax until I accomplish what I have decided, ‘kay?”

He didn’t even listen to her reply and turned on The Time Machine.

What will happen if we go back in time and kill one of our ancestors? When he came up with this question, he became it’s captive completely. Then he built The Time Machine with all his passion and set out for the past. Although there were many ancestors, he decided to kill his father to simplify this problem. Currently, his father has already passed out. He’s already dead, so it won’t be a problem to kill him again... He came up with such a selfish reasoning to carry out his purpose and convinced himself. Furthermore, if he aims for an ancestor other than his father, it might be a case of making a mistake.

He arrived in the past. After he watched around carefully from the shadow, he was convinced that the man he saw was his father, and then, he soon shot a bullet and watched his dying breath. Then he boarded The Time Machine again.

The Time Machine came back to the present and he got off with a stunning face. His mother asked “How did it go?”

He refused to answer it and stood vaguely. He felt emptiness after completing the plan he had been pondering, and disappointed that the plan did not make a big difference.

His mother was looking at him with a smile. When she was young, there was a gentleman who always refuted her youthful passion, no matter how much she tried to stop him.

“I won’t be able to relax until I accomplish this.” he said.

She was feeling some nostalgia for this memory while smiling.

波の音

茨木のり子 [NORIKO IBARAGI]

酒注(そそ)ぐ音は とくとくとく だが
カリタ カリタ と聴(き)こえる国もあって

波の音は どぶん ざ ざ ざアなのに
チャルサー チャルサー と聴こえる国もある

澄酒(すみざけ)を カリタ カリタ と傾(かたむ)けて
波音のチャルサー チャルサー 捲き返(かえ)す宿(やど)で

一人 酔(よ)えば
なにもかもが洗(あら)い出(だ)されてくるような夜です

子供の頃(ころ)と少しも違(ちが)わぬ気性(きしょう)が居(い)て
哀しみだけが ずっと深(ふか)くなって

SOUND OF WAVES

JADE LING GARSTANG

The sound of sake pouring is *toku toku toku*
Yet there are also countries where *karita karita* can be heard

The sound of waves is *dobun za za zaa*
Yet there are also countries where *charusa charusa* can be heard

Karita karita is heard when a bottle of clear sake is tilted
The *charusa charusa* of waves sounds through the house again and again

If, all alone, I become drunk one night
That is when I feel as if my mind could be washed of everything

When I was a child my character was no different
Only now my sadness has become much deeper

わたしが一番きれいだったとき

茨木のり子 [NORIKO IBARAGI]

わたしが一番きれいだったとき
街々はがらがらと崩れていって
とんでもないところから
青空なんかが見えたりした

わたしが一番きれいだったとき
まわりの人達が沢山死んだ
工場で 海で 名もない島で
わたしはおしゃれのきっかけを落としてしまった

わたしが一番きれいだったとき
誰もやさしい贈り物を捧げてはくれなかった
男たちは挙手の礼しか知らなくて
きれいな眼差だけを残し皆(みな)発っていった

わたしが一番きれいだったとき
わたしの頭はからっぽで
わたしの心はかたくなで
手足ばかりが栗色に光った

わたしが一番きれいだったとき
わたしの国は戦争で負けた
そんな馬鹿なことってあるものか
ブラウスの腕をまくり卑屈な町をのし歩いた

わたしが一番きれいだったとき
ラジオからはジャズが溢れた
禁煙を破ったときのようにくらくらしながら
わたしは異国の甘い音楽をむさぼった

わたしが一番きれいだったとき
わたしはとともふしあわせ
わたしはとともとんちんかん
わたしはめっぼうさびしかった

だから決めた できれば長生きすることに
年とってから凄く美しい絵を描いた
フランスのルオー爺さんのように

ね

WHEN I WAS MY MOST BEAUTIFUL

JADE LING GARSTANG

When I was my most beautiful,
cities crashed down,
and from unexpected places,
I could see the blue sky.

When I was my most beautiful,
all around me people died;
in factories, in the sea, on nameless islands...
I missed my chance to wear beautiful clothes.

When I was my most beautiful,
no men offered me thoughtful gifts.
They only knew the military salute.
All of them set off, only leaving their pure gazes behind

When I was my most beautiful,
my mind was empty,
my heart was stubborn,
only my skin was glowing.

When I was my most beautiful,
my country was defeated in a war.
'How could this be?' I had asked,
striding through my prideless town, sleeves rolled up.

When I was my most beautiful,
jazz flowed from the radios,
And while I indulged in the sweet music of other countries,
I felt dizzy, as if I had broken my promise not to smoke.

When I was my most beautiful,
I was very unhappy,
I was very foolish,
I was terribly lonely.

So I decided to try and live a long life,
like old Monsieur Rouault of France,
who made truly beautiful paintings in his old age.

四畳半神話大系

森見 登美彦 [MORIMI TOMIHIKO]

大学三回生の春までの二年間、実益のあることなど何一つしていないことを断言しておこう。異性との健全な交際、学問への精進、肉体の鍛錬など、社会的有為の人材となるための布石の数々をことごとくはずし、異性からの孤立、学問の放棄、肉体の衰弱化などの打たんでも良い布石を狙い澄まして打ちまくってきたのは、なにゆえであるか。

責任者に問いただす必要がある。責任者はどこか。

私とて誕生以来こんな有様だったわけではない。

生後間もない頃の私は純粹無垢の権化であり、光源氏の赤子時代もかくやと思われる愛らしさ、邪念のかけらもないその笑顔は郷里の山野を愛の光で満たしたと言われる。それが今はどうであろう。鏡を眺めるたびに怒りに駆られる。なにゆえおまえはそんなことになってしまったのだ。これが現時点におけるおまえの総決算だということか。

まだ若いのだからと言う人もあろう。人間はいくらでも変わることができる。

そんな馬鹿なことがあるものか。

三つ子の魂百までと言うのに、光年にとって二十と一つ、やがてこの世に生をうけて四半世紀になんなんとする立派な青年が、いまさら己の人格を変貌させようとむくつけき努力を重ねたところで何となる。すでにこちこちになって虚空に屹立している人格を無理にねじ曲げようとするれば、ぽっきり折れるのが関の山だ。

今ここにある己を引きずって、生涯をまっとうせねばならぬ。その事実を目をつぶってはならぬ。

私は断固として目をつぶらぬ所存である。

でも、いささか、見るに堪えない。



THE TATAMI GALAXY

JADE LING GARSTANG

By the spring of my third year at university, I hadn't accomplished a single thing of importance. Instead of forming healthy relationships with the opposite sex, studying diligently, working out, and doing other things to become a productive member of society, I had no female friends, abandoned my studies, and let my body waste away. Yet despite all this, why did I keep doing the same things, waiting for everything to somehow get better?

Who is to blame? I want answers.

It's not like I was born into such a miserable state.

I was born pure as snow and as charming as Prince Genji; without a single shred of wickedness. People said that my radiant smile spread the light of love through the hills and valleys of my hometown. That is no longer the case. Every time I look in the mirror I'm consumed by rage, asking myself, 'How could you turn out like this? Is this all you are?'

People say that I'm still young. That I can change whenever I want to.

How ridiculous.

It's said that the soul of a hundred year old man is the same as a three year old child's. With this year, another one will be added to my twenty, bringing the end of my splendid quarter-century of youth even closer. What is to become of my constant efforts to change my personality? It has already become firmly established within me, and if I try to change it, I'll only end up making things worse.

Right now I must drag myself towards a respectable life. I can't turn a blind eye to this.

I'm determined not to turn a blind eye.

And yet, somehow, it's unbearable to look.



담쟁이

도종환 [DO JONG-HWA]

저것은 벽
어쩔 수 없는 벽이라고 우리가 느낄 때
그때
담쟁이는 말없이 그 벽을 오른다.
물 한 방울 없고 씨앗 한 톨 살아남을 수 없는
저것은 절망의 벽이라고 말할 때
담쟁이는 서두르지 않고 앞으로 나아간다.

한 뼘이라도 꼭 여럿이 함께 손을 잡고 올라간다.
푸르게 절망을 다 덮을 때까지
바로 그 절망을 놓지 않는다.
저것은 넘을 수 없는 벽이라고 고개를 떨구고 있을 때
담쟁이 앞 하나는 담쟁이 앞 수천 개를 이끌고
결국 그 벽을 넘는다.

IVY

JEONG YEON (JAYON) PARK

A Wall
 that we've perceived as unsurmountable
 An ivy
 silently climbs on by
 When there is no water and not a seed survives,
 When the wall is said to be the "Wall of Despair"
 The ivy steadily advances

Multiple leaves, hand-in-hand, overcomes the span of a hand
 Until the despair is saturated in green
 The ivy never parts its way from it
 When we surrender to the impossibility of it all
 An ivy leaf leads a thousand more
 And ultimately surmounts it.

CARMINA 4.1

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS [HORACE]

Intermissa, Venus, diu
rursus bella moves? Parce precor, precor.

Non sum qualis eram bonae
sub regno Cinarae. Desine, dulcium
mater saeva Cupidinum,
circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
iam durum imperiis: abi,
quo blandae iuvenum te revocant preces.

Tempestivius in domum
Pauli purpureis ales oloribus
comissabere Maximi,
si torrere iecur quaeris idoneum;
namque et nobilis et decens
et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis
et centum puer artium
late signa feret militiae tuae,
et, quandoque potentior
largi muneribus riserit aemuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.

Illic plurima naribus
duces tura, lyraque et Berecynthia
delectabere tibia
mixtis carminibus non sine fistula;
illic bis pueri die
numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
laudantes pede candido
in morem Salium ter quatient humum.

Me nec femina nec puer
iam nec spes animi credula mutui
nec certare iuvat mero
nec vincere novis tempora floribus.

Sed cur heu, Ligurine, cur
manat rara meas lacrima per genas?

Cur facunda parum decoro
inter verba cadit lingua silentio?

Nocturnis ego somniis
iam captum teneo, iam volucrem sequor
te per gramina Martii
campi, te per aquas, dure, volubilis.

ODES 4.1

ISABELLA SPAGNUOLO

Venus, do you again stir up
wars long suspended? Spare me, I pray, I pray.
I am not as I was under the rule
of kind Cinara. Cease, cruel
mother of sweet desires,
after fifty years, from bending one
already hardened to your soft powers:
go, to where the gentle prayers of that youth call you.
More fitting, if you would burst
into the house of Paulus Maximus
borne on the wings of radiant swans,
if you seek a suitable liver to torch;
for he is noble and handsome,
and not silent on behalf of his troubled clients,
a boy of a hundred talents,
he will carry the standard of your army far and wide,
and he will laugh when more powerful
than the gifts of a rich rival,
and will erect a statue for you
at the Alban lake, under a citron roof.
There you will inhale
copious incense, and you will be delighted
by mingled songs of the lyre
and the Berecyntian flute, not without pipes;
there twice daily young boys
with gentle maidens will thrice
strike the earth with their white feet,
praising your godhead in the Salian manner.
Now, not a woman nor a boy
nor the ridiculous hope of shared love
nor competing for wine
nor binding my temples with fresh flowers pleases me.
But ah, why, Ligurinus, why
does a stray tear linger on my cheeks?
Why does my eloquent tongue
fall between words into unbecoming silence?
At night, in dreams,
I hold you captive, I follow you, swift,
through the grasses of the Martian field,
I follow you, cruel one, through winding waters.

**UTRIUSQUE COSMI, MALORIS SCILICET ET
MINORIS, METAPHYSICA, PHYSICA, ATQUE
TECHNICA HISTORIA**

ROBERTUS DE FLUCTIBUS [ROBERT FLUDD]

Deo
Optimo Maximo,
Creatori Meo Incomprehensibili,
Sit gloria, laus, honor, benedictio,
Et victoria triumphalis
In secula seculorum,
Amen.

Tuum est, ô Natura naturans, infinita & gloriosa, animam meam, ignorantia tabescentem, virtute splendoris tui, regenerare. Tuus est Spiritus disciplinæ sancti claritate admirabili, scintillas rationis, post Adami lapsum superstitas, & in tenebrarum corporalium abyssu miserere diu immeritas, exfucitare, vivificare, & ad verum cognitionis culmen seu apicem sublimare. Fiat voluntas tua in parte mei, hominis, cœlesti & immortalis, sicut in terreftri & mortali, ut quicquid ab iis & in iis producat, illud omne. debita consideratione, sit tuæ bonitatis particeps. Sic erit oblatio, consecratio, & quasi immolatio hæc mea cordialis, tuo numini sacrosancto placida: sic bonitatis tuæ, in me fructus, incrementi sui radios, a fonte tuo lucido totius & unicæ bonitatis influxos, recipiens, Spiritu tuo divino præeunte, evolabit vera resurrectione cum suo toto transfigurato in altum, gaudeatque suam patriam supercœlestem visitare, in quâ tu, Summe Princeps & Imperator maxime, visis & regnas perpetuo. Malevolorum Lectorum corda in meliora converte, obsecro, distinguant oculis apertis lumen tuum verum à tenebris Diaboli. Sis, ô bone Deus, mihi faustus atque propitius, qui visis in æternum.

Tua Creatura
omnium indignissima.

Ego, Homo.
SERE

THE METAPHYSICAL, PHYSICAL, AND TECHNICAL HISTORY OF THE TWO WORLDS, NAMELY THE GREATER AND THE LESSER

KATELYNN BENNETT

Robert Fludd wrote his philosophical book detailing the metaphysical, physical, and technical history of the two Greater and Lesser Worlds in 1617 BCE. He opens his work with a dedication to God.

To God,
the noblest and most powerful.
Glory, praise, honor, blessing,
and victory of triumph
in the affairs of the world
should be for my incomprehensible creator.
Amen.

It is yours, oh nurturing Nature, endless and glorious, my mind, unaware of its growing decay, by virtue of your brilliance: produce once more. Your Spirit is of sacred teaching by remarkable clarity, you send out glints of prudence, after the surviving falling of Adam, and having been plunged for a long time most miserably into the abyss of corporeal darkness, awaken, come to life, and raise truth to the height of knowledge or highest honor. May your desire be made in part of me, of man, for the everlasting and heavenly bodies, just as in earthly and mortal things, so that everything in it and from it you may fully bring forth. Having been indebted to examination, it should be a partaker of your excellence. Thus the offering, dedication, and likewise sacrifice will be these things of my heart, gentle for your sacred divinity: thus of your benevolence, having been delighted in myself, the rays of its own development, having flowed from your bright fountain of all and of one excellence, recovering, by your preceding divine Spirit, it will rush forth truths by resurrection with every part of him having been transformed in the deep, and rejoice to visit one's own homeland in the above heavenly bodies, in which you, Highest Master and most powerful Ruler, you survive and rule forever. Hearts of Malevolent Readers transform into something better, I pray, with their eyes having been opened they may distinguish your true light from the darkness of the Devil. Thus, oh good God, prosperous and favorable for me, you who live in things everlasting.

Your Servant
most undeserving of all

I, Man.
Compose.
99

CATULLUS 16

GAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS

Pēdicābō ego vōs et irrumābō
Aurēlī pathice et cinaede Fūrī,
quī mē ex versiculīs meis putāstis
quod sunt molliculī, parum pudīcum.
Nam castum esse decet pium poētam

CATULLUS 16

ANONYMOUS

My translations come from a poem (Catullus or Carmen 16). I just translated a piece of the poem. The first translation is more loyal to the Latin. The second translation is a kinder and tamer version which is humorous because anyone who reads Latin knows it is incredibly crude and not at all meant to be loving.

Translation I

I will sodomize and force fellatio on you
Aurelius, you anal sex slut and Furius, you passive bottom
Who thought, from my short verses
Because they are tender, that I have very little shame
For it is fitting to be the modest devout poet

Translation II

I will make love to you and your face
Aurelius and Furius, you generous beloveds
Who thought, from my short verses
Because they are tender, that I have very little shame
For it is fitting to be the modest devout poet

CATULLUS 76

GAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS

Siqua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas
 Est homini, cum se cogitat esse pium,
Nec sanctam violasse fidem, nec foedere in ullo
 Divum ad fallendos numine abusum homines,
Multa parata manent in longa aetate, Catulle,
 Ex hoc ingrato gaudia amore tibi.
Nam quaecumque homines bene cuiquam aut dicere possunt
 aut facere, haec a te dictaque factaque sunt:
omnia quae ingratae perierunt credita menti.
 Quare cur tu te iam amplius excrucies?
Quin tu animo offirmas atque istinc teque reducis,
 Et dis invitis desinis esse miser?
Difficile est longum subito deponere amorem;
 Difficile est, verum hoc qua lubet efficias.
Una salus haec est, hoc est tibi pervincendum;
 Hoc facias, sive id non pote sive pote.
O di, si vestrum est misereri, aut si quibus umquam
 Extremam iam ipsa in morte tulistis opem,
Me miserum aspiciate et, si vitam puriter egi,
 Eripite hanc pestem perniciemque mihi,
Quae mihi subrepens imos ut torpor in artus
 Expulit ex omni pectore laetitas.
Non iam illud quaero, contra me ut diligat illa,
 Aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit:
Ipse valere opto et taetrum hunc deponere morbum.
 O di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.

CATULLUS 76

EMILY ALLEN

If a man can find pleasure in remembering his
 Former good deeds, when he thinks he has been dutiful,
 And has neither defiled his sacred faith nor abused the divine power
 Of the gods in order to deceive men in any agreement,
 Then many joys are left for you in your lifetime, Catullus,
 Gathered from this thankless love.
 For whatever anyone has said and done well,
 You have said and done:
 Yet all these things have vanished, ungrateful, in a mind once trusted.
 Therefore, why might you still torment yourself?
 Why won't you strengthen your mind, bring yourself back from here,
 And stop being miserable before the unwilling gods?
 It is difficult to let go of a lasting love suddenly,
 It is difficult, but you should really make it so as you please,
 This is your one asylum; you must overcome this;
 Do this, whether it is possible or not.
 Oh gods, if it is your will to have pity, or if you have ever
 Brought vast help in death itself,
 Look at me, wretched, and if I have lived purely,
 Remove this plague and ruin from me,
 Which creeping like a numbness in my limbs,
 Drove the deepest happiness from my heart.
 I no longer ask that she loves me in return,
 Or that she wishes to be chaste, which is impossible:
 I only wish myself to be healthy and to set aside this vile disease.
 Oh gods, restore this to me in return for my faith.

CATULLUS 101

GAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS

Multās per gentēs et multa per aequora vectus
adveniō hās miserās, frāter, ad inferiās,
ut tē postrēmō dōnārem mūnere mortis
et mūtā nequīquam alloquerer cinerem
quandōquidem fortūna mihi tētē abstulit ipsum
heu miser indignē frāter adempte mihi
nunc tamen intereā haec, prīscō quae mōre parentum
trādita sunt tristī mūnere ad inferiās,
accipe fraternō multum mānantia flētū.
Atque in perpetuum, frāter, avē atque valē.

CATULLUS 101

ELISABETH FORSYTH

Having been carried through many nations and through many seas
I come to, brother, these miserable offerings to the dead,
So that I might present you with the last service of death
And I might speak to silent ash in vain,
Since fortune has taken you yourself away from me
Oh alas, pitiful brother who has been undeservedly taken away from me,
Now at any rate receive these, which are sorrowful funeral rites
that have been handed down by ancient tradition of ancestors,
which run with many brotherly tears!
And forever, brother, hail and goodbye!

DE ORIGINE ACTIBUSQUE GETARUM

JORDANES

Is namque Attila patre genitus Mundzuco, cuius fuere germani Ostar et Roas, qui ante Attilam regnum tenuisse narrantur, quamvis non omnino cunctorum quorum ipse. Post quorum obitum cum Bleda germano Hunnorum successit in regno, et, ut ante expeditionis quam parabat par foret, augmentum virium parricidio quaerit, tendens ad discrimen omnium nece suorum. Sed, librante iustitia, detestabili remedio crescens, deformes exitus suae crudelitatis invenit. Bleda, enim fratre fraudibus interempto, qui magnae parti regnabat Hunnorum, universum sibi populum adunavit, aliarumque gentium quas tunc in ditione tenebat numerositate collecta, primas mundi gentes Romanos Vesegothasque subdere praeoptabat.

ON THE ORIGINS AND DEEDS OF THE GOTHS

KRISTOF SZABO

From Jordanes, a sixth-century Gothic historian, chapter 35 of his work titled De origine actibusque Getarum (On the origin and deeds of the Goths). A brief description of the rise of Attila the Hun, based on an account of the Priscus, a fifth-century diplomat who had dinner with the warlord, although Jordanes goes into more detail about the Hun's life and career.

For this man Attila was begotten from his father Mundzuc, whose brothers were Octar and Roas, who are said to have held rule before Attila, although they as a whole did not rule as much as he. After those two fell he succeeded them in the rule of the Huns with his brother Bleda, and, so that he would be equal to the expedition he was preparing before, he seeks the growth of his power through parricide, proceeding to distinction of all by the murder of his own. But, by hurling justice, growing by detestable aid, he came upon a hideous end of his own cruelty. Bleda, having been truly killed by the deceits of his brother, who was ruling over a great part of Huns, united the whole of the people under his own rule, and those of other tribes he was then holding under his domain in great number, and he was preferring to subdue the first peoples of the world: The Romans and the Visigoths.

MEDEA

LUCIUS ANNAEUS SENECA

Comprecor vulgus silentum vosque ferales deos
 et Chaos caecum atque opacam Ditis umbrosi domum,
 Tartari ripis ligatos squalidae Mortis specus.
 supplicîs, animae, remissis currite ad thalamos novos:
 rota resistat membra torquens, tangat Ixion humum, 745

Tantalus securus undas hauriat Pirenidas.
 gravior uni poena sedeat coniugis socero mei:
 lubricus per saxa retro Sisyphum volvat lapis.
 vos quoque, urnis quas foratis inritus ludit labor,
 Danaides, coite: vestras hic dies quaerit manus. 750

Nunc meis vocata sacris, noctium sidus, veni
 pessimos induta vultus, fronte non una minax.
 Tibi more gentis vinculo solvens comam
 secreta nudo nemora lustravi pede,
 et evocavi nubibus siccis aquas 755

egique ad imum maria, et Oceanus graves
 interius undas aestibus victis dedit;
 pariterque mundus lege confusa aetheris
 et solem et astra vidit, et vetitum mare
 tetigistis, Ursae. temporum flexi vices: 760

aestiva tellus horruit cantu meo,
 coacta messem vidit hibernam Ceres.
 violenta Phasis vertit in fontem vada,
 et Hister, in tot ora divisus, truces
 compressit undas, omnibus ripis piger. 765

MEDEA'S CONVOCATION

KENT ZHENG

Lines 740-878

I beseech the silent crowd and ye feral gods (740)
 and dark Chaos and the shady house of the shadowy god,
 the caverns of squalid Death bounded with the shores of Tartarus.
 From punishments released, spirits, rush to new bridal chambers:
 Let the turning wheel resist the limbs, let Ixion touch the soil,
 Let Tantalus, secure in Corinth, drain the Pirenian springs. (745)
 Let a graver punishment be fixed for the father-in-law of my only spouse:
 Let the slippery stone roll Sisyphus backward through the rocks.
 Ye also, whom futile labor fools with broken urns,
 Danaids, assemble: this day seeks your hands.
 Now summoned with my sacraments, constellation of nights, come (750)
 engaged in your worst aspects, not jutting forth with one form only.
 Letting loose my hair from its bond in the fashion of my race for you
 I have paced with bare foot through secret groves
 and called forth waters with tearless clouds
 and driven the seas to the deep, and the Ocean has (755)
 withdrawn his mighty waves, his heaves conquered;
 and likewise with mingled motion the world of the upper air
 did see both the sun and the stars, and ye did touch
 the forbidden sea, o Bears. I have bent the successions of the seasons:
 The summer soil blossomed with my song, (760)
 coerced Ceres saw a winter harvest;
 The Phasis turns violent streams into its source
 and the unwilling Hister, divided into so many mouths, compressed
 wild waves on all banks.
 Rivers resounded, the raving sea began to swell, (765)

sonuere fluctus, tumuit insanum mare
 tacente vento; nemoris antiqui domus
 amisit umbras vocis imperio meae.
 [die relicto Phoebus in medio stetit,
 Hyadesque nostris cantibus motae labant]

770

Adesse sacris tempus est, Phoebe, tuis.
 Tibi haec cruenta sarta texuntur manu,
 novena quae serpens ligat,
 tibi haec Typhoeus membra quae discors tulit,
 qui regna concussit Iovis.

775

vectoris istic perfidi sanguis inest,
 quem Nessus expirans dedit.
 Oetaeus isto cinere defecit rogos,
 qui virus Herculeum bibit.
 piaae sororis, impiae matris, facem

780

ultricis Althaeae vides.
 reliquit istas invio plumas specu
 Harpyia, dum Zeten fugit.
 his adice pinnas sauciaae Stympthalidos
 Lernaee passae spicula.

785

Sonuistis, arae, tripodas agnosco meos
 favente commotos dea.
 Video Triviae currus agiles,
 non quos pleno lucida vultu
 pernox agitat,

790

sed quos facie lurida maesta,
 cum Thessalicis vexata minis
 caelum freno propiore legit.
 sic face tristem pallida lucem
 funde per auras;
 horrore novo terre populos,

795

though the wind is silent; the shelter of an ancient grove
 forsook its shades upon the command of my voice.
 Even after daytime was abandoned, Phoebus stood in mid-heaven,
 and moved by my songs, the Hyades tremble.
 It is time for your sacred rites to come forth, Phoebe. (770)

For you are these embroideries woven with a bloody hand,
 which each of the nine serpents does bind,
 for you are these limbs which rebellious Typhoeus carried,
 who shook the realms of Jove.

Therein goes the blood of the faithless bearer, (775)
 which dying Nessus did yield.

To these ashes collapsed the Oetaean pyre,
 he who drank the Herculean venom.

Of a pious sister, of an impious mother, the torch of
 avenging Althaea you see. (780)

Abandon her own plumes in the impassable cave
 the Harpy did, while she fled from Zetes.

To these add the Stympthalidan feathers
 of a wound suffered for a Lernaean arrowhead.

You have resounded, altars, and I recognize my tripods (785)
 shaken with the goddess voicing her approval.

I see the agile horses of Trivia,
 which not with a full visage
 the bright moon does stir all night, but which with a lurid,
 mournful face, when vexed with the Thessalian (790)
 witches' threats, she sweeps through heaven
 on a tighter rein. Thus with a pale torch
 shed the gloomy light through the winds,
 and for a new horror to the people of the land
 promise your help, Dictynna, let (795)

inque auxilium, Dictynna, tuum
 pretiosa sonent aera Corinthi.
 Tibi sanguineo
 caespite sacrum sollemne damus,
 tibi de medio rapta sepulcro 800

fax nocturnos sustulit ignes,
 tibi mota caput
 flexa voces cervice dedi,
 tibi funereo de more iacens
 passos cingit vitta capillos,
 tibi iactatur 805

tristis Stygia ramus ab unda,
 tibi nudato pectore maenas
 sacro feriam bracchia cultro.
 manet noster sanguis ad aras:
 assuesce, manus, stringere ferrum 810

carosque pati posse cruores—
 sacrum laticem percussa dedi.
 Quodsi nimium saepe vocari
 quereris votis, ignosce, precor:

causa vocandi, 815

Persei, tuos saepius arcus
 una atque eadem est semper, Iason.
 Tu nunc vestes tinge Creusae,
 quas cum primum sumpserit, imas
 urat serpens flamma medullas. 820

sound the precious bronze wares of Corinth.
 To you with bloody turf the sacred
 ritual we offer, to you from the middle
 of the pyre a seized torch raised
 nightly fires, to you, having moved my head, (800)
 I have delivered the chants with bent neck,
 for you, placed in funereal fashion,
 the woolen band girds the burdened hairs,
 for you the sad Stygian yew
 is thrown from the wave, for you, (805)
 my chest bared as a maenad's,
 I shall cut my arms with the sacred knife. Our blood
 remains upon the altars: be accustomed, hand,
 to clutch the blade and be able to suffer
 dear bloodsheds—this sacred fluid (810)
 I have offered with pierced hand.
 But if you were too often sought
 to be summoned with vows, pardon, I pray:
 The cause of calling, o daughter of Perses,
 your bow(s) is rather often one and the same (815)
 always: Jason.
 Now do you moisten the garments of Creusa,
 which when she first lays hand on,
 a serpentine flame would burn her marrows.
 The fire enclosed in the yellowish gold (820)

Ignis fulvo clausus in auro
 latet obscurus,
 quem mihi caeli qui furta luit
 viscere feto
 dedit et docuit
 condere vires arte, Prometheus.
 dedit et tenui 825

sulphure tectos Mulciber ignes,
 et vivacis fulgura flammae
 de cognato Phaethonte tuli.
 habeo mediae dona Chimaerae,
 habeo flammas 830

usto tauri gutture raptas,
 quas permixto felle Medusae
 tacitum iussi servare malum.
 Adde venenis stimulos, Hecate,
 donisque meis
 semina flammae condita serva: 835

fallant visus tactusque ferant,
 meet in pectus venasque calor,
 stillent artus ossaque fument
 vincatque suas flagrante coma
 nova nupta faces.
 Vota tenentur: 840

ter latratus audax Hecate
 dedit, et sacros edidit ignes
 face lucifera.
 Parata vis est omnis. huc natos voca,
 pretiosa per quos dona nubenti feras. 845

lies obscure, which to me
 he who paid off his thefts of heaven with an ever-growing organ
 gave and taught to temper its strengths
 with art, Prometheus. Vulcan gave and I have held
 flames reeking of sulfur, (825)
 and the flashes of the long-lasting flame
 I snatched from my kinsman Phaethon.
 I have the gifts of the Chimaera's torso,
 I have the flames of the bull harvested
 from its scorched gullet, which with the blended (830)
 bile of Medusa I have arranged to preserve tacit evil.
 Add to the poisons
 your incitements, Hecate, and with my gifts
 save the hidden seeds of the flame.
 Let them blur visions and bear touches, (835)
 let the heat seep into her chest and veins,
 let her joints dissolve and her bones smoke
 and let the new wife overcome with her blazing hair
 her own wedding-torches.
 My prayers are granted: three barks (840)
 bold Hecate gave and the sacred fires
 she raised with a light-bearing torch.

The whole efficacy of my rites has been achieved: call my sons hither,
 through whom you shall bear these precious gifts to the wedded girl.
 Go, go, sons, offspring of a hapless mother, (845)

Ite, ite, nati, matris infaustae genus,
 placate vobis munere et multa prece
 dominam ac novercam. vadite et celeres domum
 referte gressus, ultimo amplexu ut fruar.

Chorus
 Quonam cruenta maenas 850

praeceps amore saevo
 rapitur? quod impotenti
 facinus parat furore?
 vultus citatus ira
 riget, et caput feroci 855

quatiens superba motu
 regi minatur ultro.
 quis credat exulem?
 Flagrant genae rubentes,
 pallor fugat ruborem. 860

nullum vagante forma
 servat diu colorem.
 huc fert pedes et illuc,
 ut tigris orba natis
 cursu furente lustrat 865

Gangeticum nemus.
 Frenare nescit iras
 Medea, non amores;
 nunc ira amorque causam
 iunxere: quid sequetur? 870

quando efferet Pelasgis
 nefanda Colchis arvis
 gressum, metuque solvet
 regnum simulque reges?
 Nunc, Phoebe, mitte currus 875

nullo morante loro,
 nox condat alma lucem,
 mergat diem timendum
 dux noctis Hesperus.

appease for yourselves with much service and prayer
 your mistress and step-mother. Hurry and may swift steps
 carry ye home, so that I may enjoy a final embrace.

CHORUS

Whither is the blood-stained maenad,
 rash with love wild, (850)
 seized? Why for impotent
 fury does she prepare a crime?
 Her face, roused with rage,
 stiffens and she, haughty,
 juts forth her shaking head uncontrollably (855)
 to the ferocious king.

Who shall believe an exile?
 Now her blushing cheeks blaze,
 now pallor routs the blush.
 With a roving countenance, (860)
 she stays no color for long.
 Hither and thither she carries her steps,
 as a tigress bereft of her children
 does in furious passage
 pace around the Ganges's grove. (865)
 She knows not to curb her wraths,
 Medea does not, nor her affections;
 now love and anger have joined
 their causes: what shall follow?
 When will the impious Colchian (870)
 depart from Pelasgian fields
 and untie from fear

the invaded kingdom at the same time as she does its royal family?

Now, Phoebus, send your horses
 with no tarrying thong, (875)
 let kindly night settle the light,
 let the dreadful day sink,
 Hesperus, marshal of the night.

неозаглавленный

Осип Мандельштам [OSIP MANDELSHTAM]

Мы живем, под собою не чуя страны,
Наши речи за десять шагов не слышны,
А где хватит на полразговорца,
Там припомнят кремлёвского горца.
Его толстые пальцы, как черви, жирны,
А слова, как пудовые гири, верны,
Тараканьи смеются усища,
И сияют его голенища.

А вокруг него сброд тонкошеих вождей,
Он играет услугами полулюдей.
Кто свистит, кто мяучит, кто хнычет,
Он один лишь бабачит и тычет,
Как подкову, кует за указом указ:

Кому в пах, кому в лоб, кому в бровь, кому в глаз.
Что ни казнь у него - то малина
И широкая грудь осетина.

UNTITLED

MARÍA JULIA HERNÁNDEZ SÁEZ

We live, not sensing our country under our [own] feet,
 our voices not heard ten steps away,
 and where there's enough for half spoken words,
 there he is, Kremlin's Mountain man.
 His fat fingers like worms, thick,
 and words, like weights, faithful, loyal,
 cockroaches laughing form a moustache
 And shine the top of his boots.

Around him, vermin of thin-necked leaders,
 he plays with the services of half-people [half-humans].
 To who whistles, who meows, who whimpers,
 He simply just pokes and mumbles,
 like a horseshoe, he forges decree after decree:

Some to the groin, some to the forehead, some to the brow, some
 to the eye.
 There's no execution for him, only raspberries
 and the broad chest of an Ossetian.

Ни страны, ни погоста

Иосиф Бродский [JOSEPH BRODSKY]

Стансы

Е. В., А. Д.

Ни страны, ни погоста
не хочу выбирать.
На Васильевский остров
я приду умирать.
Твой фасад тёмно-синий
я впотьмах не найду.
между выцветших линий
на асфальт упаду.

И душа, неустанно
поспешая во тьму,
промелькнёт над мостами
в петроградском дыму,
и апрельская морось,
над затылком снежок,
и услышу я голос:
— До свиданья, дружок.

И увижу две жизни
далеко за рекой,
к равнодушной отчизне
прижимаясь щекой.
— словно девочки-сёстры
из непрожитых лет,
выбегая на остров,
машут мальчику вслед.

NEITHER COUNTRY, NOR CHURCHYARD

EMMA BAILEY, RHEANA RIEGO, CLAY WEBB, NOAH WEISS

Stanzas

E.V., A.D.

Neither country, nor churchyard
do I want to choose.
To Vasilevskiy Island,
I will come to die.
Your navy-blue façade
in the darkness I will not find.
Between fading line-like streets,
on the asphalt, I will fall.

And my soul, relentlessly hurrying
into the darkness,
will flash over the bridges
in the Petrograd smoke,
and the April drizzle,
snow falling lightly on the back of my head,
I will hear a voice:
-- Good bye, dear friend.

And I will see two lives
far beyond the river,
and, pressing my cheek against
the indifferent motherland,
-- like the girl-sisters of
the un-lived years,
running out onto the island
waving after the little boy.

Ленинград

Осип Мандельштам [OSIP MANDELSHTAM]

Я вернулся в мой город, знакомый до слез,
До прожилок, до детских припухлых желез.

Ты вернулся сюда, так глотай же скорей
Рыбий жир ленинградских речных фонарей,

Узнавай же скорее декабрьский денек,
Где к зловещему дегтю подмешан желток.

Петербург! я еще не хочу умирать:
У тебя телефонов моих номера.

Петербург! У меня еще есть адреса,
По которым найду мертвецов голоса.

Я на лестнице черной живу, и в висок
Ударяет мне вырванный с мясом звонок,

И всю ночь напролет жду гостей дорогих,
Шевеля кандалами цепочек дверных.

LENINGRAD

SOPHIA PERKINS, YANPEI DENG, CATHERINE SARFATY, COL-
IN SCHROEDER, EMMA BAILEY

I've returned to my city, familiar to me to the point
of tears, to the veins, to the swollen glands of my
youth.

You've returned here, so quickly gulp down the
fish oil of the riverside Leningrad lanterns,

Recognize right away this December day,
where the yolk is mixed with ominous tar.

Petersburg! I do not want to die, not yet:
you still have my telephone numbers.

Petersburg! I still have the addresses
with which I will summon the voices of the dead.

I live on the black staircase, and the doorbell
ripped out with the flesh of the wall hits me on the
temple,

And all through the night I await my dear guests,
stirring the shackles of the door's chains.

სულიკო

აკაკი წერეთლის [AKAKI TSERETELI]

საყვარლის საფლავს ვეძებდი,
ვერ ვნახე!.. დაკარგულიყო!..
გულამოსკვნილი ვჩიოდი
„სადა ხარ, ჩემო სულიკო?!“

ეკალში ვარდი შევნიშნე,
ობლად რომ ამოსულიყო,
გულის ფანცქალით ვკითხავდი
„შენ ხომ არა ხარ სულიკო?!“

სულგანაბული ბულბული
ფოთლებში მიმაღულიყო,
მივეხმატკბილე ჩიტუნას
„შენ ხომ არა ხარ სულიკო?!“

შეიფრთქილა მგოსანმა,
ყვავილს ნისკარტი შეახო,
ჩაიკვნეს-ჩაიჭიკჭიკა,
თითქოს სთქვა „დიახ, დიახო!“

SULIKO

LUKA LINICH

I was searching for the grave of my sweetheart,
Yet I could not find it, for it was lost.
My grieving heart sighed and cried out,
“Where are you, my Suliko?!”

Among the thorns, I noticed a rose,
Blooming there all alone.
With a flutter of my heart I asked it,
“You’re not my Suliko, are you?!”

Among the foliage a nightingale sat,
Holding her breath as she hid.
Warmly, I asked the birdie
“Are you my Suliko?!”

The small poet exclaimed,
With joy in her eyes.
She tweeted and chirped and nodded her head,
As if to say, “Yes, Yes, Indeed!”

ESQUINA PELIGROSA

MARCO DENEVI

El señor Epidídimus, el magnate de las finanzas, uno de los hombres más ricos del mundo, sintió un día el vehemente deseo de visitar el barrio donde había vivido cuando era niño y trabajaba como dependiente de almacén.

Le ordenó a su chofer que lo condujese hasta aquel barrio humilde y remoto. Pero el barrio estaba tan cambiado que el señor Epidídimus no lo reconoció. En lugar de calles de tierra había bulevares asfaltados, y las míseras casitas de antaño habían sido reemplazadas por torres de departamentos.

Al doblar una esquina vio el almacén, el mismo viejo y sombrío almacén donde él había trabajado como dependiente cuando tenía doce años.

-Deténgase aquí. -le dijo al chofer. Descendió del automóvil y entró en el almacén. Todo se conservaba igual que en la época de su infancia: las estanterías, la anticuada caja registradora, la balanza de pesas y, alrededor, el mudo asedio de la mercadería.

El señor Epidídimus percibió el mismo olor de sesenta años atrás: un olor picante y agridulce a jabón amarillo, a aserrín húmedo, a vinagre, a aceitunas, a acaroina. El recuerdo de su niñez lo puso nostálgico. Se le humedecieron los ojos. Le pareció que retrocedía en el tiempo.

Desde la penumbra del fondo le llegó la voz ruda del patrón:

-¿Estas son horas de venir? Te quedaste dormido, como siempre.

El señor Epidídimus tomó la canasta de mimbre, fue llenándola con paquetes de azúcar, de yerba y de fideos, con frascos de mermelada y botellas de lavandina, y salió a hacer el reparto.

La noche anterior había llovido y las calles de tierra estaban convertidas en un lodazal.

DAINGEROUS CORNER

ARTHUR KILONGO

Mr. Epididimus, the finance magnate, one of the richest men in the world, one day had a strong desire to visit the neighborhood where he had lived as a child and worked as a store clerk.

He ordered his driver to take him to that humble and remote neighborhood. But the neighborhood had changed so much that Mr. Epididimus did not recognize it. Instead of dirt roads there were paved boulevards, and the poor little houses of yesteryear had been replaced by apartment buildings.

As he turned a corner he saw the store, the same old gloomy store where he had worked as a clerk when he was twelve.

-Stop here. -he said to the driver. He got out of the car and went into the store. Everything had remained the same as in the days of his childhood: the shelves, the old-fashioned cash register, the weight scale and, all around, the silent siege of the merchandise.

Mr. Epididimus perceived the same smell from sixty years ago: the spicy, bittersweet scent of yellow soap, wet sawdust, vinegar, olives, acaroin. The memory of his childhood made him nostalgic. His eyes became moist. It seemed to him that he went back in time.

From the shadows in the background came the rude voice of the boss:

-Is this when you are supposed to come? You overslept, as always.

Mr. Epididimus took the wicker basket, filled it with packets of sugar, yerba and noodles, jars of jam and bottles of bleach, and went out to make the delivery.

The night before it had rained and the dirt roads had turned into mud.

PERCIBO LO SECRETO

ACOLMIZTLI NEZAHUALCOYOTL

Percibo lo secreto, lo oculto:
¡Oh vosotros señores!
Así somos, somos mortales,
de cuatro en cuatro nosotros los hombres,
todos habremos de irnos,
todos habremos de morir en la tierra.

Nadie en jade,
nadie en oro se convertirá:
En la tierra quedará guardado.
Todos nos iremos
allá, de igual modo.
Nadie quedará,
conjuntamente habrá que perecer,
nosotros iremos así a su casa.

Como una pintura
nos iremos borrando.
Como una flor,
nos iremos secando
aquí sobre la tierra.
Como vestidura de plumaje de ave zacuán,
de la preciosa ave de cuello de hule,
nos iremos acabando
nos vamos a su casa.

Se acercó aquí.
Hace giros la tristeza
de los que en su interior viven.
Meditadlo, señores,
águilas y tigres,
aunque fuérais de jade,
aunque fuérais de oro,
También allá iréis,
al lugar de los descarnados.
Tendremos que desaparecer,
nadie habrá de quedar.

I PERCEIVE WHAT IS HIDDEN

DIANA CONTRERAS HERNÁNDEZ

I perceive what is hidden, the occult:
 Oh gentlemen!
 That's who we are, we're mortal,
 four by four men,
 we'll all have to go,
 we all shall die on earth.

No one in jade,
 no one in gold will become:
 On earth everything will be kept.
 We will all leave.
 There, just like that.
 No one will be left,
 together we shall perish,
 we'll go home like this.

Like a painting
 we will fade.
 Like a flower,
 we will shrivel,
 here on earth.
 As the feathered garment of a Zacuán bird,
 the precious rubber-necked bird,
 we will deteriorate.
 We'll go home.

It approached.
 Sadness swirls
 with those who live inside it.
 Consider this, gentlemen,
 eagles and tigers,
 even if you were jade,
 even if you were gold,
 There you will also go,
 to the place of the brazen.
 We'll have to disappear,
 no one will be left.

CHAC MOOL

CARLOS FUENTES

Allí estaba Chac Mool, erguido, sonriente, ocre, con su barriga encarnada. Me paralizaron los dos ojillos casi bizcos, muy pegados al caballete de la nariz triangular. Los dientes inferiores mordían el labio superior, inmóviles; sólo el brillo del casuelón cuadrado sobre la cabeza anormalmente voluminosa, delataba vida. Chac Mool avanzó hacia mi cama; entonces empezó a llover.”

Recuerdo que a fines de agosto, Filiberto fue despedido de la Secretaría, con una recriminación pública del Director y rumores de locura y hasta de robo. Eso no lo creí. Sí pude ver unos oficios descabellados, preguntándole al Oficial Mayor si el agua podía obtenerse, ofreciendo sus servicios al Secretario de Recursos Hidráulicos para hacer llover en el desierto. No supe qué explicación darme a mí mismo; pensé que las lluvias excepcionalmente fuertes, de ese verano, habían enervado a mi amigo. O que alguna depresión moral debía producir la vida en aquel caserón antiguo, con la mitad de los cuartos bajo llave y empolvados, sin criados ni vida de familia. Los apuntes siguientes son de fines de septiembre:

CHAC MOOL

ODALIS PANZA GONZALES

I did this translation about a year ago, part of a class activity. I really enjoy this story because it's beautifully thrilling to read and quite challenging to understand. It's a story that you read more than once and can still find new things to analyze. This was my first time translating and it was difficult but also a great learning experience.

“There it was, Chac Mool, upright, smiling, ochre, with a red-dish belly. The two tiny eyes, almost cross-eyed and very close to the triangular bridge of its nose, paralyzed me. The bottom teeth were biting the top lip, not moving; only the shine of the square headpiece above the abnormally large head denounced life. Chac Mool came toward my bed; then it began to rain.”

I remember that at the end of August, Filiberto was fired from the office, with a public accusation by the Director, there were rumors of insanity and even theft. I didn't believe it but I could see some crazy acts like asking the Senior Official if water could be smelled, and offering his services to the Secretary of Hydraulic Resources to make it rain in the desert. I did not know how to make any sense of this; I thought that summer's rainstorms, which had been exceptionally strong, had weakened my friend. Perhaps living in that rambling old mansion had produced some moral depression, with half the rooms being dusty under lock and key, with no servants or even traces of family life. The following notes are from the end of September:

“Chac Mool puede ser simpático cuando quiere, ‘...un gluglú de agua embelesada’... Sabe historias fantásticas sobre los monzones, las lluvias ecuatoriales y el castigo de los desiertos; cada planta arranca de su paternidad mítica: el sauce es su hija descarriada, los lotos, sus niños mimados; su suegra, el cacto. Lo que no puedo tolerar es el olor, extrahumano, que emana de esa carne que no lo es, de las sandalias flamantes de vejez. Con risa estridente, Chac Mool revela cómo fue descubierto por Le Plongeon y puesto físicamente en contacto con hombres de otros símbolos. Su espíritu ha vivido en el cántaro y en la tempestad, naturalmente; otra cosa es su piedra, y haberla arrancado del escondite maya en el que yacía es artificial y cruel. Creo que Chac Mool nunca lo perdonará. Él sabe de la inminencia del hecho estético.

“Chac Mool can be charming when he wants to be,’... a gurgling of enchanted water’... He knows fantastic stories about monsoons, equatorial rains, and the punished deserts; every plant tears away from its mythical paternity: the willow is his stray daughter, the lotus: his spoiled children; his mother-in-law: the cactus. What I can’t tolerate is the unhuman odor, that flows from that flesh that is not his, from those brilliant sandals of antiquity. With a strident laugh, Chac Mool reveals how he was discovered by Le Plongeon and set up physically in contact with men of other symbols. His spirit has naturally lived in pitchers of water and storms; another matter is his rock and to have been torn out from the Mayan hideout in which he laid, was unnatural and cruel. I think Chac Mool will never forgive that. He understands the imminence of the aesthetic deed.

CIEN AÑOS DE SOLEDAD

GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

Aureliano no había sido más lúcido en ningún acto de su vida que cuando olvidó sus muertos y el dolor de sus muertos, y volvió a clavar las puertas y las ventanas con las crucetas de Fernanda para no dejarse perturbar por ninguna tentación del mundo, porque entonces sabía que en los pergaminos de Melquíades estaba escrito su destino. Los encontró intactos entre las plantas prehistóricas y los charcos humeantes y los insectos luminosos que habían desterrado del cuarto todo vestigio del paso de los hombres por la tierra, y no tuvo serenidad para sacarlos a la luz, sino que allí mismo, de pie, sin la menor dificultad, como si hubieran estado escritos en castellano bajo el resplandor deslumbrante del mediodía, empezó a descifrarlos en voz alta. Era la historia de la familia, escrita por Melquíades hasta en sus detalles más triviales, con cien años de anticipación. La había redactado en sánscrito, que era su lengua materna, y había cifrado los versos pares con la clave privada del emperador Augusto, y los impares con claves militares lacedemonias. La protección final... radicaba en que Melquíades no había ordenado los hechos en el tiempo convencional de los hombres, sino que concentró un siglo de episodios cotidianos, de modo que todos coexistieran en un instante... En este punto, impaciente por conocer su propio origen, Aureliano dio un salto... Entonces empezó el viento, tibio, incipiente, lleno de voces del pasado, de murmullos de geranios antiguos, de suspiros de desengaños anteriores a las nostalgias más tenaces. No lo advirtió porque en aquel momento estaba descubriendo los primeros indicios de su ser... persiguió los caminos ocultos de su descendencia, y encontró el instante de su propia concepción entre los alacranes y las mariposas amarillas de un baño crepuscular...

100 YEARS OF SOLITUDE

KADY DRORBAUGH

Translation of segments of the final pages of Cien años de soledad by Gabriel García Márquez.

Aureliano hadn't been more clear-headed in any act of his life than when he forgot his dead family and the pain of that, and returned to hammering the doors and windows with Fernanda's crosspiece in order to not be disturbed by any temptation of the world, because he knew then that in Melchiades' parchments, his destiny was written. He found them intact between the prehistoric plants, smoldering puddles, and luminous insects, which had banished from the room all vestiges of men's passage through the earth. He didn't possess the tranquility to bring them to the light, but right then and there, still standing, he began to decipher them out loud without the slightest difficulty, as if they were written in Spanish under the dazzling glare of noon. It was the history of his family, written by Melchiades and including even the most trivial details, with one hundred years of anticipation. He had written it in Sanskrit--which was his native language--and had encoded the even verses with Emperor Augusto's private code, and the odd ones with military codes of Laconia. The final protection... was that Melchiades hadn't ordered the facts in the conventional time of man, but concentrated a century of daily episodes so that they all coexisted in one instant...At this point, impatient to know his own origins, Aureliano jumped ahead...Then the wind began, tepid, incipient, full of voices of the past, whispers of ancient geraniums, sighs of disappointments before the most tenacious nostalgia. He didn't notice because at that moment he was unearthing the first signs of his being...he pursued the dark paths of his descendants, finding the moment of his own conception between the scorpions and yellow butterflies of a twilight bath...

Macondo era ya un pavoroso remolino de polvo y escombros centrifugado por la cólera del huracán bíblico, cuando Aureliano saltó once páginas para no perder el tiempo en hechos demasiados conocidos, y empezó a descifrar el instante en que estaba viviendo, descifrándolo a medida que lo vivía, profetizándose a sí mismo en el acto de descifrar la última página de los pergaminos, como si se estuviera viendo un espejo hablado. Entonces dio otro salto para anticiparse a las predicciones y averiguar la fecha y las circunstancias de su muerte. Sin embargo, antes de llegar al verso final ya había comprendido que no saldría jamás de ese cuarto, pues estaba previsto que la ciudad de los espejos (o los espejismos) sería arrasada por el viento y desterrada de la memoria de los hombres en el instante en que Aureliano Babilonia acabara de descifrar los pergaminos, y que todo lo escrito en ellos era irreplicable desde siempre y para siempre, porque las estirpes condenadas a cien años de soledad no tenían una segunda oportunidad sobre la tierra

Macondo was already a dreadful swirl of dust, debris centrifuged by the wrath of the biblical hurricane when Aureliano jumped ahead eleven pages in order to not waste time on facts that too many know, and began to figure out the moment he was living in, deciphering it as he lived it, prophesying to himself while he deciphered the last parchment page, as if he were looking at talking mirror. Then he jumped ahead again in order to anticipate the predictions and find out the date and circumstances of his own death. However, before arriving at the final verse, he had already understood that he would never leave this room. It was predicted that the City of Mirrors (or Mirages) would be ravaged by the wind and exiled from the memory of man in the instant that Aureliano Bablonia finishes deciphering the parchments. Everything written in them was never to be repeated again forever and ever because the lineage condemned to one hundred years of solitude did not have a second chance on Earth.

MI MAMÁ COMPRA FLORES

PEDRO ORGAMBIDE

Me inicié en la literatura un día de 1936, a los siete años, cuando la maestra nos dijo que escribiéramos una composición tema: “Mi madre”. Muchas cosas me vinieron a la cabeza, pero no podía escribir nada. Entonces observé que mis compañeros escribían con una enorme facilidad y tuve ganas de llorar: yo era un chico de la calle, me costaba mucho expresarme y era el menos aplicado de todos. De golpe, sentado frente a la hoja en blanco pude ver a mi madre. Caminaba por un inmenso mercado repleto de verduras, frutas y flores, un mercado donde se oían las voces de quienes compraban y vendían, voces como de fiesta. En medio de todo eso, veía a mi hermosa y joven mamá que, aunque éramos muy pobres en aquella época de crisis, siempre compraba un ramo de flores, un pequeño y muy humilde ramo de flores. La cabeza se me pobló de imágenes: veía las mudanzas de mi familia que deambulaba de barrio en barrio durante la década del treinta. Y todo eso se me vino de golpe en una sola metáfora de lo que era mi vida a los siete años. Y cuando vi la hoja en blanco, ese papel blanco que todo escritor teme y desea a la vez, yo escribí simplemente: “Mi mamá compra flores”. Esa era mi composición. Solamente pude escribir esas cuatro palabras. La maestra, que seguramente no conocía la pedagogía moderna -que se debía estar inventando en ese preciso momento- me puso un bonete de burro y me dijo: “Nunca en la vida podrás escribir, ni siquiera una carta”. Ese día, ese preciso día, decidí ser escritor.

MY MOM BUYS FLOWERS

FERNANDO PEREYRA

I started off with literature one day in 1936, when I was seven years old, when the teacher asked us to write a composition whose topic was: “My mother”. Many things came to my mind, but I could not write anything. Then, I watched my classmates writing with great ease, and I felt like crying: I was a street child, it was so difficult for me to express myself and I was the least earnest student of all. Suddenly, sitting in front of the blank page I could see my mother. She was walking across an immense market crammed with vegetables, fruits and flowers, a market where one could hear the voices of those buying and selling, like party voices. In the middle of all that, I saw my beautiful and young mom that, although we were very poor at that time of crisis, always bought a flower bouquet, a small and very humble flower bouquet. My head became full of images: I saw the moves of a family that was wandering from one neighborhood to another during the thirties. And all that suddenly came to my head in only one metaphor of what my life was like when I was seven years old. And when I saw the blank page, that white sheet that every writer is afraid of but longs for at the same time, I simply wrote: “My mom buys flowers”. That was my composition. Only could I write those four words. The teacher, who surely did not know modern pedagogy -that must have been invented at that precise moment- put me on a dunce cap and told me: “Never in life will you be able to write, not even a letter”. That day, that precise day, I decided to be a writer.

A CONVERSATION WITH ANNA DEENY MORALES

BY KADY DRORBAUGH

On Thursday, April 1st, I had the pleasure of being able to join Melanie Nicholson's "Engaging Latin American Poetry" class, where they had a special event with the translator of one of their principal books, Anna Deeny Morales. Morales is a literary critic, translator, and professor at the Center for Latin American Studies at Georgetown University. The conversation was centered around her book *Sky Below: Selected Works* (2016), a bilingual edition of a compilation of Chilean poet Raúl Zurita's works of which Morales translated. While Morales has received her master's and doctoral degrees in varying aspects of literature and music, she emphasized that her exposure and love of poetry began in her childhood, during summers in Puerto Rico with her grandmother. Furthermore, her love of teaching was fostered through her mother, who was a teacher. These experiences and intimate personal relationships with both fields developed long before her formal academic education, Morales highlighted.

When asked about the tools she uses during her process of translation, she informed us that an issue she constantly confronted was that of intent. She stresses that there is a limit to one's intent, and it is folded into the experience of the other person that one is translating. When specifically speaking of Zurita, she reminds us there is also a limit to his intent, as well as the language he uses, Spanish. Morales pinpoints the existence of Spanish on the American continent through a history of violence, this Spanish carries the weight of that violence, suffering, and history in it which Zurita is combating. Finally, Morales turns to us, as readers, who are trying to understand the mechanisms and dynamics of a text, which often fall outside of the author's intent. Overall, Morales posits that all the translator can do is listen, and write that which they hear in the text.

Back in 2016, during a bilingual reading with Zurita at the Library of Congress, Morales similarly expressed “Cuando uno traduce, no es solo lo que dijo esa persona, es más bien lo que yo escuché decir. Eso lo que yo escuché, yo le voy a representar lo que yo escuché esa otra persona diciendo.” (When one translates, it’s not just what that person said, it’s more like what I heard. That which I heard, I’m going to represent what I heard this other person saying, my translation) Furthermore, what is heard is never the same, Morales stresses a great pleasure in the distinct experience of translating each author and their works that she has worked with. For example, Zurita has a rigid physical structure that has to be maintained with a fluid poetic form, but this can be reversed with other poets wherein the maintenance of the structure is less important than the form and flow of each sentence. I enjoyed how Morales described translation as one’s treatment of another person, it underscores care and love in translating as an action.

When asked the inevitable question of the “impossibility” of translation, Morales offered a unique perspective that involves two parts. On the one hand, she suggested a shift in the focus of this issue, wherein we acknowledge that language itself is limited and difficult so it’s an already existing problem before translation is even brought into the picture. On the other hand, for Morales, words are so intimately connected to their geographic location that translating is an act of distancing, removing the word from its place. One sees this distancing even more so Morales’ translating of Zurita’s work, wherein the geographic landscapes of Chile are an intrinsic element of his poetry. The most obvious example of this is seen in his placement of a verse from his poems, “ni pena ni miedo” (neither fear nor sorrow), in the sands of the Atacama Desert in Chile, an action of literally connecting words to place. We can understand the pivotal and challenging role of the translator, who has to forge these links that, for a reader outside Chile or Zurita’s context, are not immediately there in the language of the translation. But it should be noted that this is not defeating or impossible for Morales, instead she considers the care, time, and effort put into lessening the distance created in translating as a great act of love that the translator has for the author and their work.

I appreciated how Morales demonstrated the presence of love in translation, since it allows us to consider translation as more than just putting a work into another language.

Furthermore, for Morales, this connection between word and place also sparks an interest in using etymology in translation because it tells one how people have thought about a word and used it over time, allowing the translator to work with a myriad of meanings and definitions to represent the work. Due to these unique differences of languages across geographical areas, cultures, and countries, Morales takes a firm stance that she only works with languages that she has an intimate relationship with, these being Spanish and English. For her, translating is impossible without this intimacy. The emphasis Morales places on intimacy, love, and cherishing all being vital aspects to translation reminds us it is more than just a scholarly or academic process, but one that involves all aspects of the human experience, just as language is an attempt to express it. Overall, for the same reason the authors she translates use poetry, translating for Morales is a means of controlling life, working with chaos, and finding a way to navigate through it.



“Ni pena ni miedo” taken from above in the Desert of Atacama. Photo courtesy of *El País*.

