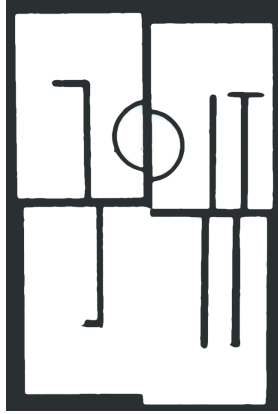


Trinity Journal of Literary Translation

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editorials

The theme for this third issue is burgeoning; this word was chosen, not only for the aesthetic associations that ‘spring’ to mind, but also because new growth and development were the ethos of the Executive board as we set out to compile this issue. This year has been a year of significant change and progress for the journal; not only have we become more integrated into the translation scene around Dublin through events and new partnerships, but we have also expanded to include a Creative Writing Supplement. This progress would not have been possible without the very generous support we have received from our sponsors, among them the TCD Alumni Foundation, the Irish Translators’ and Interpreters’ Association (ITIA), the Goethe Institute, and the Turkish embassy to Ireland. More importantly, none of this could have come to fruition without the incredible talent and dedication of my Executive Board; it was their hard-work and enthusiasm for this journal that allowed us to build upon the legacy of the past two years. I would like to take this opportunity to thank the all board members personally– Alice, Lola, Rebecca, Maria, Sacha – for making my job infinitely more enjoyable. I would like to thank Kerstina Mortensen, the Editor of the academic journal, for her continuous support and her enthusiasm. I would also like to thank Dr Peter Arnds and his wife, Jerrilynn Romano-Arnds, for their support and advice over the past year. Once again, none of this could have been accomplished if it had not been for their faith in the journal and their unwavering support of the Board’s ideas.

Lastly, I wish to extend my sincere thanks to both the contributors to this year’s volume and to the remarkable language editors who have worked tirelessly with us to ensure the highest possible standard of translation. It is thanks to all of these people and many more that I am now delighted to present Volume 3 of the Trinity Journal of Literary Translation for the year 2014-2015.

Thank you all. I wish each of you and the Trinity Journal of Literary Translation all the best into the future.

Áine Josephine Tyrrell
Editor in Chief

Volume III of Trinity JoLT is a turning point in the history of the journal, coming under new editorship and with the addition of a Creative Writing Supplement to the Academic Journal. It has been a thrilling time for JoLT, and while this volume marks the end of my editorial involvement since 2012, I am excited by the possibilities and directions the journal will take in the coming years.

It has been a pleasure to work with Aine J. Tyrrell and the Executive Committee, whose interest and dedication is unparalleled. I would also like to take the opportunity to thank the committee of Language Editors, recruited from Trinity College Dublin and beyond, whose expertise is essential in maintaining the high scholarly standards which lie at the core of the journal.

Each volume of JoLT is an exhibition in many respects, where disparate languages, styles and genres hang side by side, and it is with great enthusiasm that I congratulate all of this year's contributors upon their publication. We have today an academically engaging and dynamic journal of literary translation.

The texts selected for publication are all sewn together by a common thread: a passion for translation, which this volume's theme of *Burgeoning* delicately illustrates. I hope that the unfolding of ideas, of images, and of a work into a new language will stir our readers in their own creativity, so that from this volume more art will burgeon and flourish.

Kerstina Mortensen
Chief Language Editor

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Spanish

Del sentimiento trágico de la vida:
en los hombres y en los pueblos

Miguel de Unamuno

Y el sentimiento de hacernos insustituibles, de no merecer la muerte, de hacer que nuestra aniquilación, si es que nos está reservada, sea una injusticia, no sólo debe llevarnos a cumplir religiosamente, por amor a Dios y a nuestra eternidad y eternización, nuestro propio oficio, sino a cumplirlo apasionadamente, trágicamente, si se quiere. Debe llevarnos a esforzarnos por sellar a los demás con nuestro sello, por perpetuarnos en ellos y en sus hijos, dominándolos, por dejar en todo imperecedera nuestra cifra. La más fecunda moral es la moral de la imposición mutua.

Original text from Miguel de Unamuno, Del sentimiento trágico de la vida: en los hombres y en los pueblos, (España-Calpe, S.A. Madrid: 1976), p.234

The Tragic Sense of Life in Men and villages

Miguel de Unamuno

trans. Joe Girling-Jones

And the urge to make ourselves irreplaceable, that we do not deserve to die, to make our annihilation, if we are due it, an injustice; not only should it bring us to perform our true occupation religiously, for love of God, our being and becoming eternal, but moreover to fulfil it passionately, tragically, if you like. It must impel us to strive to stamp others with our seal, to perpetuate ourselves in them and in their children, mastering them, to leave behind our own enduring digit. The most fertile moral is the moral of mutual impression.

Karanlıkta Kar Yağıyor
Nazım Hikmet

Ne maveradan ses duymak,
Ne satırların nescine koymak o “anlaşılmayan şeyi”,
Ne bir kuyumcu merakıyla işlemek kafiyeyi,
Ne güzel laf, ne derin kelam.
Çok şükür
Hepsinin
Hepsinin üstündeyim bu akşam.

Bu akşam
Bir sokak şarkıcısıyım hünersiz bir sesim var
Sana,
Senin işitemeyeceğin bir şarkıyı söyleyen bir ses.

Karanlıkta kar yağıyor,
Sen Madrid kapısındasın.
Karşında en güzel şeylerimizi
Ümidi, hasreti, hürriyeti
Ve çocukları öldüren bir ordu.

Kar yağıyor.
Ve belki bu akşam
Islak ayakların üşüyordur.
Kar yağıyor,
Ve ben şimdi düşünürken seni
Şurana bir kurşun saplanabilir
Ve artık bir daha
Ne kar, ne rüzgar, ne gece.

It's Snowing in the Dark
Nazım Hikmet
trans. Damla Senlik

Lending no ear to sounds from beyond,
No “ambiguity” to weave into the lines,
No jeweller’s concern for working on the rhymes
No elegant wording nor profound rhetoric.
Luckily
I’m above all of these
Way above, tonight.

Tonight
I am a busker with a voice untamed
Singing a song for you
In a voice that you won’t be able to hear.

It is snowing in the dark,
You’re at the gate of Madrid.
In front of an army
Killing the most beautiful things we have
Hope, longing, liberty and children.

It is snowing.
And maybe tonight
Your wet feet are getting cold.
It is snowing,
And while I think of you now
You might be hit by a bullet
Then no more snow
For you, or wind or night.

Kar yağıyor
Ve sen böyle No pasaran deyip
Madrid kapısına dikilmeden önce
Herhalde vardın.
Kimdin, nerden geldin, ne yapardın?
Ne bileyim,
Mesela;
Astorya kömür ocaklarından gelmiş olabilirsin.
Belki alnında kanlı bir sargı vardır ki
Kuzeyde aldığın yarayı saklamaktadır.
Ve belki varoşlarda son kurşunu atan sendin
Yunkers motorları yakarken Bilbao'yu.
Veyahut herhangi bir
Konte Fernando Valaskerosi de Kortoba'nın çiftliğinde
Irgatlık etmişindir.
Belki Plasa da Sol'da küçük bir dükkanın vardı,
Renkli İspanyol yemişleri satardın.
Belki hiçbir hünerin yoktu, belki gayet güzeldi sesin.
Belki felsefe talebesi, belki hukuk fakültesindensin
Ve parçalandı üniversite mahallesinde
Bir İtalyan tankının tekerlekleri altında kitapların.
Belki dinsizsin,
Belki boynunda bir sicim, bir küçük hac.
Kimsin, adın ne, tevellüdün kaç?
Yüzünü hiç görmedim ve görmeyeceğim.
Bilmiyorum
Belki yüzün hatırlatır
Sibirya'da Kolçak'ı yenenleri
Belki yüzünün bir tarafı biraz
Bizim Dumlupınar'da yatana benziyordur
Ve belki bir parça hatırlatıyorsun Robespiyer'i.

It is snowing
And before you stood up saying no pasaran
At the gate of Madrid
It's probable you existed.
Who were you, where did you come from and what did you
do?
Would I know?
Perhaps you came from the coal mines of Asturias.
Or perhaps a bloody bandage on your forehead
Covers up the wound you got in the North.
Maybe you fired the last shot in the suburbs
While the Junkers engines burned down Bilbao.
Or maybe you worked on the farm of some
Count Fernando Valaskeros de Córdoba.
You might even have kept a small shop on the Plaza del Sol,
Selling bright coloured Spanish fruit.
Perhaps you had no skills at all but a very pretty voice.
You might be a student of philosophy or attend the School
of Law,
Your books crushed to bits under the wheels
Of an Italian tank in the university district.
Maybe you're a non-believer,
Or have a small cross on a string round your neck.
Who are you, what's your name, your date of birth?
I've never seen your face, nor will I ever see it.
I've no idea
Maybe your face reminds one
Of those who defeated Kolchak in Siberia
Or some aspect of it resembles
Our men lying under the earth in Dumlupinar
Or perhaps there's a hint of Robespierre's about it.
I've never seen your face, nor will I ever see it,

Turkish

Yüzünü hiç görmedim ve görmeyeceğim,
Adımı duymadın ve hiç duymayacaksın.
Aramızda denizler, dağlar,
Benim kahrolası aczim
Ve Ademi Müdahale Komitesi var.
Ben ne senin yanına gelebilir,
Ne sana bir kasa kurşun,
Bir sandık taze yumurta,
Bir çift yün çorap gönderebilirim.
Halbuki biliyorum,
Bu soğuk karlı havalarda
İki çıplak çocuk gibi üşümektedir
Madrid kapısını bekleyen ıslak ayakların.
Biliyorum,
Ne kadar büyük, ne kadar güzel şey varsa,
İnsanoğulları daha ne kadar büyük
Ne kadar güzel şey yaratacaklarsa,
Yani o korkunç hasreti, daüssılası içimin
Güzel gözlerindedir
Madrid kapısındaki nöbetçimin.
Ve ben ne yarın, ne dün, ne bu akşam
Onu sevmekten başka bir şey yapamam.

You've never heard my name, nor will you ever hear it.
There are seas and mountains between us
And my damned helplessness
And the Non-Intervention Committee.
I can't come to your side
Nor send you a box of bullets,
Or a case of fresh eggs,
Or a pair of woollen socks.
But I still know,
In such cold, snowy weather like this
Your wet feet on guard at the gate of Madrid
Are cold like two naked kids.
I know,
Everything great and beautiful now existing,
All things great and beautiful that humankind is yet to
create,
And the terrible craving and yearning within me
Are in the beautiful eyes
Of my guard at the gate of Madrid.
And tomorrow, yesterday or tonight
I can do nothing but love him.

German

Three poems by Georg Trakl

trans. Nicholas Johnson

"The poet is the seismograph of his times." —Alexander Stillmark

Im Osten

Den wilden Orgeln des Wintersturms
Gleicht des Volkes finsterner Zorn,
Die purpurne Woge der Schlacht,
Entlaubter Sterne.

Mit zerbrochenen Brauen, silbernen Armen
Winkt sterbenden Soldaten die Nacht.
Im Schatten der herbstlichen Esche
Seufzen die Geister der Erschlagenen.

Dornige Wildnis umgürtet die Stadt.
Von blutenden Stufen jagt der Mond
Die erschrockenen Frauen.
Wilde Wölfe brachen durchs Tor.

In the East

The wild organs of the winter storms
Are like the dark wrath of a people,
The scarlet wave of slaughter,
Stars stripped of leaves.

With shattered brows, silvered arms
Night beckons dying soldiers.
In the shadow of the autumn ash
Sigh the spirits of the stricken.

Thorny wilderness surrounds the city.
From bloody steps the moon hunts
The terrified women.
Wild wolves burst through the gate.

Translator's Note: Composed at Innsbruck, 1914. Originally published in the journal Der Brenner, 1914/15. Trakl died in November of 1914 in a military hospital in Krakow.

Grodek

Am Abend tönen die herbstlichen Wälder
Von tödlichen Waffen, die goldnen Ebenen
Und blauen Seen, darüber die Sonne
Düstrer hinrollt, umfängt die Nacht
Sterbende Krieger, die wilde Klage
Ihrer zerbrochenen Mänder.
Doch stille sammelt im Weidengrund
Rotes Gewölk, darin ein zürnender Gott wohnt
Das vergoßne Blut sich, mondne Kühle;
Alle Straßen münden in schwarze Verwesung.
Unter goldnem Gezweig der Nacht und Sternen
Es schwankt der Schwester Schatten durch den schweigenden Hain,
Zu grüßen die Geister der Helden, die blutenden Häupter;
Und leise tönen im Rohr die dunkeln Flöten des Herbstes.
O stolzere Trauer! Ihr ehernen Altäre
Die heiße Flamme des Geistes nährt heute ein gewaltiger Schmerz,
Die ungeborenen Enkel.

Grodek

At evening the autumn woods ring out
With deathly weapons, the golden plains
And blue lakes, over which the sun
Rolls darkly on, the night embraces
Dying warriors, the wild lament
Of their smashed mouths.
But silently in the willow ground gathers
A red cloud, where an enraged god lives
The shed blood itself, the cool of the moon;
All streets bloom into black decay.
Under golden bough of night and stars
Sways sister's shadow through the silent grove
To greet the ghosts of heroes, the bloody skulls;
And softly the cannons sound the dark flutes of autumn.
O prouder sorrow! You brazen altars
The hot flames of the spirit nourish today a mightier grief
The unborn generations.

Translator's note: Written in Krakow after 25 October 1914; possibly Trakl's last poem. This is a translation of his second version; a prior version is lost. Published in Der Brenner 1914/15. The title refers to the battle at Grodek in Galicia, where Austrian forces suffered heavy casualties and near the place where Trakl died a few weeks later.

Abendland

1

Mond, als träte ein Totes
Aus blauer Höhle,
Und es fallen der Blüten
Viele über den Felsenpfad.
Silbern weint ein Krankes
Am Abendweiher,
Auf schwarzem Kahn
Hinüberstarben Liebende.

Oder es läuten die Schritte
Elis' durch den Hain
Den hyazinthenen
Wieder verhallend unter Eichen.
O des Knaben Gestalt
Geformt aus kristallen Tränen,
Nächtigen Schatten.
Zackige Blitze erhellen die Schläfe
Die immerkühle,
Wenn am grünenden Hügel
Frühlingsgewitter ertönt.

2

So leise sind die grünen Wälder
Unsrer Heimat,
Die kristallne Woge
Hinsterbend an verfallner Mauer
Und wir haben im Schlaf geweint;
Wandern mit zögernden Schritten
An der dornigen Hecke hin

The West

1

Moon, like a dead body
Stepping from a blue cave,
And the blossoms fall
Many over the cliff path.
Silver weeps a sick body
Into an evening pond,
On a black barge
Lovers died in crossing.

Or the steps ring out
Of Elis through the grove
The hyacinths
Dying again under the oaks.
O the boyish shape
Formed of crystalline tears,
Night shadows.
A jagged strike illuminates the temple
Of perpetual coolness,
When on green hills
Spring storm breaks.

2

So quiet are the green woods
Of our homeland,
The crystalline waves
Dying there on a ruined wall
And we wept in our sleep;
Rambled with hesitant steps
Across the thorny hedges

German

Singende im Abendsommer,
In heiliger Ruh
Des fern verstrahlenden Weinbergs;
Schatten nun im kühlen Schoß
Der Nacht, trauernde Adler.
So leise schließt ein mondener Strahl
Die purpurnen Male der Schwermut.

3

Ihr großen Städte
Steinern aufgebaut
In der Ebene!
So sprachlos folgt
Der Heimatlose
Mit dunkler Stirne dem Wind,
Kahlen Bäumen am Hügel.
Ihr weithin dämmernden Ströme!
Gewaltig ängstet
Schaurige Abendröte
Im Sturmgewölk.
Ihr sterbenden Völker!
Bleiche Woge
Zerschellend am Strande der Nacht,
Fallende Sterne.

Singing in evening summer,
In heavenly peace
Of the far shimmering vineyard;
Shadows now in the cool lap
Of the night, a mourning eagle.
So quietly a moonbeam covers
The crimson scars of melancholy.

3

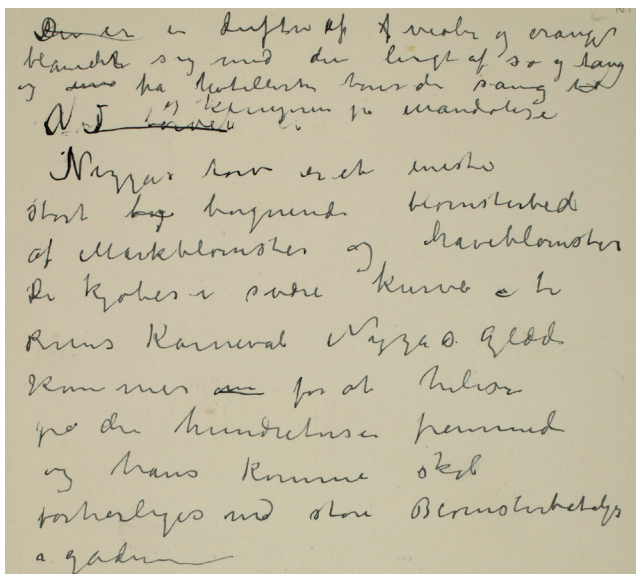
You great cities
Built of stone
In the plains!
So speechlessly follows
The homeless one
The wind with darkened brow,
Bare branches on the hill.
You far dawning streams!
The mighty dread
Fearful sunsets
In storm clouds.
You dying peoples!
Pale wave
Breaking on the sands of night
Falling stars.

En Duften af Violer (MM N 17) Edvard Munch

Der er en duften af f violer og oranger
blande{ ... }t sig med den lugt af sø og tang
og ... fra hotellerne hører de sang ...
og klimpren på mandoline

Ved torvet

Nizzas torv er et eneste
stort ... bugnende blomsterbed
af Markblomster og haveblomster
De kjøbes i svære kurve - ti
Prins Karneval Nizzas Glæde
kommer om for at hilse
på de hundretusen fremmede
og hans komme skal
forherliges med store Blomsterbataljer
i gaderne -



Der er en duften af f violer og oranger
blandede sig med den lugt af sø og tang
og ... fra hotellerne hører de sang ...
og klimpren på mandoline
N. J. Munch

Nizzas torv er et eneste
stort bugnende blomsterbed
af markblomster og haveblomster
de kjøbes i svære kurve - ti
Prins Karneval Nizzas Glæde
kommer om for at hilse
på de hundretusen fremmede
og hans komme skal
forherliges med store Blomsterbataljer
i gaderne -

A Fragrance of Violets
Edvard Munch
trans. Kerstina Mortensen

There is a fragrance of violets and oranges
mingled with the scent of sea and kelp
and ... from the hotels they hear singing ...
and the strum on a mandolin
By the market
Nizza's market is a single
large ... bountiful bloom-bed
of wildflowers and garden-flowers,
they are bought in full baskets - Tues
Prince Carnival, Nizza's joy
comes about to greet
the hundred thousand foreigners
and his arrival shall be
glorified with great flower skirmishes
in the streets -

Photo of original manuscript ©Munchmuseet 2015

Original text from (cf.http://www.emunch.no/ENGABOUT_citation.xhtml#.VRU-JyzGG_QI): MM N 17, Munch Museum. Dated 1891-1892. Draft.

The Thrill of It All

Joseph O'Connor



There was a particular track that was causing us concern, for we feared what Tony would do to it. It was called ‘Eleven City’ and had been written by Fran, with a couple of ideas from Trez. They wanted to use a Low D Irish tin whistle on the bridge, but we knew Tony wouldn’t permit it, under his sternly non-folk statutes. How, then, to manage the problem?

Fran had stolen a book from a store on Second Avenue, about the film director Billy Wilder. He was taken by a story of how Wilder once wanted an actress to appear topless in a scene during which she would awaken in bed beside her lover. From memory it was Marilyn Monroe, but my daughter says Shirley MacLaine in *Irma La Douce*. Anyhow, it doesn’t matter. Knowing that the conservative studio bosses would hit the roof and keep hitting

it, Wilder contrived a plan by which he would alter the script to include a sequence of his leading lady ‘naked and sensuously embracing a tree’. The executives duly revolted and the topless shot was admitted as a compromise. It’s a time-honoured negotiation strategy, used by everyone from the Ancient Greeks to Sinn Féin. In the hands of the young, it’s dangerous. Having refused to outline the details of his scheme in advance, Fran announced to Tony that he wanted to record ‘an improvisation’ as the opening track on Side B. He would bang randomly on the piano keyboard with both fists for a while, this to be followed by a period of eleven seconds ‘precisely’ during which none of us would play anything at all. The result would be ‘coloured air’, a concept much explored by Stockhausen. The track would be entitled ‘Stockhausen Shuffle’. So would the album, perhaps.

Always, the tiniest detail is the one that seals doom. The suggestion that Tony would permit any record bearing his credit to be titled in such a way turned his expression of tolerant bemusement to a scathing scowl. Stockhausen was important, Fran foolishly went on, and his ground-breaking experiments in musical spatialisation were ‘a major influence’ on the Ships. Seán didn’t actually look at me and ask what on earth Fran was talking about. I suspect he didn’t need to.

Tony drew the line. Fran drew his own. These impasses are always worsened by the presence of an audience, and the room was forbiddingly small. It was clear that a grave error of judgement had been made. Tony was tiring of our disobedience.

‘You guys,’ he said darkly, ‘are wasting my time. I think we’re all through. See you round.’

Well, Fran started into a peroration that even Philip Glass would find incomprehensible, full of references to ‘aesthetic breakdown’ and ‘sonic toxic shock’. On the way, he referenced the works of the noted experimental composer John Cage, an eminence he admired for writing a piece entitled ‘4’33”’ comprising four minutes and thirty-three seconds of silence. I am told it is popular in the Benelux nations. Tony, alas, was no Belgian.

‘You figure a lotta people gonna pay fifteen bucks for a record of fuckin silence?’

‘Music without silence is sex without tongues,’ Fran said.

French

This went down like a bomb in a nursery. Tony was not a person you lectured about the many ways of love. He looked at Fran like a man who has decided to let a calculated slight go but is storing it up nonetheless.

‘I’m going across the street and eat me a sandwich,’ he said. ‘I come back here and you’re still talking nonsense, you need another producer. That clear? I mean it, Fran. I’m out.’

‘It’s just an idea,’ Fran said. ‘Don’t flounce off with a hole in your tights.’

Again, the choice of imagery was imprudent.

Tony wafted out in a miasma of wordless outrage, the rest of us too shocked to set upon Fran and beat him. In fairness, he looked shaken himself. His solo run had achieved nothing. Worse, it attracted fire. I feared that it had turned our producer, who should have been our staunchest ally, into an enemy who would be self-protective and cunning. I hadn’t the smallest doubt that if Eric got to hear of our antics, we would be condemned as ungrateful, indulgent gobshites, and that Tony would save his own skin by leading the prosecution.

It was a difficult hour. We argued among ourselves. Tony arrived back from enjoying his sole meunière at the Yale Club.

‘I sense a disturbance in The Force,’ he said bleakly. We came clean and explained that we had in mind to use a tin whistle on the track.

Seán, unwisely in retrospect, produced the said instrument from his bag and feebly blew a note, perhaps an E-flat. By now, I felt unwell. Tony turned to him.

‘Want me to hit you up with a leprechaun, cabrón?’

‘Sorry?’

‘The fuck is this shit? Saint Paddy’s Day? In the ghetto? Day I gotta *flute* on my work ain’t here, Bro.’

‘It isn’t a flute,’ Fran pointed out.

‘Gettin professor on me, now? The gay Alan Lomax? Who’s supposed to be in control of this record? Me or you?’

‘That’s offensive,’ Trez said gamely. ‘Don’t talk to Fran like that.’

Now he resorted to sarcasm, the C-major scale of the satirist. ‘Oh no? I offend you? Please accept my apology. And there I was, thinking I’m a record producer. So sorry, Miss Sherlock. Truly am.’

The rebuff was sharp. It resulted in silence.

'I work eighteen hours a day for you. And this is what I get. Fluteboy here. Is that what you want?'

'Ah, here,' Trez said. 'This is gotten out of hand. These are our songs, Tony, you'd want to cop yourself on. We're not your raw material. You're hired to be helping us.'

He turned to her and uttered an obscene and hair-raisingly misogynist remark. The working environment of a recording studio can be a little rough and ready, and in those days, particularly, you heard language of a decidedly seafaring stamp. But the unprintable sentence spoken by Tony was many steps too far.

'Say that again, mate?' Seán said quietly.

'Leave it, Seán,' said Trez.

Mild mournfulness in her eyes, she crossed to where Tony was standing. Gently she placed her fingertips on his shoulders and leaned in to peck him on the lips. 'I'm sorry,' she whispered. 'For letting you down.' And that was when she kned him in the bollocks.

He sank slowly and heavily, making small woodland-animal sounds. And that was when she punched him in the head. You mightn't think that being punched in the head by a cellist would hurt very much, but believe me, they can get pretty muscular.

Seán opened the door of the studio. Tony limped away. He stood unhappily on the landing for a moment, then Trez followed him out with icy calm. One hand clutching the belt of his baggies and the other clutching his bobble-hat, she swung him once - twice - thrice - then down the stairs he was thrown, with a strange and terrible quietness, culminating in a faint, sad 'merde'.

Trez returned to her chair and picked up the bass guitar. Seán closed the door and sat down. Somehow, in the fuss, the metronome set itself off.

'That went well,' Fran said.

Original Text from Joseph O'Connor: The Thrill Of It All (Harvill Secker, 2014). Copyright © 2014

Illustration by Alice Wilson

The Thrill of It All

Joseph O'Connor

trans. Stéphanie Nouailhetas

Un morceau en particulier nous inquiétait car nous avions peur de ce qu'il devienne avec Tony. Il s'intitulait « Eleven City » et c'est Fran qui l'avait composé. Trez avait proposé quelques idées. Ils voulaient utiliser un low whistle irlandais en Ré pour le pont musical, mais nous savions que Tony, fidèle à son strict code anti-folk, ne le permettrait pas. Comment donc résoudre ce problème ?

Fran avait dérobé dans un magasin de la Seconde Avenue un livre sur le cinéaste Billy Wilder. Il était impressionné par l'anecdote selon laquelle Wilder voulut qu'une actrice apparût les seins nus dans une scène où elle s'éveillait au lit auprès de son amant. De mémoire, l'actrice en question était Marilyn Monroe, mais ma fille soutient que c'était Shirley MacLaine dans Irma La Douce. Enfin, ça n'a pas d'importance. Sachant que les patrons conservateurs du studio sauteraient au plafond et continueraient à s'y cogner, Wilder mit au point un plan qui consistait à changer le script afin d'inclure une séquence dans laquelle l'actrice principale serait vue « dévêtue, enlaçant sensuellement un arbre ». Les producteurs se révoltèrent comme prévu, et l'image des seins nus fut acceptée comme compromis. Il s'agit-là d'une tactique de négociation ancienne, utilisée par tout un chacun, des Grecs de l'Antiquité au Sinn Féin. Employée par les jeunes, c'est une tactique dangereuse.

Ayant refusé de révéler les détails de son plan, Fran informa Tony qu'il voulait enregistrer « une improvisation » comme premier morceau

de la Face B. Il taperait le clavier du piano de ses deux poings, au hasard, pendant un moment, ce qui serait suivi d'un intervalle « d'exactly » onze secondes durant lequel aucun de nous ne jouerait. Nous obtiendrions ainsi « de l'air coloré », idée très étudiée par Stockhausen. Le morceau s'intitulerait « Stockhausen Shuffle ». L'album aussi, peut-être.

C'est toujours le plus petit détail qui scelle le destin. L'idée que Tony pût autoriser un disque sur lequel son nom apparaissait à porter un titre pareil le fit changer de contenance. Son visage, qui avait jusque-là exprimé une perplexité tolérante, parut tout à coup renfrogné, dédaigneux. Stockhausen était un musicien important, poursuivit Fran bêtement, et ses expériences révolutionnaires dans le domaine de la spatialisation du son avaient une « énorme influence » sur The Ships. Seán ne me regarda pas et ne demanda pas de quoi diable Fran était en train de parler. J'imagine que ce n'était pas la peine.

Tony fixa ses limites. Fran fixa les siennes. Ces impasses sont toujours plus difficiles en présence d'un public, et la pièce était d'une petitesse rebutante. Il était clair qu'une erreur de jugement grave avait été commise. Notre désobéissance lassait Tony.

« Ecoutez les potes, » dit-il d'un ton sinistre, « vous me faites perdre mon temps. Entre nous c'est fini. A la prochaine. »

Sur ce, Fran se lança dans une péroraison que même Philip Glass jugerait incompréhensible, avec maintes références à la « décomposition esthétique » et au « choc toxique sonique ». Il fit référence au passage à l'œuvre de l'éminent compositeur de musique expérimentale John Cage, célébrité qu'il admirait pour avoir composé un morceau intitulé « 4'33" », constitué de quatre minutes et trente-trois secondes de silence. J'ai entendu dire que ce morceau est prisé dans les pays du Benelux. Tony, hélas, n'était pas belge.

« Tu penses que beaucoup de gens vont payer quinze dollars pour un disque de foutu silence ? »

« La musique sans silence c'est comme faire l'amour sans utiliser la langue, » dit Fran.

Cela détona comme une bombe dans une chambre d'enfants. Tony n'était pas une personne qu'on sermonnait sur les multiples facettes de l'amour. Il considéra Fran de l'air entendu d'un homme qui a décidé de laisser passer un affront délibéré tout en le gardant en réserve.

French

« Je vais juste traverser la rue m'avalant un sandwich, » dit-il. « Si vous racontez toujours n'importe quoi quand je reviens, vous aurez besoin d'un autre producteur. C'est clair ? Je suis sérieux, Fran. Je laisse tomber. »

« C'est juste une idée, » dit Fran. « Y a pas de quoi décamper de si mauvaise humeur avec un trou au collant. »

Une fois encore, le choix de l'image était imprudent.

Tony s'enfonça dans un borborygme d'indignation inexprimée, alors que nous étions tous trop choqués pour nous en prendre à Fran et lui taper dessus. En toute honnêteté, il avait l'air lui-même plutôt secoué. Son solo n'avait abouti à rien. Pire que ça, il avait mis le feu aux poudres. Je craignais que cela n'ait transformé notre producteur, qui aurait dû être notre allié le plus sûr, en un ennemi rusé qui saurait se protéger. Il ne faisait pas l'ombre d'un doute que si Eric avait vent de tout ce cinéma, on nous accuserait d'être des couillons ingrats et indulgents et que Tony sauverait sa peau en engageant des poursuites judiciaires.

Ce fut une heure difficile. Nous nous sommes disputés. Tony revint après avoir savouré sa sole meunière au Club Yale.

« Je sens un trouble dans la Force, » remarqua-t-il d'un ton morne. Nous lui avons dit la vérité puis expliqué que nous souhaitions utiliser un tin whistle sur le morceau.

Seán sortit ledit instrument de son sac – ce qui après coup n'était guère judicieux – et joua une note sans grande conviction, peut-être bien un Mi bémol. A partir de ce moment-là, je commençai à me sentir mal. Tony se tourna vers lui.

« Tu veux que j'te tabasse avec un leprechaun, cabrón ? »

« Pardon ? »

« C'est quoi ce bordel ? La Saint Patrick ? Dans le ghetto ? Ce n'est pas demain la veille qu'il y aura une flûte dans ce que je fais mon pote. »

« Ce n'est pas une flûte, » précisa Fran.

« Tu joues au professeur avec moi maintenant ? Le Alan Lomax homo ? Qui est censé être responsable de cet enregistrement ? Moi ou toi ? »

« Ces paroles sont offensantes, » dit Trez avec hardiesse. « Ne parle pas à Fran comme ça. »

Il eut dès lors recours au sarcasme, la gamme de Do majeur du satiriste. « Oh non ? Je vous offense ? Toutes mes excuses. Et moi qui croyais

que j'étais un producteur de disques. Désolé mademoiselle Sherlock. Vraiment. »

La rebuffade était cinglante. Un silence s'ensuivit.

« Je travaille dix-huit heures par jour pour vous. Et voilà ce que j'obtiens. Un p'tit joueur de flûte là. C'est ça que vous voulez ? »

« Bon, » dit Trez. « C'est allé trop loin tout ça. Ce sont nos chansons, Tony, il est temps que tu t'en rendes compte. Nous ne sommes pas ta matière première. Tu as été embauché pour nous aider. »

Il se tourna vers elle et proféra une remarque obscène et à ce point misogyne qu'elle avait de quoi faire dresser les cheveux sur la tête. Travailler dans un studio d'enregistrement peut amener à côtoyer des personnes rustres, et à cette époque-là en particulier, on entendait des gens jurer comme des charretiers. Mais avec sa phrase, que la décence m'interdit de reproduire, Tony dépassait vraiment les bornes.

« Répète un peu, mon vieux ? » demanda Seán calmement.

« Laisse tomber, Seán, » dit Trez.

Le regard légèrement embrumé, elle se dirigea vers Tony. Avec douceur, elle lui toucha les épaules du bout des doigts et se pencha pour poser un baiser sur ses lèvres. « Je suis navrée, » chuchota-t-elle. « De ne pas être à la hauteur. » Et ce fut à ce moment-là qu'elle lui donna un coup de genou dans les coucounettes.

Il s'affaissa lentement et lourdement, tout en émettant des petits bruits d'animaux des forêts. Et ce fut à ce moment-là qu'elle lui envoya son poing sur la tête. On pourrait penser qu'un coup de poing sur la tête porté par une violoncelliste ne ferait pas grand mal, mais croyez-moi, une violoncelliste peut se faire de sacrés muscles.

Seán ouvrit la porte du studio. Tony s'avança clopin-clopat. Il resta un moment sur le palier, d'un air malheureux, puis Trez le suivit avec un calme glacial. D'une main elle saisit la ceinture de son froc et de l'autre son bonnet à pompon, et elle le balança une fois – deux fois – trois fois – puis il alla valser dans l'escalier, cela avec une tranquillité étrange et terrible qui se termina par un faible, triste « merde ».

Trez regagna sa place et reprit la guitare basse. Seán ferma la porte et s'assit. Dans toute cette agitation, le métronome s'était, d'une manière ou d'une autre, mis en route tout seul.

« Quel succès, » dit Fran.

The Lake Isle of Innisfree
W.B. Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Innisfree, l'île du lac
W.B. Yeats
trans. Stéphanie Nouailhetas

A mon lever je partirai pour Innisfree, il est temps,
Là, je bâtirai une petite hutte en osier et en terre ;
J'aurai une ruche pour les abeilles et des fèves, neuf plants,
Et vivrai dans le bourdonnement des abeilles, solitaire.

Et j'y trouverai le calme, car le calme s'échappe petit à petit,
S'échappe des brumes matinales pour se poser où chantent les
grillons ;
Là, minuit scintille et midi, pourpre, luit,
Et le soir offre des ailes de linottes à foison.

A mon lever je partirai, il est temps, car de jour comme de nuit
Ces sourds clapotis du lac près de la rive, je les entends ;
Que je me tienne sur la chaussée ou sur les trottoirs gris,
Au tréfonds de mon cœur, je les entends.

Pastorales XI
Juan Cazador

A Granada con ganas va,
estuvó ya
pero esta vez le verá,
el viejo del pueblo las buenas te dará
Y pues,
arena y sal, el día sigue.

La fuente alivia el marchador delgado
que suda andante.
Pica la avispa tanto al lince cómo al ser.
Fijáte cómo salta la cabra, y ojo que no te chupe.

Piruletas se compra allí – al tienda de veinte duros,
te cuesta menos que el precio previsto,
Saboréala y sólo después se sabe.
Cuenta con esa orden radical y prestigioso.

Y sal, al sol – te hace hierro de herir,
No te deshaces – pudrido en la sombra,
patas a la obra – esta vez le verá.

Pastorales XI
Juan Cazador
trans. Stephen French

He goes to Granada with a will,
He has been before
but this time they will see him -
the old man of the village will wish you well
And so it goes,
Dust and salt follows the day.

The fountain soothes the thin man
he who sweats briskly
The wasp stings the lynx just as it stings the man,
Observe how the goat leaps and watch he does not suck you.

Lollipops are bought there - in the shop of one-hundred pesetas,
they cost you less than your first thought
he tastes it and only then does he know,
and he sticks to that radical and prestigious order.

And step, into the sun - it wounds you up to an iron strength,
Do not undo yourself - made rotten in the shade,
Walk on, to work - this time they will see him.

Extract from the Hurro-Hittite Song of Release

trans. Naomi Harris

KB0 32.19, Vs II:

Release well the children of the city Ikinkal; release him, Purra, the man to be given back. Who is continually giving the nine kings (food) to eat?

In Ikinkal, the city of the throne, he used to give to three kings (food) to eat. But in Ebla, the city of the throne, he was giving (food) to eat for six kings. But now, Tessub stands before you, Meki, (and says): If you all will make release in Ebla, the city of the throne, if you give release, I will raise your spears for you, just as.....

And for you, your spears will come and fight your enemies. While your agricultural fields will come and grow in prosperity for you. But if you do not make release in Ebla, the city of the throne, then for seven days I will come to you, to your bodies.

I will destroy Ebla, the city. It will be as if it never existed; I will make it so.

The surrounding wall of the lower city I will smash like a cup, while the surrounding wall of the upper city I will overwhelm like a refuse pit.

In the middle of the marketplace...I will break... Ebla...like a cup. But for me, I will..... I will [take] the hearth of the upper walls and bring it down to the lower city. The hearth of the lower walls [I will take] downwards to the river, while the hearth of the upper walls [I will take] downwards; I will pour out the hearth on the [lower] wall. Thus I will [do]. [I will] destroy...

(The rest of the tablet is broken.)

Translator's Note: Most scholars consider this segment the final episode of the Song of Release. Meki, the king of Ebla, has asked the council of Ebla to free the citizens of Ikinkal, acting at the direction of Tessub, the Storm God. The council refused to comply, arguing that the oppressed people of Ikinkal are necessary for the labor they provide; Purra, the King of Ikinkal cares for the Ebla royal dead in funerary rituals. This episode records the Storm God's response to the council's obstinacy, and may provide propagandist justification for the Hittite King Mursili I's c. 1600 BCE destruction of Ebla.

Irrtum
Ulla Hahn

Und mit der Liebe sprach er ists
wie mit dem Schnee: fällt weich
mitunter und auf alle
aber bleibt nicht liegen.

Und sie darauf die Liebe ist
ein Feuer das wärmt im Herd
verzehrt wenn's dich ergreift
muß' ausgetreten werden.

So sprachen sie und so griff
er nach ihr sie schlug nicht aus
und blieb auch bei ihm liegen.

Er schmolz sie ward verzehrt
sie glaubten bis zuletzt an keine Liebe
die bis zum Tode währ.

Mistaken
Ulla Hahn
trans. Anastasia Gilfanova

And he said with love it's
like with snow: it softly falls
sometimes on everyone
but never stays.

And she replied that love is
a fire burning in the fireplace,
absorbing as it seizes you
and must be crucified.

That's what they said, and so
he held her she would not resist
and she remained by his side.

He melted and she was absorbed
but love, that unto death would last,
to the utmost they found absurd.

A pas de Chien (Charlie Hebdo No.1178)

Sigolène Vinson

Tictictictic... À Charlie, nous avons un chien, un cocker roux qui s'appelle Lila. Bon, en vrai, il n'est pas à nous tous, seulement à Éric. Dans l'équipe, c'est Cabu qu'il préfère.

Ce mercredi 7 janvier, il lui fait une de ces fêtes. Il faut dire que, sur la table de rédaction, il y a des galettes bretonnes apportées par Coco et un gâteau marbré que j'ai acheté pour marquer l'anniversaire de Luz. A coup sûr, Cabu va lui donner sa part.

Tictictictic... À Charlie, nous avons un chien, un cocker roux qui raye le parquet. Riss et Charb se foutent parfois de sa gueule pour que Luce prenne sa défense et lui caresse le haut du crâne. Honoré préfère les chats. Tignous, les mêmes. Wolinski, lui, a un faible pour Catherine et Zineb.

Tictictictic... À Charlie, nous avons un chien, un cocker roux qui assiste à nos débats. « Pour ou contre Louis de Funès ? » Jean-Baptiste est plutôt pour. Curieusement, Philippe aussi. Fabrice s'en fout, il veut que notre planète tourne rond. Avant de répondre, Laurent doit mener une enquête. Antonio a intérêt à être contre. Gérard fait l'arbitrage. Pelloux dit : « j'ai son portable » (à de Funès).

Tictictictic... À Charlie, nous avons un chien, un cocker roux qui

Pause for the Dog (Charlie Hebdo No.1178)

Sigolène Vinson

trans. Daniel James Hadley

Tictictictic... At Charlie, we have a dog, a red cocker called Lila. Well, truth be told, she's not all of ours, only Eric's. It's Cabu she likes the most on the team.

This Wednesday, January 7th, he's throwing her one of those parties. On the editors' table, there are Breton biscuits brought by Coco and a marble cake I bought to celebrate Luz' birthday. Cabu will definitely give her his slice.

Tictictictic... At Charlie, we have a dog, a red cocker who scratches the wooden floor. Riss and Charb occasionally tease her to make Luce stand up for her and pet her on the head. Honoré prefers cats. Tignous, kids. And Wolinski, he has a soft spot for Catherine and Zineb.

Tictictictic... At Charlie, we have a dog, a red cocker who sits in on our debates. "For or against Louis de Funes?" Jean-Baptiste is more "for". Surprisingly, Philippe is too. Fabrice doesn't care, he simply wants the world to keep spinning. Before deciding, Laurent needs further research to be done. Antonio had better be against. Gérard plays the ref. Pelloux says: "I have his number" (de Funès').

Tictictictic... At Charlie, we have a dog, a red cocker who walks

passé et repassé par le bureau de Mustapha. Bernard ne l'entend pas, il se marre (de son rire qui a un accent du Sud-Ouest... Ouais, c'est possible) en regardant Elsa faire de grands gestes pour nous parler de Lacan.

À Charlie, nous avons un chien, un cocker roux qui ne comprend pas pourquoi, le mercredi, il y a tant de personnes. Le reste de la semaine, seuls Angélique, Simon et Cécile lui tiennent compagnie. Le lundi, il a la chance de croiser Martine.

Pop pop pop pop... Puis, un silence de mort. Jean-Luc et moi restons à terre.

Soudain : Tictictictic !

À Charlie, nous avons un chien, un cocker roux qui nous signale que c'est bon, que nous pouvons maintenant nous relever, ils sont partis. Lila a été épargnée. Peut-être parce qu'elle est une femelle.

À tous mes amis. Et aux autres.
Sigolène Vinson.

back and forth past Mustapha's office. Bernard doesn't hear her, he's laughing (his laugh has a South-Western accent... Yeah, it's possible), watching Elsa make big gestures as she talks to us about Lacan.

At Charlie, we have a dog, a red cocker who does not understand why, on Wednesdays, there are so many people. The rest of the week only Angélique, Simon and Cécile keep her company. On Mondays, she gets to see Martine.

Pop pop pop pop... Then, a deathly silence. Jean-Luc and I stay on the ground.

Suddenly: Tictictictic!

At Charlie, we have a dog, a red cocker who signals that all is good, that we can get up now, they've gone. Lila was spared. Perhaps because she's female.

To all my friends. And to others.
Sigolène Vinson.

Птичка в клетке
Велимир Хлебников

О чем поешь ты, птичка в клетке?
О том ли, как попалась в сетку?
Как гнездышко ты вила?
Как тебя с подружкой клетка
разлучила?
Или о счастья твое
В милом гнездышке своем?
Или как мушек ты ловила
И их деткам носила?
О свободе ли, лесах,
О высоких ли холмах,
О лугах ли зеленых,
О полях ли просторных?
Скучно бедняжке на жердочке сидеть
И из оконца на солнце глядеть.
В солнечные дни ты купаешься,
Песней чудной заливаешься,
Старое вспоминаешь,
Свое горе забываешь,
Семечки клюешь,
Жадно водичку пьешь.

Bird in a Cage
Velimer Khlebnikov
trans. Sinéad Fagan

Of what are you singing little caged bird?
Of how you got trapped in a net?
How you used to weave your little nest?
How the cage separated you from your dear friend?
Or of your happiness
In the sweetness of your nest-home?
Of catching flies
For the little ones?
Of freedom, the forest,
Of hills high,
Of pastures green
Or fields full and wide perhaps?
Lonely, poor thing,
To be propped on a perch
Looking from a window at the sun.
On sunny days, you bathe yourself,
With a gorgeous song you soak yourself,
You remember the past,
Forget your sadness.
You peck at seeds,
And thirstily drink water.

Genesis

1 In principio creavit Deus cælum et terram. **2** Terra autem erat inanis et vacua, et tenebræ erant super faciem abyssi : et spiritus Dei ferebatur super aquas. **3** Dixitque Deus : Fiat lux. Et facta est lux. **4** Et vidit Deus lucem quod esset bona : et divisit lucem a tenebris. **5** Appellavitque lucem Diem, et tenebras Noctem : factumque est vespere et mane, dies unus. **6** Dixit quoque Deus : Fiat firmamentum in medio aquarum : et dividat aquas ab aquis. **7** Et fecit Deus firmamentum, divisitque aquas, quæ erant sub firmamento, ab his, quæ erant super firmamentum. Et factum est ita. **8** Vocavitque Deus firmamentum, Cælum : et factum est vespere et mane, dies secundus. **9** Dixit vero Deus : Congregentur aquæ, quæ sub cælo sunt, in locum unum : et appareat arida. Et factum est ita. **10** Et vocavit Deus aridam Terram, congregationesque aquarum appellavit Maria. Et vidit Deus quod esset bonum. **11** Et ait : Germinet terra herbam virentem, et facientem semen, et lignum pomiferum faciens fructum juxta genus suum, cujus semen in semetipso sit super terram. Et factum est ita. **12** Et protulit terra herbam virentem, et facientem semen juxta genus suum, lignumque faciens fructum, et habens unumquodque sementem secundum speciem suam. Et vidit Deus quod esset bonum. **13** Et factum est vespere et mane, dies tertius. **14** Dixit autem Deus : Fiant luminaria in firmamento cæli, et dividant diem ac noctem, et sint in signa et tempora, et dies et annos : **15** ut luceant in firmamento cæli, et illuminent terram. Et factum est ita. **16** Fecitque Deus duo luminaria magna : luminare majus, ut præesset diei : et luminare minus, ut præesset nocti : et stellas. **17** Et posuit eas in firmamento cæli, ut lucerent super terram, **18** et præessent diei ac nocti, et dividerent lucem ac tenebras. Et vidit Deus quod esset bonum. **19** Et factum est vespere et mane, dies quartus. **20** Dixit etiam Deus : Producant aquæ reptile animæ viventis, et volatile super terram sub firmamento cæli. **21** Creavitque Deus cete grandia, et omnem animam viventem atque motabilem, quam produxerant aquæ in species suas, et omne volatile secundum genus suum. Et vidit

Genesis

trans. Bernard Mackey

1 In the beginning God brought forth sky and earth. **2** The earth was but empty and vacant, and darkness was over an unbounded form: and the breath of God progressed over the waters. **3** God spoke: May light receive form. And light was formed. **4** And God perceived that light was good: and divided light from darkness. **5** The light was named Day, and the darkness Night: evening and morning were fashioned, the first day. **6** God further spoke: may a firmament be formed in the midst of the waters: and may the waters be divided from the waters. **7** And God formed the firmament, divided the waters which are below the firmament, from those which are above the firmament. And thus it was done. **8** God christened the firmament, Sky: and evening and morning were done, the second day. **9** God rightly spoke: may the waters be collected, which are below the sky, in a single place: and dry land appeared. And thus it was made. **10** And God christened the dry land Earth, the collection of waters was named Oceans. And God perceived that it was good. **11** And said: earth put forth verdant herb, and produce seed, and fruit-bearing tree produce fruit in like of their order, whose own seed may be upon the earth. And thus it was done. **12** And the earth brought forth verdant herb, and produced seed in like of its order, the tree produced fruit, and each one had seed succeeding its kind. And God perceived that it was good. **13** And evening and morning were done, the third day. **14** Now God spoke: May lights appear in the heavenly firmament, and distinguish day and night, and may they serve as signs and seasons, and days and years: **15** hence they may shine in the heavenly firmament, and illuminate the earth. And thus it was made. **16** God fashioned two vast lights: a greater light, that may preside over the day: and a lesser light, that may preside over the night: and stars. **17** And set them in the heavenly firmament, so that they may shine above the earth, **18** and may preside over the day and the night, and divide light and darkness. And God perceived that it was good. **19** And evening and morning were done, the fourth day. **20** God also spoke: May the waters beget

Deus quod esset bonum. **22** Benedixitque eis, dicens : Crescite, et multiplicamini, et replete aquas maris : avesque multiplicentur super terram. **23** Et factum est vespere et mane, dies quintus. **24** Dixit quoque Deus : Producat terra animam viventem in genere suo, jumenta, et reptilia, et bestias terræ secundum species suas. Factumque est ita. **25** Et fecit Deus bestias terræ juxta species suas, et jumenta, et omne reptile terræ in genere suo. Et vidit Deus quod esset bonum, **26** et ait : Faciamus hominem ad imaginem et similitudinem nostram : et præsit piscibus maris, et volatilibus cæli, et bestiis, universæque terræ, omnique reptili, quod movetur in terra. **27** Et creavit Deus hominem ad imaginem suam : ad imaginem Dei creavit illum, masculum et feminam creavit eos. **28** Benedixitque illis Deus, et ait : Crescite et multiplicamini, et replete terram, et subjicite eam, et dominamini piscibus maris, et volatilibus cæli, et universis animantibus, quæ moventur super terram. **29** Dixitque Deus : Ecce dedi vobis omnem herbam afferentem semen super terram, et universa ligna quæ habent in semetipsis sementem generis sui, ut sint vobis in escam : **30** et cunctis animantibus terræ, omnique volucris cæli, et universis quæ moventur in terra, et in quibus est anima vivens, ut habeant ad vescendum. Et factum est ita. **31** Viditque Deus cuncta quæ fecerat, et erant valde bona. Et factum est vespere et mane, dies sextus.

2 1 Igitur perfecti sunt cæli et terra, et omnis ornatus eorum. **2** Complevitque Deus die septimo opus suum quod fecerat : et requievit die septimo ab universo opere quod patrarat. **3** Et benedixit diei septimo, et sanctificavit illum, quia in ipso cessaverat ab omni opere suo quod creavit Deus ut faceret.

Original text used is that of the Clementine Vulgate, the edition of the Bible used by the Roman Catholic Church from the late 16th Century until 1979.

living creeping animals, and birds over the earth below the heavenly firmament. **21** God created huge sea creatures, and every animal that has life and moves, which the waters brought forth in their own kind, and every bird following their own order. And God perceived that it was good. **22** He consecrated them, saying: Arise, and multiply, and become abundant in the ocean waters: birds multiply over the earth. **23** And evening and morning were done, the fifth day. **24** God further spoke: May the earth beget living animals in their own order, livestock, and reptiles, and beasts of the earth following their own kind. And thus it was done. **25** And God fashioned beasts of the earth following their own kind, and livestock, and all reptiles of the earth from their own order. And God perceived that it was good, **26** and said: We shall fashion humankind to our image and likeness: and they shall be set above the fish of the ocean, and birds of the sky, and beasts, the whole earth, all reptiles, which move on the earth. **27** And God created humankind to his own image: to the image of God they were created, male and female he created them. **28** God consecrated them, and affirmed: Arise and multiply, and become abundant on the earth, and govern it, and rule the fish of the ocean, and birds of the air, and the collective of living creatures, who move upon the earth. **29** God spoke: See I have rendered to you all herbage that brings forth seed upon the earth, and all trees which hold in themselves seed of their own order, so that they may be substance to you: **30** and from the collective beasts of the earth, all birds of the sky, and the entirety who move on earth, and in whom is a breath of life, so you may have as sustenance. And thus it was made. **31** God perceived all together what He had made, and it was very good. And evening and morning were done, the sixth day.

2 1 And so completed were heaven and earth, and all their adornment. **2** God concluded on the seventh day his labour that he had made: and rested the seventh day from all the work which he had achieved. **3** And he consecrated the seventh day, and sanctified it, because on it God was still from all his work that he had brought forth through creation.

Four poems by Ernesto Cardenal

trans. Keith Payne

El Celular

Hablas en tu celular
y hablas y hablas
y ríes en tu celular
sin saber cómo se hizo
y menos cómo funciona
pero qué importa eso
lo grave es que no sabes
 como yo tampoco sabía
 que muchos mueren en el Congo
miles y miles
 por ese celular
 mueren en el Congo
en sus montañas hay coltán
 (ademas de oro y diamantes)
usado para los condensadores
de los teléfonos celulares
por el control de los minerales
 corporaciones multinacionales
 hacen guerra inacabable
 5 millones de muertos en 15 años
y no quieren que se sepa
 país de inmensa riqueza
 con población pobrísima
80% de las reservas mundiales
de coltán están en el Congo
yace coltán desde hace
tres mil millones de años

The Mobile

You talk on your mobile
and talk and talk
and you laugh on your mobile
but you've no idea how do they it, do you?
You've no idea how it works
but sure what matter
what matter's is you don't know
 like I didn't know
 that a lot die in the Congo
thousands and thousands
 die for that mobile
 in the Congo
there's Coltan in the mountains
 (as well as gold and diamonds)
for those capacitors
on your mobile phone
and for the control of the minerals
 multinational corporations
 make endless war
 5 million dead in 15 years
and they don't want you to know
 about a country with massive wealth
 and a poor population
80% of world reserves of Coltan
are in the Congo
Coltan has been there
for three million years

Spanish

Nokia, Motorola, Compak, Sony
compran el coltán
también el Pentágono y también
la corporación del New York Times
y no quieren que se sepa
ni quieren que se pare la guerra
para seguir agarrando el coltán
niños de 7 a 10 años extraen el coltán
porque sus pequeños cuerpos
cabén en los pequeños huecos
por 25 centavos al día
y mueren montones de niños
por el polvo del coltán
o martillando la piedra
que les cae encima
también the New York Times
que no quiere que se sepa
y así es que no se sabe
ese crimen organizado
de las multinacionales
la Biblia identifica justicia y verdad
y el amor y la verdad
la importancia pues es de la verdad
que nos hará libres
también la verdad del coltán
coltán dentro de tu celular
en el que hablas y hablas
y ríes en tu celular.

Nokia, Motorola, Compak, Sony
 they all buy Coltan
 the Pentagon too and also that corporation
 the New York Times
and they don't want you to know
and they don't want the war to end
just so they can keep getting the Coltan
children of 7 and 10-years-old mine the Coltan
because their small bodies fit
 into tiny spaces
for 25 cents a day
and lots of children die
for the Coltan dust
or hammering at the rock
that falls on them
Yes and The New York Times
 they don't want you to know
 and so you have no idea
 about the organised crime
 of the multinationals
the Bible goes on about justice and truth
 and love and truth
what matter's here is the truth
 the truth that'll set us free
and that's the truth about Coltan
the Coltan inside your mobile
the one on which you talk and talk
 and laugh on your mobile.

2 A.M. Es la hora de Oficio Nocturno...

2 A.M. Es la hora de Oficio Nocturno, y la iglesia
en penumbra parece que esta llena de demonios.
Ésta es la hora de las tinieblas y de las fiestas.
La hora de mis parrandas. Y regresa mi pasado.

Y mi pecado está siempre delante de mí.

Y mientras recitamos los salmos, mis recuerdos
interfieren el rezo como radios y como roconolas.
Vuelven viejas escenas de cine, pesadillas, horas
solas en hoteles, bailes, viajes, besos, bares.
Y surgen rostros olvidados. Cosas siniestras.
Somoza asesinado sale de su mausoleo. (Con
Sehón, rey de los amorreos, y Og, rey de Basán).
Las luces del “Copacabana” rielando en le agua negra
del malecón, que mana de las cloacas de Managua.
Conversaciones absurdas de noches de borrachera
que se repiten y repiten como un disco rayado.
Y los gritos de las ruletas, y las roconolas.

Y mi pecado está siempre delante de mí

Es la hora en que brillan las luces de los burdeles
y las cantinas. La casa de Caifás esta llena de gente.
Las luces del palacio de Somoza están prendidas.
Es la hora en que se reúnen los Consejos de Guerra
y los técnicos en torturas bajan a las prisiones.
La hora de los policías secretos y de los espías,
cuando los ladrones y los adulteros rondan las casas
y se ocultan los cádaveres. Un cuerpo cae al agua.
Es la hora en que los moribundos entran en agonía.
La hora del sudor en el huerto, y de las tentaciones.
Afuera los primeros pájaros cantan tristes,
llamando al sol. Es la hora de la tinieblas.
Y la inglesia está helada, como llena de demonios,
mientras seguimos en la noche recitando los salmos.

2 A.M. The Night Office

2 A.M. The Night Office, and the half-light of the church
seems filled with demons.

This is the dark hour, the hour of my cups.

The hour of my benders. And my past returns.

And my sin always before me.

And as we intone the Psalms, radios

and Wurlitzers interfere with the common prayer.

Old movie clips, nightmares, lonely hours

in hotel rooms, lips, clubs, trips and bars.

The rising tide of forgotten faces. Sinister things.

Assassinated Somoza steps out from the crypt.

(With Sihon, king of the Amorites and Og, king of Bashan.)

The bright lights of the “Copacabana” flash

on the black, sewer-fed waters of Managua.

Scrawled riffs from nights on the piss

over and over and over like a record.

Screams from the roulette wheel, and the Wurlitzer.

And my sin always before me

The bars are steaming and it’s that time

when the brothel lights shine. Caiaphas’ place is jammers

Somoza’s palace lit up – all the lights are on tonight.

Round about now the war mongrels meet.

The torture technicians head down to the cells.

It’s the hour of secret police and spies,

thieves and other fuckers creeping ‘round your house

stashing bodies. A body falls into the water.

It’s the hour the dying agony starts.

It’s the hour of bait and night sweats in the garden.

The first sad birdsong outside, calling for the sun.

It is the hour of the shadows.

The church is frozen, as if it were full of demons

while we carry on into the night singing Psalms.

Me contaron que estabas enamorado de otro

Me contaron que estabas enamorado de otro
y entonces me fui a mi cuarto
y escribí ese artículo contra el Gobierno
por el que estoy preso.

Extract from Hora 0

En abril, en Nicaragua, los campos están secos.
Es el mes de las quemas de los campos,
del calor, y los potreros cubiertos de brasas,
y los cerros que son de color de carbón;
del viento caliente, y el aire que huele a quemado,
y de los campos que se ven azulados por el humo
y las polvaredas de los tractores destroncando;
de los cauces de los ríos secos como caminos y
las ramas de los palos peladas como raíces;
de los soles borrosos y rojos como sangre
y las lunas enormes y rojas como soles,
y las quemas lejanas, de noche, como estrellas.

They said you were in love with someone else

They said you were in love with someone else
so I went to my room and wrote this article
against the Government
it's for that I'm imprisoned.

Extract from O Hour

April, and the country is dry in Nicaragua.
It's the month of field burnings
of the heat, and ember covered hills,
the carbon-black pastures;
of the hot wind, the air itself burnt,
the fields blue for the swailings
and the haggard tractors coughing dust;
the tracks of dry riverbeds and the
skinned limbs of branches now roots;
bleary and blood-red suns
huge and sun-red moons,
and the distant fires, by night, like stars.

To Niall Woods and Xenya Ostrovskaia,
married in Dublin on 9 September 2009
Eiléan Ní Chuillenáin

I.

When you look out across the fields
And you both see the same star
Pitching its tent on the point of the steeple -
That is the time to set out on your journey,
With half a loaf and your mother's blessing.

II.

Leave behind the places that you knew:
All that you leave behind you will find once more,
You will find it in the stories;
The sleeping beauty in her high tower
With her talking cat asleep
Solid beside her feet - you will see her again.

III.

When the cat wakes up he will speak
speak Irish and Russian
And every night he will tell you a different tale
About the firebird that stole the golden apples,
gone every morning out of the emperor's garden,
And about the King of Ireland's Son
and the Enchanter's Daughter

IV.

The story the cat does not know
is the Book of Ruth
And I have no time to tell you how she fared
When she went out at night and was afraid,
In the beginning of the barley harvest,
Or how she trusted to strangers
and stood by her word:
You will have to trust me,
she lived happily ever after.

‘Нилу Вудсу и Ксении Островской,
поженившимся в Дублине 9 сентября 2009’
Eiléan Ní Chuillenáin
trans. Sinéad Fagan

I.

Когда вы смотрите в даль над полями
И видите одну и ту же звезду
Ночующую на шпиле церкви
Вам пора собираться в путь
С половиной буханки хлеба и материнским благословением.

II.

Оставьте позади те места, которые вы знали
Все, что оставляете, вы найдёте вновь
Еще найдёте в сказках;
Спящую Красавицу в башне
И её верного друга-
Говорящего кота у её ног.

III.

Когда кот проснётся, он заговорит
по- гэльски и по-русски,
И каждый вечер он расскажет новую сказку
О Жар-Птице, укравшей золотые яблок
исчезнувшие из царского сада,
И о сыне ирландского короля,
и о дочери чародея.

IV.

есть история, которую кот не знает-
История библейской Руфь,
Мне некогда рассказывать, каково ей было,
Когда она шла в темноте, дрожа от страха,
Когда начался сбор урожая, или
Как она полагалась на чужаков
и держала своё слово;
Поверьте мне,
она жила долго и счастливо.

Le Dormeur du Val
Arthur Rimbaud

C'est un trou de verdure, où chante une rivière
Accrochant follement aux herbes des haillons
D'argent; où le soleil, de la montagne fière,
Luit: c'est un petit val qui mousse de rayons.

Un soldat jeune, bouche ouverte, tête nue,
Et la nuque baignant dans le frais cresson bleu,
Dort; il est étendu dans l'herbe, sous la nue,
Pâle dans son lit vert où la lumière pleut.

Les pieds dans les glaïeuls, il dort. Souriant comme
Sourirait un enfant malade, il fait un somme:
Nature, berce-le chaudement: il a froid.

Les parfums ne font pas frissonner sa narine;
Il dort dans le soleil, la main sur sa poitrine,
Tranquille. Il a deux trous rouges au côté droit.

The Sleeper in the Valley
Arthur Rimbaud
trans. Liath Gleeson

In the verdant hollow a river sings,
Throwing up tendrils of silvery thread
On the grass; where the sun, from the mountain's great wings,
Gleams: in the valley the golden beams spread.

A young soldier, mouth open, head bare,
On a dewy pillow of fresh blue cress,
Sleeps; he is stretched in the grass, 'neath the air,
Pale in his bed with the sun's green caress.

With his feet in the foxgloves , he sleeps. Smiling the smile
Of a feverish child , his rest is light:
Nature, warmly cradle him: he is cold.

No perfume will stir up a quiver in his breast ;
He sleeps in the sun, a hand on his chest,
Serene. In his side are two hollow red holes.

The Ruin
trans. Dr Helen Conrad O'Briain



Marvelous is this stone wall; fate and circumstance
have broken the city. The giants' work decays.
Roofs are caved in, towers ruined,
the vandalized gate, white with frost edging the mortar;
the weather-shields of men are chipped and cracked,
undermined with age. The earth's grip, the hard grasp of the field, holds
the dead, the departed master-builders, until a hundred generations
of peoples shall have passed away. Often this wall, grey with lichen, red
stained,
endured through kingdom after kingdom
it stood steadfast through the storms; this wall, broad and towering,
collapsed
Still that masonry remains fretted by weather
.....
grimly sharpenedshone

.....deep intelligence ancient work
bowed down with the weight of muddy earth
intelligence and spirit a strong wit conceived
a clever plan in curving shapes, bound with wires
the wall braces marvelously together

Shining were the city's houses, the many baths,
a towering wealth of gables, filled with a great martial roar
many banqueting halls full of the joy of men
until fate the mighty changed that.
Slain men lay dead across the fields, days of sickness came
Death took all of those sword valiant men.
Their battlefields, their sanctuaries were desolate
the fortified city decayed. The caretakers fell,
armies and idols to the earth, and the result: those buildings
disintegrate
and this red curved roof of the ceiling vault sheds tiles
in ruin they fell to earth, broken in heaps. There once many a man
glad-hearted and gold-bright splendidly accoutered.
arrogant, flushed with wine shone in his war gear;
that man looked on treasure, on silver, on intricately set gems,
on wealth, on possessions, on magnificent stones
and that shining city of a broad kingdom
The stone halls stood, the flowing water threw off heat
in a broad swell, a wall enclosed within
the shining bosom, there were the baths
heart hot. That was handy.
Then they let pour
over the grey stone hot streams
until the hot round pool
where the baths were
Then is

Editor's Note: This submission stands alone as a photo representation of the original text of "The Ruin" could not be secured at this time. The ellipses in the text represent the sections where the original fragment is damaged/illegible to the extent that the words of the original text have been lost.

Carmina XVI
Catullus

Pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo,
Aureli pathice et cinaede Furi,
qui me ex versiculis meis putastis,
quod sunt molliculi, parum pudicum.
nam castum esse decet pium poetam
ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est,
qui tum denique habent salem ac leporem,
si sunt molliculi ac parum pudici
et quod pruriat incitare possunt,
non dico pueris, sed his pilosis,
qui duros nequeunt movere lumbos.
vos quod milia multa basiorum
legistis, male me marem putatis?
pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo.

Scullion's Shanty XVI

Catullus

trans. by Julie Leblanc

I will upbehind your bumboat and keelhaul you,
Aurelius, you cockswain, and Furius, you bunting tosser.
You swung your lamp and beat to quarters,
spreading lies that my barque's awash, all standing.
You'd think being a humble jack would be enough
without needing his cuntline wormed as well.
Damn you, my barque's a be'landre, handsomely hardened up.
My hull is flush 'round its curving figurehead.
Since even in a squall you know I can arrest
not just young dogs, but you old barnacles as well
oakum picked, yet nothing stirs below decks
you, who've kissed a thousand gunner's daughters and still
run aground; you think I'm capable of bottomry?
I will upbehind your bumboat and keelhaul you.

Extract from Moritz Tassow, A Comedy
Peter Hacks

trans. Klara-maeve O'Reilly

Scene 8 – In Front of the Palace, pp. 557-59.
Lines 1322 - 1359

Mattukat: Are you Moritz?

Moritz: Tassow, w at the end.

Mattukat: Mattukat. So, your dealings under Hitler?

Moritz: I tended pigs and kept my silence.

Mattukat: Your silence?

Moritz: Yet expectant, eyes open always
and waiting for this here news sheet

*He pulls a greasy, crumpled newspaper which
seemingly had been used as wrapping,
from his pocket,*

And its message: the pacific Nazi empire
of Nippon, undone in two mushrooms, was now
in pieces and puant. That day war lay dead, born
was I. For until then, feel safe to say,
I had not existed, not in any sense.

Mattukat: Now, it is a lot you had not done.

Not even existed.

Moritz: And you?

Mattukat: I worked against Hitler.

Moritz: For how long?

Mattukat: Until thirtyfour.

Moritz: And then?

Mattukat: The camps.

Moritz: Is that to have done something? To let yourself

be dried by hunger, to be frittered away
in barbed wire, is that to exist? Who did
you benefit? To chance delivered your life
when you had better taken more care.

For it is needed now, as mine is too.

Mattukat: The squire did flee?

Moritz: Destroyed.

Mattukat: And the crop?

Moritz: Not a clue.

Mattukat: What? I ask, who tills the fields now? How much
is reaped, how much is threshed? Is the
autumn sowing progressing?

Moritz: You don't ask: who did banish the squire?

Are you a hag of herbs? You grabble for roots

Yet here, dear Sir, the state was toppled.

Mattukat: So do I ask, is it overthrown, truly?

Moritz: Beg pardon. Just to make sure we concord:

You're quite certain you are a communist?

Mattukat: Have been since thirtytwo. And know what I ask.

Yet you will not have heard me denigate
the revolutionary spirit of the farms hands.

Moritz: Them? Numbskulls.

Mattukat: So who did banish the squire?

Moritz: Ah, now you want to know.

Mattukat: Who?

Moritz: Me.

Mattukat: All by yourself?

Moritz zu *Mattukat*
Nämlich ich schwörs Ihnen, in fünfzehn Jahren
Ist alles hier kollektiviert.

Mattukat Ich hoffts.

Moritz Dann werd ich recht haben.

Mattukat Dann werden Sie
Unrecht gehabt haben, in fünfzehn Jahren, 2740
In hundert und in soviel, als die Welt währt.
Recht haben kann man nie als hier und heut.

Moritz Aber Sie müssen mir doch zugestehn,
Daß ich ganz einfach meiner Zeit voraus war.

Mattukat Ich würde sagen, Tassow, daß Sie einfach 2745
Ein Narr sind.

Moritz So?
Geht.

Mattukat Was werden Sie jetzt tun?

Moritz Mein Herr, ich such mir einen andren Acker
Für mein Geschäft, die karge Saat der Zukunft
Mit Zangen aus dem Boden hochzuziehn.
Ich werde Schriftsteller.

Scene 13- In Front of the Palace
Lines 2738-2749

Moritz: *to Mattukat*

I tell you, in fifteen years all this will
be collectivised.

Mattukat: I hope so.

Moritz: Then I'll be in the right.

Mattukat: Then you will have been in the wrong, be it
in fifteen years, in a hundred, in as many
as this world has years left. Only in the here
and now can one be right, only now.

Moritz: But you have to grant me this: I was ahead
of my times.

Mattukat: I would grant you that you are a fool, Tassow.

Moritz: So? (leaves) What are you going to do now?

Mattukat: Dear Sir, I will find another field to plough
with my trade, that is plying the meagre harvest
of the future from the ground. I'll be a writer.

Fif Ænglisc Rædelsas

- Mec on þissum dagum deadne ofgeafon
fæder ond modor; ne wæs me feorh þa gen,
ealdor in innan. Þa mec an ongon,
welhold mege, wedum þeccan,
5 heold ond freopode, hleosceorpe wrah
swa arlice swa hire agen bearn,
oþþæt ic under sceate, swa min gesceapu wæron,
ungesibbum wearð eacen gæste.
Mec seo friþemæg fedde siþþan,
10 oþþæt ic aweox, widdor meahte
siþas asettan. Heo hæfde swæstra þy læs
suna ond dohtra, þy heo swa dyde.
-

- Nis min sele swige, ne ic sylfa hlud
ymb dryhtsele; unc dryhten scop
siþ ætsomne. Ic eom swiftra þonne he,
þragum stregra, he þreohtigra.
5 Hwilum ic me reste; he sceal rinnan forð.
Ic him in wunige a þenden ic lifge;
gif wit unc gedælað, me bið deað witod.
-

- Ic on wincle gefrægn weaxan nathwæt,
þindan ond þunian, þecene hebban;
on þæt banlease bryd grapode,
hygewlonc hondum, hrægle þeahte
5 þrindende þing þeodnes dohtor.

Original text from George Philip Krapp and Eliot Van Kirk Dobbie (eds), The Exeter Book, The Anglo-Saxon Poetic Records Vol. 3 (New York: Columbia University Press, 1936), pp 184-5, 194, 205, 238.

Five Old English Riddles trans. Gerard Hynes

- They left me dead in those days,
my father and mother, there wasn't life in me then,
stirrings inside. But one began,
a kind kinswoman, to clothe and cover me.
- 5 She held and protected me, wrapped me up
as kindly as her own children,
until, as fate had it, under that cover
my life grew great; the outsider.
That good woman fed me afterwards
- 10 until I grew up and could set out
on further journeys. She had fewer loved ones,
sons and daughters, the more she loved me.
-

- My hall isn't silent, nor am I loud
about that home; the Lord made us two,
to journey together. I am swifter than him,
sometimes stronger; he's more enduring.
- 5 Sometimes I rest; he has to run on.
I'll dwell in him as long as I live;
if we two part, it'll be my death.
-

- In a corner I found something growing,
rising up and spreading out, heaving at a garment.
That boneless thing a woman grabs,
with haughty hands; covered with her dress
- 5 the swelling thing, a lord's daughter.

Ic eom weorð werum, wide funden,
brungen of bearwum ond of beorghleoþum,
of denum ond of dunum. Dægес mec wægun
feþre on lifte, feredon mid liste
5 under hrofes hleo. Hæleð mec siþþan
baþedan in bydene. Nu ic eom bindere
ond swingere, sona weorpe
esne to eorþan, hwilum ealdne ceorl.
Sona þæt onfindeð, se þe mec fehð ongean,
10 ond wið mægenþisan minre genæsteð,
þæt he hrycge sceal hrusan secan,
gif he unrædes ær ne geswicedð,
strenго bistolen, strong on spræce,
mægene binumen; nah his modes geweald,
15 fota ne folma. Frige hwæt ic hatte,
ðe on eorþan swa esnas binde,
dole æfter dyntum be dægес leohte.

Hrægl min swigað, þonne ic hrusan trede,
oþþe þa wic buge, oþþe wado drefe.
Hwilum mec ahebbað ofer haleþa byht
hyrste mine, ond þeos hea lyft,
5 ond mec þonne wide wolcna strengu
ofer folc byreð. Frætwe mine
swogaþ hlude ond swinsiað
torhte singað, þonne ic getenge ne beom
flode ond foldan, ferende gæst.

I am valuable to men, found far and wide,
brought from groves and mountain slopes,
from valleys and downs. By day they carried me,
like feathers in the sky, with skill they brought me
5 under their roofs. Afterwards men
bathed me in a tub. Now I'm the binder
and scourger; immediately I throw
a man to the earth, sometimes an old farmer.
He figures it out soon when he struggles against me
10 grapples me in force,
that his back'll have to seek the ground
if he doesn't quit from such bad advice;
deprived of strength, the power of speech,
out of his mind, the strength gone
15 from his hands and feet. What am I called,
who straps men to earth,
dazed with blows from the light of day?

My dress is silent when I tread the earth,
or dwell at home or stir the waters.
Sometimes they lift me up over men's dwellings,
my ornaments, through this high sky;
5 then the strength of the sky bears me
over people. My ornaments
resound loudly, and sing,
sing splendidly, when I'm not resting
on flood and ground, a spirit faring.

Growth of Man--like Growth of Nature--
Emily Dickinson

Growth of Man -- like Growth of Nature --
Gravitates within --
Atmosphere, and Sun endorse it --
But it stir -- alone --

Each -- its difficult Ideal
Must achieve -- Itself --
Through the solitary prowess
Of a Silent Life --

Effort -- is the sole condition --
Patience of Itself --
Patience of opposing forces --
And intact Belief --

Looking on -- is the Department
Of its Audience --
But Transaction -- is assisted
By no Countenance --

Rozwój Człowieka – jak Rozwój Natury --
Emily Dickinson
trans. Joanna Krawiec

Rozwój Człowieka – jak Rozwój Natury
Grawituje wewnątrz –
Atmosfery i Słońce go wspiera –
Lecz porusza się – sam --

Każdy z nich – swój złożony Ideał
Musi osiągnąć – Sam –
Poprzez samotną walkę
Cichego Życia –

Wysiłek – to jedyny warunek --
Cierpliwość do Samego Siebie --
Cierpliwość do przeciwności --
Oraz niewzruszona Wiara –

Przyglądający się – Oddział
Jego Widzów –
Lecz tej Transakcji – nie towarzyszy
Żadne Oblicze --

Five poems by Murō Saisei

かほ

或る夜

よくかほを見せろといつた
かほなんか見たつてどうなる
見たければよく見ておくやう答へた。
間もなく
もういい
ゆつくりかほを見たといつた。
變つたことをけふはいふ
けふはいつもとちがふ
しかしその日もことなく去つた
そんな日は凡てことなく過ぎるものだ
その日は凡ての日のごとくことなくすぎた
そのつぎに来た日は
そんなやさしいものではなかつた。
死がつぎの日には待ち伏せてゐたのだ。

Five poems by 室生犀星

trans. Jason Morgan

Face

One night

he said, "Let me take a good look at your face."

"What will happen if you look at my face?"

"If I want to look at your face, I'll look good and long," he replied.

Before long,

he said, "That's enough.

I took a good, long look at your face."

He says something strange today,

today is not like other days.

But that day, too, was gone, undistinguished.

Those days all pass with nothing happening at all.

That day passed with nothing happening, just like all the other days.

The next day came.

It was not as easy-going.

Death was lying in wait for him on that next day.

はかなさ

どの林も
はだかになる前に
草雲雀はみんなゐなくなつた、
そのなきがらは
塵となり埃となつて
風に乗つて何處へか立つてしまつた。
あとに何ものこらず、
極めて薩張りしたものだ、
はかないといふことばは
人間にだけ使はれるらしい。

ひと朝

そのいもうとも吉原につとむとや
ややとしとりしお女郎の
東京こひしと言ひつのも
旅のひと朝のわかれともなき
かれんにも優しかるをみなご
ましろの肌にも雪もふりたり

Fleetingness

Whenever a wood
is about to lose its leaves,
first the grass crickets all die.

Their lifeless husks
become the soil, become the dirt,
mounted on the wind, blown to no one knows where.

Nothing is left behind.

It is an extremely clean and simple thing.

“Fleetingness” is a word
that it seems can be used only for people.

One Morning

So that little sister is working in Yoshiwara, too.
The prostitute is showing her age a little,
arguing so strenuously about how much she misses Tokyo.

But then crying on the morning she leaves on the trip.
A girl so touchingly sweet and kind,
snow even falling on her pure white skin.

心そむけるひと

をみなごをながむるごとに
このひと幸ひならむかを憂ふ
かかるよしなき我に
をみなごの心叛きて
乾ける口に熱きものを與ふなれ
心そむけるひとの何んぞ美しき

夕あかり

もう夕あかりは
どこにもとどまつてゐない、
もし夕明かりがとどまつてゐるとしたら
それはもやのやうな
柔らかい全體的なものにすぎない。
そんな景色に
檜鳥は一日のくれてゆくのを
どうにかとどめようと
遠くですばらしい立派な聲で鳴く、
ひとこゑなくごとに
もやのやうな夕あかりは
山にも
木の間にも
もうりんかくさへ見せてゐなくなつた。
けれども檜鳥は鳴くことを止めようとし
あるかないかの明りにすぎる
悲壮な彼のこゑだけが
こだまを返して
平原のはてにひろがる。

One Who Sets their Heart Against

Whenever I look at this woman
I am distressed to think that she may never know good fortune

The heart of this woman turns against me,
I who have suffered so meaninglessly

Like lifting hot food into a dry mouth,
There is something, something so beautiful about one who sets their
heart against

Evening Glow

The evening glow
doesn't linger anywhere now.

If the evening glow were lingering anywhere
it would be nothing more than a soft and everywhere thing,
like the mist.

In this scene
a jay sings far off a splendid, a noble song
as though somehow trying to arrest
the dying of the day.

As he sings his lonely notes
the mist-like evening glow
has stopped revealing even its outer edge
in the mountains
and amid the trees.

But the jay doesn't stop crying out.
He clings to the glow that by now may not even remain.

Only his heroic voice
echoes and re-echoes,
spreading out to the edges of the plain.

不思議なる顔

地面からそろそろと這ひ出してくる蝉を見つめて
ゐると

誰かの顔に似てゐるやうな気がする

まだ地中の奥にゐて

いちども見たことのないものの顔が浮んでくる

這ひだしたからのままの蝉が

ずんずんわたしの方を見つめて歩いてくる

ふしぎに誰かによく似た顔で

泥にまみれて這うてくるのが恐しい

部屋にこもりて

わたしの部屋には

つめたい陶器ばかりあつまつてある

わたしはそれに觸りながらゐると

いつも雨にさわるやうな気がする

わたしはときどきさういふ冷たいものに

觸らうとする自分をいとふ

もうすこし温かいものに

わたしの慰めよ しづかに思ひをかけよ

さうわたしは考へるけれども

やはり手をつめたくさわらしてゐる

An Unsettling Face

I've been staring at this cicada slowly crawling out of the ground,
thinking to myself that he looks like someone

Up comes the face of someone still living deep in the ground,
the face of someone I'd never seen before

He crawls out, shell and all,
walking at a good clip towards me, staring right at me all the while

It's unsettling, but his face looks just like someone.
It's terrifying: he comes crawling towards me, covered in mud

Holed Up in My Room

In my room
I've got a collection of nothing but cold pottery—
while I'm touching them
it always feels like I'm touching the rain.

I don't like that I do that,
that I sometimes want to touch cold things like that.

Let me seek solace
in some slightly warmer thing.

I think these thoughts in silence.
This, at any rate, is what I think.
But then I find, alas, that I'm coldly touching my hands.

良きもの深きもの

自分を心はあせるもあせる
 迅雷のやうに今深きもの甘美なるものらに
 良きものる仕事に求めらるる
 たえざい完成を求幸あ存分なもものらに
 烈しうにかしして思ふめようとするのだ
 どうにかしして到かん
 この自分のを喜瞬間に觸手しよとするのだ
 こはれば凡てのいなものから壓力を感する
 自分は凡たは悲哀感にもほん
 凡自分は悲哀感にもほん
 ころの世の微塵にほんとに自分を泣かしめるものがある
 凡ての良きもの深きものは
 つねに重大を自分に乗せつける
 自分の力に荷責をこころみて来る
 一日の自分の中を埋められた良き芽は
 自分だんだん試みられるて育つ
 だんだんの良き芽は人心に燃え移り
 生きかへり
 いかばか革命し多
 悩みかば革命し多
 いかばか革命し多
 ああ良きもの深大なるもの
 美しくは幸福でにあるべきものらに
 自分の平和のの巣であく燃え
 この心は迅雷のさ！
 燃え増さるるさ！
 このこのたのしさの中に我が凡てはあるのだ

Good Things, Deep Things

I am rushed by my mind
rushed today, too, like a stroke of lightning
I seek the tempestuous perfection of good things, deep things
in the sweet things that come through incessant work
there is happiness in them, somehow
I'll try to bring to myself some way
to have all things to my heart's content
that made me happy
I'm going to try to reach out and touch that bright, clear moment
I feel the pressure from all things
I feel the sorrow
even in all trifling things
there are things even in the fragments of this world that can truly make
me cry
all the good things, the deep things
are forever loading me down with their ponderous weight
they come to test my strength with heavy loads
they corner me throughout the day

the good buds buried within myself
grow through ongoing testing, trying
they grow plump by and by
these good buds spread like fire out into the human heart
are reborn
how many are the joys
the possibilities for spawning distress or revolution
how right it is
how beautifully, splendidly shining a thing
Oh! good things, big, deep things
I move, day by day,
towards the things that ought to be beautiful and happy
I sit in my room, this peaceful nest
and my heart burns like the lightning strokes
flares up big
How enjoyable!
All that I am is in this enjoyableness

Extract from *Voyage au Centre de la Terre* Jules Verne

Cependant mon imagination m'empporte dans les merveilleuses hypothèses de la paléontologie. Je rêve tout éveillé. Je crois voir à la surface des eaux ces énormes Chersites, ces tortues antédiluviennes, semblables à des îlots flottants. Il me semble que sur les grèves assombries passent les grands mammifères des premiers jours, le Leptotherium, trouvé dans les cavernes du Brésil, le mericotherium, venu des régions glacées de la Sibérie. Plus loin, le pachyderme Lophiodon, ce tapir gigantesque, se cache derrière les rocs, prêt à disputer sa proie à l'Anoplotherium, animal étrange, qui tient du rhinocéros, du cheval, de l'hippopotame et du chameau, comme si le Créateur, pressé aux premières heures du monde, eût réuni plusieurs animaux en un seul. Le Mastodonte géant fait tourner sa trompe et broie sous ses défenses les rochers du rivage, tandis que le Megatherium, arc-bouté sur ses énormes pattes, fouille la terre en éveillant par ses rugissements l'écho des granits sonores. Plus haut, le Protopithèque, le premier singe apparu à la surface du globe, gravit les cimes ardues. Plus haut encore, le Ptérodactyle, à la main ailée, glisse comme une large chauve-souris sur l'air comprimé. Enfin, dans les dernières couches, des oiseaux immenses, plus puissants que le casoar, plus grands que l'autruche, déploient leurs vastes ailes et vont donner de la tête contre la paroi de la voûte granitique.

Tout ce monde fossile renaît dans mon imagination. Je me reporte aux époques bibliques de la création, bien avant la naissance de l'homme, lorsque la terre incomplète ne pouvait lui suffire encore. Mon rêve alors devance l'apparition des êtres animés. Les mammifères disparaissent, puis les oiseaux, puis

Original text taken from Jules Verne's 1864 First Edition of Voyage au Centre de la Terre. (Paris: Hetzel, 1864).

Journey to the Centre of the Earth
Jules Verne
trans. Emerson Richards

My imagination takes me into a marvelous hypothesis of paleontology. I am dreaming completely awake. I think that I see at the surface of the waters enormous Chersites, antediluvian tortoises, resembling small floating islands. It seems to me that above the darkened pebble beach, great mammals of the first days pass, the Leptotherium, found in the caverns of Brazil, the Mericotherium, come from the icy regions of Siberia. Farther away, the pachyderm Lophiodon, a giant tapir, hides itself behind the rocks, ready to battle for its prey with the Anoplotherium, a strange animal, which embodies the rhinoceros, the horse, the hippopotamus, and the camel, as if the Creator, pressed in the first hours of the world, had joined many animals into one. The giant Mastodon twirls its trunk and crushes river rocks under its tusks, while the Megatherium, buttressed on its enormous hooped legs, excavates the earth by wakening the echo of the sonorous granite with its roars. Even farther, the Protopithecus, the first simian to appear on the surface of the globe, gravitates to sleepy peaks. Further still, the Pterodactyl, with wingèd hand, glides like a large bat on the tightly-packed air. Finally in the last strata, some immense birds, stronger than the cassowary, larger than the ostrich, deploy their vast wings and almost hit their heads against the wall of the vast granite dome.

All of this fossil world is reborn in my imagination. I am brought back to the biblical epochs of creation, well before the birth of man, when the incomplete earth was not yet able to suffer him. My dream then goes further than the apparition of animate beings. The mammals disappear, then the birds, then the reptiles of the Second Epoch [Mesozoic], and finally the fish,

French

les reptiles de l'époque secondaire, et enfin les poissons, les crustacés, les mollusques, les articulés. Les zoophytes de la période de transition retournent au néant à leur tour. Toute la vie de la terre se résume en moi, et mon coeur est seul à battre dans ce monde dépeuplé. Il n'y plus de saisons; il n'y a plus de climats; la chaleur propre du globe s'accroît sans cesse et neutralise celle de l'astre radieux. La végétation s'exagère; je passe comme une ombre au milieu des fougères arborescentes, foulant de mon pas incertain les marnes irisées et les grès bigarrés du sol; je m'appuie au tronc des conifères immenses; je me couche à l'ombre des Sphenophylles, des Asterophylles et des Lycopodes hauts de cent pieds.

Les siècles s'écoulent comme des jours; je remonte la série des transformations terrestres; les plantes disparaissent; les roches granitiques perdent leur dureté; l'état liquide va remplacer l'état solide sous l'action d'une chaleur plus intense; les eaux courent à la surface du globe; elles bouillonnent, elles se volatilisent; les vapeurs enveloppent la terre, qui peu à peu ne forme plus qu'une masse gazeuse, portée au rouge blanc, grosse comme le soleil et brillante comme lui! Au centre de cette nébuleuse, quatorze cent mille fois plus considérable que ce globe qu'elle va former un jour, je suis entraîné dans les espaces planétaires; mon corps se subtilise, se sublime à son tour et se mélange comme un atome impondérable à ces immenses vapeurs qui tracent dans l'infini leur orbite enflammée!

the crustaceans, the mollusks, the arthropods. The zoophytes of the Transitional Period [Pliocene] also return to nothingness. All life on earth is summarized in me and my heart is the only one that beats in this depopulated world. There are no more seasons, there are no more climates, and the earth's heat increases without cessation and neutralizes that of the radiant star. The vegetation becomes more prominent; I pass like a shadow in the middle of these arborescent ferns, treading my uncertain step through the iridescent sandy loams and the colourful sandstones of the soil; I lean myself against the trunk of the immense conifers; I sleep in the shadow of the Sphenophylles, the Asterophylles, and the Lycopodes, all a hundred feet high.

The centuries flow by like days. I swim up the stream of terrestrial transformations; the plants disappear; the granite rocks lose their hardness; the liquid state replaces the solid state under the effect of a more intense heat; the waters run to the surface of the globe; they froth, they volatilize; the vapours envelop the earth, which little by little, do not form more than a gaseous mass, brought to red-white heat, big and brilliant like the sun! At the center of this nebula, fourteen hundred thousand times more considerable than this globe which it will form one day, I am dragged into the planetary spaces; my body subtilises and sublimates in turn—it is made thin, and rare then more fluid and volatile—and mixes like an imponderable atom in these immense vapors which engrave their flaming orbit into infinity!

Je ne t'aime pas, Paulus

Agnès Desarthe

C'était là, dans cette boîte de nuit reconstituée par les talents de décoratrice de Johana, devant tous les gens de ma classe et sur de la musique funk, que mon sort allait se jouer.

- Qu'est-ce qu'il y a, Julia ? me demanda Johana.

Tu n'enlèves pas ton manteau ?

- Si, si, dis-je d'une voix étranglée en laissant glisser les manches du duffle-coat qui me servait d'armure.

- Ben dis donc, la maison ne recule devant aucun sacrifice ! dit Johana en regardant mon pull.

- Comment tu trouves ?

- Ça fait un peu dame, mais...

- Oh, merde ! dis-je en me retenant très fort de pleurer, parce que c'était vraiment débile de pleurer pour ça. Merde ! Merde et merde ! Je le savais. J'ai l'air ridicule. (Je m'avançai jusqu'au miroir posé sur la cheminée.) On dirait une présentatrice des actualités régionales ! (Je me mis de profil sans cesser de me regarder.) Et t'as vu ça, Johana ?

- Quoi, ça ?

- Mais ça, là, dis-je en pointant du bout du menton vers des espèces de petits bouts de seins qui sortaient effrontément, et pointaient sous les longs poils gris de mon pull, comme si j'avais eu deux petites souris posées sur la poitrine.

- Mais quoi, ça ? Il est pas moulant ni rien, ton pull. Il fait un peu vieux, c'est tout.

- Mais, Johana, je n'ai jamais eu de seins ! Qu'est-ce qui se passe ?

- C'est pas un drame. Moi j'en ai pratiquement toujours eu, et je m'en porte pas plus mal. D'ailleurs je croyais que t'étais jalouse. Tu m'as pas dit un jour que t'avais honte d'être plate comme un... Comme un quoi déjà ? Un cake mou ?

- Comme un gâteau raté, banane. C'est parce que à l'époque je croyais que ne pas avoir de seins était la pire chose au monde. Maintenant

*Original text from Agnès Desarthe, Je ne t'aime pas Paulus,
(Paris: l'école des loisirs, 1991). © l'école des loisirs*

Je ne t'aime pas, Paulus

Agnès Desarthe

trans. Sarah Delmas O'Byrne

It was here, in this nightclub put together thanks to Johana's decorating skills, in front of my entire class and to the beat of funk music that my fate was to be decided.

"What's wrong, Julia?" Johana asked. "Aren't you going to take your coat off?"

"No, I am," I said in a strangled voice, letting the sleeves of the armor that was my duffle-coat slip from my shoulders.

"Well, we really are going all out, aren't we!" said Johana, looking at my sweater.

"What do you think?"

"It's a little sophisticated for a party, but..."

"Oh, shit" I said, trying very hard not to cry because it was a really dumb thing to cry about. "Shit! Shit, shit, shit! I knew it. I look ridiculous." I went over to the mirror on the mantelpiece. "I look like a local channel newsreader!" I turned to see what I looked like from the side. "And Johana, can you see this?"

"See what?"

"This, right here!" I replied, nodding at the little bumps of breasts that were emerging defiantly, poking through the long grey hairs of my sweater, as if I had two small mice sitting on my chest.

"What? It isn't tight or anything. It just looks a little formal, that's all."

"But Johana, I've never had breasts! What's going on?"

"No need to freak out. I've almost always had breasts and I'm perfectly fine. In fact I thought you were jealous. Didn't you once say you were embarrassed of being as flat as a... what was it? A sunken loaf?"

"A cake that hadn't risen, dimwit. That's because at the time I thought that not having breasts was the worst thing in the world. Now I know that there is worse, and that's having them."

"Oh please, give it a rest. It's already ten past three and we haven't

je sais ce qu'il y a de pire. Ce qu'il y a de pire, c'est d'en avoir.

- Arrête un peu s'il te plaît. Je te signale qu'il est trois heures dix et qu'on n'a toujours pas mis au point ta stratégie.

- Comment ça, ma stratégie ?

- Ben, suppose que Paulus t'invite à danser, qu'est-ce que tu lui dis ?

- Tu crois qu'il va m'inviter ?

- J'espère bien qu'il va t'inviter. C'est normal. C'est ton mec ou pas ?

- Mon mec, mon mec. Qu'est-ce que ça veut dire, mon mec ? Il est pas à moi. Et puis il s'est jamais rien passé, je te rappelle.

- Justement, c'est aujourd'hui ou jamais. Alors t'as pas intérêt à foirer. Bon, je reprends. Qu'est-ce que tu fais s'il t'invite ?

- À un slow ?

- Oui, à un slow ou à autre chose, peu importe.

- Je lui dis que je ne sais pas danser.

- Mais ça fait nul !

- Je m'en fiche. S'il ne m'accepte pas telle que je suis, c'est tant pis.

- Mais attends une seconde. Tu l'aimes ou pas ?

- Mais j'en sais rien, moi ! Qu'est-ce que ça veut dire ?

- Ça veut dire, est-ce que tu penses à lui le soir avant de t'endormir ?

- Oui.

- Bon, alors tu l'aimes. Quand on aime un mec, on veut lui plaire, alors on fait pas des trucs ridicules comme dire qu'on sait pas danser.

- Moi si, je préfère être ridicule que de lui marcher sur les pieds.

- Fais comme tu veux. J'te comprends vraiment pas.

- Je sais, Johana. Personne ne me comprend.

À trois heures et demie, presque tout le monde était arrivé. Il y avait vingt bouteilles de Coca, dix paquets de chips, trois paquets de Granola, un Savane, deux paquets de Pepito, un paquet de Choco-BN (je me demande bien qui était le ringard qui avait apporté ça), six sachets de cacahuètes et une bouteille de champagne. De quoi tenir le siège pendant tout un après-midi. J'allais pouvoir me carapater dans un coin avec une bouteille de Coca et quelques Pepito sans qu'on vienne m'embêter. Mais, pour l'instant, tout allait bien. Personne ne dansait, on avait rallumé la lumière et Nadine était en train de faire une quête pour aller acheter une galette des Rois. On aurait dit une fête d'anniversaire de classe de CP. L'ambiance n'était pas louche, je n'avais rien à craindre.

Paulus était là. Il était venu me dire bonjour, mais comme à n'importe qui. Il n'avait pas fait de remarque désobligeante sur mes seins. Il

even decided on your strategy yet.”

“What do you mean, my strategy?”

“Well imagine Paulus asks you to dance, what are you going to say?”

“You think he’ll ask?”

“He better. He should. Is he your guy or not?”

“My guy, my guy. What is ‘my guy’ supposed to mean? I don’t own him. And nothing actually happened, remember?”

“Exactly, it’s now or never, so you better not screw this up. Ok, let’s get back to the point. What do you do if he asks you to dance?”

“A slow dance?”

“Sure, that or something else, doesn’t matter.”

“I’ll tell him I don’t know how to dance.”

“But that’s totally lame!”

“I don’t care. If he doesn’t like me the way I am then too bad.”

“Hang on just a second. Do you love him or not?”

“What do I know? What does that even mean?”

“It means, do you think about him at night before you fall asleep?”

“Yes.”

“Ok good, then you love him. When you love a guy, you want him to like you. So you don’t do stupid stuff like telling him you don’t know how to dance.”

“I’d rather look stupid than step on his toes.”

“Fine, whatever. I really don’t get you.”

“I know, Johana. No one does.”

Everyone was there by three thirty. There were twenty bottles of Coke, ten bags of chips, five packs of cookies, one marble cake, one pack of bran crackers – I wonder who was the nerd who brought that – six bags of peanuts and one bottle of champagne. Enough to last us an entire afternoon. I’d be able to sneak off into a corner and be left alone with a bottle of Coke and a few cookies. But everything was going fine for now. No one was dancing, the lights had been turned back on and Nadine was collecting money to go and buy a King cake. It felt like a birthday party for a seven year-old. It didn’t feel weird; I had nothing to fear.

Paulus was there. He’d said hi to me just like he had to everyone else. He hadn’t said anything mean about my breasts. He hadn’t even looked at them. And then he’d gone back to talking with Martin, while I stayed with Johana so we could get back to the strategy.

ne les avait même pas regardés. Et puis il était retourné parler avec Martin, pendant que moi je restais avec Johana pour rediscuter de stratégie.

– S’il m’invite à danser, je dis oui.

– Génial, dit Johana. T’as quand même une chance pas possible.

Qu’est-ce qu’il est beau ce mec ! Et en plus, il est intelligent. Moi, je me tape toujours des connards. Tu me diras qu’entre connards on s’entend mieux, mais quand même, ça me ferait pas de mal de sortir parfois avec des types comme lui.

– Pas touche, baby, dis-je à Johana en essayant d’imiter John Wayne dans je ne sais plus quel western, mais ce n’était pas la peine que j’insiste, parceque Johana ne devait pas l’avoir vu ; elle n’avait pas la télé.

Je regardai autour de moi et je me dis que j’avais eu tort d’avoir si peur. C’était pas si terrible que ça. C’était même assez agréable. Les gens de ma classe, qui n’étaient rien de plus que les gens de ma classe, c’est-à-dire pas grand-chose, me paraissaient – je ne sais par quel miracle – vraiment extra. Bien sûr, Coralie Toquet (la pute) avait mis une minijupe tellement mini qu’elle ne pouvait ni se pencher, ni s’asseoir, ni même marcher normalement. Bien sûr, Sylvie Guidon était maquillée style Marilyn, avec ses grands yeux bleus comme on n’en fait pas, elle ne parlait à personne et prenait des pauses affectées, un coude appuyé sur la cheminée, l’air de dire : « Vous avez vu Le Port de l’angoisse, avec Humphrey Bogart ? Eh bien la fille, c’était pas Lauren Bacall, c’était moi. Si, si. » Bien sûr, Nadine avait trouvé indispensable de se coller des paillettes sur les joues pour bien faire comprendre à tout le monde que c’était la fête. Bien sûr, les filles parlaient avec les filles et les garçons avec les garçons, mais, dans l’ensemble, tout allait plutôt bien.

Quand Bertrand, le frère de Johana, arriva, j’eus quand même des sueurs froides. C’était lui le disc-jockey, et ça voulait dire qu’on allait devoir danser. Lorsqu’il posa le premier disque sur la platine, mon cœur s’arrêta momentanément de battre. Et quand je vis les autres, c’est-à-dire ceux qui n’étaient pas moi, ceux qui n’avaient pas de complexes, ou alors qui en avaient mais réussissaient à les oublier, quand je vis les autres se mettre à remuer, comme si de rien n’était, comme si la danse était le propre de l’homme au lieu du rire, j’envisageai calmement de me jeter par la fenêtre.

Bertrand, qui avait dû intercepter mes ondes suicidaires, vola à mon secours.

– Alors Juju ? C’est toujours pas ton truc, la danse ?

– Comment tu sais ?

“If he asks me to dance, I say yes.”

“Awesome,” Johana said. “You know, you are pretty damn lucky.

He’s so hot! And he’s smart, too. I always end up with assholes. I guess you could say it takes one to know one, but still, it wouldn’t hurt to go out with a guy like him from time to time.”

“Hands off, baby,” I said to Johana, doing my best impression of John Wayne from I can’t remember which Western. This was pointless since Johana didn’t have a TV and probably hadn’t seen it.

I looked around and thought to myself that I had been silly to be scared. It wasn’t that bad. It was pretty nice, actually. The people in my class, who were nothing more than the people in my class, in other words nothing special, suddenly seemed – by who knows what miracle – really cool to me. Of course Coralie Toquet (the whore) was wearing a miniskirt so short that she couldn’t bend over, sit down, or even walk like a normal person. Of course Sylvie Gaidon was wearing Marilyn Monroe-like makeup on those large, incredibly blue eyes of hers, speaking to no one and striking an affected pose, one elbow propped up on the mantelpiece, as if to say, “Did you see To Have and Have Not, with Humphrey Bogart? Remember the girl? Well that was me, not Lauren Bacall. I swear.” Of course Nadine had found it absolutely crucial to smear her cheeks with glitter to make sure everyone understood this was a party. Of course the girls were talking with the girls, the boys were talking with the boys, but all in all, things were going pretty well.

When Johana’s brother Bertrand arrived, I admit I broke out in a cold sweat. He was the DJ for the evening and that meant we were going to have to dance. When he put the first record on the turntable, my heart skipped a beat. And when I saw the others – that is to say those who weren’t me, those who didn’t have hang-ups, or did but managed to forget them – start to shake about, like it was nothing, as if dancing was what separated man from beast, instead of laughter, I coolly considered throwing myself out of the window.

Bertrand, who must have felt my suicidal vibes, flew to my rescue.

“So Jules, dancing’s still not your thing, huh?”

“How did you know?”

“Because even when you were eight you didn’t like it. I remember, I asked you to dance once... do you remember?”

“No, I really don’t.”

“I must have been, what, eighteen? I asked you to dance and you

- Je le sais parce que même quand t'avais huit ans t'aimais déjà pas ça. Je me rappelle, je t'avais invitée...Tu te souviens ?

- Non, pas du tout.

- Moi j'en avais... Attends, j'en avais dix-huit, et je t'avais invitée à danser et toi t'avais éclaté en larmes. Ça m'avait complètement traumatisé.

- Comme quoi les gens ne changent pas ! dis-je en haussant les épaules, un peu vexée d'être une légende vivante de la coincerie dans les fêtes.

- À part ça, ça va ?

Bertrand avait quelque chose de spécial qui faisait qu'on pouvait tout lui dire. Il n'essayait pas de vous donner des conseils de grand frère ou d'en profiter pour vous raconter sa vie. Il ne vous interrompait pas toutes les cinq minutes pour vous dire « ah ouais ? eh ben moi... ». Il ne vous quittait pas des yeux, un peu comme s'il avait décidé d'écrire un livre sur vous. En même temps, il ne posait pas de questions, il n'était pas indiscret ni rien. Il se contentait d'écouter. C'était quand même pas une raison pour que je me mette à lui parler de Paulus, mais je lui racontai comment ça se passait à la maison, la nouvelle personnalité de maman, papa hôtesse de l'air, Judith et ses gâteaux en cailloux. Ça faisait du bien de parler, même si j'étais obligée de lui crier dans l'oreille pour qu'il m'entende. Martin l'avait remplacé près de la platine et il ne mettait que des rocks hyperforts, des trucs rapides qui faisaient transpirer. Du coin de l'œil, je voyais Johana danser avec Yvan, Coralie avec Sébastien, Nadine toute seule, et puis par-delà la piste, à l'autre bout de la pièce, Paulus, assis par terre avec une bouteille de Coca et trois Pepito. Je ne voyais pas son visage, parce qu'il était caché par les danseurs et aussi parce que je ne regardais pas vraiment. Je n'osais pas. Les basses montées à fond me martelaient la poitrine et j'avais beau me répéter que je n'aimais pas cette musique, que c'était du funk merdique, ça battait en moi et ça me démangeait. Si je détestais tellement cette musique, c'est justement parce qu'elle me donne envie de danser et que pour moi danser était une indécence grave, quelque chose que je ne pouvais pas faire devant tout le monde, comme me moucher, faire pipi, ou me déshabiller. Quand je voyais les autres le faire, ça ne me choquait pas, mais je savais que moi, moi, Julia Fuchs, si je me levais et que je me mettais à gesticuler en laissant, comme on dit, la musique monter en moi, ça donnerait quelque chose comme une transe obscène. Alors je continuais de parler, en regardant alternativement Bertrand et le bout de mes chaussures, pour m'assurer que mes pieds ne se mettaient pas à bouger tout seuls.

burst into tears. It completely traumatized me.”

“Goes to show, people really don’t change,” I said with a shrug, a little hurt to be famous for being The Uptight One at parties.

“So apart from that, how are things?”

There was something special about Bertrand that made him really easy to talk to. He didn’t try to give you brotherly advice or jump in to tell you his life story. He didn’t interrupt you every five minutes to say, “Oh yeah? Well, I...” He didn’t take his eyes off you; it was almost like he had decided to write a book about you. But he also didn’t ask any questions, he wasn’t nosy or anything. He just listened. That didn’t mean I was going to start talking about Paulus, but I did tell him how things were at home: Mom’s new personality, Dad the airplane steward, Judith and her rock cakes. It felt good to talk, even if I had to yell in his ear to be heard. Martin had taken over at the turntables and all he was playing were really loud rock songs, fast stuff that made you sweat. From the corner of my eye, I could see Johana dancing with Yvan, Coralie with Sebastien, Nadine by herself, and then on the other side of the dance floor, at the other end of the room, Paulus, sitting on the floor with a bottle of Coke and three cookies. I couldn’t see his face, because he was hidden by the people dancing and also because I wasn’t really trying to look. I didn’t dare. The bass was cranked all the way up, pounding into my chest, and however much I kept telling myself that I didn’t like this music, that it was shitty funk, I could feel the beat inside me and I was itching to dance. That was precisely why I hated this music so much, because it made me want to dance and dancing was a serious indecency for me, something I couldn’t do in front of others, like blowing my nose, going to the bathroom, or taking off my clothes. I wasn’t shocked when I saw the others doing it, but I knew that if I, Julia Fuchs, got up and started moving about and letting, as they say, the music flow through me, the result would resemble some sort of obscene trance. So I kept talking, my gaze moving between Bertrand and the tips of my shoes to make sure that my feet didn’t start moving of their own volition.

One hour later, when I’d already broached every possible topic three times over, Bertrand finally got bored and asked Coralie-the-whore to dance. He had fallen into the trap as well. What a tragic world! I leaned over a bit to look through the tangle of wildly shaking limbs and see what Paulus was up to. He hadn’t moved. He was still sitting cross-legged, almost underneath the table, with his half-emptied bottle of Coke and a cookie balanced on his knee. He didn’t look particularly sad. In fact, he

Au bout d'une heure, alors que j'avais déjà refait le monde trois fois, Bertrand finit par se lasser et invita Coralie la pute à danser. Lui aussi tombait dans le panneau. Quelle misère ! Je me penchai un peu pour voir, par-delà l'entremêlement de jambes et de bras hystériquement secoués, ce que fabriquait Paulus. Il n'avait pas bougé, il était toujours assis en tailleur, presque sous la table, avec sa bouteille de Coca à moitié vide et un Pepito posé sur le genou. Il n'avait pas l'air spécialement triste. En fait, il avait exactement la même tête que celle que je devais avoir quand j'allais à une fête et que je passais l'après-midi tapie dans un coin à boire du Coca tout en essayant de rester sympathique. Ses yeux se posaient tour à tour sur les gens, la moquette, le plafond, comme des papillons inoffensifs, et son expression ne disait qu'une seule chose : « Personnellement, je n'aime pas danser, mais ça ne me dérange pas que nous n'ayons pas les mêmes goûts. »

Et puis ce qui devait arriver arriva, ses yeux, fatigués de voler un peu partout sans croiser un seul vrai regard, tombèrent dans les miens. Qu'est-ce qu'il peut bien y avoir dans les yeux de si mystérieux, de si extraordinaire qui fait que, quand ils se rencontrent, c'est plus qu'un contact, c'est comme un aimant qui vous attrape derrière la tête, comme un grand filet à sentiments qui écume le fond de votre cœur ? On se regardait et on ne pouvait pas s'arrêter de se regarder, comme si ce que nos yeux se disaient – un secret qui nous échappait – était plus important que tout le reste.

Je ne le vis pas se lever. Ça se passa très vite. Soudain il était devant moi et il ne me demandait pas « Est-ce que tu veux danser ? » et je ne lui répondais pas « oui » ou alors « non, je ne sais pas, je n'aime pas ça ». Il me prit la main, me fit me lever et m'entraîna près de lui, si bien que pendant une seconde nos corps se touchèrent. Pourquoi Martin choisit-il juste ce moment-là pour mettre un slow ? J'aime mieux ne pas le savoir ; ça ressemblerait trop à un complot. Avant de commencer à danser, j'enlevai mes lunettes et je les mis dans ma poche.

– Pourquoi tu enlèves tes lunettes ? dit Paulus dans mon oreille. Je ne pouvais pas répondre à cette question. D'abord parce que c'était une question terrible, qui menaçait de me ridiculiser si j'y répondais, et surtout parce que le souffle de Paulus sur mon oreille, c'est-à-dire sa bouche près de mon cou, me paralysait totalement.

– Je t'ai toujours connue avec tes lunettes, ajouta-t-il. Je te vois derrière tes lunettes. Je me fous de tes lunettes.

Un instant je me demandai s'il fallait que je les remette, mais je me

was probably wearing the exact same face I did every time I went to a party and spent the afternoon crouching in a corner drinking Coke, while still trying to be friendly. His gaze was flitting about, going from the people to the carpet and then to the ceiling, like an innocent butterfly, his expression saying only one thing: “Personally, I don’t like to dance, but I don’t mind that we have different tastes.”

And then what had to happen happened. His eyes, tired of hovering here and there without really meeting one true gaze, fell into mine. What is it about our eyes that is so mysterious, so extraordinary that when they meet, it becomes more than a connection, it’s like a magnet that grabs the back of your head, a great net for feelings that scours the very depths of your heart? We were staring at each other and we couldn’t stop staring at each other, as if what was being said between our eyes – some secret that eluded us – mattered more than anything else in the world.

I didn’t see him get up. It all happened very quickly. All of a sudden he was standing in front of me and he wasn’t asking “do you want to dance?” and I wasn’t answering “yes” or “no, I don’t know, I don’t like dancing”. He took my hand, pulled me up and drew me close to him, so that when I stood our bodies touched for a second. Why had Martin chosen that particular moment to play a slow one? I’d rather not know, it would sound like too much of a plot. Before we started to dance, I took my glasses off and put them in my pocket.

“Why are you taking off your glasses?” Paulus said into my ear. I couldn’t answer that. First of all because it was a dreadful question, one that threatened to make a fool of me if I answered, but most of all because Paulus’ breath on my ear, meaning his mouth close to my neck, completely paralyzed me.

“I’ve always known you with your glasses,” he added, “I see you behind your glasses. I couldn’t care less about your glasses.”

I wondered for an instant if I should put them back on but I told myself that would make me look even sillier. And besides, I couldn’t think because of the music. As if it wasn’t bad enough that it was a slow dance – which is to say something that you dance to by holding each other close, almost pressed against one another – the lyrics were in English, lyrics that we both understood since the bastard was just as good at English as I was. If only I’d been in love with Martin who hadn’t yet understood that laugh was supposed to be pronounced lahf and not log, it wouldn’t have been quite as embarrassing. When a man loves a woman, she can do no wrong...

dis que j'aurais l'air encore plus bête. Et puis je n'arrivais pas à réfléchir à cause de la musique. Comme si ça ne suffisait pas que ce soit un slow, donc un air sur lequel on danse en se tenant dans les bras, serrés, presque collés, il y avait des paroles en anglais, que je comprenais et que Paulus comprenait aussi parce que ce salaud était aussi fort que moi en anglais. Si au moins j'avais été amoureuse de Martin, qui n'avait pas encore compris que laugh se prononçait laf et non lôg, ça n'aurait pas été aussi gênant. When a man loves a woman, she can do no wrong... Je savais que Paulus savait que je savais ce que ces paroles bidon voulaient dire. Je savais que dans sa tête aussi les mots man, love et woman se transformaient, comme reflétés dans une eau trouble, et devenaient homme, aimer, femme, puis Paulus, aimer, Julia. C'était tellement embarrassant et tellement profond que j'avais envie de disparaître. Je m'acharnais, pour ne penser à rien, à compter les temps et à essayer de déplacer mes pieds en mesure. Mais ça n'était pas simple. Paulus ne savait vraiment pas danser, je veux dire, il savait encore moins que moi, alors nos genoux se heurtaient et à chaque fois je sentais ses mains se crispier sur mon dos. J'avais envie de ne plus bouger du tout, de me coller et de me laisser serrer jusqu'à devenir lui. C'était fort, c'était si fort que, quand j'eus le courage de lever la tête pour le regarder et que je vis, dans ses yeux affolés et rougis et sur sa bouche fermée et tremblante, qu'il était aussi troublé que moi, je ne pus le supporter. Je me raidis tout à coup et je me précipitai vers la porte.

Dehors il pleuvait et les gouttes s'écrasaient sur mon visage comme des billes. C'était une pluie dure, une pluie que le ciel vous jetait sur la tête, et mon pull était complètement transpercé d'eau. Je n'avais pas pris la peine de chercher mon manteau avant de sortir. Je courais, vite, et je pensais que les bottes à semelles de plouc étaient effectivement très bien pour courir. J'avais beau ne pas avoir une tête à ça, je filais comme un bolide. J'avais envie de crier, mais je sentais que ce serait ridicule de crier, comme ça, dans la rue, surtout de joie. On ne faisait ça que dans les films américains, et encore, pas dans tous ; seulement dans les comédies musicales et, pour être plus précise, spécialement dans Chantons sous la pluie. Il n'y avait pas de caméra dans les parages, ça n'était donc pas la peine que je me fende d'un cri d'Apache rien que pour les habitants de l'avenue d'Italie. Ce que je pouvais faire, par contre, c'était pleurer ; d'autant plus qu'avec la pluie ça ne se voyait pas. J'ouvris d'un coup les vannes et les larmes retenues pendant trois semaines vinrent toutes en même temps exploser au coin de mes yeux.

I knew Paulus knew that I knew what these phony lyrics meant. I knew that in his head, just like in mine, the words man, love, and woman were morphing into French, and then into Paulus, love, Julia. It was so awkward and so deep that I wanted to disappear. To avoid thinking about anything, I focused all my energy on counting the beat and moving my feet in time. But it wasn't that simple. Paulus didn't really know how to dance, and by that I mean that he was even worse than me, so our knees knocked together and each time I would feel his hands stiffen on my back. I wanted to stop moving entirely, to press my body against his and let his arms hold me tight against him until I melted into him. It was intense, so intense that when I found the courage to look up at him and saw, in his panicked, bloodshot eyes and in his tight, trembling mouth that he was just as uneasy as I was, I couldn't bear it. I tensed up all at once and ran to the door.

It was raining outside and the raindrops crashed onto my face like marbles. It was a hard rain, the kind of rain the sky hurls at your head and my sweater was drenched through. I hadn't grabbed my coat before bolting out the door. I was running, running fast, and I thought to myself that the crappy elasto-whatever-sole boots really were good for running. I didn't feel like running in that moment but I was shooting through the streets anyway. I wanted to scream, but I thought that it might look stupid to just scream in the middle of the street, especially out of joy. That only happened in American movies, and not even in all of them; it was only in musicals, in *Singing in the Rain* more specifically. There were no cameras around so it was pointless to let out an Apache-worthy scream just for the benefit of the residents of the Avenue d'Italie. What I could do, however, was cry, especially since the rain would hide my tears. I opened the floodgates and all the tears I had held back over the last three weeks suddenly came bursting through my eyes.

A Maruāin, a dīthriubaig

Gūaire:

- 1 A Maruāin, a dīthriubaig,
cid nā cotla for colcaid?
pa menci doid fess amoig,
cend doroiḡ for lār ochtgaigh.

Marbān:

- 2 Nicon cotuim for colcaid
gē bethear com imslānud:
atāid sochaidi amoig
atraicc hocim imrādud.
- 3 Nī marutt ar comolta,
scarad friu nīnlūaidi:
acht mād ōinsessor namā
nī ma[i]r nech dīouh, a Gūaire.
- 4 Ornait ocus Lugna lān,
Laidgēn ocus Ailirān,
atā cechturde fri dān,
Marbān ocus Cluit[h]nechān.
- 5 Rochluinis mo tiomna-sa
frie hūair techta don domun:
mo qhūach-sa din dīt[h]rebach,
mo chrāin do Laidgēn lobhor.
- 6 Mo scian is mo spedudhud,
ma trebad i Tūoim Aidhc[h]i,
mo lourc, mo chrāin, mo cūach,
mo tīag lethoir, mo cairchi.

Gūaire:

- 7 A Maruāin, a dīthriubaig,
cid dia tiomna docūaid,

King and Hermit

trans. Julie Leblanc

Gúaire:

- 1 O Marbán, O hermit,
Why don't you sleep in a bed?
So often you sleep outside,
head lying across a pine-strewn floor.

Marbán:

- 2 I certainly do not sleep in a bed,
even though it might be good for me:
a multitude stand outside
who've come for my meditations.

- 3 Our fosterbrothers are gone;
though parting doesn't pain us.
Save for a single six,
nothing remains of them, Gúaire.

- 4 Ornait and flawless Lugna,
Laidgén and Ailirán,
each is at his craft,
Marbán and Cluithnechán.

- 5 You have heard my command,
at the hour I leave this world:
my cup to the hermit,
my sow to sickly Laidgén,

- 6 my knife and my *spedudud*,
my home in Túaim Aidhchi,
my staff, my sow, my cup,
my leather book satchell, my string instrument.

Gúaire:

- 7 O Marbán, O hermit,
From where has your command come?

di don fíor *cerda* a rath,
acht a brath do Mac *Dúaid*.

Marbān:

- 8 *Atā* ūarboith dam hi coild
nīsfítir *acht* mo Fíadai:
uinnius disiu, coll anall,
bili rātha nosnīoadai.
- 9 A dā ersainn frāich fri fulong,
ocus fordorus fēthe:
feruid in coill imma cress
a mes for muca mēthe.
- 10 Mēt̄t mo boithi becc nāt beg,
ba ilī sēt̄t sognath:
canuid sīen bind die bend
ben al-lenn co lon-dath.
- 11 Leangoid doim Droma *Rolach*
assa sruth rōe-glan:
foderc essib Roigne rūadh,
Mucraimi mūad, Maonmag.
- 12 Mennutān dīamuir desruid
die mbī sealb sētrōis:
die dēxin nī raga liom,
ruffinfet a cētmōuis.
- 13 Mong celiubair iubair ēou-glais
noasta cēl:
cāin in magan, māurglas darach
darsin sīn.
- 14 Aboll ubull, mār a rath,
mbruingnech mbras:
barr dess dornach collān cnōbeac
crōebach nglas.

For the craftsman's truth, His grace,
but his betrayal for the Son of David.

Marbán:

- 8 I have a little hut in the wood,
No one knows of it except my Lord:
An ash tree on one side, a hazel on the other,
a rath's large tree encloses all.
- 9 Two great heather posts for support,
and a lintel of honeysuckle:
along its narrow stretch the wood drops its fruit
on plump pigs.
- 10 The size of my hut, small but not small.
About it are many good, familiar paths:
A sweet song floats down from the gable,
my lady in a blackbird-coloured cloak.
- 11 The hinds of Druimm Rolach leap
out of the stream, its banks pure:
visible from here is blood-red Roigne,
noble Mucraime, Maenmag.
- 12 Little home, hidden, humble,
knowing all the passing roads:
though I may not catch a glimpse of it,
I will discover its cétmóuis.
- 13 Concealing foliage, the yew's green bark,
a sublime sight.
This beautiful place, great green bodies of oaks
over my home.
- 14 An apple tree, great its bounty,
resembling a mighty lodge:
a canopy on the right, generous, a tree of small hazelnuts,
green-tressed.

- 15 Glēre firtiprat es ouisci
ūais do dig:
bruindit [b]ioulair, cōera iobair,
fidhuid fir.
- 16 Foilgid impe mucai centa,
cadlaid, oirc,
muca alta, oiss airccelli,
bruicnech bruic.
- 17 Buidnech sīthech, slūag tromm tīrech,
dāl dom tigh:
ina erc[h]oill tecoid cremt[h]ainn,
āluind sin.
- 18 Cāine flathu tecoid mo teg.
tarccud tric:
uisci iodun, barrā[i]n bit[h]chai,
bratā[i]n, pric.
- 19 Barrān cōert[h]ainn, airne dubui,
droigin duind,
tūari, dercna, cōera loma,
lecna loim.
- 20 Līne huoga, mil, mes melle,
Dīa dotrōidh:
ubla mildsi, mōnuinn dercui,
dercna frōich.
- 21 Couirm co luouhair, logg di šubuiþ,
somblas snōa,
sīoluch scīach, dercu iuech,
airni, cnōa.
- 22 Cūach co medh collāin, condla,
condal ndaith,
durchāin donna, dristin mongu,
mertain maith.

- 15 A true courtly spring and noble water
to drink:
watercress grows, yew berries,
wild cherry trees, junipers.
- 16 Around the spring tame pigs sleep,
goats, piglets,
wild boars, grazing deer,
and a badger's warren.
- 17 In peaceful troops this great host of the earth
meets at my house:
foxes go, preparing themselves.
All is well.
- 18 Gentle lords come to my house,
fleetly feasts are prepared:
pure water, perennial bushes,
salmon, trout.
- 19 A rowan's canopy, black sloes,
dusky blackthorns,
sustenance, acorns, unblemished berries,
a whole cheekful.
- 20 A clutch of bird eggs, honey, sweet mast,
God has sent them:
honey-sweet apples, ruddy bilberries,
the heather's fruits.
- 21 Beer with herbs, a plot of strawberries,
delicious and colourful,
whitethorn seed, yew berries,
sloes, nuts.
- 22 A cup brimming with hazel mead, bluebells,
nimble rushes,
brown oak saplings, the long hair of brambles,
good, sweet tangles.

- 23 Mād *fri samrad* sūairc snobrat
somblas mblas,
curar, *orcāin*, foltāin glaise,
glaine *glas*.
- 24 Ceōla *fer mbrundederg forglan*,
forom ndil,
dordān smōlcha, cōei gnāthc[h]ai
uōs *mo tigh*.
- 25 Tellinn, ciārinn, certān cruinde,
crōnān sē[i]mh:
gigrāind, cadhoin, gair rē *samuin*,
se[i]nm gairuh cēir.
- 26 Caincinn *gestlach*, drūi donn *descclach*
don *crāib cuild*,
cochvill *ālainn*, snaic-ar-daraigh,
aidbli druing.
- 27 *Tecait cāinfinn*, corra, *fāilinn*,
foscain cūach,
nī ceōul *ndoccrāi*, cercāi *odrai*
a *frāech rūad*.
- 28 Rascach samhaisci a *samradh*,
svillsiv *sion*.
nī *serb sōet[h]rach* ūas moig *mōethlach*
mellach mīn.
- 29 *Fogur gāithi frie fiod flescach*
forglas nēol,
essa abhai, *essnad ealao*,
ālāind cēoul.
- 30 Caine ailme *ardommpetead*,
nī arna *chrec*:
do Crīsd *gēcach* nī mesa *dam*
olttās det.

- 23 If it is near summer - that noble coloured mantle -
there are such sweet tastes:
pignut, thistles, a head of green chives,
green virtue.
- 24 The clear music of red-breasted fellows,
a beloved movement:
the thrush's song, familiar lamenting
above my house.
- 25 Bee swarms, little black ones: the humming of the world,
a gentle croon.
Wild fowl, barnacle geese, a short time before samain:
the dark torrent's melody.
- 26 A busy wren, the little brown charmer
from a keen hazel tree;
and in lovely hoods, woodpeckers:
O, the vastness of the throng.
- 27 Beautiful white birds come, herons, seagulls,
a cuckoo accompanies them in song
- not one of sorrow - grey grouse
peek out from red heather.
- 28 Chatty heifers in the summertime,
a bright season.
It is not bitter, arduous across this abundant,
enchanted, arable plain.
- 29 The melody of the wind through the branching wood
toward the blue-tinted sky,
river rapids, a swan's singing,
lovely music.
- 30 The pine's beauty plays music to me,
not to be bought.
For burgeoning Christ, it is not worse for me
than it is for you.

- 31 Cid *maith* let-sa a ndomel-siv.
 mō cech mājn,
 buidech liom-sa do**berr** dam-sa
 ōm *Chrīst* cājn.
- 32 Cen hājair n-augrai, cin delm debt[h]a
 immo toich,
 buidech don *Flaith* do**beir** cec[h] *maith*
 dam im boith.
- Gājaire:
 33 Dobēr-sa mo rājri rājn
 lam qhuid comhoirb-siv Colmājn,
 a dīlsiv co hājair mo bājis
 ar *beth* at gnājis, a Marbājn.
 A Marbājn .a.

Original text from: Kuno Meyer. King and Hermit: A colloquy between King Guaire of Aidne and his brother Marban. David Nutt. London, 1901

- 31 Although you enjoy what you consume,
my every treasure
contents me: that which is given to me
by my gentle Christ.
- 32 Without an hour of contention, without the noise of strife
in my house,
content in the Lord who gives every good thing,
am I in my hut.
- Gúaire:
- 33 I will give my too-splendid kingdom,
my share of Colmán's inheritance,
from now to the hour of my death
in return for your friendship, Marbán.

*Translator's note: Two words in this poem have no certain translation at present: *spedudud* and *cétmóuis*. They have therefore been retained in the English translation. Stanza 7 continues to baffle scholars. See Meyer, p. 13*

Translations as cultural dissidence:
Fernanda Pivano's *Spoon River Anthology*, and the
burgeoning of female literary criticism in fascist Italy

Paola Orrù

The main aim of this essay is to show Fernanda Pivano's fundamental contribution to the burgeoning of female literary criticism in a period of intense repression: the Italian fascist era. Not only did she have an important role in the development of Comparative Studies in Italy after the Second World War, but she was also the main protagonist of a new female literary criticism during and after Fascism. In a historical moment like Italy's fascist era, when women were confined to the stereotypical roles of mothers and wives,

Fernanda Pivano tried to express her female literary voice through the translation of American writers. Although she was arrested several times by the Blackshirts and the SS, she never retracted her antifascism, or betrayed the partisan groups which operated around Turin.

The translation of a foreign book, especially one from the United States, was an act of dissidence in fascist Italy. Mussolini imposed a restrictive policy on publishing houses, which limited the publication of foreign books. Translations of works from England and United States were seen, as George Talbot states in his *Censorship in Fascist Italy 1922-1943* (2007), as a form of “cultural colonialism” that could threaten Italian literature’s specificity. Before becoming a dictator, Mussolini was the director of *Avanti!* a socialist journal, meaning he was perfectly aware of the role editorial control could play in keeping power and maintaining the general consensus.

Beginning with the March on Rome in 1922, political and cultural repression became very violent. One tragic example is the story of Piero Gobetti, an independent and antifascist writer and publisher who started to publish not just translations, such as *On Liberty* by John Stuart Mill, but also essays in which he encouraged people to fight Fascism. His activity against the regime caused him to be assaulted several times by the Blackshirts and, as a result of one such assault, he died in Paris.

In this social and cultural context, Fernanda Pivano made her debut in the editorial world. She was born into a wealthy family that allowed her to study in the best schools. Her father was a strong dissident of Mussolini’s regime and he actively supported the partisan activities in northern Italy. Fernanda described the atmosphere and values of this period, from 1938 onwards, in her *Diaries*:

[...] in Italy we had Il Duce’s “magnificent” project for the colonization in Libya, the fascist “disciplined boldness” vying against the “French arrogance”, the “disdain” of Italian people in Tunisia, the “great

pathways of history” that passed through Rome. Then there was Il Duce who was always laying the first stone somewhere, or being acclaimed by Roman students, or on the Altare della Patria glorifying the heroism of his “victorious legionaries” while the Blackshirts goose-stepped in front of the Founding Father of the Empire.

In this passage, Fernanda Pivano underlines the importance of rhetoric for Fascism: it was an instrument to improve the masses’ patriotic attachment to their “Duce,” and to push them to assent the violent repression of dissidents.

The first person to understand her critical sense was Cesare Pavese, one of the most important Italian intellectuals and translators of the nineteenth century. He was her teacher during high school. He introduced Fernanda to American literature and to the discipline of translation. This passage from her Diaries is enlightening:

One day when Pavese returned from abroad, he started talking about American writers and I asked: “What is the difference between American and English literature”? [...] Pavese smiled at me with his unique smile and he gave me Ernest Hemingway, Walt Whitman, Sherwood Anderson, and Spoon River Anthology to read. I read Walt Whitman carefully; but, like all adolescents in this world, I fell in love with Sherwood Anderson and Edgar Lee Masters. I also started a secret translation of Spoon River, with a terrible fear that someone would find out and mock me. When Pavese came across my translation, he only asked me if I still believed there was no difference between American and English literature.

As previously mentioned, during the fascist era the translation of a book such *A Farewell to Arms* or *Spoon River Anthology* was considered an act of insubordination punishable by death. Pivano was perfectly conscious of the risk, but decided to continue her activities because she loved culture above all else. The discovery

of Edgar Lee Masters introduced Fernanda Pivano not just to the field of translation, but also to the world of literary criticism. A distinctive trait of Pivano's work is her ability to merge translation with literary, political and social criticism. This particular approach to texts would be developed during the 1950s, with the discovery of the Beat Generation, and Allen Ginsberg in particular. Her love for these authors, and her translations of their poems and novels would provoke a scandal in bourgeois Italy.

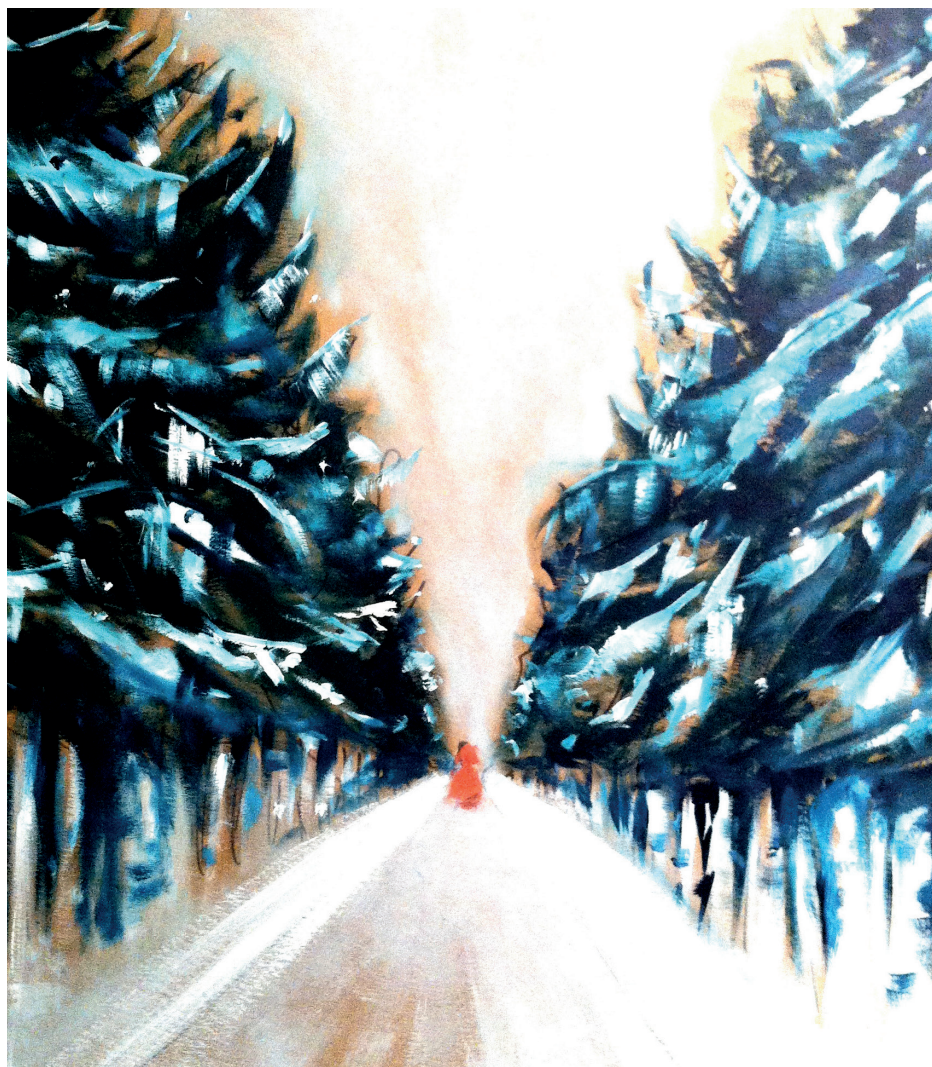
Nevertheless, the first example of her methodology is the translation of Edgar Lee Masters' Spoon River Anthology. She fell in love with this book not just because of the perfection of its versification, but principally because of its deep meaning that contrasted with fascist ideology. As she wrote in her Diaries:

Master's epitaph could only be addressed to a material life, to a human being that has concretely and definitely lived - through and in adventures and boredom, devilment and hypocrisy, sometimes even in honesty- but always fully immersed in its reality, be it peaceful or cruel. So, the fact that Edgar Lee Master's men came from the Mid-West does not reduce the significance of his discovery. Masters is not an American writer because he describes the habits of a small American village in the Mid-West, but because he investigates the archetypes, commonplaces, and human illusions until he discovers the essence, and the authentic reality of the everyday, ordinary man. A common accusation made by anti-decadent critics is that the man discovered by Masters is mediocre and not the super-human, which is so important for some ideologies.

In 1943, Pivano already understood the revolutionary potential of a book such as Spoon River Anthology. A message like the one contained in Masters' work could be potentially destructive for the Fascist regime, which based its propaganda on the super-human ideology. Furthermore, it is very important that such words came

from a woman, who by virtue of her gender was destined not to be involved in this kind of debate. In her book, *How Fascism Ruled Women* (1993), Victoria De Grazia analysed the condition of women, especially from the middleclass, during the fascist era. She states: “[...] the talents of a gifted daughter seemed only to menace middleclass conformism. It was one thing for talent to be used to embellish conventional female roles. It was another for it to become a source of independence, much less celebrity, thereby threatening family obligations. Those parents willing (and never unambiguously) to foster such talents were rare: members of the cultivated Jewish middle class, or of foreign provenance, or perhaps from the eccentric patriciate. Even then, there was little enthusiasm for novel career paths. As the Nobel Prize winning scientist Rita Levi Montalcini recalled, her family’s circle of well-off Turinese professionals believed in the Victorian John Ruskin’s ideal of woman, educated to be ‘wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation’. They steered their daughters toward a ‘future divided between family obligations and receptions’.”

This was the condition of large part of women in that historical period. Gentile’s school reform imposed other serious limitations on women’s activity in the field of culture. Women were prevented from teaching Italian Literature, Latin and other humanities subjects in the schools. As a consequence, they were completely excluded from the cultural world and, for this reason, the works of Fernanda Pivano are so important. Her translations and her critical works were born from an act of rebellion that caused a burgeoning not just in the fortunes of American writers in Italy, but also of female literary critics. During the long winter of Mussolini’s dictatorship, Fernanda Pivano’s translations showed Italian women that they did not have to be completely excluded from the contemporary cultural and editorial worlds. Furthermore, thanks to her bravery and the work she produced, Italy still has an important tradition of Comparative Studies.



painting by Alice Wilson

Translating the Unknown: Observations on Emilio Villa's poetry.

Bianca Battilocchi

The belated 'burgeoning' of interest in Emilio Villa (1914-2003) is made evident by the commemorative events held on the centennial of his birth and the rising recognition of his ground-breaking, cross-cultural approach to art and poetry. Villa shouldered Rimbaud's famous appeal to 'be modern' at a time when the certainties of modernity were being challenged by post-modernism. Taking this appeal to its logical consequences, he pursued originality with a total disregard for literary trends and predetermined canons in his poetry, and his life's work was largely devoted to creating a poetic language unfettered by history to fulfil this vision.

Emilio Villa is emerging as one of the most incisive and original poets of the last century and it is a formidable challenge to translate his work. How to approach texts whose linguistic and creative complexity makes them practically untranslatable? Villa's own work gives us hope with his truly epic, "personalized" interpretation of the Bible, translated directly from original, ancient language texts, in fierce defiance of longstanding religious traditions. If the translation of difficult authors such as Villa and Joyce (who certainly have much in common) were never undertaken, how could we hope to "hand down" even a spark of their genius? So the challenge must be accepted, knowing that capturing the uniqueness of their work is well-nigh impossible and that each translation can only offer one interpretation of the original.

There are three main factors to bear in mind when attempting to translate Villa's poetry.

1 'Crossbreeding' is one of the practices used by the poet to counter the rigidity of language and linguistic traditions. In his view any language can be made to live, be it ancient or modern. And he uses either or both in his poems. Guided by his passion for etymology and his obsession with the origin of our culture and the dawn of writing, Villa created an

extraordinary poetic style that merged Italian (and/or Italian dialects) with Latin, Greek, French, and, to a lesser degree, with English, Portuguese and Spanish. Opening a new linguistic space where different idioms and registers could interact was similar to recreating the primeval burgeoning of language. As G.P. Renello states in his essay¹, Villa was looking for the sound that has never been pronounced. His poetry, starting from the sixties or thereabouts, seethes with distortions, neologisms and paretymologies, words are compressed and contracted in a frantic attempt to retrieve the voice of early humanity. To recreate the mysterious primeval chaos, when everything was in a non-logical and immediate state, Villa experimented with innumerable linguistic combinations and adopted a non-linear writing style. He guides us towards the limits of language, to the foundation of our being, to a place where we are not yet conscious of words. Poetry becomes the place of ‘linguistic unity’ and the memory of another time.

Diciassette variazioni su temi proposti per una pura ideologia fonetica, published in 1955 is a case in point. A collection of multilingual poems full of neologisms and paretymologies, in which the complex twist of styles and languages, the carefully studied graphic and phonetic effects, herald the revolutionary, experimental works of following decades.

The following transcription is of Variazione n. 13, with our translation alongside of the Italian parts of the text.²

[dia]thèmes sur l’air adhaesit anima, vivicafi secundum
 [dia]thèmes sur l’air adhaesit anima, vivicafi secundum

nous a confié l’instar du verbum dans un prisme [or]oral
 nous a confié l’instar du verbum dans un prisme [or]oral

era un polpo armoniastico, un archetipo deliberato nel tema
 it was a harmoniastic octopus, a deliberated archetype inside the theme

della calcificazione 1° les gencives orageuses
 of the calcification 1° les gencives orageuses

¹ Gian Paolo Renello, *Il labirinto della Sibilla*, in Gian Paola Renello a cura di, *Segnare un secolo. Emilio Villa: la parola, l’immagine*, Derive Approdi, Roma, 2007, p. 172.

² Emilio Villa, *L’Opera Poetica*, Cecilia Bello Minciacchi a cura di, L’Orma Editore, 2014, p.201.

et les lèvres ombrageuses
et les lèvres ombrageuses

in italiano: plessi contorni rabeschi cimose cornici
in Italian: plexus contours arabesques selvages frames

profili trefilati moreschi bugnati rosoni ecc. ecc.
profiles trefilati Moorish ashlar rose-windows etc. etc.

In this instance the linguistic complexity of the poem is preserved by translating only the Italian phrases that make up most of the text (the rest is in Latin and French). We believe that the verses would have sounded flat and monotonous if the other languages had been translated as well.

The translator also chose to retain two deliberate paronymologies *armonistico* and *trefilati*. The first is a deformation of *armonistico* (Eng. *harmonistic*) that we rendered as *harmoniaistic*, following the same procedure as the author, by adding an /a/ in the third syllable. The second one appears to be an invented variation of *trafilati* (drawn) and could be related to the French form *tréfiler*. It was left un-translated to respect the originality of the author. Finding a sustainable interpretation of the text and lexicon, which is often technical and interdisciplinary (perhaps including, for example, architecture) is the challenge here.

2 The importance Villa attributes to iconic and phonetic functions is the second factor to bear in mind. His passion for visual arts and avant-garde techniques led him to write about, and associate with, a large number of contemporary artists. The phonetic impact of his poems is linked to a ‘material approach’ to the word for expressive purposes.

Villa worked systematically on etymologies, seeking new and unorthodox associations of sounds and semantic implications, giving his poems an enigmatic aura. The author was gradually abandoning the language of communication in favour of an idiom comparable to the dreamlike narrative of *Finnegans wake*, making ample use of poetic licence, ignoring the rules of grammar, spelling and metre. His texts can be described as a process of continuous metamorphosis. Tagliaferri³, a major contributor to Villian scholarship, writes about a dynamic poetry

³ Aldo Tagliaferri, *Post Scriptum. Nel centenario della nascita di Emilio Villa*, edizioni Morra, Napoli, 2014, p.22.

eluding any semantic determinism. The author's poems appear in irrepressible expansion, and the vast phonetic material is often arranged in surprising combinations.

Villa also enjoys experimenting with changeable page settings to accompany the fluidity of his poetic diction: visual constructions that sustain his attempts to extend the potential of language. In this verbal chaos syllables aggregate into words only to disintegrate and regroup, in a double game of construction and destruction. The following poem, in French, illustrates the importance of pronunciation in decoding Villa's elaborate word games. The selected poem is the last of the collection *Hisse toi re d'amour da mou rire*⁴, in which the title itself is a play on words typical of Villa's mischievous style.

ses plaisirs conviées	her invited pleasures
ses éros ions ex actes	her ex act eros ions
sur sang	by blood
elle étoilée voulait	she star-shaped wanted
aile creusant	digging wing
qui creuse	which digs
voilait	veiled
allait	went
évacuer le Corpus Inconscium	to evacuate the Inconscium Corpus
ɛəxɪ ɪci	ɛəxɪ ɛrɛɪ
stɥpɛ ɛɥ	ɛɥ stɥps

⁴ *Hisse toi re d'amour da mou rire* Geiger, Torino, 1975, or in Emilio Villa, *L'Opera Poetica*, Cecilia Bello Miniciacchi a cura di, L'Orma Editore, p. 398.

In the first reading we notice that some key words appear divided, introducing a second level of meaning in the verse. Take *éros ions*: undivided, we have *érosion* (Eng. erosion); divided, it evokes the attributes of love (*eros*) and physical molecules (*ions*). Other divisions make no sense, however, like *stupée fiée*. Here, with minor corrections, we have *stupéfiée* (amazed/astonished in English). Divided, it only serves a phonetic and graphical function, producing a rhyme and an iconic symmetry with the words in the verse above (*fixée-fiée*). Although the rhyme was lost in translation, the symmetry between words that have but one phoneme /x/ to distinguish them remains.

The interpretation and translation of the expression *sur sang* in the third line of the poem was critical to the English version. Villa's intentions here are anyone's guess, as there is no trace of this expression in French. Our only certainty is the deliberate alliteration of the letter /s/ that characterizes the incipit of the first three verses of the poem. Using two letters of alliteration (/h/ e /b/) instead of one, we came up with *by blood*: although not a literal translation, it nonetheless retains the phonetic structure of the poem.

Another hurdle was the phonetic association between the French words *elle* and *aile*: in English *elle* becomes *she* and *aile*, *wing*. On the other hand, it was possible to reflect the alliteration of *elle étoilée* with the /s/ of *she star-shaped*, to link this verse with the following, and go with the /w/ sound of *wanted, wing, which and went*. One usually translates *allait* by *going to*, but as it was not phonetically appropriate the link between verses was compromised. Finally, the Latin noun and adjective *Corpus Inconscium* in the last 'upright' verse were inverted to produce a more English resonance.

3. The specific nature of the difficulties facing readers is another factor to be addressed before starting any translation of Villa's poems. Villa's search for artistic freedom becomes a quest for an unconventional, enigmatic, 'absolute language'⁵. His study of religious and mythological texts probably accounts for the oracular tone he adopts in many of his writings and esoteric verses, which always aim to transcend the merely communicative and mundane⁶.

⁵ Aldo Tagliaferri, *Post Scriptum*, ivi, p. 20.

⁶ Emilio Villa, *Zodiaco*, Cecilia Bello e Aldo Tagliaferri a cura di, Empiria, Roma, 2000, p.

17.

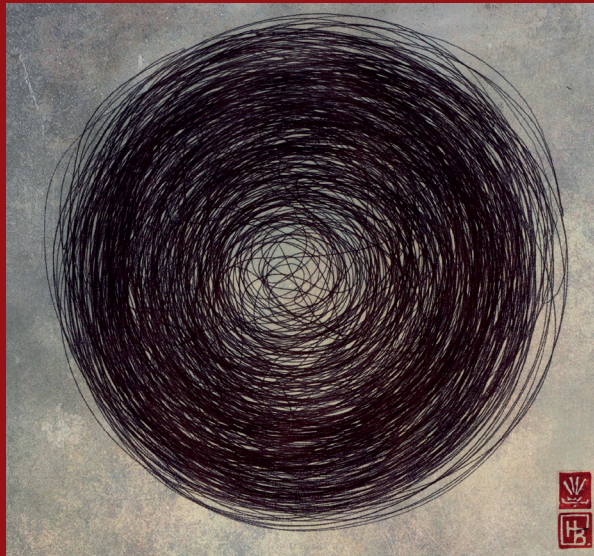
Villa considered each of his poems to be fleeting artistic events in the never-ending passage towards the 'Unknown': verbal acts meant to join a circular flow with no ultimate purpose. The poet in his battle against language was, as Tagliaferri observed, participating in a 'confrontation with the inexpressible'⁷. The tools of this struggle have a lot in common with the techniques of the early avant-gardes, such as Surrealism and the Dada movement. The oral and graphic destruction of ordinary language - through deformation, contamination, phonetic associations - produces a new type of experimental poetry whose nonsensical and fortuitous features approach a 'nothingness' not unlike the silence to which many mystics aspire; a poetry that prefers suggestion to resolution.

To conclude, linguistic prowess and inspired rebellion against conformity made Villa a "word god" whose poetry will challenge the ingenuity and endurance of translators for many years to come. The three factors hopefully, make a helpful contribution to future translations.

⁷ Emilio Villa, *12 Sybillae*, Aldo Tagliaferri a cura di, Michele Lombardelli editore, Castelvetro Piacentino, 1995, p.7.



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