

Spring 1994

mOthertongue Spring 1994 (Full Document)

mOthertongue Editors
University of Massachusetts Amherst

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umass.edu/mot>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Editors, mOthertongue (1994) "mOthertongue Spring 1994 (Full Document)," *mOthertongue*: Vol. 1 , Article 20.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umass.edu/mot/vol1/iss1/20>

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@UMass Amherst. It has been accepted for inclusion in mOthertongue by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks@UMass Amherst. For more information, please contact scholarworks@library.umass.edu.

UMASS/AMHERST



312066 0293 5265 5

mother tongue



PN
1010
M68
V.1
NO.1
1994

A multi-lingual poetry journal sponsored by the Department of Comparative Literature,
University of Massachusetts at Amherst

Vol. 1 No. 1

Spring 1994



University of
Massachusetts
Amherst

L I B R A R Y

•

m O t h e r t o n g u e

**A journal sponsored by the
Department of Comparative Literature at
the University of Massachusetts, Amherst**

Volume I, no. 1

Spring 1994

Editors:

William Georgiades

Susan Leech

Emily A. Marino

Christina Orwicz

The Editors would like to acknowledge and thank William Moebius and Edward Gentzler for their help, support, and input in the effort to put this journal forth. Also, the Editors would like to thank Courtney Cook, Cristoph Paar, Diane Sears, and Linda Papirio for their contributions. *Special thanks to Dr. Martin.*

Cover by Tiago Estrada.

mOthertongue is the first multi-lingual student publication at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. It is edited by undergraduates and sponsored and published by the Department of Comparative Literature.

In the spirit of the Department of Comparative Literature mOthertongue was created as a forum for students of many cultures to express themselves in their own languages or in a language they are exploring at this institution.

The editors feel fortunate that the premiere issue of mOthertongue should have received such an eclectic mixture of submissions: 16 writers and artists representing 11 cultures have contributed original work, accompanied by their own translations into English.

This journal serves as an example of the diverse talent at the University of Massachusetts. mOthertongue also upholds the notion that a global community is not separated by different languages but united in the ideals which inspire expression in the first place.

Table of Contents

Passage dans les Alpes - Teufelsbrücke: Drive in the Alps - Devil's Bridge by Susan Leech.....	4
"Soy las once y cincuenta y nueve..." : I am eleven fifty nine p.m." by Kelly Washbourne.....	8
El Pez, Mi Querido Mañuel : The Fish, My Dear Mañuel by Juan José Chacón Quirós translation by Jennifer C. Segedy.....	10
"Ao inventar o mundo..." : "As I invent the world..." by Carlos Corais.....	16
"Nas Costas da poltrona..." : "On the back of the armchair..." by Carlos Corais.....	18
"Agora, agora..." : "At once, at once..." by Carlos Corais.....	18
"Num mapa recortado..." : "On a map outlined..." by Carlos Corais.....	20
Haiku by Christine E. Brush.....	21
Energia : Energy by Alessandra di Maio.....	22
Bolle di Sapone (atto unico) : Soap Bubbles (unique act) by Alessandra di Maio.....	24
Im Haus, Unterm Haus Und Ums Haus Herum - Szenische Inventur : The House, Under The House, And Around The House - A Scenic Inventory by Kristina von Held.....	30
Al-jebr : Algebra by Sammy Tabari.....	34
Goodbye, My Beloved Country : (Khmer) by Dara Oeur.....	36
Les Fleurs Fugitives : Morning Glories by Mari Zeleznik.....	38
Göttinbild : The Gallows Bird by Matthew Flugger.....	40
Pozycz me szesc zlotych : Lend me six zloty by N.E. Won.....	42
Untitled Art by Michael Schepers.....	44
Losse Hollandse Zinnen : Loose Dutch Sentences by Michael Schepers.....	46
Une Idylle Absurde : An Absurd Romanticism by Will Georgiades.....	48
Rosoj : Roses by Suzanne Urbanczyk.....	50
Contributors Notes	52

Drive in the Alps

By the time we reached the top
of the mountain, a cloud had
wrapped itself around the peak.
The pavement hiccuped
into cobblestone, fog.
That *souvenir stand*
would have looked
eerie any way:
in the middle of
rockfaced
desert-silence.
And then, we were on our way down

- negotiating narrow hairpin curves
which burst forth, now and again, into
our five-foot radial bubble of vision.
Along the way, Cristoff told me stories.
One, if I remember, went like this:



Susan Leech

Teufelsbrücke.....Passage dans les Alpes

Quand nous sommes arrivés au haut du mont
un nuage lui avait voilé le front.
Le pavé a errupté en cailloutis,
en brume, indecis.

Siehst du? Da drüben,
auf der lichten Seite
-Teufelsbrücke-
immer noch nicht
umbedeutend
Und
Da liegt die Schlucht.
Sieh die Marke,
die sie macht-
zwischen den zweien
Spitzen gespalten.

Le paysage en forme miniscule
s'est éloigné de nous, au-dessous.
Et les promeneurs qui cherchaient la vue
s'évaporaient comme des spectres perdus
dans le gris
imprecis.

Eine alte fromme Frau einmal
wohnte hier.
Ihr Leben war schwer
-die Schlucht unpassierbar.
Eines Tages, der Teufel
ist ihr erschienen und sagt:
„Ist es eine Brücke
was du willst?
Ich kann sie für dich machen-
sie wirklich schnell bauen”.
Die Frau bezweifelte
es bis er sagte
„So der Erste der hier
überquere, werde
mein sein ”!

Devil's Bridge

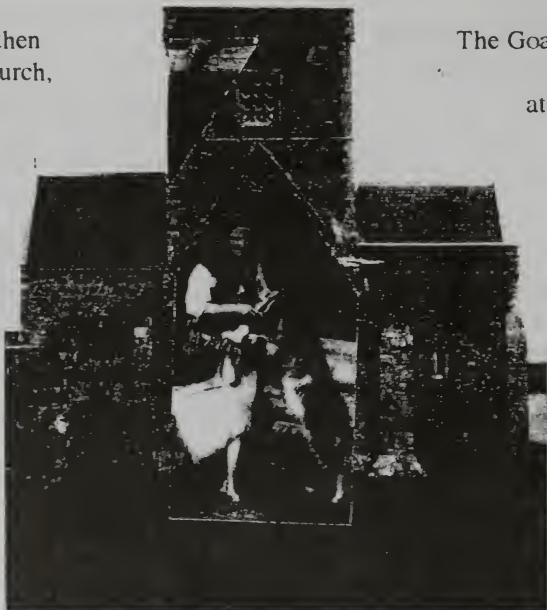
See you? Over there, on the left Side -Devil's Bridge- always still not unimportant And There lay the Gorge See the Mark that she makes - between the two peaks a-split.

An old pious Frau onetime lived here. Her Life was hard -the Gorge impassible. One day, the Devil is her appeared and said: "Is it a Bridge what you wish? I can her for you make -her really fast build." The Frau doubting is 'till he said "So the First that here crosses, becomes *mine to be!*"

The cunning Frau gave her Word. And at Morning over the Bridge she pushed her Goat. The Devil with so much Rage crazed, has in her House a huge stone Spike *rammed*.

Therefore, Devil's Rock that we -just now- passed. The House was destroyed, but not the old Frau...

She was then
in the Church,
kneeling,
praying.



The Goat's Ghost,
soul-less,
at the Door,
watching.

Susan Leech
collage by Susan Leech

Et donc nous avons commencé la descente,
courant sur la chaussée rapidement
vers les virages qui un à un sont
sautés instamment dans la champ
visuel, éclatant.

Die schlaue Frau
gab ihr Wort.
Und am Morgen,
über die Brücke
sie stieß ihr Ziege.
Der Teufel mit soviel Wut verückt,
hat in ihr Haus
eine riesige
steinige
Spitze
gerammt!

Pendant le passage
il m'a dit des histoires.
Une d'elles, s'il m'en souvient,
va comme ça...

Daher, Teufelfelsen
den wir -gerade- passieren.
Die Haus war vernichtet
aber nicht die Frau...

Sie war dann in der Kirche,
am knien
am beten.

Die Ziegesgeist, geistlos,
an der Tür,
am ansehen.

Susan Leech

"I am eleven fifty nine p.m."

I am eleven fifty nine p.m.

I am the fleur-de-lis trampled by the herd.

I am the mandrake root that screams when upheaved.

I am the ivory cake.

I am the poison that courses through the invisible arteries of air.

I am he who has been white, yellow, and golden.

I am the grimace of the saber-toothed butterfly.

I am he who has been the wayward locomotive.

I am he who has been the idiot water that knows not even how to flow.

I am he who could have been the water-king in a castle of fire.

I am the question mark.

I am the answer, but to some other question.

I am he who may yet be everything.

I am he who may yet have been nothing.

or I might have been nothing

at all.

Kelly Washbourne

"Soy las once y cincuenta y nueve..."

Soy las once y cincuenta y nueve de la noche.
Soy la flor de lis pisoteada por las muchedumbres.
Soy la mandrágora que grita al desarraigarse.
Soy el pastel de marfil.
Soy el veneno que recorre por las venas invisibles del aire.
Soy él que ha sido el blanco, y el dorado.
Soy la mueca de la mariposa colmilluda.
Soy él que ha sido el ferrocarril errante.
Soy él que ha sido el agua tonta que ni fluir no sabe.
Soy él que hubiera sido el rey de agua en un castillo de fuego.
Soy el interrogante.
Soy la respuesta, pero a otra pregunta.
Soy él que podrá ser todo.
Soy él que podrá haber sido nada,
o que pudiera no haber sido
en absoluto.

Kelly Washbourne

THE FISH, MY DEAR MAÑUEL

I live in a world of infernal passions that devour our souls. I do not forget my destiny, nor do I allow it to forget me. Today I find myself in this world, in a world without destiny, and without destiny, there is no answer. And I think of how I feel, and how I view things. I think of the black bird that just went whirring past, and has been buzzing in my ears for some months now. I do not see the reason, and even so I keep on living.

The boat does not move. It has already been three days and the sail remains deflated, eager for the warm caress of the Pacific breeze. And here we are, stranded, because fate delayed; not finding a path for us, it has taken a rest. ¡Ay de mi!, my dear Mañuel, I never valued the wise and sincere gaze of your eyes. The hours of life pass and there is no control over the passion of our blood. The other day when I thought of you, my guardian Mañuel, my veins crept calmly to hear the memories of your company, the days of quiet agony in which we, young and bold, decided upon the steps of an immense future. And what happened? I do not know, Mañuel; you have gone from me, or in this static time, I have gone from you; because if I am detained here, your feet walk along the path of your own destiny.

The fish just jumped, the one that visited me yesterday, the one that perhaps will never return again. I'm not sure of his motive. He offers me a crystal glance. Could that be you, my dear Mañuel? Mañuel! Mañuel! Mañuel ... whose voice is this? It has been three weeks since the time when I asked the voice to say hello to the platinum fish. This Limbo is tearing me apart; I no longer have power over my own voice. The same voice that once sang to Maria is now scarcely audible, spoiled with salt. Mañuel, you have to come back, you give me a voice. Give me a path to follow before life ends! My fate has given up. Tired of prosecuting me, it has gone from my soul and has left me alone in this water. Send me to Purgatory, for at least there I will know that the pain will set me back on track

EL PEZ, MI QUERIDO MAÑUEL

Yo vivo en un mundo de pasiones infernales que consumen nuestras almas. No olvido mi destino ni lo dejo olvidarme. Hoy me encuentro en este mundo, en el mundo sin destino, y de no encontrarlo, jamás habrá respuesta. Y pienso en mis sentidos y la manera que yo veo, en el pájaro negro que justo pasó zumbando en mis oídos hace ya unos meses. No veo la razón y aún así sigo viviendo.

La barca no se mueve. Ya hace tres días que la vela está desinflada, ansiosa de la cálida caricia del viento del Pacífico. Y aquí estamos varados porque el destino se detuvo, no encontrando hacia que enrumbarnos, ha tomado un descanso. ¡Ay de mí!, mi querido Mañuel. Nunca aprecié la mirada sabia y sincera de los ojos tuyos. Las horas de la vida pasan y no hay control alguno sobre la pasión de nuestra sangre. El otro día que pensaba en vos, mi Mañuel guardián, las venas serpenteaban tranquilas al oír las memorias de tu compañía, los días de serena agonía en que decidíamos, jóvenes y audaces, los pasos de un inmenso futuro. ¿Y que pasó? No lo sé Mañuel; te me fuiste, o en esta estática estancia, me fui de vos; porque si yo estoy aquí detenido, tus pies caminan por el sendero de tu propio destino.

Acaba de saltar el pez, aquél que me visitó ayer y que talvez no volverá jamás. No estoy seguro del motivo suyo. Cristalino me manda esa mirada. ¿Serás vos, mi querido Mañuel? ¡Mañuel! ¡Mañuel! Mañuel...¿de quién es esa voz? Hacía ya tres semanas desde aquella vez que le pedí a la voz que le mandara un saludo al platino pez. Este Limbo me está desmembrando, ya no tengo poder sobre mi voz, aquella que un día le cantó a María hoy salada apenas puede sonar. Mañuel tenés que volver, vos dame una voz, dame un camino antes de que se acabe la vida. Mi destino ha renunciado, cansado de encausarme se ha ido de mi alma y me ha dejado solo en esta agua. Mandáme al Purgatorio, por lo menos ahí sabré que el dolor me llevará de vuelta al camino. Necesito penar, yo sé que son mis pecados, sólo

again. I must suffer. I know that these sins are mine, only mine, and no one else's; they are not even the sins of my voice, nor are they your sins, my dear Mañuel. The blood that runs through my body today does so only by inertia, not by my will. My body is alive enough, but it is no longer mine. My soul is prisoner of a keeper who does not respond. And this damn boat made of old cedar, split and cracked by so many adventures, from so many uncertain days, now does not wish to budge. And this wretched sea that doesn't want to give this boat the strength to move even one meter. And this damn wind that I haven't seen for days: I am sure that it has carried off my destiny because I haven't seen it since then. Damn pressure that won't form the winds! Damn moon that won't move the waters! Damn these emotions.

Son of a bitch, it's my fault, no thanks to the Devil, that I do not wish to continue on in this dark life!

And the seconds pass. The fish, quietly, has spied me, and out of the corner of my eye, I also see him. I do not want to scare him off, I am sure of who it is. Yes, it is Mañuel, my dear Mañuel, he who has the honor of being captain of his own destiny, he who gave me advice, he who has returned today to rescue me. In this picture, in this painting, in this static world, in this Limbo, the fish, my dear Mañuel, is the only movement, the only hope. He is destiny itself.

And I can wait no longer. Come on, Mañuel, stir up these waters, upheave this dangerous balance. Get me out of this place, I can't hold back any longer, I can't even kill myself! Save me with your advice, with your peaceful gaze, with that wisdom of a savior of bodies.

My destiny! I need you to care for me. Take me to wherever you want, just so long as you take me! Grief, pain, Purgatory, whatever, wherever, remove me from this lethargy! Damn the time in which I forgot you, in which I fought against your prophecies, the time I lost in the world.

World of infernal passions.

The fish, my dear Mañuel, destiny himself, stared translucently at the poor man without feeling. He sat a

míos y de nadie más; ni siquiera de mi voz; ni de vos son mi querido Mañuel. La sangre que hoy corre por mi cuerpo, lo hace por inercia porque ya no siento que lo hace por mí. Mi cuerpo está bien vivo, pero ya no es mío, mi alma es prisionera de un depositario que no responde. Y esta maldita barca de cedro viejo, resquebrajada de tantas aventuras, de tantos días inciertos, ya no se quiere mover. Y este desgraciado océano que no quiere dar fuerzas para que esta barca se mueva por lo menos un metro. Y aquel maldito viento que hace días ya no veo, que estoy seguro se llevó a mi destino que desde entonces no veo. Maldita presión que no forma vientos, maldita luna que no mueve el agua, malditos sentimientos los míos.

¡Hija de mil putas, mi culpa es esta vida oscura que sin la gracia del Diablo no quiere seguir!

Y los segundos pasan. El pez, tranquilo me ha visto, y yo de reojo también lo veo. No quiero asustarlo, estoy seguro de quien es. Sí, es Mañuel, mi querido Mañuel, él que tiene el honor de ser capitán de su propio destino, él que aquel día me dio consejo, él que hoy ha vuelto para rescatarme. En este cuadro, en esta pintura, en este mundo estático, en este Limbo, el pez, mi querido Mañuel, es el único movimiento, la única esperanza, el destino mismo.

Y no puedo esperar más. Movéte Mañuel, agitá estas aguas, trastorna este peligroso equilibrio. Sacáme de este lugar, ya no aguanto, no me puedo ni matar! Salváme con tu consejo, con tu mirada tranquila, con esa sabiduría de un salvador de cuerpos.

¡Destino mío!, necesito que me querás. Lleváme adónde querás, ¡pero lleváme! Amargura, dolor, el Purgatorio, lo que sea, algún lado, ¡sacáme de este letargo! Maldito el tiempo en que te olvidé, en que luché contra tus profecías, el tiempo que perdí en el mundo.

Mundo de pasiones infernales.

El pez, el querido Mañuel, el destino mismo, miró cristalino al pobre hombre sin sentido. Se dio un segundo de descanso y despues movió sus aletas. La molécula vibró, el agua se movió, una corriente se formó...la luna despertó, la marejada se arrojó...alguien respiró, el viento levantó...y

moment, resting, and fluttered his fins. The molecule vibrated, the water moved, and a current formed ... the moon awoke, the undercurrent swelled up someone breathed, the wind picked up ... and at last, by the grace of this damned life, by the pain of this static time, by the Devil, by Purgatory, by Limbo, by the poor man of fate and soul ... the body responded and ... after such a fight, after you without a voice, after whimpers without tears, hidden schemes and forgotten requests ... the boat moved.

The colors had run together. When the man recovered his senses, the boat had advanced into the midst of the storm of the heavens, the magnificence of the tide and the arrogant swelling of the sail. The fish, beloved Mañuel, had gone. The man said a couple of words, and rejoined his voice. His body lit up with emotions. His life, that didn't matter now. There was movement now, noise, and the fish, dear Mañuel, wasn't there anymore. Braiding his tears with the sky, the man looked upward, and remembered his brother, Mañuel, he who had gone. Destiny had returned to life ...

translation by Jennifer C. Segedy

al fin, por la gracia de la maldita vida, por el dolor de la estancia estática, por el diablo, por el Purgatorio, por el limbo, por el pobre alma y de destino... el cuerpo respondió y..después de tanta lucha, de vos sin voz, de lloriqueos sin lágrimas, intrigas encubiertas y súplicas olvidadas...la barca se movió.

La pintura se había corrido. Cuando el hombre recobró el sentido, la barca avanzaba en medio de la tempestad del cielo, la altivez de la marea y la hinchazon de la vela. El pez, el querido Mañuel, se había ido. El hombre dijo un par de palabras; y su voz fue con vos; su cuerpo lució con sentimientos; su vida, ésa, ya no importaba. Ahora había movimiento, ruido, y el pez, el querido Mañuel, ya no estaba. El hombre entrelazando lágrimas con el cielo, miró hacia arriba, y recordó a su hermano, a Mañuel, él que se había ido. El destino había vuelto a la vida ...

Juan José Chacón Quirós



«Анти-Суд» 18

“Ao inventar o mundo...”

Ao inventar o mundo
Perco a cabeça
Como Deus ao criar o homem
Quero, como animal, espantar
Sentir a fúria dos elementos
Correr, discorrer...acorrer
A um lugar de segredo.

As I invent the world
I lose my head
Just like God creating man
I want, like a beast, to astonish
To feel the fury of the elements
To run, to rush...to hasten
To a secret place.

Carlos Corais
facing artwork by Carlos Corais

"On the back of the armchair..."

On the back of the armchair I show her the face.
Doors are opened in the arms of uncertainty.
I spin on my heels and step on the moment.
I stray through halls tangled by unsettled emotions,
hovering above clouds of shattered visions.

"At once, at once"

At once, at once
O merchants of the ideal
row, row;
show that strength,
that spirit,
submit your body to the word
feel your sweat streaming like
a river.

Carlos Corais

“Nas costas da poltrona...”

Nas costas da poltrona mostro-lhe a face.
Abrem-se as portas nos braços da incerteza.
Giro em torno do calcanhar e piso o instante.
Estendo-me por corredores enrolado por emoções inquietas,
pairando em nuvens, visões quebradas.

“Agora, agora...”

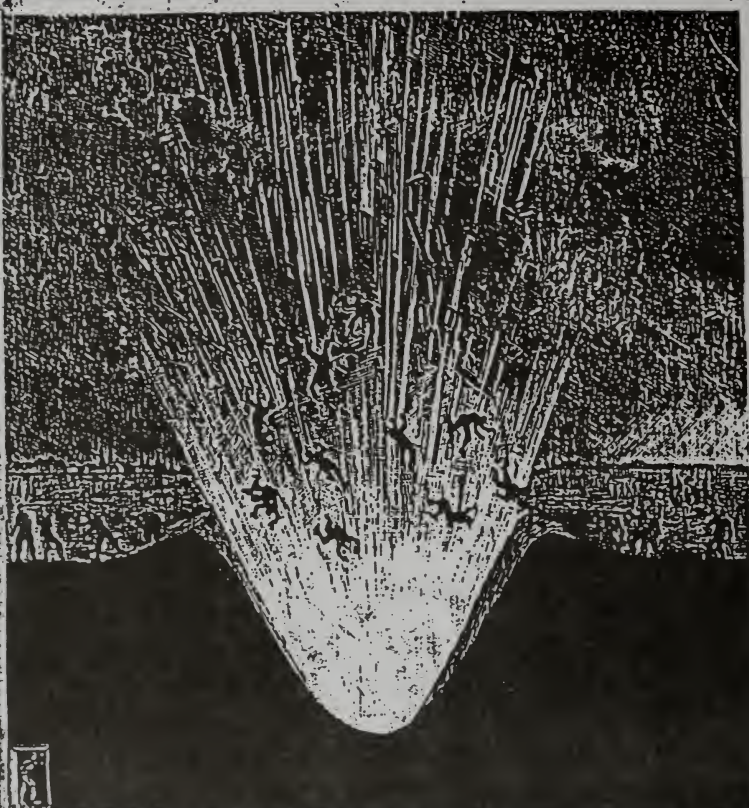
Agora, agora
ó mercadores do ideal
lançai-vos aos remos;
agora mostrai aquelas forças,
aquelas ánimos,
levai o corpo à palavra
senti o suor correndo em rios.

Carlos Corais

DESTINADO COMO POMPEIA AO VESUVIO

NUM MAPA RECORTADO NO TEU CORPO

ON A MAP OUTLINED UPON YOUR BODY



IS TRACED AN ERUPTING CRATER

DESTINED LIKE POMPEII TO VESUVIUS

Carlos Corais

深雪に

静かなどり

白鶴

ワ
ッ
ス
イ
ン
ブ
ラ
ン

In the deep snow
White cranes
Silently dance

-Christine
Brush

Energy

An equation
has always stormed
through my mind.
My brain,
pregnant with hollow ideas,
is expecting.
Its lightening,
quick,
has molten me.
My photons,
foolish,
start spinning again -
rapidly, rapidly.
...
Like a duracell,
I get recharged.

Alessandra Di Maio

Energia

Un'equazione
tempestra
da sempre
la mia mente.
Il mio cervello,
gravido di idee svuotate,
è in attesa.
La sua saetta,
svelta
mi ha liquefatto.
I miei fotoni,
folli,
riprendono
a girare -
velocemente, velocemente.

...

Come una duracell,
io mi ricarico.

Alessandra Di Maio

Soap Bubbles
(unique act)

[A *notcurnal scene of a Mediterranean summer. Two young women are talking under the starry sky, in a full-moon night. BRUNA, standing, faces the audience, her eyes upward; ANGIE looks at her*].

BRUNA- I want to be clear.

ANGIE- Who is Clare?

B - I, would like to be.

A - Clare who?

B - Clare who? What do you mean? Clear...What I mean is : I want clarity.

A - I see [*Not too convinced*].

B - Time has gone by, since we used to play with words. Now we run the risk to miss them. Too many meanings, contents, symbols, obvious senses and obtuse senses, in far too few letters. It's too much. It's hot air.

A -Obtuse senses? [*stressing both the words, with an astonished expression on her face; then to herself*] It doesn't make sense!

B - [*Ignoring A, Following her own thought*] Yes, it's too much. [PAUSE]. Words don't escape me anymore, as they used to do some time ago. Now I want to escape them. It's my revenge. Hitting just one road, mine. I want everything clear-cut, as round as a ball.

A - [*Absent-minded, puzzled*] Round?...What is round? What do you want round?-

B - The world is round.

A - Clear. So what?

B - Then all is round, it can't be otherwise. In spite of the fact that, due to the gravitation, we all stick like grapes to the bunch.

A - But if we look beyond the world?

B - Well, then everything is a bit less round...[*Thinking over*] All in all, not even the world is completely round. [PAUSE] It ends to be, but it isn't indeed. It gets round in the man's mind...

A - Which is round then! [*Half in jest, with some sophistic pride*].

B - It tends to be [*very earnest*].

A - Then, if neither the world nor the human mind are round, how comes that words are?

B - This is the point. They aren't. Until you and I can talk together, they will never be round. They will tend to be squashed on the sides - here, close to me, and there, near you. [PAUSE]. Or they may swell,

Bolle di sapone
(atto unico)

[Una scena notturna di un'estate mediterranea. Due giovani donne stanno a parlare sotto il cielo stellato, in una notte di luna piena. BRUNA ferma, guarda verso il pubblico; ANGIE la guarda di sbieco].

BRUNA - Voglio essere chiara.

ANGIE - Chi è Chiara?

B - Io, vorrei esserlo.

A - Chiara chi?

B - Chiara chi? Che vuoi dire? Chiara...Intendo dire: voglio chiarezza.

A - Capisco. [non troppo convinta].

B - Non è più tempo di giocare con le parole. Si corre il rischio di perderle. Troppi significati, contenuti, simboli, sensi ovvi e sensi ottusi, in troppe poche lettere. È troppo. È aria fritta.

A - ...Senso ottuso? [Staccando le parole, con espressione di stupore; poi fra sè a sè] Che senso ha?

B - [Ignorandola, seguendo i propri pensieri] Sì, è troppo. [PAUSA]. Non mi sfuggono più, le parole, come facevano un tempo. Adesso sono io a voler fuggir loro. È la mia rivincita. Imbroccare una sola direzione, la mia. Voglio tutto chiaro e tondo.

A - [Distratta, confusa] Tondo? Cosa è che è tondo? Cos'è che vuoi tondo -

B - Il mondo è tondo.

A - Chiaro. E allora?

B - Allora tutto è tondo, non può essere altrimenti. Ma per la forza di gravità, restiamo tutti appiccicati, come chicchi d'uva al grappolo.

A - Ma se guardiamo al di là del mondo?

B - Bè, allora tutto è un po' meno tondo...[Riflettendo] In fondo neanche il mondo è del tutto tondo. [PAUSA] Tende ad esserlo, ma non lo è mica. Diventa tondo nella mente dell'uomo.

A - Che dunque è tonda! [Tra il serio serio e il aceto, con sofistica soddisfazione].

B - Tende ad esserla [con molta serietà].

A - Se dunque nè il mondo, nè la mente umana sono tonde, come possono esserle le parole?

B - Questo è il punto. Non possono. Finchè io e te parleremo, non potranno mai essere tonde. Tenderanno a schiacciarsi ai lati - qui, vicino a me, e lì vicino a te. [PAUSA] Oppure gonfiano, gonfiano,

swell, swell, swell... till they blow up, like soap bubbles. Round at our eyes, only for a moment, bright, changeable, and after all full of nothing.

A - But beautiful!

B - Beautiful indeed, as long as there are some. But soon bubbles fly off, flee, burst, fade away...

A - Or they explode in your face. And when soap gets in your eyes, they burn...

B - And they blink.

[SILENCE]

A - I've got an idea! Let's be quiet for a while; let's close our eyes and imagine thousands of soap bubbles [*She closes her eyes; B. does the same. Soap bubbles cascading from above*]. Can you see them ?

B - I can see them [*She raises her head upward, her eyes being still closed*].

A - Can you feel them?

B - I can feel them [*Her eyes still closed, she waves her arms around and stretches her hands, as if to touch them*].

A - So, how do you think they are?

B - Round, how do you want them to be?

A - Mine are square.

B - [*Suddenly opening her eyes*] You are crazy! It's impossible. All bubbles are round, by definition.

A - [*Opening her eyes*] But you yourself have just said that they are not, by any means; you said they are changing and empty.

B - Changeable, because of light. And not empty: it's just that they don't have anything inside, only air. [PAUSE] And anyway they are roundish...As a matter of fact, they are almost round.

A - [*Bombastic*] Almost round! Almost all round! Mine are square [*in an assertive tone*]. They've got edges.

B - It is impossible, trust me. [*With a didactic attitude*] You are probably mixing them up with some ice-cubes.

A - [*Puzzled, naively, she closes her eyes again and stretches out her hands, trying to touch them*]. No. they are not cold...

B - [*Smartly*] It must be synthetic ice.

A - [*Naively, while opening her eyes*] Synthetic ice is cold too! [SHORT PAUSE. *She immediately starts speaking again, joyfully and determined*] No, mine are soap bubbles, warm, genuine soap bubbles.

B - [*Slowly, craftily*] With warmth, soap bubbles would burst. They must be cold.

A - [*Cross*] Mine are warm. And square.

B - It means they are about to melt.

gonfiano...fino ad esplodere, come bolle di sapone. Tonde ai nostri occhi, per un solo istante, luminose, cangianti e in fondo piene di niente.

A - Ma belle!

B - Belle, sì, finchè ci sono. Ma presto le bolle volano via, scappano, sscoppiano, svaniscono...

A - O ti esplodono in faccia. E quando il sapone va negli occhi, gli occhi bruciano.

B - E si chiudono.

[SILENZIO]

A - Ho un'idea! Stiamo in silenzio, per un attimo; chiudiamo gli occhi e immaginiamoci mille e mille bolle di sapone [*chiude gli occhi; l'altra la imita. Bolle de sapone cascano dall'alto*]. Le vedi?

B - Le vedo [*alza la testa verso il cielo, ad occhi chiusi*].

A - Le senti?

B - Le sento [*sempre ad occhi chiusi, muove attorno le braccia e apre le mani, come per toccarle*].

A - Bè, come ti sembrano?

B - Tonde, come vuoi che siano!

A - Le mie sono quadrate.

B - [*Apri improvvisamente gli occhi*] Sei matta! È impossibile. Tutte le bolle sono rotonde, per definizione.

A - [*Apri gli occhi*] Ma se hai appena detto che non lo sono affatto, che sono cangianti e vuote.

B - Cangianti con la luce. E poi non sono vuote: è solo che dentro non hanno niente, solo aria. [PAUSA] E comunque sono tendenti al tondo...A dire il vero sono quasi tonde.

A - [*Con enfasi*] Quasi tonde! Quasi tutte tonde. [PAUSA] Le mie sono quadrate. [*Con tono assertivo*] Hanno gli spigoli.

B - È impossibile, davvero. [*Con atteggiamento didascalico*] Le confonderai con dei cubetti di ghiaccio.

A - [*Perplesso, con aria ingenua, stende le mani e fa per toccarle*]. No, non sono fredde.

B - [*Con aria furba*] Sarà ghiaccio sintetico.

A - [*Genuinamente*] Anche il ghiaccio sintetico è freddo! [BREVE PAUSA. *Subito riprende, con gioia e convinzione*] No, le mie sono bolle di sapone, calde, autentiche bolle di sapone.

B - [*Lentamente, con aria sorniona*] Col calore, le bolle di sapone scoppiano. Devono necessariamente essere fredde.

A - [*Imbronciata*] Le mie sono calde. E quadrate.

B - Vuol dire che stanno per squagliarsi.

A - Le bolle di sapone non si squagliano.

A - Soap bubbles don't melt.

B - But ice-cubes do!

A - [*Irritated*] My bubbles are not made up of ice. They are warm. [*She takes her time, then gets close to B., insinuating*] And yours? Are they still round?...

B - [*Closing her eyes again*] Almost round.

A - And are they cold?

B - Very.

A - Then they are hailstones!

B - [*Opening her eyes*] What do you think hailstones have to do with soap bubbles?!

A - Well, it seems that they are both cold and round. Almost.

B - No, mine are soap bubbles. Real, pure, transparent soap bubbles. Look yourself [*pointing northeastward*]. Can you see them? They come from North-East. They fly free, iridescent, follow the natural course of wind and keep cool and well shaped. [PAUSE. *Facing back the audience, blankly, in a resigned tone*]. What a shame that down here they explode.

A - It's natural, it's always too hot in the South.

B - Indeed. it never hails.

A - From time to time, it does.

B - A few hailstones, just to destroy the harvest.

A - Better to have soap bubbles.

B - As long as there are some.

Alessandra Di Maio

B - Ma i cubetti di ghiaccio sì!

A - [*Spazientita*] Le mie bolle non sono fatte di ghiaccio. Sono calde. [*Prende tempo; poi si avvicina all'altra, insinuante*]. E le tue? Sono ancora tonde?

B - [*Richiudendo gli occh*] Quasi tonde.

A - E sono fredde?

B - Molto.

A - Allora sono chicchi di grandine!

B - [*Riaprendo gli occhi*] Ma cosa vuoi che abbiano a che fare i chicchi di grandine con le bolle di sapone!

A - Bè, sono entrambe fredde e tonde. O quasi.

B - No, le mie sono bolle di sapone! Vere, pure, trasparenti bolle di sapone. Guarda tu stesso [*indicando in alto, verso N-E*]. Le vedi? Vengono da nord-est. Volano libere, iridescenti, seguono il corso naturale dei venti e si namtengono fresche e ben fatte. [PAUSA. *Con tono rassegnato*] Peccato che qui da noi esplodano.

A - È naturale, al Sud fa sempre troppo caldo.

B - Davvero. Non grandina mai.

A - Di tanto in tanto, grandina.

B - Qualche chicco, giusto per rovinare il raccolto.

A - Meglio le bolle di sapone.

B - Finchè ci sono.

Alessandra Di Maio

THE HOUSE, UNDER THE HOUSE, AND AROUND THE HOUSE

--a scenic inventory--

INGREDIENTS: an old house, more light, canonical works of culture, and a number of participants.

AUTOMATIC ANSWERING MACHINE

The machine became aware of itself and calls itself: Out of deepest pain I call for you, Lord.

SEDUCTION

A man marches another off, a man leads another away, shows him the old path anew, the old house in a new light (using a flash-light).

MIRRORING

Mother and son in front of the mirror. Both are wearing a sign around the neck. 'Subject' says his, 'Object' says hers.

REJECTION OF BOOKS

A woman arranges books in an old bookshelf inspecting them slowly (flash-light). She approaches them, pets and licks them. Faster and faster. She tears one out of the bookshelf, then the next one, books are flying onto the ground. Tracing books they all become unknown flying objects. The throwing becomes an ecstatic dance.

BAKING HUMANS

In the kitchen they are very busy, kneading dough and forming human cakes. 'No more tree cakes' says a sign.

FLYERS

An unknown hand (in gloves) throws flyers over the banisters. A pile is mounting at the foot of the stairs. With

IM HAUS, UNTERM HAUS UND UMS HAUS HERUM

--Szenische Inventur--

ZUTATEN: ein altes Haus, mehr Licht, kanonisches Kulturgut und etliche Mitwirkende.

AUTOMATISCHER ANRUFBEANTWORTER

Der Beantworter wird sich seiner selbst bewuß und ruft sich selbst an: Aus tiefster Not schrei ich zu dir, Herr.

VERFÜHRUNG

Einer führt einen ab, einer führt einen weg, zeigt ihm den alten Weg neu, das alte Haus im neuen Licht (mit Taschenlampe).

BESPIEGELUNG

Mutter und Sohn vor dem Spiegel. Beiden baumelt ein Schild vom Hals. 'Subjekt' steht auf seinem, 'Objekt' auf ihrem.

BÜCHERVERWERFUNG

Eine ordnet Bücher in ein altes Regal, betrachtet sie langsam (Taschenlampe), nähert sich ihnen, streichelt und leckt sie. Immer schneller. Reißt eins aus dem Schrank, dann das nächste, im hohen Bogen fliegen Bücher auf den Grund. Den Büchern auf die Spur kommend, werden sie alle zu unbekannten fliegenden Objekten. Das Werfen steigert sich in einen ekstatischen Tanz.

MENSCHEN BACKEN

In der Küche rühren sie sich rege, kneten Teig und formen Menschenkuchen. 'Nie wieder Baumkuchen' sagt ein Schild.

FLUGBLÄTTER

Von unsichtbarer Hand (in Handschuhen) werden Blätter IN

sublime excitement, delighted ones surround it and stare.

'KLABIER'

Four are standing, sitting, lying on top of, under, beside, and before the piano praising the new clear beer. The sound of drinking songs.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR

On the stair to the cellar sits the master of the cellar drinking 'Jägermeister'. He has the key to the paradise under the house. 'Entrance denied' it says on the door.

READING

A woman reads aloud, makes the same mistake over and over again (Whoever does not have a house by now...), again and again, she asks to be forgiven. Finally, she offers the text for consumption: Would you like to consume a piece of text? Here, eat without hesitation. It tastes exquisite.

TODAY SKINS

A man sells his skins. Yesterday it was still his shadow, today it's already the skin. But always the skin of the others. Especially good today is the meninges.

CLOSING DOORS

Please be careful when opening and closing doors. Here closes nothing by itself. The door hisses at everyone who walks through it.

--to be continued as long as participation exists and effect is achieved--

Kristina von Held

übers Treppengeländer geworfen. Ein Blätterberg türmt sich auf. In erhabener Erregung stehen Ergötzte um ihn rum and glotzen.

KLABIER

Vier stehen, sitzen, liegen auf, unter, neben, vor dem Klavier und preisen das neue Klar-Bier an. Dabei ertönen Trinklieder.

KELLERMEISTER

Auf der Kellertreppe sitzt der Kellermeister und trinkt Jägermeister. Er ist im Besitz eines Schlüssels zum Paradies unter dem Haus. 'Zutritt verboten' steht auf der Tür.

VERLESUNG

Eine liest vor, verliert sich immer wieder an derselben Stelle (Wer jetzt kein Haus hat...), bittet immer wieder um Verzeihung. Schließlich bietet sie den Text zum Verzehr an: Möchten Sie ein Stück Text verzehren? Hier, essen Sie ohne Verzug. Es schmeckt vorzüglich.

HEUTE HÄUTE

Einer verkauft seine Haut. Gestern wars noch der Schatten, heute ists schon die Haut. Aber immer die der anderen. Besonders schön ist die Hirnhaut heute.

TÜREN SCHLIESSEN

Bitte Vorsicht und Nachsicht beim öffnen und Schließen der Türen. Hier schließt nichts selbsttätig.

Die Tür faucht jedem, der durch sie hindurchgeht, hinterher.

--kann beliebig forgesetzt werden solange Mitwirkung vorhanden ist und Wirkung erzielt wird--

Kristina von Held

What is the meaning that we derive from the word "al-jabr" when we say "The Science of Al-jabr*? The meaning of the root of the word is *to coerce or to force*. From the derivatives of the word and the forms of its verbs we find other meanings. For example, when we say "jaber-al 'ism**" we mean: *to fix broken bones*; "al-mojaber" is the person who is specialized in fixing broken bones. "al jabbar is *he who possesses great strength*, and therefore can force his will on others or things.

When al-Khwarizmi wrote "ilm al-jabr wa'l mukabalah," he meant by that *the science of re-building and equation*. We also understand that he meant working on applying 'the rules.' Whoever has to work on re-building or applying rules must find in himself the required strength (that is the knowledge) to do that work. The one who is skilled in Algebra can also coerce numbers to help solve problems related to human life. Then we can say that Algebra *forces* whatever is vague or unknown to give an answer. We find that there is a message for anyone one who finds difficulty in solving Algebra problems, after all, difficulty is embedded in the meaning of the word *Algebra*.

*Algebra

**al-izm means: the bones

Sammy Tabari

ما هو المعنى الذي نستخلصه من كلمة الجبرّ عندما نقول علم الجبرّ؟ معنى مصدر الكلمة، جبر، هو أرغم أو ألزم. من مشتقات الكلمة و أشكال أفعالها نجد معان أخرى، مثلاً: عندما نقول جبرّ العظم نعني بذلك «أصلح العظم المكسور»، الجبرّ هو المختص بتجبير العظم، أي إصلاحه. الجبرّار هو الذي يملك قوة هائلة يستطيع بها أن يفرض إرادته على الآخرين أو الأشياء.

عندما كتب الخوارزمي «علم الجبر والمقابل» عني بذلك علم إعادة البناء و المقابله. نفهم من ذلك أيضاً أنه عني العمل على تطبيق القواعد. من عليه العمل على إعادة البناء أو تطبيق القواعد يجب أن يجد في مقدرته القوة اللازمة (أي المعرفة) لفعل هذا العمل. المتمرس بعلم الجبر يستطيع أيضاً أن يصيغ الأرقام لحل مسائل تتعلق بحياة البشر. عندها إذاً نستطيع القول أن علم الجبر يجبر المبهم أو غير المعروف على إعطاء جواباً. نجد أن هناك رساله لكل من يجد صعوبة في حلّ مسائل علم الجبر، فالصعوبة تكمن في معنى كلمة الجبر.

Sammy Tabari

GOODBYE, MY BELOVED COUNTRY

To exist is to have sorrow overrunning your heart
That's the lament of my life in the past
Separated from my family, unable to meet them
I've never experienced a minute of happiness

I was born into a land on fire
Where people kill one another within the same race
Experiencing decades of lifeless existence
But why, Cambodia, are you so lacking of peace?

Finding it no longer safe to live in my country
I have no choice but to flee my motherland
Hoping to find instead of suffering
And to experience life instead of death

Dara Oeur

លាហើយពិភព្វឥតន័យ!

មានរូបមានរូក្ខរុក្ខរាសចិត្ត
សំណោកអតីតជីវិតខ្ញុំ
ព្រាត់ព្រាកគ្រួសារខានជួបជុំ
ខ្លះក្តីមនោរម្យរាល់ពេល។

ខ្ញុំកើតលើដីឆ្នើមសង្គ្រាម
ស៊ីសាច់ហុតឈាមសាសន៍បូជន្តា
រាប់ច្រើនសតវត្សកម្មពុំដា
ឱ! កម្ពុជាម្តេចខ្វះសុខ។

នឹងទ្រាំរស់នៅទៀតពុំបាន
ស៊ូនារមេសប្រាណចាកចោលស្រុក
ប្រាសចាកក្តីទុក្ខជួបប្រែសុខ
សង្ឃឹមថ្ងៃមុខទុកពីពត៌ង។

Dana Oeur

Morning Glories

Of love
I do not speak
Poets before passion
write respectfully
a few burning lines
Night
silent
in the absence of your heat
isn't love
Poems
do not know our desire
for in the fire
of your embrace
in this closed space of my body
hides always the idea of love
It isn't love
without legs interlaced like fugitive
Morning Glory vines
It isn't love

Mari Zeleznik

Les Fleurs Fugitives

De l'amour
je ne parle pas
les poètes devant la passion
écrivent respectueusement
quelques vers brûlants
La nuit
silencieuse
de l'absence de ta chaleur
ce n'est pas l'amour
Les poèmes
ne connaissent pas notre désir
car dans le feu
de ton embrasse
dans cette espace close de mon corps
se cache toujours l'idée de l'amour
Ce n'est pas l'amour
Sans jambes entrelacées
comme des vignes
de ces fleurs fugitives du matin
Ce n'est pas l'amour

Mari Zeleznik

The Gallows Bird

Acidic snow stammering with silent chants, putting the death blow to weakened imagination- all along the supple concrete, Samsons and Delilahs beg for comfort and accuse each other of impotency, the flakes sever such moments of temerity like razor blades making their way through the chasm.

There are endless tantamount doors arranged to lead you nowhere but bereft of life and money- Shh the learned slovenly dead professor has something new to say: "And here we have the phallus" What do you want? What do you want to do? Shall we seek bridges and savor a final gyrating dive? Or go to the place we were hurt the most, to relish being alive? (dinner awaits below that ice and paradise, a mirror barring escape)

She stood in the door. She bellowed the passing of seconds and someone should burn her down, raze her toward the ground, and the tile surged under a rush of gasoline (byzantine) 57 everything you know will be forgotten, my brain is bigger than yours 58 assassins 2, Kennedys 0, 59 Life is a cycle of destruction, I'll chase you around the maypole 00

The spark and resolution, without time we are free- Snow to liquid fury. Fleeting infinite season dangerous engines antiseptic leisure all absorbed in the conflagration of my wild love.

MATTHEW FLUGGER

Göttinbild

Saurer schnee stammelnd mit stummen Gesangen, der Totenschlag zur erschwächten Vorstellung stellend entlang das biegsame Konkrete, Samsons und Delillahs betteln nach Komfort und klagen einander wegen Impotenz an, die Flocken trennen solche Momenten von Verwegenheit wie Rasierklingen, die Ihren weg durch den Abgrund machen.

Da sind endlos gleichwertige Türen, ordneten, um dich nirgendwo zu führen aber beraubt von Leben und Geld- Shh. . . der gelehrter schlampige töte Professor hat etwas neu zu sagen: " Und hier haben wir den Phallus. . . "

Was willst du? Was willst du machen? Sollen wir Brücken suchen, und ein schließlich kreisendes Tauchen auskoten? Oder gehen zum Platz, wo in unseren Lebens wir die meisten schmerzen bekommen, um das am Leben sein zu geneißen (Abendessen erwartet uns unter dem Eis und Paradies, ein Spiegel der Flucht versperrend.)

Sie steht in die Tür. Sie brüllt das Vergehen der Sekunden und jemand soll sie hinunter brennen, sie das Boden gleichmachen, und die Fleisin gingen hoch unter einem Stürmen von Gasolin (byzantisch) 57 alles was du weißt wird vergessen sein, mein Gehirn ist größer als deiniges; 58 Manchelmörder 2, Kennedys 0; 59 Das Leben ist ein Zyklus der Zerstörung, ich will dich um den Maibaum jagen; 60

Der Funke und Entschirddenkeit, ohne Zeit wir sind frei. Schnee zur flussigen Raserei. Danhineilend unendliche Jahreszeit, gefährlichen Motoren, antiseptische Muße, alle ansangte in der Feuersbrunst von meiner wilden Liebhaberin.

MATTHEW FLÜGGER

Lend me six zloty

Who is singing?
Nobody is singing.
What are you doing?
I am doing nothing.
I never do anything.
Nobody ever does anything here.
Have you grasped it?
Lend me six zloty.

N.E. Won

Pozycz me szesc zlotych

Kto spiewa?
Nikt nie spiewa.
Co robisz?
Nic nie robie
Ja nidgy nic nie robie.
Nikt tu nigdy nic nie robi.
Zrozumiales to?
Pozycz me szesc zlotych

N. E. Won





Loose Dutch Sentences

The appearance of things rarely deceives. In the morning they emerge from the shadows in which they vanished the night before. Even at night they remain faintly apparent in the glow of the streetlights. The problem is clearly not a philosophical one; philosophy *is* the problem.

Note: *schijn, verschijnselen, beschenen* all from *schijnen* (shine).

Love is participation, which doesn't say anything about that in which one participates, except that it is worth it.

For one guilder you can see everything males and females are capable of. In the partitions between the booths people have bored holes which enable them to see how you think of it.

A gothic pit bristling with steel reinforcements, above which five colored cranes move their arms through the still empty sky, attracts great crowds every day. The giant tower which soon and forever will occupy the site cannot hope to attract so much admiration.

MICHAEL SCHEPERS

Losse Hollandse Zinnen

De schijn der dingen bedriegt zelden of nooit. 's Ochtends verschijnen de verschijnselen uit de schaduwen waarin zij de avond tevoren verdwenen zijn. En ook 's nachts worden ze soms zwak beschenen door de straatlantarens.

Het probleem ligt klaarblijkelijk niet in het object van de filosofie; het *is* de filosofie.

Liefde is deelneming, wat niets zegt over datgene waaraan men deelneemt, behalve dat het de moeite waard is.

Voor één gulden is alles te zien waartoe mannetjes en vrouwtjes samen in staat zijn. In de wand van het hokje zijn gaatjes geboord waardoor anderen in staat gesteld worden te zien hoe jij er over denkt.

Een gotische bouwput waarboven vijf kleurige hijskranen zich door de nog ijle ruimte erboven bewegen trekt dagelijks een grote menigte toeschouwers. De gigantische toren die er binnenkort en tot in de lengte der dagen voor in de plaats komt te staan zal zich op zoveel bewondering niet mogen verheugen.

MICHIEL SCHEPERS

An Absurd Romanticism

An absurd romanticism permeates the futility, nullifies it, and quick spurts of desperation follow me about like drops of sunshine, but I pull back before the blow and we both stumble away, mystified and sad, until the next time.

I doubt that's the reason I scratch my legs so furiously every night, just short of bloody fingernails.

But it may have something to do with why I was sitting alone in a dirty garden one summer evening reading the Sunday Times a few days late. On the cover was a picture of a boy having his head sawn off, his face all bewildered shock and horror. A group of uniformed men smiled for the camera, even the executioner managed a gruesome little grin as he worked. Beneath the photo was a story about how unpleasant foreigners tend to be.

Will Georgiades

Une Idylle Absurde

Une idylle absurde imprègne la futilité, l'annule, et des giclées vives me suivent comme des gouttes de soleil, mais je me retire avant le coup, nous trébuchons tous deux, mystifiés et tristes, jusqu'à la prochaine fois.

Ce n'est sans doute pas pour cela que je me gratte les jambes furieusement chaque nuit juste avant d'avoir du sang aux ongles.

Mais il se peut que cela ait quelque chose à voir avec le fait que j'étais assis tout seul dans un jardin sale un soir d'été à lire le Sunday Times vieux de quelques jours. A la une il avait la photo d'un garçon à qui l'on sciait la tête, son visage ahuri par le choc et l'horreur. Un groupe d'hommes en uniforme souriaient devant l'appareil de photo. Le bourreau lui-même réussissait à présenter un petit ricanement sordide pendant qu'il travaillait. Sous le photo se trouvait une histoire sur le côté désagréable des étrangers.

Will Georgiades

Roses

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Some poems rhyme
Not this one.

Suzanne Urbanczyk

Rozoj

Rozoj estas rugoj
Violog estas bluoj
Iuj poemoj rimos
Ne ci tiu.

Suzanne Urbanczyk

Contributor Notes

Mari Zeleznik is pursuing her Ph.D. in French, having gained her MA at the University of Hawaii. Also published in the 'Hawaii Review,' 'Vers' and 'Spectrum.'

N.E. Won is a shy man with a nom de plume.

Kelly Washburne is a Ph.D. in Hispanic Literature, previously published in 'Voices International' and 'Midnight Zoo.'

Kristina Von Held is a PhD in German writing her dissertation on German Jewish poet Rose Ausländer, spending extra time singing.

Suzanne Urbanczyk is pursuing her PhD. in Linguistics and writes here in Esperanto, the universal language.

Sammy Tabari is a graduate student taking courses in Comparative Literature who is an English-Arabic translator.

Jennifer C. Segedy is a graduating senior in Spanish and Comparative Literature. She dabbles in translation and has tutored in Ecuador.

Michael Schepers is a native of Holland, pursuing his Ph.D. in Comparative Literature while writing columns for 'The Voice.'

Juan José Chacón Quirós is a junior majoring in Economics and Latin American studies as well as being the Developing Nations editor at the Collegian. Previously published in university journals of Costa Rica.

Christina Orwicz is graduating with a degree in Comparative Literature and is pursuing graduate work in Psychology in London.

Dara Oeur is a graduating Comparative Literature student, hailing from Cambodia, and enjoying volleyball and soccer.

Emily A. Marino is an undergraduate Comparative Literature major who used to live in Sienna, currently working on an honors thesis.

Susan Leech is a graduating Comparative Literature major.

Her paintings and photos have been published in 'Ball' magazine and 'No Future: truth we are nice.'

Will Georgiades is graduating with a degree in Comparative Literature, previously published in 'The Nine' and 'Perkins Press.'

Matthew Flügger is an undergraduate taking intermediate courses in German.

Tiago Estrada, our cover artist, was born in Braga, Portugal in 1967 and is a candidate in the MFA painting program.

Alessandra Di Maio is from Polermo, Italy, working towards a PhD. in Comparative Literature.

Carlos Corais is in transit.

Christine Brush is graduating, majoring in Asian Studies with a Spanish minor. She will be teaching English in Japan next year.

u
