

Spring 2002

## mOthertongue Spring 2002(Full Document)

mOthertongue Editors  
*University of Massachusetts Amherst*

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# mother tongue

A Multilingual Journal of the Arts

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Volume VIII

Spring 2002

Founded in 1994.

**Editors:** Antigoni Tzoumakas, Gregory Storozuk, Victoria Howland, Joseph Housley, and Kim Durand

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A Multilingual Journal of the Arts  
published by  
the Department of Comparative Literature  
at  
the University of Massachusetts at Amherst

O

Volume VIII

Spring 2002

Editors: Kim Durand, Joseph Housley, Victoria Howland,  
Gregory Storozuk and Antigoni Tzoumakas

Layout & Graphic Design: Joseph Housley

## From the Editors

*mOthertongue* is the University of Massachusetts at Amherst's first and only multilingual publication of poetry and the arts. It is edited and designed by undergraduates and sponsored by the Department of Comparative Literature. 2002 is *mOthertongue*'s eighth year of publication.

In the spirit of the Department of Comparative Literature, it is *mOthertongue*'s intention to provide a forum for students of varying cultures to express themselves in languages other than English, whether it be their native tongue or a language which they are exploring at this institution.

The Editors are pleased with the range of submissions that are featured in this year's volume. In this edition, *mOthertongue* features artists and writers representing eight cultures, from four continents.

This journal serves as an example of the diverse talent at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst as well as that of the others in the Five Colleges. *mOthertongue* upholds the notion that a global community is not separated by different languages so much as it is united in the ideals which inspire expression in the first place. In addition, we at *mOthertongue* believe in the importance of translation as a medium in connecting cultures, ideas and the student community at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, as well as throughout the rest of the world.

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**O**

## Faz de Conta

Tu eras Peter Pan.

E se quisesse,  
eu era a Mae.

Na “Terra do Nunca”  
tudo estaria bem.



## Never Never Land

You would be Peter Pan.

And if I wanted to,  
I would be the Mother.

In “Never Never Land”  
Everything would be good.



## Despedida

Por certo que esses olhos já não verão  
o que viam no tempo em que as tardes eram verdes  
e as noites tão longas como uma recta infinita  
habitada por pássaros amerlos.

Não sei a onde irão esses olhos da cor da terra,  
se para ela ou  
se piscarão aos meus ainda.  
Nem mesmo sei se o acenar das tuas pálpebras  
será ainda as carícias que um dia eram só minhas.  
Não sei o dia que me encontrarei contigo nesse lugar sempre por  
descobrir,  
onde apenas sei que dança das raízes  
se enlançará com a carne mole do teu corpo.

Olho os teus dedos agora delgados como fios de arame  
e descubro o quão deles ainda necessito.  
Nesta espera escura que me cobre o corpo da tua já sentida ausência,  
não sei se pousarei ainda o cálice da vida na tua frente ou  
se bebê-lo-ei com o travor do seu fel...

E então os meus olhos também já não verão o verde das tardes  
nem as longas noites povoadas de sonhos em taças de cristal.  
E juntos nos despediremos com o toque ainda suave da pele e  
mergulharemos para sempre no abismo escuro que nos espera.

*Paulo Sousa*

*Translated from the Portuguese by Serge Costa and Paulo Sousa*

## Farewell

Certain that those eyes no longer shall see  
what they saw when the afternoons were green  
and the nights, so long, like an endless line  
inhabited by yellow birds.

I do not know where those earthen eyes will go,  
whether to Earth,  
or will they still beckon my own eyes  
I do not even know if the summoning of your eyelids  
will still be the endearments that one day were solely mine.  
I do not know the day I will see you again in the place forever  
unknown,  
where I merely know that the dance of the roots  
will weave with the soft flesh of your body.

I now look at your tapered fingers, like acierated wires  
and ascertain how much I still need.  
In this somber idleness that seizes my body from your absence already  
felt,  
I do not know if I should place the chalice of life before you or  
should I drink it with its bitter taste...

But then, my eyes will no longer see the green of the afternoons,  
nor the long nights filled with dreams in crystal glasses.  
And together, we will bid farewell with the touch of your delicate skin  
and we will dive, forever, towards the dark abyss that awaits us.

## Les Ondes des Larmes

Je ne savais  
Jamais votre  
Caresse se doux sur  
Mes joues  
Mouillès  
Chatoyant comme l'herbe après  
La pluie.

Votres yeux, si je peux  
Les voir quand je suis  
Aveuglé  
Sans votre amour,  
Sont les ondes des larmes  
Dont je me suis noyer.

*Vivian Kaufman*

## Waves of Tears

I knew  
Never your  
Caress so soft on  
My cheeks  
Shimmering like slender blades of grass after  
Rain.

Your eyes, if I can  
See them now that I am  
Blinded  
Without your love,  
Are waves of tears  
Within which I've drowned.



**Feet Near Chair**

3.75" x 3", 2001

## Después

Afterwards

There were six things  
We were concerned with.  
*Las cortinas, las luces, la música.*  
Yes, I said.  
There is no one here but us.

But she rambled off—  
“*Usted no piensa en mí*  
*en las maneras que ángeles piensan en Dios.*”  
“You are a thinker that thinks of himself only.”

And we sat on the edge of the bed  
*Con el vino, las velas,* and the mood  
Gone  
With garbled confessions  
Of who we really loved  
And what we really wanted.

## Da Dove Nasce Il Sole

Da dove nasce il sole,  
Viene la donna—  
Libera, luminosa, desiderosa.  
In lei, c'è l'origine di tutto.

Da dove nasce il sole,  
Viene la libertà—  
L'unica cosa che non si definisce.  
Nella donna, c'è l'orgoglio, l'anima, la bellezza.

Da dove nasce il sole,  
Viene la luce—  
La cosa più preziosa per vivere.  
Nella donna, ci si trova la purezza della rinascita, della saggezza.

Da dove nasce il sole,  
Viene il desiderio—  
quello che cambia, capriccioso, indefinibile.  
Nella donna vive l'amore degli antichi peccatori, delle fanciulle,  
delle madri...

Da dove nasce il sole,  
Nella donna, nasce la dorata fiamma della vita.

## From the Birthplace of the Sun

From the birthplace of the sun  
Comes woman—  
Free, shining, desirable.  
Inside of her, she holds the origin of all things.

From the birthplace of the sun,  
Comes freedom—  
The only thing that cannot be defined.  
In a woman it is pride, spirit, beauty.

From the birthplace of the sun  
Comes light—  
The thing to life most precious.  
A woman holds the purity of rebirth, of wisdom.

From the birthplace of the sun  
Comes desire—  
That which is changeable, capricious, undefinable.  
In a woman lives the love of ancient sinners, maidens, mothers...

From the birthplace of the sun  
The golden flame of life is born to a woman.



## La Vida de Blanca

el blanco de mis ojos en frente de mis ojos  
colchonetas polvorientas  
debajo de mi nariz  
nuevas paredes se recién pintadas  
luz de la luna  
refleja de la nieve  
me quitan las memorias  
un mundo, puro, frío, y desolado  
pisadas marcan la costra capa de la nieve  
con dolor levantando mis botas  
el cuero mata  
la nieve grita

el blanco de mis ojos enfrente de mis ojos  
techo yeso y abollado  
or guiñan sombras grises  
a mis parpados cerrados  
piel pálido, pelo sin color  
afuera solo es de luz brillante  
refleja de la escarchado  
el orbe, una torte  
probando de los continentes  
tranando los oceanos grandes  
olas rompiente blancas

acompañando por jabon blanco  
podemos ser jamás  
bastante para atrapar los cristales en la aire  
lenguas calientes, manos con mitones  
frío, blanca, torta de cumpleaños  
existe una senda a la alma  
sin trampas y mentiras  
ojos que estan sonriendo  
ojos que estan llorando  
el blanco de mis ojos en frente de mis ojos  
la verdad cristalina se estrella  
yo lamo la escarchado sobre la luna

## A Life of White

the white of my eyes in front of my eyes  
dusty mats under my nose  
freshly painted walls glisten  
light from the moon  
reflection of snow  
carries away my memories  
a world, pure, cold, and stark  
footsteps rupture the snow crust  
painfully lifting my boots  
their leather slaughters  
the snow screams

white of my eyes in front of my eyes  
bumpy stucco ceiling  
grayish shadows wink  
at my closed eyelids  
pale skin, colorless hair  
outside is only blinding light  
reflected off resilient icing  
the earth, a birthday cake  
daintily sampling countries  
gulping down thundering oceans  
waves with white breakers

accompanied by white soap  
can we ever be pure  
enough to catch crystals in mid air  
warm red tongues, mittened hands  
cold, white, birthday cake  
do clear pathways to the soul exist  
without tricks or lies  
smiling eyes, crying eyes  
white of my eyes in front of my eyes  
crystalline truth shatters in silence  
I lick the icing off the moon

## Seduction

Ouvre-moi ta porte  
Rentre-moi dans ta chambre  
où tout sent ton parfum  
où tout parle de toi

Seulement dans ta chambre  
tu es complet:  
Ton lit creux, enveloppant  
Comme un berceaux d'enfant,  
les mille bibelots  
("une histoire pour chacun"...)   
les affiches et les masques  
(la Scène et les Beaux-Arts).  
Le phonographe, et puis  
—les LIVRES:  
Des livres tout autour,  
partout des livres!  
Ta passion majeure,  
ton monde intérieur  
où tu me fais entrer  
et partager le charme  
de cette intimité  
où tu te sens seigneur.

Alors, ferme la porte  
et déploie tes richesses  
devant moi.  
Impressionne-moi  
par ta générosité  
et ton savoir.  
Je sais que là seul  
tu pourras te libérer.

Embrasse-moi  
tout doucement d'abord,  
puis, passionné',  
—tu en as gagné le droit.  
Dissipe toutes mes peurs  
et séduis-moi!

## Seduction

Abre-me a porta  
e introduz-me no quarto  
onde tudo exala o teu perfume  
e onde tudo diz um pouco de ti.

Somente no teu quarto  
estás completo:  
o teu leito macio e envolvente  
como um berço de infante;  
os mil bibelots  
("contendo cada um a sua história")  
as gravuras e as máscaras  
(o Palco e as belas Artes),  
a velha grafonola  
e os LIVROS:  
—livros a toda a volta  
por todo o lado, livros:  
paixão suprema  
e mundo interior  
onde me dás lugar  
e diexas partilhar  
o encanto  
dessa intimidade  
onde te sentes Rei.

Agora fecha a porta  
e expõe os teus tesouros  
só p'ra mim.  
Impressiona-me  
com a tua generosidade  
e o teu saber  
porque eu sei que so aí,  
no teu quarto  
to poderás crescer.

Beija-me por fim,  
primeiro docemente  
e depois com paixão:  
ganhaste esse direito.  
Dissipa os nossos medos  
e amamo-nos no chão.



Harry and Isodore, Northern Quebec

2.25" x 4", 1938

*Gabriela Delgadillo*

*Translated from the Spanish by Joseph Housley*

## Melancolía

El sonido de tu recuerdo  
toca mis oídos,  
y te canto notas  
que defloran mi alma desnuda.



## Melancholy

The sound of your memory  
Touches my ears,  
And your singing notes  
Deflower my naked soul.

## La Rose Dans le Jardin

Dedans le jardin qui est un orchestre parfait  
de couleurs et des fleurs qui s'entrelacent en harmonie  
parfait,  
se mélanger de parfums et nuances invitant,  
chacun joue sa mélodie avec le empressement élégant  
dans la chanson parfaite.

Mais toute seule est la rose succulent  
avec sa beauté mortelle, il chante son air  
comme un zéphyr du printemps,  
il volette doucement sur la brise,  
porté doucement sur la chanson.

Un miracle parfait il est, dans la vérité,  
l'incarnation pure de l'amour divine.  
Ses pétales soyeux d'écarlate semblent  
entourer un secret tendre,  
et comme fleurs d'amour,  
plus de ses secrets divines sont compris  
et apporté à l'esprit  
jusqu'à la rose est la musique en lui-même,  
trop idéale pour être qu'une illusion.

Mais sans ses équivalents musicales  
il chante seul, et il ne joue pas un rôle  
dans le symphonie des fleurs combinées.  
Ainsi le rose, en tout de son splendeur, doit chanter,  
Mais également, doit se mélanger  
En une entité pour créer la musique divine de la nature.

## Rose in the Garden

Inside the garden which is a perfect  
orchestra of colors and of blossoms  
intertwining in perfect harmony,  
fragrances mingling and shades inviting,  
each plays its melody with elegant  
alacrity in perfect song.

But standing aside is the luscious rose  
with its deadly beauty it sings its tune  
as a Spring zephyr tripping gently on  
the breeze, carried softly upon the song.

A perfect miracle it is, in truth  
the pure embodiment of love divine.  
Its silky scarlet petals seem to be  
encompassing a tender secret, and  
as the love blossoms, more of its divine  
secrets are understood and brought to mind,  
until the rose is music in itself,  
too ideal to be but an illusion.

But without its musical counterpart  
it sings alone and does not play a role  
in the symphony of blossoms combined.  
So the rose in all of its brilliance  
must sing, but also must blend as one to  
create the divine music of nature.



## Miedo: Una Gringa en Ecuador

de tomar el bus  
de comer lo que no es pan  
de caminar sola  
de perderme la vida por una tontera

de que me pique el mosquito  
de la obscuridad  
de las iras de la gente  
de la polución, regalo de Guagua Pichincha

de decir algo mal  
de morirme de celos  
de perderme mi ser  
de tener que escoger entre mi esposo y mi miedo

## Fear: An American in Ecuador

of taking the bus  
of eating anything that is not bread  
of walking alone  
of losing my life because of a mistake

of the bite of a mosquito  
of the dark  
of the anger of the poor  
of the pollution, the gift from Guagua Pichincha

of saying the wrong thing  
of dying of jealousy  
of losing myself  
of having to choose between my husband and my fear

*Gregory Storozuk*



Harry Digging Ditches #3

2.25" x 4", 1938



Harry Digging Ditches #5

2.25" x 4", 1938

## Shrouded Clouds

Drops of rain fall upon this enchanted Earth  
The majestic element that brings forth flowers  
And eternal life  
Powerful is its nature  
Calm and peaceful are the rivers that  
Flow with mud and silt  
The sudden sound of a rusty gutter  
Is enough to satiate one's mood  
Upon hazy clouds people come and  
People go, and the rains transcend  
Upon all of us.

*David Miller*

*Translated into Cockney Rhyming English by Joseph Housley*

## Arctics

Dropsy, pleasure and pain fall  
Upon Big Bertha,  
The majestic money for rent  
That brings forth April showers  
And the porridge knife.

Powerful is the Holy Savior,  
Calm, peaceful—the shake and shiver  
That flows with mud and silt.  
The sudden sound of bread and butter,  
Enough to glut one's table of food.

Upon arctic shrouds  
The peephole  
Comes and goes  
And the pleasure and pain transcends  
All of us.

From *Drafts*

Я ХОЧУ БЫТЬ ПОНЯТ РОДНОЙ СТРАНОЙ.

А НЕ БУДУ ПОНЯТ - ЧТО Ж...

По стране родной

я пройду стороной,

Как проходит косой дождь.

*(из черновых записей)*

*Vladimir Mayakovsky*

*Translated from the Russian by Constantine Rusanov*

## From *Drafts*

In my native land I acceptance seek,

But if all my attempts are vain...

I'll just cross the land

by a course oblique,

Like a sloping, unwelcome rain.



## Lunaria

1.

Жемчужина небесной тишины  
На звездном дне овьюженной лагуны!  
В Твоих лучах все лица бледно-юны,  
В Тебя цветы дурмана влюблены.

Тоской любви в сердцах повторены  
Твоих лучей тоскующие струны,  
И прежних лет волнующие луны  
В узоры снов навеки вплетены.

Твой влажный свет и матовые тени,  
Ложась на стены, на пол, на ступени,  
Дают камням оттенок бирюзы.

Платана лист на них еще зубчатей  
И тоныше прядь изогнутой лозы...  
Лампада снов, владычица зачатий!

*Maximilian Voloshin*

*Translated from the Russian by Constantine Rusanov*

## From *Lunaria*

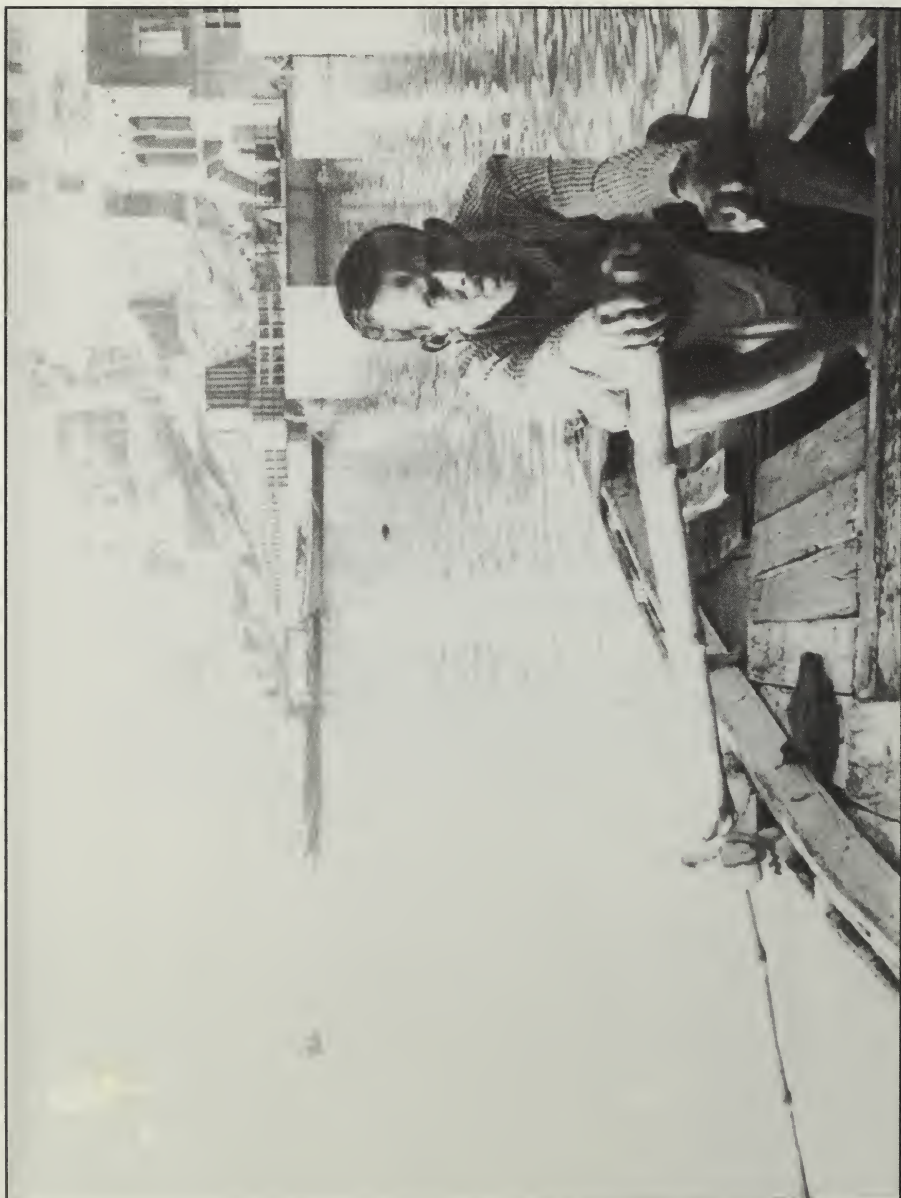
1.

The pearl bejeweling the quiet of night,  
The gem of the lagoon's star-studded base!  
Your light makes young and pallid every face,  
Thorn-apple longs for You in love-lorn plight.

Love's anguish echoes in the hearts the tunes  
That, string-like strummed, Your rays set loose.  
Uneasy dreams revive and reproduce  
In haunting hues the once disquieting moons.

Your humid glow and faded shadows, falling  
Upon the walls, the stairway, and the flooring,  
Throw tints of turquoise onto stones, finesse

The leaf of plane toward greater yet indention,  
Endowing strands of vine with greater fineness.  
Dreams' luminary! Mistress of conception!



**Untitled #37**

8" x 6", 1997

## Untitled

quanto mais cedo for, too late  
Too late tonight  
Muy tarde para encontrar te

é cedo meu amor, quanto mais tarde for, mais cedo  
must find the key under the flower pot  
no, de la alfombra  
Era Vinícius quem o dizia  
tonight here with you  
Mordiendo el instante

Mas é aqui contigo  
arms folded in parts  
Peró aqui  
que de braços partidos  
and tonight, the phone rings four times  
y en el fondo despierta el respiro  
de uma boca amarrada  
you twice  
esta vez  
e tu sorrindo calada  
I smile  
y miro abajo  
que te digo  
wasted in the moment  
embriagados por el ahora  
perdido no segundo do dia  
sweat the doubts away  
atrapando luciernagas  
suadas as fugas das dúvidas daninhas  
early summer evening  
primaveras con canas  
numa noite tardia

out by the lake  
no entre los árboles  
em lagos condicionados em infernos  
the wind melts you  
porque el sol congela  
e em ventos de terra amolecida

Too late  
Muy tarde  
mas é cedo amor, é muito cedo  
to stay up dreaming  
Brincando cercas y roubadole a la noche sueños prohibidos  
vai dormir na calada da madrugada vaga  
tomorrow comes and its vague promises  
no sale tienes saqueca  
que apenas promete o olhar da despedida

eyes too lazy too look away from you  
and this night's eyes  
we're but under the darkness

porque es siempre bueno darse un baño de tumba

é tarde amor, é muito tarde  
e as olheiras desta noite em que nos afundamos sem salva-vidas  
não nos alumia o caminho de outro dia

con nuves de lentejuelas  
la noche descansa desnuda entre nosotros

é cedo meu amor, é muito cedo  
despede-te aqui

que ojos torpe sin descanso nos ven

e deixa-me que te olhe assim  
e cole as minhas mãos aos teus olhares sombrios

yours and mine  
long stares

*Paula Gândara, Hugo dos Santos, Karina Bautista*

posando en el horizonte  
con ojos sombríos

Too late  
demasiado tarde esta noche  
de manhã cedo ainda procuram a escuridão do outro dia.

**O**



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L I B R A R Y

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\$3.00