

Spring 2003

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mOthertongue Editors
University of Massachusetts Amherst

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mother tongue

A Multilingual Journal of the Arts



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Volume IX

Spring 2003

Founded in 1994

Editors: Daniel Ruetenik, Rachel Vogel, Jennifer Lyons, Kochnov Jean-Noel.

Front Cover Design and Layout Assistance: Jennifer Mattuchio

Back Cover: Caleb Leech

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mOthertongue

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

O

Volume IX

Spring 2003

**Editors: Daniel Ruetenik, Rachel Vogel, Jennifer
Lyons Kochnov Jean-Noel
Layout Assistance: Jennifer Mattuchio**

From The Editors

Now in its 9th year of publishing, *mOthertongue* is still the only journal in the five-college area that provides a forum for students to express themselves in languages other than English. As always, this year's publication contains work in a variety of languages representing many cultures and experiences. Edited and designed by undergraduates, it provides the opportunity for members of the five-college community to share in the experience of language in the context of art.

This issue went to press at a time when the world appeared to be having more and more trouble finding ways to communicate. We see *mOthertongue* as a way to diminish the divide, while celebrating and acknowledging diversity. By giving artists this forum and creating an environment where these borders are an asset, rather than a means to divide, we can perhaps better understand our differences and our commonalities.

We hope all will enjoy this year's edition. Anyone wishing to participate in next year's journal, please contact *mOthertongue* at mOthertongue@email.com or through the Comparative Literature Department at 303 South College UMass, Amherst.

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Kochnov Jean-Noel

Grann*

Se par amou ki fe'm ekri ou,
Ni pa douleur yon ekriven.
Me se pou'm encourage
Un espace mwen presque bliye.

Langue sa a se pa lang pa'm.
Pas bon kreyol, pa menm bosal.
Banmewn yon chans, m'ta rele!
Se pa akote jenou'w ke'm te apran.

Bel fanm kakou'w,
Jèn fille ou te'y...
Sa m'pap janm konnen.
Pa ta rive pi pre qu'un image...

Petèt grenn je ti se'm
Ki parèt kom nuit en Maissade.
La lin kanpe, Rio Frio roule.

Mwen te reve ke'm ekri'w
Men ou pat' konprann.
Mwen te blige pale
Men ou pat' tande.

Mwen te reziyenm comme on terre anba soleil brillant,
Poum kite nati pran plas li:
Je chèch, Coeur di.

Se menmenm ou pa rekonèt,
Pitit pitit ou?
Se menmenm ou pa konpran,
Malgre couleur sa?

Et se la mwen wè
Tout tan sa se mwen ki te bèbè.
Mwenmen kite invisible.

“Pas bay kò ou pwoblèm poumwen,
Ce mwen menm ki ta dwe parle non paw.”

Se pat pou amour ki mwen ekri’w,
Se sim santi ke’m pas capable.

Grandma

It is not love that makes me write to you,
Nor a writer's pains.
But that I could encourage
A space that I've all but forgotten.

This tongue's not mine.
Not proper Kreyol, not even raw.
Grant me a chance, I'd shout!
It was not at your knees that I learned.

Beautiful woman as you.
The girl you were...
This I'll never know.
Can't get much closer than an image...

Perhaps my sister's eye
Appearing as night in Maissade.
Moon stands still, Rio Frio rolls on.

I dreamt that I wrote to you
But understand you did not.
I was obliged to speak
But hear you could not.

I was resigned as earth beneath harsh sun
To allow nature its place:
Dry eyed, hard hearted.

It is me that you do not recognize,
The child of your child?
It is me that you do not understand,
Despite this color!

And this is where I see
All this time it was I that was mute.
I that was invisible

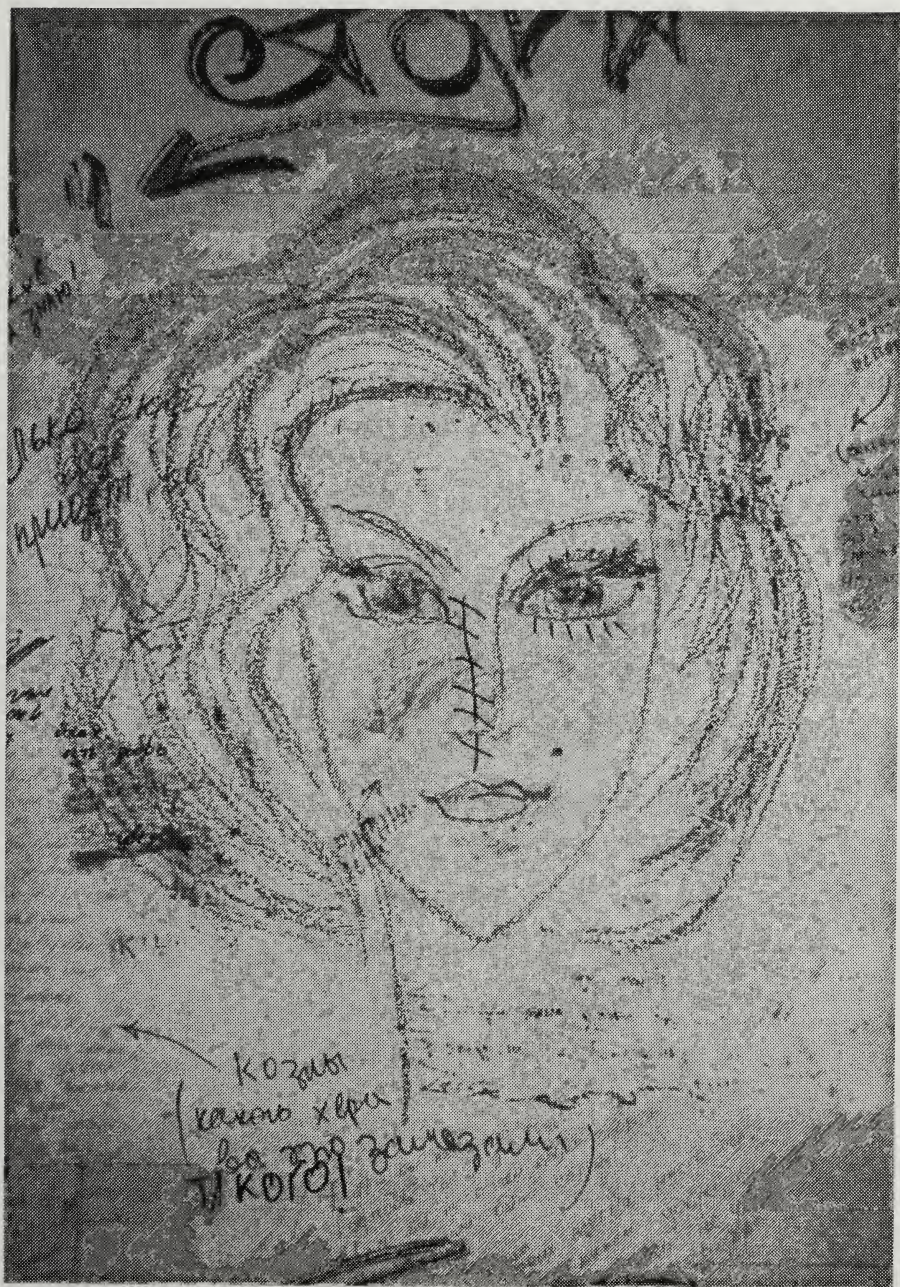
“Do not trouble yourself for me,
It’s I that ought speak your name.”

It is not for love that I write you,
It’s if I feel that I cannot.

* Grammatical errors in Kreyol version are intentional.

Moscow, Russia

Moscow, Russia



(Photo Caption)

“Она повернула с Тверской в переулок и тут обернулась. Ну, Тверскую вы знаете? По Тверской шли тысячи людей, но я вам ручаюсь, что увидела она меня одного и поглядела не то что тревожно, а даже как будто болезненно. И меня поразила не столько ее красота, сколько необыкновенное, никем не виданное одиночество в глазах!”

Михаил Булгаков
“Мастер и Маргарита”

“She turned from Tverskaya street onto a side road, and then turned around. You know Tverskaya street, right? Thousands of people were walking along Tverskaya, but I guarantee you that she noticed only me and looked not so much worrisome, but as if even somewhat painfully. And I was struck not so much by her beauty, as by the extraordinary, incomparable loneliness in her eyes!”

Mikhail Bulgakov

“Master and Margarita”

In Mikhail Bulgakov’s masterpiece *Master and Margarita*, Woland - the Devil himself - visits 1930s Moscow. Woland is akin to Goethe’s Mephistopheles who is “part of the force that always wills evil and always does good” by making people see their own stupidity and corruptness.

One cannot visit Moscow today without noticing that the books which are most widely sold

in an abundance of different editions, are Bulgakov's. His apartment – a space that is used for exhibitions and poetry readings of young artists and writers – and four flights of stairs leading to it, are a cult place for Moscow's youth. There, in writings scribbled all over walls, doors and ceilings, the deep conflict between Russia's past, present and future is evident. "Woland, please come back to Moscow! We need you very much!" "Why chase after something which is already over?" And, most simple, yet profound, "The main thing is to understand."

Why does a writer who died in 1940, and whose cruel world ended along with collapse of the Soviet Union in 1991, seemingly in no further need of satirizing due to its non-existence, become such a powerful symbol for so many of Moscow's young who visit his apartment? Perhaps, they realize that contemporary mythmaking about a "happy and glorious" Soviet past tends to conveniently forget terror, breadlines and brainwashing. Perhaps, Russia's transition to a new social order creates a sense of difficulty, makes things uncertain, does not readily offer

everyone an appropriate niche. Or, perhaps, the new generation that is emerging at the uneasy crossroads of Russian-style democracy, rapid Westernization and nostalgia for the recent past, so wants Bulgakov's Devil to return and teach it how to keep the march of those, who wish to reverse the course of time, from turning into another unending parade

And only Margarita looks on from the wall of apartment house at the Patriarch's pond. Margarita. Writer's muse. Adulteress. Witch. Savior, who is willing to bargain away her soul. Queen Margot, the hostess of Satan's ball. Margarita, an eternal woman in whose silent gaze are the yellow flowers – the first ones that appear in gray Moscow at winter's end to foreshadow the coming of another spring.

Raquel Canales-López

Away From Home

Todavía puedo sentir la infinita tristeza, el desespero. Su mirada hostil y sus palabras todas... que me decía antes de golpearme y dejarme. Cuan fascinada estaba por un cambio. Finalmente, no más filas kilométricas para conseguir ayuda médica, no más traseros empujando traseros y brazos pisando en el infierno de un vehículo público. Todo perfecto, suave, grandioso.

Excepto por ti. Cada vez que otras manos tocan mi cabello. Sufro. Té extraño. Te necesito. Siento uñas taladrando mi cuero cabelludo. Siento un fuego inquisitorial, que rasga mi cabello cada vez que el secador hala mi cabello hacia el norte sur norte

este sur oeste norte sur.

Y necesito un corte de cabello! Mi cabello me mata con todo el peso con el que tengo que lidiar Entonces, un hombre que no es tú, toma sus tijeras sin dejarme hablar. Sin dejarme decirle que quiero mi cabello
Entonces se detuvo
me ve tan asustada
me ve mareada,
pálida,
manos tiemblan
ojos quieren inundar el cosmos

Trata de parar, es tarde, no puede dejar una parte larga y la otra corta,
termina su labor.

Pero no quiere cobrarme por sus servicios

Yo insisto Él sonríe, Yo persisto y me abre la puerta.

Away From Home

I still can feel the sadness, the desperation. His mean
stare and all those words he said before he beat me and
left. How thrilled I was to change
my life. Finally no more kilometrical lines to get health
care, no more pushy
butts and smashed arms in the public transportation. All
perfect, all smooth
all great! Except for you.
Every time other hands touch my hair, I suffer I miss
you, I need you...
I feel nails deepen in my scalp, I feel my hair being
ripped by that hair
dryer, and my hair pulls back and forth, north to south,
And I need to get a haircut!
my hair is killing me with all the weight it puts with...!

Then a man that isn't you, takes his scissors lets me not
to speak, to say, to
tell that I want my hair to...
Then he stops he sees I'm too frightened, he sees I'm
dizzy, he sees my pale
face, my shaky hands, my eyes wanting to burst in tears,
and he tries to
stop, it's too late he can't leave one part of my head
long, and the other one
short
he finishes his labor.

But will not want to charge for his services.

I insist

He smiles, and opens the door for me. I find my
employer on the way home! She does not recognize
me... the only person that knows who I am is me.

William Soeiro
“Untitled”

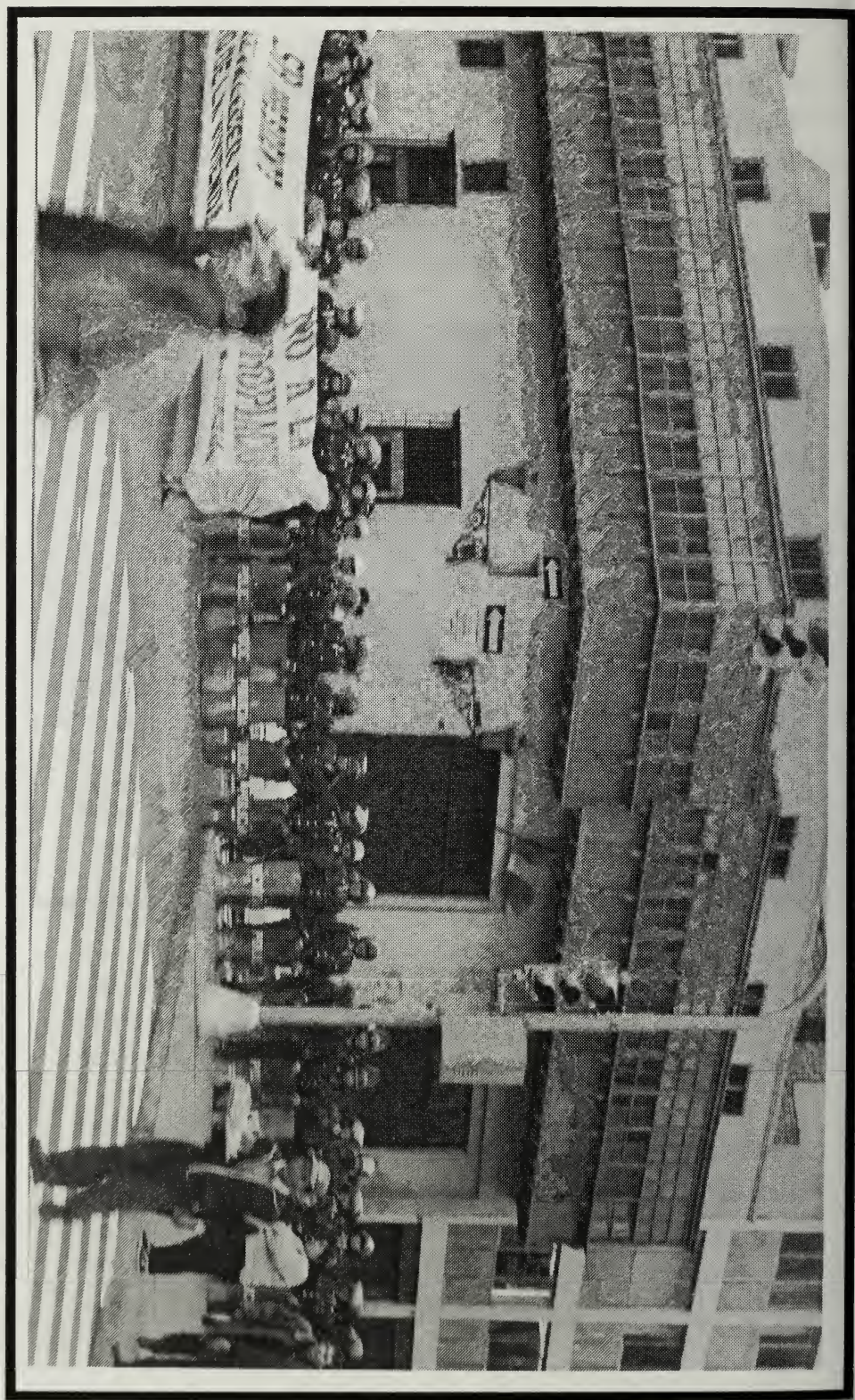
Mexico City, Mexico
New Years Day, 2003



(Opposite Page)

Daniel Ruetenik
“Against Fujimora”

Lime, Peru



Diane Wood

Exercice sept de négation

Je ne vais jamais aux boîtes de nuit
Mais souvent la nuit je caresse la tête de la chatte, ses
joues,
Son petit menton

Je n'achète jamais le pain blanc *Wonder Bread*,
Mais de temps en temps je prépare le pain chez nous
Et l'odeur de ce pain dans le four
Se répand dans la maison

Je ne fais jamais notre feuille d'impôts
Mais je chante en voiture, je chante d'une voix forte
Les chansons canadiennes-françaises, rauques,
sauvages et truculentes
(Aux feux rouges j'aime taper le rythme sur le
tableau de bord)

Je n'ai jamais visité le Taj Mahal
Mais une fois j'ai emmené une fille des Appalaches au
musée
Nous avons touché une pierre lunaire

(N'ayant pas de toilettes chez elle, elle a trouvé les
sèche-mains
plus impressionnants)
Je me rappelle encore son expression émerveillée

Je n'ai jamais dansé le Tango
Mais à notre dixième anniversaire
Au coucher du soleil
J'ai dansé avec mon mari (qui ne danse jamais)
J'ai dansé avec lui sur la musique de Mozart à la
montagne Red Oak
Ma robe de nocces toujours blanche
Les enfants étonnés sur l'herbe verte
Ont regardé leurs parents tournant, tournant...
Et nous avons tiré le crépuscule lavande
Autours de notre amour
Comme un châte

Autrefois, je lisais à mes trois enfants
Pelotonnés au lit, propres dans leur pyjama flannel
qui sentait le savon (Nous visitions *Narnia* et
Redwall—quelles aventures!)
Mais les pyjamas sont devenus trop petits et je ne le
fais plus

Chaque matin je plongeais dans l'eau claire d'une
petite rivière
Dans la forêt, nue
J'éclaboussais de l'eau dans l'air en rendant grâce à
Dieu pour toute la beauté, mais l'eau coule, et je ne le
fais plus

Il y a quelques années, j'assistais les femmes aux
accouchements
Après des heures de transpiration, de travail, nous
étions bénis par l'aurore dorée de la naissance; par les
pulsations du petit coeur.
Je n'assiste plus.

Personne ne savait que Janet Hennessy se tuerait
lundi matin.
Personne ne devinerait que cette femme d'avocat,
mère de deux enfants, censée voyager au Québec la
semaine prochaine
Se suiciderait.
Personne ne comprend.

L'eau et le temps s'écoulent
Moi, je voyage à l'affirmation, de jamais vers à
jamais

Je n'ai jamais travaillé dans une érablière au temps des
sucres

Mais j'aime le goût du sirop d'érable et les voix
québécoises et la fumée et le vent froid et le poêle
chaud...

Alors, qui sait?

Negation Exercise Number Seven

I never go to night clubs
But often in the evening I stroke the cat's head, her
cheeks
Her little chin

I never buy that white *Wonder Bread*
But from time to time I prepare bread at home
And the odor of this bread in the oven
Spreads through the house

I never do our income tax
But I sing in the car; I sing out loud
French Canadian folk songs, rough, wild, and earthy
(At red lights I like tapping the rhythm on the
dashboard)

I have never visited the Taj Mahal
But once I took a girl from Appalachia to a museum
We touched a moon rock
(Having no toilets at home, she found the hand-dryers
more impressive)
I still remember her expression of awe

I have never danced the Tango

But on our tenth anniversary
At sunset
I danced with my husband (who never dances)
I danced with him to the music of Mozart on Red Oak
Mountain
My wedding dress still white
The astonished children on the green grass
Watched their parents turning, turning...
And we pulled the lavender twilight
Around our love
Like a shawl

Before, I used to read to my three children
Nestled in bed, clean in their flannel pajamas that
smelled of soap
(We visited *Narnia* and *Redwall*—what adventures!)
But the pajamas are outgrown, and I do this no more

Every morning I used to plunge into the clear water of
a small river
In the forest, nude
I would splash the water into the air giving thanks to
God for all this beauty
But water flows and I do this no more

Years ago, I would assist women in labor

After hours of sweat, of work, we were blessed by
the golden aura of birth; by the pulsing of a tiny heart
I no longer assist
No one knew that Janet Hennessy would kill herself
on Monday morning
No one guessed that this attorney's wife, mother of
two children,
Who was planning to travel to Quebec next week
Would commit suicide.
No one understands.

Water and time flow by
I'm traveling to affirmation; from never toward
forever
I celebrate beating hearts, a melody, a slice of good
bread when the butter melts on top, the green enamel
eyes of the cat
Sap and life overflowing
Forever

I have never worked in a maple grove at sugaring time
But I love the taste of maple syrup and Québécois
voices and smoke and the cold wind and the hot
stove...
And so, who knows?

Rachel Vogel

“La Tombe de Molière”

Paris, France



Sasha Senderovich

Молитва в Кордове

В конце дня наступает время, когда электрические огни мерцают нежно по сторонам улицы – лабиринта бесконечных поворотов. Но солнце еще не село, и в течении часа между наступлением сумерек и абсолютной тьмой, естественный свет состязается с искусственным за контроль над городом, который опускается медленно, осторожно в ночь. В это мгновение вне времени, когда туристы едят ужин в ресторанах и гостиницах, испаряются уличные звуки, превращаются время от времени в эхо вечерней прогулки матери с ребенком в коляске: их разговор понятен и на незнакомом языке. Между этими полярностями света, в мгновение бегущее, предметы приобретают особые формы: более темный силуэт черной кошки, танцующей над древней стеной того серого пористого камня, который в этот час, когда ночь уже пришла, но день еще не исчез, напоминает серый пористый камень другой стены, освещенной и фонарями, и мерцанием садящегося солнца где-то над старым городом на ином берегу моря. Три звезды уже видны над блестящими носками Маймонида, над бронзовыми носками, натертыми на удачу. Сегодня пятница, но уже пять столетий

миновало с пор указа Фердинанда и Изабеллы, и синагога закрылась в пять часов, задолго до того, когда могла бы потребоваться молитва. Уличные продавцы отдыхают, пока мрак не окутал совсем все, до тех пор, пока путешественники ни выльются опять на улицы, чтобы покупать кастаньеты, гипсовые бюсты средневекового философа, кафельные буквы, сомбреро, звезды Давида, амулеты от глаза и игрушечных быков с игрушечными копьями в спинах. В это бесконечное, но уносящееся мгновение, невозможно ни бродить туда-сюда по Калле де лос худиос, улочке, где электрический свет становится все мощнее и сильнее света солнечного: солнце уже село, но еще не заставило себя покинуть бытие. И память замирает в это мгновение, и время несется вперед к следующему вечеру, похожему на этот, когда посреди поединка между двумя огнями можно представить плетеную свечку и запах специй. Но это всего лишь воспоминание, трюк воображения. В действительности же, магия остается до следующего утра, когда в длительном промежутке между ночью и днем танцует опять силуэт черной кошки над древней стеной серого пористого камня, когда солнце уже взошло, но фонари еще не погасли, когда одно свечение борется с другим того только ради, чтобы поменяться ролями в конце дня, и потом опять в конце ночи, туда-обратно, навеки.

A Prayer in Cordoba

There is a time at the end of the day when electric lights sparkle gently on the sides of a street that is a maze of endless turns. But the sun has not yet set, and for a period of some hour between the onset of dusk and complete darkness, the natural light combats an artificial one, the latter struggling with the former over the control of a city that descends slowly, cautiously into the night. In that instant outside of time, when tourists take their meals inside restaurants and hotels, street noises vanish, turn into an occasional echo of a mother taking a goodnight walk with her child in a baby stroller: their talk is familiar and pleasant even in an unfamiliar tongue. Between these two poles of light, in a moment which is fleeting, objects acquire distinct shapes: a darker silhouette of a black cat dancing over an ancient wall of porous gray stone which in that hour, when the night has set in but the day has not yet vanished, resembles the porous gray stone of another wall, illuminated both by lamps and the glitter of the setting sun somewhere over another ancient city on the other side of the sea. Three stars are already visible over the glowing toes of Maimonides, bronze toes rubbed down for luck. It is Friday, but it has been five centuries since the decree of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the synagogue has closed at five o'clock, long before there would have been a need for a prayer. Street vendors take a break before the darkness descends completely, when the visitors pour out onto the streets once again to shop for castanets, plaster busts of medieval philosophers, tiled letters, sombreros, stars of David, evil eye amulets and toy bulls with toy spears in their backs. In

that endless but fleeting hour one cannot help but wander up and down the passageway of Calle de los Judios, where electric lights gain more and more power over the sun that has already set but has not yet willed itself out of existence. And memory stops in that moment as time fleets ahead to the next evening just like this one, when, in the middle of a fight between two lights, one conjures up a smell of spices and an image of a braided candle. But such is only a recollection, a feat of imagination. In reality, the magic does not rescind until the following morning when the longest time between night and day is graced again by the silhouette of a black cat dancing over the ancient wall of porous gray stone, when the sun has already risen but the street lamps have not yet gone out, when one luminescence is locked in a fight with another, only to reverse their roles at the end of the day, and then again at the end of the night, back and forth, forever.

当我决定要走的时候,我的朋友神色慌张。他们说,“你要去哪儿?你究竟要什麼?”

我笑了。我什麼都不要,因为不要,我才要离开。

我生怕在一个地方呆久了,
我会懒,会更加不想动,会不用脑子就能从一条街穿过另一条街,从一个路口拐进下一个路口,吃饭,上班,
然后看望同一帮朋友,做同样的游戏,说同样的笑话。

我生怕我还这样孤寂地一个人走下去,在所有熟人指指点点的目光下,背会萎缩,笑容会更僵持。

我也生怕会被一个人疯狂地爱上,不知道该怎麽办。明白自己是极其心软的人,
挪不动启程的步伐,从此会被胶着着,哪怕心里极不情愿。风大的时候,帆起的时候,看着自己的心像布一样被片片扯开,却不能哭。从此只有音乐在空中,梦在空中,舞蹈在空中,诗在空中,而我只有在泥泞的土里跋涉,不会注意一片新叶,更别说抬头看一下天,那将是怎样一张忧郁可怖的脸和碎石般的心。

我还怕守着爱,也会成了习惯。
再不经意的清晨,托着那双旧拖鞋,把它跟垃圾一起倒掉,茫然地看着大卡车载着它,转出巷口,驶出视野,没有可能再捡到。

我怕同样的风,同样的雨,同样的油纸伞和小巷,同样的喃喃自语,所有的故事是开头也是结尾,我也将不再去电影院。

那时候,朋友,你还认得我吗?纵使毫发未变。

真的,我其实什麼都不想要,我只想聆听不同的歌声,攀援不同的山峰。我希望我的一生象鸟一样飞过天空,象恐龙一样缓缓跨越季节,象风一样抚摸大地。

Departure

When I was ready to go, my friend looked panicked.
“Where are you going? What on earth are you looking for?”

I smiled. I ask for nothing. It is only because of this that I desire so much to leave.

I'm afraid I'll get lazy if I stay in one place for too long. I'll feel tardy. I'll go from one street to another and turn down one road and onto another without even turning on my brain. I will eat, go to work and then visit the same group of people, play the same games and tell the same old jokes.

I'm afraid I will have to walk on like this forever, lonely, scrutinized by all of my acquaintances. My back will shrink and smiles will freeze.

I'm afraid someone I don't love will crazily love me. Which will leave me feeling terrible and I won't have any idea what to do. I know myself as an extremely softhearted person, I will be glued to the place with great reluctance to leave, and will be unable to stir anymore. When the wind blows, the sails will start flying, and I will see my own heart shredded like slices of cloth. I will have to refrain hard from crying. From then on, only music will be in the sky. And dream and dance and poetry. But really I will have to trudge in the mud below, never noticing the buds on trees or even looking up at the sky. What a terrible broken hearted fate that will be!

I'm also afraid of staying because love will become a habit. On an ordinary, careless morning, while wearing an old pair of slippers I might throw it away with the garbage. Staring blankly as it's being carried away by the garbage truck, I won't even realize anything is unusual until the truck turns at the end of the lane and finally disappears out of my sight. Then I will lose any possibility of picking it up again.

I'm also afraid of the same wind, the same rain, the same umbrella, the same lane and the same whispering. All movies begin and end similarly, and thus I will never again return to the cinema.

My friend, will you recognize me by that time, even if nothing changes in me?

Yes, I ask for nothing. I only want to listen to different songs and climb different mountains. I wish my whole life would be like that of a bird flying across the sky, or a dragon slowly spanning the seasons, or the wind softly touching the earth.

Holly Connell-Schaaf

La Ciudad Entre Los Dos

Una isla del norte, una isla del sur
La ciudad entre los dos.

Los irlandeses conocían el dolor del racismo.
Muchos pensaban que los celtas
Eran una raza primitiva,
Nadie esperaba
Que estos salvajes pudieran
Sobrevivir en la sociedad.
La pobreza y el crimen
Acuciaban a los irlandeses
La desesperación atacaba sus corazones
Y ellos sangraban lentamente
La cadencia de su rica cultura
Su música, creencias, y poesía
En los caminos sucios,
Lugares sin esmeralda.

Pero sus vidas continuaban
Y los hijos descubrían despacio,
Un lugar nuevo en la ciudad.
Los irlandeses subían por las colinas,
Encontraban su verdor de nuevo
Y casas grandes y elegantes.
Ellos empezaban a gobernar la ciudad
Que torturaba a sus antepasados.

Una isla del norte, una isla del sur
La ciudad entre los dos.

Los puertorriqueños venían de su isla del sur

Y vivían en edificios antiguos
Los mismos que contenían a los irlandeses.
También ellos traen a la ciudad
La cadencia de su rica cultura—
Su música, sus creencias, su poesía.
Pero ahora los irlandeses están mirando
Desde las colinas a las que sus abuelos subían.
Creen que los nuevos inmigrantes
No pueden ser una parte de esta ciudad ya civilizada.
Piensan que los puertorriqueños
Están invitando a la pobreza y el crimen
A quedarse en sus corazones y en sus casas.
Los puertorriqueños casi pierden la esperanza
Sangran como lo hicieron los irlandeses en el pasado
En las calles sucias
Lugares sin calor.

Pero sus vidas continuaban
Y sus hijos están descubriendo
Un lugar en la ciudad.
Están subiendo a las colinas
Viven al lado de los irlandeses
Espacio están descubriendo de nuevo el calor.
Están tomando posiciones en el gobierno,
Pero quiero oír un sonido de supervivencia.
La armonía de dos culturas de la ciudad
Que han luchado por encontrar igualdad
Será la música más mágica
Que la ciudad ha oído.
Las creencias se mezclan y crecen más fuertes.
Los irlandeses y los puertorriqueños
Están unidos en la poesía.

Una isla del norte, una isla del sur
Y la ciudad es de los dos.

The City Between Them Both

A northern island, a southern island
The city between them both.

The Irish knew the pain of racism.
Many thought that the Celts
Were a primitive race.
Nobody had any hope
That these savages
Could survive in society.
Poverty and crime
Crushed the Irish.
Desperation attacked their hearts
And they slowly bled
The cadence of their rich culture
Their music, their beliefs, their poetry
Into the dirty streets,
Places without emerald.

But their families continued
And the children slowly discovered
A new place in the city.
The Irish climbed the hills
And found their green again,
Along with immense, elegant houses.
They began to govern the city
That had tortured their ancestors.

A northern island, a southern island
The city between them both.

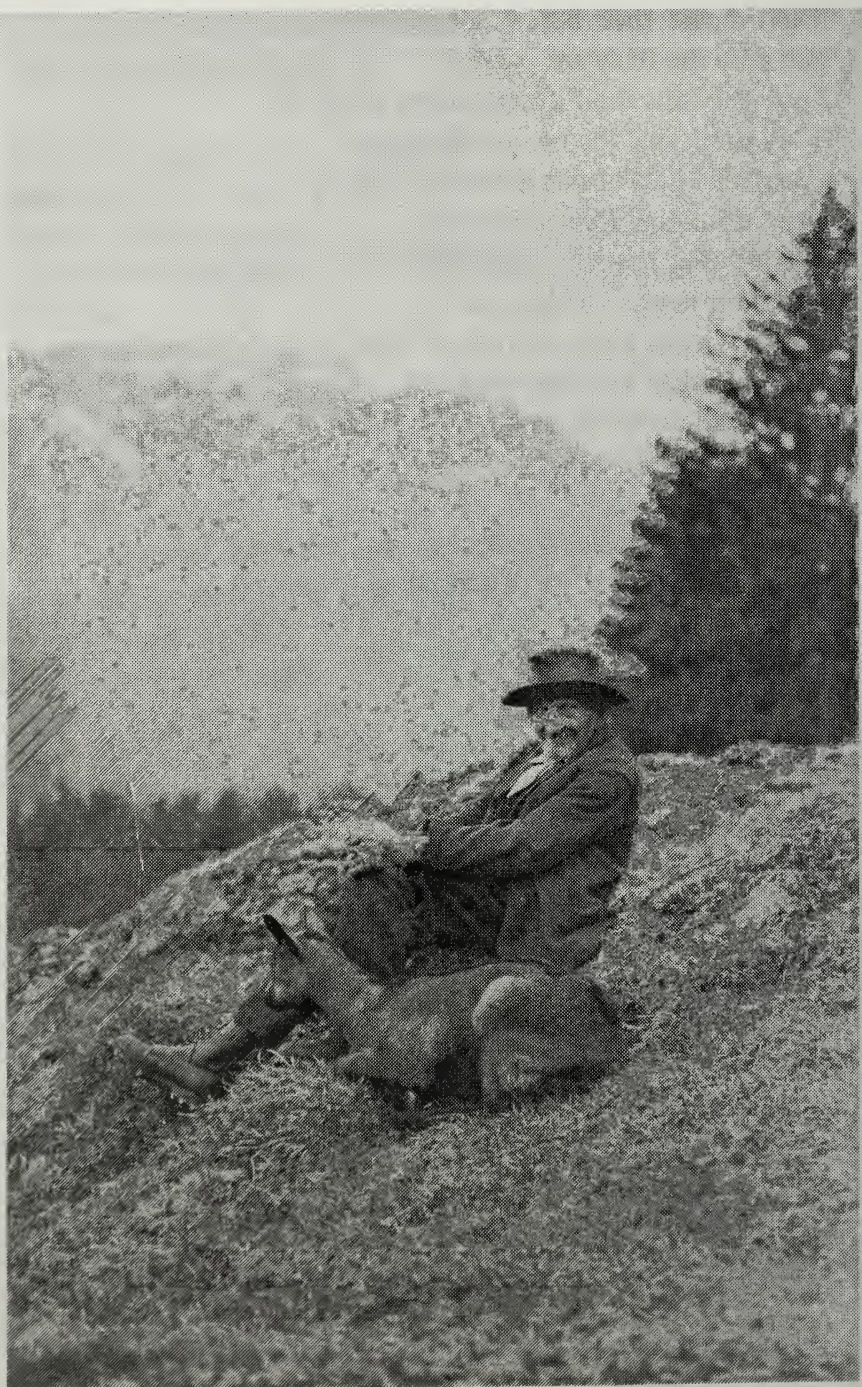
Puerto Ricans came from their southern island
And lived in the old buildings
The same structures that contained the Irish.

They also brought to the city
The cadence of their rich culture
Their music, their beliefs, their poetry.
But now the Irish are gazing
From the hills their grandparents climbed.
They think that the new immigrants
Cannot be part of this civilized city.
They think that Puerto Ricans
Are inviting poverty and crime
Into their hearts and homes.
Puerto Ricans have almost lost hope
They bleed as the Irish once did
Into the dirty streets
Places without warmth.

But their families continue
And their children are discovering
A place in the city.
They are climbing the hills
Now living beside the Irish
And slowly discovering warmth again.
They are taking their places in the government
But I want to hear the sounds of survival.
The harmony of two cultures of Holyoke
That have fought to find equality
Would be the most magic music
The city has ever heard.
Beliefs mix and grow stronger.
The Irish and the Puerto Ricans
Are united in poetry.

A northern island, a southern island,
The city belongs to them both.

Caleb Leech
“Man and Goat”



Katherine Sinkoski

¿Dónde ehtá Ehprínfil Nena?

¿Dónde ehtá Ehprínfil Nena?
Yo tengo que irme allí

¿Dónde ehtá Ehprínfil Nena?
Hace seih añooh que he vihto mi hija Haití,

Siento extraño por lah miradah de la gente
y no sé porque la guagua me dejó aquí,

Tengo ganah de regresar a Santo Domingo
porque nunca sentiría así,

Pero primero tengo que ir a Ehprínfil Nena,
para que vea a mi hija Haití,

Entonceh, dile al hombre que maneja el taxi
que quiero irme allí,

Dile Nena, y por favor ten prisa
porque me siento extraño aquí.

*(Spanish, phonetically written with a Dominican
accent)*

Where is Springfield (Honey)?

Where is Springfield Honey?
I have to go there,

Where is Springfield Honey?
It's been six years since I've seen my daughter Haití,

I feel strange because of the stares from the people
And I don't know why the bus left me here,

I want to return to Santo Domingo
Because I would never feel like this there

But first I have to go to Springfield Honey,
so that I can see my daughter Haití

So, tell the driver that I want to go there,

Tell him Honey, and please hurry,
because I feel strange here.

Elif Shafak
(Excerpt) Mahrem

“Sevgilim, bu bir Nazar Sözlüğü,” demisti ekranı göstererek. Dünyada en sok sevdiği iki kişiyi nihayet tanistirabilmiş biri gibi, ta-nistirdiklerinin hemen kaynasmannt bekleyerek.

“Nereden çıktı bu şimdi? “ dedim.

“Nerden mi çıktı? Vardi zaten. Hep vardi. Baksana, hayatımız görmek ve görölmek üzerine kurulu. Bütün dertlerimiz, tasalarımız, takintılarımız, mutluluklarımız ve hatıralanmız... hatta Su dünyadaki varlığımız... hatta ve hatta bizim askımız... hepsi ama hepsi görmeye ve görölmeye dair. Iste Nazar Sözlüğü madde madde bunu göstere-cek. Maddeler ilk bakista birbirinden kopuk gibi görünecek ama as-lında, hepsi görmek ve görölmekle bağlantılı olduğu için, her bir madde alttan alta bir diğeriyle bağlantılı olacak. Yani aslında hepsi aynı bütünü ayrı bir parçasını olusturacak. Böylece Nazar Sözlüğü kırk yamalı tek iplikli saman kisvesi gibi olacak. Bu benzetmeyi de bu sabah buldum. E, ne diyorsun?”

Gülümsedim. Nasıl da seviyordu tumturaklı laflar etmeyi. Mut-faga gidip, cayimin yanında atısrıracak bir seyler bakindim. Neyse ki, bir gün evvel pastaneden aldığım, icleri kayısı marmeladıyla doldu-rulmuş su küçük, yuvarlak keklerden biraz kalmisti. Tabagim elimde salona döndüğümde suraiini asmis beni bekliyordu.

“Göreceksin,” dedi incindigini saklamadan. “Nazar Sözlüğü’nün neden bu kadar önemli olduğum sana ispatlayacağım.”

Abdal(dervis): Padisahlar sehr-i sehirin ylıkavi sokaklarında tebdil ge-zerdi. Kimi zaman ihsanda bulunur, cogu zaman ceza keserlerdi. ihsan da ceza da amnda yerini bulsun diye, padisahların pesi sıra yürüdü tebdil hasekisi. Sik sik tebdil gezen Üçüncü Mustafa, dervis kiligina girmeyi pek severdi. Kans kans, sehri gezerdi; disi dervis, ici padisah. Bir gün, corum alaybeyi iken azledilip Istanbulfa geien Feyzullah, tebdil gezen padisaht tanıdi. Ne kadar müskül durumda olduğunu anla-tip yardım istedi. Karsilik görmedi. Bir baska sefer, Feyzullah,

Üskü-dar carysinm orta yerinde gene padisaha rastladi ve gene onu tamdi. Ve bu sefer kendini tutamayp bag~rdi: “Ya ekmegimi ver, ya beni kat-let!”

Üçüncü Mustafa dikkatlice bakti Feyzullah’a. Dervisin icindeki pa-disahi gören göz sakmcah olabilirdi; hem de pek sakincali. Oracikta tercihini yapti. Ona ekmegini vermedi.

Gönlünü almak, bana hisbir sey ispatlamak zorunda olmadigmi söylemek istedim ama hoyratca iteledi saslanni oksamaya calisan eli-mi. Kayisi marmeladli keklerin tadina bakmak da istemedi. Kirgindi. Ne zaman böyle baksa, aci cikolata karasi gözleri, incecik sulu-boya fircasiyla cizilmis gölgelere dönüsüveriyordu. O nazenin cizgi-leri bastan cizmekle yükümlüymüşüm gibi titriyordu ellerini. Su fazla gelir, boya dagilir da, gözleri silinir diye ödüm patliyordu. Böyle za-manlarda, gözlerinin acayipliginden alamiyordum gözlerimi.

Takip eden gunler birbirini andiriyordu. Sabahlari Be-Ce evde kaliyor, ben ise gidiyordum. Ben cikarken o hala uyuyor oluyordu. Dondugumde onu Nazar Sozlugu’nun basinda buluyordum. Beni. Gunune gore, kah asiri somurtkan, kah asiri kayitsiz, kah asiri neseli karsiliyordu. Bazen de gene oyle kapaniveriyordu gozleri, ne hissettiği anlasilmiyordu. Sadece onun ruh halini degil, gunumuzun geri kalanini da Nazar Sozlugu belirliyordu.

Basilisk: Bakislari zehirli, zehiri oldurucu hayvan. Basilisk bilinmeyen diyarlara yelken acan seyyahlarin korkulu ruyasiydi. Seyyahlar, onun zehirli bakislarindan kurtulmak icin envai cesit koruyucu nesne tasirdi. Ama en zeki olanlar, aynadan baska bir seye gerek duymazdi. Su hayatta, Basilsik’I kendi goruntusunden baska ne durdurabilirdi ki?

Ama hayatimizda Nazar Sözlüğü’nün belirleyemedigi seyler de vardi. Kirayi ödemek gibi. Be-Ce bu meseleyi önemsemiyor görünüyordu. Yaptigi bütün isleri birakmis, tüm zamanini sözlüğüne ada-misti. Bu durum en cok resim atölyesinin sahibini etkilemise benzi-yordu. Anlasilan adam, tam da Be-Ce’ye sadece pazartesileri degil her akşam modellik yapmasi isin teklif

geiirecegi bir anda, onun isi biraktgini öğrenmisti. O andan iibaren de üst üste telefonlar asip, öğrencilerinin bilhassa Be-Ce'yle salymasim arzuladigini, hem zaten bu isin sok fazla vakit almadigini, bu saatten sonra onun gibi herkesin ilgisini seken bir model bulmakia zorlanacagini ve gerekirse ücreti yükseliebilecegini iekrar iekrar anlaimisii. Faydasizdi. Be-Ce artik sözlüğünden baska bir seyle ugrasmak istemiyordu.

Cemal: Tasavvufta, Tanrının iyilik ve guzellik seklindeki tecellisi.

Eve dondugumde Be-Ce'yi sinirli sinirli arsinlarken buldum evi. Bir iki tatli soz soyledi ama belli ki akli baska yerdeydi. Daha once onu hic bu kadar sikkin gormemistim.

“Hadi gel” diye bagirdi birden. “Bu gece eve kapanmayalim. Disari cikalim.”

Cildirmis olmalıydi. Disari mi cikacagiz? Yoksa artik baskalannin gözlerinden sa-kinmiyor muyuz? Ne degisti söyler misin?” ki ben... Sadece enlemesine degil, boylamastna da normalin cok üze-rinde oldugum icin, Be-Ce ile yan yana durdugumuzda, hem kilolar, hem de boylar baktmtndan dehsetengiz bir tezat cikiyordu ortaya. Yan yana iken öylesine igreti duruyorduk ki, drara birlikte cikmamtz söz konusu bile olamazdi. Eskaza öteki sevgililer gibi sokaklarda ele-le dolasmaya tesebbüs etsek, bizi her gören gülmekten fenahk ge~irir-di herhalde. Yüzotuziki kiloluk gövdemin adtmlanna ayak uydunna-ya ~ah~trken seksen santimlik sevgilim, insanlar birbirlerine bizi gös-terip, bizi seyredeceklerdi. Dudaklanndaki alayct tebessümleri basttr-ma geregi duymadan, sevisip sevismedigimizi gecireceklerdi aktlla-rtnndan. Bir an bile gözlerini aytramayacaklardt gözlerinin önündeki götüntünün gülünlüğünden. Sisko ile cücenin seyirlik tezatnt belki de günlerce düşünmeyeceklerdi dillerinden.

Ceviz agaci: Gordugu her seyi kabuklarına resmedermis ceviz agaci. Kimse bu agacin altında sevmek istemezmiş bu yuzden.

Be-Ce de ben de, zaten öteden beri seyirliktik insanlann gözün-de. Ama ~imdi bir araya geldigimizde, hele bir de elele

tutusmaya kalhgmtzda, Sadece seyirlik olmakla kalmtyor, eglencelik de oluyor-duk. Ayn ayn iken acayip, yan yana durdugumuzda ise hem acayip hem de gülünc görünüyorduk. Biz, göze hitap etmiyorduk. Bu yuzden iste Hayalifener Apartmani gibisi yoktu. Burada sakliydı yasam, baskalarinin bakislarindan muaf.

rüya: 16. yüzyıl İstanbul’unda bir gece Sair Bali Efendi, genc yasta ölen arkadaşı Piruza Ali’yi görür rüyasında. Piruza Ali bir kagida biraz top-rak sararak uzatır. Sair Bali Efendi kagidi sariginin kıvrımına yerleştirir ve uyandır. Ertesi gün rüyasını etrafındakilere anlatırken gayri ihtiya-ri sarigina uzandır. İci toprak dolu kâğıt parçası oradadır.

“Ben durumumuza bir çözüm buldum,” dedi sesini alsaltıp, acı sikolaia karası incecik gözlerini cocuksu bir sevinse kıсарak. Sırf merakımı körüklemek isin birkaç dakika susup bekledi ve ardından gülümseyerek ekledi: “Sen ve ben bu gece tebdil gezeceğiz!”

Bir yandan hazırlanıyor, bir yandan da durmadan anlatıyordu. Tebdil gezmek, görünüsü degistirmektı. Hemen hemen bütün padi-sahlar, sarayın disından bakınca saltanatarinin neye benzedigini biz-zat görebilmek isin bu yola basvurmustu. Simdi biz de bu hüsvrevane geleneye ayak uydurup, görünüşümüzü degisiirecektik. Biz, biz gibi görünmedigimiz müddetce, disarida beraber dolasabilecektik.

Gozbebegi: İnsanlarda yuvarlak, hayvanların cogunda ise dikine elips biciminde olan gozbebeginin capı, irise gelen isigin miktarına gore degisir. Karanlık ve uzaklık buyutur gozbebegini, aydınlık ve yakınlık kucultur. Yani bu kararsız cember, isik varsa kuculur, isik yoksa buyur. Yakına bakarken de kuculdugune gore, yakın olan aydınlıktır, aydınlıktadır. Uzağın payına karanlık duser. Asik olunca da buyur gozbebegi, demek ki asik olunan hep uzaktadır. Aradki mesafenin verdigi aciı azaltmak icin, masuka “gozbebegim!” diye hitap edilir.

(Excerpt from) **The Private**
Translated from Turkish by Erdag Goknar

"It's what I call the Dictionary of Gazes, Sweetheart," B-J said gesturing to the computer screen like someone who'd finally introduced his two most cherished friends to each other, expecting them to hit it off right away.

"Where d'you get this idea?" I asked.

"Where? It was there anyway. It'd always been there. Just think, all of our troubles, plans, passions, pleasures, and memories...even our place in this world...and even, yes even, our love...all of it, every last bit has to do with seeing and being seen. Listen, this is exactly what the Dictionary of Gazes will show entry-by-entry. At first, the definitions might seem unrelated, but actually, all have to do with looking and being looked at, and so, each slyly relates to the others. I mean, essentially, each entry will be a part of the same whole. In this way, the Dictionary of Gazes will be a patchwork shaman's robe woven of a single thread. So, whaddaya think?"

I smiled. Oh how B-J, a dwarf no less, loved to make pompous statements. I entered the kitchen and sought out a snack to have with my tea. Thank goodness some of the small, round, apricot-marmalade cakes I bought at the pastry shop yesterday were still there. When I returned to the living room carrying my plate, I was met with a long face.

"You'll see," he said without hiding his hurt, "I'll prove to you why the Dictionary of Gazes is significant."

abdal (dervish): *Sultans would often wander through the serpentine streets of the city of cities Istanbul in disguise. Sometimes they'd bestow favors, most times they'd mete out punishment.*

Mustafa the Third was quite fond of dressing up like a dervish. He'd roam over every inch of the city; a dervish on the outside, a sultan within.

One day, Feyzullah, wrongly dismissed from his office in the province of Çorum, came to Istanbul and recognized the sultan who was roaming in disguise in the middle of the Üsküdar bazaar. He explained to the sultan how he'd run into hard times and asked for help, shouting, "Either give me the bread I'm due or kill me!"

Mustafa the Third gazed carefully at Feyzullah. The eye that could see the sultan-within-the-dervish

might be a nuisance, quite a nuisance. He made his decision then and there. He withheld the bread.

To make up to him, I wanted to say that he didn't have to prove anything to me, but he roughly shoved away my hand as I tried to stroke his hair. Neither did he want to taste the apricot-marmalade cakes. When he looked at me like this, his dark bitter-chocolate eyes became shadows drawn with a thin watercolor brush. My hands trembled as if I were the one responsible for drawing his delicate facial lines over again. I was petrified that I'd use too much water, that the paint would run, and his eyes would be wiped away. At such times, I couldn't stop staring at the peculiarity of his eyes.

The days that followed resembled each other. B-J stayed home in the mornings and I went to work. When I left, he'd still be asleep. When I returned, I'd find him laboring over the Dictionary of Gazes. Depending on the day, he greeted me either with an excessive show of sulkiness, indifference, or enthusiasm. And at times, his eyes would close in that way, and I wouldn't know what he felt. The Dictionary of Gazes not only determined his mood, but the shape of the rest of the day.

Basilisk: A reptile whose look is poisonous and venom is deadly. The Basilisk was the nightmare of adventurers who set sail for unknown regions. They would carry all variety of protective objects to shield themselves from its poisonous glances, though the smartest of them needed nothing but a mirror. In this life, what else could stop the Basilisk except for its own reflection?

Yet there were also aspects of our life that the Dictionary of Gazes couldn't influence. Like paying the rent. B-J seemed to consider this unimportant. He'd stopped doing everything else and devoted all his time to his dictionary. This situation seemed to affect the owner of the artists' studio the most. It appeared that just when he was about to have B-J model not only Mondays, but each night, B-J quit. Afterward, the owner made back-to-back phone calls explaining again and again how his students wanted to work specifically with B-J, that modeling didn't take up much time anyway, how the owner would be hard-pressed, at such a late date, to find a model like him who interested everybody, and if necessary, how he could give B-J a

raise. It was of no use. B-J would do nothing but work on his dictionary.

cemal (beauty): In Sufism, a beautiful face is God's manifestation as goodness and grace.

When I returned I found B-J pacing angrily through the apartment. He said a few sweet things to me, but it was clear that his thoughts were elsewhere. I'd never seen him this tense before.

"Let's get outta here then!" he shouted suddenly. "I don't wanna be cooped-up here tonight. Let's go out."

Was he out of his mind? How could we go out? We weren't an appropriate match. And I wasn't one of these women who just looked petite and chubby despite all of her pounds because she was short....Not only my girth, but my height was far above average, such that, B-J and I standing side-by-side were a shocking contradiction in size. When we were beside each other we clashed so much so that we couldn't even think about going outside together. If we tried to walk down the streets hand-in-hand like other lovers, everyone who saw us would probably die of laughter. As my three-and-a-half-foot lover tried to keep up with the strides of my two-hundred-ninety-pound body, they'd point us out and stare, and without feeling the need to suppress the sarcastic smiles on their faces, they'd think about whether and how we made love. They wouldn't be able to take their eyes off the hilarious scene before them for even a second. Maybe they'd talk about the visual contradiction of a fat woman and a dwarf for days.

ceviz adacı (walnut tree): The walnut tree etched what it saw onto the shells of its walnuts. For this reason, no one wanted to make love under this tree.

Separately, B-J and I had been a spectacle for people's eyes for some time. But now, when we came together, especially when we tried to hold hands, we were not only a spectacle, but also a source of amusement. Alone we looked odd, side-by-side we looked both odd and funny. We were unsightly. For this reason, you see, there was no place like the Shadowplay Apartments. Here, life was hidden, immune from the people's gazes and from the harassment of their eyes.

düp (dream): In sixteenth century, in Istanbul, one night the Poet Bâlý Effendi dreamed of his friend Piruza Ali, who had died at a young age. Piruza Ali handed a scrap of paper to the poet, who then slid it into one of the folds of his turban and woke up. The next day, as he told his dream to those around him, he involuntarily reached for his turban to find the scrap of paper.

"I've found a way outta our dilemma," he said lowering his voice and squinting his small bitter-chocolate-brown eyes with childlike glee. He waited in silence for a while just to heighten my curiosity before saying, "You and I are gonna go out tonight – in disguise!"

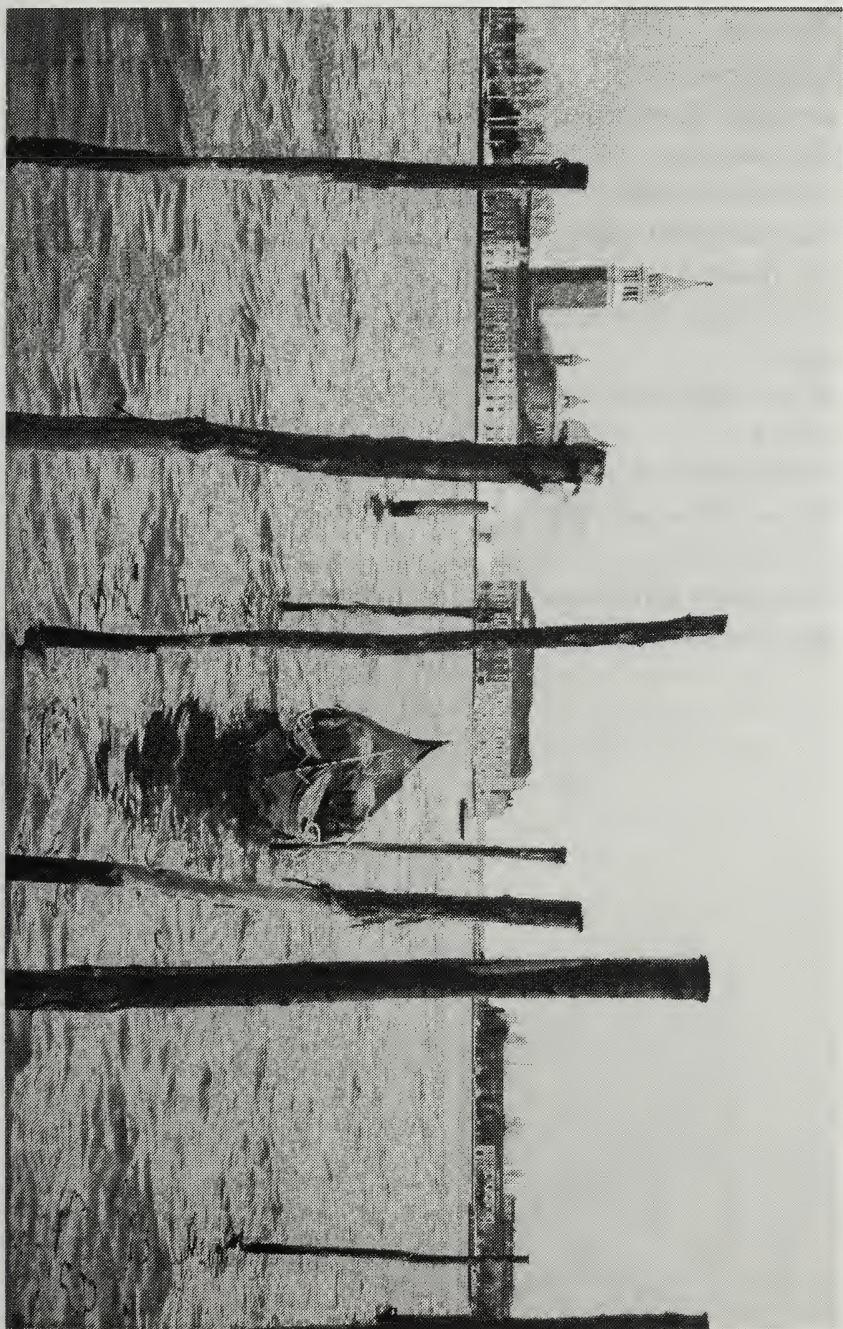
As he was getting ready, he continued talking. Almost all Ottoman sultans resorted to this method in order to personally see what their empires were like when observed from outside the palace walls. And now, we would conform to this royal tradition and change our appearances. We could go out together as long as we didn't look like ourselves.

gözbebeđi (pupil): Darkness and distance cause the pupil to expand, light and proximity to contract; that is, this fickle ring shrinks in light and grows in its absence. And since it contracts when focusing on what's nearby, what's close is illumination and rests in light. Whatever's in the distance remains in darkness. When we're in love, as well, the pupil expands; which means the object of our love is always in the distance. To diminish the pain of this distance, the beloved is endearingly called "the apple of my eye!"

Timber Leech

“Untitled”

Venice, Italy



Paula Gândara

27 de Março

Chegámos ao fim, vamos
começar do principio
deixo-me a ti
levo-te em mim
fica-me quase tudo
nas tuas mãos
seria capaz de me deixar morrer
agora
ficarei aqui quase inteira
e viva
viverei meia-morta
mas ainda assim viva
à tua espera
para poder viver inteira
por duas horas que seja.

March 27th

Translated from Portugese by Francisco Fagundes

having come to the end
let's start
from the beginning
as I leave you
taking you along
within me
while leaving behind
all I have
in your hands
feeling I could
allow myself to die
now
still I remain
all of me
very much alive
to live half-living
though so much alive
waiting for you to arrive
to live fulfilled
the two hours that remain.

The Exiles of dos exílios

exile... banishment... not to Siberia, but to the Morrow.

Goodbye is always the closing of the window

the pulling down the nightie,

the tightening of the legs,

the drying up of the body.

Goodbye, especially now

when I could spend 20 hours pouring my soul onto

you,

is exile. But, the Atlantic is a river...

e eu sou piranha.

Amanhã, aqui me terás,

para te dizer adeus sem te exilar.

Desta ou doutra maneira...

estar com ela até poder,

até voltar a Canaã,

o nosso hotel...

cheirando a mofo,

como sempre cheiram os hotéis portugues,

roupa gelada

(até mesmo em Agosto, como sempre nos hotéis

portugas)

... mas aquecidas pelas gloriosas coxas do meu amor...

tão próximas da Terra da Promissão

... onde, feliz, (re)pousarei como se chegara a Sião.

Se existe o exílio? Às vezes, sim.

Mas se não existisse(s), a

que regressaria?

Exile is nothing but desire.

Does it follow that all desire is exile

and all exile is desire?

I have suffered! Look at me! I have survived....

Bullshit!

To be an emigrant is glorious!

It is the human condition: out of the
womb, exile; out of Africa, exile.

Out of bed, exile. Out of the privy,
exile. All is exile. Nothing is exile.

If we had not exiled ourselves,
we would still be in the caves.

But if we did not invent a via crucis,
what would we tell others?

Being exiled is the equivalent of having a huge
headache

(fake headache)

to tell our spouses so they feel a little sorry,
so they turn their backs and we don't have to suffer,
for the thousandth time,
the predictable feeling of their bodies!

Exile is a deliberately
missed fuck!

You too are an exile.

Ours, bambucha, is the real exile!

We are the real exiles –

from the country of each other.

I miss, I crave, I scream... for your
thighs, your buttocks...

I am an exile from heaven.

The true exile.

I need to sing about it. I need to tell
about it. I am no poet. No fiction writer.

I pour my exile out into you.
She reads it. Smiles. Believes. Or pretends to believe.
And wonders: why did I choose exile?

One day, if you should leave
your smelly and not always clean Ulisseia...
you will know what exile feels like...
and will know that,
above,
I am both telling the truth... and lying.

Daniel Ruetenik

“The Translators”

Arequipa, Peru



Xuebo Sun

给我的最爱

自从遇见你，我想成为一缕春风
轻轻地拂过你的头发，将是我一生的幸福
自从遇见你，我想成为一条围巾
在起风的日子，温暖的拥你入怀

像你手指上的指环
我也想变成天使永远伴在你身边
像我颈上的水晶链
永远给你最清澈的爱情

只要我在你身边
任何困难将不可怕
只有闹表声的寂静夜里
也会沉浸在无限幸福中慢慢入睡

因为有你在
我的日历也会有幸福的等待与期盼
因为有你在
未知的未来也变成明朗的人生

To My Best Love

Ever since I met you, I want to become a breeze in
spring

Softly flicking your hair, would be the happiness of my
lifetime

Ever since I met you, I want to be a scarf around your
neck

In those windy days, hugging you into my chest

Like the ring on your finger

I dream to be an angel around you all the time

Like the crystal on my neck

I will give you the most limpid love of my life

As long as you were in my heart

No difficulties seem fearful any more

Even at the dull night with a tinkling clock only

I can still fall asleep slowly, immersing myself into vast
happiness

Because of you

More joyful waiting and expectation come into my life

Because of you

My uncertain future has changed into a bright life

Biographies

Raquel Canales-López, the Puerto Rican-Catalonian writer, was born in Salamanca, Spain in 1974. She grew-up in New England, USA, and Puerto Rico. She earned her BA in English Literature and Spanish Studies from the Universidad de Puerto Rico, Rio Piedras. Her actual place of residence is Amherst, Massachusetts where she is a student in the Hispanic Literature and Linguistics Graduate Program.

Paula Gândara was born in Lisbon, Portugal, in 1966. She moved to the US three years ago and is an ABD in Hispanic Studies, Lusophone African Literature. She has been teaching at several Universities for 11 years and has several articles published, in Portugal, Brazil and US. She has also-co authored two books with Francisco Fagundes on the subject of Jorge de Sena, a famous Portuguese writer. She wrote three poetry books, one of which is about to be published in Portugal by Quasi Editora. She participated in several colloquia and last year co-organized the UMass colloquium on Jorge de Sena. She was the recipient of a Fulbright scholarship, of a Master's research scholarship at Brown University by the American Institute of Lisbon, and she has also been granted the American Club Award of Academic Merit.

Kochnov Jean-Noel was born on December 6, 1980 in Port-Au-Prince, Haiti. He immigrated to New York, N.Y. in 1986 and is currently a senior Comparative Literature and Journalism major at the University of Massachusetts. He attended Brockton High School in Brockton, MA. Mother is Elizabeth Yoyo. Brothers, Joey and Stanley Jean-Noel. Sisters, Tatiana Jean-Noel and Julie Yoyo.

Xiaoqing Liu “I’m here because of this translation program and Emily Dickinson.” A native Chinese speaker, she is currently a Master Degree Candidate on the Translation Track in the Department of Comparative Literature.

Holly Connell Schaaf was raised in Holyoke, the city on which this poem is based. She enjoys writing poems in Spanish and English. She has done a couple of readings and has published poetry and fiction in her high school literary magazine.

Sasha Senderovich was born in Ufa, Russia. He immigrated to the US in 1997, and moved to Belmont, Massachusetts. He is graduating from UMass this year with a degree in Comparative Literature and Russian and East European Studies. He is going to pursue a PhD in Slavic Languages and Literatures at Harvard.

Elif Shafak was born in France, Strasbourg, in 1971. Her first novel, *Pinhan-The Sufi*, which she published at age 27, was awarded the Rumi Prize—a recognition given to best works in mystical/transcendental literature. Titled *Mahrem* (Hide-and-Seek) her third novel is about the interventionist gaze of the Muslim/Jalal God, of the society, as well as of the male lover. Going through multiple printings, *Mahrem* received the Turkish Novel Award. Shafak’s fourth novel, *The Flea Palace* sold over 25,000 copies. Contesting religious, political and cultural mainstream, as well as patriarchal precedents and heterosexual norms has been a basic concern in Shafak’s writings, fiction and non-fiction alike.

Katherine Sinkoski is a senior Spanish major from Belchertown, Mass who has always been interested in the experience of U.S. Latinos, especially in the areas surrounding where she grew up such as Springfield and Holyoke. She is hoping to become a teacher of Spanish and English as a Second Language. She dedicates this poem to the man whom she met that day at the Holyoke Mall, to all those who have ever felt “extraño” here, and to her parents, for teaching her never to fear reaching out to people.

Xuebo Sun was born in Harbin, Heilongjiang Province, China in 1978. He is currently a graduate student of Chinese and a teaching assistant for the Department of Asian Languages and Literatures. He enjoys cooking, soccer, “counter-strike”, pools and literature.

Diane Lorraine Wood, a former teacher, moved with her family to Hubbardston, Massachusetts two years ago from the Blue Ridge Mountains of northern Virginia. On a winter field trip in 2000, she fell in love with the Province of Québec and is studying French as a full-time student at UMass. Her passions include dark chocolate and French Canadian folk music.





University of
Massachusetts
Amherst

L I B R A R Y

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