

# Babel

A Student  
Translation  
Publication

Issue 2010 - 2011

# Acknowledgements

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# Letter from the Editor

Juan Ramón Jiménez reunited his translations under the title *Música de Otros/ Others' Music*. He could also have said: “My own music unknown to me until now”. To translate, in fact, consists of dislocating yourself from a supposedly assumed aesthetic home, to leave behind a familiar linguistic landscape. But that dislocation is complex: it searches simultaneously to recognize itself, to find a tonal affinity, something like a rhythmic tremor, in order to reinvent material reality or the reality of signs every poem proposes. “*De la musique avant toute chose*”, wrote Verlaine. And yes, fidelity should be given, above all, to the field of rhythmic games, phrasing, and its accentual beats, to that which awakens or falls asleep in the intermittencies, the blank spaces, resounding outside of literary memory.

The poem, we know, is always an Other. Even when it is written by the other of the *I* of which Rimbaud spoke. Furthermore, the translated poem is a new creation. No doubt about this. The perfect translation, it has been said, is another work. Equivalency doesn't exist between the words of two different languages just like equivalency doesn't exist between the words of the original language and the reality that these words supposedly intend to capture. When one translates, cards are dealt again. You move between lights that turn off and on like tiny flashes from which images, rhythms, tiny discoveries can rise up. You must advance like this. And also retreat to the unknown in order to give birth to a serene version of the same storm. Translation is that challenge and that wonder.

One of the most reductive ideas about translation is that which considers it a subsidiary activity: something like the lesser of two evils, an exercise in servitude, totally devoid of the “aura” that is still conceded to creation. Even worse, there are illustrious writers (amongst them Goethe and Valéry) who considered it frankly impossible.

Such prejudices forget or falsify various facts. Translation, as I said, works on language and its challenges are those of language considered as an aesthetic tool. Translating, therefore, cannot be reduced to disseminating, informing, or clarifying anything: its goal is to make something exist that didn't exist before (exactly as the

poem, Vicente Huidobro would claim). Limiting translation to the duty of mimesis forgets, on the other hand, that every demand of univocity signals the defeat of the poetic. It also forgets that writing always looks at the secret side of language where, precisely, there is nothing to say. In that sense, translating would be like hugging an invisible body, whose proportions are unknown. What's more: were there something to trace, it would be the incomprehensible. Just like the poet, in sum, the translator deserves the prerogatives of ignorance and imagination. Also, like the poet, two tasks await him/her: dismounting the dead angles of language and the calcifications of meaning (that constitute, in parentheses, the least visible oppression) and forcing language to come to live through awareness of its own emptiness, which is to say its impotence. In both cases, the result is the same: an indiscernible murmur asserts again that, as important as what is said, is what is not said. The opening to the eccentric and the different in translation is, in this sense, a conscious distancing from the authoritarian word and a pledge on the inaudible. In sum, there is a critical dimension, profoundly corrosive, that also involves translation in a crucial way. This dimension isn't trivial: to the already complex fabric of writing, it adds a supplementary layer which accentuates, above any other aspect, the texture of the text itself. By doing so, it also de-naturalizes the process of verbal construction, making its artificial character visible. It says that, at the end of the day, translating is a business of language, almost purely.

Pound spoke of translation as pedagogy or a school, and he was right. To render the work of a writer from one language into another implies a widening of our own perception: not just the linguistic, historical, political, social –that is, cultural-- references that configure a work have to be deeply considered, but also the plural, infinite dimension of the imaginary space. Each writer embodies a vulnerable and unique tension between word and world. Translation makes porous and habitable those differences. It reveals the obsessions that pulsate beneath the forms of a verbal heart. As a result, an improvement takes place, not just (or not merely) personal but rather at the level of language. A widening of the possible registers is produced. By opening up to otherness, we leave behind self-involvement and cultural self-sufficiency: the change changes us.

María Negroni

March 2011

# Babel Events

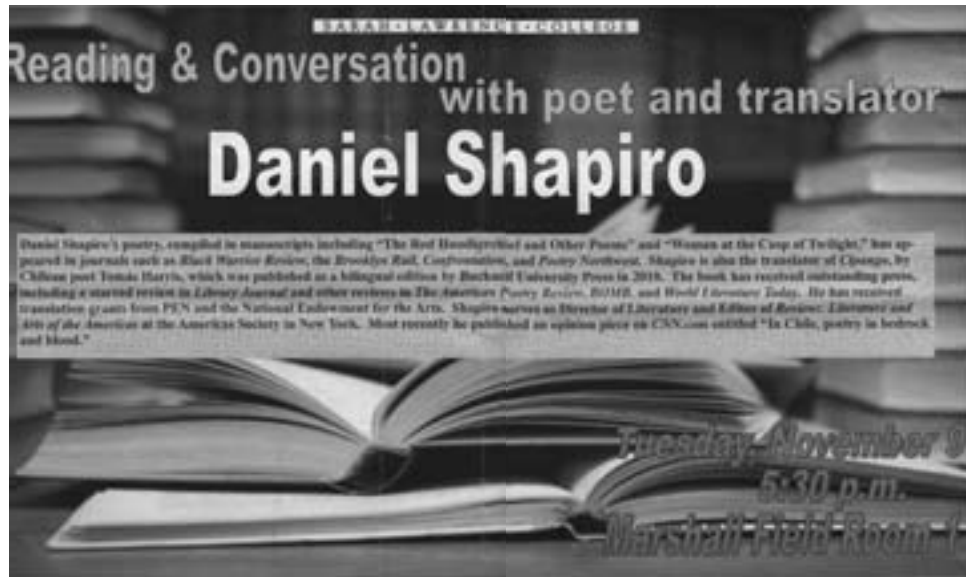
## 2010 Babel Reading & Launch



The Official Babel  
Launch of 2010,  
held in McCracken  
Meeting Room.



## Babel Events / Daniel Shapiro



“Daniel Shapiro’s rather **intimate** reading and conversation at **Sarah Lawrence** was **inspiring** and **informative**. As a student recently **thrown** into the process of translation, it was a **relief** to have some of my own frustrations **echoed** by an accomplished translator, and it was **helpful** to hear some advice on how to tackle **complex** problems. His poems and translations were **beautiful** in both the Spanish and English languages.”

**-Easton Smith**

# Babel Events / Anne Archer at Sarah Lawrence, 2010

## by Miya Upshur-Williams

Poet, teacher and translator Anne Archer visited María Negroni's Spanish Intermediate I class last Thursday. Her visit was eye opening and engaging as she offered her invaluable experience and advice on translating.

In addition to Spanish comprehension, grammar, composition and fluency, María charges her Intermediate I students with reading and translating Spanish poetry both in a class and in conference. The advice and anecdotes Archer offered helped ground many students struggling with their roles as translators. Many of us have read theory stating that the translator's role is not merely moving meaning from one language to another. Archer reinforced this notion and iterated that translation is a new creation on its own; it is of course connected to the original but, in the end it is an entirely separate work of art. Approaching translating with the mind set that he or she will be creating something entirely new, allows the translator more freedom in carrying meaning, connotation, music many of us students fear losing when moving text from one language to another. Archer also stated that she does not think in terms of loss. When she mentioned this, it became apparent that I and many of my classmates spend too much time thinking in terms of loss. This way of thinking prohibits us from engaging with each poem on a creative level that goes beyond lexical equivalency, a feat Archer seems to manage with ease and integrity in her translation of the famous Peruvian poet Carmen Ollé's *Noches de Adrenalina*.

Anne Archer was born and raised in religious household in Rochester, New York. She said she was first drawn by the fact that Ollé was a "bad girl"—a woman whose work subverts sexism, satirizes poets of the American canon, and explores the feminine condition. Archer said that she translates poets whose poetry resonates with her and advised us to the same. Even in translation she worked to make the poems as Peruvian as possible, highlighting the notion that poems should stay true to their origins and authors even in translation.

She currently teaches high school in New York, and expressed satisfaction with not going into or staying with the academy. She believes that her time away from academia has allowed her to navigate more freely as a translator, remain engaged with her work and to do her job well.

## Babel Events / Anne Archer, 2010



Translator Anne Archer  
discussing with Maria Ne-  
groni's Intermediate Span-  
ish class her translation  
of Carmen Olle's "Nights  
of Adrenaline" Floricanto  
Press, CA 1996



# Student Thoughts from 2010 - 2011

## Haleigh Larmer

In Spanish class we read two articles about translation, “The Ethnocentric or Annexationist Translation” and also “Translation in Seven Verbs.” These articles taught me the fundamentals of translation and my experience with translation has changed the way in which I think about the translation of works of poetry. In “The Ethnocentric or Annexationist Translation” I learned it is very important translation does not deviate from the texture of the original work. It’s very important to pay attention to the rhythm, sound, word selection, emphasis and accent, and the sound of the original poem. Sometimes, it is somewhat difficult to communicate a particular feeling with simply words because the verbal body of both languages is limited and cannot always express all of the feelings in a poem. Also, in the process of translation I realized the translator cannot hope to extract a message from the poem because poetry is about the experience, not about the information transmitted. If the translator searches for a message, the entire point of the poetry is lost. Instead, the translator should approach the translation from a state of the Spanish language and literature.

In the article, “Translation in Seven Verbs,” I learned the importance of each word and how it functions in translation. First, read. It is necessary to investigate the text, like a detective, by reading the work of poetry in detail, trying to find the hidden meanings. After this, it is important to dispose all of one’s literary and linguistic knowledge and instead accept the discomfort and struggle of translation. I have learned that translation is always an attentive exercise that stretches the mind to think about language in an entirely new way. Translation is the most generous of literary activities because with translation, different cultures around the world are able to share their opinions, ideas, emotions, and experiences. Translation shows us the similarities and differences between all people.

## Miya Upshur-Williams

Languages are complicated. Art makes them even more complicated. Words have weight; they each become a receptacle or reserve for endless amounts of meaning. Hearing my peers tackle these words that have weight and translate them into another language whose words also have weight, was very moving. The reading made me proud of the work of the students, the editors and language and literature faculty here at Sarah Lawrence. I am glad that I attended this event.

## Teresa Phiri

My experience with translation taught me that translating is a way to understand another person. A poet, like Luis Hernandez whose work I translated, has a message crafted into his poetry and writing. Embedded in the intricacies of a sentence and a poem is a central idea, a story that the poet wishes to communicate effectively. I found myself constantly pondering: who am I to change the words of this poem and still maintain its integrity? Is it alright to change the words of a poem and say it still hold its integrity?

I've come to the conclusion that yes, an important part of the poem is lost but not its integrity. The integrity of a poem lies in its capacity to speak and communicate. I discovered that through the process of translation, the meaning of the poem became more poignant and evident. Translation is therefore another form of a poet's expression that shares a story- a story that otherwise would not have been understood.

This was my first time attending the reading of the Babel translation project. It was very interesting and inspiring, with poetry being read from a collection of international poets. It was really good to see the collaboration of faculty, students and others in one of SLC's most notable departments- the Language and Literature Department. As students read aloud the translated works in their respective languages, I couldn't help but think how great this type of cultural exposure is for each one of us.

## Hannah Sabet

Studying the art of translation is an astounding opportunity. The translation of poetry is an especially complex art because it not only challenges our conception of language and the world, but it heightens our awareness of how we conceive them. There is an intense study of linguistics and grammar, as is expected when dealing with translation, but in actuality one learns an immense amount more. The content of the poetry studied opens a world of new culture and history, of different eras of art and literature, and of brilliant poets who changed the use of language forever.

## Harley Meyer

The Babel reading was a beautiful part of my day. Of course, I didn't understand most of the languages that the works were translated from, but got the unique pleasure of hearing the translation after the original text; hearing the previous string of sound interpreted so that I could understand. Having that dual experience of the same text gave me a more multilayered understanding of it.

## Yo Watanabe

I am very pleased that Maria invited us to join the Babel reading last Thursday. I enjoyed being in the space with students and professors who sincerely care about languages, literature, and poetry. Despite the occasional yelling outside of the windows, no one interrupted or broke the respectable silence. Everyone listened to readers with eagerness, interest, and smiles. What an incredible occasion it was to be able to hear many different languages.

## Sonia Acosta

Translation is an art. It is as much an art as writing is, because to make the assumption that it is merely looking for the corresponding words in another language is a gross oversimplification. Translating takes objectivity and subjectivity, an ability to distance oneself from what one is reading, yet involve oneself enough to become emotionally invested in the meaning of the text.

## Tove From

The study of translation concerns the transfer of meaning, feeling and perception between nations and cultures, and progressively enriches our world-view and notion of the self.

## Arielle Strauss

I found the Babel event to be an enriching experience because it exposed me to famous writers and poets that I had never encountered before, and inspired me to want to continue studying a language so that one day I can translate works of music or theater for the enjoyment of others.

## Gia Anastasiou

The Babel release reading was an inspiring showcase of impressive talent and accomplishments. It made me realize how important the study of language is, if only for the ability to share art with the rest of the world. The other thing that came to mind was how truly laborious translation work is. I was inspired by the story of the student translating an entire book while living abroad; I would love to take on a project like that, using my language proficiency to make art more accessible.

## Elanna Mariniello

I have been involved in translation since my sophomore year at SLC. As a graduating senior, I now consider Translation Studies a component of my concentration, and I see it as a vital part of the college curriculum. Translation is no doubt an up and coming field being pursued in university education quite recently. Until recently, however, it has been quite underestimated, and its scope under appreciated. Through my courses at SLC, I feel quite privileged to have learned that translation is by no means the mechanical action of transforming one language into another. It is full of nuances, challenges, and theoretical implications.

## Allison Rosenblatt

Studying poetry translation has helped me to see the Spanish language in an entirely new light. Previously, I had only ever dealt with the direct meaning of words. Now, I have learned to pay special attention to the connotations of words as well as word's rhythms. Translating is an art form in and of itself. Because of the close analysis I have had to pay to the linguistics of Spanish, I have a better understanding of language.

# Student Translations

**Giacomo Leopardi**

**Translated by Ava Al-Awami**

## Alla Luna

O graziosa luna, io mi rammento  
Che, or volge l'anno, sopra questo colle  
Io venia pien d'angoscia a rimirarti:  
E tu pendevi allor su quella selva  
Siccome or fai, che tutta la rischiari.  
Ma nebuloso e tremulo dal pianto  
Che mi sorgea sul ciglio, alle mie luci  
Il tuo volto appariva, che travagliosa  
Era mia vita: ed è, né cangia stile,  
O mia diletta luna. E pur mi giova  
La ricordanza, e il noverar l'etate  
Del mio dolore. Oh come grato occorre  
Nel tempo giovanil, quando ancor lungo  
La speme e breve ha la memoria il corso,  
Il rimembrar delle passate cose,  
Ancor che triste, e che l'affanno duri!

## To The Moon

Oh graceful moon, I remember  
That about one year ago, on this hill  
I would come filled with anguish to behold you  
And back then you would shine over the woods  
As you are doing now, brightening it all.  
But nebulous and tremulous from the tears  
That rose on my eyelashes, to my eyes  
Your face appeared, since full of difficulties  
My life was and is, nor does it change  
Oh, my beloved moon. And however it pleases me  
To remember, and to recall the time  
Of my pain. Oh how comforting it is  
In the time of youth, when long is the course of  
Hope and short the one of memory  
The remembrance of things past  
Even when sad, and even if the pain lasts!

---

• Giacomo Leopardi (Italy 1798-1837). Poet, essayist, philosopher and philologist.

# Sappho

## Translated by Michael Berlin

### Catullus '51

*from The Carmine*

Ille mi par esse deo uidetur,  
Ille, si fas est, superare diuos,  
Qui sedens aduersus identidem te  
Spectat et audit

Dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis  
Eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,  
Lesbia, adspexi, nihil est super mi  
(Vocis in ore)

Lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus  
Flamma demanat, sonitu suopte  
Tintinant aures, gemina teguntur  
Lumina nocte.

Otium, Catulle, tibi molestum est: Otium  
exsultas nimiumque gestis. Otium et reges  
prius et beatas  
Perdidit urbes.

### Catullus '51

*from The Carmine*

That man to me seems equal to a god  
He, if it is proper to surpass them  
He, who faces you again and again,  
Gazes and hears  
You Sweetly laughing, which tears all sense  
From me in my misery:  
For at the moment I gaze upon you, Lesbia,  
Nothing is left  
Of the voice in my mouth  
My tongue is paralyzed,  
A slender flame flows beneath my skin,  
My ears resound with a sound all their own,  
The twin lights of my eyes are shrouded  
By night.

Repose, Catullus, vexes you:  
And you exalt too much in gotten leisure.  
Leisure past has destroyed kings and,  
Blessed cities too.

---

• Sappho, ancient Greek poet from the island of Lesbos.

# Marosa Di Giorgio

## Translated by Andrea Gombor

La vaca vino a hablar con mi padre. Él la recibió en su escritorio. La vaca hablaba con ronca voz, en nombre de sí y de las otras vacas.

Recordó el día de hielo en que nacía, la madre que la bañaba y le dio leche, el ciclamen que trajo en las sienes al nacer, como reflejo de su sino triste, del cuchillo.

Afuera estaban el Jazmín de Paraguay, todo nevado de azul, azúcar y rocío, y las tortugas andando inmóviles bajo el plato, serias y despreocupadas.

La vaca hablaba con ronca voz, en su nombre y en el de las otras vacas. Papá le miró el áspero mentón y los redondos zapatos naturales.

Mamá y sus primas se asomaron a escuchar.

La vaca miró a papá con ojos color de agua.

Papá bajó los suyos, sin prometerle nada.

The cow came to speak with my father. He received her at his desk. The cow spoke with a hoarse voice, on her own behalf and the other cows'.

She remembered the icy day on which she was born, the mother that bathed her and gave her milk, the cyclamen that she brought in the temples upon birth, like a sign of her sad fate: the knife.

Outside were the Jasmine of Paraguay, all covered in blue snow, sugar and dew, and the turtles strolling steady under the plate, serious and carefree.

The cow spoke with a hoarse voice, on her behalf and the other cows'. Papa looked at her rough chin and her round natural shoes.

Mama and her cousins leaned in to listen.

The cow looked at papa with water colored eyes.

Papa lowered his own, without promising anything.

# Sophocles

## Translated by Jonathon Gondelman

### Antigone

first stasimon

Strophe A:

332: πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κούδεν ἀνθρώπου

δεινότερον

πέλει·

335: τοῦτο καὶ πολιοῦ πέραν πόντου

χειμερῖω νότῳ

χωρεῖ, περιβρυχίοισιν·

θεῶν ὑπ' οἴδμασιν

ἄφθιτον, ἀκαμάταν ἀποτρέεται,

340: ἰλλομένων ἀρότρων ἔτος εἰς ἔτος,

ἰπτεῖω γένει πολέων.

Antistrophe A:

343: κουφονόων τε φύλον ὀρνίθων

ἀμφιβαλῶν ἄγει

345: καὶ θηρῶν ἀγρίων ἔθνη πόντου τ'

εἰναλίαν φύσιν

σπεύουσι δικτυοκλώστοις,

περιφραδῆς ἀνήρ·

κρατεῖ δὲ μηχαναῖς ἀγραύλου

350: θηρὸς ὄρεσσιβάτα, λασιαύχενά θ'

ἵππον ὀχμάζεται ἀμφὶ λόφον ζυγῶν,

οὔρειόν τ' ἀκμήτα ταύρων.

Strophe B:

354: καὶ φθέγμα καὶ ἀνεμόεν

φρόνημα καὶ ἀστυνόμους ὄργας

ἐδιδάξατο καὶ

δυσάλων

### Antigone

first stasimon

Much is uncanny and not one thing is more  
uncanny than man,

He advances across the gray sea to the  
distant side, through the wintry south wind,

Driving right through the waves, swelling  
and surging;

The highest of the gods, Earth,  
imperishable, is worn out, when, without  
rest,

Year upon year, man plows the soil, tilling  
and turning it,

With his breed of horses.

And he leads the light-minded race of  
birds,

And the stock of savage beasts and even  
the creatures whose nature is of the open  
sea,

Around all these he throws his coiled nets.  
Yes, very thoughtful is man.

And by devices he rules over the beasts of  
the field,

The mountain dwelling creatures and the  
horse are gripped fast

When he throws the yoke over their shaggy  
necks;

He yokes even the untiring mountain bull.

And he has taught himself speech, so also  
thought, like the wind,

And the temper of civilized life, and

He knows how to escape the inhospitable  
frosts under the clear,

## Sophocles / Jonathon Gondelman

πάγων ἐναίθρεια καὶ δύσομβρα  
φεύγειν βέλη,  
360: παντοπόρος· ἄπορος ἐπ' οὐδὲν  
ἔρχεται  
τὸ μέλλον· Ἄϊδα μόνον φεῦξιν οὐκ  
ἐπάξεται·  
νόσων δ' ἀμηχάνων φυγὰς  
ξυμπέφρασαι.

Antistrophe B:

365: σοφόν τι τὸ μηχανόεν  
τέχνας ὑπὲρ ἐλπίδ' ἔχων τοτὲ μὲν  
κακόν, ἄλλοτ'  
ἐπ' ἐσθλὸν ἔρπει·  
νόμους γεραίρων χθονὸς θεῶν τ'  
ἔνορκον δίκαν,  
370: ὑπίπολις· ἄπολις, ὅτῳ τὸ μὴ καλὸν  
ξύνεστι τόλμας χάριν. μήτ' ἐμοὶ  
παρέστιος  
375: γένοιτο μητ' ἴσον φορνῶν, ὅς τάδ'  
ἔρδει.

Frozen sky, and the arrows of winter,  
All-resourceful; Resourceless in no way  
does he meet the future;  
But from death alone he has not procured  
flight;  
Though he has contrived for himself  
escape from difficult illnesses.

He is skilled and ingenious,  
Having arts beyond imagination.  
With them, he crawls, at one point, towards  
evil,  
At another, towards goodness;  
Honoring the laws of his land and the  
justice guaranteed in the oaths of the gods,  
He is high in his city; City-less is he who,  
through boldness,  
Joins with the ignoble.  
Might he be neither at my hearth nor  
thinking as I, he who does these things.

- 
- Sophocles is one of the three Greek tragedians whose plays have survived.



# Charles Baudelaire

## Translated by Emily Hathaway

### N'importe où hors du monde

Cette vie est un hôpital où chaque malade est possédé du désir de changer de lit. Celui-ci voudrait souffrir en face du poêle, et celui-là croit qu'il guérirait à côté de la fenêtre.

Il me semble que je serais toujours bien là où je ne suis pas, et cette question de déménagement en est une que je discute sans cesse avec mon âme.

“Dis-moi, mon âme, pauvre âme refroidie, que penserais-tu d’habiter Lisbonne? Il doit y faire chaud, et tu t’y ragaillardirais comme un lézard. Cette ville est au bord de l’eau; on dit qu’elle est bâtie en marbre, et que le peuple y a une telle haine du végétal, qu’il arrache tous les arbres. Voilà un paysage selon ton goût; un paysage fait avec la lumière et le minéral, et le liquide pour les réfléchir!”

Mon âme ne répond pas.

“Puisque tu aimes tant le repos, avec le spectacle du mouvement, veux-tu venir habiter la Hollande, cette terre béatifiante? Peut-être te divertiras-tu dans cette contrée dont tu as souvent admiré l’image dans les musées. Que penserais-tu de Rotterdam, toi qui aimes les forêts de mâts, et les navires amarrés au pied des maisons?”

Mon âme reste muette.

“Batavia te sourirait peut-être davantage? Nous y trouverions d’ailleurs l’esprit de l’Europe marié à

### Anywhere Out of This World

This life is a hospital where each patient possesses the desire to change beds. This one wants to suffer by the stove, and that one believes that he will heal by the window.

I think that I will always be good there or I will not be, and this question of movement is one that I discuss without rest with my soul.

“Tell me, my soul, poor chilled soul, what would you think of living in Lisbon? It’s warm there, and you could warm up like a lizard. This town is next to the water; they say that she is built of marble, and that the people there have such a hatred of plants, that they uproot all the trees. That is a landscape made to your taste; a place made with light and mineral, and liquid to reflect them!”

My soul does not respond.

“Since you like resting so much, with the semblance of movement, do you want to live in Holland, that beautiful land? Perhaps you could entertain yourself in the land whose images you have often admired in the museums. What would you think of Rotterdam, you who love the forests’ masts, and the naval moorings in walking distance of the houses?”

My soul remains motionless.

“Would Batavia make you smile more? There we would find the spirit of Europe married with

## Charles Baudelaire / Emily Hathaway

la beauté tropicale.”

Pas un mot. - Mon âme serait-elle morte?

“En es-tu donc venue à ce point d’engourdissement que tu ne te plaises que dans ton mal? S’il en est ainsi, fuyons vers les pays qui sont les analogies de la Mort.

- Je tiens notre affaire, pauvre âme! Nous ferons nos malles pour Tornéo. Allons plus loin encore, à l’extrême bout de la Baltique; encore plus loin de la vie, si c’est possible; installons-nous au pôle. Là le soleil ne frise qu’obliquement la terre, et les lentes alternatives de la lumière et de la nuit suppriment la variété et augmentent la monotonie, cette moitié du néant. Là, nous pourrons prendre de longs bains de ténèbres, cependant que, pour nous divertir, les aurores boréales nous enverront de temps en temps leurs gerbes roses, comme des reflets d’un feu d’artifice de l’Enfer!”

Enfin, mon âme fait explosion, et sagement elle me crie:

“N’importe où! n’importe où! pourvu que ce soit hors de ce monde!”

tropical beauty.”

Not a word. –Could my soul be dead?

“Have you come to such a level of numbness that you like yourself in your pain? If it be so, we’ll flee to the countries that are analogies of Death.

-I hold our case, poor soul! We will pack our bags for Tornio. We’ll go further still, to the furthest tip of the Baltic, still further than life, if it’s possible; set ourselves up at the pole. There the sun only brushes the earth diagonally, and the slow alternation of the light and the night removing the variety and enhancing the monotony, this half of nothingness. There, we will take long baths of darkness, while, for our entertainment, the auroras borealis throw us their rosy shower from time to time, like the reflection of an artificial fire of Hell!”

Finally, my soul explodes, and soberly cries to me:

“Anywhere! Anywhere! Just somewhere not in this world!”

# Roque Dalton

## Translated by Everett Irving and Cara Weber

### Sobre Dolores de Cabeza

Es bello ser comunista,  
aunque cause muchos dolores de cabeza.

Y ese dolor de cabeza de los communistas  
es histórico, es decir  
que no cede ante las tabletas analgésicas  
sino sólo ante la realización del Paraíso en la  
Tierra.  
Así es la cosa.

Bajo el capitalismo nos duele la cabeza  
y nos arrancan la cabeza.  
En la lucha por la Revolución  
la cabeza es una bomba de retardo.

En la construcción socialista  
planificamos el dolor de cabeza  
lo cual no hace escasear, sino todo lo  
contrario.

El comunismo será entre otras cosas,  
una aspirina del tamaño del sol.

### About Headaches

It's appealing to be communist,  
although it causes many headaches.

And that communist's headache  
is historical, that is to say  
doesn't yield to pain relieving pills  
but only to the realization of the Earthly  
Paradise.  
So it is.

Under capitalism our head hurts  
and they tear off our head.  
In the Revolutionary fight  
the head is a time bomb.

In the socialist construction  
we plan the headache  
which doesn't make it scarce, but the  
contrary.

Communism will be among other things,  
an aspirin the size of the sun.

# Odilon Redon

## Translated by Juli Anna Janis

### A soi-même

Il se peut donc qu'en une approche — par le hasard ou l'inconnu produite, — on ne sait, spontanément, vivement, prise inconsciente, on soit lié. Imperceptiblement à première heure, sans le savoir déjà, mais déjà conquis, mené, obéissant, dans la subtile joie à se soumettre.

Le premier jour marque la préférence, le lendemain, au réveil, rien qu'à un regard échangé, une présence à nouveau ressentie, un son de voix qui donne à toutes les cordes de la sensibilité une résonance nouvelle, tout sera dit, clairement révélé. Et le besoin de se faire connaître, de se tout dire, de s'épancher en elle, de raconter sa vie, les événements essentiels de sa vie, de se livrer, de s'abandonner, de lui tout apprendre de ce qu'elle ignore, comme après une séparation de longue date, où il importe que chacun sache, dans deux êtres qui ne font qu'un, les émotions de douleur ou de joie qu'il importe que l'ami partage.

Il ne restera plus, pour connaître à fond la grandeur du mystère qui nous conduit, la nuit de certitude qui nous fonde, nous annihile, nous égare et nous ravit, qu'à connaître la douleur infinie d'une séparation après s'être connus depuis trois jours. Il ne restera plus qu'à connaître le vide immense que laissera son absence.

### A soi-même

an excerpt

It may be possible, then, that through an encounter—produced by chance or by the unknown—one knows, spontaneously, fiercely, subconsciously, that he is bound. Imperceptibly at first, without yet knowing—but already conquered—led obediently, with the subtle joy of surrendering himself.

The first day is marked by a preference; the next day, upon rising—nothing but a glance exchanged, the presence of a new feeling, the sound of a voice that gives new resonance to every chord of sensibility; everything will be said, clearly revealed. And the need to become familiar, to say everything, to pour oneself out into her, to recount one's life and the most important events of one's life, to confide in someone, to give oneself up, to enlighten her to things she has ignored, as after a long separation, when it matters that each one knows—each of these two beings who are one—the painful or joyful emotions that are important for the other to share.

There will be nothing left to know in depth the grand mystery that drives us, the night of conviction that melts us, that destroys us, that leads us astray and delights us, to know the infinite pain of separation after having known each other only three days. There will be nothing left to know the immense void left by the other's absence.

## Odilon Redon / Juli Anna Janis

Le despotisme pervertit l'homme, ou bien le fait amèrement souffrir. Sans un constant effort pour sauvegarder sa vie, le libre essor vers le bien, il tombe infailliblement dans la fraude, le mensonge et, plus encore, dans le mépris de tout bien commun. S'il se refuse et s'il résiste, il souffrira dans ses chaînes de la stérilité de ses forces, et s'il aime la patrie et l'humanité, il souffrira pour tous comme il souffre pour lui. Voilà pourquoi l'amour de la liberté n'habite que les grands cœurs.

Le mérite et le vrai talent sont rares ; il faut en avoir l'apparence pour inspirer la confiance, qui fera notre autorité et notre prestige. Telle est la cause des vrais mensonges que la société fait faire à celui qui veut se mettre à même d'aller librement. Cette position n'est acquise qu'à cette triste nécessité de faire croire que nous savons beaucoup, même quand nous ne savons pas grand'chose.

On ne s'assemble pas par les qualités du même ordre : tel peut avoir du génie et voir par amitié ceux dont les qualités du cœur priment des facultés médiocre. Quel charme que la bonté, la douceur, l'indulgence !

On peut à l'infini diviser ceux qui aiment, mais l'idéal les réunit toujours.

Nul n'entrera dans tes espérances : les rêves, les désirs, les projets sont de faibles abstractions

Despotism perverts man or makes him suffer bitterly. Without a constant effort to safeguard his life—his freedom blossoming from his goodness—he falls weakly into fraud, dishonesty, and even into scorn for the common good. If he refuses or resists, he will suffer in the chains from the sterility of his strength, and if he loves homeland and humanity, he will suffer for all as he himself suffers. This is why the love for liberty only lives in great hearts.

Merit and true talent are rare; it is necessary to have the appearance of them in order to inspire the confidence that give us our authority and prestige. Such is the cause of the “true” lies that society forces on him who wants to go free. That position is only acquired through our sad necessity of making believe that we know much, even though we know very little.

Friends are not brought together by similar characteristics: some may possess genius and view with friendship those in whom quality of heart surpass mediocre faculties. How charming are kindness, sweetness, and generosity!

One can eternally divide those who love, but the ideal is always to reunite them.

No one may enter into your hopes: dreams, desires, and plans are only feeble, solitary

## Odilon Redon / Juli Anna Janis

solitaires que personne ne formule avec nous. Dans ses aspirations vers l'avenir, ou au delà, l'homme est donc malheureux parce qu'il est seul, tout ce qu'il voit, tout ce qui est, le fait souffrir — hors ce qu'il aime.

Si j'avais un fils à diriger, je lui dirais : "Pars, va seul au milieu des hommes, puisque tu dois le devenir. Il n'y a de personnel essor que dans la liberté."

abstractions that nobody can help us formulate. In his aspirations for the future, and even beyond, man is therefore unhappy because he is alone; everything he sees, everything he is, makes him suffer, save for what he loves.

If I had a son to guide, I would tell him: "Leave—go alone into the midst of men, because it is you who should change them. There is no personal flourishing without freedom."

# Carmen Ollé

## Translated by Haleigh Larmer and Maddy Rojas

### Cavalcanti

Si una rosa no alcanza la plenitud, de tu  
destreza -- Guido -- no  
respondería.  
La dama siempre de espaldas sonrío a un  
paisaje añorante.

Puesto que esa mujer más que razonar sueña,  
ella es en su  
quietud más vieja que tu exilio,  
y si otro besara su cuerpo amado ¿Tu regreso  
no sería inútil?  
Como cualquier locura, viento o blasfemia  
que mueva a quien  
tanto ambiciona.  
Puesto que esa mujer no ambiciona sino sueña  
se ha  
mantenido joven en su pobreza.  
Y si alguien derramara el vino atento sobre  
ella, y otro la  
besara en su coño, que sería, entonces, si un  
viajero.....

### Cavalcanti

If a rose did not reach the fullness, of your  
skill -- Guido -- I would not  
vouch.  
The dame with her back turned smiled at a  
nostalgic landscape.

Since that woman rather than reasoning,  
she dreams, in her  
stillness she is older than your exile.  
And what if another would kiss her  
beloved body. Wouldn't  
your return be useless? Like any madness,  
wind or blasphemy  
moving whoever aspires so much.  
Since that woman doesn't aspire, but  
dreams she has  
remained young in her poverty.  
And what if someone would spill the  
solicitous wine over her,  
and another would kiss her cunt, what if,  
then, if a traveler...

# Heinrich von Kleist

## Translated by Caleb Lowrey

### Das Bettleweib von Locarno

Am Fuße der Alpen, bei Locarno im oberen Italien, befand sich ein altes, einem Marchese gehöriges Schloß, das man jetzt, wenn man vom St. Gotthard kommt, in Schutt und Trümmern liegen sieht; ein Schloß, mit hohen und weitläufigen Zimmern, in deren Einem einst, auf Stroh, das man ihr unterschüttete, eine alte, kranke Frau, die sich bettelnd vor der Thür eingefunden hatte, von der Hausfrau, aus Mitleiden, gebettet worden war. Der Marchese, der, bei der Rückkehr von der Jagd, zufällig in das Zimmer trat, wo er seine Büchse abzusetzen pflegte, befahl der Frau unwillig, aus dem Winkel, in welchem sie lag, aufzustehn, und sich hinter den Ofen zu verfügen. Die Frau, da sie sich erhob, glitschte mit der Krücke auf dem glatten Boden aus, und beschädigte sich auf eine gefährliche Weise das Kreuz; dergestalt, daß sie zwar noch mit unsäglicher Mühe aufstand, und quer, wie es ihr vorgeschrieben war, über das Zimmer ging: hinter den Ofen aber, unter Stöhnen und Aechzen, niedersank und verschied.

Mehrere Jahre darauf, da der Marchese, durch Krieg und Mißwachs, in bedenkliche Vermögensumstände gerathen war, fand sich ein Genuesischer Ritter bei ihm ein, der das Schloß, seiner schönen Lage wegen, von ihm kaufen wollte. Der Marchese, dem viel an dem Handel gelegen war, gab seiner Frau auf, den Fremden in dem obenerwähnten, leerstehenden Zimmer, das sehr schön und bequem eingerichtet war, unterzubringen. Aber wie betreten war

### The Beggar Woman of Loncarno

At the foot of the Alps, in Locarno in the north of Italy, there was an old castle belonging to a duke, which one can now see lying in ruins if one comes from St. Gotthard: a castle with high and sweeping rooms, in one of which – once – the lady of the house, out of pity, invited an old sick woman who was found begging before the door to sleep on a bed of straw that would be cast down to her. The duke, who returning home from the hunt stepped by chance into the room where he was accustomed to leaving his rifle, commanded the reluctant woman to get up from the corner where she lay and to rest behind the oven. When she raised herself up, the woman slipped on the smooth floor with her crutch and hurt her back terribly; nonetheless, she stood up with unspeakable pain and went, as she had been ordered, across the room, but behind the oven, with groans and sighs, she sank down and passed away.

Several years later, when the duke found himself in alarming circumstances through war and misfortune with his crops, a Florentine knight arrived who wished to buy the castle from him on account of its beautiful surroundings. The duke was very eager for this exchange, and he told his wife to accommodate the stranger in that very same room, now wonderfully and sumptuously furnished. But how embarrassed the couple was, when the knight, perturbed and pale, came down



## Heinrich von Kleist / Caleb Lowrey

das Ehepaar, als der Ritter mitten in der Nacht, verstört und bleich, zu ihnen herunter kam, hoch und theuer versichernd, daß es in dem Zimmer spuke, indem etwas, das dem Blick unsichtbar gewesen, mit einem Geräusch, als ob es auf Stroh gelegen, im Zimmerwinkel aufgestanden, mit vernehmlichen Schritten, langsam und gebrechlich, quer über das Zimmer gegangen, und hinter dem Ofen, unter Stöhnen und Aechzen niedergesunken sei.

Der Marchese erschrocken, er wußte selbst nicht recht warum, lachte den Ritter mit erkünstelter Heiterkeit aus, und sagte, er wolle sogleich aufstehen, und die Nacht, zu seiner Beruhigung, mit ihm in dem Zimmer zubringen. Doch der Ritter bat um die Gefälligkeit, ihm zu erlauben, daß er auf dem Lehnstuhl, in seinem Schlafzimmer übernachtete; und als der Morgen kam, ließ er anspannen, empfahl sich und reiste ab.

Dieser Vorfall, der außerordentliches Aufsehen machte, schreckte, auf eine dem Marchese höchst unangenehme Weise, mehrere Käufer ab; dergestalt, daß, da sich unter seinem eigenen Hausgesinde, befremdend und unbegreiflich, das Gerücht erhob, daß es in dem Zimmer, zur Mitternachtstunde, umgehe, er, um es, mit einem kurzen Verfahren, niederzuschlagen, beschloß, die Sache in der nächsten Nacht selbst zu untersuchen.

Demnach ließ er, beim Einbruch der Dämmerung, sein Bett in dem besagten Zimmer aufschlagen, und erharrte, ohne zu schlafen, die Mitternacht. Aber wie erschüttert war er, als er in der That, mit dem Schläge der Geisterstunde, das unbegreifliche Geräusch wahrnahm; es war, als ob ein Mensch

to them in the middle of the night, avowing that the room was haunted, that something which eyes could not see had made a sound as if rising up from a bed of straw in the corner of the room, then with audible steps, slow and frail, went across the room and, behind the oven, with groans and sighs, sank down.

The duke, terrified but without knowing why, laughed at the knight with feigned cheerfulness, and said he would get up immediately and spend the night in the room for the sake of the knight's rest. But the knight only asked to sleep in an armchair in the duke's own room, and when the morning came, he yoked his horses, took his leave, and rode away.

This incident, which caused an extraordinary sensation, frightened several buyers away in a manner quite inconvenient for the duke; indeed, among his own servants, strange and incomprehensible, the rumor arose, so that they themselves avoided the room at the hour of midnight; so the duke determined on the next night to investigate the thing himself and put an end to it once and for all.

As dusk fell, he ordered his bed set up in the said room, and sleeplessly awaited midnight. But how unsettled he was, when in fact, at the stroke of the witching hour, he himself heard the inexplicable noise; it was as if someone was rising up from rustling straw, going across

## Heinrich von Kleist / Caleb Lowrey

sich von Stroh, das unter ihm knisterte, erhob, quer über das Zimmer ging, und hinter dem Ofen, unter Geseufz und Geröchel niedersank. Die Marquise, am andern Morgen, da er herunter kam, fragte ihn, wie die Untersuchung abgelaufen; und da er sich, mit scheuen und ungewissen Blicken, umsah, und, nachdem er die Thür verriegelt, versicherte, daß es mit dem Spuk seine Richtigkeit habe: so erschrak sie, wie sie in ihrem Leben nicht gethan, und bat ihn, bevor er die Sache verlauten ließe, sie noch einmal, in ihrer Gesellschaft, einer kaltblütigen Prüfung zu unterwerfen. Sie hörten aber sammt einen treuen Bedienten, den sie mitgenommen hatten, in der That, in der nächsten Nacht, dasselbe unbegreifliche, gespensterartige Geräusch; und nur der dringende Wunsch, das Schloß, es koste was es wolle, los zu werden, vermochte sie, das Entsetzen, das sie griff, in Gegenwart ihres Dieners, zu unterdrücken, und dem Vorfall irgend eine gleichgültige und zufällige Ursache, die sich entdecken lassen müsse, unterzuschieben. Am Abend des dritten Tages, da beide, um der Sache auf den Grund zu kommen, mit Herzklopfen wieder die Treppe zu dem Fremdenzimmer bestiegen, fand sich zufällig der Haushund, den man von der Kette losgelassen hatte, vor der Thür desselben ein; dergestalt, daß die Marquise, in der unwillkürlichen Absicht, außer ihrem Mann noch etwas Drittes, Lebendiges, bei sich zu haben, den Hund mit sich ins Zimmer nahm. Das Ehepaar, zwei Lichter auf dem Tisch, die Marquise unausgezogen, der Marchese Degen und Pistolen, die er aus dem Schrank genommen, neben sich, setzen sich, gegen eilf Uhr, jeder auf sein Bett; und während sie sich mit Gesprächen, so gut es sein kann, zu unterhalten suchen, legt sich der Hund, Kopf und Beine zusammengekauert,

the room, and behind the oven, with sighs and moans, sinking down. When he came down the next morning, the duchess asked him how the investigation had gone; and, with a timid and uncertain expression, he looked around, and, after he had barred the door, assured her that the haunting was real: she was more shocked than she had been in her life, and begged him to examine it objectively one more time, in her company, before he let the thing be known. But the next night she heard, as well as a trusted servant whom she had brought with her, the same bizarre, ghostly noise; and only the pressing wish to get rid of the castle, whatever the cost, helped her to fight back the terror that gripped her in the presence of her servant and assign the incident to some unremarkable, accidental cause that must somehow be discovered. On the evening of the third day, as they both went with pounding hearts down the stairway to the room, to finally get to the bottom of the thing, they found their dog, who had been let free from his chain, by chance in front of the door himself; indeed, without knowing why, perhaps out of the unwitting intention to have a third, living thing besides themselves there with them, they took the dog into the room. The couple, with two lights on the table, the duchess still dressed, the duke with daggers and pistols next to him that he had taken from the vault, sat on their beds near eleven o'clock: and as they tried as best they could to while away the time with conversation, the dog lay down in the middle of the room, head and legs together, and fell asleep. Just at the moment of midnight, the terrifying sound came again; someone that no human eyes could see rose up on crutches in the corner of the room, straw rustled underneath, and with the first

## Heinrich von Kleist / Caleb Lowrey

in der Mitte des Zimmers nieder, und schläft ein. Drauf, in dem Augenblick der Mitternacht, läßt sich das entsetzliche Geräusch wieder hören; jemand, den kein Mensch mit Augen sehen kann, hebt sich, auf Krücken, im Zimmerwinkel empor; man hört das Stroh, das unter ihm rauscht; und mit dem ersten Schritt: tapp! tapp! erwacht der Hund, hebt sich plötzlich, die Ohren spitzend, vom Boden empor, und knurrend und bellend, grad' als ob ein Mensch auf ihn eingeschritten käme, rückwärts gegen den Ofen, weicht er aus. Bei diesem Anblick stürzt die Marquise, mit sträubenden Haaren, aus dem Zimmer; und während der Marchese, der den Degen ergriffen: wer da? ruft, und da ihm niemand antwortet, gleich einem Rasenden, nach allen Richtungen, die Luft durchhaut, läßt sie den Wagen anspannen, in der Absicht, um nach der Stadt zu fahren. Aber ehe sie noch aus dem Thor gerasselt, sieht sie schon das Schloß ringsum in Flammen aufgehen. Der Marchese, von Entsetzen überreizt, hatte eine brennende Kerze genommen, und es an allen vier Ecken, müde seines Lebens, angesteckt. Vergebens schickte sie Leute hinein, den Unglücklichen zu retten; er war, auf die elendigliche Weise bereits umgekommen, und noch jetzt liegen, von den Landleuten zusammengetragen, seine weißen Gebeine in dem Winkel des Zimmers, von welchem er, als er von der Jagd kam, das Bettelweib hatte aufstehen heißen.

step: tap! tap! the dog awoke, stood up suddenly from the floor, ears pointed, and snarling and barking as if someone were coming towards him, drew back from the oven. At this moment, the duchess jumps from the room with hair on end; and as the duke, clutching his dagger, calls out "Who's there?" and is answered by no one, slashes at the air in all directions like a madman – the duchess has the horses yoked and drives resolutely off to the city. But after she gathered her things, before she rattled out of the gate, she saw the castle go up in flames. The duke, overwrought with terror, had taken a candle and, weary of his life, set the castle (boarded with wood as it was) alight on all four corners. She sent people in to rescue the unfortunate man, all in vain; he had already perished in the most miserable way, and to this day, collected by the country folk, his white bones lie in the corner of the room from which he ordered the beggar woman of Locarno to get up.

# Giosuè Carducci

## Translated by Corie Marshall

### Nostalgia

Tra le nubi ecco il turchino  
Cupo ed umido prevale:  
Sale verso l'Apennino  
Brontolando il temporale.  
Oh se il turbine cortese  
Sovra l'ala aquilonar  
Mi volesse al bel paese  
Di Toscana trasportar!

Non d'amici o di parenti  
Là m'invita il cuore e il volto:  
Chi m'arrise a i dí ridenti  
Ora è savio od è sepolto.  
Né di viti né d'ulivi  
Bel desio mi chiama là:  
Fuggirei da' lieti clivi  
Benedetti d'ubertà.

De le mie cittadi i vanti  
E le solite canzoni  
Fuggirei: vecchie ciancianti  
A marmorei balconi!  
Dove raro ombreggia il bosco  
Le maligne crete, e al pian  
Di rei sugheri irto e fosco  
I cavalli errando van.

Là in maremma ove fiorío  
La mia triste primavera,  
Là rivola il pensier mio  
Con i tuoni e la bufera:  
Là nel ciel nero librammi  
La mia patria a riguardar,  
Poi co 'l tuon vo' sprofondarmi  
Tra quei colli ed in quel mar.

### Nostalgia

Here among the clouds  
A dark and damp turquoise Predominates:  
rumbling,  
The storm rises toward the Apennines.  
Oh if only the gracious whirlwind  
Kiting me over his wing  
Would agree to fly me  
To beautiful Tuscany!

The hearts and faces of friends and Family  
do not summon me home:  
Those who smiled at me in happier times  
Are now grown old or departed.  
Neither the beautiful desire of  
Grape vines nor of olive trees  
Calls me there: I would flee from the  
Happy hills so blessedly full.

The praised landmarks and usual songs  
Of my city I would flee: old prattlers on  
Marble balconies!  
Where the wood rarely shades  
The malignant clays,  
And to the plain blanketed with and  
Darkened by menacing cork trees  
The wandering horses go.

There in the Maremma marshland,  
That sustains my sad spring,  
There returns my thought  
Alongside the tempest and thunder:  
There to soar in the black sky  
My native country to see once more,  
Then with the thunder I wish to sink  
Among those hills and in that sea.

# Abigael García Bohórquez

Translated by Dakota Russell and Miya Upshur-Williams

## Reincidencia

dejó sus cabras el zagal y vino.  
qué resplandor de vástago sonoro,  
qué sabia oscuridad sus ojos mansos,  
qué ligera y morena su estatura,  
qué galanura enhiesta y turbadora,  
qué esbelta desnudez túrgida y sola,  
qué tamboril de niño sus pisadas.

dejó sus cabras el zagal y vino...  
ah, libertad amada dije  
éste es mi cuerpo, laberinto, avena,  
maduro grano que arderá en tus dientes,  
esquila, choza, baladora oveja,  
recórbito y aceite, paja y lumbre;  
baja a llamarme, a reprenderme, a herirme,  
a serenar turbadas hendiduras;  
baja, pupila de avellana, baja  
rústico centelleo, ráfaga de rocío,  
colibrí de ardimientos,  
soy también tu ganado, ven, congrégame,  
descíñete, descúbreme  
asido a tu cintura, dulce ramo,  
caramillo de azahares en mi boza.

y ante mi boca,  
como un tañido de frescura,  
triumfal y apasionado desconcierto,  
emergió de sus piernas trascendiendo  
hacia todos mis dedos como galgos,  
liebre espejeante, mórbida espesura,  
la suntuosa epidermis respirando,  
temblando, endureciéndose  
en la gallarda péndola,  
el orgulloso, endurecido bronce,

## Relapse

he left his shepherd's purse goats and came  
what brilliance from his echoing rod,  
what wise darkness from docile eyes,  
what an airy and tanned figure,  
what towering charm and confusion,  
what slender nudity swollen and alone,  
what a child-like drum to his footsteps.

he left his shepherd's purse goats and came...  
ah, beloved freedom I said  
this is my body, labyrinth, oat  
ripe grain that will burn in your teeth,  
shear, shack, sheep howl,  
little memory and oil, straw and fire;  
descend to call me, scold me, wound me,  
to sooth the disturbed cracks;  
come down, hazelnut pupil, come down  
rustic sparkling, a gust of dew,  
hummingbird of fever  
I am also your livestock, come, assemble me,  
untie yourself, discover me  
holding onto your waist, a sweet bouquet,  
a heap of blossoms in my pouch

and before my mouth,  
like a sounding freshness,  
triumphant and passionate uncertainty,  
he emerged from his legs transcending  
towards all my fingers like greyhounds,  
gleaming hare, morbid bush  
the sumptuous breathing epidermis  
shivering, hardening  
in the graceful pen,  
the proud, hardened bronze

## Abigael García Bohórquez / Dakota Russell and Miya Upshur-Williams

de su intocada parte de varón;  
estallido, mordisco, ávida lengua, indómito  
pistilo,  
dulzorosa penetración, pródigo arquero,  
novilúnido semen,  
plenamar de su espasmo,  
de su primer licor, abeja de oro,  
se me quedó en el pecho, pecho a tierra,  
un gemido de manso entre los árboles.  
Luego estuvimos mucho tiempo mudos.

of his untouched male privates,  
explosion, bite, avid tongue, untamed  
pistil,  
penetrations sweet odor, bountiful  
bowman, newmoon semen,  
his seahigh spasm,  
from his first liqueur, golden bee,  
stayed within my chest, chest to earth  
a tamed groan from amongst the trees.  
Then we were mute for a long time.

**Sarah Kirsch**  
**Translated by Sarah Schmoltner**

**Im Glashaus des Schneekönigs**

Im Glashaus des Schneekönigs sprechen die Vögel vernünftig. Wir sind seine Gäste, er schaut erst abends herein: er wirft Woldecken hin, einen Lastwagen Kohle ins Feuer. Wir tun, was wir wollen. Er legt uns genügend Hasenfleisch hinter die Mauer, und wir sind viele. Wenn wir schlafen wollen, bringt er die Vögel zum Schweigen. Nachts geht er mit hundert Wölfen ums Haus

**In the glass house of the  
Snow King**

In the glass house of the Snow King the birds speak sensibly. We are his guests, though he doesn't check in until evening. He tosses us blankets, and drops a truck of coal into the fire. We do what we want. He leaves us ample rabbit meat behind the wall, and we are many. When we want to sleep, he silences the birds. By night he circles the house with a hundred wolves.

# Sarah Kirsch / Sarah Schmoltnner

## Im Sommer

Dünnbesiedelt das Land.  
Trotz riesigen Feldern und Maschinen  
Liegen die Dörfer schläfrig  
In Buchsbaumgärten ; die Katzen  
Trifft selten ein Steinwurf.

Im August fallen Sterne.  
Im September bläst man die Jagd an.  
Noch fliegt die Graugans, spaziert der Storch  
Durch unvergiftete Wiesen. Ach, die Wolken  
Wie Berge fliegen sie über die Wälder.

Wenn man hier keine Zeitung hält  
Ist die Welt in Ordnung.  
In Pflaumenmuskesseln  
Spiegelt sich schön das eigne Gesicht und  
Feuerrot leuchten die Felder.

## In the Summer

The land is sparsely populated.  
Despite tremendous fields and machinery  
The villages lie drowsily  
In boxwood tree gardens ; the cats  
Are rarely hit by a stone's throw.

In August, stars fall.  
In September, the horn announces the hunt.  
The greylag goose still flies, the stork still strolls  
Through unpoisoned meadows. Alas, the clouds  
Like mountains they fly above the forests.

If one doesn't subscribe to a newspaper here,  
The world is all right.  
In plum-butter kettles  
One's own face is reflected beautifully and  
The fields glow fire-red.



# Anton Chekhov

## Translated by Sarah Schmoltnner

### Дама с собачкой

Изменять ей он начал уже давно, изменял часто и, вероятно, поэтому о женщинах отзывался почти всегда дурно, и когда в его присутствии говорили о них, то он называл их так: Низшая раса!

Ему казалось, что он достаточно научен горьким опытом, чтобы называть их как угодно, но все же без “низшей расы” он не мог бы прожить и двух дней. В обществе мужчин ему было скучно, не по себе, с ними он был неразговорчив, холоден, но когда находился среди женщин, то чувствовал себя свободно и знал, о чем говорить с ними и как держать себя; и даже молчать с ними ему было легко. В его наружности, в характере, во всей его натуре было что-то привлекательное, неуловимое, что располагало к нему женщин, манило их; он знал об этом, и самого его тоже какая-то сила влекла к ним.

### Lady with the Lapdog

He had already begun to betray her long ago. He betrayed her often, and probably because of this he almost always spoke poorly of women, and when they were spoken about in his presence, he called them an “inferior race.”

It seemed to him, that he had been taught sufficiently by bitter experience, and had the right call them what he wished. Nevertheless without this “inferior race,” he could not have survived even two days. In society, men bored him, and he was not at ease. With them he was taciturn and cold, but when he found himself amongst women he felt himself to be free and knew how to behave himself and what to speak with them about; for him, even being silent with them was easy. In his appearance, in his character, in his whole nature, was something alluring and elusive that disposed women towards him and attracted them to him. He knew this, and some sort of force drew him to them as well.

# Luis Hernández

## Translated by Arielle Strauss and Teresa Phiri

### El bosque de los huesos

Mi país no es Grecia,  
Y yo (23) no sé si deba admirar  
Un pasado glorioso  
Que tampoco es pasado.  
Mi país es pequeño y no se extiende  
Más allá del andar de un cartero en cuatro días,  
Y a buen tren.

Quizá sea que ahora yo aborrezca  
Lo que oteo en las tardes: mi país  
Que es la plaza de toros, los museos,  
Jardineros sumisos y las viejas:  
Sibilinas amantes de los pobres,

Muy proclives a hablar de cardenales  
(Solteros eternos que hay en Roma),  
Y jaurías doradas de marocas.  
Mi país es letreros de cine: gladiadores,  
Las farmacias de turno y tonsurados,  
Un vestirse los ábados de fiesta  
Y familias decentes, con un hijo naval.

Abatido entre Lima y La Herradura  
(El rincón Hawai a diez kilómetros  
De la eterna ciudad de los burdeles),  
Un crepúsculo de rouge cobra banderas,  
Baptisterios barrocos y carcochas.  
Como al paso senil del bienamado, ahora llueve  
Una fronda de estiércol y confeti:  
Solitarios son los actos del poeta  
Como aquellos del amor y de la muerte.

### The Forest of Bones

My country is not Greece,  
And I (23) do not know if I should admire  
A glorious past  
Which is not even a past.  
My country is small and does not extend  
Beyond a postman's walk in four days,  
And that, at a good pace.

Maybe it is that now I hate  
What I scan in the afternoons: my country  
That is the bullring, the museums,  
Submissive gardeners, and the hags:  
Cryptic lovers of the poor,

Very likely to speak of cardinals  
(Eternal singles who live in Rome),  
And golden packs of marocas\*.  
My country is film billboards: gladiators,  
The open pharmacies and tonsure,  
Dressing up on Saturday nights  
And decent families, with a son in the navy.

Shot between Lima and La Herradura  
(Hawaii's corner ten kilometers  
From the eternal city of brothels),  
A rouge twilight that must be paid with flags  
Baroque baptisteries and old cars.  
Resounding the senile step of the beloved, it now  
rains.  
A frond of manure and confetti:  
The poet is alone in his task  
As love and death.

---

• Luis Hernández (Perú 1941-1977). Poet.

**Arrian**

**Translated by Hayleigh Thompson**

**Anabasis of Alexander: II.12.6-8**

ταῦτα μὲν Πτολεμαῖος καὶ Ἀριστόβουλος λέγουσι· λόγος δὲ ἔχει καὶ αὐτὸν Ἀλέξανδρον τῇ ὑστεραίᾳ ἐλθεῖν εἰσὼ ξὺν Ἡφαιστίωνι μόνῳ τῶν ἐταίρων· καὶ τὴν μητέρα τὴν Δαρείου ἀμφιγνοήσασαν ὅστις ὁ βασιλεὺς εἶη αὐτοῖν, ἐστάλθαι γὰρ ἄμφω τῷ αὐτῷ κόσμῳ, τὴν δὲ Ἡφαιστίωνι προσελθεῖν καὶ προσκυνῆσαι, ὅτι μείζων ἐφάνη ἐκείνος. ὡς δὲ ὁ Ἡφαιστίων τε ὀπίσω ὑπεχώρησε καὶ τις τῶν ἀμφ’ αὐτὴν, τὸν Ἀλέξανδρον δεῖξας, ἐκείνον ἔφη εἶναι Ἀλέξανδρον, τὴν μὲν καταιδεσθείσαν τῇ διαμαρτυρίᾳ ὑποχωρεῖν, Ἀλέξανδρον δὲ οὐ φάναι αὐτὴν ἀμαρτεῖν· καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνον εἶναι Ἀλέξανδρον. καὶ ταῦτα ἐγὼ οὐθ’ ὡς ἀληθῆ οὔτε ὡς πάντῃ ἄπιστα ἀνέγραψα. ἀλλ’ εἴτε οὕτως ἐπράχθη, ἐπαινώ Ἀλέξανδρον τῆς τε ἐς τὰς γυναῖκας κατοικτίσεως καὶ τῆς ἐς τὸν ἐταῖρον πίστεως καὶ τιμῆς· εἴτε πιθανὸς δοκεῖ τοῖς συγγράψασιν Ἀλέξανδρος ὡς καὶ ταῦτα ἂν προξᾶς καὶ εἰπὼν, καὶ ἐπὶ τῷδε ἐπαινώ Ἀλέξανδρον.

**Anabasis of Alexander: II.12.6-8**

This is what Ptolemy and Aristobulus say; however, there is another story, which holds that on the next day, Alexander himself went with Hephæstion as his only Companion into the tent of Darius’ mother. The story holds that the woman, unsure as to which one was king, for both men were furnished with similar dress, prostrated herself, in the Persian custom, before Hephæstion, because he appeared taller in comparison to Alexander. Hephæstion drew back and one of the attendants around her, pointing to Alexander, said ‘that one is Alexander.’ Indeed she, feeling ashamed by her mistake withdrew, but Alexander said she was not mistaken; for indeed that man was Alexander. I have written this story not claiming it is true or incredible. But, if the story happened, I approve Alexander’s compassion toward women and his confidence and honor toward his Companion. If it seems plausible to these writers that a man like Alexander might have done and said these things as described in the story, I approve of Alexander on these grounds as well.

---

• Arrian (ca.86-160). Roman (ethnic Greek) historian, public servant, military commander and philosopher.

# Ovid

## Translated by Alexandra Vesey

### Amores

arma gravi numero violentaque bella parabam  
edere, materia conveniente modis.

par erat inferior versus; risisse Cupido  
dicitur atque unum surripuisse pedem.

“Quis tibi, saeve puer, dedit hoc in carmina  
iuris?”

Pieridum vates, non tua turba sumus.  
quid, si praeripiat flavae Venus arma  
Minervae,  
ventilet accensas flava Minerva faces?

quis probet in silvis Cererem regnare iugosis,  
lege pharetratae Virginis arva coli?

crinibus insignem quis acuta cuspidem  
Phoebum  
instruat, Aoniam Marte movente lyram?

sunt tibi magna, puer, nimiumque potentia  
regna;  
cur opus adfectas, ambitiose, novum?

an, quod ubique, tuum est? tua sunt Heliconia  
tempe?

vix etiam Phoebus iam lyra tuta sua est?

cum bene surrexit versu nova pagina primo,  
attenuat nervos proximus ille meos;

### Amores

I was almost ready to tell you all about  
weapons and bloody wars. I had a serious  
meter standing up to carry such weighty  
material

the second line was all ready to go, but  
would you believe,

Cupid stole a foot out from under it?  
“Who put you in charge of poetry, you  
spoiled brat?”

Poets work for the Muses, not for you.  
What if Venus grabbed Minerva’s weapons  
and Minerva started waving around  
Venus’s torches?

Who would put Ceres in charge of the  
mountainous forests  
and leave the farming of the fields to that  
girl with the bow and arrows?

Phoebus is famous for his nice hair- should  
we give him Mars’s sharp spear,  
while Mars’ strums the Muses’ lyre?  
Kid, your kingdom is huge and far too  
powerful,  
ambitious brat, why are you chasing this  
new work?

Is everything, everywhere yours? Do the  
Helicon valleys belong to you?  
Apollo’s barely safe with his own lyre,  
huh?

When a new page is flowing smoothly  
from the first line,

the next one wears on my nerves  
and I’ve got nothing to say

## Ovid / Alexandra Vesey

nec mihi materia est numeris levioribus apta,  
aut puer aut longas compta puella comas.”  
questus eram, pharetra cum protinus ille  
soluta

legit in exitium spicula facta meum,  
lunavitque genu sinuosum fortiter arcum,  
“quod” que “canas, vates, accipe” dixit  
“opus!”

me miserum! certas habuit puer ille sagittas.  
uror, et in vacuo pectore regnat Amor.

sex mihi surgat opus numeris, in quinque  
residat:

ferrea cum vestris bella valete modis!  
cingere litoreā flaventia tempora myrto,  
Musa per undenos emodulanda pedes

that would fit into light enough lines for  
this delicate meter  
nobody’s lovely face framed with long  
hair,”

So I said all that, but then he took from his  
loose quiver  
arrows made specifically for my  
destruction

he bent the curved bow hard over his knee  
“Look, just deal with what you’re going to  
sing, Mr. Poet,” he said.

Unfortunately, that brat’s arrows work just  
as advertised

I’m on fire, love rules my heart.

So let my work rise to a count of six  
and fall on a count of five  
goodbye, weighty wars with your sturdy  
meter

go crown yourself with myrtle by the  
ocean

Muse, you’ll have to work with my eleven  
feet.

---

• Ovid (43 bc - 18 ad). Along with Virgil and Horace, one of the three canonical poets of Latin Literature.

# **Botany of Chaos**

## **by Ana Maria Shua**

**Translated by the Advanced Intermediate Spanish Class:  
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Doug Rubenstein, Easton Smith, Arielle Strauss,  
Miya Upshur-Williams, Cara Weber**

### **El joven destinado a ser mi abuelo**

Para evitar lo mandaran a la guerra, el joven destinado a ser mi abuelo se hizo arrancar todos los dientes pero no alcanzó. Entonces se cortó los dedos de la mano derecha pero no fue suficiente. De un hachazo le amputaron media pierna pero todavía no era bastante. Se introdujo un objeto punzante en el oído para provocarse sordera pero lo aprobaron de todos modos. Hasta que al fin se mutiló de modo tal que torció su destino: no lo mandaron a la guerra pero tampoco pudo ser mi abuelo.

### **The Youth Destined to be my Grandfather**

To avoid being sent to war, the youth destined to be my grandfather had all of his teeth pulled out but it wasn't enough. So, he cut off the fingers of his right hand but that didn't do it. In one chop they amputated half a leg but it still didn't work. He inserted a sharp object into the ear to induce deafness but they still drafted him. Until finally he mutilated himself in such a way that he twisted his destiny: they didn't send him to war but neither could he be my grandfather.

### **Formas del viajar**

Un grupo de chicos juega a un juego que nunca vi. Dos de los varones saltan en un pie. Tengo que tomar un tren que me llevará lejos, cruzando paisajes inesperados, pero por el momento el problema es llegar a la estación, que también está lejos. Estoy en un sueño, o en un país extranjero: no es tan distinto. Estoy, con respecto a mi vida verdadera, aislada del discurso, autónoma, encerrada y libre al mismo tiempo: entre paréntesis.

### **Forms of Travel**

A group of kids play a game which I have never seen. Two of the boys hop on one foot. I have to catch a train to take me far away, across unexpected landscapes, but for the moment the problem is reaching the station, which is also far. I'm in a dream, or in a foreign country: there is not much difference. I am, in regard to my real life, removed from speech, autonomous, locked in and free at the same time: between parentheses.

# Ana Maria Shua / Intermediate Spanish I

## Puntualidad de los filósofos I

El profesor Kant es tan regular en sus costumbres que cada día esperamos su paso para poner en hora nuestros relojes. Cruza la calle siempre por esta esquina a las cuatro en punto de la tarde. El resto del universo, en cambio, es irregular, confuso, impredecible. A las cuatro en punto de la tarde a veces brilla un sol violento y a veces es de noche. Hay días en que recién acabamos de cenar y otros en que las cuatro de la tarde llegan inmediatamente después del desayuno. Los peores son esos días de infierno en que las cuatro en punto vuelven una y otra vez, casi a cada momento. Imagínese usted en qué horrible caos viviríamos si no nos informara el profesor Kant, con su paso regular y confiable, cuando están empezando a ser otra vez esas veleidosas cuatro de la tarde.

## Punctuality of the Philosopher I

Professor Kant is so regular in his ways that each day we wait for his passing in order to set our watches. He always crosses the street at this corner, at four o'clock sharp. The rest of the universe, on the other hand, is irregular, confusing, unpredictable. At exactly four o'clock sometimes the sun shines violently and at times it's night. There are days when we have just finished dinner, and others when four o'clock comes right after breakfast. The worst are those days of hell where four o'clock sharp returns once and again, almost at every moment. Imagine the horrible chaos we would live if professor Kant didn't inform us, with his regular, reliable passing, when it is once again, fickle four o'clock.

## Creación I

El gran arquitecto despidió a su equipo. Durante seis días se encerró para trabajar en la maqueta sin ayuda. Pero el ingenioso, bellísimo juguete, no persuadió a los inversores. Furioso, el gran arquitecto pateó la maqueta con tal fuerza que todavía permanece en el espacio girando sobre sí misma, mientras nos afanamos inútilmente sobre su superficie, modelos perfectos de un proyecto inviable.

## Creation I

The great architect fired his team. For six days he locked himself away to work on the model without help. But the ingenious, stunningly beautiful toy, did not persuade the investors. Furious, the great architect kicked the model with such force that it still remains in space spinning, while we make useless efforts upon its surface, perfect figures of an inviable project.

---

• Ana Maria Shua (Argentina, 1951), author of fiction and “microfiction”. She also writes children’s books.

# Haiku from students of Japanese III

In this Spring semester, students of Japanese III have been exploring Haiku (俳句) - one of the forms of traditional Japanese poetry. We learned how we can appreciate the famous Haiku of 17<sup>th</sup> century to the present created by such poets as Matsuo Bashoo, Yosa Buson, Kobayashi Issa, Masaoka Shiki, and Matsumoto Takashi. Each student also had the opportunity to create their own Haiku in Japanese using Kigo (季語/season word) - a word or a phrase associated with one of four seasons which are an important part of Japanese culture.

After making Haiku, the students also translated their Japanese Haiku into English. It is a challenge for each student to transform their work into English without losing the essence of Haiku.

We are delighted to share the Haiku that the Japanese III students have created through this issue of Babel. And I hope that in reading and even reciting the Haiku and their English translations, you too will discover the joy of the world of Japanese Haiku.

Chieko Naka



# 春 [Haru] Spring

ナターシャ フィルド-ラーマン

**Natasha Field-Rahman**

春の雨 [haruno ame]

the spring rain seeps down

たねが飲んだら [tanega nondara]

in the ground the seeds drink up.

花になる [hanani naru]

flowers, they are now

---

• I enjoyed translating this poem from Japanese to English because it really highlighted how important particle words are in Japanese and how it is one tool in Japanese language that is absent in English. The particle が or ga in the Japanese version placed a deep emphasis on the seeds drinking the rain water and then becoming flowers. In English, I felt that more action and description words were necessary, especially to adhere to the syllable rules of traditional Haiku poems.

クリスティーナ・スウィーニー

**Christina Sweeney**

花の雨 [hanano ame]

Flower rain in spring

さくら花びら [sakura hanabira]

Cherry blossom petals are

ひらひらと [hirahira to]

Floating to the ground

---

• I'm not fond of rain; it's wet and depressing. Flower petals are neither of these two, but remind me of how beautiful a spring drizzle can be, as they are floating to the ground.

## 夏 [Natsu] Summer

ナターシャ フィルド-ラーマン

**Natasha Field-Rahman**

手でスイカ [tede suika]

Small sticky hands bring

べたべた口に [betabeta kuchini]

Watermelon to my lips

甘い味 [amai aji]

Sweet taste of summer

---

• I found this poem particularly hard because of the inclusion of Japanese onomatopoeia betabeta, which connotes a feeling of nostalgia, a longing for childhood days. I chose to alter the first line so that the word small could replace this feeling, creating the image of a child's hands. Thankfully, I felt that I was less inhibited by adhering to the syllable rules of traditional Haiku prose in English, and was therefore able to add small words here and there to help create the same vision as the original Japanese poem.

ジャスティン・リーヴィア

**Justin Revia**

エアコンや [eakon ya]

Air Conditioner

外暑くても [soto atsukutemo]

Though it's hot outside

うとうと [utouto to]

I nod off

---

• It's impossible to sleep when the weather is too hot. With air conditioning, though, it becomes much easier to fall asleep, even when you don't want to.

# 夏 [Natsu] Summer

レイチェル・シュワーツ

Rachel Schwarz

どこからか [dokokaraka]

From nowhere

バラのような [barano yoonā]

Like a rose

花火咲く [hanabi saku]

A firework blooms

---

• This haiku compares an exploding firework to a blooming flower in several ways. The obvious imagery is that a firework “blooms” outward like a flower. The other comparison is that a flower is born from the warmth of summer. Similarly, a firework seems to blossom in the summer from the humidity and the electricity in the air. Fireworks feel like a part of nature in the summer.

## 秋 [Aki] Autumn

ナターシャ フィルド-ラーマン

**Natasha Field-Rahman**

秋の風 [akino kaze]

the soft autumn wind

くさを彩る [kusao irodoru]

blows, carrying fallen leaves,

落葉かな [ochiba kana]

and paints the dull ground.

---

• Because of the confinements of Japanese verbs to be at least two syllables when in present action, I was limited in my ability to express the wind blowing across and carrying the fallen leaves in Japanese, yet in English I was able to use more verbs to describe the movement of the wind across the ground. For example, the direct translation to English from Japanese would be: “Autumn Wind, Colors the grass, With Fallen Leaves,” though this is more direct and offers the same emotional qualities when read in Japanese, I felt that the English translation was more fluid and ethereal.

クリスティーナ・スウィーニー

**Christina Sweeney**

ウサギさん [usagi-san]

Little Rabbit-san

どうして月に [doushite tsukini]

Why do you live in the moon?

住みますか [sumimasuka]

Can you tell me why?

---

• The Japanese see the image of a rabbit in the moon, rather than a face. If I were a child in Japan, I would sit and wonder why the rabbit chose to live there, rather than on the ground.

## 冬 [Fuyu] Winter

ジャスティン・リーヴィア

Justin Revia

家入れて [ie irete]

I let it inside

じゅうたんぬらす [jyuutan nurasu]

it melts on the carpet

雪だるま [yukidaruma]

My snowman

---

• It's cold outside, so I let the snowman in. Snow doesn't do very well indoors. I suppose the meaning could be best put as: what we want most isn't good for us.

レイチェル・シュワーツ

Rachel Schwarz

大きい口 [ookii kuchi]

A big mouth

顔が怖いや [kaoga kowaiya]

A scary face

雪だるま [yukidaruma]

It's a snowman!

---

• This haiku is about a snowman. Usually, snowmen are supposed to be friendly or funny. When I was a child, though, I thought snowmen, with their big mouths and round heads, were frightening.

## 冬 [Fuyu] Winter

クリスティーナ・スウィーニー

**Christina Sweeney**

雪だるま [yukidaruma]

My friend, the snowman

ぼくのぼうしで [bokuno boushide]

Wearing my woolen hat to

あたたかい [atatakai]

Warm up in the cold

- 
- As a young child, I often felt sorry for the snowmen. It was so cold outside, and they didn't have anything to keep them warm! It only seemed natural to lend one my hat.

# Mamushkas

## by Roberta Iannamico

**Translated by the Advanced Intermediate Spanish Class:  
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Teresa Phiri, Dakota Russell, Mackenzie Sowers, Arielle Strauss,  
Anineki Traverso, Miya Upshur-Williams, Yo Watanabe,  
Emily Wheeler, Kioke Williams**

VII

Una mamushka contiene en su vientre  
la totalidad de las mamushkas  
porque no hay mamushka que no tenga  
una mamushka adentro  
Madre hay una sola

VII

A mamushka has in her belly  
all the other mamushkas  
because there is no mamushka that doesn't have  
a mamushka inside her  
You only get one mother

VIII

Las mamushkas dan a luz en la oscuridad  
Se asisten a si mismas en el parto  
se parten  
en pedacitos  
que la hija ya mamushka junta  
para hacer un cubrecama finísimo

VIII

Mamushkas give birth in darkness  
They attend to themselves in labor  
they work themselves apart  
into little pieces  
that the daughter, already a mamushka, gathers  
to make a delicate bedspread

IX

Las mamushkas en las plazas  
se pierden en el vaivén de las hamacas  
Encienden cigarrillos para disimularse tras el humo  
De la calesita  
eligen los animales simples

IX

Mamushkas in playgrounds  
are lost in the swaying of the swings  
They light cigarettes to hide behind the smoke.  
From the carousel  
they choose the simplest animals

X

Hay mamushka nenas  
que son un pimpollo

X

There are little mamushka girls  
each one a budding flower

## Roberta Iannamico / Advanced Intermediate Spanish Class

XI

Las mamushkas se comen  
las flores de la madre selva  
Hacen la siesta  
la espalda doblada  
como una cuna

XI

Mamushkas eat  
honeysuckle blossoms  
They take a nap  
backs round  
like a cradle

XII

Las mamushkas se callan cuando deberían hablar  
no pueden parar el murmullo que las habita  
Nadan en el rumor  
de las hijas creciendo

XII

Mamushkas are silent when they ought to speak  
they cannot quiet the murmurs within  
They swim in the hum  
of their daughters' growing

XIII

Una mamushka considera a la cebolla de su misma  
especie  
no la corta ni la pica  
la pela apenas  
y esa desnudez  
la hace llorar

XIII

A mamushka considers the onion to be of her  
species  
she neither slices, nor chops it  
she barely peels it  
and that nakedness  
makes her cry

XIV

Un cisne ruboriza a las mamushkas  
un cisne rosado  
Hay múltiples cisnes debajo de las plumas  
Las mamushkas lo saben  
no lo dirán jamás

XIV

A swan makes the mamushkas blush  
a rosy swan  
There are multiple swans beneath the feathers  
Mamushkas know this  
they will never tell



## Roberta Iannamico / Advanced Intermediate Spanish Class

XV

Una mamushka nunca  
llevara vestido espumoso  
pero sabe leer los pliegues de la seda  
como su madre  
y la madre de su madre

XV

A mamushka will never  
wear a frothy dress  
but she knows how to read the folds of silk  
like her mother  
and her mother's mother

XVI

Las mamushkas aman las cucharas soperas  
Las usan de espejo  
para verse de revés

XVI

Mamushkas love soup spoons  
they use them as mirrors  
to see themselves upside down

XVII

Nadie le dijo a la mamushka  
que no nació de un repollo

XVII

No one told the mamushka  
that she was not born from a cabbage

XVIII

Hay falsas mamushkas  
tapan todo hueco  
son un gran nido

XVIII

There are fake mamushkas  
they put a lid on emptiness  
they are a large nest

# Translations on the Road

**Harley Meyer**

**Translated by Harley Meyer**

## **Sin Titulo**

Si yo hubiera sido una fruta  
habría sido un durazno  
porque un durazno  
tiene su corazón  
duro  
arrugado y feo  
cosido dentro.

Deja  
huellas de venas y  
grietas en  
la carne  
desgarrada.

Broté verde  
e inflamándome a rosa  
maduré  
con el latido  
de su semilla de almendra  
de la próxima vida  
en mi centro  
marchito.

## **Untitled**

If I were a fruit  
I would be a peach  
because a peach  
has a stone,  
shriveled and ugly heart  
sewn into its flesh.

It leaves  
imprints of veins and  
crevices in  
the meat  
when pried  
open.

I budded out green  
and swol to pink  
became ripe  
with the small almond heartbeat  
of the next life  
in my desiccating  
core.

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• Harley Meyer wrote this original poem in Spanish, while studying in Chiapas, Mexico and then translated it into English.

# Joseph von Eichendorff

## Translated by Caroline Pless

### Eldorado

Es ist von Klang und Düften  
Ein wunderbarer Ort,  
Umrant von stillen Klüften,  
Wir alle spielten dort.

Wir alle sind verirret.  
Seitdem so weit hinaus,  
Unkraut der Welt verwindet,  
Find't keiner mehr nach Haus.

Doch manchmal tauscht's aus Träumen,  
Als läg's weit im Meer,  
Und früh noch in den Bäumen  
Rauscht's wie ein Gruß her.

Ich hört' den Gruß verfliegen,  
Ich folgt' ihm über Land,  
Und hatte mich versteigen  
Auf hoher Felsenwand.

Mein Herz war mir so munter,  
Weit hinten alle Not,  
Als ginge ich jenseits unter  
Die Welt im Morgenrot.

Der Wind spielt' in den Locken,  
Da blitzt' es drunten weit,  
Und ich erkannt' erschrocken  
Die alte Einsamkeit.

Nun jeden Morgenschimmer,  
Steig' ich in's Blütenmeer,  
Bis ich Glücksel'ger nimmer  
Von dorten wiederkehr.

### Eldorado

The sound and the smell of it  
Makes it a wonderful place,  
Entwined by chasms halcyon,  
We all used to play there a bit.

We all forgot our way.  
And since then were so far gone,  
Weeds of the world windblown,  
Such that you can't find back home.

But sometimes, traded from dreams,  
lying far away at sea,  
At dawn swept through the trees,  
And rustled like a greeting here.

I heard the greeting vanish,  
I followed it over land,  
And have climbed myself  
Over cliffs with my own hands.

My heart beat so bright and vivid,  
far away from all the woe,  
As I descended to meet  
The world in morning's rose.

The wind played with my hair,  
It sparkled wide and far,  
And I shocked I recognized  
Loneliness, my companion from before.

Now at every morning's dawn,  
I climb into the blooming sea,  
'Till I in ecstasy agree  
To never ever leave.

# Ludwig Tieck

## Translated by Caroline Pless

### Melankolie

*from William Lovell*

Schwarz war die Nacht und dunkle Sterne brannten  
Durch Wolkenschleier matt und bleich,  
Die Flur durchstrich das Geisterreich,  
Als feindlich sich die Parzen abwärts wandten,  
Und zorn'ge Götter mich in's Leben sandten.

Die Eule sang mir grause Wiegenlieder  
Und schrie mir durch die stille Ruh  
Ein gräßliches: Willkommen! Zu.  
Der bleiche Gram und Jammer sanken nieder  
Und grüßten mich als längst gekannte Brüder.

Da sprach der Gram in banger Geisterstunde:  
„Du bist zu Quaalen eingeweiht,  
Ein Ziel des Schicksals Grausamkeit,  
Die Bogen sind gespannt und jede Stunde  
Schlägt grausam dir stets neue blut'ge Wunde.

Dich werden alle Menschenfreuden fliehen,  
Dich spricht kein Wesen freundlich an.  
Du gehst die wüste Felsenbahn,  
Wo Klippen drohn, wo keine Blumen blumen,  
Der Sonner Strahlen heiß und heißer glühen.

Die Liebe, die der Schöpfung All durchklingt,  
Der Schirm in Jammer und in Liedern,  
Die Blüthe aller Menschenfreuden,  
Die unser Herz zum höchsten Himmel schwingt,  
Wo Durst aus seelgem Born Erquickern trinkt,

### Melancholy

*from William Lovell*

Somber was the night and the dark stars flared,  
Through a hazy dim and pale cloud,  
The land trespassed the spirit world,  
Now the Fates have dragged me into the vale,  
And angry gods sent me back to life.

The owls sang to me their fateful chorale,  
And shrieked to the silence through,  
A ghastly: "Welcome! You."  
Pale Grief and Misery sank even lower  
And met me as a long-lost brother.

Then Grief, the chicken-livered, ghostly spoke:  
"You and Torment are met already,  
One goal of Fate's inhuman cruelty,  
The bows are taut and every hour  
Strikes sharp anew against your raw wound.

From you the joys of mankind flee,  
Everyone speaks to you so cruelly.  
Ascetic, racing to the cliff of his annihilation,  
Where no flowers bloom, and abysses wait,  
And the sun's sultry rays, radiating, burning, bake  
away.

The love, which permeates through all Creation,  
Our only shield against Distress and Misery,  
The flower of all human joy,  
Which sends our hearts flying  
to the high vault of heaven,  
Where the thirst is slaked, the spiritual fountain,

## Ludwig Tieck / Caroline Pless

Die Liebe sei auf ewig dir versagt.  
Das Thor ist hinter dir geschlossen,  
Auf der Verzweiflung wilden Rossen  
Wirst du durch's öde Leben hingejagt,  
Wo keine Freude dir zu folgen wagt.

Dann sinkst du in die ew'ge Nacht zurück,  
Sieh tausens Elend auf dich zielen,  
Im Schmerz, dein Dasein nur zu fühlen!  
Ja erst in ausgelöschten Todesblick  
Begrüßst voll Mitleid dich das erste Glück.“

This Love shall never come to you.  
Behind you the gate closes and secures,  
The wild roses cry for your despair,  
You're doomed to hunt your deserted life though  
Where no Joy would dare follow you.

Then sink you back into that eternal night,  
Only a thousand hardships to look forward to,  
In pain, existence is subsistence for you!  
Only in your last breath is comes the sight,  
Of Happiness taking pity on you for a last rite.

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- Ludwig Tieck (Germany 1773-1853). Poet, translator, editor, novelist and critic.
  - Caroline Pless translated this while studying at Middlebury C.V.-Starr Schools Abroad, in Mainz, Germany

# Translations from the MFA Writing Program

**Hernán Bravo Varela**

**Translated by Sebastian Paramo**

## **Decir Desde Otro Nombre Otoño En Blanco**

harina que en el nombre se contiene  
una parte de la mesa, en que dilata  
su vocación feroz entre las manos.  
Y un punto, sólo al fin, que permanezca  
en medio del mantel o de la boca.  
Convidado silencio en la tiniebla  
de la casa; ventana que resiste  
el nudo en la garganta o en la tela:  
antelación, retorno hacia los pájaros.

## **From Another Name Autumn in White**

in flour's name is held  
a part of a table, in which it spreads  
its furious calling onto hands.  
In the end, it aims to remain  
in the center of the tablecloth or the mouth.  
Silence is invited into darkness  
of the house; the window that resists  
the knot in the throat or on a thread:  
Anticipation, return towards the birds.

## Hernán Bravo Varela / Sebsátian Paramo

### Las Hojas Que Se Caen, El Vaso de Agua,

dos sillas enfrentadas sin descanso.

La una que ocupada mira la otra  
tendiendo a no moverse hasta que el pie  
la haga girar, como si dentro de ella  
un círculo deseara hacerse pronto  
- salir, trazar el radio y la tangente -  
sobre el suelo en que descansan las hojas  
caídas, los dos pies, el vaso de agua,  
unos ojos que se miran ya cerrados.

### The leaves that fall, a glass of water,

two chairs face each other restlessly.

One chair is taken and watches the other,  
tending not to move until the foot  
makes it spin, as if inside it  
a circle wanted to make itself go soon  
-come out, draw the radius and the tangent-  
over the ground in which the leaves rest  
fallen, the two feet, the glass of water,  
eyes that look while being closed.

# Contributions from Alumni

**Nuria Amat**

**Translated by Rosie Peele**

## **El país del alma**

En Nava de Mura los hombres dormían en camastros de madera separados de sus mujeres por cortinas de silencio. Había miedo en las casas y había miedo fuera de las casas. Los hombres decían que dormían solos y apartados de sus mujeres para fortalecer el espíritu y castigar el cuerpo. Las mujeres planchaban de noche para ahorrar un poco de calor y poder repartirlo sobre los cuerpos helados de sus hijos. En La Nava había un escritor, un director de teatro, una pianista y un aprendiz de escenógrafo. Ése era Baltus, el fotógrafo de Almadora. El escritor era también el carpintero del barrio y el director de teatro dedicaba todos los días de la semana a su oficio de constructor de pianos, salvo los domingos, que era el día sagrado del teatro. En La Nava había un centro parroquial donde se hacía teatro para aficionados. Preparaban una ópera de Puccini. Entre bastidores, el escenógrafo permanecía atento a los ensayos. La música alimentaba el hambre de palabras. La música elevaba el pensamiento. Baltus se sabía el libretto de memoria y hubiera podido hacer de apuntador de las soprano. Pero su papel estaba en el decorado. La joven cantante lo tenía conmovido. Nunca había visto una cantante tan provista de talento. Con una

## **The Tiny Country**

excerpt from p. 17-18

In Nava de Mura the men slept in wooden cots separated from their women by curtains of silence. There was fear in the houses and there was fear outside of the houses. The men said that they slept alone and isolated from the women to fortify the spirit and punish the body. The women ironed at night to save a little bit of heat and be able to share the heat over the frozen bodies of their children. In La Nava there was a writer, a theater director, a pianist and an apprentice of set design. The apprentice was Baltus, the photographer of Almadora. The writer was also the neighborhood carpenter and the theater director spent the weekdays on his profession of building pianos, except Sunday, which was the sacred day of the theater. In La Nava there was a parochial center where they put on theater for local fans. They were preparing an opera by Puccini. Behind the scenes, the set designer stayed attentive to the rehearsals. The music fed the hunger of the words. The music elevated thought. Baltus knew the libretto by heart and could have been the soprano's prompter. But his role was in the set. The young singer moved him. He had never seen a singer so full of talent. With a watery voice that clouded his vision and made him



## Nuria Amat / Rosie Peele

voz de agua que nublaba la vista y obligaba a bajar los párpados.

El público católico y diminuto del centro parroquial de La Nava siempre tenía frío, pero se sentía contento de este pequeño teatro.

Cuando acabó el ensayo del primer acto, Baltus se acercó a felicitar a la aprendiz de soprano.

Tienes una voz de futuro, dijo.

La cantante le dio las gracias sin mirarlo.

lower his eyes.

The tiny Catholic audience of La Nava's parochial center was always cold, but they were happy with this little theater.

When the rehearsal of the first act ended, Baltus went up to the apprentice soprano to congratulate her.

You have a voice from the future, he said.

The singer thanked him without looking at him.

# Marosa di Giorgio

## Translated by Jeannine M. Pitas

### Magnolia

Voy a saltar ese tronco tendido en el agua, hacia el otro paisaje. Ahora, que caen ramos de rosas sobre las hierbas, los árboles, y grandes resplandores dorados, morados, sobresaltan las cosas, me voy hacia allá, adonde hace años marcharon aquellos parientes, llevando sus niños (que ahora, digo yo, ¿estarán como yo tan altos y amargos?); adonde marchó hace tiempo la abuela, de donde no quiere venir. A ella, a veces, veo, levantarse en el alba de entre las flores, correr detrás de las pollas salvajes, de las amapolas que corren abriendo sus rojas alitas, ayudar a las garzas a peinarse esa trenza hacia arriba, rígida y lacia; pero, a mí ni me mira.

Así que ahora que es otoño, y que nadie lo sabe, voy a saltar ese paso, esa angosta vereda, me voy de visita al otro país.

### Magnolia

I'm going to jump over that log lying in the water, over to that other land. Now that bunches of roses are falling over the grass, the trees, and great, golden, purple light shines on everything, I'm going over there, to the place where those ancestors traveled years ago, carrying their children (and now, I wonder, are they like me, so tall and bitter?); to the place where my grandmother went long ago, the place she doesn't want to come back from. Sometimes I see her, rising at dawn from among the flowers, running behind the wild hens, the poppies that run while opening their tiny red wings, helping the herons comb their braids, tight and drooping. But, she does not even look at me.

And now that it's autumn, and no one knows, I'm going to make that leap, off down the narrow path. I'm going to visit the other land.

# Giacomo Leopardi

## Translated by Jake Spatz

### XI. Il passero solitario

from Canti

D'in su la vetta della torre antica,  
passero solitario, alla campagna  
cantando vai finché non more il giorno;  
ed erra l'armonia per questa valle.  
Primavera dintorno  
brilla nell'aria, e per li campi esulta,  
sì ch'a mirarla intenerisce il core.  
Odi greggi belar, muggire armenti;  
gli altri augelli contenti, a gara insieme  
per lo libero ciel fan mille giri,  
pur festeggiando il lor tempo migliore:  
tu pensoso in disparte il tutto miri;  
non compagni, non voli,  
non ti cal d'allegria, schivi gli spassi;  
canti, e così trapassi  
dell'anno e di tua vita il più bel fiore.

Oimè, quanto somiglia  
al tuo costume il mio! Sollazzo e riso,  
della novella età dolce famiglia,  
e te german di giovinezza, amore,  
sospiro acerbo de' provetti giorni,  
non curo, io non so come; anzi da loro  
quasi fuggo lontano;  
quasi romito, e strano  
al mio loco natio,  
passo del viver mio la primavera.  
Questo giorno ch'omai cede alla sera,  
festeggiar si costuma al nostro borgo.  
Odi per lo sereno un suon di squilla,  
odi spesso un tonar di ferree canne,  
che rimbomba lontan di villa in villa.  
Tutta vestita a festa

### The Solitary Sparrow

from Canti

High up atop the peak of the ancient tower,  
solitary sparrow, on you sing  
to the countryside while yet the daylight shines;  
and harmony goes drifting through the vale.  
On every side, the spring  
shines in the air, and flutters through the fields,  
with a look that makes the heart run tenderly.  
You can hear the bleating flocks, the lowing herds;  
the other gladdened birds, gone vying together  
through the open sky in a thousand spins and falls,  
are celebrating yet their highest hour:  
and solemn and apart, you watch it all;  
what's a friend, what's flight,  
what's cheer to you, who shun the merry throng?  
you sing, and spend in song  
the season's and your lifetime's fullest flower.

Alas, how close to yours  
is my behavior! Laughter and entertainment,  
the closest family adolescence has—  
and you yourself, love, brother unto youth,  
whom latter days will turn a bitter sigh—  
I forego, I don't know why; to tell the truth,  
it's like I steal away;  
and like a recluse, nay,  
a stranger where I was born,  
I pass the single springtime of my years.  
This day whose nightfall now already nears  
is marked for celebrations in our town.  
You can hear a bell sound off in the still air,  
you can hear the guns crack thunder in acclaim  
till the houses rumble far outside the square.  
In festival attire,  
the youth from all about

## Giacomo Leopardi / Jake Spatz

la gioventù del loco  
lascia le case, e per le vie si spande;  
e mira ed è mirata, e in cor s'allegra.  
Io solitario in questa  
rimota parte alla campagna uscendo,  
ogni diletto e gioco  
indugio in altro tempo: e intanto il guardo  
steso nell'aria aprica  
mi fere il Sol che tra lontani monti,  
dopo il giorno sereno,  
cadendo si dilegua, e par che dica  
che la beata gioventù vien meno.

Tu, solingo augellin, venuto a sera  
del viver che daranno a te le stelle,  
certo del tuo costume  
non ti dorrai; che di natura è frutto  
ogni vostra vaghezza.  
A me, se di vecchiezza  
la detestata soglia  
evitar non impetro,  
quando muti questi occhi all'altrui core,  
e lor fia vòto il mondo, e il dì futuro  
del dì presente più noioso e tetro,  
che parrà di tal voglia?  
che di quest'anni miei? che di me stesso?  
Ahi pentirommi, e spesso,  
ma sconsolato, volgerommi indietro.

leave their homes, and take the streets by storm;  
and to see and be seen makes them glad at heart.  
I alone head out  
toward this far-off countryside remove,  
postponing revelry  
till another time: and gazing out the while  
across the open air,  
I'm pierced by the sun as it melts in the far hills,  
beyond this cloudless day,  
and goes out falling, as though it would declare  
that blessed youth doth fade as fast away.

You, lone bird, what time you reach the twilight  
of whatever life you're granted by the stars,  
are certain not to rue  
your way of life; for each vagary of thine  
shows nature brought to bear.  
For me, unless I'm spared  
that dreaded, dark expanse  
at the threshold of old age,  
where no one's heart will hear these pleading eyes,  
and the world's a null to them, and the days advance  
each one more bleak and vexing than the last—  
what can I say for mine?  
what of myself, and how these years were spent?  
Ay me, shall I repent,  
and grieve the more with every backward glance.

# Ron Winkler

## Translated by Jake Schneider

### Nicht Anfassen

wenn du es anfasst, wird es auslaufen  
wenn es ausläuft, wird es einen Fleck hinterlassen  
wenn es einen Fleck hinterlässt,  
wirst du immer daran denken  
wenn du immer daran denkst,  
wird es den Weg versperren  
wenn es den Weg versperrt,  
musst du es überwinden  
wenn du es überwinden musst,  
wirst du abergläubisch  
wenn du abergläubisch wirst,  
verhängst du den Spiegel  
wenn du den Spiegel verhängst,  
vergisst du dich anzuziehen  
wenn du das vergisst,  
wirst du nackt durch die Gegend laufen  
wenn du nackt herumläufst,  
wird dich das erregen  
wenn dich das erregt,  
wirst du es anfassen

### Don't Touch It!

if you touch it, it will melt  
if it melts, it will leave a stain  
if it leaves a stain,  
you will always remember it  
if you always remember it,  
it will block the road  
if it blocks the road,  
you will have to climb over it  
if you have to climb over it,  
you will become superstitious  
if you become superstitious,  
you will cover the mirror  
if you cover the mirror,  
you will forget to get dressed  
if you forget to get dressed,  
you will walk around naked in public  
if you walk around naked in public,  
you will get aroused  
if you get aroused,  
you will touch it

# Translations by Faculty

## Sophocles

### Translated by Emily Anhalt

#### Aias

ἄπανθ ὁ μακρὸς κἀναρίθμητος χρόνος  
φύει τ' ἄδηλα καὶ φανέντα κρύπτεται  
κοῦκ ἔστ' ἄελπτον οὐδέν, ἀλλ' ἀλίσκεται  
χῶ δεινὸς ὄρκος καὶ περισκελεῖς φρένες.  
κἀγὼ γάρ, ὅς τὰ δειν' ἐκαρτέρουν τότε,  
βαφῆ σίδηρος ὡς, ἐθελύνθην στόμα  
πρὸς τῆσδε τῆς γυναικὸς οἰκτίρω δέ νιν  
χήραν παρ' ἐχθροῖς παῖδά τ' ὀρφανὸν λιπεῖν.  
ἀλλ' εἴμι πρὸς τε λουτρὰ καὶ παρακτίους  
λειμώνας, ὡς ἂν λύμαθ' ἀγνίσας ἐμὰ  
μῆνιν βαρεῖαν ἐξαλύξωμαι θεᾶς  
μολῶν τε χῶρον ἔνθ' ἂν ἀστιβὴ κίχῳ,  
κρύψω τὸδ' ἔγχος τοῦμόν, ἔχθιστον βελῶν,  
γαίης ὀρύξας ἔνθα μή τις ὄψεται  
ἀλλ' αὐτὸ νῦξ Ἄιδης τε σφζόντων κάτω.  
ἐγὼ γὰρ ἐξ οὗ χειρὶ τοῦτ' ἐδεξάμην  
παρ' Ἐκτορος δῶρημα δυσμενεστάτου,  
οὔπω τι κεδνὸν ἔσχον Ἀργείων πάρα.  
ἀλλ' ἔστ' ἀληθῆς ἢ βροτῶν παροιμία,  
ἐχθρῶν ἄδωρα δῶρα κοῦκ ὀνήσιμα.  
τοιγὰρ τὸ λοιπὸν εἰσόμεσθα μὲν θεοῖς  
εἴκειν, μαθησόμεσθα δ' Ἄτρείδας σέβειν.  
ἄρχοντές εἰσιν, ὥσθ' ὑπεικτέον. τί μήν;  
καὶ γὰρ τὰ δεινὰ καὶ τὰ καρτερώτατα  
τιμαῖς ὑπέικει! τοῦτο μὲν νιφοστιβεῖς  
χειμῶνες ἐκχωροῦσιν εὐκάρπῳ θέρει

#### Aias

“Long and uncountable Time brings all concealed  
The clarity denied to things revealed.  
No thing is unexpected, but are caught  
Both dreadful oath and rigid, stubborn thought.  
Thus I who once endured like tempered steel  
Speak words made soft by force of her appeal.  
I pity now this woman and my child.  
I dread to leave her widowed and reviled.  
I go now to the shore at meadow's end  
To cleanse these stains in hope I may defend  
Myself against Athena's ceaseless wrath.  
I'll go where human foot has made no path,  
That I may dig a hole and hide this blade,  
Most hateful and despised of weapons made,  
Where none will see but Hades down below.  
This gift received from Hektor, my worst foe,  
Has never won me prizes from the Greeks.  
And I perceive the truth the adage speaks:  
Of enemies no gifts are gifts, nor gains.  
Thus I will learn for all that now remains  
To mighty gods and fate perforce to yield,  
Yet worship power mortal monarchs wield.  
It seems one must obey, and this is why:  
As winter storms make way for summer sky  
So all that's dread and strong must yield to worth,  
As snow subsides while fruits bedeck the earth.

## Sophocles / Emily Anhalt

ἐξίσταται δὲ νυκτὸς αἰανῆς κύκλος  
τῇ λευκοπόλῳ φέγγος ἡμέρα φλέγειν·  
δεινῶν τ' ἄημα πνευμάτων ἐκοίμισε  
στένοντα πόντον· ἐν δ' ὁ παγκρατῆς ὕπνος  
λύει πεδήσας, οὐδ' αἰὲ λαβῶν ἔχει.  
ἡμεῖς δὲ πῶς οὐ γνωσόμεσθα σωφρονεῖν;  
ἐγὼ δ' ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ ἀρτίως ὅτι  
ὅ τ' ἐχθρὸς ἡμῖν ἐς τοσόνδ' ἐχθαρτέος,  
ὡς καὶ φιλήσων αὐτίς, ἔς τε τὸν φίλον  
τοσαυθ' ὑπουργῶν ὠφελεῖν βουλήσομαι,  
ὡς αἰὲν οὐ μενοῦντα. τοῖς πολλοῖσι γὰρ  
βροτῶν ἄπιστός ἐσθ' ἔταιρείας λιμῆν.  
ἀλλ' ἀμφὶ μὲν τούτοισιν εὐ σχήσει· σὺ δὲ  
ἔσω θεοῖς ἐλθοῦσα διὰ τέλους γύναι,  
εὐχου τελείσθαι τοῦ μὸν ὧν ἐρᾷ κέαρ.  
ὑμεῖς, θ' ἔταιροι, ταῦτ' ἀπὸ τῆδ' ἐμοὶ τάδε  
τιμᾶτε, Τεύκρω τ' ἦν μόλη, σημήνατε  
μέλειν μὲν ἡμῶν, εὐνοεῖν δ' ὑμῖν ἅμα.  
ἐγὼ γὰρ εἶμ' ἐκεῖσ' ὅποι πορευτέον·  
ὑμεῖς δ' ἂ φράζω δρᾶτε, καὶ τάχ' ἄν μ' ἴσωσ  
πύθοισθε, κεῖ νῦν δυστυχῶ, σεσωσμένον.

And changing place the circle of drear night  
Gives white-horsed day the space to shine its light.  
The blast of dreadful winds has caused to cease  
The groaning of the sea and brought it peace,  
While always-present all-controlling Sleep  
Despite his power chooses not to keep  
Us always shackled, fettered, ever-bound.

# Heinrich Heine

## Translated by William Shullenberger

### Die Nixen

Am einseman Strande plätschert die Flut,  
Der Mond ist aufgegangen,  
Auf weißer Düne der Ritter ruht,  
Von bunten Träumen befangen.

Die schönen Nixen, im Schleiergewand,  
Entsteigen der Meerestiefe.  
Sie nahen sich leise dem jungen Fant,  
Sie blaubten wahrhaftig, er schliefe.

Die eine betastet mit Neubegier  
Die Federn auf seinem Barette.  
Die andre nestelt am Bandelier  
Und an der Waffenkette.

Die dritte lacht, und ihr Auge blitzt,  
Sie zieht das Schwert aus der Scheide,  
Und auf dem blanken Schwert gestützt  
Beschaut sie den Ritter mit Freude.

Die vierte tänzelt wohl hin und her  
Und flüstert aus tiefem Gemüte:  
"O, daß ich doch dein Liebchen wär,  
Du holde Menschenblüte!"

Die fünfte küßt des Ritters Händ,  
Mit Sehnsucht und Verlangen;  
Die sechste zögert und küßt am End  
Die Lippen und die Wangen.

Der Ritter ist klug, es fällt ihm nicht ein,  
Die Augen öffnen zu müssen;  
Er läßt sich ruhig im Mondenschein  
Von schönen Nixen küssen.

### The Nixies

A lonely strand is splashed by tide,  
Up risen is the moon,  
Absorbed in vivid dreams, a Knight  
Takes rest on the white dune.

The lovely Nixies, lightly veiled,  
Drift up from the sea's deep.  
They softly gather near the Childe,  
Believing him asleep.

One fingers, in her eager fear,  
The feathers on his cap.  
Another strokes his bandoleer,  
And flicks his sword-belt's tip.

With glittering eyes, the third one laughs,  
And pulls the sword from its sheath,  
And leaning on the gleaming shaft,  
She thrills to watch him breathe.

The fourth flits dancing, there and here,  
And whispers, in sweet pain,  
"Oh, but that I thy darling were,  
Thou fairest flower of men!"

The fifth the Rider's hand has kissed  
That her love-yearning seeks;  
The sixth holds back, and yet at last  
Kisses his lips and cheeks.

It doesn't strike the shrewd young Knight  
That to open his eyes might be best;  
He lets himself rest in soft moonlight  
By lovely Nixies kissed.



# Translations Here & Beyond

Rosie Peele, Babel former assistant editor, received while still at SLC, an honorary mention at the PEN Susan Sontag Prize (2009) for her translation of Silvina Ocampo's short stories, and now she has been accepted at the MFA Program in Comparative Literature and Translation at University of Iowa, where she has been awarded an Iowa Arts Fellowship and full tuition.

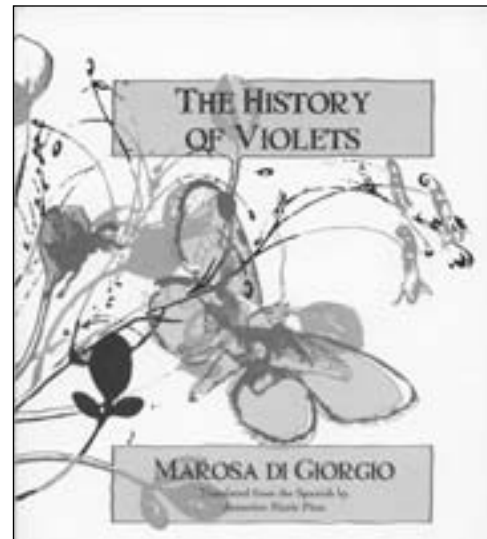


Jake Spatz (BA, 1999) has been translating poetry avidly since graduating from SLC. In addition to publishing his work on Leopardi in academic journals, he recently contributed 30 renditions of tango lyrics to the book *In Strangers' Arms* by Beatriz Dujovne, forthcoming in 2011 from McFarland. He currently resides in Washington, DC, where he teaches and dances Argentine tango professionally.

Jake Schneider, was a literary translator at Poetry International Festival Rotterdam 2010 and has been a technical Translator at MTV/Nickelodeon 2008. He graduated from SLC in 2010.



Jeannine Pitas:  
traveled to Uruguay,  
met poet Marosa di Giorgio,  
and then translated  
an entire book of her poetry  
--The History of Violets—  
which was then published  
by the New York based  
Ugly Duckling Press in 2010.



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Babel would like to extend its  
warmest ***congratulations*** to former  
**SLC** students who, having taking up the  
**fabulous** challenges of **translation** while they  
were at the college, took their **passion** beyond and  
***continued*** translating after graduation.

Great work! We are very proud of you!

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