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mOthertongue Editors
University of Massachusetts Amherst

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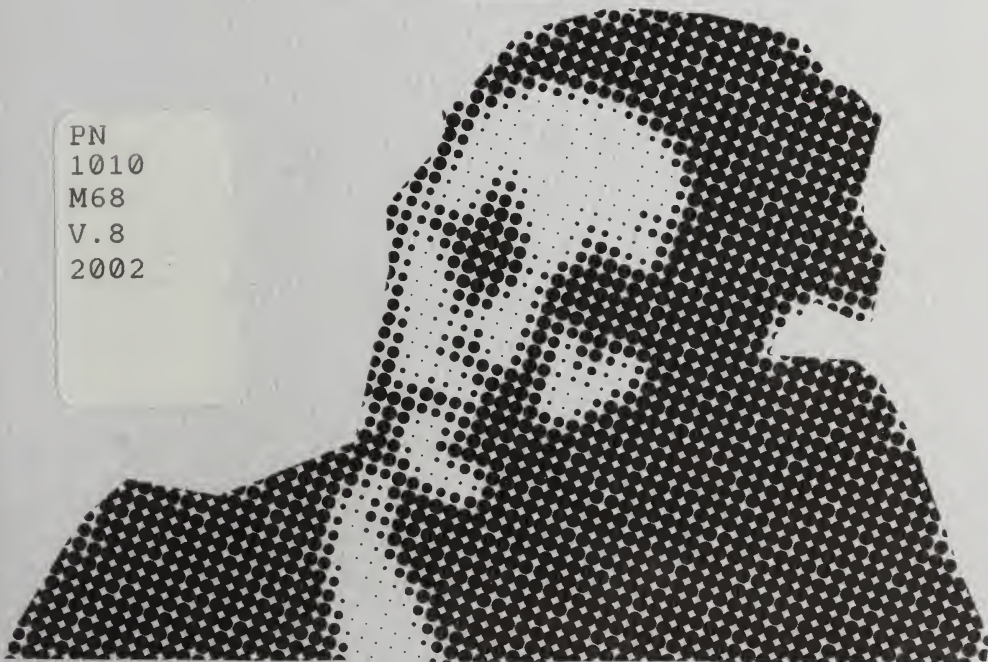
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mother tongue

A Multilingual Journal of the Arts



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Volume VIII

Spring 2002

Founded in 1994.

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

mOthertongue is published annually by undergraduates at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst.

The Editors consider submissions from undergraduate and graduate students from any of the Five Colleges throughout the year. Manuscripts and artwork may be sent to:

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Please supply a telephone number or email address for our reply.

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Special thanks to Kimberly Durand.

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mOthertongue

A Multilingual Journal of the Arts
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O

Volume VIII

Spring 2002

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

Layout & Graphic Design: Joseph Housley

From the Editors

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

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

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

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

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O

Fernanda Conrado

Faz de Conta

Tu eras Peter Pan.

E se quisesse,
eu era a Mae.

Na “Terra do Nunca”
tudo estaria bem.



Never Never Land

You would be Peter Pan.

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

In “Never Never Land”
Everything would be good.

Despedida

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

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

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

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

Paulo Sousa

Translated from the Portuguese by Serge Costa and Paulo Sousa

Farewell

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

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

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

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

Vivian Kaufman

Les Ondes des Larmes

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

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

Vivian Kaufman

Waves of Tears

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

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



Feet Near Chair

3.75" x 3", 2001

Joseph Housley

Después

Afterwards

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

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

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

Da Dove Nasce Il Sole

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

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

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

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

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

From the Birthplace of the Sun

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

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

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

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

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

La Vida de Blanca

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

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

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

A Life of White

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

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

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

Seduction

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

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

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

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

Seduction

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

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

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

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

Gregory Storozuk



Harry and Isodore, Northern Quebec

2.25" x 4", 1938

Gabriela Delgadillo

Translated from the Spanish by Joseph Housley

Melancolía

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



Melancholy

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

La Rose Dans le Jardin

Dedans le jardin qui est un orchestre parfait
de couleurs et des fleurs qui s'entrelacent en harmonie
parfait.

se mélanger de parfums et nuances invitant,
chacun joue sa mélodie avec le empressement élégant
dans la chanson parfaite.

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

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

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

Rose in the Garden

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

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

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

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

Miedo: Una Gringa en Ecuador

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

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

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

Fear: An American in Ecuador

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

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

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

Gregory Storozuk



Harry Digging Ditches #3

2.25" x 4", 1938



Harry Digging Ditches #5

2.25" x 4", 1938

David Miller

Shrouded Clouds

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

David Miller

Translated into Cockney Rhyming English by Joseph Housley

Arctics

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

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

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

Vladimir Mayakovsky

From *Drafts*

Я ХОЧУ БЫТЬ ПОНЯТ РОДНОЙ СТРАНОЙ.

А НЕ БУДУ ПОНЯТ - ЧТО Ж...

По стране родной

я пройду стороной,

Как проходит косой дождь.

(из черновых записей)

Vladimir Mayakovsky

Translated from the Russian by Constantine Rusanov

From *Drafts*

In my native land I acceptance seek,

But if all my attempts are vain...

I'll just cross the land

by a course oblique,

Like a sloping, unwelcome rain.

Lunaria

1.

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

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

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

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

Maximilian Voloshin

Translated from the Russian by Constantine Rusanov

From *Lunaria*

1.

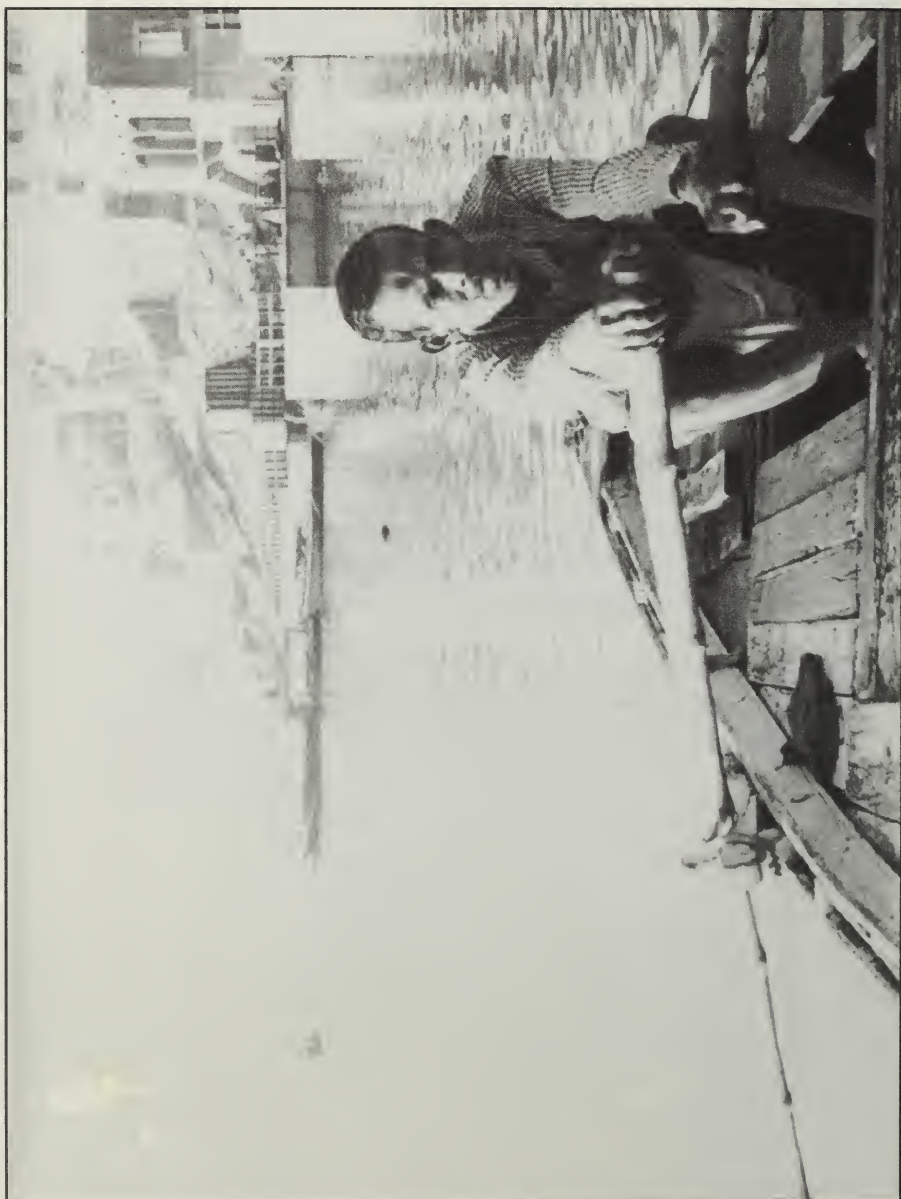
The pearl bejeweling the quiet of night,
The gem of the lagoon's star-studded base!
Your light makes young and pallid every face,
Thorn-apple longs for You in love-lorn plight.

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

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

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

Jonas Schmidt



Untitled #37

8" x 6", 1997

Untitled

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

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

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

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

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

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

porque es siempre bueno darse un baño de tumba

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

con nuves de lentejuelas
la noche descansa desnuda entre nosotros

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

que ojos torpe sin descanso nos ven

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

yours and mine
long stares

Paula Gândara, Hugo dos Santos, Karina Bautista

posando en el horizonte
con ojos sombríos

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

O



University of
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L I B R A R Y





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