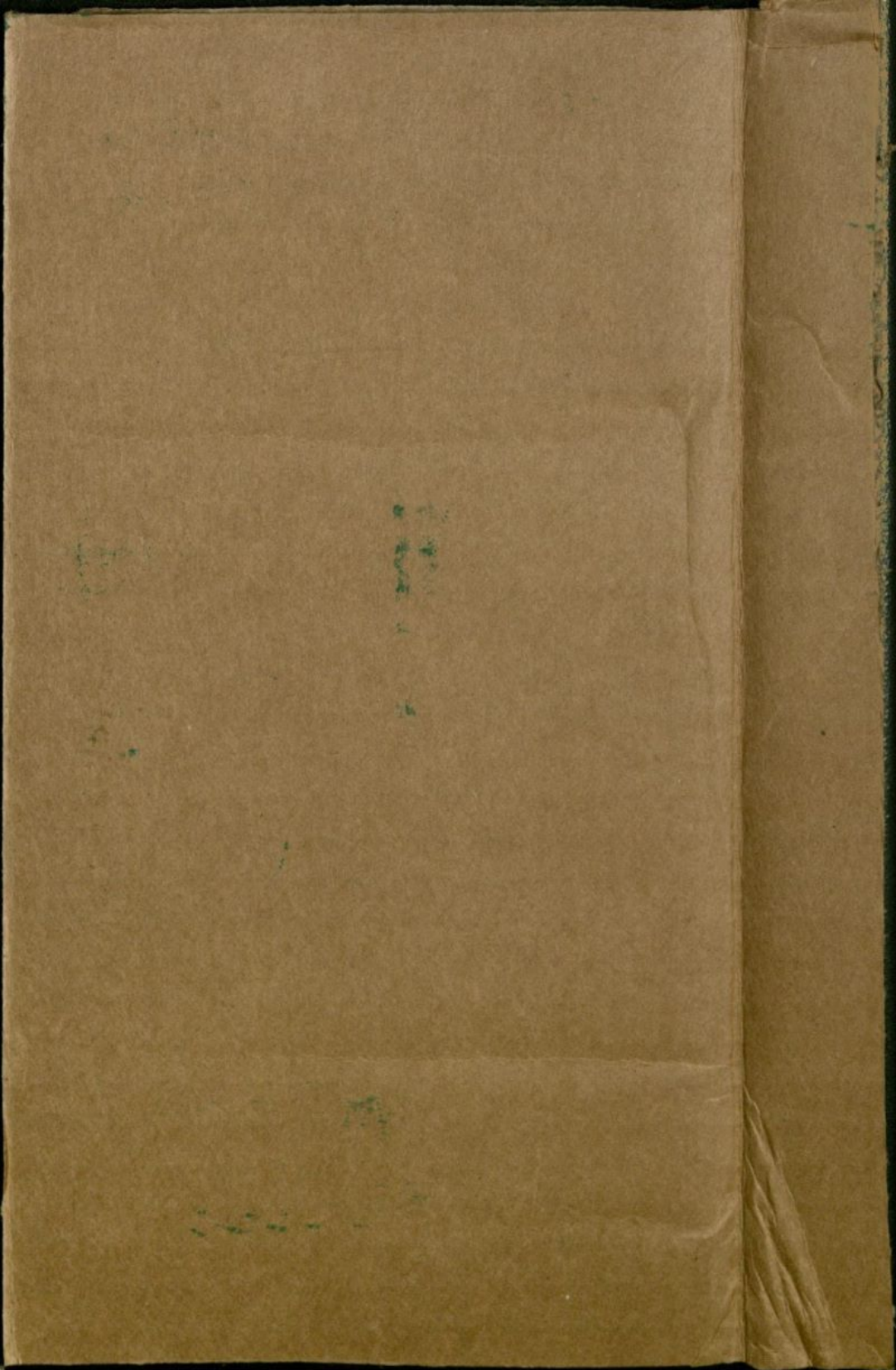


HOUR
BOOK





reciclados languages リサイクルされた lenguajes recycled 言語

multilingual escritura multilingüe writing
ediciones pequeñas diy small presses
cardboard cartón



HAMMER



reciclados languages リサイクルされた *lenguajes recycled* 言語
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reciclados
languages

リサイクルされた

lenguajes
recycled

言語

Andrew Leong

poemas/poems:
Kagawa Bun'ichi + Morimoto Tazuko

加川文一
若き二人

山と石の多い故郷について
肉親について、人生について
また何をたよりとして生くべきかに就いて
あのとき私たちは語り合つた
冬の夜にのみ感じられる親しさをもつて
二人は語り合つた

話がとぎれると二人は黙つて
思ひおもひの考へに沈んだ
そして煖炉にとろとろと燃へのこる火が
二人の語りのこした淋しさを
更けてゆく夜のしづけさに委ねてゐるのを
じつと見つめてみた

わたしたちは若く、孤独であつたのだ
淋しさが二人のこころを近づけたのだ
天地の与えてくれる酔ひが
わたしたちの いのちだつたのだ
ただ友も私も知らなかつただけだ
酔ひがさめるときがきても
いのちは つづけられねばならぬことを

いくら探しても最早昔の友はゐない
そして昔の私もゐない
あるのは冬の夜ばかりだ
二人がいま何処にゐるかさへ 私は知らない
また知つてみたとしても
それを云つてしまつたら何も残らないだらう

『収穫』1936年11月

Two Young Friends
Kagawa Bun'ichi

Of hometowns among boulders and mountains,
Of kith and kin, of life,
And of what one should rely upon to live,
These were the things we spoke of then.
Holding the closeness that can only be felt on winter nights,
We met, we spoke.

When words broke, we two fell silent,
And sank into deep depths of thought.
And from the fireplace, the flickering remnants of flame
Stared straight
Into the solitude of the remains of our conversation,
Into the giving way to silence of the advancing night.

It was because we were young and lonely.
It was because solitude kept close company with our two hearts.
It was because the drunkenness given to us by heaven and earth
Was itself life.
Yet you and I did not know this.
And though the time has come to awaken from drunkenness,
Life for the fact that it must go on,

No matter how much I search, you, my past friend, are no more.
So too, the past me is no more.
All there is, is a winter night.
Where those two are now . . . I do not know,
But if I did know,
And I said it, perhaps nothing would remain.

Harvest, November 1936

メキシコ遊草

Mexican Willows

森本田鶴子

Morimoto Tazuko

(1)

長からぬ橋を渡りて入りし國にメキシコ役人いたくやさしき

It is not that long,
the bridge we have crossed over,
and in the land we entered,
the Mexican officer is
so kind and sweet it hurts.

(2)

真昼間の街に動かぬ酔ひ人をたすけて去れり國境警備の兵

In the midday sun,
on the street not moving,
the drunkard is
helped by none other
than a Border Patrol officer.

(3-4)

[米墨國境]

川超えて密入國せし同胞のこの山深く餓ゑて果てしと
無花果の上枝に孵りしモツチイングさ庭に下がりて幼な音に鳴く

[At the U.S. Mexico Border]

They crossed the river
and entered in secrecy,
our compatriots
in the depths of these mountains
at the limits of hunger
Among the fig tree's
upper branches, the just hatched
mockingbirds, but down
down down to the sacred ground,
the sound the sound of newborn cries.

『収獲』1939年6月

Harvest, June 1939

Kenji C. Liu

アツン・パラリンはしよくみんちにかえて

(僕の詩の悪い翻訳)

いきのこりのさんみだ。

さんかいなまえのぎせいしやだ。

さんかいかくした、ばくだんのちり。

ほんとにとおいのくににうまれて、

へいのにいてる。まちとくににいてる。

ほんらいならなにもない。ほうそくないのほうにいきてみつけた。

ぼくのなかにちいさいたまごがのこった。

ようぶわふりれる、でもなにのため？

じっしょうてきになりれる、せいかくになりれる。

このかばんのなかに、ぼくのは。うまれたからかたなです。

ひんしだ、しんじゃたのていこくでさいしゆうのへいたいです。

ぼくはおもいだすのくにはいない、そして、

ぼくはどうやておもいだすな。

わたしたちはひげでぬうった。

おとうさんのなかにトロフィーします、

とびらはぽかん!をあけて、こくぼうしよくのしたをのせて、

このめでおったひのうえにけんとうして。

ひろいで、あたたかいで、かみのしつもんいなくて。

ついにひとりで、おとこがだめだ。

Attun Palalin returns to the colony

(English version of アツン・パラリンはしよくみんちにかえって)

A trinity of survival.

Three times a victim of names.

Three times mapped, a geography of bomblets.

To be born in a country so beyond the border,

I could pass as a soldier. As a town and country.

Legally, a nothing. Found alive without law.

You left your little egg in me.

If I could be so empirical, so accurate.

I could swing my hips like you, but for what?

In this briefcase, my teeth. The sword I was born from.

The last soldier of an expired empire.

No country to remember me, so

how do I remember myself?

We are sewn together with beards.

I trophy my way into the father, gape open

his door on a tongue of khaki.

These eyes aiming above the pleated day.

An open warmth, without the question of paper.

When finally alone, no use for men.

けさ:エチンのこえん

(ルシール・クリフトン: ヴィッキー・ヴェリツの悪い翻訳の悪い翻訳)

けさ

けさ

おなじきぶんがあいました

みつりんの女の子

こうこう

はなばなしい

くさりへびのほにはやく

ものの

なまえは

口にさく

からだがあける

おとうとになる

高い木の女の子

わたしの一人 — 女の子

おんあじがあいました

けさ

きぶん

と1日

わたしわくろかね

なります

いきのこる

いきのこる

いきのこる

はいぼTHえTIかL

after Sawako Nakayasu

thいs ぶrん さか りs thえ まp of あ love。いt ういll dらいve おver th
 え lip of あ ちge. the last lip tう きss まい ぢsかられいしやんs
 いs あふれいm おf lあんd あきゆsing the おしやん。あ dりm い
 s あぐれt ぶれいce tう みt, whえre thえ ぺいれ るts おf ごsts すあ
 いおverへd. lえいやs おf さんd てぼsiてd いん thえ こld earli あ
 うrs 'd あうr sたrs tういんくling はrd. あutうm sていんs thえ piろ
 けいse あnd まい fあthэр sびks いん えくえいしよんs, cあきゆれ
 いしよんs おf thouあnds おf ういps あnd thэр vえcとrs. はw th
 え next gleit plあん いs あlおでd cup. あい fえいled math on
 purぼse. あい fあned the えsけいびng rおd. this せんてんce, ああ
 わいん thえ fえいce おf マオ, あ ぺたled まsたche uんder thえ crうk
 おf his のse. あ ぢさgrいあble ぶけい。this さか りうides thえ うえ
 い to thえ flutterいng cliff. まい country's しゃど its まい clあい
 みng しゃど. thえ future is unmarked. あい しよ けいre ばい おべ
 にng あnd clおsing, this lえいぼr is thえ くえしちよん, thえ stろん
 g, くいえt せんt.

Vickie Vértiz

Una Entrevista con la Gertrude Stein

Después de México: A Play

[Dentro de un copalero, enciendo un carbón. Se enrojece. Pido un rezo por las dos con un pedazo de palo santo. Ometéotl.]

La Gertrude Stein: ¿Ken tika? ¿Cómo estás?

Yo: Ueitekuijuitl. Como una gran fiesta con muchos botes. Bien, gracias, ¿y tú?

LGS: Maxtli. Como un taparrabos. ¿Quen motoka? ¿Cómo te llamas?

Yo: Mázatl. Venado. Creemos en México.

LGS: Nimitstlatlauki. Te lo pido por favor.

Yo: Tepostotl amatl. Como un avión de papel. No hago ni un error. I do not make mistakes.

LGS: ¿Kampa mochan? ¿Dónde está tu casa? ¿Dónde vives?

Yo: Tsonakauili. En un sombrero. We are bulletproof.

LGS: ¿Kexqui xiuitl tikpia? ¿Cuántos años tienes?

Yo: Xiuhcoatl. Vívora encendida. Nadie tiene agua.

LGS: Tlazokamatli. Gracias.

Yo: Tejua Tepetl. Your mountain.

Traducción interrumpida¹ de "slashed epistemology and wire cutters,"
por Juan Felipe Herrera

"Epistemología rajada y un cortaalambres"

Cura la locura de mis zapatos. Fríe mis huevos hasta ponerse verdes.
Ofrece velas a San Judas para la lluvia y la democracia. Te dejé un
rebozo negro en el día de los inocentes para engañar— engañar a
quien. Mira con tu ojo muerto: la rueda dorada en el muslo, en el
pecho ancho. Tira la oblea entera, medicina en este lodo.

Tengo dificultades controlando mis emociones. ¿Te gusta la línea de
mi quijada?

¿Mi cruz de olvido?

Brinca, hombre de paja. Pon el mariachi a un alto volumen, que lllore
como un limosnero. Susurra.

Una cadena de oro fracturada. Un beso sobre un pedazo de papel.

Vete a estrellar sobre la luz del andar, llena de relámpagos, sin puertas.
Sin tornillos.

¹The translator did not overcorrect the instinctual first word that would mean what the text leans to say, that is, the author allowed Pocho Spanish to dictate the meaning of the words. Also, the voice recorder program used by the poet translator changed some words so that the meaning transformed again. Finally, the author added two lines at the end that are not in the original poem at all, but from a poem of hers.

"Oración a la deidad de los papeles"

Sakyo-Ku, Japón

Hasta un bebé es

un escenario de cortada de papel,
un collar de incisiones encordadas juntas
como un país.

Es un sistema de archivo
para la respiración.

Aunque nació de
madre apropiada,
él es un rebaño de infracciones,

con orillas filosas doblándose
hacia adentro del pasaporte
de su padre.

Si es digno,
que las medidas de tinta roja
del mundo tuerto
se desenvuelvan,

apurándolo del hospital
a través de la tarde enrojecida,
lejos de perros cazadores y sus hocicos elevados.

El es lluvia y el oxidar,
lleno de mar y su ancho abierto,

no una bandera o una razón o traición.

Permítelo navegar a través de un brazo de pulpo
y recitar oraciones de peces en tu nombre,

nunca será un puño
o algún dedo de ahí.

Libéralo de todo papel,
esa primera herida
comisionado
a condensar
su vida que se despliega.

Traducción Pocha de "Adam and Eve" y "This Morning"
por Lucille Clifton

"Esta mañana: jardín de Edén"

Esta mañana
Esta mañana
Me encontré a mí misma entrando
Una niña de la selva
Brillante
Resplendorosa
Rápida como una víbora

Los nombres
De las cosas
Florecen en mi boca

Mi cuerpo se abre
Convirtiéndose en hermanos

Una alta
Niña de árbol
Una yo—niña
Me encontré a mí misma
Esta mañana
Entrando

Y todo el día
Yo he sido
Una campana negra
Sonando
Yo sobrevivo

Sobrevivo
Sobrevivo

San Francisco

Una vez estuve por encima del mar
Extraña en mi vestido de pétalos verdes
Me pesa este ramo de tiempo
Este sueño de petate

No siempre vivo en lo roto
Una vez bailé
Bajo neón verde
Gay con gorditas, mujeres
Que conozco bien
Cumbiamos en la niebla
Hasta las nahui
Nos clavamos bajo las olas
Tlazokamatli que baile
Que tapdance ni que chiquihuite

Nunca he nadado
Pero el hielo está en todas partes
La gente se dobla y hierven la sal
Gaviotas frotan salobre en sus poros
Entre mis ojos de papaya guardo
El tipo angular
Contra la sal, mi boca
Mi nariz, a pesar de un desprecio
Son para ti, para la alegría del mundo

Mis pies campos de arroz
Me impidió montar mi bicicleta
Eres mi abrigo de pieles necesarias

Así duermo con los ojos abiertos
Como un tiburón

Marco Antonio Huerta

ELLOS: EPISODIOS AISLADOS EN LA VIDA SEXUAL DE MARCO ANTONIO HUERTA

Que perdieron una apuesta infame entre los polos de un imán.
Los que no encuentran excusa para cerrar su casa por la noche.
Los que al circo de los días corren las persianas y se preguntan si realmente han pasado tantos años.
Los que a la vuelta de una esquina.
Los que abandonaron libros en casetas telefónicas.
Que, bajo el arresto del nirvana, se han petrificado en las voluntades de un imperio personal.
Quienes se han devuelto, sin miramientos ni juicios apresurados, a la adición de volutas y disipaciones en los pies.
Los que envidian las suerte de los otros. Esa cualidad de planicie libre de cardos.

This is a photograph of me at twenty-four talking frantic to no one by the end of the weekend. Probably taking a cab home, the sun high in the sky. With what's left of the party way up deep in my nostrils. Could that be the sinus canals instead? Numbness of the ear canal. Loud music. There were just too many good things to smoke. Now gone.

Quienes buscan su nombre en otro él, en otro ellos y a veces configuran el relato con un ella.
Los que montaron el lomo de un dragón para volar hacia la playa y desataron el escándalo del sábado.
Quienes rasgaron el corchete de sus cuerpos sobre la silla más sucia y esquilada de cualquier habitación.
Los que esconden su simpleza bajo el lustre negro del charol en los abrigos.
Aquellos que advirtieron, desde antes, la caída por la orilla en la autopista con rumbo a nuestro asedio.
Los que acudieron a la edificación del muro de las definiciones.
Los que acariciaron la nervadura de los planes para un norte hacia el delirio y escapó de sus manos.
Los sin verbo.
Los muy juntos.
Los que quedan.

This is a picture of me and H in what it used to be our living room. Everything in there is uncannily illuminated, creating a strong contrast with the cold darkness outside. It is one of the worst winters on record. Snow falls heavily over the houses and apartment buildings in suburban Toronto. I was twenty-seven and he was twenty-nine. You can clearly notice that our lips are moving. You can almost read them. You can tell there's a lot of "I'm sorry," "I didn't know," and "I was confused." You can see how the light fades to black in the once cozy living room. I guess I'm still sorry after all these years. But whom am I after all these years?

Los que desconocen el significado preciso de la palabra tocamiento. Quienes han interpretado las tormentas como un motivo más para la embriaguez triangulada.

Quienes al salir del cine fueron a cenar por la sola razón de que tuvieron hambre.

Los coleccionistas de postales fragmentarias, siempre de partida. Sus depositarios en ilegibles rótulos.

Los que postergan el placer con la postrera solución de rebosarlo.

Los viajeros al garete cuando llamas del incendio en el cuarto de las máquinas.

Los que asiduos al estatus del ausente.

Aquellos que borraron su rostro del mural cómico del tiempo.

This is a picture of me about to pass out on account of way too many tequilas that night. I didn't have anything for lunch or dinner that day and showed up just like that to a foodless party. A college party. Everybody knows college parties have no food. I kept believing that for a long time, for my own sake. I wanted to believe that. "Oh, that was only because I didn't have anything to eat." I woke up disoriented, ashamed, with a major headache at a friend's house. I thought I had been kidnapped.

Quienes claman por el detrimento de las presunciones desde el baldío, el bosque tropical de alta montaña, las costas y los llanos.

Quienes, exhaustos, se desploman envueltos de gloria y terror sobre la nociva blancura de una cama forastera.

Los encantadores de serpientes, mangostas y otros animales con colmillos.

Quienes cancelan el día si descubren una mosca en su café.

Los continuamente sumergidos, aire adentro, en la contradicción.

A quienes les toma eternidades salir limpios del baño.

So this is how I first met Tijuana. I was twenty-nine. Guzzling booze, smoking, and stumbling upon every single dancing floor in the surroundings of Calle Sexta and Avenida Revolución. There's a bar, we go inside. There's some mezcal, you drink it. You sometimes feel like you'll do better with snorting just another line of coke. Other times you feel like maybe all you need is just another drink. It's really hard to find balance, you know?

Los que evitan enfrascarse en puntualidades de fracción o porcentaje.

Los que esgriman la verdad como un artículo de lujo.

Los poseídos por la nomenclatura.

Aquellos que vinieron, vieron y vencieron las quimeras e izaron el emblema de su muy particular predilección.

Quienes dilapidan las líneas de carnada.

Los que se van a dormir con el lenguaje a un costado y despiertan con la náusea.

Quienes por misericordia se mienten uno a otro.

Los que absortos, aturdidos y temblando, frente a la contundencia del género epistolar. Aún aglutinada en sus dedos.

Los que dejaron padre y madre a merced de las injurias.

This guy is me at twenty. Obviously had too much to drink. Walking recklessly at dawn. Zigzagging on the narrow sidewalk on the busiest, longest avenue in Mexico City. Newspaper stands are opening and a random garbage truck rumbles its way past by this guy. There's a blank look his face. Obviously too much coke. Is it too late for any party to be happening or just too early to go home? There's a chill in the air. As a matter of fact, it's freezing. This guy forgot the jacket somewhere. It could've been at the party, inside a cab, on the street. Could this guy really know where he should be going?

Los que no encontraron la olla de oro y prosiguen, sin embargo, empecinados.

Los que arrojaron pedernales de espaldas a la fuente nutricia de las mieles sin, al menos, un quiebre sobre el agua por respuesta.

Quienes, ilusos, pretendieron rasguñar en la desidia el rostro demencial de la belleza.

Ellos que han extraviado tarjetas en lo oscuro de un paradero abandonado, pestilente.

Los que recogen un gato de la calle para bautizarlo como Tazio y luego aseguran que es un gato egipcio rosado.

Quienes sostienen que meterse a la regadera es una miserable pérdida. Lo mismo que fregar los azulejos.

Que por siempre temerán una afección cardiaca, hepática o renal.

This is me at the age of thirteen. It is a very small office. The smell of decaying documents. Unpolished wood. I'm listening to my advisor (a priest, it was a catholic school) enumerate all the reasons why masturbation is harmful to both my body and my soul. Tampico is a very hot and very humid city all year round. Bare skin tends to stick on to wooden furniture. So I sit still. My empty teenager stare is the abyss he gets back as a response.

Los que llegan tarde a todos lados, por las horas invertidas en la compleja permuta de la gama entre la ropa y los zapatos.

Los que agotaron la voz hablándole a una contestadora.

Quienes resistieron los embates del siglo con las encías enrojecidas y el púrpura abultado en los párpados.

Que tras la emergencia desde el fondo de las sábanas, desorientados, no encuentran sus lentes en la habitual mesa de noche.

Quienes de su lengua traducen deliberadas dislocaciones.

Los que prometieron regresar cuando dijeron que sólo irían por bebida.

Quienes extraviaron el rumbo en la oscuridad de una selva pletórica de fáunulos y ninfetas.

Los que beben el agua ajena de la carne a cucharadas.

A quienes se les viene a la mente la palabra acento cuando rozan con los dedos el bajorrelieve del esmalte sobre un ébano.

Quienes a pesar de los engaños.

This is me in my next-to-last job, I'm thirty-two, suddenly confirming an undeniable truth on the most hectic of days. One of my coworkers just pointed out that all my those-were-the-days stories always begin with "I was totally drunk and..." or really high, or pretty stoned, or something very similar.

Quienes no soportan viajar hombro con hombro en el transporte público.

Los que caen de bruces sobre una banqueta, húmedos y ateridos, bajo la despiadada fosforescencia de un tubo de neón.

Los que de niños concentraban la mirada en la hilera interminable de hormigas a la hora del almuerzo.

Quienes sólo entre el sueño y la vigilia se sienten a sus anchas.

Los que apuntalan con prisa un testamento anticipando una larga despedida.

Los que aún desde sus madrigueras osan enfrentarse a Goliat. Contra todos los indicios del fracaso.

Los que se fugan del país cuando huyen-de-ellos-mismos-en-el-fondo.

Aquellos que forzaron la boca del cielo entre la arena.

Quienes bajo la rudeza de músculos torneados pretenden ocultar lo irritable de su piel.

Los que antes, ahora: sin lugar.

Here's me at fifteen turning into sixteen. The sweetest age as some would say. My friend is a fellow student in my Philosophy class. We're sitting on the back bumper of his pickup truck parked near the lagoon at night. There's no one around. There is beauty in the racket arranged by frogs and crickets in the dark, as I would realize years later. Unseen orchestra. We are drinking some beers after drinking some arbitrary alcoholic beverages at a random party. He tosses an empty bottle to the pond and the frogs and the crickets go silent. The sound of something plunging. The act of sinking. He left his girlfriend at the party. He told her we were just going to get some beer. There was something in his eyes and in the way he winced his lips when he asked me to go and leave the party. I followed. I've been good at following so far. I respond with my whole body to the way he's kissing me. It felt like sinking. I didn't know what I was sinking into. Not that I cared. No need to say this would go down on record as my very first kiss.

Los que lloran ríen muerden vociferan.
Los molidos a los pies de la Justicia.
Los pacíficos. Los endemoniados. Los sublimes.
Los que no se tocan.
Los bien aventurados.

This is me having a blast in Paris at thirty-four, sober, just making sure that there are still beautiful men left making a living in the subway of The City of Light.

Los que vienen.

This is just me being awkward in bed with my first lover. The second. The next.

Juntos, sin número y confrontados hacia el Uno. Sus voces. Los mínimos destellos por el filo de los dientes de una sierra. Piezas de un rompecabezas que se derrumba sobre sí, cada una en su sitio. Nortes, orientes, sures, occidentes.

Cualidad de número. Lienzo en expansión para hilos que se desprenden sobre una cama. Células que se bifurcan, se bilocan, mueren y caen al suelo: sustrato. Alimento.

Los que me dan el nombre. Me han devuelto las palabras. El origen y sus ramificaciones. Los tumbos, los tumores, los borrones a mis sienes. El dorso transparente del no. El Yo que me adjudican.

Ellos.

Los que me viven.

Hilary Kaplan

poemas/poems: Angélica Freitas
prose/prosa: Paloma Vidal

estatuto do desmallarmento

minha senhora, tem um mallarmé em casa?
você sabe quantas pessoas morrem por ano
em acidentes com o mallarmé?

estamos organizando uma consulta popular
para banir de vez o mallarmé dos nossos lares
as seleções do reader's digest fornecerão

contêineres onde embarcaremos os exemplares,
no porto de santos, de volta pra França.
seja patriota, entregue seu mallarmé. olê.

statute of dismallarmament

ma'am, do you have a mallarmé in your house?
do you know how many pessoas die every year
in accidents with mallarmé?

we are organizing a referendum
to ban mallarmé from our homes once and for all.
reader's digest will furnish

shipping containers to load the materials,
at porto de santos, to return to france.
be a patriot, surrender your mallarmé. olê.

o que é um baibai?

baibai es un adiós.
un farewell sin pañuelos.
tem gente que escreve haikai,
três linhas à bashô.
baibais também seguem modelos.

quem escreve baibais sabe que acabou
-se o que era doce.

∫
espancado na infância molha os pés no orinoco
embaixo d'água como soa a ocarina?

brbrlllbrrr brbrlllbrrr

∫
esnobada na festa molha os pés no rio das antas
debaixo d'água como faz seu coração?

'sai da chuva' 'já para casa'

∫
sufragette sem rouge molha os pés no rio clyde
debaixo d'água como faz o seu cabelo?

esquerda.... direita.... esquerda.... Direita....

∫
feia nas fotografias molha os pés no rio reno
debaixo d'água como faz seu celular?

'depois do bipe lorelei depois do bipe'

what's a see you?

see you es un adios.
un hankyles adieu amigos.
there are people who write haiku,
three lines à la bashō.
see yous also follow rules.

whoever writes see yous knows whatever
's sweet is over.

∫
beaten as a child dips his feet in the orinoco
underwater what's the sound of an ocarina?
brbrlllbrrr brbrlllbrrr

∫
snubbed at a party dips her feet in the rio das antas
underwater what's your heart do?
'get out of the rain' 'go inside'

∫
suffragette without rouge dips her feet in the clyde
underwater what's your hair do?
left.... right.... left.... right....

∫
unphotogenic dips her feet in the rhine
underwater what's your cell do?
'after the beep lorelei after the beep'

Time to Leave

Based on a play by Juliana Pamplona

Sitting on a plastic chair in the laundry room, wearing a long floral-print sleeveless dress, flip-flops on her feet, she watches the washing machine spin and swirl the clothes in a hypnotizing blend of colors. Her mind turns to the distant past. A thought comes to her: *Ellos ni se falam, pero sus ropas se entrelazan en la máquina de lavar.* She remembers her three grandchildren when they were small, her only son's kids. To be with them, she decided to leave her house in Montevideo and come to Brazil: to see them grow up, to be there as they changed, to know what they like, to teach them to speak Spanish. "Pero ninguno aprendió," she says, addressing the machine. "Ninguno de los tres quis aprender esta lengua, que agora ya no me pertenece."

She performs this ritual daily. First she separates the clothes into lights and darks. *Es preciso también verificar los bolsos. Siempre fica algo.* Her oldest grandson usually forgets things that could tear his clothes along with everyone else's. Pocketknives, chains, and other metal objects. He has a nickname: Ugly. His mother, laughing, says that ever since he was a baby, her son has been hideous, with his disproportionate nose and egg-shaped head. The grandmother knows how much this damaged the boy. He couldn't defend himself, so he went on the attack. Ever since he was little, he has been cruel, as only those who feel slighted know how to be.

She remembers painfully the first and only conversation they had alone. He was thirteen. "Grandma, you know, that moment deep inside when you start to suspect that you of all people might be ugly, that you're worse than everyone else this way and you can't even hide it, like if you were stupid or bad, because everyone sees . . . Pig balls! There are so many people in the world who get lucky with beauty, and you, look, you of all people came out ugly. The worst of all is that by the time you notice, the rest of the world has already noticed your ugliness long before . . . Those looks of pity from your relatives, and contempt from strangers . . . You realize that all the plans you made for when you grew up, like being Indiana Jones and everything, aren't actually going to work out, because no girl will ever go out with

someone like you.”

She doesn't want to call him by his nickname, but because it has ended up also becoming his name, she follows the custom of addressing him as Ugly. Recently, she broke up a fight between him and his little brother, Lizandro. It hurt her to have to say to him “Feio, vamos a conversar. Vas a acabar machucando de verdad a tu hermano.” She knew dialogue with him was blocked from the start. Everyone is his aggressor as soon as they utter his name. His youngest sibling is his favorite target, because he is so gentle—a grubby little boy who hardly ever leaves the house and locks himself in his room all day taking care of an iguana that plays inside an aquarium.

Lizandro knows everything about iguanas: what they eat, what they feel, how they survive the most trying situations. He refers to humans in the second person: “There are a few things I don't understand about you. Humans have no logic; you're awfully unstable and emotional. And if you do have logic, it's not the main influence on you. You're insane, with many complex levels, each more outlandish than the next; crazy things, totally savage, with all your potential, but you psychologically entangle yourselves in this highly disturbing net of relations. You're so aimless.”

She laughs at her youngest grandson's assessment but worries about his precariousness. She knows he is hanging by a thread. Recently she spent hours at the computer researching “body modification.” “Trató de me explicar, pero preferi no saber mucho. Espero que no esté hablando en serio. Qué será de este niño?” she asks the machine.

The washer keeps doing its work, agitating the clothes in constant motion. She sees her granddaughter's red overalls go by. Alice has always been very close to her. Grievously close. “Hoy de mañana la encontré en la cocina, sola, con la mirada perdida, sin perceber que la leche transbordaba de la taza,” she tells the machine. “Tuve mucha pena. Le pregunté lo que estaba aconteciendo, pero dijo palabras que no llegué a entender. Algo sobre la inutilidad de las cosas. Algo sobre Billie, su amiga que se suicidó. Algo sobre la inutilidad del arte.”

Alice talks without noticing her grandmother there, and the grandmother watches her as if she were looking at her own sad image. "You can give me the innermost spaces of your imagination so they fill themselves, so they feed and flow over my colors, my marks, the innermost realms of my imagination, which no longer fit in this cup and stream off the saucer onto the table and soak the tablecloth and spill at your feet."

Alice's mother interrupts her, shouting and saying what she always says. That it's absurd, it's a waste, she didn't have children for this. That Alice is a smart girl who could do anything, be whatever she wants, but she's wasting her youth with this nonsense of being an artist. No one would know she went to the best schools and had every opportunity at her fingertips.

The grandmother shuts her eyes as if to break her stream of memories: "Do you know whose fault this is, Edgardo? Yes! Your mother's fault! Your mother is like an extraterrestrial in this house. She's always been a horrible influence on our children! This old woman has been in Brazil more than twenty years, and she still hasn't learned our language. Honestly! Are we supposed to pretend this is normal? That she's actually saying something in her imaginary language? I don't understand her. She doesn't make any sense to me."

She would like to respond. She does not respond through Edgardo. But she also doesn't have the strength, and she knows it's useless when it comes to Marisa. There is nothing she can say to this woman who is so stubborn, so rigid, so certain of everything she does, who thinks she knows what everyone else should do, too. She doesn't know if what hurts her more are Marisa's words or the doubt they provoke: *Será verdad? Será que soy yo la responsable por los desajustes de la familia? Quizás sí.* Because she saw the world so differently from Marisa, she had ended up causing an imbalance in the house, which the children dealt with as they could. Edgardo was never able to interfere.

If she had not come, perhaps Marisa would have raised her little robots, her stunt doubles, docile bodies at her command. Edgardo would not have intervened. She opened new worlds for the children

when she arrived, but their mother's mark was ever more forceful, creating an insoluble short circuit. That is how they lived, in permanent instability.

Alice had found a way out. She painted giant canvases and laid them out like rugs in her studio. She left them for visitors to walk on with indifference as part of the piece. "Step! Pretend it's me," she would say with a provocative smile. Everyone left their marks on her "landfill," as she called the things she made and piled in a corner of the room. "I don't want to see anything ready. Who said accomplishment comes from the conclusion of a work of art?" The canvas her grandmother liked most was called *Essay in Paint*. Billie worked on it with Alice until the day Billie was found on the bathroom floor with her wrists bleeding. After that, Alice came home, and her clothes went into the wash.

The washer shakes in a final exertion and stops. The clothes come to a lull. The grandmother rises from the chair with difficulty and guides herself to the machine. She opens the lid. She takes out Alice's red overalls and hangs them on the clothesline like a solitary flag. When the summer steam has done its work, it will be time to leave.

Iuri Lara

Meeting Grandmother at O'Hare International Airport in Chicago, Illinois

Grandmother Margarita of kind language | flower magnet of faith
rooted in los llanos de Los Altos de Jalisco | you tell me there are
rocks in that place | illuminated with memory of wild tobacco, green
cacti | a river that in rainy days flowed mighty and broke through the
banks | you, like the rocks | remember those days | when our people
were forced to de-indianize parts of themselves | strip out of manta
and into clothes worn by the people of the pueblo | 'alcen las manos,
manténganlas alzadas' the men on horses would shout when they
stopped you on the road | today as we travel together to California
| the woman of the TSA nods her head impatient, asks you to raise
your arms | 'no you're doing it wrong, wait for the scanner,' she says
| I must translate, this is why I am here, to interpret for those who do
not understand you | the ribbons wrapped around your braided hair,
the Mexican passport | the face, the face, the Indian face | you keep
your arms raised, the firm black glaze in your eyes sustains you through
stares of suspicion | like water, flowing-out the solstice of the river |
the consciousness of heavy rain

Corn

mama Luz had a dream about the only native corn
that is left in her rancho. el maíz rojo.

every other type of corn that used to grow the old way
is no longer fertile. ever since the campesinos introduced

the seeds and chemicals sold to them by the bank and
pueblo merchants who told them, "put this in your soil this year

and your siembra will grow strong. we will no longer buy
your cosecha if you don't use the new american seed,

the best in the market. semilla del gringo." so the campesinos
did what they were told without knowing they were introducing

poison to the land of their grandmothers. and their grandmothers'
mothers. around the same time they were also given free pills

to feed their cattle and pigs. "this is from the same gringos who
brought us the seeds. give it to your puercos. they'll quickly grow

fat and you won't have to wait as much so you can kill them to
make carnitas, tacos, chicharrones. it's more money this way."

so the campesinos did this too. soon the merchants started selling
the pills, not giving them away. and people of the rancho bought them.

but when some pigs started going blind a few señoras did
stop. but most didn't. and some elders kept the old seeds. the ones they

had used before the gringo seed came to them. my uncle José Lara
is one of those elders. he's tried planting old seeds of "maíz criollo,"

the most commonly grown maíz in the rancho before el maíz gringo,
but el maíz criollo no longer grows. the earth is sterile.

and tears run down my face as I write this because it is the first time in the history of our land and people that something like this has happened

and it's been happening for almost a decade now. but my Tío José Lara is wise and works the old way. he saved a plot of land around his home

where he's never used chemicals or gringo seeds. for some reason el maíz criollo still refuses to grow there or anywhere in the rancho

but el maíz rojo does. grow. small, dark red. precioso.

and Mama Luz had a dream about el maíz rojo around the time of the *Ánimas de Mictlán, in october. she sat around a fire holding

a roasted red corn husk in her hand. my Tío José inviting her to take a bite as she looks at the size of the husk, "it's looks strange," she says

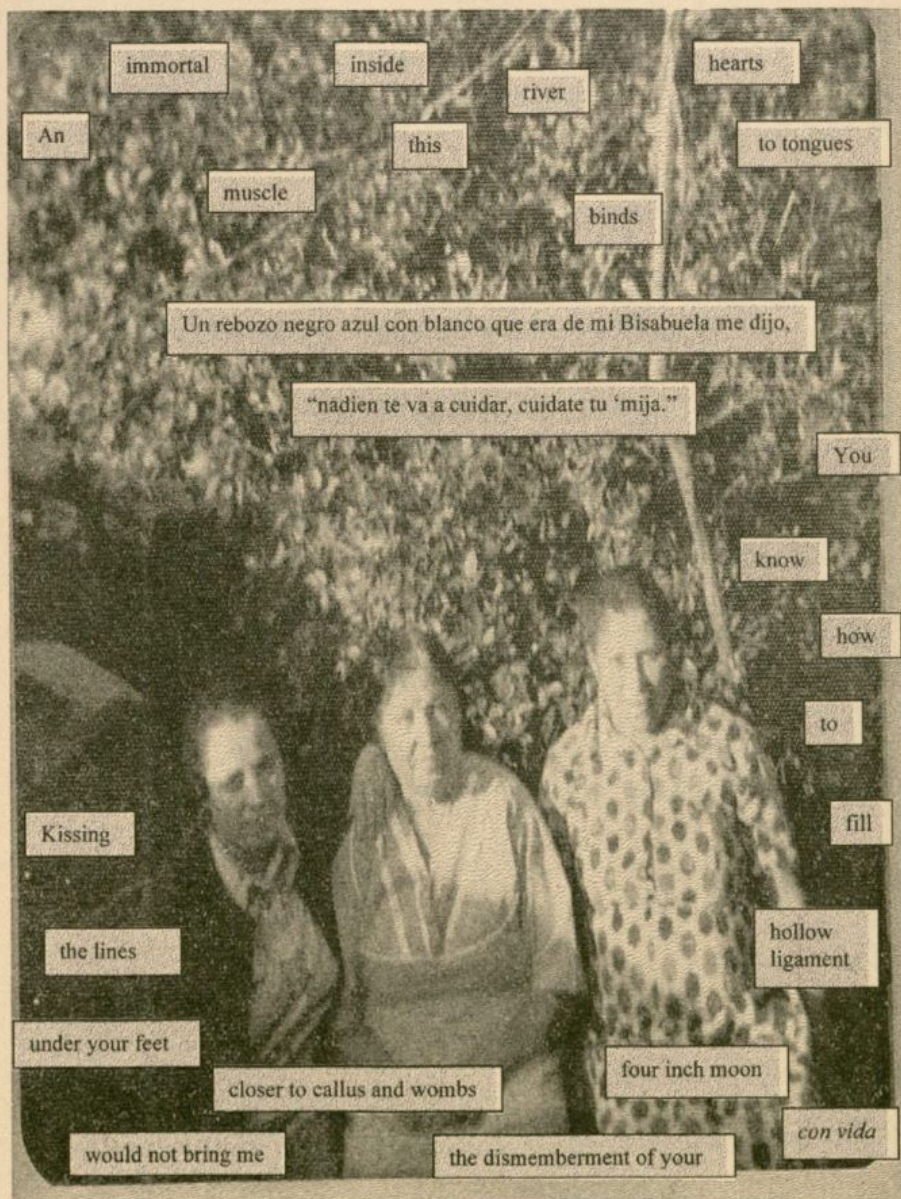
"why is it so big?" she's told me this dream a few times in the last couple weeks when we talk about the earth's changes. our changes.

as if she's afraid that el gringo will bring a red seed to replace el maíz rojo and finally sterilize the earth in el rancho entirely. we cry for el maiz criollo,

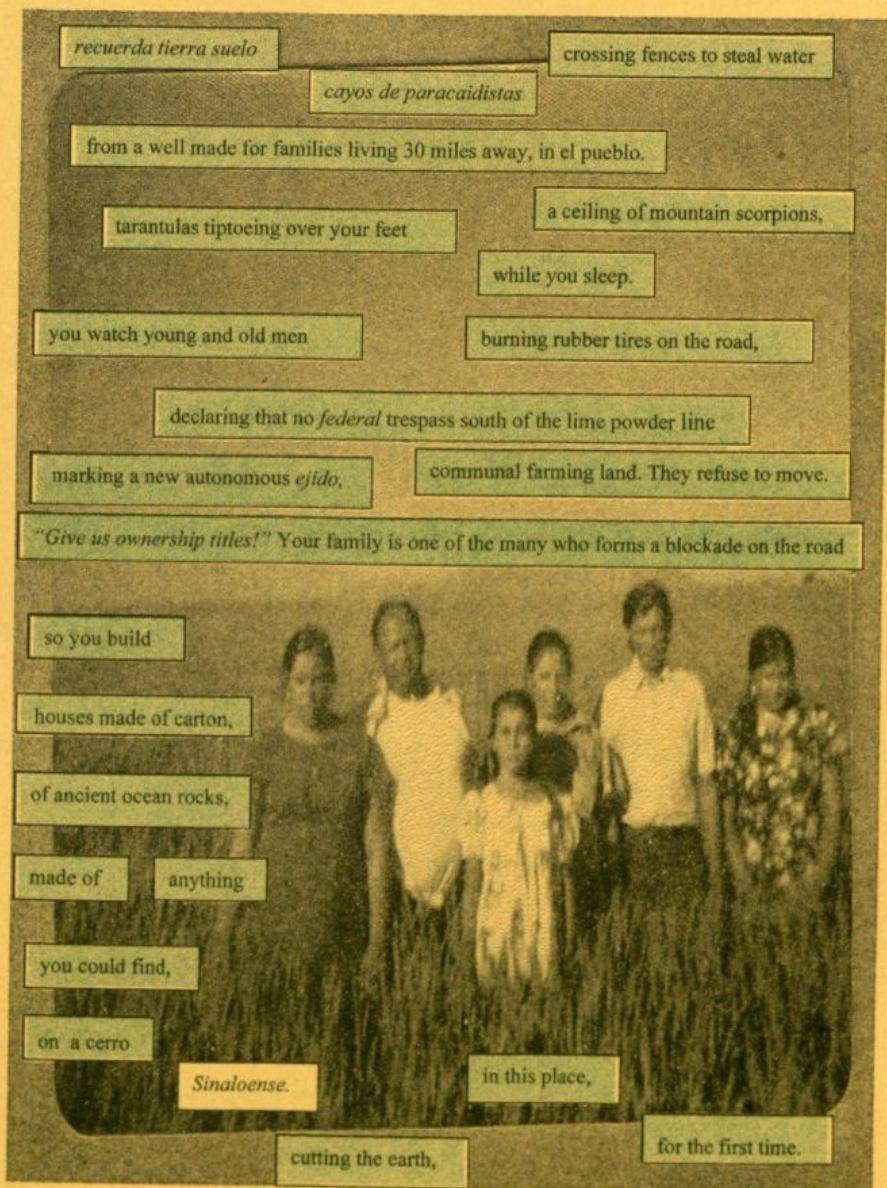
an ancestor killed. forgive us—

i wonder if anyone heard you going out.

Corazón Florido: Con amor a Mamá Herminia, Mamá Lupe y Mamá Luz



Angostura Sinaloa 1970



contributors
+
colaboradores

Marco Antonio Huerta is a Mexican translator and writer. He won the Carmen Alardín Poetry Award in 2005, and is the author of the poetry collections *La semana milagrosa* (Conarte, 2006), *Golden Boy* (Letras de Pasto Verde, 2009), and *Hay un jardín* (Tierra Adentro, 2009). During the summer of 2009 he decided to kill his own lyrical self. *Magnitud/e* (Gusanos de la nada, 2012) is a poem-in-progress written together with Sara Uribe and translated into English by John Pluecker. His work has been published in several periodicals and anthologies in Mexico, Spain, Uruguay, and the United States. He is currently a student in the MFA Program in Writing at UC San Diego.

Marco Antonio Huerta (Tampico, Tamaulipas, 1978) Poeta y traductor. Premio Regional de Poesía del Noreste Carmen Alardín 2005. Autor de *La semana milagrosa* (Conarte, 2006), *Golden boy* (Letras de Pasto Verde, 2009), *Hay un jardín* (Tierra Adentro, 2009) y *Magnitud/e* (Gusanos de la Nada, 2012) en coautoría con Sara Uribe. Su trabajo ha aparecido en publicaciones periódicas y antologías de Estados Unidos, Uruguay, España y México. Huerta estudia la maestría en escritura en la Universidad de California en San Diego.

Hilary Kaplan is the translator of *Rilke Shake* by Angélica Freitas, winner of the 2016 Best Translated Book Award and the National Translation Award for poetry, and a finalist for the 2016 PEN Award for Poetry in Translation. She is also the translator of *Ghosts*, a collection of short stories by Paloma Vidal. Her translations of Brazilian poetry and prose have appeared on BBC Radio 4 and in journals internationally.

Hilary Kaplan es la traductora de *Rilke Shake* de Angélica Freitas, que ganó el premio 2016 Best Translated Book Award y el premio National Translation Award para la poesía, y es finalista para el premio 2016 PEN Award for Poetry in Translation. Es también traductora de *Ghosts*, una colección de relatos escritos por Paloma Vidal. Sus traducciones de poesía y prosa brasileña han aparecido en BBC Radio 4 y en revistas literarias internacionales.

Iuri Morales Lara is a Xicana Indígena mother, poet, and High School teacher from Santa Ana, California. She received her bachelor's degree in Ethnic Studies at the University of California in Berkeley, her M.F.A. in Creative Writing at the University of California in Riverside and currently teaches High School English in Santa Ana. Her poetry has appeared in *Poets Responding to SB1070-La Bloga online Literary Arts Magazine*, *Mujeres de Maíz Arts Zine*, *The Academic Journal for Mujeres Activas en Letras y Cambio Social*, *Seeds of Resistance Cartonera Zine*, *SanTana Cartonographies*, *The American Poetry Review*, and most recently, *The Open Door Poetry Anthology* published by Chaparral Canyon Press of Fullerton. Trece Poemas, a self-printed collection of poems is available upon request.

Iuri Morales Lara, Indígena Xicana, es madre, poeta, y profesora de preparatoria de Santa Ana, California. Recibió su licenciatura en Estudios Étnicos en la Universidad de California en Berkeley y su Maestría en Bellas Artes en Creación Literaria en la Universidad de California en Riverside, actualmente es profesora de inglés en una preparatoria en Santa Ana. Su poesía se ha publicado en *Poets Responding to SB1070-La Bloga online Literary Arts Magazine*, *Mujeres de Maíz Arts Zine*, *The Academic Journal for Mujeres Activas en Letras y Cambio Social*, *Seeds of Resistance Cartonera Zine*, *SanTana Cartonographies*, *The American Poetry Review*, , y últimamente, *The Open Door Poetry Anthology* publicada por Chaparral Canyon Press en Fullerton. Trece Poemas, un poemario impreso independientemente, está disponible a pedido.

Andrew Leong teaches English and Japanese literature at Northwestern University. His research focuses on the literature of Japanese diaspora in the Americas and queer approaches to the study of literary genre, gendered embodiment, and generational time. His translations from Japanese to English of two novels by Nagahara Shōson, an author who wrote and published in Los Angeles during the 1920s, were published in 2012 by Kaya Press as a single volume entitled *Lament in the Night*.

Andrew Leong es profesor en Northwestern University de literatura en inglés y japonés. Sus investigaciones se enfocan en la literatura de la diáspora japonesa en las Américas y en acercamientos queer al estudio

literario de género, apropiaciones corporales de género, y tiempos generacionales. Sus traducciones del japonés al inglés de dos novelas de Nagahara Shōson, un autor que escribió y publicó en Los Angeles durante los años 20, se publicaron en 2012 por Kaya Press en un solo volumen titulado *Lament in the Night*.

Kenji C. Liu is author of *Map of an Onion*, national winner of the 2015 Hillary Gravendyk Poetry Prize. His poetry is in *American Poetry Review*, *Action Yes!*, Split This Rock's poem of the week series, several anthologies, and a chapbook, *You Left Without Your Shoes*. He is a Kundiman fellow and an alumnus of VONA/Voices, the Djerassi Resident Artist Program, and the Community of Writers.

Kenji C. Liu es autor de *Map of an Onion*, ganador nacional en 2015 del premio Hillary Gravendyk Poetry Prize. Su poesía se encuentra en *American Poetry Review*, *Action Yes!*, la serie de poemas semanales de Split This Rock, varias antologías, y una plaquette, *You Left Without Your Shoes*. Es un socio de Kundiman y previo participante en VONA/Voices, la residencia Djerassi Resident Artist Program, y la Community of Writers.

A graduate of Williams College and the University of California, Riverside, **Vickie Vértiz** is a writer from southeast Los Angeles. Natalie Diaz selected her work for the 2016 University of Arizona Poetry Center Summer Residency. A new Macondo Fellow, her writing can also be read in KCET'S Departures series on the 710 Freeway Corridor and in *HOY* magazine. Her second book of poetry, *Palm Frond with Its Throat Cut*, will be published by the Camino Del Sol Series, from the University of Arizona Press. She is a writing teacher who has given lectures and readings in France, Mexico City, and throughout the United States.

Graduada de Williams College y la Universidad de California, Riverside, **Vickie Vértiz** es una escritora del sureste de Los Angeles. Natalie Diaz seleccionó su trabajo para la residencia de verano del Centro de Poesía de la Universidad de Arizona en 2016. Miembro nueva de Macondo,

su trabajo también se puede leer en la serie de KCET Departures sobre el Corredor de la Autopista 710 y en la revista *HOY*. Su segundo poemario, *Palm Frond with Its Throat Cut*, será publicado por la Serie Camino del Sol, de la editorial de la Universidad de Arizona en el otoño del 2017. Es maestra de escritura y ha ofrecido charlas y lecturas en Francia, Ciudad de México, y a través de los Estados Unidos.



Antena es un colectivo de justicia del lenguaje y experimentación literaria fundado por Jen Hofer y John Pluecker, siendo los dos escritorxs, artistas, traductorxs literarixs, fabricantes de libros e intérpretes activistas. Antena activa las conexiones entre el trabajo de justicia social y la práctica artística al explorar cómo una aproximación crítica hacia el lenguaje nos puede ayudar a re-imaginar y re-articular los mundos que habitamos. Antena ha expuesto, publicado, hecho performances, organizado, abogado, traducido, hecho curaduría, interpretado, y/o instigado con varios grupos e instituciones, incluyendo Blaffer Art Museum, la Biblioteca Pública de Los Ángeles, y Project Row Houses. Antena publica plaquettes y panfletos bilingües a través del proyecto editorial Libros Antena Books, y colabora con *BOMB Magazine* y Ugly Duckling Presse en la serie Señal de literature latinoamericana en traducción.

Antena is a language justice and literary experimentation collaborative founded by Jen Hofer and John Pluecker, both writers, artists, literary translators, bookmakers and activist interpreters. Antena activates links between social justice work and artistic practice by exploring how critical views on language can help us to reimagine and rearticulate the worlds we inhabit. Antena has exhibited, published, performed, organized, advocated, translated, curated, interpreted, and/or instigated with numerous groups and institutions, including Blaffer Art Museum, the LA Public Library and Project Row Houses. Antena publishes (usually) bilingual chapbooks and pamphlets through our Libros Antena Books imprint, and collaborates with *BOMB Magazine* and Ugly Duckling Presse on the Señal Series of Latin American literature in translation.

www.antenaantena.org



Cartonera Santanera, based in Santa Ana, CA, first began printing books in 2012. We began life as a project of Workshop for Community Arts, which originally invited Nicole Cecilia Delgado from Atarraya Cartonera (Puerto Rico) to come visit Santa Ana and teach local artists and writers cartonera publishing methods. Since then, Cartonera Santanera has become its own collective, publishing the work of Santa Ana authors and offering writing and publishing workshops to the community, mainly in the genre of poetry. In 2016, Cartonera Santanera began a special project called Travieso Press, which offers workshops focused on writing and publishing bilingual cartonera children's books, which are then given out for free to Santa Ana kids and families.

Cartonera Santanera, asentada en Santa Ana, CA, empezó a imprimir libros en 2012. Comenzó como proyecto de Workshop for Community Arts (Taller para las Artes Comunitarias), que originalmente invitó a Nicole Cecilia Delgado de Atarraya Cartonera (Puerto Rico) a visitar Santa Ana y enseñar a artistas y escritorxs locales prácticas editoriales cartoneras. Desde entonces, Cartonera Santanera se ha convertido en un colectivo independiente, dedicado a publicar la obra de autorxs de Santa Ana y a ofrecer talleres de escritura y publicación de libros a la comunidad, principalmente en relación a la poesía. En 2016, Cartonera Santanera empezó un proyecto especial llamado Travieso Press, que ofrece talleres para escribir y publicar libros bilingües cartoneros para niñxs, que luego se reparten gratis a familias y niñxs de Santa Ana.

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KODAMA CARTONERA

Kodama Cartonera nace en noviembre de 2010 en Tijuana para crear libros de autores nuevos o conocidos en cualquier género literario. Nuestro propósito no es hacer libros que perduren, sino para que regresen a la naturaleza dejando a su paso una semilla. Para la creación de nuestros libros la publicación es con material 100% reciclado y/o reutilizado; también publicamos libros en línea y ofrecemos la opción para su descarga gratuita. Los kodama son espíritus del bosque en la mitología japonesa. Su nombre puede significar “eco”, “espíritu de árbol”, “bola pequeña” o “pequeño espíritu”. En la película de Hayao Miyazaki, “Mononoke Hime” (1997), los kodama sólo se manifiestan cuando el bosque es puro y al ser contaminado por el ser humano, mueren y caen de los árboles como hojas fantasmas.

Kodama Cartonera came into existence in Tijuana in November 2010 to create books by new or well-known authors in any literary genre. Our intention is not to make books that last, but rather for our books to return to nature, leaving behind a seed. Our process of creating books uses 100% recycled and/or reused material; we also publish books online and offer the option of free download. Kodamas are spirits of the forest in Japanese mythology. The name can mean “echo,” “tree spirit,” “small ball,” or “little spirit.” In the Hayao Miyazaki film “Mononoke Hime” (1997), the kodama only manifest when the forest is pure; when it is contaminated by humans, they die and fall from the trees like ghost leaves.

www.kodamacartonera.tumblr.com



Tiny Splendor is a collective publishing press running out of Berkeley and Los Angeles, California. It was founded on the idea of finding a way to share our friends' artwork, while satisfying our obsession with and love of ink on paper. As of today we pride ourselves on continuing this perfect marriage as we work with artists and friends to create editioned prints, books, apparel, and zines.

Tiny Splendor es una editorial colectiva asentada en Berkeley y Los Ángeles, California. Se fundó con la idea de encontrar una manera de compartir la obra artística de nuestrxs amigxs, mientras satisfacemos nuestra obsesión con y por amor a la tinta sobre papel. Hoy en día, sentimos orgullo de continuar este matrimonio perfecto mientras trabajamos con artistas y amigxs para crear grabados en ediciones limitadas, libros, ropa, y zines.

www.tinysplendor.com/



Kaya Press is a group of dedicated writers, artists, readers, and lovers of books working together to publish the most challenging, thoughtful, and provocative literature being produced throughout the Asian and Pacific Island diasporas.

Kaya Press es un grupo dedicado de escritorxs, artistas, lectorxs y amatorxs de libros trabajando en conjunto para publicar la literatura más desafiante, contemplativa y provocadora que se está produciendo en todas las diásporas asiáticas y de las Islas en el Pacífico.

www.kaya.com/

HAMMER

This publication is produced in association with Recycled Languages: Workshop and Reading, December 17, 2016, a part of In Real Life: 100 Days of Film and Performance at the Hammer Museum, Los Angeles. The Hammer Museum's Public Engagement program is supported, in part, by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors through the Los Angeles County Arts Commission. In Real Life is supported by Catherine Glynn Benkaim and Barbara Timmer.

Esta publicación está producida en asociación con Lenguajes reciclados. Taller y lectura, el 17 de diciembre de 2016, un elemento de In Real Life: 100 Days of Film and Performance (En la vida real. 100 días de cine y performance) en el Hammer Museum, Los Ángeles. El programa Public Engagement (Compromiso público) del museo Hammer está apoyado, en parte, por el Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors a través de la Comisión de las Artes del Condado de Los Ángeles. In Real Life está patrocinado por Catherine Glynn Benkaim y Barbara Timmer.

www.hammer.ucla.edu

colophon

reciclados

languages

リサイクルされた

lenguajes

recycled

言語

colofón

¡No English-Only Space!

For the Recycled Languages / Lenguajes reciclados event and book project, 6 local—considering “locality” in this case to encompass the metropolitan and rural and suburban and exurban and documented and undocumented and policed and militarized areas between Los Angeles and Tijuana—poets/translators were invited to contribute up to 5 pages each of multilingual or non-English-language poetry. The only rule of the project was NO ENGLISH-ONLY POETRY. The work in this book celebrates Englishes as opposed to English; each writer we invited to contribute makes work that actively resists monolingualism, and hence monoculture, monovision, monomyopia, and the kind of exceptionalist singularity that might suggest that what is expressed in one language is more important than what is expressed in another, or in many languages.

The work in this chapbook was wrangled by Jen Hofer from Libros Antena Books (Los Angeles and Houston), designed and typeset by Jhonnatan Curiel from Kodama Cartonera (Tijuana) with support from Jen Hofer from Libros Antena Books, RISOgraph printed by Cynthia Navarro from Tiny Splendor (Los Angeles), with cardboard covers designed by Cartonera Santanera (Santa Ana) and printed collectively in a workshop at the Hammer Museum (Los Angeles), on a homemade “collaboration-only” seesaw press made by Cartonera Santanera. The books will be celebrated/publicized/distributed by the aforementioned presses along with Kaya Press (Los Angeles) and the Public Engagement Program at the Hammer Museum. This work exists thanks to the kind invitation and support of January Parkos Arnall.

As ever, and now more than ever, we believe in cross-border and cross-language projects. We believe in reading unfamiliar writings by writers we didn't know before. We believe in collaboration with kindred projects. We believe in making things by hand and in repurposing objects for the purposes of beauty, delight, and autonomous self-expression. We believe in exuberant resistance and loving solidarity in the presence of difference and genuine interest in what is beyond our immediate proximity. We believe in people over presidents.

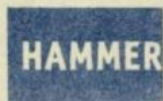
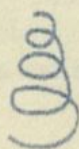
¡No a los espacios de inglés-solamente!

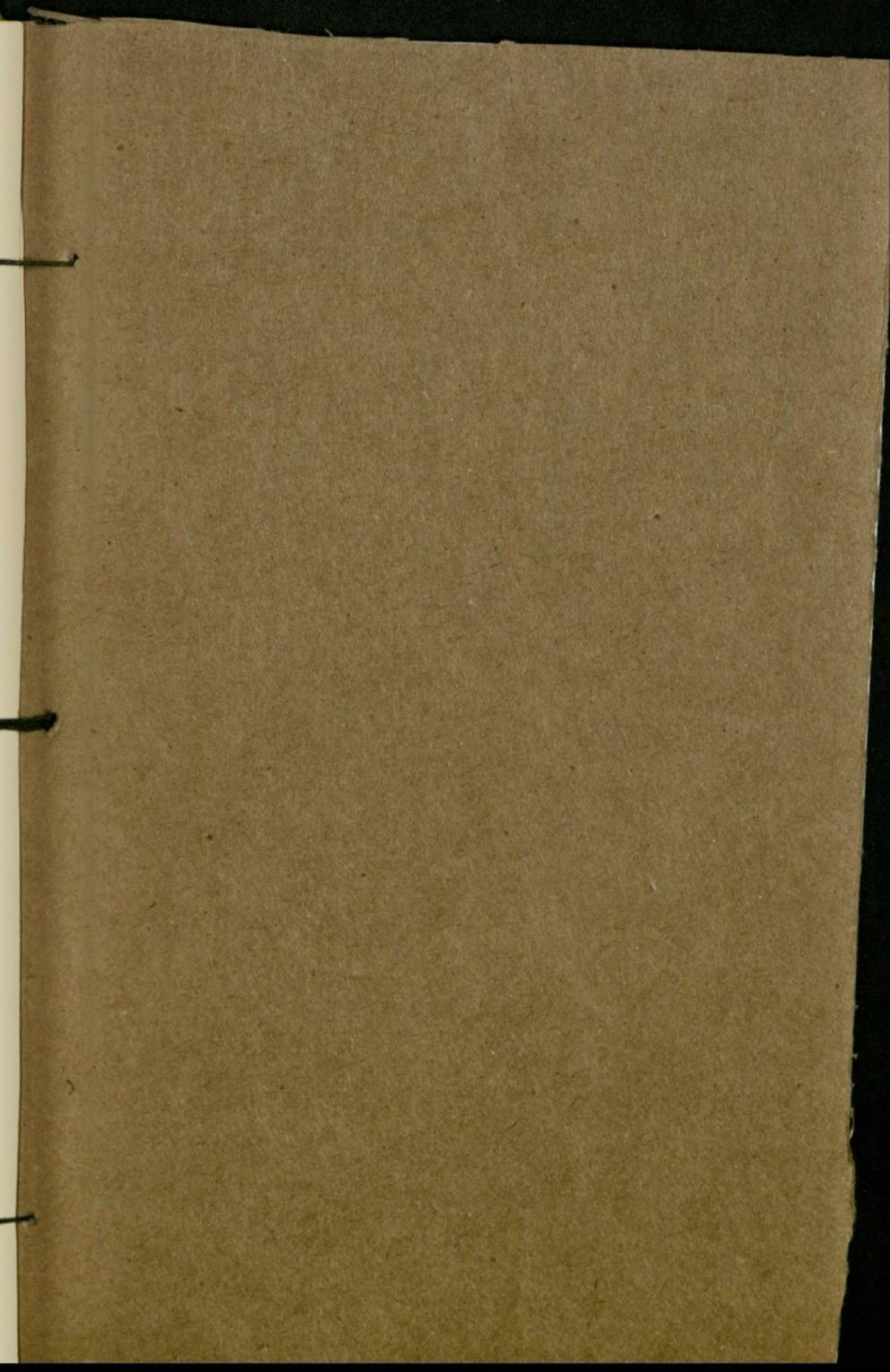
Recycled Languages / Lenguajes reciclados, es un evento y proyecto de libro que reúne a seis poetas/traductores “locales” —entendiendo a lo local como aquello que abarca las áreas metropolitanas y rurales y suburbanas y exurbanas y documentadas e indocumentadas y policiacas y militarizadas entre Los Angeles y Tijuana— quienes fueron invitados a enviar hasta 5 páginas de poesía multilingüe o no sólo en idioma inglés. La única premisa del proyecto fue NO POESÍA EN INGLÉS-SOLAMENTE. El trabajo en este libro expresa los diferentes ingleses en oposición sólo al inglés; cada escritor/a que participa en este libro elabora una obra que activamente resiste el monolingüismo, y por lo tanto la monocultura, monovisión, monomiopía y el tipo de singularidad excepcional que llega a sugerir que lo que se expresa en un sólo lenguaje es más importante que lo que se expresa en otro, o en diferentes lenguajes.

El trabajo de este libro fue coordinado por Jen Hofer de Libros Antena Books (Los Ángeles y Houston), diseñado por Jhonnatan Curiel de Kodama Cartonera (Tijuana) con apoyo de Jen Hofer de Libros Antena Books, impreso en RISOgrafía por Cynthia Navarro de Tiny Splendor (Los Ángeles), con cubiertas de cartón diseñadas por Andrea y Chilo de Cartonera Santanera (Santa Ana) e impreso de manera colectiva en un taller en el Museo Hammer (Los Ángeles), en una impresora subibaja artesanal “sólo para colaboraciones” creada por Cartonera Santanera. Los libros serán celebrados/publicados/ distribuidos por las editoriales antes mencionadas junto a Kaya Press (Los Ángeles) y el Programa de Participación Pública en el Museo Hammer. Este trabajo existe gracias a la cálida invitación y apoyo de January Parkos Arnall.

Como siempre, y hoy más que nunca, creemos en proyectos que traspasan las fronteras y los lenguajes. Creemos en leer escrituras de personas que no conocíamos. Creemos en las colaboraciones de proyectos afines. Creemos en la elaboración manual y la reutilización de objetos teniendo como propósitos la belleza, el disfrute y la autoexpresión autónoma. Creemos en una resistencia exuberante y la amorosa solidaridad ante la presencia de lo diferente, y un genuino interés en lo que hay más allá de nuestras proximidades. Creemos en personas más que en presidentes.

reciclados languages リサイクルされた lenguajes recycled 言語
se creó en Tijuana, Santa Ana y Los Angeles en diciembre de 2016
con apoyo de Hammer Museum. Se utilizó la familia tipográfica
Garamond y Hiragino Kaku Ghotic Pro.





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