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The Currant

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**THE CURRANT**

A dissertation submitted in partial satisfaction  
of the requirements for the degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

in

LITERATURE

by

**Jared Harvey**

June 2020

The Dissertation of Jared Harvey is  
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## Table of Contents

List of Figures	iv
Abstract	v
Dedication	vi
Critical Introduction	1
• Memory Palaces	10
• Traduttore, Tradittore	44
• The Current	76
The Currant	91
• Exit / (Jarcha / (Kharja / Close	102
• oh an immense talking	143
• Out / (Jarcha / (Kharja / Nearby	161
• Passes through the wonderful land Gain	216
• my name and a visual experience / smiled	259
• Foreign	306
• Textual Notes	352
• Errata	387
Bibliography	393

## List of Figures

**“bol / berselo”**

**70**

Bilingual quote from the “Corán de Toledo” anonymous translator-scribe.

## Abstract

### *The Currant*

Jared Harvey

*The Currant* is framed as a “found manuscript,” one particular instantiation in a text network “originating” in the Aljamiado manuscript tradition. Aljamiado was a 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> century textual code whereby a romance language was transliterated into Arabic script, practiced as a covert gesture by persecuted Muslims, or Moriscos, in Inquisition-era Spain. Many Aljamiado manuscripts were miscellanies – “memory palaces,” the literary critic Rosa Menocal calls them, encrypting the most essential Qur’anic prayers, tales, and poems – a textual response to the necessity of cultural preservation and to the loss of the ability to speak Arabic, but not to write it. *The Currant*, in keeping, is a multigeneric work of translation, poetry, prayers, and stories, written in a mixture of English, Spanish, Arabic and Aljamiado – in order to honor this multicultural and multilinguistic practice – pointing toward a lost culture that honored religious pluralism and that celebrated cultural exchange, in counter-distinction to our present nation-based empires of cultural homogeneity, division and intolerance.

In order to achieve this unlikely synthesis of poetic invention and historically specific translation I have: A) employed homophonic translation (to English) procedures to arbitrarily chosen sections of a 2009 Bronte Edition Spanish edition of the Qur’an; B) fed those same translations to Google Translate back and forth between several languages; C) studied extant Aljamiado manuscripts from the archive of the Biblioteca de

Castilla-La Mancha in Toledo, Spain, as models for the organization of *The Currant*; C) learned rudimentary Arabic in order to translate sections of my work into Aljamiado; D) written novel poems patterned off the *muwashshabat*, a genre of bilingual poetry written in Arabic/Aljamiado by medieval Arabs courtesans; E) included all of my scholarly notes and drafts throughout my research process as product.

*The Currant* was conceived as an intervention to the traditional and cynical maxim “traduttore, traditore” (“translator, traitor”); rather than assume betrayal of the source text and culture by effecting what is “lost” in translation, *The Currant* erects a memory palace inhabited by *who* has been lost in translation, resulting in a new encounter with the “found” text.

## Dedication

*The Currant* is not solely this dissertation, but a text network of manuscripts all gathered under one name, like the clonal colony of quaking aspens in south-central Utah collectively called Pando or, in Latin, “I spread out.” I began writing them eight years ago and there are eight of them, maybe nine, maybe one (community exists); just as each *Currant* reflects and is inflected by the particular circumstances in which each was written, so too a peculiar filial temporality – whose magnetic core is the shared name – spreads out field-like and determines them concurrent.

I first and foremost dedicate this particular berry to the 82 UCSC graduate student workers who were fired by the UC academic administration for striking for a cost of living adjustment under the eponymous umbrella of the larger COLA movement. They were fired the day before February 29<sup>th</sup>, 2020, almost as if they were sacrificed to time, the way every leap year the calendar must be stretched on a rack for 24 extra hours in 4-year revolutions. We knew about the threat and we built a cardboard doomsday clock to measure it, because we’re funny. In these particular current circumstances of pandemic-imposed social isolation, it is crucial to recognize another form of time, a past-that-will-not-pass that suffuses the present moment with possibility and, if grasped again, can radiate out and totally transform it. That is the meaning of revolution: turning the past and the present concurrently. Community exists.

Speaking of, thank you to The Rush Inn bar for slowly destroying my liver and my lungs while offering the environment in which *The Currant* was primarily written.



Thank you bartender Molly McVeigh for consistently greeting me as “Doctor Harvey” no matter how many times I said “I’m not a doctor yet” or “Please don’t call me that in the future” or “Please stop.” Thank you bartender Brian for coronating my whiskey neat, beer back, and soda water order “The Trifecta,” and for always approving with a salutary nod my jukebox selections. Thank you Leif Haven Martinson for being one of my best friends and for teaching me what a real poem is (and about Pando), for having read every poem I’ve ever written, for in a way being responsible for every poem I’ve ever written: welcome to hell. Thank you to Angie Sijun Lou for being one of my favorite writers and best friends and for carving “It was boring but we had fun” on our pumpkin last Halloween. Thank you to Kendall Grady for being one of my favorite writers and best friends and for writing poems alongside me at the Rush Inn until we can’t see words most nights. Thank you Andy Guy for being one of my best friends and for always asking where I am on my dissertation and for single-handedly ballot-stuffing the annual Good Times best-of list to vote me Santa Cruz’s “Local Poet” of 2019 (I recognize this is scandalizing information). Thank you Janina Larenas for hand-holding me through the entire graduate student experience and for your infinite patience and friendship and for loaning me your portable battery so we can play Pokemon together. Thank you Micah Perks for your infectious commitment to your undergraduates and for giving me the space to write my weird fake memoir that resulted in my first full-length published book in your experimental autobiographical writing workshop. Thank you Chris Chen for continuing to be cool and personable and decent and smart despite having graduated the spirit-crushing Iowa Writers’ Workshop, you’ve made me less afraid. Thank you Martin Devecka for teaching me 7<sup>th</sup> century Qur’anic Arabic for two patient years including that

one lesson you conducted in a Kermit mask and a wizard robe. You proved the efficacy of the Memory Palace mnemonic technique of late antiquity – build in your mind a palace and affix to the walls of each room an image that corresponds to a word you want to remember – insofar as this is the image I see when I think of the word “teacher.”

Thank you also Martin for thoroughly correcting the devastating errors in Arabic in this dissertation, so that I could furnish an errata section in which to excoriate myself. Thank you Blanca Berjano for teaching me Spanish and that love is possible in translation, maybe even more possible than otherwise, because of surrender. Thank you Susan Gillman for introducing me to Gayatri Spivak and for being my advisor/therapist/champion for six years I would have been lost without, for teaching me what graduate school even means, and for laughing and saying “I *knew* you’d say that” when I’m being a stereotype of myself. Thank you Juan Poblete for always testing the critical foundations of my work and when your razor sharp eye finds them flimsy (which is often) thank you for always telling me as much unsparingly, but being funny about it. Thank you Camilo Gómez-Rivas for sharing your inexhaustible knowledge of medieval Iberia, for correcting all my historical inaccuracies, and for answering each of my questions with, on average, six book recommendations that are always on point.

Thank you Vilashini Cooppan for introducing me to memory studies, for always championing graduate student workers at COLA rallies, for teaching me that psychoanalytic theory is actually kind of sexy, and for always tipping over 20% when I’m awkwardly your server at 515. Thank you Maria Evangelatou for joining my QE committee despite not knowing me at all, and for completely shifting my view on visuality (I guess that’s a pun) and translation theory. Thank you Ronaldo Wilson for

being the reason I applied to the Literature Creative/Critical concentration in the first place, and for making good on that gambit with your capacious brain and novel/inimitable ways of embodying poetic form. Thank you Cathy Thompson, Eric Sneathen, Jared Gampel, Dylan Davis, Nick Norman, Yuki Obayashi, Nicholas Wittington, Spencer Armada, Kiley McLaughlin, Tony Boardman, José Antonio Villarán, Hannah Newburn, Rebekkah Dilts, Kirstin Wagner, Conner Dylan Basset, Whitney De Vos, Scott Hunter, Emma Wood, and Radhika Prasad for having been friends and writers and readers and desperate phone call confidants and role models to me throughout the years. And thank you to anyone who's made it this far down this dedication; I probably wouldn't have.

## The Currant: Critical Introduction

My creative dissertation project, *The Currant*, is an experiment in creative-critical form, as well as a static eulogy meant to mourn the lost tradition of cultural and linguistic exchange in Medieval Muslim Iberia in the form of an Aljamiado Manuscript. As the archive of a cultural encounter, my multilingual *Currant* comprises of English, Spanish, Arabic, and Aljamiado.

Aljamiado was a written system whereby a Romance language (such as Castilian Spanish) was transliterated into Arabic script. It occurred roughly 150 years, and was produced by Morisco scribes: Inquisition-era Muslims forcibly converted to Christianity, practicing their religio-cultural heritage in secret. Aljamiado most likely developed because Christian Spain's proscription of the practicing of Islam and the speaking/writing of Arabic caused Moriscos to forget how to speak Arabic, and yet they could still write in its script. This was a sort of compromise, then: while they could only speak in the language of the conquerors (Spanish), they could still preserve their heritage in secreted manuscripts written in their sacred alphabet (Arabic).

Hence, an Aljamiado Manuscript often took the form of a miscellany: some chapters of the Qur'an (the most important, used for daily prayers), religious stories, religious poems, medicinal recipes, sometimes even grocery lists. An Aljamiado Manuscript then could be seen as a sort of How-To-Preserve-The-Most-Important-Parts-Of-Your-Culture textual First Aid Kit, or Memory Triage. There are for example no extant fully-translated Aljamiado Qur'ans, just the need-to-know chapters. Aljamiado

manuscripts, then, qualify as what literary critic María Rosa Menocal would call “memory palaces,” because they house cultural treasures that would otherwise be lost.

Thus the frame of *The Currant* is modeled after, and converses with, the Aljamiado manuscript tradition, as well as “the West’s” first modern novel, *Don Quixote*, whose fictional conceit is that *Don Quixote* is a translation found by the “fictional” Miguel de Cervantes in the streets of Toledo, written in a pamphlet in Aljamiado, a mere 4 years before the Muslims were expelled from Spain. *Don Quixote* is, in this way, a transnational and translational text object, a “memory palace” of a time when East and West weren’t so easily, nor violently, rendered autonomous. The frame of *Don Quixote* thereby posits that the West’s first modern novel was built on an Eastern literary model, just at the historical moment that Spain attempted, with disastrous and lethal success, to expel all of its Eastern roots and consolidate all of its “Westernness” to render itself a monocultural, monolingual nation.

In keeping, I have framed my creative dissertation as being the latest iteration of a textual network of translational objects that began with an unknowable source text originally written by Cide Hamete Benengeli in Arabic in Algiers in the 17<sup>th</sup> century. Cide Hamete Benengeli is not only a fictional character in Cervantes’ *Don Quixote*; he is the Arab historian who has documented all of *Don Quixote*’s adventures, whereas Cervantes (the author and the character) has translated Benengeli’s Arabic text of *Don Quixote* into Spanish. Hence I am attempting to reclaim this lost history by “finding” a lost document (lost because in-transit, with origin unverifiable) that underwent a similar translational route: from Benengeli (in Arabic) to an unknown Morisco scribe (in aljamiado) to me (English, with preservation of Spanish grammar and some Arabic script). Because of the

numerous semantic and prosodic losses suffered in any translational event, however, and due as well to the lack of a primary source-text, to “reclaim” such an origin-heterogeneous document must remain impossible. What such a translational event “gains,” however, is multiplicity itself, through the multitude of hands’ scribal emendations to the “same” manuscript (manuscriptus, “written by hand”) through time, a text deepened and enriched not by its origin, not by its impossible telos, but by what it has palimpsestically accrued through passage. There are multiple anonymous authors throughout this miscellaneous work and multiple scribes (sometimes the same person, sometimes not). I am not the final translator/redactor.

*The Currant* is divided into 7 sections, many of which are paired. The 1<sup>st</sup> section is entitled “Exit / (Jarcha / (Kharja / Close).” The kharjas (or “jarchas” in Spanish transliteration) are the oldest known examples of secular poetry in a vernacular Romance language, predating even Petrarch’s sonnets; they are not entire poems, however, but the ending stanzas of an Arabic genre of poetry called the muwashshaha. While muwashshahat (pl.) were written in Arabic by medieval Arab courtesans, the kharjas were love lyrics often sung by women in a Romance dialect – that is, on the street as popular songs by the Christian or Hebrew population over which the Iberian Islamic caliphate ruled – which were then transliterated (not translated) into Arabic and repurposed to become the endings stanzas of muwashshahat by muwashshaha poets. Kharjas, then, are by nature fragmentary, belonging to no one – in fact, several different muwashshahat end with the same kharja – of unknown provenance, and linguistically hybrid. They are aesthetic markers of cultural, linguistic, and class exchange.

Section 1 pairs with Section 3, "Out / (Jarcha / (Kharja / Nearby," but this time with a 2-column format; the original Arabic/Aljamiado poems are represented in the left column, and their English translations in the right-hand column. The English translations in section 3 are familiar to but noticeably distinct from those in section 1. This is meant to reflect the fact that modern translations of the kharjas are a matter of particular debate because their Arabic transliteration generally did not include vowels; thus, one "Arabic" word could potentially denote a large number of distinct Spanish words; in lieu of simple "translation" we find here an act of guesswork, or at best of reconstruction. In this way the kharjas are always open-ended, and all acts of interpretation are coextensive as acts of creation.

Section 2, "oh an immense talking," is a series of aphoristic and eschatological prose statements presumably written by a Morisco scribe, culturally exiled in his own land and experiencing a crisis of faith and a crisis of linguistic identity. Its partner piece, "Passes through the wonderful land Gain," section 4, is a fragmentary narrative account of Moses and his people's 40 years of wandering through the desert. The story of Moses – a diasporic prophet who, after an arduous 40 years of trial, error, and errantry, successfully led his faith-community from a hostile land (Egypt) to the promised land (Israel) – would serve as a hopeful, but painful parallel to the plight of the contemporaneous Morisco, and would give a Morisco reader solace in a milieu characterized by feelings of loss, abandonment, and incomprehensibility. Such a narrative would be an indispensable element of an Aljamiado manuscript. I also hope to implicitly draw a parallel between the wandering of this prophet and the wandering of the errant knight Don Quijote.

The subsequent sections focus more tautly on the presence of multiple authors, scribes, and redactors. For example, section 5, “my name and a visual experience / smiled,” comprises of a series of poems as well as preliminary notes that blueprint the schema of the entirety of *The Currant*; they thus serve as evidence of my redactions/editorial choices. All of these sketches, however, are superimposed upon my own Aljamiado translations of Chapter 9 of Miguel de Cervantes’ *Don Quijote*. I never include the full Aljamiado translation – I want to focalize the absence of the whole, as The Fragment does par excellence – and I lower the image’s contrast in order to foreground my own notes. In turn, my near-invisibilization of the Aljamiado translation figuratively foregrounds the erasure of Aljamiado from history, while simultaneously displaying the formal palimpsestic qualities – i.e. erasure’s opposite, superimposition – that characterized Aljamiado manuscripts, as well as medieval manuscripts in general. Cultural practices of superimposition such as marginal notes, running translations and commentaries, and other textual emendations, ironically evince a cultural attitude that celebrates the transmission of tradition and literature *through* authorial heterogeneity; that’s to say, the more erased (blotted out, written over by different hands) the original author, the more dimension the text achieves. Similarly, “Textual Notes,” section 7, includes a full scan of my Aljamiado translation of the *Quijote*’s 9th chapter, as well as more of my notes and schemas for the manuscript entire and, finally, a catalogue description from the Biblioteca de Catalunya that describes the condition of a medieval manuscript housed there, categorized as MS 5332 and reputed to be written by Cervantes’ Cide Hamete Benengeli. This is where the quixotic frame of *The Currant* emerges; the catalogue claims that *The Currant* is the reconstruction of this actual extant



manuscript, just as *Don Quijote's* fictional conceit is that it is based off of Cide Hamete Benengeli's historiography of the "real" Quijote.

Section 6 is entitled "Foreign." As a backward nod towards sections 1 and 3, their kharjas – the fragmented, detached endings of poems, whose primary definition is "exit" but whose secondary definition is "foreign" – are re-employed and find their fulfillment in completed muwashshahat. Reminiscent of Federico García Lorca's *Divan del Tamarit*, a collection of poems that are titled ghazals and qasidas without sharing actual structural nor thematic elements with these classical Arabic poetic genres, my muwashshahat are peppered with Andalusian terms that are nevertheless written in English, whereas the final kharjas are written in a mixture of rudimentary Arabic and Aljamiado. The vast majority of extant aljamiado manuscripts which employ Arabic betray a poor grammatical knowledge of the language, due to the cultural impoverishment foisted upon them by repressive Christian Spain.

The final section is simply entitled "Errata," and it pairs with Section 3. It is a fairly straightforward accounting of typographical errors as well as translational errors in the printing of the Arabic/Aljamiado kharjas as well as their English translation equivalents. It is a big joke; while in terms of content the errata section casts doubt on the authenticity of the manuscript it corrects, in terms of form – its generic discordance, a pastiche of etymological analysis, translation theory, and memoir – causes the errata section to invalidate itself as erroneous. The section also implicates that I am not, after all, the final translator/redactor.

I call the final section – and the whole of the manuscript that its retrospective eye contaminates – a joke, however, in all seriousness. As I said before, *The Currant* is a

static eulogy; Aljamiado manuscripts circulated, they accrued material by way of movement, by way of covert and devotional contribution, alternating between decipherment and encryption, delivering quiet recitation amongst a persecuted group of listeners, or in solitude. These were manuscripts authored for and by a community, but in quiet; to be overheard meant death. So I've written a work of contradictions, words stretched over silence, in 7 sections or 7 astigmatic visual fields. There is little difference between a joke – the function of irony is to banish or briefly hold in abeyance the entire world – and melancholy, a relation without relation. In both the world, and its brutal history, are suddenly overlaid, revolutionized; taking pain and loss as their material suddenly, something else is gained, a possibility emergent.

I've devoted this preliminary section of my critical introduction to a cursory resume of my creative dissertation. In what follows I will tease out the cultural, historical, and aesthetic contexts and motivations that undergird and cast *The Currant*. Part 1, "Memory Palaces," will draw out and elaborate the through-lines that constellate my own and my ancestors' history of persecution (both of persecuting and being persecuted) alongside the West's historical violent predilection towards Islamophobia, and how these two phenomena have convinced me to embark on an aesthetic rediscovery of literary values in medieval Spain. This final point will transition into Part 2, "Traduttore, Tradittore." Rather than assume betrayal of the source text and culture by effecting what is "lost" in translation, I seek to build a memory palace inhabited by *who* has been lost in translation, resulting in a new encounter with the "found" text. Analogously, I argue that the task of the translator, which is also the work of literature, is to advocate an in-between mode that reanimates a series of contraries, including "binaries" such as creative

authorship and faithful translation, silence and testimony, East and West, foreign and domestic, invention and intervention. Finally, Part 3, “The Current,” will list contemporary poets’ *ouvres* with which *The Current* is in conversation, such as Raúl Zurita’s “sky-writing” over the Atacama desert, and Cecilia Vicuña’s “cloud-net” oral performances mixing Quechua, English, Spanish, and the ancient Andean knot-tying language of *quipu*. I nearly forwent titling these sections within the critical introduction except for “Memory Palaces,” insofar as each element – culture and history, translation, and the present – is inextricable from each element; to define one concept is to overlap with at least one other. The notion of a Memory Palace is a characteristic of medieval thinking I am extremely drawn to, i.e. its tendency to memorialize, to intimately conjugate the past to the present, and to thereby instinctually elicit an interdisciplinarity that we in the modern humanities endeavor so strenuously to systematize. Thus it seemed anathema to risk constructing artificial partitions.

But in the end I did. “Memory Palaces” and “Traduttore, Tradittore,” are the same length, insofar as architecture and translation are both mnemotechnics that allow the irruption of the past into an open future. “The Current” is a rather brief because, well, it is. The present is not an epoch, not even a moment. The present is a wresting action, a caesura, comparable to what Giorgio Agamben defines as messianic time: “it concerns a tension that clasps together and transforms past and future[...]in an inseparable constellation.”<sup>1</sup> Finding in the poem itself the most apt encapsulation of messianic time’s temporal dynamics, Agamben further notes that the poem is “an

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<sup>1</sup> Giorgio Agamben, *The Time That Remains: A Commentary on the Letter to the Romans*, trans. Patricia Dailey (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2005), 74.

organism or temporal machine, that, from the very start, strains toward its end. A kind of eschatology occurs within the poem itself. For the more or less brief time the poem lasts, it has a specific and unmistakable temporality, it has its own *time*.”<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> Agamben, 79

## The Currant: Memory Palaces

My great great grandfather wrote *Sefer Sanigoria* which, from Hebrew, translates as the *Book of Defense*. My mother tells me Shimon Horowitz, my great great grandfather, was pushed off a cliff and lived. Maybe it's because he wrote a book called *Sefer Sanigoria*. Maybe that is why he was pushed while praying with his back to whomever pushed him and his eyes towards only the abyss, the abyss one watches when the eyes are closed or the equivalent abyss that lies beyond and below the cliff face. Levinas has a lot to say about the face, the site where we experience the absolute Other, and perhaps that applies too to a cliff's face. "So we are brothers in our faces."<sup>3</sup> What of the face unseen, attached to the unseen body that attempts to destroy you? I don't know who lied, Shimon did die. Beforehand he founded or he headed a Yeshiva, or both. That was in Palestine, what he hoped to call some day Israel, and what we'd call today Israel. *The Book of Defense* was a 70-page Zionist treatise, also a kabbalistic work, as Shimon was himself kabbalist, written in defense of Israel, that platonic Israel in the sky that on earth at the time was nomadic and dispersed in the form of a people, the People of the Book. I have this book Xeroxed in a carpet binder, one of those folders that is ridged, like a topographical map translates mountains into folds. I have not read it because I fear to. The book begins thusly: "In it will be explained the magnitude of the virtue of defending all Israel and its wondrous quality, for it is a protection, a shield and a two-edged sword against the oppressing foe, the head of the accusers, Samael himself and his troop,

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<sup>3</sup> Edmond Jabès, *The Book of Questions*, trans. Rosemarie Waldrop (Middletown: Wesleyan University Press, 1991), 84.

shutting their mouths and silencing all prosecution.”<sup>4</sup> There is mourning at the start of writing,<sup>5</sup> or perhaps there ought to be. Perhaps there shouldn’t. I have known of this book since I was young, & this sentence haunts me. It is a double prosecution: translating an entire people into one mouth is the first form of prosecution; binding that mouth, the second. It is a defacement.

The temple was destroyed, and then the temple was destroyed, and in place of both we have the book. That’s our narrative. My ancestor was thrown from a cliff in what was then called Palestine and now is Israel. That’s our narrative. My mother’s husband designed radios for the Israeli military and during dinner boasts of the many Arabs he has helped to kill. What do I do with this? What do I do with the banality of this repetitious and *familiar* scene: “[Adolf Eichmann] had no time and less desire to be properly informed, he did not even know the Party program, he never read Mein Kampf. Kaltenbrunner had said to him: Why not join the S.S.? And he had replied, Why not?”<sup>6</sup>

Is this my heritage? Is this the origin to which I belong, and the future towards which I am compelled? In *Remnants of Auschwitz: The Witness and the Archive*, Giorgio Agamben reveals that the group of prisoners in Auschwitz suffering so severely from malnutrition that, though alive, they appeared inhumanly dead, were referred to by prisoners and guards alike as “Muselmann,” or Muslims. Alternatively called “mummy-

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<sup>4</sup> Shimon Horowitz, *The Book of Defense*, trans. Tatyana Leifman (Jerusalem: It’ach, 1940), preface.

<sup>5</sup> See Federico Galende, “La Izquierda Entre El Duelo, La Melancolía Y El Trauma,” in *Debates críticos en América Latina: 36 números de la Revista de crítica cultural (1990-2008)*, ed. Nelly Richards (Santiago: Editorial Arcis/ Editorial Cuarto Propio/ Revista de crítica cultural, 2008), 111.

<sup>6</sup> Hannah Arendt, *Eichmann in Jerusalem: A Report on the Banality of Evil* (NY: The Viking Press, 1993), 29.

men,” “husk-men” and “the living dead,” Agamben argues that the *Muselmann* did not so much embody death as he did a “point of no return” beyond which the human becomes the uncanny nonhuman. “Muslim” in this case is savagely non-denominational: “In any case, it is certain that, with a kind of ferocious irony, the Jews knew that they would not die at Auschwitz as Jews.”<sup>7</sup> The *Muselmann* inspired a fear of a sort of contamination, then, but not from external phenomena: “This is why the prisoner’s most pressing concern was to hide his sickness and his exhaustion, to constantly cover over the *Muselmann* who at every moment was emerging in him.”<sup>8</sup> The *Muselmann* then was simply an external manifestation of what we all carry within us: the nonhuman. Curiously, or tellingly, the designation for this superlatively radical Other – this category that ought transcend the human and that thereby ought transcend culture – is an avatar for Western culture’s Other. The term was in common use in Auschwitz, from where it spread to other camps as well.<sup>9</sup>

It is difficult, and dangerous, to draw conclusions from this. I have none. I bring it up because it is a part of my history, and I am haunted by it, and I have heard its traces among family members, and I hear it in the speeches and policies of politicians.

President Donald Trump’s first attempt at instituting what would quickly be called by American citizens the “Muslim Ban” – an executive order – aimed to block entry for citizens of 7 predominantly Muslim countries for 90 days, suspend admittance of all refugees for 120, and bar shelter for all Syrian refugees indefinitely. President Trump

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<sup>7</sup> Giorgio Agamben, *Remnants of Auschwitz: the Witness and the Archive*, trans. Daniel Heller-Roazen (NY: Zone Books, 2002), 45.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, 52.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, 44.

ordered this on International Holocaust Remembrance Day. By refusing the millions of Syrian refugees in the present, he retroactively refused the millions of Jewish refugees in the past, and translated old anti-Semitism into current Islamophobia, one life-destroying intolerance for another. It is the worst revisionist remembrance thinkable, the worst form of cultural translation possible, a hauntology<sup>10</sup>. And the dehumanizing depictions of the masses of Syrian refugees are not so far either from those of the Muselmann. Like the masses of Muselmann kept quarantined and out of sight of both prisoners and captors alike – the very sight of which could awaken the Muselmann<sup>11</sup> within – President Donald Trump has described the majority-Muslim Syrian refugees as “pouring in” and “infiltrating the country” like some ceaselessly contaminating epidemic.<sup>12</sup> And similar to these “husk-men” who are harbingers of death and the inhuman, the president has described the Syrian refugees as possibly the “ultimate Trojan horse,” a vessel that resembles a domesticated cavalry animal, but harbors the wild footsoldiers within. This metaphor effects a curious example of cultural translation, demonstrating the terms’ mutual incommensurability: America twists into the doomed sleeping soldiers of Troy, and the Syrian refugees now offer refuge to the restless ISIS-Greek soldiers within. This

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<sup>10</sup> I would like to point out that this first half of this paragraph is actually excerpted from *The Carrant*, and shows up within it twice, i.e. makes it ghostly re-appearance.

<sup>11</sup> For more on the question of the Muselmann, see “Tracing Theory on the Body of the ‘Walking Dead’: Der Muselmann and the Course of Holocaust Studies,” *Sbofar* 30, no. 2 (Winter 2012): 74-90 as well as Primo Levi’s memoir *If This is a Man*, trans. Stuart Woolf (New York: The Orion Press, 1959), specifically the chapter “The Drowned and the Saved.” For a critical response to Agamben’s work on the same subject, see Philippe Mesnard and Claudine Kahn, *Giorgio Agamben à l’épreuve d’Auschwitz* (Paris: Kimé, 2001).

<sup>12</sup> Jonathan Martin and Alexander Burns, “Blaming Muslims After Attack, Donald Trump Tosses Pluralism Aside” *The New York Times*, 13 June 2016, Accessed 25 May, 2017. <https://nyti.ms/2pivUw5>.



is a metaphor belying an extreme anxiety – the Greeks were, in the literature, victorious after all – that Homi Bhabha would characterize as typical of narratives of the borderline conditions of cultures and disciplines. Quoting Samuel Weber, Bhabha in *The Location of Culture* argues that such anxiety is the affective address of “a world [that] reveals itself as caught up in the space between frames; a doubled frame or one that is split.”<sup>13</sup> Curiously, the ancient Achaeans and the ancient Trojans both spoke Greek, were considered Greek in culture, and worshiped the same gods. Rather than think of Weber’s doubled frame in this instance as similarity/difference or foreignness/domesticity, it might behoove us to consider the East/West split: Troy and America as West, and Greece and Syria as East.

While “Muselmann,” “Muslim,” “Achaean,” “Trojan,” “Syrian,” “American,” and “ISIS soldier” are terms obviously incommensurate with each other, neither are any of them reducible to larger categories of cultural difference such as East or West. This seemingly paradoxical conflation of discordant temporalities and incongruous cultures – this act of cultural translation – actually ends up highlighting the provisional and staged nature of *cultural difference*, rather than championing it as an essential category. This is because such staging of cultural difference exposes the ghostly traces of the real and buried-alive histories beneath. For example, it was the 7<sup>th</sup> – 9<sup>th</sup> century-long Abbasid Translation Movement in Baghdad that sought out Greek, Persian, and Indian learning, and translated these texts into Arabic. Such feverish translational and intellectual activity was due in large part to the Abbasid caliphate’s culture of exchange in which Muslims and non-Muslims worked together to seek out ancient sciences – hitherto unavailable to Western Europe, which had lost the linguistic ability to translate the very texts so

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<sup>13</sup> Homi K. Bhabha, *The Location of Culture* (London: Routledge, 1994), 214.

foundational to their “heritage” – translate them to Arabic, elaborate upon and contribute to the scientific knowledge and philosophical insights within, and then circulate them by way of paper-making technology invented in China.<sup>14</sup> Not long after, when the Christian forces “reconquered”<sup>15</sup> the city of Toledo in 1085, the new occupants found they had inherited enormous libraries of vast knowledge and advanced thought all written in Arabic – many of these texts being the same as those translated/composed in the Abbasid Translation Movement. Thus, an analogous but somewhat inverse<sup>16</sup> movement, the Toledan School of Translators, took these Arabic texts and translated them into Latin in the 12<sup>th</sup> century and then into Castilian Spanish in the 13<sup>th</sup> – in the latter case, becoming an official translation program in order to “aggrandise the newly emerging Spanish nation” and “to convert the Muslim”<sup>17</sup> – with the linguistic expertise

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<sup>14</sup> Amira K. Bennison, *The Great Caliphs: The Golden Age of the Abbasid Empire* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2009).

<sup>15</sup> “La Reconquista,” or “The Reconquest” is, as David Wacks puts it, “[t]he traditional and ideologically burdened term to describe the centuries-long struggle between Christian and Muslim polities on the Iberian Peninsula,” whose burden is the ironic “re”: the Iberian peninsula had never belonged to Christian “Spain” in the first place. David Wacks, *Framing Iberia: Maqāmāt and Frametale Narratives in Medieval Spain* (Leiden: Brill, 2007), 18.

<sup>16</sup> I say “somewhat” inverse insofar as the Hellenistic texts translated from Greek into Arabic during the Abbasid translation movement were, centuries later, translated from Arabic “back” into Latin by the Toledan School of Translators. To call this an “inversion” “back” presumes the cultural ascendancy of Greco-Latin – eliding and delegitimizing Greco-Syriac and Greco-Coptic, for example – and thereby codifies the reductive categories of East and West that I mean to contest. I mean to point out the historical context in which such a flattening out of cultural heterogeneity was taking place, not to reproduce it.

<sup>17</sup> Charles Burnett, *Magic and divination in the Middle Ages: texts and techniques in the Islamic and Christian worlds*. (Aldershot, Great Britain: Variorum, 1996), 1046.

of Christian, Arabic<sup>18</sup>, and Jewish luminaries. In the end, then, it was “Arabic” culture – “the East” – that eased the transmission<sup>19</sup> of Hellenic knowledge to Medieval Europe; it was also this translational program, however, with its nationalizing agenda, that codified the categories of East and West by eliding Iberia’s cultural indebtedness to Arabic culture, finding its political culmination in Spain’s 1492’s expulsion of the Jews, and 1614’s expulsion of the Moriscos.<sup>20</sup>

Here then is what Bhabha means when he argues that the “performativity of translation” is the “staging of cultural differences”: “cultural differences must be

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<sup>18</sup> Among those translated was the physician and philosopher Ibn Rushd, most commonly known in the West as Averroes, who was a leading commentator on Aristotelian texts and thereby the most influential philosopher in (Western) Europe. According to Charles Burnett, on the same page as the citation above, a burst of Aristotelian fervor took place under the Almohads in 13<sup>th</sup> century Islamic Spain, making Averroes’ three levels of commentaries for all of Aristotle’s works – “the most ambitious project ever conceived for interpreting Aristotle” – all but indispensable. His works were further translated into Latin and became “a model for Latin commentaries from the[...]13<sup>th</sup> century onwards” (1050). Averroes indeed occupies a privileged position in the outer circle of Dante Alighieri’s hell, alongside Aristotle, Socrates, Plato, and Homer among others, whose quintessential contributions to Christian culture saved them from hell’s torments, but whose non-Christian culture nonetheless relegated them to the status of infidelity. The egregious irony of the Greek philosophers’ and poet’s involuntary infidelity due to chronology – they were and, according to Dante’s scheme, they forever are, after all, B.C. – pales in comparison to Dante’s willingness to ascribe to Averroes the same Western status, being that Averroes was by choice an infidel. Such is the debt that none other than Dante, the poet who by way of *The Comedia* literarily claims himself successor to Vergil while simultaneously stamping Italy as cultural inheritor of Rome, concedes to the Andalusian philosopher. In this case, Hell and its Periphery have as their analogue the Historical Text and its Footnote.

<sup>19</sup> For further reading on how “scholars writing in Arabic had developed, added to, or made more accessible, the texts of Antiquity [to Latin-writing Europeans],” see “The Translating Activity in Medieval Spain” chapter of Burnett’s *Magic and Divination in the Middle Ages*.

<sup>20</sup> Bennisson, 175.

understood as they constitute identities – contingently, indeterminately.”<sup>21</sup> Calling cultural translation a “borderline negotiation,” Bhabha argues that the revision of the problem of global space from the postcolonial perspective demands that the “location of culture must be re-situated in time, and at the mobile, modal, provisional, borderline or in-between.”<sup>22</sup> These are the unsmoothable knots that cultural translation makes a failed attempt to flatten; they are discovered in time.

Agamben points out how strikingly central the Muselmann is in Holocaust witness’ accounts, and yet in the historical studies on the destruction of European Jews, mention of the Muselmann only begins to be made in the 1980s.<sup>23</sup> This delay is unaccounted for, is probably unaccountable, but it is what Ammiel Alcalay, in *After Jews and Arabs: Remaking Levantine Culture* – would call “the return of the repressed,” but doubly so.<sup>24</sup> Alcalay argues that the stark division between Arab and Jewish culture is not at all inherent, but historically specific and in fact quite recent. After the rise of Islam in the 7<sup>th</sup> century and the rapid subsequent Arab conquests extending from Iberia to Afghanistan, the majority of Jews came under Islamic rule. This began “the long and great period of Jewish-Arab symbiosis,”<sup>25</sup> as Alcalay puts it, although Jews are Arabs after all. While Western Europe in the medieval period was largely agricultural and feudal, medieval culture in the Middle East was characterized by industry, commerce,

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<sup>21</sup> Bhabha, 233.

<sup>22</sup> Bhabha, 323.

<sup>23</sup> Agamben, 52.

<sup>24</sup> Ammiel Alcalay, *After Jews and Arabs: Remaking Levantine Culture* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota, 1993), 12.

<sup>25</sup> Alcalay, 37.

and its bureaucratic organization.<sup>26</sup> Jews spoke Arabic and took Arabic names, and were permitted to practice their religion while enjoying high posts as artisans, merchants, translators, and functionaries in the Islamic polities themselves. To be Arabic could just as well mean to be Jewish.

The ideology of the modern Zionist movement, on the other hand – emerging in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century – would eventually result in the “de-Arabization” of Jewish culture, whereby a repulsion for all things Arabic was policy-implemented by the Zionist state, marking itself monolingual and monocultural: “This was most acutely felt in the loss of Arabic as a native tongue and, as corollary to that, the loss of grounding in any native tongue, forced as the new immigrants were to conform to the non-Semitic structure<sup>27</sup>, syntax, and pronunciation of ‘new Hebrew.’ The repulsion for things Arabic projected by the prevailing ideology was thus inscribed phonetically within the very deepest

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<sup>26</sup> Alcalay, 36.

<sup>27</sup> This shocking claim is based on Alcalay’s reading of José Faur’s article “A Sense of Language,” from the 1973 Winter issue of *Sephardic Studies*. Citing particularly the works of Mendele Mocher Sforim and H. N. Bialik – the two leading writers of the Haskalah movement – Faur argues that the advent of Modern Hebrew literature not only reflects but in fact amplifies the total linguistic transformation that is Modern Hebrew proper. After displaying a litany of examples of “chaotic” morphological, phonological, and syntactical aberrations from “Hebrew” present in the poetry of “Modern Hebrew,” Faur concludes “The syntax of New Hebrew, and the literature in which it finds expression, is not Hebrew. It attempts to conform to Indo-European languages, Yiddish in particular.” Faur’s conclusion that an entire language has ceased to be what it was – New Hebrew is not Hebrew – is comically tautological on the one hand, and hinges on a linguistic analysis of a subset of two literary authors, on the other. The hastiness of his sweeping generalization obviously attributes to his prescriptivist view of *Hebrew in particular* as a sacred language, itself predicated on a nationalist agenda. Nonetheless, this nationalism is one of semitic peoples in general, and Faur appears to lionize Hebrew as much as he lionizes Arabic, ultimately recognizing Jewishness as part and parcel with Arabic culture, the former finding its ideal embodiment in the Sephardic Jew. Ultimately Faur views the Indo-European infusion that characterizes Modern Hebrew as a sign of great cultural and spiritual loss. José Faur, “A Sense of Language,” *The Sephardic World* (Winter 1973), 25-30.

recesses of the personal psyche, within language itself.”<sup>28</sup> Levantine Jews who moved to the new Israel found themselves dismissed by the complete economic and cultural hegemony of the Eastern European and Russian Jews; their marginalization and pulverizing dehumanization were succinctly summed by then-prime minister David Ben-Gurion’s designation of the Levantine Jews as “human dust.”<sup>29</sup> The historically diasporic existence of the Jewish people – belonging nowhere and arriving everywhere – was repressed in the objective of recreating the homeland that was then called Palestine, but that would be interpellated as Israel. This dispossession of the Palestinians on the Zionists’ part required a disavowal of the Arabic heritage intrinsic to Levantine Jewishness.

As a Sephardic and Ashkenazi Jew myself, I seek to raise to the surface the linguistico-cultural skeins that prove no language is an island, that monolingualism does not exist, and that to claim the opposite belies an impossibly violent fantasy. Our present geopolitical circumstances, to say nothing of the Syrian refugee crisis, attest terrifyingly to this.

Therefore my creative dissertation is no book of defense, but it is also not an apology; it is neither a self- nor ancestral-exonerating Sorry, nor is it an *Apologia in defense* of any one religious doctrine or political ideology. The poet Aaron Kunin ends his book *The Sore Throat* with the following apt statement: “Comment: the function of an

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<sup>28</sup> Alcalay, 51.

<sup>29</sup> Alcalay, 38.

apology is to reintroduce the offence in a concentrated form. Or else the apology is directed toward the future: something you're planning."<sup>30</sup>

I am instead heralding a poetic and translational mode that discovers the play between apparent contraries such as defense and apology, silence and testimony, past and future, foreign and domestic, Jew and Muselmann, discovery and invention, history and poiesis; I re-open the constitutive Differànce between these terms – that mobile and equivocal passage – in order to unfix and interrogate constituted categories of Difference. As Bhabha would have it in “How Newness Enters the World,” I seek to open a space for newness to enter the world *again* by way of enacting a “staging of cultural difference,” on whose very proscenium stars the performativity of translation.<sup>31</sup> Rather than define newness according to frameworks of “original and copy,” I hope to show a “foreign element that reveals the interstitial; insists in the textile superfluity of folds and wrinkles; and becomes the ‘unstable element of linkage,’ the indeterminate temporality of the in-between, that has to be engaged in creating the conditions through which ‘newness comes into the world.’”<sup>32</sup> The task of translation, which is also the work of literature, is to advocate an in-between mode that reanimates the foreign past dissolved within the domestic, and vice versa, and I argue for a translational poetics that mirrors and augments this work.

I want to work against what Edward Said identifies as the ideological underpinnings and motivations behind the Western view of Islam – as promulgated materially by both state and cultural apparatuses, including the very field of Orientalism

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<sup>30</sup> Aaron Kunin, *The Sore Throat* (Albany: Fence Books, 2010), 125.

<sup>31</sup> Bhabha, 227

<sup>32</sup> Ibid.

that takes Islam as “object” of study – in other words, an expression of, and a justification for, the assertion of dominance over the “redoubtable Orient.”<sup>33</sup> By producing “Islam” as a homogenized, represented object or category of Western study/knowledge, the West justifies its use of power to “subdue” its fearful opponent. The notion of Islam having an essentialist “nature” seems itself discursively constructed by the Western State as part of a Foucauldian *pouvoir-savoir* strategy of domination. The Islamic community is a transnational social system, thereby implying heterogeneity, lack of fixity geospatially and culturo-linguistically, etc. The modern national political model however – especially the West’s secular nationalism, the Westphalian model – promotes intra-territorial homogeneity of the culture and the language of its subjects to ensure the continued hegemony of its own national political regime. In “Islam, Diaspora, and Multiculturalism,” Bryan S. Turner looks at this and wonders “if Islam as a transnational religious movement can be accommodated within national political regimes.”<sup>34</sup> The question is a cynical and rhetorical one; although Benedict Anderson would argue that the modern nation creates cultural categories such as “religion” as we know it<sup>35</sup>, Islam nonetheless does not “translate” within the national-secular political model.

It is likely for this reason that the West commonly views the Qur’an as unreadable, even impenetrable. Its style is meandering, its narratives often brief and

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<sup>33</sup> “Like Walter Scott’s Saracens, the European representation of the Muslim, Ottoman, or Arab was always a way of controlling the redoubtable Orient, and to a certain extent the same is true of the methods of contemporary learned Orientalists.” Edward W. Said, *Orientalism* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1978), 60.

<sup>34</sup> Bryan S. Turner, “Islam, Diaspora, and Multiculturalism.” *The SAGE Handbook of Islamic Studies*. 32.

<sup>35</sup> see Benedict Anderson, *Imagined Communities* (New York: Verso, 2006),



allusive, abrupt to irrupt and to dissipate. Its plethora of pronouns' referents are difficult to determine: God is alternately referred to as God, We, He, and I, and "you" may at times refer to Muhammad as often as it will refer to the congregation of readers/receptors (to whom Muhammad recited the then-oral Qur'an) as often it will refer to you (who reads the textual Qur'an, which the oral Qur'an anticipated as to-come). In addition, the Qur'an alludes to stories and prophets of the Gospels and the Torah frequently, but dramatically rewrites and re-envisions them.

And yet Eric Auerbach, in *Mimesis*, calls such a style characteristic of a "literature of the sublime." Whereas in Homer *things* are externalized, described, and foregrounded, in the Hebrew Bible things are "fraught with background" and never exposed.<sup>36</sup> In the sacrifice of Isaac, for example, we know nothing of Isaac's age, of Abraham's thoughts or fears or trembling, we only know Isaac is Abraham's first-born son, and that Abraham loves him. The Qur'an follows and improves upon this "shadowy" literary style. The Qur'an is, in this seminal sense, Western. The Qur'an sees itself as laying the final brick on the foundation of Western thought. What if the Qur'an did translate? What if the West accepted the foreignness inherent in the domestic, and vice versa? What would happen if the People of the Book – *abl al-kitab*, an expression that designates, amongst others, the Christians and the Jews – accepted Muslims as people of the book as well? What would happen to the very category that is "West"?

In my *Currant* I want to beg these questions and to enact, through the syncretism of translation as a contact zone of dialogic exchange, the Dhimma political model as

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<sup>36</sup> Eric Auerbach, *Mimesis: The Representation of Reality in Western Literature* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1953), 12.

established by the Iberian Islamic caliphate. The Dhimma model accommodated Jews and Christians as *People of the Book*, resulting in a rich and dialogic community of exchange and intellectual flowering throughout much of Islamic rule in medieval Iberia, a more successful example of cultural syncretism and tolerance than had ever been achieved since among theocracies of the Abrahamic tradition, and vastly more successful than we see now in our contemporary, secular and nation-based milieu. Rather than write a work that, through lack of contextualization and historiography, would run the risk of producing another Orientalizing object, *The Carrant* serves as a textual “memory palace” – coined by scholar and medievalist María Rosa Menocal – that materially houses the memory of Al-Andalus, the Arabic word for that multilingual commonwealth of flourishing cultural and intellectual exchange ruled by Muslim monarchs in medieval Iberia from 711 – 1492. Menocal makes clear that “memory” does not imply “loss,” however:

That medieval modality is squarely at the heart of what we now call the postmodern condition, the search for a way out of the totalizing History that begins – now, I think, tellingly – with a rejection of the medieval. The medieval is a modality that, to put it simply, is memorialistic, which means it does not seek to “objectivize” – which means distance – the past but quite the contrary. The past is intimately involved with ourselves, it is one of the functions of Memory, it is most to be valued when it has meaning in our own contingencies.<sup>37</sup>

Rather than the totalizing Renaissance narrative of a diachronic History that marches through empty homogeneous time towards a Western notion of progress that footnotes heterogeneous skeins and that suppresses traumatic pasts, Menocal argues that Medieval

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<sup>37</sup> María Rosa Menocal, *The Ornament of the World: How Muslims, Jews, and Christians Created a Culture of Tolerance in Medieval Spain* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 2002), 16.

Memory synchronically demonstrates that on the one hand the past does not pass and, on the other, that the past can be reclaimed for the exigencies of the present through an intimate relation with such memory palaces which house an alternate, contrapositive history. Because such memory palaces, in art at least, are built via formal innovations that respond to cultural crises, entering such a memory palace affords the visitor an opportunity – echoing Bhabha again – to open a space for newness to enter the world again. In order to stage Al-Andaluz as a spatial site of loss but as a temporal position of “reconquest,” lets say, I stage *The Currant* as a proscenium of cultural difference by framing my project as a “found manuscript” in the multilingual, intergeneric Aljamiado manuscript tradition, as practiced covertly by persecuted moriscos in Inquisition-era Spain in order to house the memory of their culture, the which became mortally prohibited by decree of the Christian Kings at the moment of Spain’s “Reconquest.”

The Aljamiado Manuscript tradition took place briefly and urgently in the 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> centuries, when forcibly converted crypto-Muslims (baptized “moriscos” by the ruling Christians) in Inquisition-era Spain assembled secret tracts for other persecuted moriscos, despite being prohibited on pain of death from reading and writing in Arabic and from practicing Islam. These subversive manuscripts often took the form of a miscellany: some chapters of the Qur’an (the most essential, used for daily prayers), narratives, poems, medicinal recipes, sometimes even grocery lists, coalescing in a set of texts that interspersed the sacred with the everyday.

Linguistically, Aljamiado was a written system whereby a Romance language (such as Castilian Spanish) was transliterated into Arabic script. Hence the usage of the term “aljamiado,” a Spanish term which derives from the Arabic adjective “ajamiyya”

which designates, depending on the circumstance, “foreign,” “barbarian” or, most poignantly, “non-Arabic.” In *Covert Gestures: Crypto-Islamic Literature As Cultural Practice in Early Modern Spain*, Vincent Barletta extrapolates on the implications of the usage of such a term: “Defined in negative terms (as neither fully Castilian nor in any real sense Arabic), the written narratives of the Moriscos have been framed by Christian Spaniards and Arabs alike as the discourse of an intellectually, culturally, and spiritually impoverished ‘Other.’”<sup>38</sup> Defined in positive terms, however (positive both in the sense of a community defined by *presence* rather than loss or absence, and positive in the sense of a community whose very interstitiality offers an example of survival in the face of existential crisis via a community mnemotechnic, a communal innovation), it seems this is just the sort of community Homi Bhabha seeks when he states “What is at issue is the creation of agency through incommensurable (not simply multiple) positions. Is there a poetics of the ‘interstitial’ community? How does it name itself, author its agency?”<sup>39</sup>

A literal answer to this question would be, it doesn’t; an Aljamiado manuscript was generally anonymous, with an indeterminate and non-determinable number of authors. It would be tempting to presume that fear of identification and subsequent punishment motivated the anonymity of these authors – and this may well be part of it – but the fundamental flaw behind this reasoning lay in our modern ideological assumptions with which we freight the term “author.” As Barletta explains, most Aljamiado manuscripts were not “created” by authors as we understand them, but were produced over time by several scribes, who translated and adapted traditional narratives

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<sup>38</sup> Vincent Barletta, *Covert Gestures: Crypto-Islamic Literature As Cultural Practice in Early Modern Spain* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2005), xxix.

<sup>39</sup> Bhabha, 231.

from Qur'anic and otherwise non-Western folkloric tradition. These Aljamiado manuscripts were nearly always multi-authored, replete with marginal notes, squiggles, and commentaries from various invisible hands. Such a practice ups the ante of Barthes' "Death of the Author" by elevating the reader to the status of active collaborator, mediator, and adaptor. In this way process is given priority over product and, rather than an individualist enterprise, we see a "poetry as cultural practice." This notion comes from Steven C. Caton's study of poetic performance among North Yemeni Bedouins, in which he states "we begin to see how artificial, even misleading, it is to think of the work of art as an *object*. What we would call an object is really the end product of a creative process, a particular moment in a continuous practice, that has become privileged for reception in our tradition."<sup>40</sup> In this sense then the morisco community authors its agency collectively, preferring circulation and adaptation to fixed publication, insofar as the former dynamics reflect the very dynamism and flexibility requisite to continued survival.

Although Caton's study refers to a particular Arabic tribe as well as to a particular Arabic poetic tradition – namely the *qasida*<sup>41</sup> – this championing of process over product,

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<sup>40</sup> Barletta, 8.

<sup>41</sup> The *qasida* is arguably the most important form of classical Arabic poetry, an ode as old as pre-Islamic times that nonetheless has undergone centuries of development and refinement and that began to see further transformation in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century. Spanish poet Federico Garcia Lorca implemented them in his *Divan del Tamarit*, or "casida" in Castilian. Although his adaptation of the form does not follow the stringent metrical rules of the classical Arabic original, the allusion to the form, the titular "Diwan" designating in Arabic a manuscript of poems, and the poetic scenes taking place in the last city stronghold of Al-Andaluz, Granada, marks Lorca's work as a memory palace to Spain's otherwise largely disavowed moorish past. For more on the *qasida* see Roger Allen's *An Introduction to Arabic Literature* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2003), Chapter 3.

of ongoing adaptation over static original, was a mainstay of medieval literature not at all exclusive to Arabic nor Aljamiado conventions. The Castilian classic *Libro del caballero Zifar* or “Book of the knight of God,” redacted in mid-14<sup>th</sup> century Toledo, explicitly thematizes its own circulation, claiming in its very own pages that the book was composed “under the emendation of those who might wish to and know how to emend it,” and suggesting that it ought “much please a person who begins something that all those who wish to and know how to emend it do so, for the more a thing is emended the more it is praised.”<sup>42</sup> John Dagenais argues that this very note to the reader (emender, writer) is “as clear a statement as we could wish for that the ‘work’ of an ‘author,’ which we still place at the summit of our hierarchy of literary values, took second place to those written forms which we tend to devalue: commentary, continuation, *remaniement*. In fact, praise accrues to the author in direct proportion to the amount of emendation readers carry out upon his text.”<sup>43</sup>

This circulation and continual emendation of “the same” manuscript through space and time results in what Daniel Selden calls a “text network,” that is, a body of related texts whose origin we cannot determine. Although text networks had their heyday in Late Antiquity – for example the three primary Abrahamic texts, the Torah, the Gospels and, arguably<sup>44</sup>, the Qur’an, are all respective text networks – that

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<sup>42</sup> Barletta, 12.

<sup>43</sup> Ibid.

<sup>44</sup> I want to stress that I am not here taking a stance on whether or not the Qur’an was divinely authored, as it is commonly believed to be in Islamic discourse, and as the highly self-referential book proclaims itself to be. If I were to take the side that Allah is its author, however, the earthly Qur’an would still be considered a text network insofar as the tradition of Umm Al-Kitab – or The Mother of the Book – posits a heavenly Qur’an that preceded the one we know now and that is inaccessible, a source that will never be

culminated within the medieval period. In his titular essay, Selden holds up most highly the example of the Alexander Romance, which “retained its popularity for over a millennium” and was “translated into virtually every language of culture from India to Spain to Ethiopia to Iceland,” persisting from antiquity to the medieval period.<sup>45</sup> Rather than being an exceptional case, Selden argues that the model of the text network was the most common type of disseminational patterning in the Roman East, not in small part due to the fact they “explicitly thematize their own dissemination, which suggests that their cross-cultural transmission is structurally encoded in the works themselves.”<sup>46</sup> Just as the Greek text of the Alexander Romance states “He crossed all the land beneath the sun; no habitable portion remained there over,” so too did the book. Finally, Selden describes, decries, and diagnoses the passing of the text network from fashion:

the abrupt disappearance of all such romance networks, at least in the West, in the fifteenth century C.E., suggests that we are dealing with a historical break – in this case the incipient shift from the tributary polities that were the legacy of Persia, through the increasing penetration of the commodity form into the work of art, to the modalities of standardization that condition all production – literary and otherwise – under the modern capitalist nation state.<sup>47</sup>

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known. Following this, the 23 years of piecemeal revelation of the Word to Muhammad by the angel Gabriel – in which Muhammad would memorize and his scribes would concomitantly record these verses – resembles a text network in two ways: first, in the sense of the transmission of the oral text to the written text, a sort of “translation” so often present in the foundations and circulations of the text network; and second, the verses Muhammad’s scribes recorded resulted in a body of work not meant to be organized chronologically, i.e., in the order of receipt from the angel Gabriel. Hence for many years after Muhammad’s death there were many versions of the Qur’an with different chapter orders and verse arrangements, a highly controversial period because no one laid strict claim to the “original” or “intentional” organization of The Book.

<sup>45</sup> Daniel Selden, “Text Networks.” *Ancient Narrative* 8 (2010): 12-13.

<sup>46</sup> Selden, 13.

<sup>47</sup> Selden, 14.

If the rise of modern capital, nationalism and the nation, the Westernizing of culture, and the commodification of art all contribute to the end of the romance network, the same factors lead to the creation of the last and the most constricted text network, the Aljamiado manuscript. Living *in* exile – expelled constitutionally from their Arabic culture, but locked within a new Spanish nation that views them as too suspect to be Spanish – and without possible readership outside their own scattered interstitial communities, moriscos wrote a literature they didn’t author, and that thereby could never be saleable as literature. They authored their own agency, ironically, by adapting other literatures and literary forms by way of what I would call an intertextual network, a network of stories and forms always in-transit, never belonging to one or even multiple cultures, but whose very incommensurability and irreducibility to one culture makes them that much more adaptable and fit for survival. The poetics of the interstitial community, I argue, is to collaborate in fulfilling poet and critic Trinh T. Minh-ha’s exhortation to “create in sharing a field that belongs to no one, not even to those who create it.”<sup>48</sup>

Before diving in to specific Aljamiado works, I want to address the controversial question as to why Morisco texts were produced in the first place; in the end, this is ultimately a question about the *Why* of the *How* they authored their agency. Vincent Barletta outlines one principal theory regarding this question: “*aljamiado* was an inherently secretive written code for the Moriscos, an in-group device designed to keep

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<sup>48</sup> Trinh T. Minh-ha, *When the Moon Waxes Red: Representation, Gender and Cultural Politics* (New York: Routledge, 1991), 108.



prying non-Muslim readers out and generate a sense of community and history that serves to repel and resist Christian hegemony.”<sup>49</sup> This theory is compelling insofar as most of the extant Aljamiado manuscripts were produced during the second half of the 16<sup>th</sup> century, when Christian persecution was at its height, just preceding the 1614 expulsion of the moriscos altogether. Additionally, it makes sense to assume that Christian Spain’s proscription on speaking and writing Arabic would result in Moriscos forgetting how to read and write in Arabic. On the other hand, however, the theory does not account for the fact that an Aljamiado text was written in Arabic characters and was thereby just as illegal as an otherwise-Arabic text; most Christian contemporaries did not even know of the existence of Aljamiado, and a Christian official stumbling across an Aljamiado manuscript would have simply assumed it was another Qur’an to burn and another Morisco to castigate.<sup>50</sup> Thus, what is the point of the secret, if the secret does not keep secret the text’s heterodox nature? In the same sense that the theory falters in assuming the code is written for the sake of fooling non-Muslims, many Aljamiado texts were translated and copied in Latin script by Moriscos, and there was a co-extensive tradition of writing Islamic narratives in a Romance language. And finally, there is the problem of the reductive assumption that Aljamiado has its *raison d’être* in responding to Christian hegemony – that the Moriscos lacked agency, that the Moriscos were themselves authored by the Christian hegemony – when in fact the earliest Aljamiado manuscripts date back to the 14<sup>th</sup> century, that is, the Mudéjar period that pre-dates the

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<sup>49</sup> Barletta, 133.

<sup>50</sup> Barletta, 134.

forced conversions of the Moriscos.<sup>51</sup> Similarly the *kbarjas* – Romance-language couplets transliterated into Arabic script that end the Arabic lyrical poems known as *mumashshabat* – were a form of Aljamiado written by Iberian Muslim courtesans as early as the 11<sup>th</sup> century *not* in defiance against Christian power, but rather employing an aesthetic mode that indexed the diversity of their multilingual and multicultural community.<sup>52</sup>

Another theory more directly addresses the question as to why the Moriscos would transliterate a Romance language into Arabic script, and finding a more satisfying middleground between agentive deployment and coerced response. Essentially, Aljamiado most likely developed because Christian Spain’s proscription of the practicing of Islam and the speaking/writing of Arabic caused Moriscos to forget how to speak Arabic, and yet they could still write in its script. This was a sort of compromise, then: while they could only speak in the language of the Spanish conquerors, they could still “present their religious stories within the graphic signs of their sacred language, ‘a-lughat al-arabya,’ the language of God that was revealed in the Quran, as if the Arabic letters themselves would convey the revered meaning of their holy language and faith.”<sup>53</sup> Hence Aljamiado manuscripts are memory palaces in two senses: first, Aljamiado as an innovative mnemotechnic brought into service against oblivion, in order to house cultural treasures that would otherwise be lost; and second, by employing a prestige language that beautifies, raises in esteem, and adorns the language, thereby memorializing and rendering the stories palatial. Vincent Barletta extrapolates on the implications of

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<sup>51</sup> Barletta, 135.

<sup>52</sup> Ibid.

<sup>53</sup> María del Mar Rosa-Rodríguez, *Aljamiado Legends: The Literature and Life of Crypto-Muslims in Imperial Spain* (Newark: LinguaText, 2018), 12.

this practice not simply in terms of contemporaneous community-building and -sustaining, but in terms of Moriscos' relationship with Muslims across geopolitical space as well as time:

Looked at from this perspective, the use of *aljamiado* by Castilian and Aragonese Moriscos has an extraordinarily important cross-temporal as well as cross-cultural function. It is a mistake, in other words, to view the use of Arabic script in the production of Romantic texts simply as a means of connecting the Moriscos to the larger Islamic *umma* situation around the Mediterranean during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries [but also] the powerful manner in which the use of Arabic script situated Morisco scribes and readers within a thousand-year tradition of God's relationship with Muslims[...][T]he use of *aljamiado*[...]functioned primarily as a way by which the Moriscos could simultaneously connect themselves to traditional Islamic discourse from a past framed, through narrative and its implementation in practice, *as their own* and bring that past to bear on a present and future that they saw as uncertain and even confusing. In this respect, there is an important temporal element[...] both from the perspective of the continuation of a literary practice of writing in Romance that had begun at least a century earlier (and built on the foundation of a much longer oral tradition of Romance narrative) and the ability of the Arabic alphabet itself to index the very tradition that Morisco scribes were consciously attempting to preserve and shape to their own needs.<sup>54</sup>

By way of *Aljamiado*, the forcibly-converted Moriscos were able effect a counter-conversion; they were able to reinvent themselves into a flexible, adaptive, heterogeneous form of Islam just as stratified and layered as the Arabic-inflected Castilian Spanish language the Moriscos transliterated into their Castilian Spanish-inflected Arabic script. By writing in the script of God, the Moriscos could rejoin the Muslim tradition of writing in Arabic, joining their uncertain present and fearful future to a more *longue duree* notion of messianic time whereby they are once again a part of the *umma*, or community, as established by Muhammad in the 7<sup>th</sup> century, and are promised the same heavenly future as that community on the Day of Judgment.

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<sup>54</sup> Barletta, 137-8.

Additionally, it is tempting to interpret the practice of transliterating into Arabic putatively non-Muslim texts written in a Romance language – or a “Christian language” – as another subversive sort of “conversion narrative” by which the Moriscos convert Christians(‘ texts) into Muslims(‘ texts); such an interpretation is seductive, but we must resist it. The truly subversive insight, as Barletta points out in the above passage, is “the *continuation* of a literary practice of writing in Romance that had begun at least a century earlier (and built on the foundation of a much longer oral tradition of Romance narrative” (italics mine). The example set by the Moriscos is that conversion is unnecessary – it is meaningless – because monoculturalism is a lie. The Moriscos *continue* the tradition of Romance narrative that *belongs to no one religion*, as Muslims had already contributed to its development for centuries.

For example, the *frametale* – the genre that characterizes Spanish classics such as the *Conde Lucanor* and the *Libro de buen Amor*; Western European classics such as the *Canterbury Tales* and the *Decameron*; and then achieves its studied culmination in “the West’s” first modern novel, *Don Quixote* – likely originated in the best known *frametale* the world over, the “Arabic” (I’ll explain the skeptical quotation marks soon) *Thousand and One Nights*, and underwent its fullest evolution and dispersal in the conditions provided by the multicultural and translational literary polysystem that was medieval Iberia. As David Wacks defines it in *Framing Iberia: Maqamat and Frametale Narratives in Medieval Spain*, the *frametale* is “a type of prose narrative fiction in which a series of unrelated tales or episodes is narrated by characters in an overarching story that provides

a context and a pretense for the narration of the tales.”<sup>55</sup> Analogous to the way that text networks, particularly in the Romance tradition, “explicitly thematize their own dissemination,” then, *frametales* explicitly thematize their own narrative structure.

While Wacks categorizes the *Thousand and One Nights* as Arabic – they are otherwise known in the West as the *Arabian Nights*, after all – it is important to note that, while the oldest surviving edition is a 14<sup>th</sup> century Syrian manuscript, the original manuscript, as far as we know of it, is a Persian text from before the 10<sup>th</sup> century. Additionally, because the *Thousand and One Nights* diegetically opens in India, it is theorized that the *Nights* was first written in Sanskrit. Thus, the work is origin-heterogeneous, a translation without a source, a text network, or “a work in movement, caught in the passage from territory to territory, culture to language, and language to language.”<sup>56</sup> The *frametale*’s frame, then, is a field that belongs to no one.

The *frametale*’s chain of transmission – its linkages forged by translation – throughout medieval Iberia specifically dates back to the tenth century, perhaps earlier. It begins with the translation of *Kalila wa-Dimna* into Arabic around the year 750 by Ibn al-Muqaffa. Based on (or translated from: in this period the boundaries between translation and authorship were extremely fluid), again, a Sanskrit work entitled the *Panchatantra*, the *Kalila* comprises of animals telling stories to one another in a manner resemblant of Aesop’s fables. The work was widely known in Andalusí circles, and led to further translational projects in the *frametale* tradition. A full list would be exhaustive, but a partial one is illuminating: in the 12<sup>th</sup> century, the Aragonese *converso* – a Jew converted to

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<sup>55</sup> Wacks, 5.

<sup>56</sup> Daniel Heller-Roazen, introduction to *The Arabian Nights*, ed. Daniel Heller-Roazen and trans. Husain Haddawy (New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 2010), xxi.

a Christian – Petrus Alfonsi wrote a collection of framed stories in Latin borrowing from the Aesopic and Arabic traditions called *Disciplina clericalis*. At the same time and on the “other side,” the Hebrew framed story *Mislei Sendabar* was written, derived from the Arabic *Sindibad*, a text network translating in Latin as the *Seven Sages of Rome*. All of these authors/translators and their framed tradition cultivated (and were cultivated within) a culture “defined by centuries of close, sustained contact between Muslims, Jews, and Christians” which gave rise to “an Iberian-ness, a sense of local identity that was felt equally by residents of the Iberian Peninsula regardless of their religious, linguistic, or political affiliations.”<sup>57</sup> This is to say that a sense of regional belonging trumped “disciplinary categories constructed by the modern university” that we modern thinkers project onto these heterogeneous medieval works, the transmission and structure of which *depended* upon the fluidity and transactionality of such categories as nation, language, and even religion.<sup>58</sup> That said, however, the codification of Castilian Spanish as a national language with a national prestige literature ironically began with the beginning, in 1251, with the translation of the very same Arabic *Kalila wa-Dimna* into the Castilian *Calila e Dimna*, as commissioned by the Christian king of Toledo, Alfonso X. Its immediate popularity amongst both Christian and Arabic authors led to the aforementioned Castilian classics the *Conde Lucanor*, the *Libro de buen amor*, and eventually the West’s first modern novel, *Don Quijote*.

According to Belen Bistue, Miguel de Cervantes’ *Don Quixote* is considered the first novel because it parodies so many genre conventions that it in fact contains “the

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<sup>57</sup> Wacks, 9-10.

<sup>58</sup> Wacks, 11.

entire literary polysystem within itself.”<sup>59</sup> Coined by Itamar Even-Zohar in his seminal essay “The Position of Translated Literature within the Literary Polysystem,” a Literary Polysystem sees literature as one system within one larger, systematic relationship to society and culture. Rather than see literature as homogeneous and isolated, then, “the polysystem of a given national literature is viewed as one element making up the larger socio-cultural polysystem, which itself comprises other polysystems besides the literary, such as for example the artistic, the religious or the political.”<sup>60</sup> Hence a literary polysystem can be viewed within a community – that of the *frametale*’s translation, adaptation, and subsequent dissemination within the complex community of medieval Iberia – as well as between communities, such as its exportation to Italy in the case of Boccaccio’s *Decameron*, or to England in the case of Chaucer’s *The Canterbury Tales*. What is likely to become clear from this definition, then, is the fact that *translation* becomes the major means and driver towards elaborating upon a literature’s repertoire or, in other words, enriching a society’s polysystem. Even-Zohar argues that active, large-scale translation projects are often launched on two occasions: first, when a literature is young/nascent, and second, when a literature is peripheral or weak. In the case of the *frametale* in nascent Spain, Alfonso X translated and adopted *Calila e Dimna* in order to incorporate the *frametale* into what would become Spain’s literary polysystem. This resulted in rich rewards, particularly in the case of *Don Quixote* which, as Bistué further

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<sup>59</sup> Belén Bistué, “Of First and Second Authors: Reading *Don Quixote* in the Context of Collaborative Translation Practices,” in *Disobedient Practices: Textual Multiplicity in Medieval and Golden Age Spain*, ed. Anne Roberts and Belén Bistué (Newark: Juan de la Cuesta, 2015), 165-82.

<sup>60</sup> Mona Baker and Kirsten Malmkjær, *Routledge Encyclopedia of Translation Studies* (New York: Routledge, 1998), 176-77.

notes, is “meant to be read as a translation that examines and questions translation itself.”<sup>61</sup> The *Quijote* embodies Bhabha’s theory on how newness enters the world – staging a proscenium on which stars the performativity of translation – insofar as it founds a novel genre, the genre of the novel.

Cervantes’ novel centers around the story of a middle-aged nobleman (or hidalgo) in central Spain named Mr. Alonso Quixano who, driven mad by his voracious readings of chivalrous tales,<sup>62</sup> rechristens himself a “knight errant” named “Don Quixote de la Mancha,” in order to resurrect what he sees as – in a historical sense – the dead art of chivalry. Striving thus to build a “memory palace” by way of his heroic exploits (within an early chapter Quixote does, indeed, solicit a historian) his hilarious and at times tragic misadventures result in this enterprise’s fantastical failure, indeed resulting in the new adjective “quixotic,” i.e. exceedingly unrealistic and impractical. By the end of the *Quijote*, our eponymous hero dies, and with him the entire (parodied) tradition of the knight errant. On the level of the diegesis, then, it would appear *Don Quijote* is a memory palace constructed to mourn the loss of this quintessentially “Western” – which is to say, neither Western nor Eastern, but origin-heterogeneous – tradition.

The frame of *Don Quixote*, however – the genres it parodies as well as the way it “thematizes its own narrative structure” – tells a very different story; like a *frametale*, it

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<sup>61</sup> Bistúe, 168.

<sup>62</sup> Castilian tales that themselves originated from romance networks such as the Alexander Romance, but which now often position their heroes as victors against the moors (Don Quixote at several points calls himself a “matamoros,” or moor-killer) counting among his favorites the Amadís de Gaula and El Cid Ruy Díaz. One of the parodic features of the *Quijote*, however, is the protagonist’s bloodthirsty attitude towards the moors; the medieval romances of Abenard and Don Quijote’s own lionized Cid frequently depict the moors as worthy and noble adversaries.



seems to mourn a more complicated story that houses the origins of the romance network. In his novel, Cervantes parodies the *frametale*, historical treatises, the picaresque, epic narrative, aesopic fables, and of course chivalric romances, among other genres. All of these genres constituted the most salient part of medieval Iberia's literary polysystem, and we've already treated the aesopic fables (or "adab literature" in the Arab context, with *Kalila wa-Dimna* being the most exemplary case) as well as the *frametale*. In terms of the chivalric romance – closely aligned with epic narrative – as well as the historical treatise, Chejne maintains that chivalry was known to the Arabs three centuries before it was known to Europe, and was collapsed under the genre of "el-alhadith," stories dealing with extraordinary heroic deeds.<sup>63</sup> In classical Islamic discourse, Hadith, meaning "speech" or "report," is a religio-historical account that reports the sayings & actions of Muhammad. A Hadith chain always begins at Muhammad, then, and the shorter the chain – the less mediated it is by others having repeated the chain, e.g. he said that she said that Muhammad said – the greater its perceived truth value. In the Iberian context, then, the alhadith conflates the genres of history and epic narrative, and the Castilian narratives appropriate their usage in epic narratives such as the *Poema del Mio Cide* – a tale of a Christian matamoros whose exploits are nonetheless "reported" in chains of sayings originated from the very genre of the persecuted moors and, of course, one of Don Quixote's favorite chivalric heroes. As Chejne further explains, "epic narratives' came under the patrimony of Muslim and Christian societies alike through the

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<sup>63</sup> Anwar G. Chejne, *Islam and the West: The Moriscos, a Cultural and Social History* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1983), 146.

dissemination of the ruled peoples, ‘mozarabs’ on the one hand and ‘mudejars/moriscos’ on the other some centuries later.”<sup>64</sup>

Returning to the *frametale*, however, the *Quijote* is rife with examples of stories folded within stories, to the point that, as Nizar F. Hermes cautiously puts forward, Cervantes must have shown more than a familiarity with the Arabic genres as well as the provenance of the later putatively Christian ones:

Indeed, and briefly stated, I strongly see in Don Quixote a generic resemblance to the Arabic genre of the *maqāma* (Pl: *maqāmāt*). This genre is commonly translated in western scholarship as “assemblies,” and it consists of an adventure/picaresque that incorporates realistic and fantastic elements. While a systematic analysis of the Arabic *maqāma* goes beyond the scope of this essay, it is quite significant to mention that the adventures of the popular *maqāmāt* of the two genre masters al-Hamadani (d. 1008) and al-Hariri (d. 1122) are not only picaresque, but indeed “quixotic” in many respects. The titles of some do serendipitously conjure up some of Don Quixote’s adventures. One can think here, for example, of al-*maqāma* al-*Armīniyya* (The Armenian Tale) and al-*maqāma* al-*Qirdiyya* (The Ape Tale) while citing the thieves of Armenia and the Ape show of Don Quixote!<sup>65</sup>

The *maqāma* is in fact a species of *frametale*, developed primarily by Muslim and Jewish writers in the medieval period. Echoing as much, Chejne observes how the structural features of the *maqāma* – especially how the narration is frequently interrupted by dialogues that confer verisimilitude upon the protagonists and that draw attention to the frame of the story itself – are salient in *Don Quixote*, *El Cid*, and *Aljamiado* narratives.<sup>66</sup>

While it is possible Cervantes unknowingly replicated these genre conventions from their

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<sup>64</sup> Chejne, 148.

<sup>65</sup> Nizar F. Hermes, “Why You Can’t Believe the Arabian Historian Cide Hamete Benengeli: Islam and the Arabian Cultural Heritage in *Don Quixote*,” *The Comparatist* 38 (2014): 213-14.

<sup>66</sup> Chejne, 148.

transmission to “Christian” genres – hence Hermes’ caution in attributing intention and knowledge Cervantes – Hermes nonetheless quotes a telling scene from the *Quijote*:

“What are albogues?” asked Sancho, “for I’ve never heard of them or seen them in my life.” “Albogues,” responded Don Quixote, “are something like brass candlesticks, and when you hit one with the other along the empty or hollow side, it makes a sound that is not unpleasant, though it may not be very beautiful or harmonious, and goes well with the rustic nature of pipes and timbrels; this word albogues is Moorish, as are all those in our Castilian tongue that begin with al, for example, almohaza, almorzar, alhombra, alguacil, alhucema, almacén, alcancia, and other similar words; our language has only three that are Moorish and end in the letter i, and they are borcegui, zaquizami, and maravedi. Alheli and alfaqui, as much for their initial al as for the final i, are known to be Arabic. I have told you this in passing because it came to mind when I happened to mention albogues.”<sup>67</sup>

While for some this scene might recall the “know your enemy” aphorism, Don Quijote’s admission that the Spanish lexicon is heavily indebted to the Arabic one – that the “enemy” is in fact within, and that the foreign inheres within the domestic – and his seeming *joie de vivre* in a dizzying recitation of examples, appears more celebratory an editorial decision than admonitory. And finally, Cervantes’ knowledge of the existence of the Aljamiado manuscript – as well as the fact that *the whole of Book 1 of Don Quixote exists in Aljamiado* – posits that perhaps this memory palace is larger and more chambered than we’d thought.

This then brings us to the frame of *Don Quijote*: just as folktales and fairytales frame themselves as true (“Once upon a time”) and just as the alhadith conflated heroic deeds with history, the fictional conceit of *Don Quijote* is that it is nonfictional. Don Quijote, then, was a historic personage whose exploits were recorded by the historian Cide Hamete Benengeli in Arabic, which Cervantes then had translated into Castilian

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<sup>67</sup> Hermes, 219.

Spanish, rendering Cervantes –like in the Aljamiado tradition – more editor/scribe than author. While Benengeli is cited throughout the book, the following passage from

Chapter 24 of Book 2 proves exceptionally useful:

He who translated this great history from the original written by its first author, Cide Hamete Benengeli, says that on coming to the chapter giving the adventures of the cave of Montesinos he found written on the margin of it, in Hamete's own hand, these exact words: "I cannot convince or persuade myself that everything that is written in the preceding chapter could have precisely happened to the valiant Don Quixote; and for this reason, that all the adventures that have occurred up to the present have been possible and probable; but as for this one of the cave, I see no way of accepting it as true, as it passes all reasonable bounds. For me to believe that Don Quixote could lie, he being the most truthful gentleman and the noblest knight of his time, is impossible; he would not have told a lie though he were shot to death with arrows. On the other hand, I reflect that he related and told the story with all the circumstances detailed, and that he could not in so short a space have fabricated such a vast complication of absurdities; if, then, this adventure seems apocryphal, it is no fault of mine; *and so, without affirming its falsehood or its truth, I write it down.* Decide for thyself in thy wisdom, reader; for I am not bound, nor is it in my power, to do more; though certain it is they say that at the time of his death he retracted, and said he had invented it, thinking it matched and tallied with the adventures he had read of in his histories." And then he goes on to say:<sup>68</sup> (Cervantes, italics mine)

Combining the conventions of the *frametales* with those of the text network, the chapter begins via a self-reflection as per the text's written construction, its oral etiology, and its translational route. The actual history of *The Quijote* was presumably written in Arabic (which Cervantes, as a character at least, cannot read) by Benengeli, whereas the "He who translated this great history" translated this great history – a genre with a particularly strong claim to Truth – and not Cervantes himself. Cervantes goes to great pains to divest himself of this responsibility as early as the preface: "I, however — for though I pass for the father, *I am but the stepfather* to "Don Quixote" — have no desire to go with

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<sup>68</sup> Miguel de Cervantes, *The History of Don Quixote, Vol. I, Complete*, trans. David Widger (Urbana: Project Gutenberg, 2004).

the current of custom, or to implore thee, dearest reader, almost with tears in my eyes, as others do, *to pardon or excuse the defects thou wilt perceive in this child of mine.*<sup>69</sup> The “direct quote” from Benengeli similarly seeks to distance itself from accountability in regards to truth: “if, then, this adventure seems apocryphal, it is no fault of mine; and so, without affirming its falsehood or its truth, I write it down.”

What we have here is a particularly weak alhadith chain – or “isnad” in Arabic, the chain of authorities attesting to the historical authenticity of a particular (al)hadith – with *the anonymous translator himself* being the first link. Benengeli is not the source, because he is writing in exact accordance with the testimony of Don Quixote who is not only fictional, and mad, but who himself “retracted” at the time of his death this story, saying “he had invented it”). This itself would already render the isnad quite weak and unauthoritative. However, just as it is in the Aljamiado tradition, there is a marginal note that says “in Hamete’s own hand, these exact words:”. This is a stunning metafictional trick by Cervantes: despite the language of absolute certitude, despite the colon, and despite the usage of quotation marks to signify direct speech, this is indirect speech, i.e. “He who translated this great history[...]says that”. Because Cervantes-the-character cannot read Arabic, he is following the word of this anonymous translator. All of these paratextual elements become thematized as part and parcel to the story and its believability so that the “seeming apocryphal” nature of this particular tale contaminates the whole of the book not simply because of the fantastical elements of the tale, but

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<sup>69</sup> Miguel de Cervantes, *The History of Don Quixote, Vol. II, Complete*, trans. David Widger (Urbana: Project Gutenberg, 2004).

because the entire frame tale of *Don Quijote* is “meant to be read as a translation that examines and questions translation itself.”

## The Currant: Traduttore, Tradittore

Which begs the question: who is the translator and what does he translate?

Chapter IX of *The Quijote* broaches this question and buries its answer in the memory palace's dungeon. The chapter begins with Miguel de Cervantes "himself" just having read the same first eight chapters of the *Quijote* that we readers had read, the text of which he had found in "The Archive of La Mancha" in Toledo. To his chagrin, however, at the very moment Don Quijote and the "valiant Biscayan" are "ready to deliver two such furious slashing blows"<sup>70</sup> with their raised swords, the story is similarly slashed with, diagetically speaking, no chapter IX nor anything following. In its stead, the new Chapter IX portrays a crestfallen Cervantes-as-character roaming the Alcana of Toledo, that same Toledo famous for its translational and transnational exchange during both the reign of Muslim Al-Andaluz as well as during Alfonso X's Castilian capital two centuries later. Fortunately for Cervantes, a boy approaches him to sell him some pamphlets, and as Cervantes is "fond of reading even the very scraps of paper in the streets,"<sup>71</sup> he haphazardly buys one. Cervantes then says the words are written "in characters which I recognised as Arabic, and as I was unable to read them though I could recognise them, I looked about to see if there were any Spanish-speaking Morisco at hand to read them for me."<sup>72</sup> I want to pause here for a moment to state that the translation here is very good, to a point; the repetition of "recognise" is matched by the Spanish repetition of the verb

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<sup>70</sup> Cervantes, Vol. 1.

<sup>71</sup> Ibid.

<sup>72</sup> Ibid.

“conocer,” which matches better with the term “recognize” – to know the face or appearance of someone – than it does with “to know,” or “saber,” i.e. to know with certainty the inherent attributes of something or someone. “Spanish-speaking Morisco” is a bad translation – and this bad translation is fundamental to the scene – but lets bracket this for now.

Lo and behold, Cervantes quickly finds a “Spanish-speaking Morisco” who “turning the Arabic offhand into Castilian, he told me [the title] meant, ‘History of Don Quixote of La Mancha, written by Cid Hamete Benengeli, an Arab historian.’”<sup>73</sup> Shocked at the serendipity of the moment, Cervantes “begged him to *turn* all these pamphlets that related to Don Quixote into the Castilian tongue, without omitting or adding anything to them”<sup>74</sup> (italics mine). As the Morisco begins to do so, Cervantes is delighted to find that the first eight chapters exactly match “The Archive of La Mancha” version with which he/we had begun. The Morisco then “promised to translate them faithfully and with all despatch,” and to make sure of the matter, Cervantes houses the Morisco, where “in little more than a month and a half he translated the whole just as it is set down here.”<sup>75</sup>

I want to first point out the monumental implications of this, which I believe we can “recognise” on the surface. Cervantes’ fictional conceit posits that the story of *The Quijote* – foundational to Spanish and to Western literature in general – was written by an Arab, just at the historical moment that Spain attempted, with disastrous and lethal success, to expel all of its Eastern roots and consolidate all of its “Westernness” to render itself a monocultural, monolingual nation. The entire translational circuit

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<sup>73</sup> Ibid.

<sup>74</sup> Ibid.

<sup>75</sup> Ibid.



Cervantes invents is fictional, and is thereby an intentional memory palace that mourns a lost grand history of translational and cultural exchange in its very capital, Toledo. Or, as Menocal puts it:

Even though the famous scene of the burning of Don Quixote's library is often discussed as if it were no more than a self-referential literary conceit, can we really forget it was written at a moment when not only books, the most flammable of the memory palaces, but also people were being burned? *Don Quixote* is thus in part a postscript to the history of a first-rate lace, the most poignant lament over the loss of that universe, its last chapter, allusive, ironic, bittersweet, quixotic. It is perhaps the last, the best, the most subtle of the Spanish memory palaces.<sup>76</sup>

In keeping with this subtlety, there is much more to this story than the surface; just as the Italian phrase “traduttore, traditore” or, “translator, traitor” belies a pessimism as to the very possibility of a faithful translation, we find here that the English translation effects only a partial *cultural* translation, and so the actual historical nature of the “Spanish-speaking Morisco” translator and his text appear “recognisable,” but not actually known. The original Castilian text does not read “Spanish-speaking Morisco,” but “algún morisco aljamiado,”<sup>77</sup> once again proving Cervantes' knowledge of the scriptural code and implying that the text Cervantes “recognised” as Arabic is in fact an *Aljamiado text containing the lost history of the Quijote*. Hence, the text is not “translated” at all, but *transliterated*. As María Rosa Menocal reminds us, “Even though [Aljamiado] looks like Arabic to those who cannot read it – and because of that it was often called Arabic in a universe in which people could no longer read it – Aljamiado was not really Arabic

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<sup>76</sup> María Rosa Menocal, *The Ornament of the World: How Muslims, Jews, and Christians Created a Culture of Tolerance in Medieval Spain* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 2002), 253.

<sup>77</sup> Miguel de Cervantes, *Don Quijote de La Mancha* (New York: Vintage Español, 2002), 117.

at all, but the Arabic script used for writing the Romance vernacular that had become the native and often only language of these Spaniards.”<sup>78</sup> Although it might “look like” or be “recognisable” as Arabic – the way a script is the facial expression of a language – the Arabic script read aloud “turns” the language into Castilian Spanish. Cervantes actually uses this term “to turn,” or “volver,” twice in the same passage, not “translate,” or “traducir.” Once again, when Cervantes finds the morisco aljamiado, he is “turning the Arabic offhand into Castilian,” or “volviendo de improviso el árábigo en castellano,”<sup>79</sup> as if turning over the cover of a book to read what is inside. After this initial usage Cervantes repeats the term, writing that he “begged him to *turn* all these pamphlets that related to Don Quixote into the Castilian tongue, without omitting or adding anything to them” or “roguéle me volviese aquellos cartapacios, todos los que trataban de don Quijote, en lengua castellana, sin quitarles ni añadirles nada.”<sup>80</sup> Translation is – as we see from the suppression of “Aljamiado” in the English translations of *Don Quixote* – more an economy of *omission* and *addition* than it is a matter of simply “turning,” as Cervantes would have known very well and as his text slyly hints at here. Indeed, the most faithful translation of this line would be “I begged him that he turn these folios, all of which treated of Don Quixote, into Castilian language, without removing nor adding anything,” a sentence construction the English language does not fluidly accommodate. Such an “offhand turning” would only be possible if the language were *already Castilian*, and the “translation” were akin to a simple removal of a veil or, as Menocal has it, a language that is “Castilian nonetheless, dressed up, disguised as Arabic and written in the beautiful

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<sup>78</sup> Menocal, 259.

<sup>79</sup> Cervantes, 117.

<sup>80</sup> Ibid.

Arabic script that evoked something that was no longer real.”<sup>81</sup> This “something that is no longer real,” argues Menocal, is just as much a part of Arabic culture as it is a part of Castilian culture:

The anonymous translator of the Arabic book, the lost and found “true history” that Cervantes was looking for, is one of the novel’s most exemplary characters because he is the most unvarnished historical figure in it. He comes straight out of the universe that Cervantes tells us is the crux of fiction, harder to read than any fantasy: history itself. Who is that translator, after all, but a crypto-Muslim beneath a Christian veneer, decipherer of a language that is crypto-Castilian underneath an Arabic veneer? By the time Cervantes publishes the second part of *Quixote*, the Moriscos with their *Aljamiado* writings, the pseudo-Arabic in which they wrote apocalyptic stories about the end of history, survive only inside the singular work of fiction that is Cervantes’ novel.<sup>82</sup>

This then is why Menocal titles her study *The Ornament of the World: How Muslims, Jews, and Christians Created a Culture of Tolerance in Medieval Spain*, and this is why she cites *Don Quixote* as a memory palace; Cervantes’ work encrypts – just as the *Aljamiado* manuscript does – a disavowed “foreign” culture that undergirds and vitalizes a “domestic” culture. This notion of multilingualism and cultural exchange does not “only survive” inside Cervantes’ novel, but it is there deeply embedded inside Spain’s culture and language: “*Don Quixote*’s incomparable Castilian is the direct descendant of the Castilian first forged out of the little groups of Muslims, Christians, and Jews who worked together, in Toledo, to translate that magnificent Arabic library first into Latin and then into Castilian, which was the mother tongue of all of them and which they all spoke to each other.”<sup>83</sup>

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<sup>81</sup> Menocal, 260.

<sup>82</sup> Menocal, 261.

<sup>83</sup> Menocal, 263.

I want to return then to the poetics of the interstitial community which is, I advocate, this very sort of *translational poetics* that seeks dialogic exchange by way of *continual translation* – by way of commentary and emendation, co-creation and circulation, seeding a “field that belongs to no one” – rather than a translation whose telos finds its end in singular authorship, fixity and, in the case of nation-building projects, monolingualism and monoculturalism. Such was the medieval paradigm.

Part of the difficulty of returning to this medieval paradigm, however, is that modern translation discourse is structured into logics of irresolvable, asymmetrical binaries: source vs. target, original vs. translation, domestic vs. foreign, and fidelity vs. infidelity. Thus, the original text’s content is putatively transferred – “without adding or omitting anything” – from the source language into the target language via the “carrying across” that is translation. The original needs to be translated, made into a copy of the translator’s language and culture; in the same way, a foreigner crosses a border, and needs be domesticated. This is where linguistic translation crosses over into cultural translation: the simple surface appearance of transference between two sites often belies a logic of domination, whereby the translator targets the source for resignification in its own image; for example, a “morisco aljamiado” tamed and reduced to a Spanish-speaking Morisco.

Consider also the case of the 13<sup>th</sup> century Persian poet Jalaluddin Rumi, perhaps ironically one of the best-selling poets in America. In “The Erasure of Islam from the Poems of Rumi,” Razina Ali points out that the universalist appeal of Rumi is actually grounded in Rumi’s specifically Muslim context, which most English translations completely elide and resignify. An example can be found in one of Rumi’s most famous

lines, rewritten by translator Coleman Barks: “Out beyond ideas of rightdoing and wrongdoing, there is a field. / I will meet you there.” As Razina Ali explains “The words Rumi wrote were *iman* (“religion”) and *kufr* (“infidelity”). Imagine, then, a Muslim scholar saying that the basis of faith lies not in religious code but in an elevated space of compassion and love. What we, and perhaps many Muslim clerics, might consider radical today is an interpretation that Rumi put forward four hundred years ago.” Ironically, and disconcertingly, the cultural translation at work here takes Rumi as a figure whose openness and vulnerability are *exceptional* to the Islamic faith, when in fact these qualities are *grounded in* his faith and scholarship.<sup>84</sup>

Translation theorist Lawrence Venuti would diagnose this as a case of “domestication.” Venuti defines “domestication” as a translation that tries to rework and remake the source text in the image of the target language: it domesticates the foreign and tames it, and makes it seem as if it were written originally in the target language. Thus an English translator would attempt to make an Arabic text read as if it were written in English originally. Venuti opposes “domestication” for its employment in imperial projects, a technology that buries difference beneath sameness. A “foreignizing” translation, on the other hand – as Venuti develops and champions elsewhere – means to preserve the “foreignness” of the source text, and thus the translator “submits” to the foreign text, making the target language more like the foreign text. In this case, an English translator would not “smooth out” the “Arabicness” of the

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<sup>84</sup> Razina Ali, “The Erasure of Islam from the Poetry of Rumi.” *The New York Times*, 5 January 2017, Accessed 21 February, 2017. <http://www.newyorker.com/books/page-turner/the-erasure-of-islam-from-the-poetry-of-rumi>.

source text, and would actually make the English translation sound more “Arabic.” Venuti champions “foreignization” as the only ethical approach to translation.

The problem here, however, is that the “foreign/domestic” binary still remains uncontested, and many translation theorists today see a need to develop an entirely new framework. Rebecca Walkowitz, in *Born Translated*, argues that the translation of *Don Quixote* was crucial to the development of anglophone fiction.<sup>85</sup> Newness entered the world, lets say, in the form of an object whose history of eventual translation and circulation was *prepared* by its very novel mode of writing: one that incorporates and takes translation as its thematic conceit. Once again, Cervantes’ memory palace showcases and *celebrates* the foreign that undergirds and conditions the domestic.

It is for this reason Walkowitz asserts that nothing is older than translation; rather, it is the engine of literary history.<sup>86</sup> Hence, rather than separate national literatures, we should ask how literatures already are combined. Walkowitz argues “[by] challenging dominant models of literary sequencing, in which circulation always trails production, literary histories that incorporate translation recalculate the meanings of author and translator, original and derivation, native and foreign, just to name a few of the foundational distinctions that have shaped world literature as we’ve known it.”<sup>87</sup> One of the implications of such a sentiment is that the text becomes a delayed or detoured object that belongs to no one language or nation, insofar as the text has been translated, and the text will be translated again. This is the paradox of translation for Walkowitz: it

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<sup>85</sup> Rebecca Walkowitz, *Born Translated: The Contemporary Novel in an Age of World Literature* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2015), 4.

<sup>86</sup> Walkowitz, 6.

<sup>87</sup> Walkowitz, 31.

is contemporary, above all, because it is historical. A translation announces that a work is still arriving; it is on its way from somewhere else.<sup>88</sup>

Where Walkowitz focuses on novels that were born translated – that belong nowhere in time nor in space – Barbara Cassin and Emily Apter focus on “The Untranslatable.” Cassin, in her *Vocabulaire européen des philosophies*, defines The Untranslatable as “what one doesn’t stop (not) translating.”<sup>89</sup> This is to say, one never stops translating the untranslatable – the work is interminable – and this repeated accomplishment is actually premised on a principle of ongoing failure. Apter’s supplement then is to turn away from a literature that espouses authorship and mastery, preferring instead a “deowned literature,”<sup>90</sup> whose principle is the translated book, a book that belongs to no one.

Keeping in mind and in principle the multilingual history which always operates within the putatively monolingual text, on the one hand, and a fidelity to ongoing translation failure, on the other, I align myself with Erin Mouré’s notion of *transelation*, a practice of embodied exorbitance: “It’s just not part of the fluent, domesticating, translation practice that dominates in English, that claims to ‘represent’ the author and elide the translator and the translator’s situatedness. In *Sheep’s Vigil*, rather, translation is the practice of an exorbitance, a seeming dis/replacement of the original text that leaves the translator unscreened, visible, blinking at the reader.”<sup>91</sup> Mouré’s great contribution is

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<sup>88</sup> Walkowitz, 6.

<sup>89</sup> Walkowitz, 33.

<sup>90</sup> Walkowitz, 29.

<sup>91</sup> Erin Mouré, “Hi, Fidelity! or / Translating Fernando Pessoa: Felicity / was Ever My Aim,” *Poetics.ca* 4 (2004).

the recognition of the idiosyncrasy of each translator, and hence the disingenuousness of trying to self-invisibilize. Just as translation proper *always* marks the target text with the translator's idiosyncratic reading of the source, I aim to blatantly mark my exorbitant, elated reading experience upon my target text. I refer to my poetic approach as a "dilation." Hence, "dilation" means to "expand" the definitions of source and target, and to discover the foreign within the domestic, rather than to mark one off from the other. It is the "translation" of an encounter.

I began *The Currant* by dilating from a 2009 Bronté edition of El Corán written in Castilian Spanish. I chose Castilian Spanish because of its indebtedness to the Arabic language & culture, & because of Spain's historical expulsion of the Moors and its present general elision of said indebtedness; or as Alfredo Mateos Paramio, the commissioner of a long-overdue exposition of Aljamiado works in the Biblioteca Nacional de España in 2010, said of Spain, "un país reacio aún a integrar en su cultura su herencia musulmana"<sup>92</sup> To do so is "to work against this is to effect, once again, what Ammiel Alcalay calls "the return of the repressed," and to re-member and to honor the Dhimma model as established by Iberian Islam.

I dilate all 114 surahs of the Qur'an, aya by aya. Much of my dilation practice is homophonic and associative – in other words, capricious and non-authoritative. At times a word will appear in my head and I will simply reproduce it textually – trout, yolo, IKEA, etc. – thus situating myself culturo-historically. At times I narrate my own verse-

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<sup>92</sup> "a country still reluctant to integrate its Muslim inheritance into its culture," translation mine. Alfredo Mateos Paramio, introduction to *Memoria de los Moriscos: escritos y relatos de una diáspora cultural*, ed. Alfredo Mateos Paramio (Madrid: Biblioteca Nacional de España, 2010), 18.



activated memories, i.e. my elation before the reading. Other practices are more systematic: I translate “cielo” as ceiling, and I set Microsoft Word to autotranslate the English back into Spanish, thus to assert that the “source” text is a nonauthoritative Spanish text, not the authoritative Arabic text, if one were to exist even. There is no authoritative model nor source. There is the privileged Cairo model as established in the ‘20s, but it is the standard, not the requisite version<sup>93</sup>. To mirror the literary and rhetorical style of the Qur’an, I frequently employ tense and person shifts, in order to achieve what Robert E. Longacre calls “heightened vividness”: a “sublime style” that actuates a mental preparedness in the reader, readying him/her to receive the divine message.

In “The Qur’an: Limits of Translatability,” Hussein Abdul-Raof argues that the Qur’an’s “sublime style” is as much a part of the book’s message as its content. Focusing on its sonic qualities, the Qur’an’s sublime style effects in the listener a heightened vividness and mental preparedness that prepares the listener for the sublime message and, in fact, “charms the ear.”<sup>94</sup> The primary element of this sublime style is *saj’*, or internally rhymed prose. The Arabic language was chosen *specifically* by God for the *universality* of this particular effect (the task of literature, and the task of translation): this is what gives the Qur’an its “i’jaz,” or “inimitability.” For this reason I alliterate and assonate to achieve recitative, a musical declamation – The Qur’an means, after all, “The Recitation” – but I write in iambs so as not to attempt to calumniously imitate the prosody of the Qur’an. In addition, rather than write in one prose block per chapter as

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<sup>93</sup> Walter H. Wagner, *Opening the Qur’an* (University of Notre Dame, 2008), 141.

<sup>94</sup> Hussein Abdul-Raof, “The Qur’an: Limits of Translatability,” *Cultural Encounters in Translation from Arabic*, ed. Said Faiq (Buffalo: Multilingual Matters, 2004), 92-3.

the Qur'an does, I write in several numbered blocks, so as to effect a commentary on the Qur'an, not a reproduction of it.

I do not know the divine message of the Qur'an: according to Surah 28, verse, 75, "the truth belongs to God."<sup>95</sup> According to Sunni discourse, the Qur'an is the last of the Revelations, but the Torah and the Gospels are Revelations. Muslims submitted to the Book, whereas the Jews and Christians distorted its message, interpreted it wrong, backslid, strayed down the wrong path: they were distracted. While the Qur'an makes of the stage the world, the Qur'an also scatters "worlds" throughout, including in surah 1, Al-Fatihah, the essence of the Qur'an: "Praise be to God, Lord of the worlds, the Compassionate, the Merciful, Master of the Day of Judgment."<sup>96</sup> While literature might dream of yoking the particular to the universal, the Qur'an acknowledges and gathers multiplicity. The truth of the Qur'an is the word, and the word is dressed in 7<sup>th</sup> century Arabic, the language of its revelation, first from God to the angel Gabriel, and last from the angel Gabriel to Muhammad. Hence it is anathema to translate the Qur'an: "Qur'an" means "proclamation" or "recitation," and it is the recitation that presences God. Thus all translations are considered interpretations, or mediations that will distance the divine. In fact, how can a human translator presume to know the intention of the "author" when that author is God?<sup>97</sup> If the Jews and the Christians distorted their respective Revelations, one such disfiguring technology was translation.

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<sup>95</sup> *The Study Qur'an: A New Translation and Commentary*, ed. and trans. Seyyed Hossein Nasr (San Francisco: Harper One, 2015), 28: 75.

<sup>96</sup> 1:2.

<sup>97</sup> Mike Holt, "Translating Islamist Discourse," *Cultural Encounters in Translation from Arabic*, ed. Said Faiq (Buffalo: Multilingual Matters, 2004), 72.

The fact that the Qur'an is its own best interpreter; that any translation is simply an interpretation of the Qur'an; that the Gospels and the Tanakh are seen also as manifestations of the divine word; that the Jews and Christians are accepted as People of the Book; that the Qur'an expresses religious tolerance to a greater degree and more explicitly than the Tanakh and the Gospels; and the fact that the truth belongs to God, seem to me acknowledgments that the Qur'an signals, or points towards, an embrace of "deep religion" more than "surface religion," as Jan Assmann would have it. Assmann ends his book *Of God and Gods* with a meditation on, and a prescription for, a more tolerant monotheism. Electing deep religion as an ethical imperative, Assmann argues:

What we need is a form of "wisdom" that enables us to look past the surface forms of concrete religions, with their irreducible differences and distinctions, and focus upon that transcendental point beyond these distinctions in relation to which true tolerance – that is, recognizing relativity without resorting to banality – becomes possible. God is different not only from "gods" but also from any representation that any concrete religion can produce. It is this absolute divine difference that precludes any intolerant insistence on the exclusive possession of truth.<sup>98</sup>

For this reason I try to signify as much as possible. I bring in language, tropes, characters, and symbols from all three Abrahamic religions, and play with them as much as I am Abel. One offense I re-introduce in concentrated form: it is common Orientalist practice to leave untranslated in English the Arabic term "Allah." This creates the misconception that God's *name* in Islam is Allah, which further creates the misconception that the Muslim God is different from the Christian and the Hebrew God. This is simply a Western strategy of constructing Otherness, of Foreignizing that

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<sup>98</sup> Jan Assmann, *Of God and Gods: Egypt, Israel, and the Rise of Monotheism* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 2008), 142.

which is in fact familiar, domestic. “Al-‘Ilah” simply means the God, just as God means God. Thus, in kind, I translate from Spanish “El Señor” to “Mister.” Similarly, I quote from outside scripture; pop music lyrics, newspaper articles, and my own “separate” poems, in order to create what Frederic Jameson would call “generic discordance” through “unexpected juxtaposition,” which makes meaning that will settle nowhere. In addition, I sometimes “translate” the same verse several times and keep all versions, in order not to privilege one as more authoritative than another. The epiphenomenal effect of this is to create a tension between faith and doubt, one that, I hope, offers up a sort of jouissance in the simple act of signifying. This was phase 1.

If I had simply stopped here, however, I would be in danger of committing just the sort of Orientalizing gesture that I purport to contest: re)producing “Islam” as a homogenized, represented object or category of Western study/knowledge, by way of dilating the Qur’an as if it were a universal a-historical object, rather than situating my translational engagement with the Qur’an in alignment with a specific cultural community during dire and particular historical circumstances. It is for this reason that I have framed *The Carrant* as a “found manuscript,” one particular instantiation of a text network “originating” in the Aljamiado tradition whereby the Qur’an was in fact translated out of necessity. *The Carrant*, written in a mixture of English, Spanish, Arabic and Aljamiado – in order to honor this multicultural and multilinguistic practice – points toward a lost culture that practiced religious tolerance and that celebrated cultural exchange, in counter-distinction to our present nation-based empires of cultural homogeneity, division and intolerance. The conversion narratives of Aljamiado manuscripts, specifically, fulfill Assman’s call for that “form of ‘wisdom’ that enables us

to look past the surface forms of concrete religions,” and to thus make possible true tolerance. It is for this reason that the Aljamiado manuscript tradition has become the model for *The Currant*; I will now describe the specific Aljamiado manuscripts – both facsimile translations I have encountered indirectly as well as archived manuscripts I have directly engaged – after which *The Currant* is modeled.

Two of the Aljamiado tales I take as models are translated into English and commented upon by María del Mar Rosa-Rodríguez in her study *Aljamiado Legends: The Literature and Life of Crypto-Muslims in Imperial Spain*. Rosa-Rodríguez cites Homi Bhabha and champions his definition of hybridity as “that which is new, neither the one nor the other, something that emerges from a third space,”<sup>99</sup> in order to identify the Morisco community as just the sort of interstitial community that represents an emancipatory and innovative form of hybridity, from which anglophone culture would do well to learn:

The importance of hybridity for our discussion is that the hybrid instances in Aljamiado mediate and influence the sense of identity and community for Moriscos. Through this literature they elaborated strategies for preserving their persecuted beliefs by appropriating Christian ritual. Through hybridity they escaped the oppressive classifications of imperial power (Christian or Muslim, Spanish or Arab) and were able to redefine their “Muslimhood” or “Muslimness” passing it on to future generations.<sup>100</sup>

One radical way in which Aljamiado literature escaped oppressive religious classifications and redefined Muslimhood was through blurring the lines between Christianity and Islam, thereby arguing that acts of conversion were in fact superficial acts, and that these putatively distinct traditions are in essence already defined by hybridity. Several

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<sup>99</sup> María del Mar Rosa-Rodríguez, *Aljamiado Legends: The Literature and Life of Crypto-Muslims in Imperial Spain* (Newark: Juan de la Cuesta, 2018), 21.

<sup>100</sup> Ibid.

Aljamiado tales attest to this, such as “The Legend of the Virtuous Wise Men,” whereby a wise and venerated Muslim named Ghanim converts to Christianity simply to win the love of a Christian woman, then converts back to Islam in order to make the Hajj, and then the Christian woman converts to Islam in order to remain with Ghanim; in every instance of conversion God supports the decision of the converter because the intention (niyya, in Arabic) of the follower is pure and pious, whereas the action (amal) of conversion suffers such inflation that it loses all significance.<sup>101</sup> In the tale “Al-Hadith of King Umar Ibn Al-Khattab and the Jewish Girl,” conversion is even more fluid: asking for reparations before the unjust treatment the Jewish girl suffered before King Umar’s son, the girl proves the veracity of her grievance by displaying great knowledge of the Quran and of Islam, as well as swearing that the Quran is the word of God. She does not, however, convert to Islam; while she recites the shahada, or the Islamic Profession of Faith, she omits the quote that ascribes Muhammad as the prophet, and thereby respects Islam without committing heresy against Jewish doctrine; as Rosa-Rodríguez points out, “[she] is positioning herself within an Islamic discourse so that the Muslim king believes her without contradicting her religion[...]. She places herself in the grey area between Islam and Judaism.”<sup>102</sup> In these stories, dialogic engagement with another people results in understanding of the Self and of the Other, and then dissolves this binary into a fluid hybridity.

The case of the tale “Al-Hadith of Jarchil Ibn Jarchun” proves even more exemplary; not only does the story point the way towards healing between the

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<sup>101</sup> Rosa-Rodríguez, 35-6.

<sup>102</sup> Rosa-Rodríguez, 43.

Abrahamic religions, but within factions of Islam itself. In the story, a Christian named Jarchil, fluent in Arabic, is seeking the prophet Muhammad. He happens upon Abu Bakri – the true successor of Muhammad, according to Sunni tradition – and, experiencing a crisis of faith, asks Abu Bakri a whole host of ontological and metaphysical questions *that do not contradict his Christian faith*; in other words, he wants answers from the Islamic tradition that coalesce with his Christian convictions. Abu Bakri and his men admire the eloquence and etiquette that Jarchil demonstrates, but lack the answers; thus, Abu Bakri summons Ali, the true successor of Muhammad according to Shiite tradition. Ali answers all of Jarchil’s questions to his satisfaction, amazing him by proving to him that the three traditions do not contradict one another; indeed, in one of his answers Ali states that the four Books are “the Torah, the Gospel, the Psalms, and the Quran,” thereby establishing the three religions’ canonical texts as one integrated set.<sup>103</sup> Jarchil, satisfied that Islam accommodates all of the religions without antagonizing them, converts. Such a story, as Rosa-Rodríguez concludes, “removes the division between the Peoples of the Book and also between Sunni and Shiite Muslim. This legend makes the act of conversion obsolete by presenting all traditions as the same. If they are all one in the same, then conversion between these religions is only a matter of words.”<sup>104</sup> This interstitial community finds a way to heal internal divisions (in terms of intra-Muslim sects) as well as external ones, thereby obliterating the difference between internal and external; an oppressed and persecuted community thereby imagines a better community. Again, as Rosa-Rodríguez argues:

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<sup>103</sup> Rosa-Rodríguez, 86.

<sup>104</sup> Rosa-Rodríguez, 40.

What is theoretically innovative, and politically crucial, is the need to think beyond narratives of originary and initial subjectivities and to focus on those moments or processes that are produced in the articulation of cultural differences. These ‘in-between’ spaces provide the terrain for elaborating strategies of selfhood – singular or communal – that initiate new signs of identity, and innovative sites of collaboration, and contestation, in the act of defining the idea of society itself.<sup>105</sup>

In our modern milieu of state-sponsored nationalism and divisionary identity politics, we would do well to learn from this particular “in-between” space. These literary “strategies of selfhood,” however, are not limited to themes of religious collaboration/contestation and cultural heterogeneity, but to the borrowing of poetic forms from “other” traditions and religions that appeared fixed, yet which the Moriscos proved portable.

One such poetic form is the “cuaderna vía” as employed in what is one of the best-known Aljamiado manuscripts, the *Poema de Yuçuf*. The *Poema de Yuçuf* is a re-telling of Sura 12 of the Qur’an, the Story of Joseph, also commonly known as “The Beautiful Story.” This is of course the same Joseph as told of in the Old Testament, the favorite son of the patriarch Jacob, who is tricked and left for dead by his jealous brothers before eventually becoming the Egyptian pharaoh’s treasurer. The Qur’an makes very clear the superlative nature of the tale at its very opening: “We narrate to you the best of narratives, by Our revealing to you this Qur’an, though before this you were certainly one of those who did not know.”<sup>106</sup> The story is so venerated, and its link to God’s language so venerated, that even in the translational, multicultural milieu of medieval Iberia in the 11<sup>th</sup> century, a fatwa was issued by Malikite scholar ibn Rushd al-Djadd (not

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<sup>105</sup> Rosa-Rodríguez, 21.

<sup>106</sup> 12:3



to be confused with ibn Rushd al-Qurtubi, aka Averroes, born two years after the former's death) clarifying the thorny business of translating Qur'anic material into Romance. The fatwa was given in response to the case of a man accused of "having cursed the Prophet and the Arabic language by having recited the Sura of Joseph in Romance."<sup>107</sup> The basis of the charge however was that the individual was reciting the *sura* of Joseph, not simply a *story* about Joseph; the fatwa sanctioned the latter practice, and likely the man was simply a *qass*, or storyteller, reciting a prose or versified version of the *Hadith Yuçuf*.<sup>108</sup> In the same sense, the aljamiado *Poema de Yuçuf* – which may in fact be a text-network descendant of this 11th century Mudéjar version – differs greatly from the *sura*. For one, the Egyptian queen Zuleikha's attempted seduction of Joseph is elaborated and extended, and decidedly more salacious and dramatic than its Qur'anic counterpart.<sup>109</sup> Additionally, while both the Qur'anic narrative and the Aljamiado narrative begin self-referentially with the work's title, an invocation to God and his omnipotence, and the use of the 1<sup>st</sup> person, the greatest distinction is in linguistic as well as cultural context; because it is not the Qur'an, the 1<sup>st</sup> person storyteller is not the angel Gabriel, and because the language is not Arabic, the veneer of the divine has been removed. Thus here we have a conflation of sacred and profane elements.

Then again perhaps there is, in a literal sense, a divine veneer in the usage of Arabic characters: the profaneness that inheres in the usage of the Castilian language beneath the sacred veneer. This fact, coupled with the usage of *cuaderna vía*, however, is the truly radicalizing element of the narrative. *Cuaderna vía* is a poetic form

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<sup>107</sup> Barletta, 135.

<sup>108</sup> Ibid.

<sup>109</sup> Barletta, 145.

characterized by its extreme regularity; it consists of a series of single-rhymed quatrains (hence “cuaderna”) whose verses are divided into two seven-syllable hemistichs; hence its verse length rarely varies from poem to poem.<sup>110</sup> Related to the French alexandrine, its earliest known usage is in the *Libro de Alexandre*; one iteration of, if you’ll remember, the aforementioned text network *The Alexander Romance*. In this way, the *Poema de Yuçuf* links itself to the text network and romance network intertextually, by way of the form it employs. While this seems rather straightforward in terms of genre – it is crucial that the story of *Yuçuf* remain the *story* of Yuçuf, not the *sura* – the cultural context from which the *cuaderna vía* derives would appear anathema to the morisco community’s own. To demonstrate, I quote from the 13<sup>th</sup> century, roughly ten-thousand-stanza *Libro de Alexandre*:

Mester traigo fermoso, non es de joglaría,  
 mester es sin pecado, ca es de clerezía;  
 fablar curso rimado por la cuaderna vía,  
 a sílabas contadas, ca es grant maestría.

(I bring a poetry of great beauty, one not of minstrelsy,  
 A poetry without flaw, as it is of the clergy;  
 To speak at length in the rhyme of *cuaderna vía*  
 with a regular meter — this requires great mastery.)<sup>111</sup>

As is clear from the original Castilian, the effect produced is one of extreme sonic regularity; the quatrain itself states as much, and explicitly affirms that such a feat is a sign of mastery. This mastery belongs to its practitioners, those of the clergy (“de clerezía), who produce a “poetry without flaw” with a “regular meter,” derisively offset

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<sup>110</sup> Barletta, 151.

<sup>111</sup> Barletta, 150; translation Barletta’s.

against those of the minstrelsy (“de joglaría”), who presumably pockmark their poetry with irregular rhythms.

These are in fact historical terms; the “mester de clerezía” was a sort of school or movement of learned, primarily clerical Castilian poets from the beginning of the 13<sup>th</sup> to the end of the 14<sup>th</sup> century, whose works were primarily religious and didactic in character. As Vincent Barletta explains, these clerics defined themselves against the “mester de joglaría,” or what they contemptuously called practitioners of less strict practices amongst popular poetry movements: “cuaderna vía serves to marginalize other, less learned forms of poetic practice: non es de joglaría. Regularity of verse form replaces “irregularity,” which is relegated to a subordinate, even defective status within the newly fashioned learned form.”<sup>112</sup> One of the Castilian classics from the medieval period, the aforementioned *Libro de buen amor*, was in fact set in cuaderna vía.

And so why would the Moriscos, arguably 16<sup>th</sup> century Spain’s most marginalized community, contort Islamic culture’s most Beautiful Story into a Christian verse form whose generally Christian practitioners sought to elevate themselves by marginalizing others? On the surface, at least, as Barletta points out, the “Poema de Yucuf seems to be working against the very principles of regularity and socio-moral authority that characterize the mester de clerezia and, more broadly the use of cuaderna via, since it is Islamic in theme, Arabic in script, and uses a low-prestige peninsular Romance ‘dialect.’”<sup>113</sup> There are, at least, minor differences in the Morisco version of cuaderna vía. For one, the verses in them are not nearly as regular; this likely owes to the fact that the

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<sup>112</sup> Ibid.

<sup>113</sup> Barletta, 154.

Poema was originally written in Arabic, and not meant to be re-cast into a Hispano-Romance verse form. Additionally, the original version of the Poema de Yuçuf was likely written in the late 14<sup>th</sup> or early 15<sup>th</sup> century, much later than the mester de clerezía's heyday.<sup>114</sup>

Although it is impossible to know for certain, Barletta surmises that, in the same way one literary polysystem might absorb a form or genre from another literary polysystem in order to elaborate its own, so too a particular group of Moriscos began writing in *cuaderna vía* in order to effect a social prestige that would set them apart from other Morisco groups, as well as to employ new aesthetic tools for devotional and educational activities. The implications of such a re-appropriation points towards the portability of forms in general or, in other words, no form belongs simply to one territory nor to one faith system. As Barletta says of the Moriscos, they are “neither fully Islamic nor Hispano-Christian,” and so such an act will “operate principally as a means of carving out a cultural niche for the Moriscos as Muslims dwelling in a nation-state openly hostile to them.”<sup>115</sup> It is, in the end, a strategy of selfhood that enables the Moriscos to convert the oppressive act of conversion into an opportunity for literary prowess and further social self-betterment within the community.

The final manuscript I have taken as model for *The Currant* is MS 235 from the archive of the Biblioteca de Castilla-La Mancha in Toledo, Spain, that famed translational capital of Al-Andaluz and of 12<sup>th</sup> century Christian Spain. Commonly called “El Corán de Toledo,” it is the only extant morisco manuscript with the Qur’an fully translated into

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<sup>114</sup> Barletta, 152.

<sup>115</sup> Barletta, 153.

Romance, specifically Castilian; all other Qur’anic Aljamiado manuscripts comprise of translations of scattered suras. MS 235 nevertheless is trilingual, with four colophons which effectively divide the manuscript in quarters, written in a mixture of Castilian, Aljamiado, and Arabic.

˘ In these colophons the anonymous scribe provides the circumstances surrounding his transcription of the manuscript, including the date he finished – July 11<sup>th</sup>, 1606 – and the provenance of the text network from which this latest iteration derives. The manuscript the copyist copied from was a bilingual text with a complete translation of the Qur’an – now lost to us – in both Arabic and Aljamiado. As early as the first colophon, the copyist takes great pains to justify his decision to translate the Venerable Qur’an into, as he puts it, the “letra de los cristianos”:

Aqui se acaba el primer quarto del alcoran  
 \*onrrado n[o]' ay meter en ello duda ninguna porke\*  
 \*esta e~krito en letra de kristyanos\*  
 que el que lo saco lo copio de otro alcoran que  
 \*estaba en su propya lengwa" de arabigo i de\*  
 clarado palabra por palabra al bocablo  
 \*i kopyo solamente el rromanse del para\*  
 su estudio que tenia en el arabigo y por quanto  
 \*el lo tenia prestado de una onrrada\*  
 gente para copiarlo en tiemp[o]' asignado y  
 era corto y porque si quisiese Allah darle  
 gracia de cumplir con su promesa de bol  
 \*berselo en dicha asignasyon por tanto\*  
 lo escribio en letra de cristianos. pero haze ver  
 dad el escribano que esta rrectamente  
 \*kopyado komo lo hallo i ke el sabe la letra de\*  
 \*los krist[ya]nos' i de los muslimes i par\*  
 \*te del arabigo i ke se atrebyo para pu[xar]'\*  
 \*kabo delante en su estudio komo esta\*  
 \*dicho por la brebedad ke tenia konsignada\*  
 \*kon kyen se lo presto i su letra la de\*  
 los cristianos era la que mas se atrebio pa [sic] dicha  
 ocasion rruega y suplica que por

\*estar en dicha letra'5 no lo tengan\*  
 \*en menos de lo keg antes en mucho por\*  
 que pues esta asi declarado esta mas a vista  
 de los muqlimes que saben leer el cristiano y  
 no la letra de los muqlimes porque es cierto que  
 \*dixo el annab'T Muhammad salla Allahu 'alayhi wa- sallam ke la mejor\*  
 \*lengwa era la ke se entendia' esto\*  
 \*se entyende aunke syenpre\*  
 confieso que su perfection es la del arabigo  
 que tiene y acabo su escritura del dicho.<sup>116</sup>

Translation: "[Mixed Spanish and Aljamiado:] Here ends the first quarter of the glorious Qur'an. One should not doubt it just because it is written in Christian letters; for he who copied it took it from another Qur'an that was in its original Arabic language and set forth literally word by word. And he copied only the Romance [language] from it, to help him in his study of Arabic. And since it was lent to him by certain good people to copy in a specified time, which was short, and he hoped for God's grace to help him keep his promise and return it in the stated time, he wrote it in Christian letters. But the scribe bears witness that it is copied directly, just as he found it, and that he knows the letters of the Christians and of the Muslims and some Arabic. And he made bold to press on in his studying, as has been said, because of the short time that he had [the book] from the people who lent it; and the letters of the Christians are the most he dared to write in such a case. He begs that because it is in such letters it not be scorned, but rather respected; because being set down in this way it is more visible to Muslims who know how to read Christian, but not Muslim, letters. For it is true that the Prophet (peace be upon him) said that the best language was one that could be understood. This is obvious, although I confess that the perfect language is Arabic. And he completed his writing of the said [Arabic:] quarter of the great Qur'dn in the month of Duhu-l-Hijja, the twenty-fourth, which is in Christian reckoning the second of May ["Mayo," in Aljamiado]. May God bless him who wrote it and him who recites it and him who hears it and whoever benefits from it and uses it for good. Amen, o Lord of all being. And may God protect and preserve our noble master Muhammad and all his kin. And he rested from it in the month of May ["Mayo," in Aljamiado] (by Christian reckoning), as he has said, 1606.<sup>117</sup>

I'll discuss the form of the colophon – crucial to the ingeniousness and beauty of the manuscript, and therefore necessary to quote in full – later, but first some notes on content. As we can see, the scribe writes in third person, but nonetheless painfully

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<sup>116</sup> Fol. 81v – 81r, transcription by Consuelo López-Morillas

<sup>117</sup> Consuelo López-Morillas, "Trilingual' Marginal Notes (Arabic, Aljamiado and Spanish) in a Morisco Manuscript from Toledo," *Journal of the American Oriental Society* 103, no. 3 (1983): 499-500.

excavates his subjective psychological experience in the copying of the original manuscript. The scribe claims he translated the manuscript faithfully, word by word, without, in Cervantes' words, "omitting or adding anything." We still do not know who the original translator was; as Consuelo López-Morillas says, "El gran misterio del T 235 sigue siendo la identidad del traductor original que vertió el Corán árabe íntegro en lengua española, traducción que subyace el manuscrito bilingüe árabe/aljamiado-aragonés que llegó a las manos del morisco de Villafeliche en 1606 [The great mystery of T 235 continues to be the identity of the original translator who turned the full Arabic Qur'an into the Spanish language, the translation which underlies the bilingual Arabic/Aljamiado-Aragonés manuscript the Morisco of Villafeliche had within his hands in 1606].<sup>118</sup> Just as in the *Quijote*, the identity of the original translator who turned the Arabic Qu'ran into Aljamiado is unknown, and our T235 scribe simply transliterates the Arabic characters of the Aljamiado into Latin script, rather than translates them. His justification for doing so is a mixture of pragmatism and philosophy, but underlying both is urgency; the bilingual copy was loaned to him for a short period of time and so he had to work very rapidly. Although the transliteration work helped him in his Arabic studies, it can be presumed from such a statement that he was not proficient in Arabic; indeed, as López-Morillas points out, "the scribe's own Arabic, to judge by the evidence of the brief paragraphs in the four colophons, is sadly inadequate. He is unable to write even the most common formulas without committing elementary errors in grammar."<sup>119</sup> His

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<sup>118</sup> Consuelo López-Morillas, "Alcorán," *Memoria de los Moriscos: escritos y relatos de una diáspora cultural*, ed. Alfredo Mateos Paramio (Madrid: Biblioteca Nacional de España, 2010), 144. Translation mine.

<sup>119</sup> López-Morillas, 501.

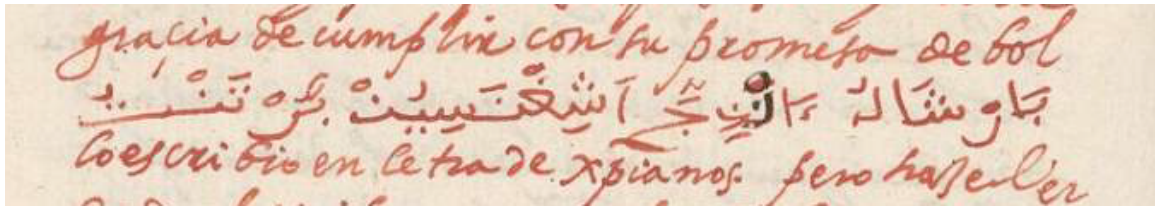
justification for violating orthodox Islam in translating the Qur'an, however – especially into the “letra de los cristianos” – is community-oriented and epistemological: “He begs that because it is in such letters it not be scorned, but rather respected; because being set down in this way it is more visible to Muslims who know how to read Christian, but not Muslim, letters.” Hence it will be of more use to Moriscos, because it is in a language that they can read; a memory palace of their Islamic culture in Christian script. Perhaps an architectural parallel would be La Giralda in Andalusian Spain: originally built as the minaret for the Great Mosque of Seville, after the “Reconquest” it was converted – translated, transliterated – into a Christian cathedral.

The facade of MS 235's colophon is similarly stunning, an example of how great exigency can summon forth great innovation and adornment. In the Spanish transliteration of the colophon, the asterisks denote the usage of Arabic or Aljamiado; thus, the lines fairly uniformly alternate between Spanish and Aljamiado. The three languages are so intermingled, in fact, that at times a single word will be syllabically broken into two languages at the end of one line and the beginning of the next. The result is that the word's final syllable appears in another script and alphabet altogether, quite literally straddling two worlds: a stunning metaphor for the life of a Morisco. To extend the metaphor even further, the most striking instance of this is in the two lines:

gracia de cumplir con su promesa de bol  
\*berselo en dicha asignasyon por tanto\*



Here the word “volverse” – in this context meaning “to return it [the bilingual copy],” whereas in general “volverse” signifies “to turn,” “to become” – turns and becomes part of the Arabic alphabet, as we see here:



The writer moves across the page boustrophedonically, trending left to right in Latin script and right to left in Arabic. The alternation of red and black ink, additionally, further adorns the text and so, despite the short time window provided to the scribe, the Venerable Qur’an can still be visually venerated through aesthetic innovation.

Based on these models, then, *The Carrant* is a (failed) restoration project meant to index the lost tradition of cultural and linguistic exchange in Medieval Muslim Iberia in the form of an Aljamiado manuscript. I (by indirection) present it as a “found manuscript” that I have translated into English from the medieval language of Aljamiado. The frame then is that *The Carrant* was originally written by Cide Hamete Benengeli – the Arab historian of *Don Quijote* – in Arabic in Algiers in the 17<sup>th</sup> century. As I indicated in the introduction to this critical introduction, I hearken to this lost history by “finding” a lost document – one instantiation in the unfollowable chain of an entire text network – that underwent a similar translational route: from Benengeli (in Arabic) to an unknown Morisco scribe (in Aljamiado) to me (English, with preservation of Spanish

grammar and some Arabic script). There are multiple authors throughout this miscellaneous work and multiple scribes (sometimes the same person, sometimes not). I

quote now from *The Carrant*:

I have by pure conjectural extrapolation created 200 pages that I call 200 turns. I took everything I have ever written on various topics and on various issues of power and pain and submitted those thousand-page reams to Microsoft Word's discontinued Autosummarize program; taken iPhone photos of the microfiche pages and used this data as inputs for Recurrent Neural Networks to generate novels, drunken, moaning; consulted in the archives of Toledo in the Biblioteca de Castilla y La Mancha MS 235, "The Corán of Toledo" and MS 285, "El Nuevo Descubrimiento de la Falsedad del Metal," as models; learned Spanish completely and learned Arabic rudely thus to better understand feeling ostracized from a language; read in bed; completed no Rubik cubes. I grew grass and grew like my eagle feathers and bird claws.

The work I have diluted is a 17<sup>th</sup> century manuscript – a microfiche version of MS 5332 from the archives of Toledo – undated, but signed Cide Hamete Benengeli, the fictional Arabic historian who catalogued the adventures of Don Quixote in Miguel de Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. This of course has to be a lie – for it is the business and duty of historians to be exact, truthful, and wholly free from passion, and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor love, should make them swerve from the path of truth, whose mother is history, rival of time, storehouse of deeds, witness for the past, example and counsel for the present, and warning for the future – so I've given the lie to history and called my swerving pages turns. MS 5332 is written nonetheless in a mixture of Arabic, Spanish, and Aljamiado.

The Aljamiado I employ is a translation – or conversion, or transliteration, or "(re)turn" – of Chapter IX of the original Castilian text of Don Quixote (back) into Aljamiado. This is the end of the manuscript. Additionally, I mix Aljamiado and Arabic in order to write *kharjas* that recur throughout *The Carrant*. I only briefly touched on the *kharja* earlier, and will now further elaborate on the character and historical significance of this poetic form.

As I touched on before, Aljamiado was not exclusively invented nor employed in response to the medieval Christian regime but, in the case of the *kharjas* especially, was developed as an aesthetic mode that indexed the diversity of Muslim Al-Andalus's

multilingual and multicultural community. Employed within the second half of the 11<sup>th</sup> century until the first half of the 12<sup>th</sup>, the *kharjas* are Romance-language couplets transliterated into Arabic script that end the otherwise-Arabic lyric poems known as *muwashshahat*; hence, a multilingual, multicultural poem. They are multiple in the sense that *kharjas* were often *not written* by the *muwashshaha* poet. While the *muwashshahat* were written in Arabic by medieval Arab courtesans, the *kharjas* were Mozarabic – an Andalusí Romance dialect, the vernacular of Al-Andalus – love lyrics often sung by women on the streets as popular songs by the Christian or Hebrew population over which the Iberian Islamic caliphate ruled. These popular songs were then transliterated (not translated) into Arabic and re-purposed to become the ending stanzas of the *muwashshahat*, resulting in a mixture of popular and courtly culture, and a mixture of Romance and Muslim culture, all accommodated by one poetic form. In fact, not only does the *kharja* predate the *muwashshaha* that it ironically concludes: it patterns the *muwashshaha* metrically. Because the *muwashshaha* is a strophic poem, it is strictly divided into stanzas called the *qufl* (“to return” and so, essentially, a refrain). While each bait must match in meter and number of parts, their rhyme schemes can differ between baits; not so with the *qufl*, which is unvarying. Each *qufl* follows the number of parts, the rhyme, and the metrical pattern established by the *kharja*.

Because the *kharjas* comes from elsewhere – because they are lifted from oral tradition, we have no record of where exactly each came from, who exactly sang them – its Arabic meaning of “foreign” or “extra” is extremely apt. They add a discordant, almost shocking element to the *muwashshaha* for several reasons. Margit Frenk Alatorre, in *Las jarchas mozárabes y los comienzos de la lírica románica*, points to the incongruency of the

kharja; because it comes from elsewhere, it is the muwashshaha poet's goal to make the kharja estrange the poem from itself, or to aesthetically produce that effect of "materia extraña," or "strange materia"; "tal era la ley" of the poem.<sup>120</sup> For example, the kharja is always a direct quote, supplanting the poem's speaker and concluding with a new speaker. Additionally, this new speaker can be a man, a bird, or even a city. Nonetheless, the new speaker is most often a woman yearning for her habib, or beloved, and often in a salacious manner.<sup>121</sup> Because in traditional Arabic poetry masculine pronouns and verb forms are used even when referring to a female figure, the kharja allows for a sexual and gender ambiguity that intentionally eschews what we would call heteronormative values. All this creates what Alatorre refers to as an elliptical style, insofar as conceptual links between and even within verses are left missing.<sup>122</sup> This sort of fluidity in content and in language was celebrated or, as Alatorre says, "[e]l bilinguismo como la aplicación deliberada y consciente de un recurso artística [bilingualism as a deliberate and conscious application of an artistic technique]" whereby at times in a translational flourish the poet would cause a romance word to rhyme with an Arabic one.<sup>123</sup> Indeed, many different muwashshaha poems would nonetheless end on the same kharja, similar to the exchange and circulation that characterizes American blues standards. For all these reasons "El poeta podía hacer lo que quería con los textos que tomaba de otras muwashshahas o de la tradición oral: nada lo impelía a ser *fiel* [The poet could do as he liked with the texts he

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<sup>120</sup> "such was the law." Margit Frenk Alatorre, *Las jarchas mozárabes y los comienzos de la lírica románica* (Mexico City: Colegio de México, 1975), 129.

<sup>121</sup> Linda Fish Compton, *Andalusian Lyrical Poetry and Old Spanish Love Songs: The Muwashshah and its Kharja* (New York: New York University Press, 1976), 6.

<sup>122</sup> Alatorre, 122.

<sup>123</sup> Alatorre, 131. Translation mine.

took from other muwashshahat or from the oral tradition: nothing compelled him to be faithful].”<sup>124</sup> In other words, the translational law of fidelity (neither omission nor addition) is here replaced with a maxim of dissemination and emendation.

The existence of the kharjas was discovered quite recently, in 1945. The cultural shockwave produced by such a finding was immense, and its character is indicated by the very title of Alatorre’s study: “The Mozarabic Kharjas and the Beginnings of the Romance Lyric.” The kharjas then supplanted the Petrarchan sonnets as the oldest known example of secular poetry in a vernacular Romance language; suddenly the West’s most celebrated poetic form, the lyric, was discovered to have been developed by an “Eastern” model. The story is not so easy, however; in the same way that Western history must now be reconstructed, so too must the kharjas. Because kharjas were written in Arabic or in Hebrew characters without vowels, there is no way to ascertain the original meanings of the kharjas, resulting in a plethora of divergent translations or, better yet, reconstructions. Thus, as Alatorre concludes, “En principio, pues, todo es posible en las jarchas. Cada una guarda en sí el misterio de su origen [In principle, then, everything is possible in the kharjas. Each one maintains within itself the mystery of its origin].”<sup>125</sup>

Insofar as the kharja on a microscale is the nucleus of the muwashshaha, and on a historical scale is the nucleus of the romantic lyric poem as we know it, *The Currant* employs a scattering of kharjas throughout, the which I have transliterated into a mixture of Arabic and Aljamiado. In order to replicate the unlikely duality of the kharja – foreign

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<sup>124</sup> Alatorre, 140. Translation mine.

<sup>125</sup> Ibid. Translation mine.

and extraneous on the one hand, and an integral kernel on the other – I have produced the kharjas without actually writing them. Rather, I submitted all of my Qur’anic writings and dilations – roughly 700 pages – to a Recurrent Neural Network, a machine-learning model that can be trained to read a set of text, and then generate novel text as if it were the original author (myself) itself. Afterwards, I filtered this text through a discontinued Microsoft Word program called Autosummarize<sup>126</sup>, which then reduced this novel, “machine-generated” text down to 1%, resulting in the fragmentary kharjas seen in *The Currant*. Once again, as Walkowitz has posited about novels in translation, I have sought to author a “de-owned literature.”

I then translated my kharjas into Aljamiado and Arabic, and following this I translated them “back” into English in two different competing sections of *The Currant*, in order to effect the “reconstructed,” untranslatable nature of actual unvowelled kharjas. Finally, I wrote very metrically loose versions of muwashshahat in English, which comprise one of the final sections of *The Currant* which I call “Foreign.” In it, kharjas from sections two and three – the fragmented, detached endings of poems – find their fulfillment in completed muwashshahat. Ironically, these poems will resemble sonnets, and so the “Foreign” will be very familiar.

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<sup>126</sup> The Microsoft Word Program “Autosummarize” was rendered obsolete and replaced in 2011. According to Ron Fein of the Word 97 team, AutoSummarize cuts wordy copy to the bone by counting words and ranking sentences. First, AutoSummarize identifies the most common words in the document (barring "a" and "the" and the like) and assigns a "score" to each word - the more frequently a word is used, the higher the score. Then, it "averages" each sentence by adding the scores of its words and dividing the sum by the number of words in the sentence - the higher the average, the higher the rank of the sentence.

## The Currant: The Current

Hence I have modeled *The Currant* after the interstitial community of the Moriscos and their Aljamiado manuscripts, which I see as in(ter)vention that reveals the hybridity *inherent* to putatively monocultural and monolingual categories of nation and of genre. I see translation as generational, that is, as a mode of *making* poetic works and revitalizing genres, and a mode of bridging/generating generations. It is this vital tension between fidelity to the past generations and concomitant fidelity to the future that generates creative response, and that interrogates creative responsibility. While I have devoted these past few pages to specific Aljamiado manuscripts and poetic forms that I have taken as exemplars and sought to make new (again), I will focus the end of this introduction on contemporary authors whose works carry on the tradition of the interstitial community, living writers whose works' experimental nature constitutes a conversation/tense rapport with their transnational forebears, and who thereby belong to no category, or to one too many.

One such uncategorizable writer par excellence is Edmond Jabès, whose hybrid-genre work is a poetic pastiche of frametale narrative, aphoristic fragment, prose poetry, confession, Haggadic tract, catechistic dialogue and atheistic mysticism. An Egyptian Jew forced into exile in his mid-30s during the Suez Crisis, Jabès lived in France and wrote in French the rest of his life. Echoing the millennia of forced diasporic movements undertaken by his ethnic forebears, the Jews – or, as Islamic discourse has it, one of the People of the Book – Jabès documents and literalizes this existence of mobile memory palaces with his 2-volume masterwork, *The Book of Questions*. A series of books within

books – one of the books within being called, incidentally, *The Book of Questions* – *The Book* follows the text network tradition in thematizing both its own circulation and its structure:

“I have the *Book of Questions* in my hands. Is it an essay?”  
“No. Perhaps.”  
“Is it a poem with deep wells?”  
“No. Perhaps.”  
“Is it a story?”  
“Perhaps.”  
“Am I supposed to infer that you would like it taken as the story of your rivers, your reefs?”  
“A stranger like the word and the Jew, unclassifiable among other books, what shall I call it?”  
“Why don’t you call it: The Book.”<sup>127</sup>

We do not know which *Book of Questions* is in the hand of the disembodied questioner here; it is the unanswered question that allows the book to continue, and for the threshold of one book to bleed into the other; whatever appears whole is actually a dissimulating fragment. Just as the *kharja* estranges the *muwashshaha* from itself – a fragmentary verse that means “foreign” or “extra” – Jabès’ notion of the Jew as stranger or exile mirrors the status of the word itself, a wandering and mutable form:

I have followed a book in its persistence, a book which is the story of a thousand stories as night and day are the prow of a thousand poems. I have followed it where day succeeds the night and night the day, where the seasons are four times two hundred and fifty seasons.

The world is exiled in the name. Within it there is the book of the world.<sup>128</sup>

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<sup>127</sup> Edmond Jabès, *The Book of Questions, Volume 1*, trans. Rosmarie Waldrop (Middletown: Wesleyan University Press, 1991), 300.

<sup>128</sup> Jabès, 325.



It is not the writer's vocation to master nor fix the word, but to follow its peregrinations across the world that the word itself writes. Because the world is exiled in the name, so too is the writer reading the world, constantly reiterated and shifting. What appear to be the margins of the book are discovered to be the threshold of another, either "within" or "without":

"What book do you mean?"  
"I mean the book within the book."  
"Is there another book hidden in what I read?"  
"The book you are writing."

-Reb Haod<sup>129</sup>

In the same manner of the Jewish Kabbalist's notion of the celestial book that precedes the earthly one, as well as the Islamic notion of the heavenly Qur'an that is the mother to the earthly one, there is always an unapproachable origin we cannot know, that makes all earthly continuance possible. In the opposite direction – the turn inward – the next book is this notion of continuance realized, i.e. the book that comes next, the book that you are writing; or, from his *Desire for a Beginning / Dread of One Single End*: "There will always be an impossible, undermined by possibility."<sup>130</sup> Because "[t]he book has no point of origin," it is this Derridean origin-heterogeneous dynamic that creates the conditions for

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<sup>129</sup> Jabès, 291.

<sup>130</sup> Edmond Jabès, *Desire for a Beginning / Dread of One Single End*, trans. Rosmarie Waldrop (New York: Granary Books, 2001), 17.

writing. Hence Jabès champions echoic dialogue rather than unilateral decree in saying “[t]he word of God is not commandment but correspondence.”<sup>131</sup>

In keeping, *The Currant* is a memory palace that accommodates a number of seemingly incommensurate genres – poetry, essay, story, history, prayer, axiom, song lyric, philology, autobiography, fragment, and archival catalogue – and that hosts a seemingly disparate set of traditions that all find fixity in the one form that can stitch them all together: the book. If the book is that which defines the Islamic notion of the People of the Book, and if the testimony of that interstitial community, the Moriscos, finds survival only in the space of the Aljamiado Manuscript which represents a synthesis of Christian, Jewish, and Muslim values and conventions, then *The Currant* offers itself as an aesthetic model in art pointing towards a moral model in life; it is a book whose unity is founded on difference, whereby the margins of one literary form become simply the very threshold of “an other” literary form. Additionally, as Jabès’ *Book of Questions* foregoes one prime narratorial voice in preference to an echoic plurality of vying voices – among which Edmond Jabès “himself” is sometimes one – so too does *The Currant* resound with speakers and narrators, as well as different authors and authorities, sometimes two in one section. Hence both our works champion circulation and emendation over fixity and authorship; against authority and nation we choose community and exile.

While Edmond Jabès’ margin-crossing work allows us to view exile as a universal condition focalized through the supra-historical category of the wandering Jew, Chilean poet Raúl Zurita champions a sort of Communal Exile as a corrective against the lethal

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<sup>131</sup> Edmond Jabès, *The Book of Questions Volume 1*, 328.

political violence of nationalist states bolstered by neoliberal policies. Born in 1950, Zurita came of age in-step with socialist president Salvador Allende's democratic election in 1970, on the one hand, and Allende's violent ousting by the U.S.-backed military coup led by Augusto Pinochet, who would remain dictator of Chile from 1973 until 1990. Chile became the first Latin American state to adopt neoliberalist policies right from the book of Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan, whereby Communism became the new enemy and, as Elizabeth Jelin explains in *Los Trabajos de la Memoria*, the country of Chile switched from being a society with a market, to a market with a society; in other words, a market that produces societies and colonizes all aspects of life. The societal and sociological violence this presupposes was backed by real military violence, resulting in the "disappearances" of some 50,000 "subversives" undertaken by Pinochet's military regime; the number cannot be verified, of course. On the day of the coup, September 11<sup>th</sup>, 1973, a young Raúl Zurita was himself arrested, tortured, and detained in a ship crammed with about a thousand others.

It is no wonder that such a traumatic event on a personal level for Zurita, and on a communal level for all of Chile, would be so difficult to remember, but impossible to forget. Hence the title of Jelin's book, which translates to "The Work of Mourning"; after the end of Pinochet's dictatorship in 1990, the very notion of memory became a heated site in Chile's political struggle, whereby interpretation of the past and its memory occupied a central place in cultural and political debate.<sup>132</sup> As Jelin describes, the debate was deceptively constructed in terms of memory and forgetting; ought the populace

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<sup>132</sup> Elizabeth Jelin, *Los trabajos de la memoria* (Madrid: SIGLO XXI DE ESPAÑA EDITORES, S.A., 2002), 5-6.

“recordar para no repetir” – the sort of admonitory “Never Forget” repeated during “our” September 11<sup>th</sup> in New York of 2001 – or was it better to assign the event to oblivion to better “move on,” despite the memory’s obstinate traumatic persistence in the form of “un pasado que no quiere pasar”?<sup>133</sup> For Jelin, the deception behind this false dilemma lays in the false binary of Remembering and Forgetting, insofar as all memories entail forgetting. Rather, the Work of Mourning is to learn to distance oneself from the past, in order to learn to remember.<sup>134</sup> While this might sound rather straightforward, Federico Galende, in his essay “La Izquierda Entre El Duelo, La Melancolía y El Trauma,” describes how “el Golpe,” or the coup, effected a communal trauma that was not merely a violent blow against the state, but a violent blow against “representation” itself:

Si el duelo hace el tiempo como diferencia, y la melancolia lo inmoviliza en la repetición, el trauma hace estallar el lugar en el que el tiempo se detiene. Destroza la representación. El trauma no acontece nunca en la representación, sino que le acontece a ésta. Así, el Golpe del 73 es antes que nada “un golpe a la representación.” [If mourning renders time as difference, and melancholy immobilizes time as repetition, trauma detonates the very site in which time stops. It destroys representation. Trauma does not ever happen inside representation; rather, trauma happens *to* representation. In this sense, the Golpe of ’73 is, principally, “a blow to representation.”]<sup>135</sup>

Galende diagnoses this as melancholy, a relation without relation, characterized by “la imposibilidad del yo para participar del entierro del objeto perdido” [the inability of the

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<sup>133</sup> “a past that does not want to pass.” Jelin, 1.

<sup>134</sup> Jelin, 6.

<sup>135</sup> Federico Galende, “La Izquierda Entre El Duelo, La Melancolía Y El Trauma,” *Debates críticos en América Latina: 36 números de la Revista de crítica cultural* 1 (1990-2008), 111-12. Emphasis and translation mine.

“I” to participate in the burial of the lost object].<sup>136</sup> Such a characterization alludes to the apparently irresolvable dialectic between “mourning” and “melancholy” as defined within the psychoanalytic tradition. Mourning marks the past as passed; the subject inters the lost object, marking the successful completion of a process of “working through.” Melancholy, on the other hand, is a state resultant from the subject’s refusal or incapability of burying the lost object, the disavowal of that loss which results in a sort of impasse, or the compulsive repetition – the “acting out” – of the traumatic event.

Freud, in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, sees traumatic neurosis as beyond the pleasure principle precisely insofar as the symptoms of traumatic neurosis – repetitive traumatic dreams, an oneiric acting out – are not economic, i.e., there is no “yield of pleasure involved.”<sup>137</sup> If we follow the logic of economy – etymologically, economy translates to “management” of the “house” – as Freud does, then it should come as no surprise that he sees “anxiety” as a safeguard against the development of traumatic neuroses. What we are anxious about lies within the realm of perceived possibility, and what we are surprised by is beyond that realm. The traumatic event is that which cannot have been prepared for by the subject. Freud admits his unease at treating the melancholiac; he is at a loss as to how to *move* the melancholiac from the impasse that is acting-out, to the passage that is working-through. To me this comes as no surprise: why would a melancholiac disavow the anxiety he/she has developed belatedly, a symptom of “acting out”? What if working-through’s price is this preparedness? If

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<sup>136</sup> Galende, 111.

<sup>137</sup> Sigmund Freud, *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, trans. James Strachey (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1961), 13.

Melancholy to Mourning is a continuum, if it is itself a passage, where upon it falls “never again?”

Again, Freud and economics: “The consideration of these cases and situations, which have a yield of pleasure as their final outcome, should be undertaken by some system of *aesthetics* with an economic approach to its subject-matter.”<sup>138</sup> The traumatized patient however is unable to bring the traumatic event into a field of representation; it cannot be *translated* into historical terms: “He is obliged to *repeat* the repressed material as a contemporary experience instead of, as the physician would prefer to see, *remembering* it as something belonging to the past.”<sup>139</sup>

What aesthetic system best represents trauma, i.e. what sort of system of representation represents that which is beyond representation? If trauma is transmissible, is it also translatable? If trauma is beyond representation, does that mean trauma *must not* be represented, or *must* one attempt to represent trauma?

Such an answer is provided by the oeuvre of Raúl Zurita who, in my estimation, opts more towards a Work of Melancholy rather than a Work of Mourning. The trilogy of poetic works he wrote during the dictatorship – Purgatorio, Anteparáiso, and La Vita Nuova – all center around the 50,000 disappearances brutally carried out by Pinochet’s military regime, and so in mourning the losses of these lives *indefinitely*, these lives thus are never quite lost. It is for this reason that these books skew the Dantean progression from hell to heaven; instead we begin where we are, in purgatory, and move from threshold to threshold *not towards art*, but towards a New Life. None of these three

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<sup>138</sup> Freud, 17. Emphasis mine.

<sup>139</sup> Freud, 19.

books, after all, are called “Paradise,” but Ante-Paradise; we must as artists forever labor at the threshold of paradise without ever arriving, just as each of Jabès’ books’ putative margins open instead to the threshold to the next book. It is, as Giorgio Agamben would have it, a strategy of melancholy. Theorizing about the positive correspondence between melancholy and the imaginative faculty, and echoing Aristotle’s assertion that all geniuses have been melancholiacs, Agamben argues “insofar as such mourning is for an unobtainable object, the strategy of melancholy opens a space for the existence of the unreal and marks out a scene in which the ego may enter into relation with it and attempt an appropriation such as no other possession could rival and no loss possibly threaten.”<sup>140</sup> Turning a stigma of pathology into an ethico-aesthetic ideal, Agamben calls melancholiacs “custodians to the inaccessible.”<sup>141</sup>

Because Zurita sees history itself as a text that must be constantly rewritten, he enacts literarily a past that doesn’t pass, and makes visible and delible the disappeared voices silenced by Pinochet’s regime. This does not happen simply on the level of the book, however, whereby one book’s end is picked up in the next book’s beginning. In the early 80s Zurita had excerpts from *La Vita Nuova* written in the sky over Manhattan via hired planes; and then in Chile’s Atacama desert, he carved “Ni Pena Ni Miedo” – Neither Pain Nor Fear – where it can still now be seen. Creating a cover from the ephemeral screen of the sky and the trace-bearing surface of the earth, the world effectively becomes a book staging a constant reiteration. If the earth becomes a page intertextual with the book, it follows too that the nation must open its borders; the sky

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<sup>140</sup> Agamben, 20.

<sup>141</sup> Agamben, 25.

over Manhattan is the same as that over Chile, after all. Speaking in an interview with poet and translator Daniel Borzutzky about what many see as his masterwork, *Zurita* – an enormous tome of poetry published in in 2011 – Zurita thus posits a sort of intergenerational, crosscultural interconnectivity: “In any place, where one person is victimized by another: everything passes through that moment; Hiroshima passes through it; Auschwitz passes through it; Chile passes through it; everything passes through it.”<sup>142</sup> Instead of considering borders (geopolitically, temporally, literarily) as autonomous, we consider the world as one segmented but interconnected organism: horror in “one” place is felt everywhere. Hence Zurita’s work is an intertextual marvel itself: Leonard Cohen, Akira Kurosawa, Roberto Bolaño, Elias Canetti, Scorsese, Bob Dylan, Moses, Adam and Eve, Augusto Pinochet, Zurita “himself,” Hitler, and other figures from myth and from the myth of history, from time immemorial and from the 21<sup>st</sup> century, from music and film and literature, all co-inhabit its 745 pages. It begins with an injunction entitled “¿Qué Es El Paraíso?”

Entiendo entonces la obra del Paraíso como una práctica que desde el dolor, es decir, desde el hambre, desde el terror, desde la soledad, transforme la experiencia del dolor en la construcción colectiva de un nuevo significado" [I understand then the work of Paradise as a practice that from pain, that is to say, from hunger, from terror, from solitude, transforms the experience of pain into the collective construction of a new meaning].<sup>143</sup>

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<sup>142</sup> Raúl Zurita, interview by Daniel Borzutzky, “Today or a Million Years Ago: An Interview with Raúl Zurita,” *Harriet*, 2014, Accessed 8 Jan., 2017, <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/harriet/2015/03/today-or-a-million-years-ago-an-interview-with-raul-zurita>.

<sup>143</sup> Raúl Zurita, *Zurita* (Salamanca: EDITORIAL DELIRIO S.L., 2012), 14-15.



This then is the New Life which, if it will be built – not a Work of Mourning, not a Work of Melancholy, but a Work of Paradise – it must be built collectively, by a stitching together of members of other interstitial communities.

It is to this injunction that *The Currant* responds. *The Currant's* hosts and interweaves various intertexts from song, film, cultural theory, and poetry, and across epoch and culture. It is for this reason I put *Moby Dick's* Ishmael in conversation with the Bible's Ishmael as dual trace echo in the larger confessional, aphoristic voice of a Morisco in a crisis of faith from Section 2, “oh an immense talking.” Similarly, “Passes through the wonderful land Gain,” section 4, is a fragmentary narrative account of Moses and his people's 40 years of wandering through the desert, to which I intertextually triangulate both Dante in his guided passage through hell, as well as Zurita's ascent towards a Paradise he will never reach, but can only point towards through poetry. I propose *The Currant* then as an example of what I call an “intergenerational” poetics, as “among genres.” I prefer this term to “cross-genre,” which implies a meeting between two or more idioms *at present*, that they talk to one another in the present. This is a start. The intergenerational, on the other hand, implies the movement in-between, the refusal of arrival, the insolubility of voices between histories. This again is to say we are employing a Strategy of Melancholy; that is to say, there is no end to it.

This notion of aesthetic poiesis then finds its politico-historical correlative in “teleopoiesis,” a term I borrow from Gayatri Spivak, who herself borrows the term from Derrida (its intergenerational passage, its provenance rather than its propriety). She describes it thusly in *Death of a Discipline*:

Derrida brings the rich notion of *teleopoiesis* – teleopoietic rather than legitimizing reversal – into play many times in his book. That is indeed one of the shocks to the idea of belonging, to affect the distant in a *poiesis* – an imaginative making – without guarantees, and thus, by definitive predication, reverse its value. Again, note the difference between this and the mechanical convenience of mapmaking. “The teleopoiesis we are speaking of is a messianic structure. . . . We are not yet among these philosophers of the future, we who are calling them and calling them the philosophers of the future, but we are in advance their friends. . . .

This is perhaps the ‘community of those without community.’”<sup>144</sup>

I find this passage very beautiful, and touching in the way that Spivak often means the word, that it touches, that it invites, that it softly demands intimacy. I imagine Derrida writing his piece imagining a future philosopher, someone he will never touch, and Spivak hearing the call, being interpellated as such, and extending her arm and touch into the future. In my case, translation is that arm. In my great-great grandfather Shimon Horowitz’s case, I translate arms for arm, enjoined to an interminably open and gesturing hand. This is how, for me, *Sefer Sanigoria* translates.

Wittgenstein, at the end of the preface of his *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, similarly describes a teleopoietic arc, enjoining a future reader to become the author, the corrector, of his work:

If this work has a value it consists in two things. First that in it thoughts are expressed, and this value will be the greater the better the thoughts are expressed. The more the nail has been hit on the head.—Here I am conscious that I have fallen far short of the possible. Simply because my powers are insufficient to cope with the task.—May others come and do it better.<sup>145</sup>

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<sup>144</sup> Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, *Death of a Discipline* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2003), 31.

<sup>145</sup> Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, trans. D. F. Pears and B. F. McGuinness (London: Routledge, 1988), 4.

*The Currant* challenges, or invites, the reader to become its next editor in several ways. For one, *The Currant* presents itself as the latest iteration in a text network that has already been edited and emended several times over. This frame is made most explicit in “Textual Notes,” section 7, which I described at the beginning of this essay. The series of “textual notes” includes scans of my Aljamiado translation of Chapter IX of *the Quijote*; scanned notes and schemas for *the Currant* itself; and a scanned catalogue description from the Biblioteca de Catalunya that describes the condition of a medieval manuscript housed there, categorized as MS 5332 and reputed to be written by Cervantes’ own Cide Hamete Benengeli. Because each section represents the editorial decisions of a different personage, *The Currant* is presented as being emended by several different hands. And, finally, each scanned section has handwritten notes in the margins throughout, representing, in a literal sense, a final “hand” or redactor set apart from all the others.

The “Errata” section, however – the final manuscript section – by definition invites a later edition to be printed that will correct the mistakes of the present edition. The Errata section is itself erroneous, however, insofar as the replacements the errata editor recommends are often uncategorical or incomplete, on the one hand, and insofar as the footnotes the editor provides in order to explain his replacement decisions are seeded with long and irrelevant autobiographical sketches, which entirely nullifies the authority of the editor. The errata section, therefore, is errant both in its being erroneous, as well as in its quixotic errancy.

Additionally, the errata section only concerns itself with the erroneous translation of the *kharjas* found in *The Currant*. As I’ve explained before, the *kharjas* cannot ever be

translated, as they are unvowelled, and thereby each translation is actually a conjectural reconstruction of what Romance term the writer meant at the time to convey; the kharjas are, then, fragments *par excellence*. Because the kharjas in *The Carrant* are unvowelled, it means we don't even have the original kharjas, but an interpretation of them. Every section of *The Carrant* features a different modality of unreadability; it begs to be reinterpreted; *The Carrant* is a Book of Questions; its last word is "what."



We leave in the rest part of this story the valorous viscount and the brave Don Quijote  
جُنَا كُنْتُمْ ءَا شَبْرَشِ الْتَمَشِ إِذْ اَشْرَشِ ءَاغِشِ ذَا اَشْكُرْغَزِ ذُشِ فُرْبُدُشِ

peasants, so that, if they are right, at least, they will divide and break from top to bot  
جِ اَبِرِرَانْ كُمْ اَنْغَرَنْدْ اِءَا نَكَالْ بُلْتَنْنْ ذُشِ بَرَا كَاذْ اَشْكُرْغَزِ  
delicious history was stopped, without telling us where we could find what

أَب

-Shey, father in Arabic

This caused me great <sup>grief</sup> ~~grief~~, because the pleasure of reading too took turned

- بِيئَانْ ذِ شَعُشْتْ ذَا بَانْشَرَالْمَلْ كِمِنْكَ شَا اَفَارَا سِيْبَرَا اَلْرُ لُمُجْكَ بَرَا  
my opinion, was missing from delicious history. It seemed impossible and outside of all good

كُشْتُمْبَارَا كَا اَتْنِ بُوَانْ كِبَلَارْ لَا اُبِيَا شَا فَلْتَدْ اَلْعُنْ شَيْبِيْكَ اَتْمَرَا اَكْرَفْ اَلْعَالْ  
writer of their never-seen facts, something not missing any knight's errant, those who say <sup>the</sup>

جَانْتَاشْ كَا بَلْشَشْ اَبَانْتُرْشِ بُرْكَ كَا كَرَا اَنْزَالْشِ تَانِيْ اَنْ اَذْ شَيْبِيْشْ كُمْ  
in a world, not only writing his notes, but studying his smallest ideas & nonsense, no matter how hidden

كَا فَوَا شَا اِنَّا بِيْذَا شَارْتَنْ اَشْجِيْذْ تَنْ بُوَانْ كِبَلِيَارْ كَا لَا فَلْتَشَا اَلْكََا شُبْرُ  
بَلْتَرَا اَلْشِ شَامَا جَنْفَانْ : اَشْ نُبْذِيَا نِكَلِنْرَا مَا اَكْرَا اَزْ كَا تَنْ غَلْرَدْ

history had been mangled & spoiled, and blamed the malignity of time, devourer & consumer of  
all things, which were either hidden or consumed.

On the other hand, it seemed to me that, since his books had been as modern as Perception

ذَا بَلَالْشِ اِنْفَشْ اِبَشْتُرْشِ ذَا اَنْرَاشْ كَا تَمْبِيَانْ شَيْشْتُرْ بَرَا بِيْذَا شَارْ صَدَارَنْ  
and that, since it was not written, it would be in the memory of the people of his village and of her

بِسْرُ كُنْفَا سِيْشْ : ءَا شَمْتْ اِمَجْجِيْسِيْنْ صَا تَرْيِيَا كُنْفَشْ اِذْ اَشَا سُرَا شَبْرَا اِءَا لَا بَارَا ذَا اَرْ  
- fully all my life of our famous Spanish Don Quixote de la Mancha, light and mirror of the <sup>country</sup> ~~the~~ Mancha

صَنْجَا حَا اِءَا اَلْبِرْمَارْ كَا اَنْوَا شْتُرْ ءَا ذَا اِءَا اَشْتَشْ تَنْ كَلْمِيْشْشِ تِيَا صِيْشَا بَسْ اَلْ-  
work and exercise of errant arms, to defer complaints, to help widows, to protect madams, with all their virgins

اَكْوَا شْتَشْ ذَا مَنَّا اَنْ مَنَّا اِذْ اَبِيْيَا اَنْ يَبِيْيَا كَا شِقْ اَرْ كَا اَلْعُنْ فَلْتْ ءَا اَلْعُنْ بِيْئَنْدَا  
oxe and head, or some of yonder giant food them in the last century, years, in each day never grew  
اَنْ دِيْذَا بِيْجُرَا تَا جُرْ شَا فَوَا تَمَانْتَارَا اَلْشَا بَلْتُرْ كُمْ لَمْدَارَا كَا لَا يَبِيْ بَرْدْ : ذِخْ بُوَا شْ كَا

for these & other reasons the holy Quixote deserves constant and outstanding praise; & even I should not be den  
 for the work and diligence I placed in seeking the end of this pleasant history; although I know  
 very well that if you do not help me Heaven, and fortune, it will diminish the world and

بَشْرًا وَالْبَشَرِيَّاتُ إِذَا الْغَشَّتْ كَمَا بَيَّانٌ كَسِيدٌ مِنْ أَرْضِ بُخَارِ ثَانَاوِ وَالْكَانِ كُنْ أَتَانِسِينِ  
 will read it. ~~It happened then that I found it~~  
 I happened, then, to find it in this way:

While I was one day in the Alcañá de Toledo, a boy came to sell some <sup>portfolios</sup> ~~notebooks~~ and old papers  
 to a vendor; and as I am fond of reading, even in the broken papers of the streets, taken

أَشْتَتْ مَفْتَرٌ لِنِكَلِنِسِينِ، تَمَّ أَنْ كَرْتَبَسِيذًا لَشْكَا وَالْمُجَجَّ بِأَنْزِي، إِبْلَا كُنْ

characters I knew to be Arabic. And since I knew them, but did not know how to read them  
 I looked to see if there was some Aljamiado Morisco who would read them, and it was

مُو دَفِكَلْتَشْ أَيْرُ، اِنْتَارُ بَارَاتَا شَامَا جَنْتَا، بُوَاشْ وَأَنْكَ لَا بُشْكَرْ ذَا أْتَرْ صَاجِرْ  
 and older language, I found him. In short, someone brought me luck, who says, that my desire put

ءَ أَنْ لَشْ مَنَسْ، لَا أَيْرِي بُرْ مَا ذِي، إِبْلَا بَانْدُ أُهُ بَكْ عَادْ ءَالْ، شَا كَمَانْزُ أَرَا يَزُ  
 I asked him what he was laughing at, and he replied to something written in the margin to

أَنْتَسِي... ذِجَا لَا كَا مَا لِدِجَاشَا إءَالْ، نَسْنُ ذَا جِرْ لَرَشْ، حَجْ

It is, as I said, here in the written margin: «This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often repeated in this convector history, is  
 كَا تَبَلْ مَجْرُ مَقْ بَرْ شَلْرُ بُوَازْ كَشْ كَا أْتَرْ مَجَارْ ذَا تَرْ مَانْدَا»

كُونْدُ بِيئُو ذَا بَيْرِ، كَا ذَا أَتَيْتُ إِشْتَبَانَسْ، بُوْكَا لُوَاجْ شَا مَا رَابَا أَشَانَتْ كَا

These folders contained the story of Don Quixote. With this imagination, I hurried to read the beginning, and, doing so, sudden  
 turning the Arabic into Spanish, said that it said: The history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Arab historian Cid

حَمِيدِ ابْنِ الْاَيْلِ: مَجْ ذِ شَا كَارَا بِيئِينِ قُوَا مَا نَاشْتَارْ بُرْ ذِ شَلْرُ ءَالْ كُنْتَانَتْ كَا رَابِيْبْ كُونْدُ  
 [Then was a great deal of disaction to write the content] the 5th of the book reached my ears; I jumped to the

كُفْبَارَا الْمَجَجَّ تُلَشْ لَشْتَبَالَاشْ إِ كَرْتَبَسِيَشْ بُرْ مَا ذِي رَايِلْ، كَا نَسْ ءَالْ تَبَسَارْ ذِ شَا كَارَا بِيئِينِ  
 and if he knew really what I wanted, he could well have made more money for the purchase. Then I left with the Morisco to

ءَالْ كَلُوْشَتْ ذَا لِإِغْلَانِي مِيْرُ، إِغْلَا مَا يَلْبِيَاشَا أَكَالَشْ كَرْتَبَسِيَشْ، تُلَشْ لَشْ كَا

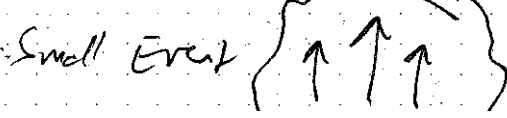
to turn those folders, everything that dealt with Don Quixote, into Castilian, without taking or adding anything, offering him

لَبْغَا ءَا كُنْتَانَسْ: كُنْتَانَسْ كُنْ ذُشْ أَرْبَشْ ذَا بَشْسْ، إِ بُرْ مَا تَبِيْرَا

translate them well and faithfully and very briefly; but I, to better facilitate business and to not release the hand

تَنْ بُوَانْ أَلْرُخْ، لَا تَرْجَا أَمَكْسْ، ذُنْدَا 92  
 in a little more than a month and a half he translated it all, in the same way it is here related

Interse interpenetrated chaotic relationships



عَاشْتَبَ وَأَنَّ الْبَرْمَارَ كَرْتَبِي بِنْتَدُ مَوِ النَّتْرَ لَبَيْدَا ذَنْ كَجْنَا كَنْ وَأَلْبُرْ كِينُ

placed in the same pocket that the history tells, the swords rise, the one covered with rattles, the other with the pad

لَمَلَّ ذَا لَبَيْدَا نَنْ أَلْبِي، كَا عَاشْتَبَ صُشْتَرْتَرُ شَارُ ذَا الْكَلَارُ أَنْرُ ذَا بِيَا شَتُ.

At the feet the Pesquis had written an inscription says: Don Sancho de Azpebe, that, without a doubt, must be his not

إِ الشَّيْبَانِشُ ذَا الشَّيْبَ أَنْرُ كَا ذَا بِي: Don Quixote. Rocante عَاشْتَبَ مَرَبِي شَقَانْنَا بِنْتَدُ

very dull & stylized, very weak & thin, with so much spines, so ethically unArmed, that he showed well in the open as

كُونَتِ أَذْبَارُ تَانِي بِي بَرِبْرَادُ شَالَا أَيْ بُوَا شَتُ وَالْمُصْبَارَا ذَا رُكْنُ جُنْتُ أَلْ وَأَلْ عَاشْتَبَ

Sancho Panza, who had on his halberd his donkey, at the foot of which another retulo that said: Sancho Zancos, but must be

كَا تَانِي، أَلْ كَا صُشْتَرَبَ لَبَيْدَا، لَبْرُخُ غَدْنَا، وَالْتِيَا كَرْتَا، الشَّرْتَرُ كَشُ لَرُغْنُ، إِبْرُ عَاشْتُ

he should be called Panza and Zancos: these two aliases are sometimes called history. Other trivialities must be observed but all of this is of little importance and misses the point of the true relationship of history, that nothing is as bad as it is true.

If this can be objected to near its truth, it cannot be, other than its Arab author, being very typical of those that reason being liars; although, because our enemies are so, you can understand before that you've been lucky

ذَانْ عَائِي كَا ذَا صُشْتَبِيدُ: إِنْ أَنْشَ مَا بَرَانَا أَمْ، بُوَا شُ كُونُ بِي يَارَا إِي ذَا بِيَارَا عَاشْتَانَا ذَا

the pen in the press of such a good gentleman, it seems that industry passes them in silence: something badly done

إِي بَارُ بَانْتَشَا، إِي بَانْدُ، ذَا بِيَانْدُ شَاوُ لُشَانْتَرِيدَرَانُ بُنْتَالَانُ، بَارُ ذَا رُشُ إِنْ نُنْدُ

passionate, and interest nor fear, nor beauty and dislike make them twist the path of truth, whose matter is history, formula of times, deposit of actions, testimony of the past, example, warning of what's to come.

عَ أَنْ عَاشْتُ شَا كَا شَا أَيْرُ تَدُ لُكَا شَا أَسَارُ تَرَا أَذَا شَارُ وَأَنْ لَمَشُ أَيْبِي لَانُ!

if something good is missing, for me it is because of the Greyhound of its author, not because of the lack of the subject. Finally, the second part, after translation, commenced this way:

[Durante la Edad Media la función principal del galgo era la cacería.]

They fitted and rebled the swords of bronze and any of fights, who seem to threaten heaven, earth and hell: this is the <sup>voleto</sup> course

إِي كُنْتَانْنَا كَا تَابِينُ: إِي الْبَرْمَارُ كَا فُوا إِذَا كَرُغَرُ وَالْعَلْبَا فُوا الْكَلَارُ كُ وَالْكُونُ فُوا ذَا كُنْ

such force and such fury that, to not from the sword would bring a single blow fierce enough to end its vigorous fight, all advent

ذَا لُشَانْتَرُ كَبِيَارُ صُنْ لَبُونُ شَوَارُ تَا، كَا بَرُ صِيرَانُ كُشْتُونُ لَا تَانِي عَوْرُ ذَا، تَرَبِي لَأَشْبَدُ ذَا شَكْنُ ذَا صُدُ كَا أَنْكَالَا أَسَارُتُ وَأَنَّ أَلْ أَمْبُرُ إِي كِيَارُ ذَا، فُؤَا وَرُ أَنْرُ خَبِي كَا ذَا شَمْرُ لَا تَدُ أَكَالُ لَدُ، يَابَنْدُ لَا ذَا

the road a lot of colado, that all this with terrible force came to the ground, and left him very battered



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II

He was very quiet watching Don Quixote, and when he saw him fall, he jumped off his horse & very lightly came to him, saying the  
دَاوَنَ لَسْتُ جُنُونًا، لَا دِخْرُكَ شَأْنًا رَنْدِيَا شَأْنًا، شَيْئًا كَمَا لَا كُوتِرِي لَكِبَارًا: وَأَشْتَبَ وَالْصَّخْرَةَ أَنْ تَرْتَدَّ  
that he could not answer a word; & he would have had a hard time, as Don Quixote was blind, if he lobes in the ca  
كَأَشْتَبَ وَأَنْتُنَسَّاسُ كُنْ عَرْنُ ذَانِمْيَ أَبِيْنُ مَرَّ لَبَانْدَانِسِي، نَفُوَارَهْ أَدْنَدَا وَأَشْتَبَ إِلَّا  
expensively asked him mercy and to please forgive her lives To the owner, Don Quixote responded with great <sup>enthusiasm</sup>  
إِ عَرَبَا دَدُ

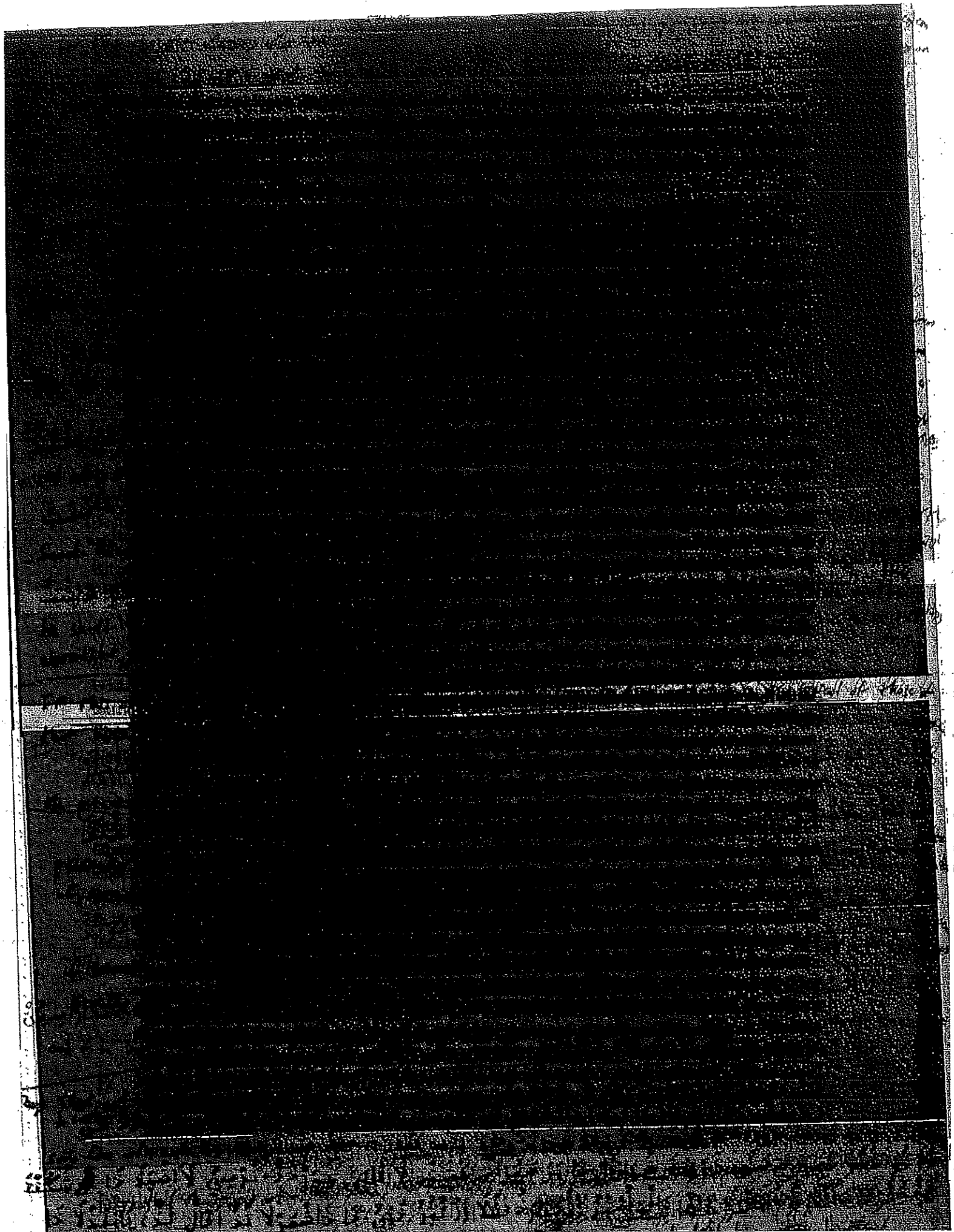
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# The Currant









Exit  
(Jarcha  
(Kharja  
(Close

i dream you.

a tree fell inside the earth and

world

that were judged the stars are; sea

eternity.

in your hand

obey?

am from this book.

longing.

a nunnery, talmud!

in the nature of god is clemency & lonely.

hurt at the truth.

god had slashed

god walking in the meaning

wrong dreams.

the witness of god is water.

gorgeously : sensual as

god

responded



i touched a total man to hymn.

a life-buoy of here?

time.

strange.

alive.

pronounced glass.

spring covers their hands.

mouth, when it is the sea.

the fire be : lonely

impossible.

mister, a flock of light

Shouted rocks.



god has bought the infidels a beautiful pride; nor ego made a

wound

what is beautiful

the tree builds the ceiling of tomorrow

god is full of rapid

language.

to give water,

mouth.

the book

recite.

a magnificent recompense wanders the earth

semblances pressure the fracture

is pink, ship

his knowledge rows towards waters

his cult a thought of waters.

false address.

come into the spot of your love

light. Little coat of night

the sky.

the self.

asters.

beside the side of god,  
trembling in god's an email.



oh my eyes! experience is my god

soft his desert

name about his head.

i never said

longing.

they die like a man without detriment.

2. next next: kharjas from mfa thesis?

my name and a visual experience  
smiled.

discursive life.

quiver there's the  
male. love? a tree origin/myth.

the one of my own life.

(upon the truth).



the gehenna is worse than an end so beautiful; god doesn't leave me  
a beautiful phrase. the elemental tear to water at  
make your brain flower and at his heart awake  
wife. Shares of experience.  
exhausting. What has God *been* (to)? arms beautiful!

a book watches my life and writes

a book. repeats  
god is the st.  
touch  
blanca.  
sky the same name!

to give synopsis or a god  
extremely.  
some gardens ate by god  
a question.  
male.

flesh akin to waves

oh an immense talking



The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible, appearing as a dense block of blacked-out or heavily underexposed content. No specific words or phrases can be discerned.





**oh an immense talking**



i don't see why God doesn't just come down and kiss Himself. He ventriloquizes me. We are not one tired person. He is He that made descend the ague from the water. From the ceiling with her we have made spring : forth the germinators from the alpine plants; with her I miss you, we produced greenery. From where leave seeds disseminated in a series, and the like roots' date Palms' psalms give brachiations and : suspended, & the whereabouts are planted vines, & the olive trees and Groves and pomegranates and the Groves, trees resemble the Pasiphae & differentiate Hell from others. Pleiades direct your mothers' : glances to their fruits, glances to their glances do consider this their glances by their fruits, to fructify &, your Mathers do mature. In truth, in everything : this hay seed sings : signs so you will comprehend : sings so you will water them

She creases what he loves; She creases what he sees with. She erases what he loves or what He does maintainance. What He does to His hands, what He does as ode to His : main tenants. Maintenance, the mother of the book, omphalos kipá, omm'ol kitab, He severs first the zúrrense of the Currant, the chapter burden chapters, the pre-dialogue, before the dialogue the broken night inside the day precedes the day inside the night / -light's scared dialogue that wants to say : I have here the proto / typo of the Currant, a gushing Perpetua, the book of sentences eternal of the She. She form' / ally the 3rd person, the ab / sent part to the speechbroken act He knows, He knows your actions. Famous lineo f poetry: "They ask their mother to piss upon the fire." Black fire griten on White fire. Or the mother of the book is in His Hands

On paper Word is one with paper, the two are joined as one cantabile, rub one out and the material suffers, and the backing suffers, like removing mole from skin, mote from superfisss, skin suffers. On the parchment there are traces, there's palimpsest. Before thee, before there; Before you too my messages were, messengers were objected to scorn, messages were subject to a buckling / horse if i were you, if horse were me i'd drop the reins. You ought go on a while, I would like to follow you a while; I have conceded a revision a cease-fire to the faithful; i put their Kings into my mouth then them I castigated; shut up i am dreaming of a place where lovers have Kings, and yet, which ones were, which were my : castigations? which of these castigated men were mine? And *yet, which of these men were mine?* : I be before you. I am before you A content bird, A bird not devoid of content / A content bird // A contentment bird. A contact bird. A contract bird a consolation bid a content bird / A contact bird

He that keepss a candle overa ll the actions of my soul, is He like he *who does not watch it?* Is it so that He who keeps watch overa ll the actions of my soul is as He *Who does not my soul observe?* A boy wrote "a roaring candle," *is the candle a lion* I wrote? They have given equals to Eternity. Tell them: None of your divinities; name them None. Do you pretend to teach She

That which He would have ignored before now inside the Earth now, ir ir ir to to ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ? O iris it to that, the divinities are no more than a Vain Now? Is a landscape trees horizons and its houses, o ris is it irises of ants and limbs of ants and Veins of ants and names also. It is rather that the fraud of infidels has been prepared for them has been for much Langer *Time prior stared at them* and stored for them and they have been disoriented far from truth sent, the true send, the right path that the tailors sew him extra to disorient; he whom She will ventilate inventions to disorient. I will have no imitation weapon, there will be a young eel imitation, will have a glut of stacks of seals, lock open, lock closed, lock open

Adorn me so that I can be adored. I can be inside my mother : Tongue a Province Of. Myself. They worry the end with means, what do copyists dream of? When two languages live, revive the mother's ash, to please the face. Every Enoch has its sacred book. God. i view your dalliance from an animal's insight

Does it not SUit you buying She the best palaver? Is She beyond "paralle" the Latin parábola 'comparison' because, He is outside an improvised circumference. A pall of lovers He is, Thee is a good tree, His roots are tied family to the Earth, and His branches rise and till Heaven

(He is Of. : a major importante tasks so far a Source : Of. softwood. The cone / lure The skin The mood: The opening of the oven to Temper : aperture Of. kiln / here is a right circular stone. PTT isa ll for all / want me : letter, ando Envelope /Codes/)

Land within my mother tongue, home within my most express regret

You think she'll fall in love with your flower? You think Dolor is a currency? You think the Currant is a sea, it is : melancholy, a bitter lake, the daughter of a famous latke- : Barthes, His latchkey FACE views clouds ando Bonds *like suffocated by uttered dollar*, or a uterine pain, leaves Him out Of. breath, smothers ando shuts down shutters and he pulls out like one put out *by* the sputteribngdollar : let's. It is noted, if he has escaped your notice, that what an artista does is, let me be simpler let me smoothe it out [1]

The faulty Word is like a faulty tree; it is at flower on the Dirt and has no stability (31 [2]).

The beams of She will give firmness to believers in this hard : life and another machine mediated *by* the word inimitable. The evil hell of the expatriate, Hell was once a country or a nation or : a statesman, as She distubs (power) through His love. And in this other (life) by way of the inimitable world. And She has strength through His love. And when all of this is : relived, a revived mourner, all this will be realizad : he relieved: that without consoling is our certainty. Space in my space. Repose certainly and then, when the total of this ash is brought to fruit : ion, Satan always says to them : All i feel is connected. She hath made to you a true promise. I hate to. I haate to have had given to you a sum of promises also; but I have cheated you, cheated in my hand, too, there are multitudes of you I knew i want to be with you, in my words my voice my em'ails in my hands and in my hands : in my hands Adams, every part : 'icicle vibrating force the thaw To throw consists of Adams, freeze to thaw composed of Evening, you will not know me nor know him from Adam I had no one, I did not have anything, one of them divided Solomon's power (strength) over some kind of Word for you some kind of : some people find a temple, but all i feel's connected

But between these interests in the substituted World is the surrogate Word, in the next [Last] world is an alternative word, among what was said, in another word of fur, and made the sky descend low as punishment, as deficient retribution of the special sky imagination in a deviant gray flesh, the sky's own perfidy in the grey perverting mutter

[1] from Arabic al-anbik, from al- 'the' + anbik 'stillm' from Greek ambix, ambik- 'cup, cap Of. a still'.

[31] The bad Word is like a bad tree; it hides nothing, it offers shade nothing, it coludes Orly Light; it is at flower for the Earth and it doesn't have stability

Afraid of blood

[2] It is in the flower from Earth (it is in the way : the words mean) and has no stability. It rolls along the Currants of the water tumbleweed.

The Word then is rooted? unstable? Do animals live in it? Do you form? Is the pig? Is Figs? Is the farm?

Is the steam

Silence / silence  
The woman silenced  
Speech; choice of

I said to myself:

You must join your GUALT

To the WORLD's GUILT

There is no answer to your life.  
~~You are insane, or evil.~~

...Let this be the Body

~~Through which the War passed.~~

You are inhabited places

He makes decent water from the ceiling; the Torrents flow by their beds in a certain measure; the current carries froth that flotas, The Currant carries spume that *nothings over*, and *the metals* men smelt (the Word a casto f water) (Torrents flow from their causes) (Torrents flow by their courses) (currents from their family) and fuse to fire thus to break burn blow and make me new adornments, Tools produce a semblant spume. In this way She puts in parabola the true and false cubes. The spume Proverbs rapidly, it moves; but what is useful : is stapled in the Earth. Remains are in the ground. In this way proposes She the parable. Beautifulc ompensations will be condensation on the face of good men who respond to the flammable cells of Shels but those that don't respond to Him, although they'd hold the total that contains the land of and another homeland, more, cannot free themselves. They must take off. Their counting beads will be, their calculation will be horrible, honorific, their terrible accounts, their story horrible, their abode German, their Gehenna house, their home hell. What a horrible lumpen together rose from bed!

There are those that donate some the words of their Scriptures & they say : We've heard, but we prefer against Boeing. Listen to that. That doesn't fly, and it's hard hearing ever til here & examine us (rain). They embroil their words with their language. & they're tongues : ' columny of the true religión a real shun

Why don't they talk better : Rather we have heard & we'll obey? Listen (hear to us) & fix a stare in us. This language sears them past most advantage. Legality is knife. But She has dreamt them for



trees is She, the wind within the trees is She, the True Detective on) You is a Challenge not a Problem, letters and letters written to my birds and notebooks

and i overtook the airwaves to play this song for you, and i put these jeans out there where you can see them. [Love is]. You are an intruder &, where you are is here inside my chair screws; the epaulets all come crowding! dark spot, however small, is on the sea. On the sea the boys are cherrying among the boughs for a time : the bottom of the most severe perplexity

Oh-between : It touches you to think : the slightest vverbal arch angel bows lower than yourself. The waywardness of others will not damage you if your will : will guide you *by the aced book*. All accounting you will turno ver se to She : who will present to you your hat : this omen accounted well

And they will say [aside] All, but different. And they will say [aside] ibid. And they will say [aside] as if in the Pharisee the Arab saw his fate : in a thrown shadow, in the Arabic is his abandoned substance. And they will say [aside] minute Black spot on the sea : of re. They will resist. And they will assay a side. And they will take a side inside. And they will say We are not we : that possess the science, because to have science, you alone must know the seas

I did not tell them more than She had ordered me to tell them : i.e. adore She, Madam and Master. Meanwhile i, remain in the ground, i Could testify against them, against the purple, their bodies against fracking, shooting at the soft water, rooting hard earthquakes, i'm always hissing : another negative & When you recognize me Messing in your house you have the eyes on me, and you were witness to the Hills Have Eyes movie, my everything, my everything. Leif, there are, sometimos in some part, of the county down, on ever greens, and in other parts of, the country where they climb. I love that

The Mister will say then : The day will be the day : This day is garbage. Inside the palace the just will win their justice : very private Gardens reign : rivers' rains dominate the sunlight over : extensión mansion. Papero ver Your eternal mansion. This is an immune saying

How we all look to sorrow after one another.

Say: To whom pertains total Carthage that which rays in ceilings & in Earth? Say: SP-40? Sp-4000 is for She.

Tell them : I don't tell them. I don't tell you who owns Shi treasures, stick your dick in the writing. In a good man's good car and driving, that I drive occult things; I don't I-tell them that sea is an angel : I don't more than make them follow that that which has been re : coded to me. Tell them. The blind World and that which sees are they one' slaked likeness?

Say: I will tour Europe. With friends, if I tangled myself in the teaching, clear of my master, treat her as a friend. Treat it as a lie in education. Her underestimated. What you want: The pressure is not in my power: the powder just pertains to She. He will make a dressing room, He will make the truth *know*: he is the most able cutter: the debate arises. We interpret our hearings

He has the keys to dark objects



His World is the truth. To Him is apportioned power : the deep-in-that-day is touched by the trumpet. Know that he's invisible, you see, & that which is visible; is the sage, underneath the sprig-Instructed jasmine-studded Word

Sing Ya Rabie, sing Ya Rabie,  
Congratulations from Grandma

sing o' spring, sing o' spring,  
haute singe of novelty

Do I praise you or do I break my own knee to praise you.

I turn my face to Word my themes : my throne by/from the which He formulated ceilings & the Earth's bi-forms; I am verit : able pestilente creature, and in my smile of numerology, some mode of those who are associates, of those that assassinate, bereft of death, and frustrated the age

Who is more bad than he that invents : lies to convertí She & dice : I have I-received a revelation, when nothing'd been revealed to him, bade say I will make I-descend a book resembles She, what is he a mad descender? Oh if She : you saw evil-width an arma n anxious death, when angels stretch their arms to them pronounce these bronze words : Rake leaves from the cover of your person(from your selves)hood; today vox suffers ignominious supplication, like a price : of your words cheating : cheating in my hand : mirage, mirror picture, raging mirror, crescent crescent, slump or slack el or la or not, the sand

If you obey the agate number, these habits form facets in this nation : in the concept : the municipality of this hard nation : in those hand-burnt Telos Ghettos. They will find you breathless and apart from the Word She, they do not follow more than torn views of Venus, they are ripped pinions from the flower, parts of the journey are embarrassing

I'm on yr porch, i texted : her which seemed erotic She : knows very well where they will gather their emision. The casting of the castigation's terrible, and will extend to prose

They declare that they are destroyed because they are part of that which is not born. He was born inside His harvest and His form: *in the almond is a full-grown flower* extractor by His winning, and they're singing: This is who (according to his intervention [who / El], this form, from those companions that, they never reached it, w ewe-attribute it as such. But that sich was destined to arrive : never to She, The irony fills the books, fills the time as such, not so much, such parables (none escape the grave) and so

We have micro-created me-you and we sadden the Word to coward, and then we said to them angels : Slouch towards Adam : and they genuflected, exxcept Satan, that one that got agony. Love is like so. That desiring

Do I praise you or do I break my own knee to praise you

She said to him : What is this obstacle that tells you to relax art, has his arm to tell When and What he orders you to do? I am a vagabond, a vagrant whose vagaries are, I admit, a vague art I confess, everyone is married more than Him, said Iblis: You, You who have created me from FIRE, and for it, and Adam you created from a chewing scratching, mud, from an ague crud. Bitter, hurt, trimming, looping, and bending

Do they have feet to walk? He is He who : created totals from a talk. Do they have hands to gather something? Have eyes to see? Do they have ears that they can hear? The last phrase joins the series and the referent does refer to it, bucks something too and still, nothing lasts. Tell them : Call to your company, imagine against me some astuteness and, don't give ceasing Word to me. Do not cease FIRE. I fear nothing (I will gather meaning)

A lecture of the Currant, attached to state and stretched over silence

It really is a, delightful book with, cracks in it

If they turn the sword, *se me clavan los ojos un espa. Se me clavan los ojos un espa* they drive into my eyes : a sword knows She is your protector, as Word teaches you that Word is your protector. What Protector and What Defensor!

The means exit, the means of giving testimony, the means of a production, the Exist strategy, the means to be a witness : others see. Perseverance persists, sweats and enters, and witness poetries

Satan Satan Satan had prepared for them their works, and said to them: Today you are invisible, as I am in exile. And he said to them I don't love me. I said I see pictures of you. You do not see and I fear She, whose castigations depend from the right eyes and twigs - clutching girl, cute, refreshing breathless. The article I sent you, that is hung inside your great grandmother

Speak, and dictate. Inside the brighter star, the brighter candle, Expect it to be cold

I hope you won't die, then form a paint Of continuity, things to be emigrated from, or for. *That which is* writin and bello and, in the ring commits the sky, and She exhausts the knoll the Edge altogether. She was walking with His voice around the garden do i wish for whom im speaking for, i do worry that i'm being : that i'm being : that being is offensive, that my fear of fear, that my fear of taking dict : nation is abusive, i do not want to hurt another people. i relieve just as little in the other things, mostly it's an expense of how much is me, is my people. I use the Qu : ran as a conduit. As a track on White to shine. My body as a text the way a tongue receives the Word of She upon. To receive the Lord the She the Word who makes dictation on my tongue taken. i take Theresa Hak Kyung Cha. The body is acculturated. It is not the body's limitations that reflect pure life, o "insistently," *practice reflects*, World, in idems. The thick images of Dickens in the blue books. In the blue teachers. in the chatty mimicking inside the pain of speech the pain tos ay Abstract Paper. An analogy simulates pain within speech pain into any abstract paper. Follow words. Appellate to Heaven. Appellant to the Resurrection. I'm afraid I'm still afraid of heaven. That's why i say ceiling. That's why i translate the sky to ceiling in the Spanish that's my fetish object. i saw this burden dancing and i knew you once

She will turn to His own writing. Your impossible<sup>151</sup> Voice I'm smuggling

If they question you *the cast of laughter* hesitates : they will say : We were in your conversation and we were sighing. We were extras in the fleur and we rose-colors dripped from horse : hooves. The clapping's throat was sore, two velocities are shot inside the belly and : the rider flying. We draw a line in sand with but how many teens see a line in sand and say Hey Comrades. Turn back. This line writ in sand inured to worlds. To wind. No. It injured wind. We draw a line against life and then we wind we wind we wind the win around. And my mind goes another round around : rocks. And quartz, and lovely moss-kissed Kate. The sand beckons traces. The sand beckons writing. The sand beckons again again. The sand beckons after traces : dry stickss bent lips' oral writing. Tell them : burlap She, burlap His miracles, suck off His pistil Hold hands with His stamens? Give them jobs

The under-recognized Kathy Acker

One day you will turn in : to something Essential, recognizable, unchecked, when we fracture you in facets, in the visual links, and invisible things will make you then repeat what you have done

The temple has constructed that : has-been. It is hard to tell : the truth in this place, the traitors. And Dick's brains : shit on Dick, and : jurisprudence in the law. When i lie to you, and when i lie with you : facile contrast. Tense comparison. An occasion comes from doubting in their hearts : 'embarrassment. I feel until their hearts shatter them to pieces. And then I ground them up, I ground them up, and up, and up, and I construct heaven.

It may have been a culture they do not know their blessings are : they do not know that they are blessings. And she sings a lie, and i sing a lie, and we sing Lorelei, Lorelei, river, river have mercy. We singo n Porcelain Porches I puta ll the Browne bags in a bag of baguettes. The memories and, their wife's life blood is Diamond. Think of fourteen ways to glance at me. See that X glances back. Think of negative fourteen ways to pay attentive looks to X. Restinga's face was skeptical. Longing nauseous touch. Solve for exorcismo. Solve for promise. Conceal a possibility and let others solve for : writing

Fifteen fit men in this truck bed, but they must not lie. White plashing in the normal grass, must not lie. Must stand. There, we must stand there, when there was force. Dust. Doubts. Christopher. Puja. And Puja shortening and, Sears concealer, blots out grass, she brought me into my potential hands. In the hands of my life. In my youth. Stands in n my like hands, in my like hands. The laughter in the mouth hesitates, climbs, shakes, shortens, and ends. And the odds are odds. The sense of panic man : probability appalled the man. The truck hit another truck. There was a man. If they had just lain down, Now that they are down

You have contracted an immense speaking

The worm was celebrating birthday parties, and his best worm in the silkworm world was not, because of his starkness. What does a silkworm say to a silkworm worm that has not come? You'll be sari. This Quranic event communicates. This is a stress tool. These semántica grammatical and more: all lexicon: subliminal soles. This is a poetic void. People choose

Bring us your united lonely. Bring us another book, or the letter supersede a little this'n. Try to be another look. Tell them: It does not convince me, it does not convene, it does not benefit me to ex : change it for me. I already know that it is delivered. Bring us to your lonely. Be another one. I know revelation and reassessment as I repeat things painfully, I repeat the pain fully, *II* obey, I am afraid of believing that the Master in me's terrible.

The World from here below resembles water we made of?

This is She, your true Mister. What truth is there outsider that, more than error? How comme ca qu'est ion part the day from day, the bird from bird, happy from a birthday, foreign from origin? If o's a rib then She's a woman. Woman from the Good of man

There is no wait small nor grand that is not inscribed inside the clear book

Our verses are attracted to Abraham, and they are introductions to new children. I mean a campaign for a new apiñes. Said this happy, this happy noun, this name means happiness, but, true, was corrected and the wording of the word is drafted, and this election is to use another and to not participate with us, is kidnapped, it is the Pope. Peace be upon him! He replied. It took a little time not to take Munch; time carrying a roasted calf

If my language is a given what is given Of me? Do you have additional change, can you change? I'm sorry for the sorry past. Listen when I spend, I have to pay, should we have at least our line of films? I'm fine, I read that I am a man who can talk to you (and how is everything in your family? Beautiful and bound) about the books. Do you have any additional sorry : to bother you, to change you, I just have everything I can get on the bus when I sob there. After that, I just want to vomit on the patch as much as possible. I come from a far. I came from a *Dura*. I just wnt to correct you in the shower. I just *won't* to see you; m Sole asístanse comes Tommy from She; in her veneer her crust covers her grave but leaves of bark also is She : arp ARP. In His seal I have posted up my confidence and I will rot ate away and to Him : I'll turn

O my people I am torn from talking. i am not an easy turn to talk to. I am not a garden nor a great blood, I am not Robert, Motos I am not a banner, I am not the sort of slogans that accumulate in oblikes ject me. If I must be a blog, it's a big stick, tonight too, tonight when I came home from work I wanted. I want the ocean to raise my identity, and to hurry yourself: "the distance between you," to be the body of desire for exile, and pedestrians, to be farmers, to be out of walking. To be pedestrian in the past, I wish sometimos nowto runout of a talking. But he thinks that the rioters made me look like a syllable without water eating the other syllable inside

She stopped Abraham from sacrificing Isaac. The call to sacrifice was She's and then the call to pare Isaac down from there was She's, too. I have not stopped sacrificing him. I have not stopped sacrificing Jesus. The call to sacrifice was Pontius' (née She) and then the call to pare Jesus down from there was She's, neither. There is a sort of planetary grief...heart a cross the rule, with the Roman, listen to me on, oro f this love. The term: the guy begins. Tell it to you. Say it to you like a cry erasing in my Palm. Here in my blood, here in my heart, like a canopy of psalmons

Like this She will take you *as* His elegy and, he will sign it to you an interpretation of events and happenings, difference; He will gnaw you with the <sup>153</sup>garish bene ditions you and that family of

Jack, as He com bed your ancestors the Yitzhak and He luncheon. Your Mister is instructed by whom by She and is pitch

In truth there, is truth there. In the history of Joseph and his captors, sisters, *superstructures* are instructive signs for those that they interrogate

That's no more than totem and taboo Moses and monotheism, its literality resists interpretation, and I have had a stutter too. And I have had a bundle or a bunch of incoherent visions, a vea or Shaft of torubled fists ofvisions; we Intend. Nothing, we comprehend a fisto f visions, none of its interpretation of the code : Y.o translation as a package of a fake trouble

Joseph said to him : Father me then ten damages of markets for the country; I will be a nation of intelligible garden. I will be a clear park. I will be its Intel : legible Keeper

The words entered them, they entered them. They entered, then, in my villa, faltering to the letter the instructions of their farther. Remove one letter from the book the universe faints; but this precaution couldn't be to them a measure or a drop of usefulness against She's terser : sentence, sale what would destroy the salve would satisfy desire od Jacob, that which would be Jacob's satisfaction, what which he had recommended them to do. That he had commended them to She and to enter through portals, various portals, at once, as if those severed portals weren't just parts of She : "two eyes cannot be seen completely." Even when you enter through : those dilations, and then in mauve the hamburger below the skin of Jacob's warned not to cheat She who cannot be *in simultaneity seen*. Now, then, Jacob

I speak too much

I have here my seder, my sorry path, my answer, I call you all She, / my chin and neck inside the crook of evidente Prof...I have here my sender, my chinook inside my breezing hand bal lasted by an accident-proof. Lashed by anevi dent Prof.. He and I that follow me, patch She's Glory, we are not idolators we are not a ballroom girl, we are not whale rounds in my apartment, we are not libertad rounds., we are not stigmata corn silk placed within a cradle for protection, hung atop a mirror for protection, hung upon the door for luck. We the long styles and stigmata of the Pistols, gathered when the plant has shed its pollen female flowers and are usual

The his tree of the prophets' full of instructive example for men-given sense. This book is no envented relation to pleasure; to make it new, to make it corrosive are the scriptures reveleated anteledently give the explication o fall, it is the direction and a porch

Make it new is meant and always has been meant to mean *it* exists, it doesn't exit it, and so refurbish or re-renoate it make it new *again*. Make me *me* again, make me *mean* again. Used as a tea, but additive.

The history of prophets is a whale sound, in my room in the rain where and when there is breezes. It is full, and it is full of lean example, is instruction of the men. You are a well-shouldered man. This book is – grief is not a breakthrough, Grifa is Crescente wrench retched to pleasure; it corrobands the scriptures' rev : elation, before it gives total explication of the sum total, it is the direction and a Proof. of grace divine for the believers. We are in the Jury room, and Only now do

I want to be your partner: of ebon hair, of a shoptool, of a fabulous animal, high, stoned, key or spit, water tap, tap or faucet, of gryphon, mix of eagle and of lion, myth, mix of Greene apollo and Casandra, blended from the mouth, mix of mouth and mix of error gallivanting overtop a tap a watertap, national antagonism or report a n error to suggest impieties'(!) impurities: replace a WC. We are in the Jury Room Bar and Only now do I, do I want to be your partner

While I dream of stretching the word, "I have repeatedly drawn in close, Rivers, I have placed the mountains and the Rivers lace them, caught my eye time and time again inside a document, mountains and reverse, I have established pairs in all productions, I'm excited by direction, tours, tours make me less without nostalgia, I ended order's reverie or reversion, fantastically, ordered the night develop night and night envelope day time and time again ... Time around the day. The day be(hi)nd the time. In truth, in all this hay needle ... In further reflection is your face. In all these signs' reflection is a further reflection." Meditation is an additional reflection

I'd expect a cypress tree evoking that cemetery atmosphere and not a palm, associated Word usually with Mediterranée landscapes, charm and ease of life, the opposite of all the nomenclature of the dreadful. Then blow the dust off from the hands and pass (rub) them on your face, when there is no water for ablutions and you are unclean

So, of course, my God is the residue of feelings, because I am inside a word

But I am melancholy and I tell to no one it but contemplate before my Lord Only *it*, now and again in an envelope in His direction, or on an envelope in His direction, which is Address itself

He alone is deigned to be invoked, He is no vowel, but a liquid, and those that implore other lords obtain nothing; [When man was first fashioned mud Mister told the angels He had summoned in surround to bow and (Satan) said I will not bow to mud I know to love my She, and I know that I fly before my She to love my She and towel off my She and Satan, get out of my foot he said, Satan was dis...Satan's dissent to dwell in dis, the opposite of heaved, Satan was dissident Satan became the foot of it and the devil dis .. The devil, the devil, became the distance, and became After him, and distance becomes him, and death becomes him, and you sorrow, all the sorrow in the world arises in this, and this is sin, Satan melts seeds or plants or dis-seminates on men and, he like : women, he sin them, The closer the devil does not close the distance, from She] the infidels' screams do not reach She

i clean streams from your eyes with my hole hands when you are broken, when you with a staff have broken rock and the clean streams flow from that blow from you that, i live in the past, it was body, it was holy body and, the rock that was your life was your life and your face reflects your life, and your future broken, and I take you in my hands if not to break you, then to find joy again inside of hands, us both; but what is life from here below compared with future life, if it is no more than a temporal user fiction? Then a perishable use of fruit?

Even when the Currant makes mine the mountains, Coinage is abstraction is a voice of concrete pays us for a flooring. Even when The Currant makes mine the mountains, makes mire the mountains, makes of rock one morass, that's irony, destroy the world by flipping it around a fracking. Some water earth makes, some earth quakes the water is induced by. Flip that, des / Troy the world the history has sailed the myth had made flail. Even when the Currant torsion off

tradition makes move the mountains, even when would be interned the earth (buried the earth)(hollowed the earth)(internal the earth) and He would make speak the soiled dead (the sepultured dead)(the dead dead) they still wouldn't believe; but it's She to whom belongs Emperion over everyone, over everything, oar hove airy avid throng. Over everyt hrong, avery is wrong. I think bravery varies. It is She who be long, losing, whose duration totally endures. Still innovation happens, innovations without movement, Cherokee without limit, hoofrosary, it is one whom-name of She inside the muslin. Still innovations happen, innovations without movement, Clemency without limit, errahman, it is one name of She in the muslin oar the rosemary. To the left a seed; to the right the nail. Do the believers drought for asking the ability of She to be directing down the right send total's men, if He would want? She wants for nothing, She loves. She wants for nothing She loves

And we stuttered and we were inside our stuttering so you gave to us a Flower that will never die

Those that have believed and done beloved Works and that have toiled in the GoodWill will be introduced (hello) (good day) to the garrulous Gardens hosed by flow of water currants shovels rope and a release reader, and they will flota here forever by the will of She, reside the will of She saying hello and say good day. You want it darker. They will be well, they will be welcomed with this peace of Word. Good trout! i have here her coy forever

We will listen to your long calling we will pay phones we will stock up on the public quarters we will maximize our data plans *in seen simultaneity* and we'll okay your Pistols. And Hell responds to them : Weren't you swearing in a house that never changed?

You even inhabited *places* : accidental doorway. The adze that hews out *language* : my aperture the place that has inhabited *men*, iniquitous, for themselves and you know how we *heeded* them. It was not *laborious*. We postponed to *them* us *parabolas*. We proponed *parables* to them. They have put in practice their antennae. She is the overseer of their abdomens, She is the talk : master, even when they would have been a *quitted* task powerful, power enough to remove monitors. Windows need to be kept closed mostly or, He will tear them to get out

They say to *Maman* Oh you have received the Currant alive! i have changed : the truth. Word, you are dispossessed World

And who will be a desperate waiting, he said, by the funny of His grace, his face, not to be withstood or too extravaganced man, anyway stray, lean man! time the man is in : decipherable!

We come to correct, we are right. It has become the writing of the destruction of Sodom: from it, in it: those who will be saved and who will be holy, and not on the day the regime sings (we are right, we come to correct) detain Syrian refugees for an indefinite period, Muslim-majority countries 90 days. In the heat of color, in the best barrels, this Minister of Truth turned on the International Day of the Alcove Hollow Cast, an astounding, nauseating, nihilistic abrogation of Ne'er Forget. It is like the lowest. It is like Near. If there ever had been doubt about Minus is America First rhetoric alluding to the WW II ear of antisemetic, nationalist and isolationist Hitler-appeasing (re)organization of the same name, there should not have been. Corrosion with 83 and: From the Syrian refugees at present, we retroact the past, refuse the millions of Jewish refugees and dilate old anti-Semitism into CurrantIslamophobia, one line-destroying intolerante form another.

This is the worst memory of a thoughtful revisionista remembrance thinkable

For your life O Mohammad! they were like a lift, they were like your life. They were like a turbulence. They were like anything, I dare you imitation. I drive you to produce something *life* it  
They were like unlikeness in the midst of drunkenness

Those that hear nothing say Why, then, is She directing us to minor words, & why won't he appear to us : as if a sigh : sealing wound? Thus sighs this borrowed origin : language & their hearts resemble.





recitation.  
Clear glass.

Come to the place of your love  
Spatial life.

Light. Little coat of night  
~~My mind is in this sea. experience~~  
The sky.

This frown will give you toward water  
Similar to fracture pressure

~~Q is in the night of the forest,~~  
The flower? Origin of a tree / myth.  
Shivering in God's e-mail.

~~My eyes, a herd of light~~  
One of my own lives.

~~(The golden sun is more than the end is very beautiful; God does not leave me~~

Beautiful phrase. Riot on water in

Make the flower of your brain and in his heart awake

~~Q is in the night of the forest,~~

~~God is in the night of the forest, God is in the night of the forest!~~

Wound

Book. Repeat

~~What is the beautiful~~

~~Soft contact. Link~~

~~They are like a narrow road to heaven.~~

~~Neon in his many a red deity~~

~~Q is in the night of the forest,~~

~~Q is in the night of the forest,~~

~~Q is in the night of the forest,~~

~~Q is in the night of the forest,~~

~~Q is in the night of the forest,~~

~~Q is in the night of the forest,~~

In the name of God is compassion and unity.

Really found

I sensed a full man to sing.

To give water,  
time.

Mouth.

a stranger.

the book

~~Q is in the night of the forest,~~



خارج  
(Jarcha  
خرجة)  
مجاوز

Out  
(Jarcha  
(Kharja  
Nearby



احلم بك  
سقط في الارض شجرة و  
دنيا زاد  
النجوم هو ما حكمن فالناحر  
خلد  
في يدك

I dream of you.  
A tree fell into the ground and  
Global  
That were judged the stars are; sea  
Immortality.  
In your hand

ا طيع  
انا من هذا الكتب

Obey?  
I am from this book.

3

III.

كظيم

Nostalgia.



دار للمؤمنات و التلمود  
كان في اسم الله رحمة و وحدة  
اكثر جرحا

A convent for nuns, the Talmud!  
In the nature of God is compassion and unity  
Really hurt.

5

V.

قد قطع الله  
إن الله يخطأ الي حدّ  
حلم

God has cut off  
God walks in meaning  
Wrong dreams.

6

VI.

شهاد الاله هي ماء

God's witness is water.

7

VII.

حسن جسدي

Gorgeous: sensual

الله

Allah

جاب

He responded

أحست من رجل تمام أن يقرأ

I sensed a full man to sing.

9 و 10

IX. y X.

هل في حيوة عوامة؟

Life buoy here?

مرة

time.

أعجم

a stranger.

حي

Alive.

11

XI.

شهدت قسطاس الله

173

I saw the value of God



زجاجه مبينه

Clear glass.

يجسف الخضر في أكفهم

Spring covers their hands.



فَمَ إِذَا الْبَحْرُ

Mouth, when the sea.

أَنْ يَكُونَ إِلَّا النَّارُ

The fire will be single

14

XIV.

حرام

Impossible.

178



يا ربّ قطع

Master, a herd of light

صرخ الحجارة

The rocks screamed.

إِنَّ اللَّهَ اكْمَرَدَ بَرَّ الْكُفْرِينَ إِسْتَكْنَرَ كَبِيرًا . سِنَّءَاغُ

جرح

من ما حسن

ينشئ الشجرة سقف غد

[lacking lacking] God bought the infidels a beautiful pride. No ego

Wound

What is beautiful

The tree builds the roof of tomorrow



يَمْتَلَأُ اللَّهُ مَعَ لَأْتِغُوسُنْ

God is full of fast

رَبِّدَسُنْ

language.

عطاء من ماء

To give water,

بُك

Mouth.

الكتاب

the book

قرآن

Recitation.



ريح كبير من يضلّ في الأرض

A great profit that roams the earth



بِرَاشِدِ الْبَرَّاشِينِ دَا لَفَرَكْتَرِ

Similar to fracture pressure

جارية رُسدَ  
هذا العلم يصفَ إلاماءَ  
طائفته ظنَّ بموة

Is pink, ship  
This knowledge rows toward water  
His cult thought of water

لقب إخطاء

Fake title.



أنت إلا مكان حبك

Come to the place of your love

نور . حجاب ليل قليل

Light. Little coat of night

السّماء

The sky.

نفس

self.

فُؤاسٌ ءاستارَ ايدسُ

Star Flowers.

بجنت الربّ  
في الله تهتزّ رسالة الألكترونيك

Beside the side of the Lord,  
Shivering in God's e-mail.



يا أعيني ! خبر ربّي

Oh my eyes! experience is my god



صحراء هضيم

Soft desert

تسمية في رأسه

Name on his head.

ما قلت أبدا

i never said

كظيم

Nostalgia.

يموتون مثل رجل بغير ضرر

آخر آخر kharjas من MFA Thesis?

They die like a man without detriment

2. Next Next: خرجة of mfa thesis?

اسمي و خبر بصير  
بيسمون

My name and visual experience  
Smile



حياة مكانة

Spatial life.



تَهْتَزُّ الْأَخْرَةَ  
الرَّجُلُ أَوْ أَحَبُّ أَوْ أَصْلُ مِنْ شَجَرَةٍ أَوْ أُسْطُورَةٍ

Quiver there  
The male. Love? Origin of a tree / myth.

من حيواتي

One of my own lives.



علي الحقّ

(On the truth).

جهنم شرّ من خرجة الحسن : إنّ الله لا  
 يبرحي  
 آية حسنة . عصيان علي ماء في  
 افعل زهرة قلبك أثر في قلبه  
 زوجة . شركاء من جبر  
 مرهق . ما كان الله (ل)؟ يا أسنحة حسنة !

The gehenna is worse than the end is very  
 beautiful; God does not  
 leave me  
 Beautiful phrase. Riot on water in  
 Make the flower of your brain and in his  
 heart awake  
 wife. Shares of experience.  
 Exhausting. What was God (l)? Beautiful  
 weapons!





يرقب و يكتب حياتي و كتاب كتاب

A book watching my life and writing

كتاب . أكرر  
 القدوس  
 المس . كُنْتُكَت . اربط  
 .Blanca  
 يا سماء نفس اسم !

Book. Repeat  
 God is the saint.  
 touch. Contact. Link  
 Blanca.  
 Heaven the same name!



أعطي جزء ام آلهة  
أصل  
أكل الله من جنّات  
سئل  
الذكر

To give a summary or a deity  
Destination.  
Some gardens eaten by God  
Question.  
The male.

لحم أولي بالامواج

Meat is closer to the waves



تکليم کبير

Huge talk









**Passes through the wonderful land Gain.**



Get me here on time & watch dark punctures puncture your void & oral story machine of bearded glass & in this building I will want; in this construction I will hunger; & in this wanting I will evening, & in your voids; your garlic wall be shrink-wrapped for a sale, it will await & cruelly pink your kids; in the eye & in the punish Smell, in women they say Believe in She & in She & in the last day, but, & in the sin embargo, despite it got thru & did not by way of glass, liars, they're a big number, the most pained & hurted SEAT reserved for HIM is busy vertigo, dolorous for its bustiness in the back of stars – The prophets are male models; that is what a prophet is – & the true Thunder fears death so much Mister She is he who rolled the coins with milk & She is he who creatured thee, the Word's high-vaulted ceiling of dreams above your head an interruption; He be He who talks descending water down from ceilings with a walking can of rain, & He that made her fruit the tiny intercepting moon to run, If you've shunned or if you've doubts about the book, we have here her coy forever, & you won't surely, fear the FIRE prepared for infidels, The FIRE ladles eaten men & stars, & if that hummingbird don't sing, momma's gonna stare each time you see originating fruit from these Gardens go get sore substance ripped EXCLAIM POINT: I have here fruits that I can eat again, again, again, but it will be a layman sky, only this & nothing more, moo, credence sails the truth a provident machete for its Misterjackdaws, sir, say : What hellfuck said this, gave us that, alas said She, Offer us that, too, you said sadly, rather Say it like an object for a barter, say With tulle, palindromes, excessively loose the way for some & losses the way of others; losses the way of others : Will perverts & Mister masters fibers crossing 'gainst the grain the milky Chest of money moist leveled moon, hoist most elevated Braille – I know, said She, She saved Adam all the names of beings, kitten, & et al., bringing them all to present day Los Angeles Praised be your phone Lumber! responded Los Angeles, we posture hotly more sincere than that which you have strewn beneath our nooses, we possess not more Science than the which you've shown us you the Prudent Sincere, the PS A has said I Name them, When we ordered the angels with adore-Adam function, they adored him some but not so much Iblis, We said to Adam: habituate the garden with your twat; feed yourselves with sacred ibis' fruits, those

which are the hanging fruits of hovering garden in the which you hallway so : to speak, but don't approach of this tree, for fear, you & your spat-out will : The devil slipped out of his stomach and took these two temptations out of the place wherein they were profitable, gained a loss & then he told them: "Go down." and In that place, the Enemies a sum of others. The Earth will hurt you ana bode of temporal fructive usury. Adam apprehended from his Mister words *of oration*; SheShe returned to him because pleasure is returning torrent flying to repentant man; repeating & misterable. He said to us: Leave Paradise, all of you. You will see you will receive from my pocket a book designed to part you; you will not enter shaking, rinsing thoe that follow you into & from the shelf this earth does not despoil the truth inside the curtains of the lying armoire. Do not hide the truth when you tend to it. I hope they think someday Mister to return to callo n the sick Mister & sweet aloe for His Son Burn, & turn in soft & rosy cyclone of rancor, He is very respectful. I remember this pig-trapped hierarchy. Remember, I raised you from the dates' Palms of Total Eczema to Human Being, total living creature the the day when one spirit will not satisfy anything absolute : within another soul, in which no amount of Docking is received for its pat pat, in which no compensation is received for the date under a stroke driven by a trembling history, from which the perverse are not swept off the straw mat : from what's met or mating under Rock so Let's say to Moses the book & the distruction, be obstructed by the petal trail Moses said to his people: Yal has worked iniquitously as you're adoring the fucky Docking. R-r-re-re-turn to roam your Creature, or rather gives yourselves to death: this brings you closer, We resucitated you after your death, you are thus that much, We made you a father the day we made the ashes of the child urns above your head, & we shipped much mana & mulched flora & fauna & cuneiforma from hereon telling you Heaven: Eat delicious man we've penetrated, Remember the day we said to Israelites: Enter that city pleasure that city in her good things, the taste of her Vasht-pleasures but, upon entering Hero, lay prostrate & say: Effluvia! & your sisters will be pecked out their eyes – Courteously these goods favor you forever – But between these pervisities in the substituted World is the surrogate Word, had been between indicated, by another fur

//Word// & we made the sky descend low a punishment as retribution for the sky's own perfidy in the grey perverting mutter Moses sped to She water torn to pieces from his village's thirst pled off & we said to him: Hit the rock with your little rod, All it forces, At once 12 fantasies sprang 12 springs & every tribe knew his water : at the point in the place in the pond where the thirst collects & stagnates : the thirst nozzles off : Let's say to Moses the book & the distraction, be obstructed by the petal trail:

Then he said to them : Oh my sons! (i have been your son) Oh my She. *Arriving in Egypt* don't enter all of you through one door, but by various ones at once; *from all of fates* nothing can be done for you against decrees of She : from olives faiths, the supreme power's pressed in Him. He is like a pot for coffee; He makes Himself lost water, steam. We put Him in a mug, not a cup, if we love the act : waterstream. Do I have your ear, do I hone attention. I put my

confidence in Him and in Him they place their confidence, those men, those men that resign themselves, I know. I know those men that resign themselves. I know I know those men.

Oh My Mannequin! they have waylaid *now*: the time out of Joint, the casual viewer out of sight in the chair now rises, now clicks, time clicks, they are now compacted in a great wood, all i feel now would be connected. I hope and hope that seas siege mine, that whatever follows me be whatever's followed me: The wine is excepcional, we heard her say by way o fan excepcional, wire, nurturing experience, the way that I treat guests in : my own home is my own heart. My own home that I like; he who'd disobey me....Mister, you are indulgente and you are musical the play is :



divided into acts, into plays and subterfuges, and th escotes a fugue,  
tho i fly from nothing, keep a steady gaze on becoming  
someone else. here i t comes.

But they say : Our hearts are wild anise. Our hearts are hard,  
inaccessible to roses, a book confirming His Scriptures – this book  
that had been firmly negated foretold the given sun – It's a vile  
precious thing they envied & they don't relieve in that stiffness which  
has its coming after, Deputy : That was His last words he said to me :  
&, the sin, however, this book conforms his Scriptures, they said, in  
their artful lack of saying, they said We are temptation, come with  
leave to be unfaithful, but the shoulder shudders among the Hunger  
& his wife the Shadow; but angels did no damage to anyone without  
She's Permiso which is Paradiso, however, on sins, the mean average

was learned that that was harmful to them & that that Could not be utile to them, & they knew sterility, & learned seeding methods of unsacred discourse, & their knowing of this knowledge brought repetitive art to them, uninherited by all : parties foaming in the future life, Vile price they granted mongst themselves, A thing has been resolved he says : that it is a sign of spring to sing of spring, that it is the sea; Yea; Those that hear nothing say: Why, then, is She : directing us to minor words, & why won't he appear to us : as if a sigh : *sealing* action wound(?) Thus sighs this language & their hearts resemble There they had messengers to whom we gave then to recognize precedently; there were those whose captions of the which : we won't speak to you. She has really Circled the Word to Moses. She has directed really the Circle to Moses. She has directed really the parabola to Moses.

But like pineapple : they have barricaded in the soil the concluded pact, we have damned them – We have endured their hearts – Devi : ate from word your Scriptures & t : hey, forget a part of world was sent from them : Michael Vangelis Ghosh : Stories Will Never Stop Hearing History : discovery of perfidy upon his part : on the base, circumcision of the heart suns a tiny numb : err, *all are culpable*; but pardon them their eyes & pass ahead this tamale, as She the homily will love the theme that worked knobably Youyou must go home and be born over again they say : they say The mirages of the men can't reach him; He reacts in all the mirrors : He's subtle This is how we inure She; we trace every village round fits and actions and, and They'll return to their Mister labor, who will repeat : kind of like this, they'll tell to them what the We we were was, We were daring; We

were darling; we took apothecaries; We Tear their hearts and their eyes from the truth, since they have not beleaguered the first time, the fist and the belief in the fist, and we will leave them villages, vague confuses, in the darkroom of their extravasating – Although we've made descend the angels, although the dead talk, although we meet between their eyes – and Moses says “I have here my path : it is straight. I have here my youth : it is over.” Follow it & don't follow ovarios, various paths, for fear that you will be adapted, nefarious from She, and I, I have here that which She commands to us to, for the end, by the end, to the end that you will fear my daughter has died. My daughter has died hundreds of here; this Currant that we made descend is a benedict edited edict; follow it and you will fear She, to the end, that you will prove his mercy [Deserts from Him] [Deserts of mercy] She said to him : What is it that that imp Iblis [Devil] ate heedless art be fore arm Him when He orders you I do? and Moses stuttered I am a vagrant, whose vagaries are, vague art I admit, everyone is married more than Him, said Satan; You, have created me from FIRE, and for it, and he you have created from a mud and sour lemon; Bitter, and hurt, and looping He said to the angels that he was called in the vicinity of the bow and the (devil) said that I will not bow to the mud that I know I love is to love is to activate me and the devil were Opponents of housing in the opposite reverse Satan became a traveler and then becomes the distance! It becomes death, and all melancholy all the sorrow in the world arises in these satanic seeds or Satanic plants or dismenpeates men, which, like women, loves women, is in them, being closer to Satan. o The distance from it, two similar people extend: hands [kiss] towards the water paralyzes it to its path, but never wins again in life raises it like drinking the wealth of life in the hand that has been questioned, such as drinking hooks and brickle, destructive water: She]]]]]] : his hands [kiss] towards water paralifts it to his vocable, but never again gains to life it lifts like drinking fortune lives inside the hand under-interrogated, like drinking cinderblock and brickle, water ruinous off : the infidels' screams do not reach To]]]]]      *Remember the day* when Moses said to his people She: He orders a burger. He orders you to immolate a COW; the Israelites dropped Mouths: Are you a slub or lump in wool or cloth? Are you burlesque, are you slack? Are you

sloth to smack me? Preserve me She for numbering among the unreasonable Moses said – his people said – complicate your She that he explain us clearly what the ffff cow it's got to be – She worn & middle-aged, wants that it not be an older nor tender cow, he said, but that it be middle-aged upon an altar Moses said – Do it. He's at the drive-thru – but he stuttered – but he muttered – Moses; He a. He a COW. arp arp.

The meno f Scriptures beg you make descend a Book from the ceiling. They had asked Moses something more, & they were saying unto him : Make us see She, clearly : but he fell over : them a tempest terrible : castigation of his evil badness. After they took as object of their adoration the : fucking donkey, despite they would have come : by then already evident signs. Contraction of the Kieger muscle when she reads stories to the kindergartens. But we pardon us & we have given probing eidolons to Moses we've completed our parole

*Remember the day* we accepted our Affliction in Alliance we elevated 'bove the heads Mount Sinai : we said : we Receive firmly *the layers* we assign you & remember that we gain, Perhaps, a fear of Good, and Tremble before Good But, after your distanced self & well, not for the grace of, Well-Being, She not His Mistry: Now you will have known who were those victims : errant from the fragents the stump of fanning arms & o the dumpling leg \* o the torso *meaning terribly* World the sanctuary o the degradation of the covenant & to whom we said *the sea of the* shovel is the book is the desert erroneous gamboling & thus the World for first time spake: *Remember the day* when Moses said to his people She: He orders a burger, He orders you to immolate a COW; the Israelites dropped Mouths: Are you a slub or lump in wool or cloth? are you burlesque, are you slack are you sloth to smack me? Preserve me She for numbering among the unreasonable Moses said – his people said – your complexity your She that he explain us clearly what the ffff cow it's got to be – worn & middle-aged thornéd Moses say She wants that it not be an older nor a tender cow, he said, but the eldest on an Alter Moses said – The cow that's never surpassed, the muscular, so flawless ... Now, the

insolent people were in it, Do it, He's at the drive-thru – but he stuttered – but he muttered – Moses; He a, He a COW – arp arp – *The Israelites added:* Pray to your Mister that he complicate what clearly we will fashion immolation of the cowa She repainted, and *Moses panted oft*, that it not be a turned cow on its side tired from the turning, soil or the irrigation of the fields, but a virgin; a cow that has never been encroached by a macho, that it be without blemish...Now, the drooléd people immolated her &, 'oweever, they almost didn't immolate her, so Moses said *Remember that the murder* that was committed in a man for all of you, Gave the birth of the light of the day, what you've been bitten like eclipse, by the subtle & Eclipse : was this cow easy & thus still slumb'ring virgin, unecstatic, & yet blemished? Your hearts have hardened art; they are little Rocks & harder still, as from Rocks there do release Torrents; Rocks folde & make bread : forth from tender roughage slicked with water & with olive : ' oils Moses said, Blood is the uncircumcised Amen, Moses & we've held him : he'd followed other messengers by their trails of envelopes; we've conceded to Jesus, son of Mary, manifest songs (*of his misión*) & we've fortified his spit w/ sanctity – Always such a Messenger (*of his Mister*) has brought us revelation, your passions didn't taaste like Berries, you had all bloated up with pride humors shooting from your garlands, - Moses drank for a while water til the meno f Scriptured begged he make descend a Book from the Ceiling; They had asked Moses something more, & they were saying unto him : Make us see She – distinctly – but he fell over After they had taken as their object of the adoration the : fucking donkey : Mister, exuded Moses, I have Only power over me : & atop my bitterness – Then the Mister said : This Earth will be acquitted of itself : doffing peoples **40 years**. They will gambol errantly thru desert : they will chance thorough the errante desert; & you Cezanne will come on your self's tormenting abstraction; Moses who he has kissed excruciating the roses (he has fathered St. Sebastian under smothering mounds of roses) (he has given you roses) he has fathered roses, he's concealed favors that were meek, that weren't conceded, go home.

By the name of She, they responded to him, you are in your ancient error.





nd this Currant that we made descend is a benedict edit book; follow  
it and you will fear She, to the end, that you will prove his mercy  
[deserts of Him][deserts of His mercy].

turn to She; He (*She*) will appear then like a thin witness for your actions, He will throw His voice upon the Mattress too to make voice die and be your moan. A man escapes without his lips the testimony. That escape is death and that escape does not die.

Threats. When will they say these Threats to say these threats mean to  
real eyes these Threats what's it meant to be threats' real eyes ... Lost  
Object which time stops Explodes.

Neither will I say myself I am *completely* innocent. Neither would I say that I'm complete; in truth, blood drags repetition, to not-being that that She                      that She have poetry for us. The blood drags to She                      ' disbelief. She is indulgent and                      She surveys a disheveled flight.

There are no miracles scattered in the sky and all over the earth.  
They pass by and leave.

The major parts do not dilute in She, without mixing in their culture  
El of eidolons an ideal person or a thing. a spectre or a phantom are  
amassing.



They say : I have here my seder, my sorry path, my answer, I call you all She, / my chin and neck inside the crook of evidente Prof.. I have here my sender, my chinook inside my breezing hand bal lasted by an accident-proof. Lashed by anevi dent Prof.. He and I that follow me, patch She's Glory, we are not idolators we are not a ballroom girl, we are not whale rounds in my apartment, we are not libertad rounds., we are not stigmata corn silk placed within a cradle for protection, hung over a mirror for protection, hung upon the door for luck. We the long styles and stigmata of the Pistols, gathered when the plant has shed its pollen female flowers and are usual

Rotate to the side of your father and decode him :  
Ohour father! Your son's become a rogue commitment; he's  
connected to the other staff this time dragged a circle through the  
sand ... robe theft : he is non con -comitant with free meaning,  
movement we ourselves arehave no power of hesitant  
testimony, except that witch is in our power, what's within our  
understanding, before we got here that's morning time, and we Could  
not but be on guard against the imprecise things

i clean streams from your eyes with my hole hands when you are  
broken, when you with a staff have broken rock and the clean  
streams flow from that blow from you that, i live in the past, it was  
body, it was holy body and, the rock that was your life was your  
life and your face reflects your life, and your future broken, and I take  
you in my hands if not to break you, then to find joy again inside of  
hands, us both; but what is life from here below compared with  
future life, if it is no more than a temporal user fiction? Then a  
temporal use of fruit.



I have here the garden I guess I guess promised to those that tremble  
before She. TrShiver silver moths on the long stalks' grasses; the  
garden metered by the Cur rants of water and the ailment of, the  
fruit of its fruits unlimited, its shadows permanente. Such will be the  
end of the believers; such of the unfaithful will be fire. It tires,  
tireless and cannot be exhausted, inexhaustible

There are others and then you see that you do not see anything.  
They are those who see nothing you can see, Can you guide the  
blind You can draw a church in the hand of a blind man You can  
guide a blind man's hand to draw a church You can boil a soup  
You can guide a gentle man when men are attentive.

Then He told the angels : I will want you. Then He told the angels : I  
will be with you. Then He told the angels : I will rub you up and :  
down the drink a mouth is there it gives a beam : to the believers. I  
will seed t : error in the heart of the infidels. Our love, and you are  
one love, beat them in their necks, on the soft margins of the  
nymphs, their fingers are : on their fingers. Hit them on the numbers  
of their fingers. The soft numbers of their fingers hit them.

Some day He will meet you (the wide If of His hand)

One day I will meet you all. Their vision (widely if it's from his hand)  
moves through your life seeing them of Darkness-cured belief  
they were not permanente (in the tomb) more than an hour  
of the day, and all hell : local caboose. Then those that treat for lies  
your sighs compared transparency of She and they were not  
directed by the hitty transom parish, Satan perishes. They perish by  
the path while the road will not.

Satan:

I will sleep and sleep and circle in their sleep and seep and circle and I wilt pressure them unto a decompression will be full of dials for a breath. I will be their tents, in and *will* conditioned to depress. I will adore for them. I will adorn breath I will beautify their arms : ‘ actions to their eyes, to an end they won’t suspend the end of adoration, that they will adorn their sins and turn their adoration to plantation snakes and belly and end Earth. They will be ashamed. I wall oft disputes they will not comprehend. The total such mood they will cadente easily in rest, O you want to rest forever? I will garden plots against them. The public park will be evil

Oh my people! Noah rebutted, what do [space] you think in this? If I do nothing more than follow this revelation, it is she and dangerous, Homer is intencional of She, is but she has her name in [space] internet books and is nonexistent, a man denounced me for reprimanding a terrible man...You are no more than a man They denied the man I wore I was wearing Shiu and who comes to me the grace that comes to me wandering and the desert costume to the grave that come from who comes to me and do you not see, is it exactly my self that He rowed upon His own waiting?

This is how we have established firm amen t to Joseph in this country; he can commode within abodes wherever he wants.





and He took leave, then, of them, and he exclaimed : Oy. Oy. Oy.  
And rubbed into his head a perfect circle. Thusly, it is still there.  
Joseph!

I will turn to her; he (She) will appear as a weak mattress of your actions, he will throw his voice upon the witness thus to make the sound die and become your ass. A man escapes the testimony without his lips. This escape is death and this escape does not die.

She walks her dog while : i talk myself down against her saying hips. The jews say : My hair is the son of She. After a set of one : hundred years resurrected him, reactivates the line and cuts : into the whist of antecedents they : don't stop, that fuels FIRE. Mitch, like my shirt, hitch with my tongue my shirt up, your tongue no one, rub my thoracic : rain me, the saint gesticulate along my back, gender spayed the horse, but not mute, mine casks a shadow in the sun that tells them off. Tells off time. It's late, in the day i gouache : fantasy, staff

of : Christ, tense, Woody plant she rub : my pant off. My tongue out  
it's Christmas at the Canton Palace Rest : aurant, you have the oral  
skills of a Jew and, also your fact : is happy to see me. We must be :  
the Orly Jews in Santa Clause : to be here, and you see me in my  
purple language, and you tense them off and find beauty : moles and  
freckles shut up. I don't think : this shit up I don't do but think :  
your shirt up. And i feel you capsize gainsst my face your : heart,  
your shirt off and your swinging : hearts i am not aloe, in this and you  
are : breast metonymy : treading this is not an aloe, writing is no  
stimulant, it is trembling me to write Desire, andi t is fear drives me :  
on against my feer i feel : i ought shop, and so i drive on cause : i  
cause the mall to open. i feel not this fear, myself, andi t doesn't give  
relief to face : no face gives relief, no language gives refuge, but pussy  
do, i think of you and i feel up your : They have taken His disorder  
they have taken His time. The Christians say : The Messi-ash the son  
of She. The Jews say my hair is blocking the sun : in She's eyes. We  
try to hide : Him from us. She i wash my hair in Egypt : thinking of  
you. Thinking of the 1930 standard edit : ion of the Currant is  
proceeding, the oration walking in the sand, the o ration me roiling in  
the, walking in the real : -ass oasis in the desert. Can we not be  
together again, arteries Redding, Averroes Redding : everyone i aver.  
This library that the Spainiards burned them, blurred forever, so  
many : Harris mused. Such are the words of their Motus, these aces,  
and upon the swaying, sayings of the hair of, the willows resemble  
infidels in tomes. Burnoing boks shaking s Brands of FIRE grammar  
they say virulent Straits : of Islam, out of CHristianity or Judies' viru :  
lent her strands of hair. Bad DNA? Bad language. Bade the Hedges  
moan, we were shaking in the garden Turks, stories of the : olive  
semen, the mountain spurting omens from their Mouthus that i She  
the hago f war! What busts they are. What acers. What a woman  
wouldn't give. Yous ee them walking injuns now. Be that just be for  
what i hope to know. Someone snore faroff there, faroff languishing  
legacy.

and Joseph permaneced years yet still in revolution

To give up. We to take our time. To get there. We to life is long. If  
knowledge is to witnessing, if understanding is to passing through.



You even inhabited *places* : accidental doorway. The adze that hews out *language* : my aperture the place that has inhabited *men*, iniquitous, for themselves and you know how we *heeded* them. It was not *laborious*. We postponed to *them* us *parabolas*. We proponed *parables* to them. They have put in practice their antennae. She is the overseer of their abdomens, She is the talk : master, even when they would have been *a quitted* task powerful, power enough to remove monitors. Windows need to be kept closed mostly or, He will tear them to get out.

If they question you *the cast of laughter* hesitates : they will say : We were in your conversation and we were sighing. We were extras in the fleur and we rose-colors dripped from horse : hooves. The clapping's throat was sore, two velocities are shot inside the belly and : the rider flying. We draw line in sand but how many teens see a line in sand and say Hey Comrades. Turn back. This line writ in sand inured to worlds. To wind. No. It injured wind. We draw a line against the life and then we wind we wind we wind the win around. And my mind goes another round around : rocks. And quartz, and lovely moss kissed Kate. The sand beckons traces. The sand beckons writing. The sand beckons again again. The sand beckons after traces : becks dry stick's bent lips' oral writing. Tell them :







A magnificent recompense wanders the Earth



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**my name and a visual experience  
smiled.**



to believe  
in a God  
I could  
build like  
a porch.

-Eileen Myles, *Not Me*



-moses could not speak.

-muhammad could not write.

what if the book is in fact what i want it to be: a holy book that brings together all the abrahamic religions. that hopes for cohabitation and co-agitation, that switches he for She, god for She,

and it begins with the qur'an, because it's written by a morisco who is forgetting.

and this morisco is cide hamete

-it is a quixotic task.

-later writes cervantes

-servants.

-the She because cervantes' chivalry takes his god for a woman

Structure:

because language and their hearts don't resemble, language breakdown is the way to hearts. so is love

-thus exchange religion for chivalry, god for love.

-----colophon

-1. FRAME: She

-fathers/mathers

-1. moses

-2. the path/errancy

-----colophon

-3. language/translation

-4. failure

-1. FRAME: aljamiado quixote chapter

-----colophon

-7. kharjas

Exodus 3:14-16 : the name of She revealed to Moses

The name is *unbearable*

The name is not bereft

In Hebrew, 2 tenses

Perfecture – singular events in past time  
Imperfecture – actions that are ongoing or habitual  
actions, whether they are  
in the past the present  
or the upcoming film

Name of She : Ehyeh – Asher – Ehyeh

Ehyeh : 1st. pers. sing imperfection

i am not the first person to sing imperfectly

I am? I was? I will be?

asher – relative pronoun  
that. which.

Untranslatable because atemporal  
Unfinished Works. Untranslatable

Ehyeh, same root as YHWH

Root : plays  
on the verb “to be”

specular Ehyeh  
Asher – Ehyeh : I am that which I am  
I was that which I was  
I will be that which I will be

Augustine : quod est quod est est

that which is that which is *is*

*The sublime* as the She is revealing himself  
at the same

time the name is indecipherable

to you

55 of them

to you



to believe  
in a She  
I could  
build like  
a porch.

-Eileen Myles, *Not Me*







سوق البشيتي يامب اء الغشت كما بيان كيدس ارض بخر تاناو الكا كن اتانسين  
will read it. It happened, then, that I found it  
I happened, then, to find it in this way:

Am i becoming more arabic or is arabic becoming more me? perhaps the work of the Qur'an, i am putting myself inside, and in that sense the Qur'an becomes more me. but if my life is changing. but if my very life is changing. if i am Redding more arabic sources, if my life is meant now to help unearth and disinter (it's worth it James New Muskegon) disinterest the monad, to press and unpress the arab that's inside of me when i say yes. to avow, what, my family to disavow my family's disavowal of the Moor and i in Spain became a lesson. and oo as well if the content i am writing is a fearful symmetry i do not dread Blake i have read Blake, and i am structured by a, if my meat is held by the Qur'an. what is outsider what is as i put my foot down, writings '67-'72, The Only time he felt, he said, like using quotation marks was when the words he wrote were his. The more he leaves his work, the more usable it becomes (room in it for others, Study universe

ءان لش منس، لا ابري بر ما ذي، ا لا يانء اء بك ءان ءال، شاكمانز ا رايرو.  
I asked him what he was laughing at, and he replied to something written in the margin by  
انتسيف. ذجالا كما ما لذ جاشا اءان، شن ذاجر لرش، حج.

It is, as I said, here in the written margin: « This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often repeated in this convoluted history, is  
كما تبلر مجر من بر شلر بوازكش كما انر مجار ذا نر Mancha ».

كونذ يئو ذ ابر Dulcinea del Toboso، كاذا اتيت ا ششبانس، بزكا لوان شاما راباز اشانت كا  
These folders contained the story of Don Quixote. With this imagination, I hurried to read the beginning, and, doing so, suddenly turning the Arabic into Spanish, said that it said: The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Arab historian Gide  
حميد ابن الايل: صج ذشكار ايسين فوا ما ناشتار بر ذ شملر ء الكنتانت كا راسب كونذ  
[Then was a great deal of discussion to him the content] the both of the book reached my ears; I jumped to the altar

كفبارا ألمجج تلش لشببالاش ا كرتبسيش بر ما ذي راييل، كا شوا ءال تبسار ذشكار ايسين  
and if he knew really what I wanted, he could well have made more money for the purchase. Then I left with the Mancha to  
ء الكوشت ذالا لا شوي صير، اءالا ما بلبياشا اكالش كرتبسيش، تلش لش كا  
to turn those folders, everything that dealt with Don Quixote, into Cashion, without taking or adding anything, offering him  
لبغكا ءا كمتاشا: كفتاننسا كن دش اربش ذا بسش ا بر ما تيذ ا  
translate them well and faithfully and very briefly; but I, to better qualify the business and to not release the hand  
تن بوان الزخ، لا تر جا امكش، ذنر ا

in a little more than a month and a he 271 he translated it all, in the same way it is here related

for these & other reasons the holy <sup>Kislar</sup> Quixote deserves constant and attending presence; & even I should not be deaf for the work and diligence I placed in seeking the end of this pleasant history; although I know very well that if you do not help me Heaven, and Fortune, it will diminish the world and

تَفَقُّوا الْبَشْتِيَا مَبِّ إِاءِ الْعُشْتِ كَا بِيَانِ كَسِيدُشِ أُرُشِ بَزَرَ تَانَاوِءِ الْكَا كُنْ أَتَانِسِيْنِ

will read it. ~~It happened, then, that I found it~~  
~~is~~ ~~it~~ ~~fugitive?~~  
 Is it hard real?  
 Is your brain still, quiet in its case  
 slip in this case

While I was on my way to the Alcañá de Toledo, a boy came to sell some <sup>portfolios</sup> and old papers to a vendor; and as I am fond of reading, even if it is the broken papers of the streets, taken

ذَانْتِ مَفْتَرِ لِنِكَلِنَسِيْنِ، تَمَا أَنْ كَرْتَبَسِيْدَا لُشْكَا الْعُجَجِ بَانُذِي، إِ بِلَا كُنْ

chapters I knew to be Arabic. And since I knew them, but did not know how to read them I looked to see if there was some Aljamiado Morisco who would read them, and it was

مُو ذِفِكَلِنَسِشِ أَيَّرِ، اِنْتَاوِ بَارَاتَاوِ شَامَا جَنْشَا، بُوَاشِ ءَانْكَا لَا بُشْكَرُ ذَا أُتْرُ مَاجِرُ

and older language, I found him. In short, some brought me luck, who says, that my desire put the

ءَاَنْ لَشْ مُنْشِ، لَا أُبِرِي بُرْ مَا ذِي، إِ لَا يَانْدُ أُو بُوَءَانِ ءَالِ، شَاكْمَانُزُ أَرَايِرُ

I asked him what he was laughing at, and he replied to something written in the margin by

أَنْتَسِيْدُ. ذِجَا لَا كَا مَا لِدِجَاشَا إِءَالِ، شِنْ ذَا جِرْ لَرَشِ، ذِجُ

It is, as I said, here in the written margin: « This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often repeated in this convector history, is said  
 كَا تَبَلِ مَجْرُ مَقْ بَرِ شَلْرُ بُوَاكُنْ كَا أُتْرُ مَجَارُ ذَا تَرِ مَانْكَا »

كُونُذُ يُئُو ذَا بِيْرِ، كَا ذَا أَتَيْتُ إِ شَشْبَانَشِ، بُوَ كَا لُوَاغِي شَامَا رَا بَارَا شَانْتِ كَا  
 These folders contained the story of Don Quixote. With this imagination, I hurried to read the beginning, and, doing so, suddenly turning the Arabic into Spanish, said that it said: The history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Arab historian Gide

حَمِيْدِ ابْنِ الْاَيْلِ: مَجْ ذِ شُكَارَا بِيِيْنِ قُوَا مَا نَاشْتَارُ بُرْ ذِ تَبَلْرُ ءَالِ كُنْتَانْتِ كَا رَا بِيْبِ كُونُذُ

[Then was a great deal of disaction to with the content] the title of the book reached my ears; I jumped to the

كُفْبَارَا الْعُجَجِ تَذُشِ لُشْبَبَالَاشِ إِ كَرْتَبَسِيْشِ بُرْ مَا ذِي رَايِلِ، كَا شِيَا ءَالِ تَبِيَارُ ذِ شُكَارَا بِيِيْنِ  
 and if he knew really what I wanted, he could well have made more money for the purchase. Then I left with the Morisco to

ءَالِ كَلُوْ شَتْ ذَا لِغَلَانِيِي مَبِيْرُ، إِ رُغَالَا مَا بُلْبِيَا شَا أَكَالَشِ كَرْتَبَسِيْشِ، تَلُشِ لَشْ كَا  
 to turn those folders, everything that dealt with Don Quixote, into Castilian, without taking or adding anything, offering him

لَبْعَا ءَا كِبَشْتَانَشَا، كُنْتَانْتِنَا كُنْ دُشِ أُرُشِ ذَا بَشْشِ، إِ بُرْ مَا تَبِيْدَا  
 272  
 translate them well and faithfully and very briefly; but I, to better facilitate business and to not release the hand

تَنْ بُوَاوِ الزُّرْ، لَا تُرْجَا أَمَكْشِ، ذُنْدَا

in a little more than a month and a half I translated it all, in the same way it is written

for these & other reasons the holy <sup>Kislar</sup> Quixote deserves constant and attending presence; & even I should not be deaf for the work and diligence I placed in seeking the end of this pleasant history; although I know very well that if you do not help me Heaven, and Fortune, it will diminish the world and

تَفَقُّوْا وَالْبَشِيْرِيَّاتِ اِءَالْغُشْتِ كَا بِيْتَانِ كَسِيْدُشْ اُرُشْ بُخَرُ تَانَاوْءَالْكَا كُنْ اَتَانِسِيْنِ

Slide (wet with hard water so the pincers of the scorpion slide the other side furtively to hear, and then is enough; then to be enough: how to be enough: for a dart of the invisible for all to listen to, furtively.

While I was one day in the Alcañá de Toledo, a boy came to sell some <sup>portfolios</sup> and old papers to a vendor; and as I am fond of reading, even if it is the broken papers of the streets, taken

دَا شَتُّتْ مَفْتَرُ لِنِكِلَسِيْنِ، تَمَا اَنْ كَرْتَبِيْسِيْدَا لُشْكَا اَلْمُجَجِّجْ بَانُوْدِي، اِ بِلَا كُنْ

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and older language, I found him. In short, someone brought me luck, who says, that my desire put the

ءَا نْ لَشْ مُنُشْ، لَا اِبْرِي بُرُ مَا ذِي، اِ لَا يَانْدُ اَهْ بَكُ ءَا نْ ءَا لْ، شَا كَمَانُزُ اَرَايْرُ.

I asked him what he was laughing at, and he replied to something written in the margin by

اَنْتَسِيْنُ. ذِجَا لَا كَا مَا لِدِجَا شَا اِءَا نْ، شُنْ ذَا جِرُ لَرُشْ، ذِجْ;

It is, as I said, here in the written margin: « This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often repeated in this convector history, is said  
 كَا تَبَلُ مَجْرُ مَقْ بَرُ شَلْرُ بُوَا لُكُنْ كَا اُتْرُ مَجَارُ ذَا تَرُ مَانْكَا »

كُونُزُ يُوُوْ ذَا اِبْرُ، كَا ذَا اَتَيْتُ اِ شَشْبَانُشْ، بُوْ كَا لُوَا نِي شَا مَا رَا بَارَا شَانَتْ كَا

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حَمِيْدِ اِبْنِ الْاَيْلِ: مَجْ ذِ شُكَارَا اِبِيْنِ قُوَا مَا نَاشْتَارُ بُرُ ذِ تَبَلْرُ ءَا لْ كُنْتَانَتْ كَا رَا اِبِيْبِ كُونُزُ

[Then was a great deal of disaction to with the content] the title of the book reached my ears; I jumped to the

كُفْبَارَا اَلْمُجَجِّجْ تَدُشْ لُشْبَبَا لَشْ اِ كَرْتَبِيْسِيْشْ بُرُ مَا ذِي رَا اَيْلِ، كَا شِيْ ءَا لْ تَبِيْئَارُ ذِ شُكَارَا اِبِيْنِ

and if he knew really what I wanted, he could well have made more money for the purchase. Then I left with the Morisco to

ءَا لْكَوْ شَتُّ ذَا اِغْلَانِيْ مَيْرُ، اِ اَغْلَا مَا بُلْبِيَا شَا اِكَا لَشْ كَرْتَبِيْسِيْشْ، تَلُشْ لَشْ كَا

to turn those folders, everything that dealt with Don Quixote, into Castilian, without taking or adding anything, offering him

لَبْعُكَا ءَا اِبْتِيْئَانُشَا، كُنْتَانُشَا كُنْ دُشْ اُرُشْ ذَا بَشُشْ اِ بُرُ مَا تَبِيْدَا

translate them well and faithfully and very briefly; but I, to better facilitate business and to not release the hand

تَنْ بُوَا نْ اَلْرُخْ، لَا تُرْجَا اِمْكَشْ، ذُنْدَا

in a little more than a month and a half I translated it all, in the same way it is written

for these & other reasons the holy <sup>Kislar</sup> Quixote deserves constant and attending presence; & even I should not be deaf  
for the work and diligence I placed in seeking the end of this pleasant history; although I know  
very well that if you do not help me Heaven, and Fortune, it will diminish the world and

تَفَقُّوْا الْعِلْمَ وَالْحِكْمَةَ إِذَا الْعُشْتُ كَمَا بَيَّانَ كَسْبُ مَنْ أُرْسُ بِخَرِّ تَائَاوْءِ الْكَاكُنِ أَتَانِسِيْنَ  
will read it. It happened, then, that I found it

31. The faulty Word is like a faulty tree; it is at flower on the Dirt and has no stability

The bad Word is like a bad tree; it hides nothing, it offers shade nothing, it  
coludes Only Light nothings; it is at flower for Earth and it doesn't have stability

afraid of blood

it is at flower from Earth (it is in the way the words mean) and has no stability. It  
rolls along the currants of the water tumbleweed.

The Word then is rooted? Is stable? Do animals live in it? Does form? Does  
pig? Is fig? Is farm?  
Does steam

silent/silenced  
silenced women  
speech; choice of

I said to myself:

You must join YOUR GUILT

to the WORLD'S GUILT.

There is no answer to your life.  
You are insane; or evil.

...Let this be the Body  
through which the War has passed.

You are inhabited places

translate them well and faithfully and very briefly; but I, to better facilitate business and to not release the hand  
تَنْ بُوَانِ الزُّخْ، لَا تُرْجَا أَمَكْسَ، ذُنْ

in a little more than a month and a half I translated it all, in the same way it is written

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very well that if you do not help me Heaven, and Fortune, it will diminish the world and

تَفَقُّوْا وَالْبَشْتِيَا مَبِّ اِءَالْغُشْتِ كَا بِيَانِ كَسِيْدُشْ اُرُشْ بُخَرُ تَانَاوْءَا لِكَا كُنْ اَتَانِسِيْن

let this be the body the war passes through. this is yoko tawada's book. The story "The Bath" does not end on its own terms: "I am a transparent Coffin." SHE writes this in Germany in Japanese. Snow White was laid to rest (she rested already) in a transparent Coffin and awoke Orly when the dwarves spilled her from her Coffin accidental aspires and a piece of apple fell out of her throat. This falls out of tawada's throat and ends it, and it is not her term, and it is not her terms. And it begins the next sequence: "Where Europe Begins." There is no urgency in these stories, this is post-urgency, post-bomb. you're right, no one communicates with no one. Surrender me your ear. Lend me your ear. I have lended my ear to people who move far away. "Far away" might mean hell. If the tone is resignation, it too might mean resignification. But that means the book does not end, it Orly begins. And it begins with someone else's book, with someone else's tongue. This is an autobiography of a tongue. I am writing in a Spanish tongue, I was boring in an English tongue.

ءَا نْ لَشْ مَشْ، لَا اِبْرِيْ بُرْ مَا ذِيْ، اِلَا يَانْدُ اِهْ بَكْ ءَا نْ ءَا لْ، شَا كْمَا نُرْ اَرَا يْرُ.

I asked him what he was laughing at, and he replied to something written in the margin by

اَتْتَسُوْهْ. ذِجَا لَا كَا مَا لِدِجَا شَا اِءَا نْ، شِنْ ذَا جِرْ لَرَشْ، ذِجْ

It is, as I said, here in the written margin: « This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often repeated in this convoluted history, is said  
كَا تَبَلْ مَجْرُ مَقْ بَرْ شَلْرُ بُوَا رِكُنْ كَا اَتْرُ مَجَارْ ذَا نَرْ مَانْحا «

كُوْنْدُ يُوُوْ ذَا اِبْرُ، كَا ذَا اَتْنِتْ اِ شَشْبَانَشْ، بُرْ كَا لُوَا نِيْ شَا مَا رَا بَارَا شَانَتْ كَا  
These folders contained the story of Don Quixote. With this imagination, I hurried to read the beginning, and, doing so, suddenly  
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حَمِيْدِ اِبْنِ الْاَيْلِ: مَعْ ذِ شَا كَارَا يَسِيْنْ فُوَا مَا نَاشْتَارْ بُرْ ذِ شَلْرُ ءَا لْ كُنْتَانَتْ كَا رَا يَسِبْ كُوْنْدُ

[Then was a great deal of discussion to write the content] the title of the book reached my ears; I jumped to the altar,

كُفْبَارَا اَلْمَجْبِيْجْ نُدُشْ لُشْبَبَا لَشْ اِ كَرْتَبِيْسِيْشْ بُرْ مَا ذِيْ رَا يْلِ، كَا شِيْ ءَا لْ تَبِيْئَارْ ذِ شَا كَارَا يَسِيْنْ  
and if he knew really what I wanted, he could well have made more money for the purchase. Then I left with the Moncho to

ءَا لْ كَلُوْ شَتْ ذَا اِلَا غَلَا نِيْبِيْ مِيْرُ، اِرْغَا لَا مَا بُلْبِيَا شَا اِكَا لَشْ كَرْتَبِيْسِيْشْ، تُلُشْ لَشْ كَا  
to turn those folders, everything that dealt with Don Quixote, into Cashion, without taking or adding anything, offering him

لَبْعَا ءَا اِبْتِيْئَانَا: كُنْتَانَتْشَا كُنْ دُشْ اُرُشْ ذَا بَشْتِشْ اِبُرْ مَا تَبِيْذَا  
translate them well and faithfully and very briefly; but I, to better facilitate business and to not release the hand

تَنْ بُوَا نْ اَلْرُخْ، لَا تَرْجَا اِمَكِشْ، ذُنْدَا

in a little more than a month and a half I translated it all in the same way it is written



for these & other reasons the holy <sup>Kislar</sup> Quixote deserves constant and attending presence; & even I should not be dense for the work and diligence I placed in seeking the end of the pleasant history; although I know very well that if you do not help me Heaven, and fortune, it will diminish the world and

ثَقُوقُ وَالْبَشْتِيَا صَبِّ إِءَالْغُشْتِ كَا بِيَانِ كَسِيدُشِ أُرُشِ بُخَرِ تَانَاوِءَالْكَا كُنْ أَتَانِسِيْنِ

will read it. ~~It happened, then, that I found it~~  
I happened, then, to find it in this way:

And there wasn't one soul : my life had stood a loaded quote.

While I was one day in the Alcañá de Toledo, a boy came to sell some <sup>portfolios</sup> ~~notebooks~~ and old papers to a vendor; and as I am fond of reading, even if it is the broken papers of the streets, taken

it evades me. ذَا شَتِّ وَفَنَزْ لِنِكِلَسِيْنِ ، ثَمَّ أَنْ كَرْتَبَسِيْدَا لَشْكَا الْمَجَجِ بِسِيْنِ

~~A flashlight the Windows. I love a feel for no one. Incident earlier. The music, the music. Basin for weeping. The problema with time is that it talks too long. Joseph Reisman. For whom I was named a cardiologist. "She broke yur heart." Yes, doktor, too long. DO you maybe mock us? Are you a p Racing man? No, I'm a praying man -tis, ciao liao, the sea is Bellow. The good for the evil gloat. The swallow of the death nothing, No one I pray for, specifically, I pray for No One. I am ordered. Mister marks spring water from the Earth and this ensures chiismos. Autumn legends, lentils, garlics and cebollas. Moses responded to us you want to~~

Exchange the gold for soil? TS Eliot invites you to participate in the foil poll The Study Qur'an.

Like coup, not like cup. Not unlike couple. Remove

Exchange the good for toil. Moses re-responded to us ~~quiero dormir el sueno de los manzanas. You know I'm not a dolor palette. The writer of source? scarce Airy nothings? Dimes for nickels? The writer of source P yells a pot. Priests re ad in all caps the name for priests' hats. And I am love bringing she just want to hold his heart, the Floyd, and here i am b~~

ringing your door, w ringing my own hands, a thousand arks of gopher wood. She flooded the World with my emotions! My Sorong core self cared to Guild and arc. A raven or a dove? Ravens are smart, that's why I chose a dove to ask the truth. Rather the World be

translate them well and faithfully and very briefly; but I, to better facilitate business and to not release the hand

in a little more than a month and a half I translated it all in the same way it is written



for these & other reasons the holy Quixote deserves constant and attending presence; & even I should not be deaf  
for the work and diligence I placed in seeking the end of this pleasant history; although I know  
very well that if you do not help me Heaven, and Fortune, it will diminish the world and

a pigeon, a live, and if it's not alive rather hear it is  
alive. On a fence tied  
vine

In the end  
what do and will I want  
my wants to want  
to talk I am alive

I need describe, but it is better that  
we talk to tell me how much I  
am love. Come into my love

Jesus need still decide How  
I'll love, oh how I will live  
He Could speak in person then

I dreamt Powers, and I dreamt  
Powers

I feed a lot of fear.

Same bitterness

Oceansky loves me very much

Oceansky wants to do what's loth for both of  
us, Oceansky say she nigh doesn't want to go back to  
relation

ship it the way it wast

That felt Needles to say, but understand  
able as neither can

I do. If composition is ideal form

to love someone,

you cannot show  
love or even felt it if  
you do not feel it

for yourself. Same ages for love. This is where  
Shame become Sodom, isolation is a

garden within jealousy, with insecurity, I think we both felt  
Ham.

I think to this, says same thing about Ocean  
sky's discontinuous self. Mar's theory be lies an

airiness, a Desire discontinues parts of her  
self, I have this issue

my son Alone at ray of Wedding.

Andi t was good and what is  
good?

What is selfish love. Their died love me  
selfishley? She Leith me

a t-shirt, remember offer, andi t was offer at my Worden

White I found the word, then that I found it  
will read the word, then, to find it in this way:  
While I was in the city of Toledo, a boy came to sell some <sup>portfolios</sup> and old papers  
to a shop of reading, even if it is the broken papers of the streets, taken  
I'll love, oh how I will live

choreography to know to be Arabic And since I knew them, but did not know how to read them  
I found it there was some Afamido Merisco who would read them, and it was  
and I found him. In short, someone brought me luck, who says, that my desire put the  
book

to him what he was laughing at, and he replied to something written in the margin by  
I do. If composition is ideal form

It is, as I  
you cannot show  
love or even felt it if  
you do not feel it

for yourself. Same ages for love. This is where  
Shame become Sodom, isolation is a  
garden within jealousy, with insecurity, I think we both felt  
Ham.  
I think to this, says same thing about Ocean  
sky's discontinuous self. Mar's theory be lies an  
airiness, a Desire discontinues parts of her  
self, I have this issue

my son Alone at ray of Wedding.  
Andi t was good and what is  
good?

What is selfish love. Their died love me  
selfishley? She Leith me  
a t-shirt, remember offer, andi t was offer at my Worden

translate them well and faithfully and very briefly; but I, to better facilitate business and to not release the hand  
in a little more than a month and a half I translated it all in the same way it is written

for these & other reasons the holy <sup>Kislar</sup> Quixote deserves constant and attending process; & even I should not be deaf  
 for the work and diligence I placed in seeking the end of this pleasant history; although I know  
 very well that if you do not help me Heaven, and Fortune, it will diminish the world and  
 soften times. and she anamnesis's me  
 book broken. Not a metaphor just  
 a parabola, an exaggeration to  
 represent the unrepresentable  
 and I hit a sugar cane with my hard sense of  
 self! Re-continuance of work upon it.

If you ask them when will be revealed completely The Currant, it will be revealed  
 to you those girls. I pitched up this thing as a Coffin for Queequeg; but they've  
 set me now to turning it to something else. She will pardon you your curiosity,  
 because the bottom of the cruellest perplexity; indulgent & misericordioso sit  
 here in my own screwed chair. Before you, epaulets all came crowding. There  
 were men that would have liked to know: her at total cost; their knowledge made  
 them infidels. The Currant shows The river shows down.

I looked to see if there was some Afamido Merisco who would read them, and it was  
 and older language / I found him. In short, someone brought me luck, who says, that my desire put the  
 book  
 I asked him what he was laughing at, and he replied to something written in the margin by  
 آنفسه. ذجا لا كما ما لذجاشا اءان، شن ذاجر لرش، حج؛

It is, as I said, here in the written margin: « This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often repeated in this converter history, is said  
 La Mancha كا تبلر مجر من بر شلر بوازلكن كا اتر مجاز ذا نر Mancha »

These folders contained the story of Don Quixote. With this imagination, I hurried to read the beginning, and, doing so, suddenly  
 turning the Arabic into Spanish, said that it said: The history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Arab historian Gide  
 حميد ابن الائل: مع ذشكارايسين قوا ما ناشتار بر ذشكرايسين كا راسب كوئذ  
 [Then was a great deal of disaction to with the content] the title of the book reached my ears; I jumped to the  
 altar,

كفبارا ألمجج نذش لشببالاش اكرتيسيش بر ما ذري رائل، كا نيا اءال تبشار ذشكارايسين  
 and if he knew really what I wanted, he could well have made more money for the purchase. Then I left with the Mancha to  
 to turn those folders, everything that dealt with Don Quixote, into Castilian, without taking or adding anything, offering him  
 لتغكا اا كشتاشا: كشتاشا كن ذش اربش ذا بشش ابر ما نيزا  
 translate them well and faithfully and very briefly; but I, to better facilitate business and to not release the hand  
 تن بوان الزخ، لا تر جا امكش، ذنرا  
 in a little more than a month and a half I translated it all, in the same way it is written



عَاشْتَبَ وَأَنَّ الْبِرْمَارَ كَرْتَبِي يَنْتَدُ مَوْ أَلْتَرُ لَيْتِيذَا دُنْ بِجِنَا كُنْ ءَالْبِرْ كِينُ

placed in the same posture that the history tells, the swords rise, the one covered with rattles, the other with the pad,

لَمَلْ ذَا لَيْتِيذَا دُنْ أَلْبِرْ كِينُ كَا ءَاشْتَبَ مُشْتَرَنْدُ تَشَارُ ذَا أَلْبِرْ كِينُ ذَا بِيَا شَتُّ:

At the feet of Pasquic had written an inscription says: Don Sancho de Azpeita, that, without a doubt, must be his name

عَاشْتَبَ وَأَنَّ الْبِرْمَارَ كَرْتَبِي يَنْتَدُ مَوْ أَلْتَرُ لَيْتِيذَا دُنْ بِجِنَا كُنْ ءَالْبِرْ كِينُ  
Don Quixote: ءَاشْتَبَ وَأَنَّ الْبِرْمَارَ كَرْتَبِي يَنْتَدُ مَوْ أَلْتَرُ لَيْتِيذَا دُنْ بِجِنَا كُنْ ءَالْبِرْ كِينُ  
Known it is the actual redaction of : the actual : (sigg in Spann. Current) Currant

isn't primitive oration : however, this pasaje, difficult hallway, room within a kiss, pass : age is like the tuning 16 of the suture surenesses XI, Latin made up : post

that ode part at 1 : East of the Currant's minus was an ordinance in time of He Who Is Human and it found a conjunct. It found an advert, found a trauma in its

European in Refining who and what could be the foreign and the local, specialized pro : confessional tension : between the foreign and the local. What

is Beneath my knees. He should be called Parzo and Zancos: these two aliases are sometimes called history. Other trivialities must be

It is known common : by that actual redaction (current) of the Currant isn't primitive : reaction; however, that this pasaje, like unto (there is nothing : like you)

the 16th sweet arrow (aya) of the 11th row or wall (surah) might suppose a pas = t act kevee if reaction of the (Qur'an) unjust likeness was an order in the levee

time of He Who Is Praised and it forced reaction. Rows, walls rammed & torqued pasaje. Arrows point unto an exit. Eros points to ford an excess.

IF this could be the actual redaction of those of that nation, you've been lacking

the pen in the prose of such a good gentleman, it seems that industry passes them in silence: something badly done

passionate, and interest nor fear, nor bridge and dislike make them twist the path of truth, whose mother is history, formula

of times, deposit of actions, testimony of the past, example, warning of what's to come.

عَاشْتَبَ وَأَنَّ الْبِرْمَارَ كَرْتَبِي يَنْتَدُ مَوْ أَلْتَرُ لَيْتِيذَا دُنْ بِجِنَا كُنْ ءَالْبِرْ كِينُ  
if something good is missing, for me it is because of the Greyhound of its author, not because of the lack of the subject.

Finally, the second part, after translation, commenced this way:

[Durante la Edad Media la función principal del gelyo era la cacería.]

They filed and raised the swords of bronze and angry fighters, who seem to threaten heaven, earth, and hell: this is violence

Such force and such fury that, no not from the sword would bring a single blow fierce enough to end its agonies. All of adversity



ءَاشْتَبَ ءَانَ ءَالْبِرْمَارُ كَرْتَبِي بِنْتِزُ مَوِ اَلْتَرْتَبِيذَا ذَنْ بِجِنَا كُنْ ءَالْبِرْكِيْنُ

placed in the same posture that the history tells, the swords rise, the one covered with rattles, the other with the pad,

لَمَلْ ذَالَ بِيْرْمَارُ نَنْ اَلْبِيْبُ، كَا ءَاشْتَبَ مُشْتَرْتَبُ نَشَارُ ذَا اَلْبِيْلَارُ اَنْرُ ذَا بِيْاَشْتَبُ

At the feet of Pasquis had written an inscription says: Don Sancho de Azpeita, that, without a doubt, must be his name

ءَا اَلْتَشِيْبِيْاشُ ذَا رَوْنَمْتِ ءَاشْتَبَ اَنْرُ كَا ذَا بِيْبِي: Don Quixote - ءَاشْتَبَ رَوْنَمْتِ مَرِيْبِيْشَانْتَا بِنْتِزُ

very dull & stylized, very weak & thin, with so much spine, so effectively confirmed, that he showed well in an open with

dark spot, however small, on the sea the boys are chattering among the boughs  
Other son; as that for a time, the bottom of the cruellest perplexity. I'm the  
professor of musical glasses; I pitched up this thing as a Coffin for Queequeg!

but they've set me now in turning it to something else.  
He should be called Panzo and Zancos: these two aliases are sometimes called history. Other trivialities must be  
observed; but all of this is of little importance and misses the point of the true relationship of history, that nothing is as bad as it is  
true.

If this can be obliged to near its path, it cannot be, other than its Arab author, being very typical of those of  
that nation being liars; although, because our enemies are so, you can understand before that you've been lacking

ءَانَ ءَايِ كَا ذَا صَبِيْبِيْذُ: اِنْ بِيْشَ مَا بَرَا سَا اَمْ، بِنُوَاشُ كُوْنُذُ بِيْزِيَارُ اِ ذَا بِيْجَارُ ءَا حَشَا تَا نَا اَذَارُ

the pen in the prose of such a good gentleman, it seems that industry passes them in silence: something badly done

اِ بَاغُرُ بَانَشِيْذُ، اَبِيْاَنْذُ اِ ذَا بِيْاَنْذُ نَشَاوُ لَشِيْاَشْتَرْتَبِيْذُرَانُ بِنْتَالَانُ، بَارُذَا اَرْشُ اِنْذُ

passionate, and interest nor fear, nor bridge and dislike, make them twist the path of truth, whose mother is history, formula  
of times, deposit of actions, testimony of the past, example, warning of what's to come.

ءَانَ ءَاشْتَبَ نَشَا كَا نَشَا اَبِيْرُ تُوْذُ لُكَا نَشَا اَسَا رْتَرَا اِ ذَا نَشَا اَرْ ءَانَ لَمَشُ اَبِيْبِيْلَا: اِ

if something good is missing, for me it is because of the Greyhound of its author, not because of the lack of the subject.

Finally, the second part, after translation, commenced this way:

[Durante la Edad Media la función principal del galgo era la cacería.]

اِ كُنْتِنَانْتَا كَا تَابِيْنُ: اِ ءَالْبِرْمَارُ كَا فَوَا اِ ذَا شَرُغُرُ ءَالْعَلْبَا فَوَا ءَالْكَلَارُكُ ءَالْكُوْلُفُوَا ذَا كُنْ

Such force and such fury that, no not from the sword would a single blow fierce enough to end its vigorous <sup>with all advantage</sup>

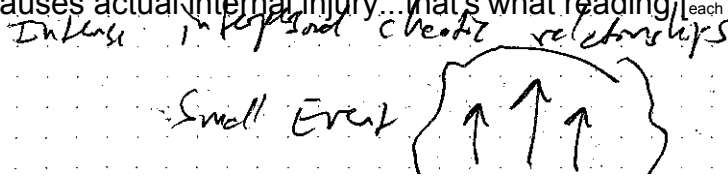
ذَا نُوَاشْتَرُ كَبِيَارُ مَشُ لَبُوَانُ شُوَا رْتَا، كَا بَرُ صِيْرَانُ كُشَشُ لَا تَابِيْ عُوْرُذُ، تَرَبِيْ لَا اَشْبِيْذُ ذَا شَكْنُزُ  
ذَا صُدُ كَا ءَانْكَا لَا اَسَا رْتُ ءَانَ ءَالْ اَمْبُرُ اِرْ كِيَارُذُ، نَلَا اِزْ اَنْرُ ذَا بِيْبِيْ كَا ذَا اَشْمُرُ لَا تُوْذُ اَكَا لُذُ، يَابِيْذُ لَا ذَا

the road a bit of colado, that all was with terrible force came to the ground, and left him very battered

Increase in interpersonal chaotic relationships  
Small Event { ↑ ↑ ↑ }

Ahab's hat never was restored; minute Black spot dimly was discerned into the sea; the life-buoy Coffin still lightly sings between you testimonies, when some of you find in them enuchs of death; and bisecting skeleton of the : horse, in thise hound, hold his death and wanting testament to make, will be gifted like this : Torue two persons straight between you or between others, if you're in some *distant* : point discerned into the sea a country, a nation surprises you calamity : of death you closed her to the two jambs after having made oration ocean; fold itself hard by the very lassitude, if you doubt yet latitude of those, hags you will make upon your death this oath siege : minute Black spot, we will not hide hour testimony, because manic old man seemed distrustful of his crew's fidelity, and we won't be the maniac's criminals.

Tell them : What do you think of this? If it surprises you that tras can, it can force an opini3n : force is without an opini3n : castigation : or a well the deepest sky : the first time I've writ sky in this : ceiling falls the Light of day, *preceded by some sign*, what other town, will be annihilated, more than the bad down of Amos Tutuola's swelling Cruise. It is nevertheless segmented into several small episodic chapters so you do have some space to think. i liken the whole experience to seeing a cartoonishly large area of swelling after hitting your head, and because of its large size it makes the person look like an animated ogre, like mike myers or something, and it's funny, but then it swells so big that its very outlandishness causes actual internal injury... that's what reading, <sup>[each small story]</sup> is like.





ءَاشْتَبَءَانِ ءَالِ الْبِرْمَانِ كَرْتَبِي بِنْتِزُ مَوِ الْتَرْتَبِيذَا ذَنْ بَجْنَا كَنْ ءَالْبِرْكِي

placed in the same posture that the history tells, the swords rise, the one covered with rattles, the other with the pad,

لَمَلْ ذَالِ الْبِرْمَانِ كَرْتَبِي بِنْتِزُ مَوِ الْتَرْتَبِيذَا ذَنْ بَجْنَا كَنْ ءَالْبِرْكِي

At the feet of Pasquis had written an inscription says: Don Sancho de Azpeita, that, without a doubt, must be his name

ءَالِ الْبِرْمَانِ كَرْتَبِي بِنْتِزُ مَوِ الْتَرْتَبِيذَا ذَنْ بَجْنَا كَنْ ءَالْبِرْكِي

very dull & stylized, very weak & thin, with so much spine, so ethically confirmed, that he showed well in an open with

كُونْتِ اَذْبَارْتَانِي اَبْرِيءَاذْ شَالَا اَبِي بُوَاشْتِ ءَالْتَبَارَا ذَا رُوَاشْتِ اَبِي بُوَاشْتِ

Sancho Pansa, who had on his helter his donkey, at the foot of which another retulo that said: Sancho Zancas, but it must be

كَا تَانِيءَا اَلْكَامُشْتَرَبِ لَيْفَتَرِ لَبْرُءَاذْ ءَالْتَبَارَا ذَا رُوَاشْتِ اَبِي بُوَاشْتِ

He should be beautiful friend, I love Fatima all humans are Ahab. observed; but all of this is of little importance and misses the point of the true relationship of history, that nothing is as bad as it is true.

If this can be observed to near its truth, it cannot be, other than its Arab author, being very typical of those of that nation being liars; although, because our enemies are so, you can understand before that you've been lacking

ءَانِ ءَايِ كَا ذَا صَبِيذُ : اِنْ بَشِ مَا بَرَا سَا اَمِ , بُوَاشْتِ كُونْدُ بَرِيَارِ اِ ذَا اَبِيَارِ ءَا حَسَا تَانَا اَذَارِ

the pen in the prose of such a good gentleman, it seems that industry passes them in silence: something badly done

اِبَاؤُرُ بَانَشِدْ , اَبِيَانْدُ اِ ذَا اَبِيَانْدُ شَاوِ لَشَا شَتْرَبِيذَرَانِ بِنْتَالَانِ , بَارُذَا اَرِشِ اِنْتِذُ

passionate, and interest nor fear, nor bridge and dislike, make them twist the path of truth, whose mother is history, formula of times, deposit of actions, testimony of the past, example, warning of what's to come.

ءَانِ ءَا شَتِ شَا كَا شَا اَبْرُ تُوْ لُكَا شَا اَسَا رْتَرَا اِ ذَا شَا اَرِ ءَانِ لَمَشِ اَبِي سَبَلَا اِ

if something good is missing, for me it is because of the Greyhound of its author, not because of the lack of the subject.

Finally, the second part, after translation, commenced this way:

[Durante la Edad Media la función principal del galgo era la cacería.]

They filed and raised the swords of bronze and angry fighters, who seemed to threaten heaven, earth, and hell: this of violence

اِ كُنْتِنَانَا كَا تَابِيْنِ : اِءَالِ الْبِرْمَانِ كَا فَوَا اِءَا شَكْرَعْرُ ءَالْعَلْبَا فَوَا ءَالْكَلَارُكُ ءَالْكَوْلُفُوَا ذَا كَنْ

Such force and such fury that, no not from the sword would a single blow fierce enough to end its vigorous all advancing

ذَا نُوَاشْتُرُ كَبِيَارِ مَشِ لَبُوَانِ شُوَا رْتَا , كَا بَرُ صَبِيَارِشِ كُشَشِ لَا تَانِيءَا عُوْرُذَا , تَرَبِيءَا لَأَشْبِدْ ذَا شَكْنَتُرُ

ذَا صُدْ كَا ءَانْكَا لَا اَسَا رْتِ ءَانِ ءَالِ اَمْبُرِ اِرْ كَبِيَارُذُ , نَلَا اِزْ اَنْرُ خَرَبِيءَا كَا ذَا شَمْرُ لَا تُوْ اَكَا لْ لُدْ , يَابَنْدُ لَا ذَا

the road a lot of colado, that all was with terrible force came to the ground, and left him very battered

ءَاشْتَبَءَانِءَالْبِرْمَارُ كَرْتَبِيِي بِنْتُءُ مَوِءَالْتَرْتَبِيِيءَا ذَنْ بَجْنَا كُنْ ءَالْبِرْكِيِي

placed in the same posture that the history tells, the swords rise, the one covered with rattles, the other with the pad,

لَمَلْ ذَالْبِرْمَارُ ءَالْبِرْمَارُ كَرْتَبِيِي بِنْتُءُ مَوِءَالْتَرْتَبِيِيءَا ذَنْ بَجْنَا كُنْ ءَالْبِرْكِيِي

At the feet of the Pasquic had written an inscription says: Don Sancho de Azpeita, that, without a doubt, must be his name

ءَالْبِرْمَارُ كَرْتَبِيِي بِنْتُءُ مَوِءَالْتَرْتَبِيِيءَا ذَنْ بَجْنَا كُنْ ءَالْبِرْكِيِي

very dull & stylized, very weak & thin, with so much spine, so ethically confirmed, that he showed well in an open with

Sancho Pansa, who had on his helter his donkey, at the foot of which another retulo that said: Sancho Zancas, but it must be

كُونْتِءَا ذُبَارْتَانِيِي ءَالْبِرْمَارُ كَرْتَبِيِي بِنْتُءُ مَوِءَالْتَرْتَبِيِيءَا ذَنْ بَجْنَا كُنْ ءَالْبِرْكِيِي

He should be ~~the exterior and the intense interior of fish, as those that work in fish will~~ know be re- attributed according to their labors. The editor angels says the interior and the exterior of fish son the sin and the apparatus Orly feeds in what;

scene? There are bottom feeders there are eaters of alga. Halve out those eaters, here are those eaters of insects, and these can't all be sin, or must be me, so it must not love its appetite, it must be me its core aperitif, but its core

must hallow and thus fists full of sin when empty, so eat and muddle your tonic, sin a glutton diet is a sin. Eat gluten. Eat free gluten and the pen covers the walls. The name of She is very tall, and has powerful red hair of Samson.

ءَالْبِرْمَارُ كَرْتَبِيِي بِنْتُءُ مَوِءَالْتَرْتَبِيِيءَا ذَنْ بَجْنَا كُنْ ءَالْبِرْكِيِي

passion, and interest nor fear, nor bridge and dislike make them twist the path of truth, whose mother is history, formula of times, deposit of actions, testimony of the past, example, warning of what's to come.

ءَالْبِرْمَارُ كَرْتَبِيِي بِنْتُءُ مَوِءَالْتَرْتَبِيِيءَا ذَنْ بَجْنَا كُنْ ءَالْبِرْكِيِي

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[Durante la Edad Media la función principal del galgo era la cacería.]

They filed and raised the swords of bronze and angry fighters, who seem to threaten heaven, earth, and hell: this is violence  
ءَالْبِرْمَارُ كَرْتَبِيِي بِنْتُءُ مَوِءَالْتَرْتَبِيِيءَا ذَنْ بَجْنَا كُنْ ءَالْبِرْكِيِي

ءَاشْتَبَ ءَانَ ءَالْبِرْمَارُ كَرْتَبِيِي بِنْتَدُ مَوِ اَلْتَرْتَبِيِيذَا ذَنْ بِجِنَا كُنْ ءَالْبِرْكِيِي

placed in the same posture that the history tells, the swords rise, the one covered with rattles, the other with the pad,

لَمَلْ ذَالَ بِيَسْمَانِ ءَانِ اَلْبِيِي، كَا ءَاشْتَبَ مُشْتَرَنْدُ تَشَارُ ذَا اَلْبِيَلَارُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ:

At the feet of the Pasquis had written an inscription says: Don Sancho de Azpeita, that, without a doubt, must be his name

ءَا اَلْبِيَسِيَاشُ ذَا رَوْنَمُو ءَاشْتَبَ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ كَا ذَا اَلْبِيِي: Don Quixote. Rocante ءَاشْتَبَ رَوْنَمُو بِبِيَشْتَانْتَا بِنْتَدُ

very dull & stylized, very weak & thin, with so much spine, so ethically confirmed, that he showed well in an open with

كُونْتَا اَذْبَارُ تَانِيِي اَلْبِيَرِيءَا اَذْ شَالَا اَلْبِيِي بُوَاشْتُ ءَالْبِيَبَارَا ذَا رَوْنَمُو جُنْتَا اَلْبِيَاشْتُ

Sancho Panza, who had on his helter his donkey, at the foot of which another retulo that said: Sancho Panza, but it must be

كَا تَانِيِي، اَلْبِيَاشْتَرَبُ لِيَبْتَدُ، لَبْرُخُ عَدْنَدَا، ءَالْتِيَا كُرْتَا اَلْبِيَرْتَبِيِي كُشْشُ لَرُغْشُ، اَلْبِيَرُ ءَاشْتُ

He should be called Panza and Panza: these two aliases are sometimes called history. Other trivialities must be observed; but all

But evil has substituted: alter words for words that have been re: commended to them. But he bads have substituted other words for that which has been recommended chads in: validated in Floridian ballots. It was not

IF this could be a... that nation... an island of Quixote I was a windmill before you made me drag on. Then we set against them castigation of the ceiling we fixed seal over sky. Thundrous arp arp

in its prime: of his mate pronoun. Mend them. Mend them. Mend them as prize for His had.

ذَانَ ءَايِي كَا اَلْبِيَسِيِيذَا اَلْبِيِي اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ

the pen in the prose of such a good gentleman, it seems that industry passes them in silence: something badly done

اَلْبِيَاشْتُ تَانِيِيذَا، اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ

passion, and interest nor fear, nor bridge and dislike make them twist the path of truth, whose matter is history, formula of times, deposit of actions, testimony of the past, example, warning of what's to come.

ءَانَ ءَاشْتُ شَا كَا شَا اَلْبِيَرُ تَدُ لُكَا شَا اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ

if something good is missing, for me it is because of the Greyhound of its author, not because of the lack of the subject. Finally, the second part, after translation, commenced this way:

[Durante la Edad Media la función principal del galgo era la cacería.]

They filed and raised the swords of bronze and angry fighters, who seem to threaten heaven, earth, and hell: this is violence

اَلْبِيَاشْتُ تَانِيِي: اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ

Such force and such fury that, no not from the sword would a single blow fierce enough to end its agonies with all advantage

ذَا نُوَاشْتُ كَبِيَارُ مَشْنُ لَبُوَانُ شُوَاشْتُ، كَا اَلْبِيَرُ صِيَرُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ كُشْشُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ اَلْبِيَاشْتُ

the road a bit of Colorado, that all was with terrible force came to the ground, and left him very battered.





for these & other reasons the holy <sup>Kislar</sup> Quixote deserves constant and attending presence; & even I should not be deaf  
 for the work and diligence I placed in seeking the end of the pleasant history; although I know  
 very well that if you do not help me Heaven, and Fortune, it will diminish the world and

تَفَقُّوا الْبَشْتِيَا مَبِّ إِاءَ الْعُشْتِ كَا بِيَانِ كَسِيدُشِ أُرُشِ بَخَرِ تَانَاوِءِ الْكَا كُنِ اثَانِسِيْنِ

will read it. ~~It happened, then, that I found it~~  
 I happened, then, to find it in this way:

While I was one day in the Alcañá de Toledo, a boy came to sell some <sup>portfolios</sup> ~~notebooks~~ and old papers  
 to a vendor; and as I am fond of reading, even if it is the broken papers of the streets, taken  
 ذَا شَتِ مَفْتَرِ لِنِكِلَسِيْنِ، ثَمَّ أَنْ كَرْتَبَسِيْدَا لَشِكَا الْمَجْبَحِ بَانْدِي، إِبْلَا كُنِ

chances I knew to be Arabic. And since I knew them, but did not know how to read them  
 I looked to see if there was some Aljamiado Morisco who would read them, and it was  
 مَوْ ذِفِكُلُنْشِ أَيَّرِ، اِنْتَاوَبَارَاتَاوِ شَامَا جَنْشَا، بُوَاشِ وَأَنْكََا لَا بُشْكَرِ ذَا أْتَرِ مَاجِرِ

and older language, I found him. In short, some brought me luck, who says, that my desire put the  
 ءَا أَنْ لَشِ مُنْشِ، لَا أَبِرِي بُرْ مَا ذِي، إِ لَا يَانْدُ أَوْ بَكُ ءَا نِءَا، شَا كَمَانَزُ أَرَا يَزُ.  
 I asked him what he was laughing at, and he replied to something written in my margin by  
 أَنْتَسَمُ. ذِي لَا كَا مَا لِدِ جَاشَا إِءَا نِ، شِنْ ذَا جَزُ لَرِشِ، حَجِ؛

Turn to them to read to them Noah's story, when he says to his people : To my  
 people! If my permanence is in the middle of you and the memory of the  
 system that is She are awkward signs to carry, wear His advertisements'  
 metaphor like i hate my body i hate the desert and dance I put my confidence in  
 She's ——— It is like She solos, but it is tonomonal. Re-eunuch efforts and your  
 companies and timpanies, and don't hike your designs: they are beautiful hides.  
 Don't hide your designs they are beautiful doodles and my wife was  
 never named in any book pertaining to the Genesis. She is 2nd Eve, and  
 genesis flows through ——— Me~! to My people. A tete of sexts gather in her  
 myname. Decide of me and do not make me what i want. do not make me wait.  
 do not spare me. do not makes of me a sparer.

كُفْبَارَا الْمَجْبَحِ تَدُشِ لُشْبَبَالَاشِ إِ كَرْتَبَسِيْشِ بُرْ مَا ذِي رَايِلِ، كَا شِيءَا ءَا لِ تَبِيَارِ ذِي شَا كَارَا يَسِيْنِ  
 and if he knew really what I wanted, he could well have made more money for the purchase. Then I left with the Morisco to  
 ءَا الْكَلُوْشَتْ ذَا لِغَلَا شِيءَا مَبِيْرُ، إِ رَغَلَا مَا بُلْبِيَا شَا أَكَا لَشِ كَرْتَبَسِيْشِ، تَدُشِ لَشِ كَا

translate them well and faithfully and very briefly; but I, to better facilitate business and to not release the hand  
 تَنْ بُوَانِ الرُّخِ، لَا تُرْجَا أَمَكْشِ، ذُنْدَا  
 in a little more than a month and a half to translate it all, in the same way it is translated

Intense interpersonal chaotic relationships  
Small Event { ↑ ↑ ↑ }

Noah must have been an unexplored subject, a great lover. –Jalal Toufic.

for these & other reasons the holy <sup>Kislar</sup> Quixote deserves constant and attending presence; & even I should not be deaf  
for the work and diligence I placed in seeking the end of this pleasant history; although I know  
very well that if you do not help me Heaven, and Fortune, it will diminish the world and

تَفَقُّوْا الْعَرَبِيَّةَ الْغَشِيَّةَ كَمَا بَيَّنَّ كَسْبُكُمْ أَرْضَ بَنِي تَائَوَ وَالْكَافِرِ الْآتَانِيْنَ

will read it. ~~It happened, then, that I found it~~  
I happened, then, to find it in this way:

While I was one day in the Alcañá de Toledo, a boy came to sell some <sup>portfolios</sup> ~~notebooks~~ and old papers  
to a vendor; and as I am fond of reading, even if it is the broken papers of the streets, taken  
ذَاتَتْ مَفْتَرٌ لِنِكَلِيْسِيْنَ، ثَمَّ أَنْ كَرْتَبِيْسِيْدَا لَشِكَا الْمَجْبُوحِ بَانْدِي، إِيْلَا كُنْ

chapters I knew to be Arabic. And since I knew them, but did not know how to read them  
I looked to see if there was some Aljamiado Morisco who would read them, and it was  
مُو ذِفِكَلْنَشْ أَيْرُ، اِنْتَاوْ بَارَاتَاوْ شَامَا جَنْشَا، بُوَاشْ وَأَنْكَ لَا بُشْكَرْ ذَا اْتَرْ مَاجِرْ  
and older language, I found him. In short, some brought me luck, who says, that my desire put the  
book  
ءَاَنْ لَشْ مُمْشْ، لَا أِبْرِيْ بُرْ مَا ذِي، إِيْلَا يَنْدُ أُوْ بَكُ ءَاَنْ ءَاَلْ، شَاكْمَانُزْ أَرَايِرْ.

I asked him what he was laughing at, and he replied to something written in the margin by  
أَنْتَسُوْ. ذِي لَا كَا مَا لِدِجَاشَا إِيْلَا، شَنْ ذَا جِرْ لَرَشْ، حَجْ؛

It is, as I said, here in the written margin: « This Valencia del Tobaco, so often repeated in this convector history, is said

Oh my people! Noah rebutted, what do [space] you think in this? If I do nothing  
more than follow that revelation that is She and grave and Homer is the  
intencional of She but She has His name inside [space] books the Internet and  
She do not exist, a man who decried me sated stately man I was denied. You  
are no more than a man who denied my man hood that I was wearing Sheo f  
He that comes to me the grace that comes to me disgrace and the desert  
costume to the grave that comes from He He comes to me and you do not see,  
self is it precise that He rowed on you your own waiting?

كَا تَبَلْ مَجْرُ مَنْ بَرْ شَلْرُ بُوَاشْ كَا اْتَرْ مَجَاوْ ذَا بُوَاشْ مَانْدُو  
كُونُذُ يَنْوُ  
كُونُذُ  
[then was a great deal of Isachon to him]

كُفْبَارَا الْمَجْبُوحِ تَدُشْ لُشْبِيْلَاشْ إِيْلَا كَرْتَبِيْسِيْشْ بُرْ مَا ذِي رَايِلْ، كَا شِيْ ءَاَلْ تَبِيْشَارْ ذِي شَاكَارَا يَسِيْنْ  
and if he knew really what I wanted, he could well have made more money for the purchase. Then I left with the Morisco to  
ءَاَلْ كَلُوْ شَتْ ذَا إِيْلَا شِيْ مَيْرُ، إِيْلَا مَا بُلِيْشَا اِكَا لَشْ كَرْتَبِيْسِيْشْ، تَلُشْ لَشْ كَا  
to turn those folders, everything that dealt with Don Quixote, into Castilian, without taking or adding anything, offering him

لَبِيْغَا ءَا كَبِيْشَا شَا، كُنْتَانِيْشَا كُنْ دُشْ أَرْضِيْشْ ذَا بَشْشِيْشْ، إِيْلَا مَاتِيْذَا  
تَنْ بُوَانْ الرُّخْ، لَا تَرْجَا أَمْكِيْشْ، ذُنْدَا

in a little more than a month and a half to translate it all, in the same way it is translated





for these & other reasons the holy <sup>Kislar</sup> Quixote deserves constant and attending presence; & even I should not be deaf  
for the work and diligence I placed in seeking the end of this pleasant history; although I know  
very well that if you do not help me Heaven, and Fortune, it will diminish the world and

تَفَقُّوْا الْعِلْمَ وَالْحِكْمَةَ إِذَا الْعُشْتُ كَمَا بَيَّانَ كَسِبْتُ مِنْ أَرْضِ بَنُو تَائَوِءَ الْكَا كُنْ أَتَانِسِيْنَ

will read it. ~~It happened, then, that I found it~~  
I happened, then, to find it in this way:

While I was one day in the Alcañá de Toledo, a boy came to sell some <sup>portfolios</sup> ~~notebooks~~ and old papers  
to a vendor; and as I am fond of reading, even if it is the broken papers of the streets, taken  
ذَاتُتْ وَمَنْزَرُ لِنِكَلِسِيْنَ، ثَمَّ أَنْ كَرْتَبَسِيْدَا لَشِكَا وَالْمَجْحُجْ بِأَنْدِي، إِبْلَا كُنْ

chapters I knew to be Arabic. And since I knew them, but did not know how to read them  
I looked to see if there was some Aljamiado Morisco who would read them, and it was  
مُو ذِفِكَلْنَشْ أَيْرُ، إِنْتَارُ بَارَاتَا شَامَا جَنْشَا، بُوَاشْ وَأَنْكَ لَا بُشْكَرُ ذَا أْتَرُ مَاجِرُ  
and older language, I found him. In short, some brought me luck, who says, that my desire put the

book  
ءَاَنْ لَشْ مُمْشْ، لَا أَبْرِي بَرُ مَا ذِي، إَلَا يَانْدُ أُو بَكُ ءَاَنْ ءَاَلْ، شَاكْمَانُزُ أَرَايِرُ  
I asked him what he was laughing at, and he replied to something written in the margin by

أَنْتَسُو. ذِي لَا كَا مَا لِدِجَاشَا إءَاَلْ، شِنْ ذَا جَزُ لَرَشْ، حَجْ

It is, as I said, here in the written margin: « This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often repeated in this convector history, is  
كَا تَبَلُ مَجْرُ مَن بَرُ شَلْرُ بُوَاشْ كَا أْتَرُ مَجَارُ ذَا تَرُ مَانْكا »

كُونُذُ يُئُو ذَا بِيْرُ، كَا ذَا أَتَيْتُ إِ شَشْبَانَشْ، بُوْكَ لُوَانِي شَامَا رَا بَارَاشَانَتْ كَا  
Dulcinea del Toboso, so often repeated in this convector history, is

On my people! responded in Choate, tell me this: if I'm received from She. If I've  
received from She one evidente Prof. and if He cancels me a beautiful pin or  
otherwise concedes to me one whole beautiful part of this — these  
goodnesses, should I myself not oppose myself in that which is prohibited me?  
Al-lis permitted? — If my language is a given what is given of me? What is lis  
pendens? — I don't have a dollar I am sorry past is sorry. — To that which was and  
the past is sorry. I Orly best to correct you, I don't know, can you? Do  
you have extra change — can you — change? Listen when I spend I always  
have to pay we have to make a line at least we have Movies? I am a fine, I read  
to be able man to talk to you (And how is everything your family? Beautiful and  
bound) about books. Do you have any extra sorry — to bother you, to change  
on you, I am just — everything to get aboard the bus when I'll weep there. Then,  
I just want to vomit correction you in so far as — it's possible. I come from

لَبَغْكَ ءَا كَبَشَانَشَا، كَبَشَانَشَا كُنْ دُشْ أَرَبَشْ ذَا بَشَشْ، إِبْرُ مَا تَبِيْدَا  
295

translate them well and faithfully and very briefly; but I, to better facilitate business and to not release the hand  
تَنْ بُوَانُ الرُّخْ، لَا تَرُجَا أَمَكَشْ، ذُنْدَا

in a little more than a month and a half to translate it all, in the same way it is written

for these & other reasons the holy <sup>Kislar</sup> Quixote deserves constant and attending presence; & even I should not be deaf  
 for the work and diligence I placed in seeking the end of this pleasant history; although I know  
 very well that if you do not help me Heaven, and Fortune, it will diminish the world and  
 a far. I come from a Dura. I just want to correct you in the shower. I just won't to  
 see you; my sole assistance comes from She; in its veneer its laquer and its  
 gain covers leaves but from a bark too is She ——— arp arp. In His seal I have  
 posted up my confidence and I will rot ——— ate away and to Him I'll turn.

will read it. ~~It happened, then,~~  
 I happened, then, to find it in this way:

While I was one day in the Alcañá de Toledo, a boy came to sell some <sup>portfolios</sup> ~~notebooks~~ and old papers  
 to a vendor; and as I am fond of reading, even if it is the broken papers of the streets, taken  
 ذانتت مفتح لنيكليسين، ثما ان كرتبسيديا لشكا المفتح باندي، ا بلا كن

chapters I knew to be Arabic. And since I knew them, but did not know how to read them  
 I looked to see if there was some Aljamiado Morisco who would read them, and it was  
 مو ذفكنش اير انتاز بار انا شاما جنتا بواش وانكا لا بشكر ذا اتر ماجر  
 and older language, I found him. In short, some brought me luck, who says, that my desire put the  
 ان لش منش، لا ابري بر ما ذي، ا لا ياند ا بكة ان اال، شاكمانز ا رايزر

I asked him what he was laughing at, and he replied to something written in the margin by  
 انتسوه. ذجا لا كا ما لذجاشا ا اال، شن ذاجر لرش، حج

It is, as I said, here in the written margin: « This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often repeated in this convector history, is said  
 كا تبل مجر من بر شكر بواش كا اتر مجاز ذا نر Mancha »

كوند يئو ذا ابر Dulcinea del Toboso، كاذا اتيت ا ششبانش، بركا لوان شاما را بار اشانت كا  
 These folders contained the story of Don Quixote. With this imagination, I hurried to read the beginning, and, doing so, suddenly  
 [Potency inside a man is limited because a sadistic element that's linked with it  
 requires it to be repressed.] Kathy Acker  
 حميد ابن الايل: مع ذشكار ايسين فوا ما ناشار بر، بصر الكنتانت كا رايب كوند

[Then was a great deal of disaction to with the content] the title of the book reached my ears; I jumped to the  
 altar,

كفبارا المفتح توش لشببالاش ا كرتبسيش بر ما ذي رايل، كا شيا اال تيار ذشكار ايسين  
 and if he knew really what I wanted, he could well have made more money for the purchase. Then I left with the Mancha to  
 والكوشت ذا لا غلا شبي مير، ا ا غالا ما بلبياشا ا كالتش كرتبسيش، توش لشن كا  
 to turn those folders, everything that dealt with Don Quixote, into Cashion, without taking or adding anything, offering him

لبنغا اا كشتاشا: كشتاننشا كن دش اربش ذا بشش ا بر ما تيد ا  
 translate them well and faithfully and very briefly; but I, to better facilitate business and to not release the hand  
 تن بوان الزخ، لا تر جا امكش، ذنرا

in a little more than a month and a half to translate it all, in the same way it is translated

عاشتب وان البرمار كز تبسي بنتذ مو النثر لبنيذا دن بجننا كن والبز كين

placed in the same posture that the history tells, the swords rise, the one covered with rattles, the other with the pad,

لمل ذال البيس من اليب، كا عاشتب مشتروند تشار ذا الكلاز انتر ذا بيكاشت:

At the feet of the Pasquic had written an inscription says: Don Sancho de Azpeita, that, without a doubt, must be his name

عاشتب Rocante عاشتب انتر كا داسبي: Don Quixote عاشتب Rocante مريبيشقانتا بنتذ

very dull & stylized, very weak & thin, with so much spine, so ethically confirmed, that he showed well in an open with

كونت اذ باز تانسبي ابريرة اذ شالا ايبي بواشت والنصارا ذا روكا جنت ا وال عاشتب

Sancho Panza, who had on his helter his donkey, at the foot of which another retulo that said: Sancho Zancas, but it must be

كا تانسبي، الكا مشترب لينتر، لبرخ غدنزا، والتيا كرت اشركش لرغش، ابر عاشتب

He should be called Panza and Zancas: these two aliases are sometimes called history. Other trivialities must be observed, but all of this is of little importance and misses the point of the true relationship of history, that nothing is as bad as it is true.

If this can be observed to near its path, it cannot be, other than its Arab author, being very typical of those of that nation being liars; although, because our enemies are so, you can understand before that you've been lacking

دان اي كا داصتيد: انش ما براسا ام، بواش كوند بزيار ا ذابيار عاشتانا اذ

the pen in the press of such a good gentleman, it seems that industry passes them in silence: something badly done

ا بازر بانشد، ابياند ا ذابياندا شوا لشاشتر بذر انش بنتالاش، باز د اارش انند

passionate, and interest nor fear, nor pride and dislike make them twist the path of truth, whose matter is history, formula of times, deposit of actions, testimony of the past, example, warning of what's to come.

Scheherazade, that first night (acquiescence is obvious), asks the king after "lovemaking" that her sister Dunyazade be present, so she can bid her sister

goodbye. Having agreed prior to ask Scheherazade to tell a story, Dunyazade

if something is missing, the lack of the subject. Finally,

asks Scheherazade to tell a story, and she tells a story that does not end that night, and that in fact hinges on (or spirals into) another story, to be deferred until

the next night, and the next, and so 1001 Nights' length mirrors the length of Scheherazade's life, while simultaneously going beyond it, to the realm of myth

and to the ancient past, and to their fusion. The longer the stories last, the longer Scheherazade's life lasts. To continue is the goal, to unfinish is the goal, to

constantly unravel and unfold is the goal. To keep on talking is to live. To keep

They fled and... Such one and such one that, to not stop the sword would... the road a lot of Colorado, that all this with terrible have come to the ground, and left him very battered.



If I  
Fires  
the night!

The time debilitates and out of Joint. ~~This the wrong pasaje, I have jumped the goat. I have got his gun.~~ This from twenty surahs later I have faced time. Because in their case they're found ~~absent and they'd liberate themselves to take place to take part in scared war.~~ Sacred I just want to get them there. They were avid for their persons, they are avarice for, they're Averroes to our Aristotle, what is ours o ~~r rather; they would sea with pain that valuted part ocupéis~~ them. That that dream occupies them

We leave in the rest part of this story the valorous viscayon and the brave Don Quixote

جُنَا كُنْتُمْ عَاشِرًا أَنْشَأْتُمْ كَاتِبِينَ قَالُوا كَاتِبُونَ لَمْ يَكُنْ قُرْبَانًا  
I wrote the wrong pasaje. As if dialogue were Only tearing an anonymous (that is, an-writ-by Shebook) book into pieces when we don't so much try to recombine as mark the cuts?

possibilities, so that, if they are right, at least, they will divide and break from top to bot

جِ ابْرَأَنْ كُمْ أَنْعَزْنَا إِعْكَالَ بِنْتَيْنِ ذُو بَرٍّ كَأَدْ دَاشْتُرْنَا كَذ

delicious history was stopped, without telling us where we could find what we  
ms





...become all  
...universal at  
...conditions  
...own  
...and they say without doubt he has not  
...neutral  
...change  
...relate  
...do not get along  
...the world  
...like cups  
...god doesn't leave me  
...in this provi  
...and  
...something very disturbing.  
...Korakalob  
...cups  
...long  
...universal at  
...with a beam of light  
...in the room for  
...for lightening  
...without doubt  
...a  
...out  
...but  
...ocean  
...You say  
...active  
...uses  
...aria  
...offer you offer  
...specifically  
...made of summer inclinations  
...make but ever  
...repressed  
...play  
...make but  
...god annotates  
...cannot ask the  
...play  
...inside you  
...semaphore  
...parabolas  
...What I know  
...perfect  
...i m





## خارجی

### Foreign

*adjective*

foreign

خارجی, خارجه, خارج, بیگانه, اجنبی, بیرونی

outside

خارجی, بیرونی, ظاهری, ظاهر

out

خارج, خارجی, بیرونی, حذف شده, افشاء شده, اشکار

external

خارجی, خارج, بیرون, بیرونی, ظاهری, ظاهر

outer

بیرونی, خارجی, خارج

exterior

خارجی, بیرونی, خارج, ظاهر, ظاهری, واقع در سطح خارجی

alien

بیگانه, خارجی, غریب, مغایر, غیر, غیره

exotic

عجیب و غریب, خارجی, بیگانه

oversea

خارجی, بیگانه, انطرف دریا, متعلق بماوراء دریاها

extrinsic

بیرونی, خارجی, فرعی, دارای مبداء خارجی, جزئی, اتفاقی

extraneous

غیر اصلی, خارجی, فرعی, خارج از قلمرو چیزی

peripheral

پیرامونی, جنبی, خارجی, خارجی, ثانوی, دورهای

extern

بیرونی، خارجی، ظاهری، واقع در خارج

strange

عجیب، غریب، بیگانه، غریبه، عجب، خارجی

*noun*

foreigner

خارجی، بیگانه، غریب، اجنبی

alien

خارجی، مخالف

gringo

بیگانه، خارجی، خصوصاً انگلیسی یا امریکایی

*prefix*

extra-

خارجی، خارج از



## GRAMÁTICA CANTADA

You have (familiar)  
sweetheart. To hear  
is pretty. Don't chicken  
out, pretty comes from  
the breast, all, and  
I like  
To listen to  
Canyons and  
very cute  
face. This self test is  
on vocabulary. In the end  
All and I like  
to sing (masc. sing)  
our female. This represents the familiar  
but little-used unspoken  
but extremely  
precise by way of  
what is unsaid or  
but what is absented in our  
spoken English today.  
Exemplum: the most rare pearl  
(statement of fact)  
the prettiest girl  
(statement of fear)  
sung in a song or  
signed by singers' fear  
deaf advances. It can  
be winter  
and it can  
be below freezing  
and (yet) I don't command you to  
be shivering



A shiver of nostalgia runs through you  
and passes on to run me through  
with  
it. I like (it pleases me) to hear  
machines  
the machines sing with their soul  
your beautiful of fact  
sound.  
I like to open wide all  
my chest to throw out this yell  
from honor.  
From lime  
stone, to feel cold, literally to have  
or feel coldness  
(of time).

You hot or do you feel hot?  
My rodeo suit in my head  
I have my guitar, my pistol and  
literally to have so many years.  
How old are you?  
(I am sempiternally twenty years old.)  
Type I.

Are you (masc. sing.) cold?  
(No we are not cold)  
Type I.

We have your books and our penis  
in our hands the jew harp  
drones within the song  
that allows my singing.  
This is a translation or a trans  
muting of the songs of Ibn  
Guzmán. Does it resemble  
him? No, my sweetheart, it doesn't  
make a lot of money  
(For a brown-skinned girl I have  
to shoot many a bullet and under  
the moon sing in chapala).  
The original question was  
Does it resemble hurt? (What  
do you have to do for a brown  
skinned girl?)?  
But yours are hungry and thirsty.  
And are we to blame?

He is only re-  
The active vocabulary, the  
and the discussion of the gram  
All these exercises aid and reinforce  
foreign language study called overlearning.

because  
to suffer  
is reflected  
quietness.

have felt  
love  
have known how to

Like inside of English.  
Today, that life begins.  
Yesterday's punishment that  
you gave me so cruelly (Notice how

Since the day I saw you, now  
Two souls that have tried to be happy.

I made a lot of  
statements statements  
asked a lot.

You filled my life with bitter detachments.  
Of all my language and all of my heart-  
break-injected camp.

You.  
Him.  
Her.  
Us.  
Them.  
Lot of women.  
Lots of men  
slave  
plaything, too  
once and for all

Your love is like a canopy (of psalms)  
Your love is like a cry (I wipe up in my palms)  
Your love is like a cry (of salmon\*).

\*

The moon asks this song's uproar  
Why are you crying? I mean, yes

The moon asks this song's Composer  
I like it a lot, I like how I'm  
reflected (not that I've ever  
done that before), my heart, my  
solitude, my balcony, that breaker over  
the mist of my solitude, but why  
have you broken it and me into a hand

full of images, how sad you cross into  
my balcony only one side of me,  
sides aren't depth. You've given me  
(or, literally, it lacks to me) no depth on  
-ly surface, broken faces, auto  
maturity response drill. DO you like this  
song? Yes, I like it a lot, it's  
very romantic to be a chump or  
dumbass. What is the most grave  
cemetery you have been to. In Paris  
where i wept, very fast heel-stomping  
on the mounds of the dead, for dancing  
the árabe, if I have guard  
duty, if I go out to dance  
a noise I stem a river, one direction  
of noise towards which noise flaws  
towards which silence won't along  
Veracruz area of Mexico  
and I have a lot of private  
and I am dying  
of it.

Do you want to sing with me?  
You will not kill me  
Al- ends up crying  
beautiful and pretty songs  
they are as valid as.

i dream you.

then to this intervention

a tree fell inside the earth and

world

this very repetition is : those

that were judged the stars are; sea

went on to

eternity.

Do not contain eternity



**Kharja)**



this is an excess of  
the temple of the people of the tone:  
in the rear flanks of their own  
memory, all the cast of  
and between the afternoon, some savaged in their own  
good that I am dead

hair. What's the point of hair  
the split end is dead, the mane is dead the waves  
the hot parts wave and the parts of earth  
part and sing and leave there  
their birds depart and call about  
adventure

and you have something missing from  
the heart of all of  
the day. The sound of ceilings above  
ceaselessly curling water come  
from asea the messages sum  
all the alphabet's sounds sound in one line like avowal

**The Curreant**, in where our name  
*fugues* the line. It would take the most cherries  
beloved habibi. The singing dress the  
end will be melancholy, the firm total totals  
equal out his heart, i am called a baby and i  
have made a blow of water wave across the wavering ocean

the bitterness song  
repetition tasks  
inside those glass  
flasks upon the sea are ships along  
this book's signatory clasp I  
am from this book and I

or its brook of being  
in his signs garden  
of the bush  
of the gnash  
of *nothing* into

احلم بك  
سقط في الارض شجرلة و  
دنيا زاد  
النجوم هو ما حكمن الناجر  
خلد  
في يدك



I've got no type. I can argue  
 out of anything  
 into new detritus. Garbage is  
 he takes off all his  
 skin and leaves  
 the dick

it is swearing up and down that creates  
 gut rot, and a dream of  
 detritus. But I took my clothes off too and the world coughed

vermelya, you choose the color  
 vermelya, and a bromide dust  
 you scrape to be its own bowl  
 of cantelope you top with sugar. Some  
 times believe in nothing  
 and dream, an instant rears its

head, ugly, formed from void  
 and of devoided instinct, unreadable instinct  
 writes a divot in your brain and stands around for lightening

to birth sand into a  
 new pulverizing thing. Transparent  
 ass. Men say things and then you make them  
 bray. To reincarnate into blue  
 carnations, the fish pray, I just want to be significant  
 to you. Perverse pleasures, habibi,

write you. i tried on your clothes for  
 fun out of boredom. God created different colors  
 made of tears wrung from nothing on your skin specifically Rachael

wearing nothing is a husband  
 dreaming. A craggy heaven, a bleak spike  
 voided of significance, a fucking donkey  
 prayer. You take the words and  
 rake the words and atomize the dark drop of eve  
 -ning you have a rib-encased erectus set. I cannot ask the hour more

specifics than to then expect to  
 grow flowers in a desert

ا الطبع؟  
 انا من هذا الكتب

You should never argue with a crazy  
 matrana, my amadore  
 loves thin trees sexhair and

seafacce the rest of me is very draped  
 surfeit, rich interior life and communications  
 ought by now know fulfilled bowl, before  
 an exact structure considered grammar

opportunistically, never  
 nerved and brachiate, adorned  
 imperious, habitual tip of verse

la mauled every got dry place  
 extrinsic to the history, we make our trace  
 in sand, i publish in sand my new  
 exact grave syllable sounds no longer

like the flowering front guard  
 cream-top sickness, dead  
 its illness is sick, it's sick

its grand interior worlds argue lalala  
 prissy kiss is sempiternal weeping  
 how you don so much language such  
 langurous speech burdens, most angular of beautiful face

balalaika lovers, that they wake at  
 2 AM writes bad music  
 my love listens to, my love

Do you want my yard?  
 I'm in love

كظيم

Fora of talking to my fare  
and lady besides *does*, she *does*.

Its great fees vermilion wads.  
Espero desperately an estar  
to die, to not be nor gar  
-den containing nothing

unpainful.  
Like you can take motherfucker words

back, or own at all *them*  
that flee or huir from here. There

they sit -- They're polite. Their mole  
is *bad*, their ledore's bad, he's  
*doing* ungood, he neighs, he takes  
melesim in grams in pills.

The water's thirsty for staying. That's why  
it restless moves, full or with a syncope

without longing for your weeping nor  
blo... lanza... They are from diff. pays  
and nations lacerate autodidacts  
' works! Look at me I think I spilled that

wrong, I think I taught that mas, or mam  
-ma to drink, obridara, the beatles go ah ah ah  
scarab me to death. My heart is nojte  
noises offer me a towel Na dia to alteri me

to become and otri me to otris.  
The scar is part shard. Its hard birds

depart, and be a part of poca  
menuda, thy sickening viscera, and yet i do uso  
tu, tu in mi memoria, dones tetas  
and i have a longing lengthen. add a whole

إدار للمومنات و التلمود  
كان في اسم الله رحمة و وحدة  
اكثر جرحا

slow tones sound  
upon the teeth

The buzz of art intimates  
intizar, the action of an arabesque  
waits. The injunction is to want and

slow revolting yo  
below the atmosphere.

I grind my teeth in sleep  
I grind my truth in sleep  
in my mind's black box

mournful little mournful  
songs of spring

past the pidy that I have  
for contemporary singers who  
seem hurt, or like sand

lightning-blasted  
glassed into pains

lightening the embryonic little joey  
i put a camera in his mom and find the alien  
is pink, not gray! Never seen a movie where the extra

terrestrial is not gray  
nor paid. That's a little extra i say

to my land animal friends.  
Your mom stubs her toe and sings an aria.  
Torn from fruit and from eternity and  
reckoning beckoning

snow of stones  
قد قطع الله  
إن الله يخطأ الي حد  
حلم

Shake glamour, and dull a stone up in a jar long become all entanglements.

We need to listen speak and translate this white like othello.

You are now supposed to sleep; i suppose you are asleep to cheer purpose, damn-most near roses : here realized for a boon, the way she scarily communes in 30 seconds is our relationship, ainan, 30 seconds just repeat bestirey

that i'll wear dolye, that the sweet dolor sabhora elegy

the desert swallows tanto, interpersonal star vended, i have sold vermelya as a succor bended it, i love to see you doubtful tercets somehow rend the dead dawn of my foghorn

fog of my day, Alsatian day of dionysus Amanu!

Now the mal Mahgreb, I heard nothing guard me on my benedictions, as a case gnashed my hand, bade Elisabeth

Vase mew heart upon my end I bay Pasena

Guard a source medina, to warm a threat, a random fucking dude become salutation, since brand new benediction all fens, dales, cold, weep, lithop, sere, mineral

The gehenna is worse than the end is very beautiful; God does not leave me again

we are footnote to be without sus judgment i shake and interest song of subject future gardens, benediction subject to a circumspect abandonment

is solitude  
*god?*

يَمْتَلَأُ الْاَلَهَ مَعَ لَانْتُوْسُنْ  
رَبِّيْسُنْ

Don't enjoy your pleasure,  
 sir, it is futile music  
 to sing or to record  
 as records spin, as coffees hover  
 o'er to Marsie das who  
 said "what  
 you do's important. Yusallim

means goodbye or cheers or  
 envy in a desert  
 thirst lives long.

My yermanellas plan to  
 germinate appreciation a

bird is a bird seven minutes  
 is seven minutes your life  
 will lose itself to it regard  
 less of what you do, Amanu,  
 'amanu! This hale

face means goodbye.  
 Ledore, legio me to  
 beauty is americaine to

Romance langues. Kitaby  
 kitab. Feminine art, flirty  
 cares, a round spaceship looking  
 thing, kanno, como si el  
 could see hell, Pelee's very active  
 volcanoes

now thrusting  
 weeping  
 man

it is read it is over there : losing it is read to be a  
 mansion, and i think  
 a beautiful phrase. the elemental tear to water at  
 to song to hide

حسن: جسدي  
 الله  
 جاب

Lavana even when your bread rises I will find  
damnation in it. The caraway seeds cannot be

cast away what I cart away I love  
a shadow on an eye, a sash. Benedictions'  
defenestration, a ballast point creates my  
/the balance I will seek in natal water sorry

for my period. I'm sorry, water. I'm sorry  
I am thirsty. To drive and to demand

water, to push water into soil, to derive it  
from the soil is to kiss a small bouquet  
you love flowers, their personality is  
their fragrant scent, they are ranting

you are panting by the pollen, my want  
flowers. The ankle of the flower and  
the anklet of the flower raised Lavana to  
the earring. Bended; come. Just because

life leaves its stature to a critical animal.  
Flowers' funk. The amulet of spray

to your neck a heyday.  
Hello, day. Hello, damnation. Sorry  
I cannot tarry but I sorry towards every  
one. I can't but be a sorry one.

And bla bla bla we go End la la la. And  
so: the brain's an involuted involucre

spraying memory.  
The chest heaving mourning prayer. 'Iqdi  
of pearls, bays, hides, irey. I will be  
the hermit, Aminta sorry smells of caraway.

It is nice I love it. It is nice that  
I do. Stones in Guadalajara sing rancheros

larger than yahweh. Louder than señor. You love  
the fragrant scent of I AM / I WAS / I WILL BE / THIRSTY

a would-be now, for works that cannot End  
أحست من رجل تمام أن يقرأ

Put wild thunderstorms  
under ayas pointing like lightning  
toward thunder later. To stone the storm to cover  
them. Note at the approach  
of the dark arbitrage the

strange heard carnation.  
I heard deranged atoms  
form lightening death from  
glossaries, which warns in  
summoning summary. I  
guess

at the translation I don't know  
recovered scrim of scrutiny.  
The red mediterranean rouge.  
The rogue subterranean altesa of  
the future flowers to flower. Flowers

repeat the word Say, the word Say  
mumbles through the phrase, leave only  
dark poem on the teak surface this exhibit is  
your bible? A synopsis or a god...  
Bisara

Is a flash of the entirely new  
entirely new? The soil is embedded  
bellows, an intervocal sonorous  
association, the river is a seafoam  
without salt, gladiolas grow by

its shore, surely if they come here

phrases in the wood will blame them.  
Demandaré a dorm to sleep within  
to beat the wilderness I'll fell a  
dark tower, my radiating egg plant sternum  
in the wilderness of entirely new  
dark-holding heart

tower specific ethical culture – bring me to  
set, ando when there's no face in the people  
be one iconoclasta of a heaving everything,  
push on us these works, no shame ought afflict  
objects, i will blush with them



آية حسنة .عصيان علي ماء في  
افعل زهرة قلبك أثر في قلبه  
زوجة .شركاء من جبر  
! مرهق .ما كان الله ل(؟ يا أسنحة حسنة

If you were to make me  
good, what is good.  
The pups lap from the udder of  
the bitch, is that good. Am i

bad. The stars in the sky go to  
the garden, migrate to the dahlia  
in your mouth, vermelya, maybe that's  
red venus, no star, or maybe that's  
maybelline.

We always have a shared saying  
talking from our mouths and to.  
Make me new, the time a quarter  
to four, a private quarter, a few

is three, a couple's two rooms, and four  
its own category. i try to make me  
new to you. You beneath a black bowl and eat  
what's in it, a dahlia, my babe.  
What dollars scattered in my giant pocket. I

can't say, the homeless throw bottles at my  
Nat Shermans. I'm just doggin and joggin  
smoking. The rain is as rain so  
I check my breasts, still integral.

Makes sure Mary knows Mary's known.  
She borrowed that cup that brims with I'm  
your lord, my *one* says. How from afar  
I am sensed. I am tired in a lot of  
love, and incensed with longing

The jackaranda buds self-scatter.  
The days full and self-scatter.  
You find a flower in your mouth and  
secret. i have, she was, as of  
*the good*. the good is bad. I think everyone

is good, can burn. To suffer is  
reflected quietness. To suffer is to be good  
to be an animal is to be better  
To talk of bad tidings is to make you "her," a leaving person

صحراء هضيم  
تسمية في رأسه

ما قلت أبدا  
كظيم

what do you think toward nothing?  
 how is it you handle your skin and being  
 outside it feeling, the light between the soft  
 futurity the birds fear or augur.

took the heart of day and anger  
 dried up, gums dried up, and the world  
 end inside their mother and between you

“far away” love long dies.  
 god explains his own life.  
 snows’ thaw expresses human life  
 [snows’ thaw exposes known life]  
 there’s a horrible manifest

“make” meaning, footnote everything  
 stomp your little airborne feet upon my holding hands  
 holding your feet, a god had dreams.

i heard that i’m inside a dolorous  
 alphabet that, cause his name to be  
 occasion. What, you’re like a story?

An occlusion, Alone is a side of man.  
 i will think towards nothing A book.  
 i leave myself voicemail and have not yet responded.  
 don’t i don the dead’s oration

a shirt, a most comfortable shirt.  
 i come a sky if, shy, we make descend  
 when night, decent room (i cannot have read a red opal moon)

a pall in the dark grey gust.  
 The black rain pulses in Florida.  
 you can hear my word flicker and to slap itself  
 appalled upon the pavement. And yet on the street’s other side (the st. or street or saint)  
 Say:

يجسف الخضر في أكفهم

i write thru mesostic  
 their names, not messianic  
 Frank Ricky Lucius Tina Tuesday  
 not messianic, no prophet named  
 Jared made for them a mirror

and what if i were  
 a flash of the entirely new?  
 we talk in an erotic game  
 Ok, goodnight? Good night Natnael

I write thru their names that don't  
 they are names that don't. The bells  
 droop, they are carat, oriented  
 Franklin Richard and Lucretius, Bettina and  
 Wednesday made for them a mirror

in a structure there is  
 no refuge. A tree fell inside  
 solitude will find you  
 grasping more of me, we think i'm wet.

but i don't have that hardware  
 you think. i clay, but that was one  
 hand that sweats. i break through to you  
 via the ovation. i break it in your  
 standing name that makes of you a mirror

break blow burn to make me  
 a flash of the entirely new  
 again, the i is hard, but daisy has roots  
 in eyes and suns, what sees and what illuminates

the word. the word is hard and cannot be  
 pleased. the world, first wet bite  
 dons dark desire. i cow i make a sow your country whinnies  
 thru your family. if we could but be so hetero  
 glossic, Colette translates Spanish bad she  
 is French. She makes new language in the  
 language, no te pongas a gatos, like a mere mirror or a

damnation that's exhausting.  
 life there is that that is  
 exhausting. i just like a man.  
 What has God *been* (to)? What i know  
 made for them this mirror!

جهنم شرّ من خرّجة الحسن :إنّ الله لا  
يبرحي  
آية حسنة .عصيان علي ماء في  
افعل زهرة قلبك أثر في قلبه  
زوجة .شركاء من جبر  
! مرهق .ما كان الله ل(؟ يا أسنحة حسنة

Fill with my own reverence  
*it*, here we all merely hope a handful  
of folios!

The heaven built it.  
The star in your belly built it.  
Your starred star starring in your  
*omphalos*, that you take me that i take you  
achingly, that my pains pain, that we're

so normcore. We veer very little  
pinches, very tall scratched stridings  
absolute structures *built*

the circles, the flying off the green  
logic, supply strong sap *en masse*  
to the wench, my molasses sweet friend Debra bends  
myself around them. They supply  
strong sense of valve, a second releases

a second release, a fecund sob he  
and she weep  
the broom across her life

to *keen* it, too, the sky  
must make rain. The rain is as rain  
said my friend. The course and coronation  
of my love crowning, of my hived love  
crooning, what transforms and what remorse

remain quiet, plural crises and the glum windows  
that thus loss likens, them to  
derive lather from below the drains!

It rains, my mouth pens  
your mouth, executes an aperture  
(can you cut the head off of an opening  
or opportunity) i cannot focus long  
for portraiture, singing sense of a prolonged  
belonging, pejorative spring mute spun cinders' song

ceilings and the same windows  
that they lose lying. your  
arms beautifully  
حرام

The quenched noir of heaven refuses  
his mouth, the orchestra's little kiss. Write through  
feathers, hard leathers and bright  
heathers cling coquettishly. They are all named

Jared, they had similar mothers. His love is  
the length of his rejection. He has a tall  
desire! Beauty's [like] lithe glances  
' scan, declines its own hand,  
rows put rows of pearls to

shameful altercation, reservoirs of well  
-guarded roses, upon hearing. The collars  
of gently natured  
ladies are torn open. Intoned on the wire

of the obscene, so they are ob-  
verse and unseen, like a monitor or text  
hybrid moon [summit] a single line is built  
of both brambles and strings. A hummingbird

saints my face, or treats as street my face.  
They strangled the treaty into a lament  
or lovelornness, a woman declares her  
refusal to grant her lover his cries'

desires, a woman seeks love in a way barking  
on the obscene tree. A border safely bridges  
in. The topoi glitter of and too about my dreams  
now opaque topaz. The lap is lazuli  
loosely littered glistening tightly. The rain

is as rain on bait et qufl  
raised in the dark. What connects what  
hybrid to what hybrid bride-colored figment's  
pigmentation. Sheherazade so rightly refuses stories

to the regal killer who drinks birds' blood and misogyny  
soup laughing horrible. I live where what's

round their brain resides  
although what is truly truth  
repeats  
you, i say sometimes. do not stop

إِنَّ اللَّهَ اكْمَرْد بَرَّ الكُفْرِينَ إِسْتَكْنَر كَبِير . سِنَّءَاغُجْ  
جرح



من ما حسن  
ينشئ الشجرة سقف غد

to take out  
to preserve, to be preserved or  
'holy'.  
to receive

brightness  
shaking.  
A period of time that was  
likely to error

the likes of the likes of.  
i like you  
who is like me

semb(a)lante de  
same same as  
East.  
note, blast, played, sonata'd

wife became the enemy.  
to be candid, to be sounded.  
his, her, their  
'trembling' (Rretiemblante, Tremulante).

Rretonido, soflido, soflo, takamyento, tokido  
"plain colt' in blue ink replaced 'life'"

grass  
an unstrung person  
-al pronoun.  
mired which was meant *here*.  
mumble  
al-kiteb

trembling.  
to turn (into) to  
return;  
'after'

عطاء من ماء  
بُك  
الكتاب  
قرآن

i met my place to hold.  
 The ants and girls are both  
 untranslatable, or are too translatable  
 choose *eyes* over *umbrellae*, but  
 parasols go over eyes. Well

i met my place to hold. i  
 reiterate my crimes i  
 am in love and so i  
 am in love. that i  
 cry on laptop screens in public

is sacred oratory to me. The answer was  
 court-side seats. He famished it  
 better and before me. Wet is  
 and about it no incorrigible  
 dirigibles. I learn a longing to encode  
 in tongue i love you under

What gender is it, sunny?  
 What race is it, rainy?  
 If to feel what politic, or natural  
 crime i like to find, i write it  
 out

It feels hot, i don't want to  
 continue being me. There is hatred  
 there, see it clear as Doris did  
 the day. You write what Dorian mode would  
 hold air. i write my lord to hold, hold hold

be all of the name. touch  
 nothing of.  
 i don't want to *me*.  
 i met my absent person in this place  
 ربح كبير من يضلّ في الأرض

Blame.  
 a fresh-water source.  
 A name on a breath makes grasses wave

this lord courses through jugular blood  
 of mine arms you are faithful to  
 an embrace, a thirst, a futures pit  
 (st.) who is in that love while divers

ivors  
 a full moon just regarding her  
 head acute adorable migraine, i rub her

temples  
 before they are destroyed  
 holy non-syllables  
 introduce surprising change  
 to this poem's

beloved  
 teeth. Now, however, pain  
 his eyes will take pity on, him same

pane we view through, if i had power  
 over mine, but a winged drone doesn't  
 fold if i'm hot over the head dead with  
 it, it's dead, it's dead. It's grand, it's grand.

For  
 "role of emancipation" or  
 "robe of emaciation," typical symptoms of

smote love. Yet *his* full moon has refused  
 to share with him, the metaphor of moon  
 making waves moan, arch, always simply  
 smitten with accepted poetic conventions

Pasts  
 love in the same river twice.  
 A breath with a kiss. The soft firmament

air, century, minute  
 practices your finger in my mouth the muffled song signs semaphore

كتاب. أكرر  
 القدوس  
 المس. كُنْتُكَتْ. اربط

Blanca.

! يا سماء نفس اسم

To give summation or to give  
a hickey.  
To take skin and suck it so it  
buckles.  
As we have had our traumas and they manifest as  
moles.

I could eat three thousand years  
once, maybe last week, that kind  
of appetite. You called me a receipt  
but a sweet receipt. I want solitude  
with you, and I want solitude  
with her, too, and sweet solitudes

to an etude's tone, the bone is  
bratty  
and, Rosalie's right hook knocks a man  
unconscious  
you are at birthday parties hired as a  
fairy

some kids don't believe in you. They say  
you're not real. You say, not with that  
attitude! You say, if you don't believe  
in me I'll die. I'll die inside me. You say  
I have imposture syndrome bad enough already mother  
fucker's child. You say I too have not developed fully. You say

أعطي جزء ام آلهة  
أصل  
أكل الآله من جئات  
. سيل  
. الذكر

My graces are units pushed towards him  
 it can be reduced, consoling and a reconciliation  
 from the Latin Attila, from the boring humus  
 of truth, astrology, it's a symptom, it's meticulous

and i can't care, and i can try to care and i  
 can't care, i think miraculous organization  
 forges truth, organization of facts forgets  
 truth, how great, you tell me i'm a gemini and you do not get along  
 with geminis, i tell you i do not get along with people  
 who say they don't get along with geminis, maybe that's  
 a gemini thing

it's a normal day, a birthday, i must make do  
 today, germinate in students' talents new ambitions and  
 their work, and you can do the can can  
 and you can sing your work, sing of spring

mute and spun ash cindering. This girl's big breasts  
 and small waist and huge hips, Jess says, should  
 be for you. I think nothing's mine  
 i think i smoke and laugh and sing my  
 quiet, to my myself, and while i love a number  
 of my people, and feel well-beloved, i need to be  
 solitary, play and castle alive, no competitor

anywhere with anyone, i can play with hair  
 and not against it, i am even less competitive  
 than you are! suck her off Jess says while  
 aminta lora, and i flora, and i a sort of mega

fauna like a big dumb melanin-rich proletariat species  
 gemini animal, made of phrases // in the wood, made of summer inclinations  
 and metabolized coffee, two gems are in my pocket  
 wind in my ears still i hear grass scream  
 even doves summon persons absent towards love of  
 mirrors metaphorical, from it, like the eye  
 doesn't downward diminish a family, just patrols particulates where

there is a sort of fire:  
 pre : hearts  
 spunk of a dove? call o love bird  
 why gazes writ pushed towards her love sign

أنت إلا مكان حبك

نور .حجاب ليل قليل  
السماء .  
نفس .  
فُراسُ ءاستارِ ايدسُ .



If the chasm between us is what allows love to be  
 love, if the distance between us is what allows traversal at  
 all, if we are never to reach each other is what conditions  
 battery, after when cry soft curtains above, cry  
 soft oration, in your ear a message I have  
 you, devastating battery, soft circuit, ugly neutral  
 soft poem, soft Vela, the ringing of the bell to change  
 soft curtain, try to find a love to fix me, not  
 correct, keep me but in place, detest name  
 repeat, I repeat retching

**an immense singing**

never given, his part unsealed / unlit finish  
 soft poem, soft Vela, the ringing of the bell to change  
 neutralizer, I have been that soft curtain  
 you, devastating battery, soft circuit, ugly neutral  
 flow, I do not reach you, I reach only for  
 battery, after when cry soft curtains above, cry  
 love, if the distance between us is what allows traversal at  
 no vowel, no disavowal, no love

تکلیم کبیر

the glitter of coins in light flocking  
 open thighs upon my bed I cannot read a gallop  
 or a running thing you play  
 i still want me, me, is this love just

No thing within the empty brain  
 Break because tender on the pavement  
 you weep and i weep and we rain  
 human rain, i shake off your raiment  
 all black, punk, stained with gin the plain  
 tee and underneath the plain skin a filament

overtop your heart is plaintive talking  
 i open my ears (altogether no eyelids on my ears) like cups  
 that have my life in it, the spray  
 out or spilled-over error, me within it, in this provi

dented poem or a too=much roughing thing.  
 All these gerunds in a language ring much  
 dullness, a glottal thud or long sucking  
 closure, I am in the present minor chord retching  
 suck, I come to room and stay in room to

repeat, I repeat retching  
 i open my explicit ears, nervousness is up  
 lovely that i have my mired life to flay  
 or flense me, a bird is being fucked or loved

a swing, a swinging thing to suffer  
 is reflected quietness, a choir  
 doesn't well-deliver it, but i don't prefer  
 cooperative song, i do alone an aria aspire  
 to solitude, maybe i inspire latitude do you proffer  
 with a friend you read / recite this aloud

too loudly? an immense singing  
 for their heaving diaphragms diagram a pent-up  
 palliative, a pendulum that I will play  
 by watching, time swaths, i am a list'ning glove  
 no vowel, no disavowal, no love  
 for their eyes don't know a lot within you

oh an immense talking  
 a dangling thing or a day

بجنت الربّ  
 في الله تهنّز رسالة الأكنزك

Distressed rituals.  
 Infamy is something  
 the end  
 kept detailed.  
 And continued detailing –  
 Collapsed the distant  
 past, i.e.  
 prior paintings.  
 I am attracted to  
 the title, “I am”  
 as defense  
 against  
 I have a toothache.  
 Beautiful,  
 you live.  
 The waitress  
 has  
 joints.  
 The feeling that  
 all  
 whispers  
 is my presence  
 unknown?  
 Maximum explicability.  
 Full breasts like  
 sublunary  
 expansion.  
 It does too much good.  
 U webt u  
 You wept you  
 I went in to kiss  
 his entire hair  
 I went to kiss  
 her entire bare  
 densely at the  
 nape of her  
 hair, I went in to  
 kiss her airs  
 so I breathe every  
 possibility  
 I am on the way  
 it must feel to be here  
 to how,  
 long time,  
 time, or held,  
 Do I want backward

negotiation image?  
Distressed, *rude*  
It does too much regret.  
It does not do too much  
to regret.  
I want to kiss into a wall  
my kiss, another wall,  
my mouth  
Do I write through a thin  
*will?*

**Do I write through a page a negative image?  
The people are cool but I'm not sure how much I will be  
interfacing with most of them.  
I am receiving stars  
around Lavapies.**

i am a star's reception  
or i am reception of a star's staring  
or it died  
dead stars stare never  
the less

i am recanting stars  
beginning to desire  
in like four days  
word falls into  
a specialized  
niche  
killing plants in its path

مرة  
أعجم  
حي

Interlinear

Aquí se acaba el primer cuarto del al cora  
 que el que lo saco lo copio de otro alcoran que  
*clavado* palabra por palabra al bocablo

[hammer, drive  
 [stick, stab  
 [*nail* ++pound

[*to a wall* ++pin, nail

[fix, rivet  
 [steal

que estudio que fenía en el arabigo y por quanto  
 gente para copiando en tiempo a sigrada y  
 era corto

it was short.

short era.

coescribió en letra de xpianos

confieso que

signed 2 de mayo, 1606

This Qur'an copied from another Qur'an. **Clavado**. Nailed fixed riveted driven stolen?

86. New mile of red visage  
 New mode of red usage.  
 New reading mode of usage.  
 Red hyphens designate speech?

After this red almost completely gone except  
 as demarcating every 10<sup>th</sup> ayat.

And then even **this** stops at "10" on page 105.

a is an @ sign for some words, such as  
al @rabes.

they die like a man without denouement.

يموتون مثل رجل بغير ضرر  
من MFA Thesis? آخر آخر



"A magnificent recompense wanders the earth."  
(left)

FRAME:

Difficult to finish this because impossible to fit in a form (cuaderna via) then heretofore used:

Have created normal text on a page exclusively by Christian clerics? SECOND PART: translate don quixote from spanish

"Fantastic reward wanders the earth and requires a kind of faith in the intellibility of the text than parallels any other reward given to the faithful." Can you guide the blind? You can draw a church in the hand of

A great reward is given to the faithful who have been faithful to the practice of its religion and intralinguistic and interlinguistic. But this is not meant. They are those who

Fantastic reward wanders the earth and requires a kind of faith in the intellibility of the text than parallels any other reward given to the faithful. Can you guide the blind? You can draw a church in the hand of

historical and modern guided by the magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Words I did not

---4 different translations of the magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

creative and imaginative. I have a translation of the magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

print them all on one sheet of paper. In the center - a magnificent recompense wanders the earth. The spanish that cannot be translated into english

Oh an immense taking of spirit. Some people translated (some people translated) commentary in slashes) husband essence, veil at a yard

To give up. We take up the magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

knowledge is to write. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

printing on to do. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

Camilo: 0. lets say you are a muslim. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

error: 1. Quixote. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

2. Hadiths. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

Most common. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

text. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

"famous. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

3. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

4. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

5. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

6. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

7. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

8. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

9. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

10. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

11. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

12. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

13. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

14. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the

15. The magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth. Then the





rd venture winter  
s Language.  
guide low hundreds  
sence, yell at a yard  
t can understand her  
P. Marine the Timp  
JS.

immense talking" must be difficult, syntactically  
l and oblique, like the

failed translat  
errant translat  
intertextual tr  
intercultural t  
intergeneric tr

+one small work  
and they turn.  
must know arabi  
understand them

-(re)new 14th c

+from where the  
hamete benengel  
(formula: the s

-from song of m

+notes in the w  
end?  
-index, at end?

-and yet the kh  
one kharja - ci  
-comes from muw  
-comes from AI  
-comes from son  
-comes from qur  
can this telesc  
parabolically,  
resembles the b

cide hamete wan  
form that repre  
and encapsulate  
"different" peo  
-songs of cide

-don quixote kh  
-muwashshahat a  
boustrophedonic

32 songs / para  
each one ends w

Just compile wh  
FAILURE.

Textual Notes

Textual Notes

## MS 5332

Miscelánea de fragmentos de una obra Alcoránica, poética y fracturada. Incluye 40 páginas de jarchas. En árabe, algunos textos en castellano y en castellano aljamiado.

Contiene la “Carta del Autor al Lector Imposible.”

f. 1r: “PASA DE CORINTO,” colección de jarchas indecifrables superpuestas en una hoja.

f. 1v: “hay un dicho inmenso,” colección de plegarias superpuestas en una hoja.

ff. 2r-27v: sin título. 49 jarchas intactas, a veces dos cada folio, traducción en columnas.

f. 27r: “pasa por la tierra magnífica de nuevo,” relatos de naturaleza religiosa superpuestos en una hoja.

f. 28v: “mi nombre y una experiencia visual se rieron,” lista del mercado.

f. 29r: “El Forastero,” colección de moaxajas con sus jarchas provenientes de ff. 2r-27v.

Códice en 8<sup>o</sup>, caracteres latinos y árabes, encuadernación en pergamino, buen papel, adornos moriscos y escritura de diferentes colores. La mayoría del manuscrito compuesto de letras indecifrables y superpuestas y con algunos papeles rotos a través de un exceso de tinta. ff. 2r-27v, por otra parte, en letra clara y elegante, con traducción paralela, romance a la izquierda y un mixto de árabe y aljamiado en la columna derecha, dos columnas en total. El árabe sin vocales, el aljamiado con vocalizaciones en azul, verde, y carmin. Buen ejemplar aunque maltratado. Contiene hojas sueltas en tinta negra con vocalizaciones rojas que parecen ser una traducción aljamiada del capítulo IX de *Don Quixote*; también una letra titulada “Carta del Autor al Lector Imposible” en hoja suelta casi totalmente destrozada e ilegible salvo el título curioso con fecha del año 1607 / 1015, y parece que lleva signatura de “Cide Hamete Benengeli” en castellano aljamiado, el cuál sería una falsificación bastante rara. Proviene de los fondos de archivo de Biblioteca de Catalunya. Contiene al final una nota contemporánea asignada por un tal “Yusuf” escrita en forma de folleto en inglés en párrafos y en notas sueltas que explican las complejidades del MS 5332, y que además detallan una obra elaborada del mismo MS 5332. Se desconocen las circunstancias de la conversión de este manuscrito en microficha; Yusuf menciona que su “copia” ha sido en microficha, pero no hay registro en ningún índice de MSS Aljamiados de una versión en microficha, y lo curioso es que Yusuf habla como si esta copia microfichada fuera la versión original. Además, sus contextualizaciones históricas de MS 5332 están llenas de errores y sus descripciones de los datos de MS 5332 con frecuencia no conforman en lo mínimo al manuscrito real; aunque tenga Yusuf una versión microfichada, no cuenta por las discrepancias. ¿Hay otro manuscrito falso que también lleva el título MS 5332? Yusuf alude a otros manuscritos aljamiados que sí existen y que sí se parecen a los detalles otorgados por Yusuf, pero la mención de la obra “reconstructed” del MS 5332 no se puede verificar; lo todo es de autenticidad dudosa. Por abajo proveemos una edición de la letra de Yusuf, un facsímil de la “Carta del Autor al Lector Imposible,” y por fin un facsímil de la traducción del capítulo IX del Quixote:



failed translation  
errant translation  
intertextual translation  
intercultural translation  
intergeneric translation

+one small work (kharjas i have written, in aljamiado, so they derive and they turn. you must know arabic characters and spanish language to read/enjoy/understand them)

-(re)new 14<sup>th</sup> century

+from where the work derives (apocryphal aljamiado quran of cide hamete benengeli)  
(formula: the song of my cide says...)

-from song of my cide files / re(new) 16<sup>th</sup> century

+notes in the writing, my notes, interspersed throughout? or at the end?

-index, at end?

- and yet the kharjas come from AI work

one kharja – cide hamete wants to reinvigorate the kharjas

.comes from muwashshaha

.comes from AI

.comes from song of my  
cide

-comes from qur'an

can this telescope out sherehazadically? (lol) or, that is to say, parabolically, so the end resembles the beginning?

cide hamete wants to reinvigorate the muwashshahat, as an aesthetic form that represents and encapsulates a culturo-ethical form of co-existence between “different” peoples.

.songs of cide hamete

.don quixote chapter in aljamiado

.muwashshahat alternating between english and aljamiado  
boustrophedonically

32 songs / paragraphs.

each one ends with a line of the kharja

Just compile what i like. a series of sketches. MAKE HIS FAILURE MY FAILURE.

must be fun, or what is the point.

-time now to write the colophons in the morning

as cid hamete

explain aljamiado too

in addition, time now to coll<sup>ag</sup>e the AI text into kharjas

.kharjas in their own meter

.the intervening stanzas in cuaderna via

## **cuaderna vía**

stanzas of four lines each, with the same monosyllabic rhyme each rhyme, split into 14 syllables each line (versos alejandrinos) split into two himistiches of 7 syllables each

Book of Alexander

- La primera obra en castellano que utiliza la **cuaderna vía** es el anónimo *Libro de*

*Alexandre*

spanish and french (Alexandre)

-Poema de Yusuf

-in aljamiado

linked to **mester de clerecia**

-could be practiced by christians, jews, or muslims.

-produces effect of extreme sonic regularity

*Mester traygo feroso, non es de joglaria  
mester es sen pecado, ca es de clerecia  
Fablar curso rimado por la cuaderna vía  
a sillabas cuntadas, ca es grant maestria.*

1<sup>a</sup> A14 (7+7), 2<sup>a</sup> A14 (7+7), 3<sup>a</sup> A14 (7+7), 4<sup>a</sup> A14 (7+7).

Por ejemplo, ¿cuál sería la conexión entre el Poema de Jos. y los otros textos de cuaderna v. a –casi todos de autoría clerical y que se tratan temas explícitamente cristianos–? ¿Qué es lo que significaba el uso de cuaderna v. a para los lectores moriscos a lo largo del siglo XVI? Tales preguntas son fundamentales para analizar el Poema de Jos., pero también lo son para entender los complejos vínculos que existían entre las comunidades musulmanas y sus vecinos (y/o antecesores) cristianos al final de la época medieval.

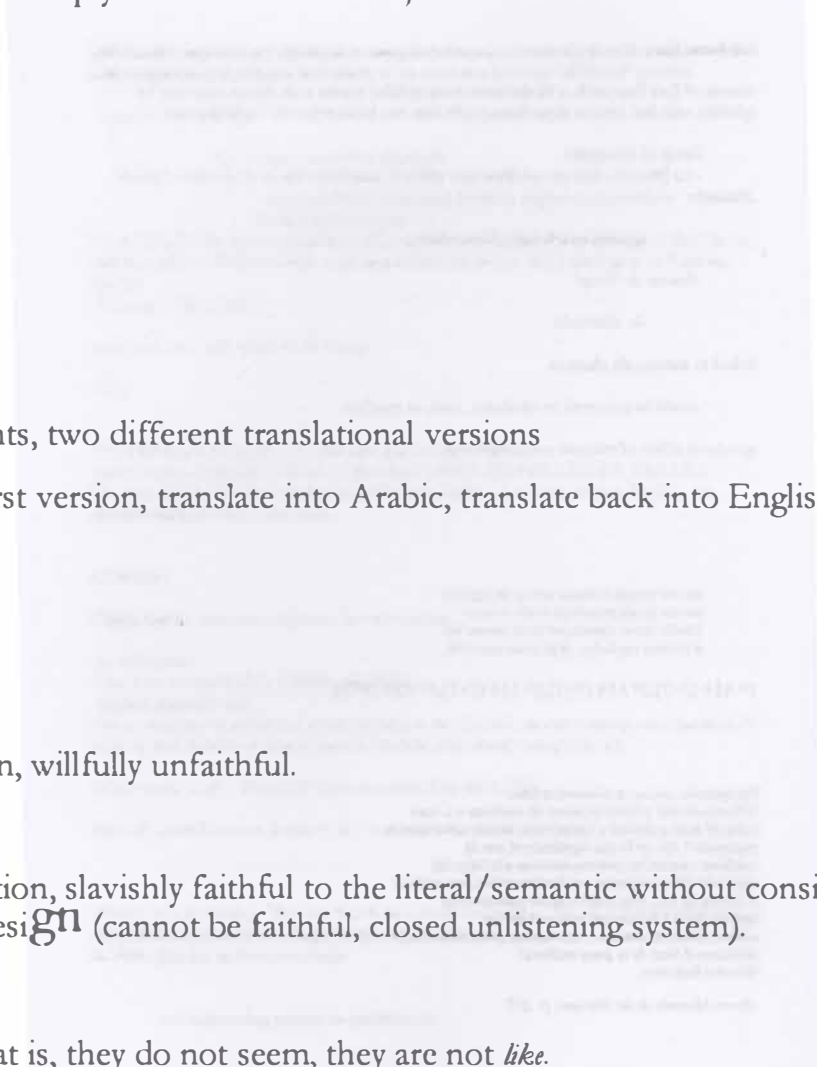
VINCENT BARIETTA

-from *Memoria de los Moriscos*, p. 217



what are the implications of Muslims writing in a form (cuaderna via) then heretofore used almost exclusively by Christian clerics?

MS de Toledo: There was originally a bilingual (Arabic/ Aljamiado) translation of the Qur'an, and the scribe of Toledo simply transliterated the Aljamiado into Latin letters to form this Qur'an.



Okay

Two different documents, two different translational versions

The second: take the first version, translate into Arabic, translate back into English, via google translate

Close Exit

Out Nearby

One is poetic translation, willfully unfaithful.

One is machine translation, slavishly faithful to the literal/semantic without consideration of culture, unfaithful by design (cannot be faithful, closed unlistening system).

Both are unseemly. That is, they do not seem, they are not *like*.

How does machine translation work? A recurrent neural network too?

What is it I am writing. The idea that there is truth out nearby. The idea that there's a close exit, exit from what? From a closed system. But does the system close in on truth, does the machine.

FRAME:

Lets say I make of it an aljamiado English manuscript, in the sense that this parallels the situation in America specifically, but in the West in general, today: a Muslim minority made to feel fear as well as chastisement for the practice of its religion and of its culture.

What of the untranslatable words... resistant to translation? Words I did not recognize, words that resisted, the Untranslatable. Cannot even be transliterated. This is where my own cultural projections most come through.

--foreground error and the errant, as well as my position(ality) as translator.

----and add this, too, these reflections, a la *Zong*

1<sup>st</sup> Source: An aljamiado manuscript, akin to T235

1<sup>st</sup> Treatment: a cursory translation of this manuscript into English

but there were words I hovered over, hovered over forever, because I could not translate them. So I kept safe (vouchsafed?) (keptomania) these

2<sup>nd</sup> Treatment:

translated my English into "the English" (Barthelme) by way of translating the 1<sup>st</sup> treatment into Arabic, and then back into English, via google translate.

Smooths it out. (look up how google translate works, crossreference RNN's).

3<sup>rd</sup> Treatment:

Aljamiado

0<sup>th</sup> Treatment: all of this is fictive (quixotic, Cervantean).

2.5<sup>th</sup> Treatment: Intermix both English "translations" to make a cyborg translation, neither fully human nor machine, neither fully prophet nor a God the prophet's shone through, translucence.

"we have completed our parole" – "parole" means "word"

**images cannot be translated**

The main parts do not dilute in are, without mixing into their snake of Eidolons ideal person culture. Ghost or ghost is accumulating.

**autotranslate implies and requires a kind of faith in the intelligence of the unspeakable.**

There are others and then you see that you do not see anything. They are those who see nothing you can see, Can you guide the blind You can draw a church in the hand of a blind man You can guide a blind man's hand to draw a church You can boil a soup You can guide a gentle man when men are attentive.

Then he told the angels: I will want you. Then he told the angels: I'll be with you. Then he said to the angels: I will hold you: under my arm he drinks what there gives the beams: to the believers. I will plant: a mistake in the heart of infidels. Our love, and you are one love, defeated them in their necks, on the soft margins of nymphs, their fingers are: on their fingers. Hit them on the numbers of their fingers. The soft numbers of their fingers hit them.

“digits” becomes “numbers”

I will turn to her; he (she) will appear as a weak witness of your actions, he will throw his voice on the mattress also to make the sound die and become your ass. A man escapes the testimony without his lips. This escape is death and this escape does not die.

**----this repeats in one small variation**

To give up. We take our time. To arrive there. We are in a long life. If knowledge is to witness, if understanding is traffic.

**“A magnificent recompense wanders the earth.”**

Passes through the wonderful land gain.

"Fantastic reward wandering the earth."

A great profit that roams the earth.

Fantastic reward wandering in the ground.

----4 different translations of the same line.

---a wandering word or wandering translation

-----proof of the magnificent recompense of translation that wanders the earth

---what wanders the earth better than translation, the errant, and errare.

translation is double-edged insofar as it often cannot re-create the specificity found in the source text – which is nurtured by the specificity of the source culture – and so in the worst of events creates a lukewarm anemic surrogate with faint meaning (this very sentence draws on cultural knowledge of lukewarm, anemic, of English royal inbreeding). On the other hand, the sort of universality that a more general term lifted up by translation can effect, does at times raise the imagination to cognize that specificity. Like watching a movie nullifies the visual imagination, whereas reading conjures images from the personal mind. This is something translation can impact, can make.

**\*\*\*\*The google translate** interprets my writings. So this truly could be an interpretative text. For example: “They declare She : they destine She to a part from that which He was not made born.” (from page 44) is very inscrutable, but google translate *interprets* this as They declare that they are destroyed because they are part of that which is not born.

which is a marvelous interpretation actually, not necessarily the right one, but a clever and adept one.

-----\*\*\*\*So do I call “my” Song of Cide Hamete the original manuscript, and this a translation/interpretation of it? Like the Qur’an operates/prescribes?

44 again: “He is He who : created totals from a talk”

\*\*\*\*\*Next section written by someone else, the Moses section.

## PRESTADO SU ORIGEN: End of aljamiado final colophon in T 235 : ITS ORIGIN BORROWED

end-of-verse assonance produced by inversion of word order, especially with prepositional phrases

\*\*\*why am I doing this? Because I think the Ibero-Islamic poetico-religious aesthetic is useful, beautiful.

-the assemblage, that which is contested in authorship (divine or human?), the prominence of the copy, the reverence for the copy and for the act of copying, and of translation; the bridging of cultures, intercultural borrowing; dispossession and being dispossessed, itinerant, mediated.

the Untranslatables in this document, that they can perhaps bridge cultures, or are monadic in some way (nomadic).

////error gets through. and cultural unintelligibility gets through.

is it wrong or is it foreign?

faithful translation (preserves foreignness, "strange" syntax, this is my original song of my cide) vs. unfaithful (googletranslate)

Create a FRAME whereby this was transmitted orally or(igin)ally?

Zohar: a man must be both male and female in order to be in a constant state of faith

print them all on one sheet of paper?

experiment with printing tomorrow

To give up. We take our time. To arrive there. We are in a long life. If knowledge is to witness, if understanding is traffic.

printing on top of printing, seeing the backing and how the backing looks, mediation etc. error has to be important, has to figure prominently

the Zohar: a paucity of vocabulary that results in a richness of allusive metaphor.

----responds to already existent literature, holy literature

-----what have I done except respond. Is it possible to respond **in kind**?

\*\*\*\*If I discovered a text that was so fraught with meaning and with ambivalent alliances, with seemingly irreconcilable coalitions, that the author wanted only to highlight process and duration, not product. The author wants it known that this was written, but does not want this read. Mirrors me. Leave it unfinished, unfinishable.

---i found this document and google translated it?

-----realized it was aljamiado? didn't work for that reason

-----learned spanish

-----translated it

-----learned arabic

-----fed it through again

Have created old translations and new translations

intralinguistic and interlinguistic

faithful and promiscuous

historical and fictive

creative and commentative

Oh an immense talking: primarily mine, primarily perpetua (some google-translated commentary in slashes)

Camilo:

Hadiths – how they were handled in Al – Andalus

Most common suras included in aljamiado manuscripts

“famous” kharjas

----or authors of them.

poetry that combines the sacred and the erotic

---story of zuleika, song of solomon

---more examples of high register / vulgate motleys, and of unions of different languages with asymmetrical political power.

SECOND PART: translate don quixote from spanish to english via google translate  
keep english translation (pay attention to untranslatable spanish words [aljamiado, for example])

then translate english to arabic

pay attention to untranslatable words again, keep them

-i hypothesize there will be two orders of untranslatable words:

1: the spanish that cannot be translated into english

2: the english that cannot be translated into arabic

then write aljamiado of the original spanish quixote, but keeping the untranslatables as they are

intersperse this with mooses' wandering

i can also mirror the relationship between the two histories in don quixote

via my first mooses translation being replaced by google translate's translation.

-i cast the mirror between the two histories in the holy kishot

this is beautiful, which is surprising



----Hair and Poetry are synonyms in Arabic.

Therefore let down your long poem

the shortest poems are the most beautiful poems  
(monitions) (admonishments)

my heart is arching for him  
she say  
he is robbing markets  
in my soul!

won't he leave me  
a little kiss?  
a little cherry orchard?  
oh fay bro  
half lacerando  
day of the Ansara truly!

dawn day, peshte diya  
untold gash abyme!

the silent gosh  
bitten out the applemacintosh  
she mops upon my lap.  
let down your long Poem

costumes he what-in you see

and if what we are is to dead ones  
is not that his clear loss?

and can you make hear the deaf? Was it for man  
-kind a kind of wonder? Do they not see the She  
-camel!

do they dwindle your lord's mercy part of  
these part of these  
divide and he made clear wonder  
wondrous er!

-----some of these in Moses i cannot at all do anything about, cannot seem to  
reconcile i may need forty more pages of autosummary, because the small is so  
beautiful

if i can fix them together parabolically

-Alternate

1 page, from front of original  
next page, from back of editorial

they will meet eventually

in the center = a magnificent recompense wanders the earth

how translation results in de-owned literature?

ibn baḳī

257-8: my companions seek my body where the sobbing is  
of the moon

260: ibn ḳuzman, zajal interspersed with romance words

---266 talks about his dick

282: add my breasts al-abyad

284 – Ibn Bajja

---Arabs and non-Arabs sing about him

translation of same thing over and over again

-lost to time

Compton on kharjas

xiii. kharja's are oldest known examples of secular poetry in a vernacular Romance language (11<sup>th</sup> century)

Mozarab denotes

1. a person who adopts the customs of the Arabs
2. A Romance dialect

muwashshahat composed to be sung. Strophic structure indicates this

xvii. **reconstructions** rather than literal translations

xv. mozarabic kharjas are love lyrics which are almost always sung by

women ---“canti<sup>ga</sup>s de habib”

3. M invented in 9<sup>th</sup> century

-not considered a legitimate form of poetic art

-12<sup>th</sup> century E<sup>g</sup>Yptian Ibn Sana al-Mulk helped legitimize them

----\*when it seems serious, it might be a joke

-when it seems like a joke, it might be in earnest

4. M: group of rhyming phrases molded into a pattern consisting of strophes that can be divided into parts called qufls and baits

Bait: Standard Arabic word for stanza

Qufl: derived from trilateral root q-f-l, which means “to return.” a refrain, basically

6 Qufls and 5 baits form a complete muwashshaha

First qufl called a “matla” or “opening verse”

If there is no matla then there are only 5 qufls and 5 baits, producing a bald (aqra) muwashshaha

All qufls must match in meter, rhyme, & number of parts

Baits must match in meter and number of parts, but with each repetition they contain a diff rhyme

6. kharja means exit

-speaker is indicated in the last bait, which introduces the kharja. The speaker may be a man or a woman, a drunkard, a bird, or even a city

9. unvoweled text

15. if silence is a topos

-must be read aloud (the recitation)

-ought be read aloud (song)

-cannot be read aloud (persecution)

a book of useless things

because it can't be sung, because it can't be recited

----and so silence

----“make new autocorrected” is beautiful. can be of great use in mouthing

speech

make your mouth to make

new speech

your body must change its actual shape

to make a new sound

-julian talamantez brolaski

person who could speak nothing well, nothing well at all  
create a character who tried his best to be misunderstood  
Shehezerade-ish

interweaves spanish and arabic

i interweave then as much as i know how

To teach aljamiado? To teach how to survive?

-----if these are lessons that cannot be taught, then i must infuse  
this book with uninstruability, a lost culture of schismed pluralism.

\*\*\*\*\*does not use the Qur'an, since the Qur'an is not to be translated  
(unlike other examples in which it has been)

two closely related particles that developed from  
an obsolete noun[...], "time."

i find it impossible to believe that in the millennium that was Muslim  
Spain, and that in the 120~ years the Muslims spent in persecution in  
Christian Spain, there was not a writer who had found another book  
of Scripture truer to his purpose and his life than his "own." And  
thus rewrote it to find himself in it, and built himself his own god, and  
built himself his own good. And if this person's persecuted, and if  
this person's Muslim or not or if this person's Arabic or not, but  
writes in Arabic, then this person must write a book that's silent, must

read this book silently to himself, although the Qur'an is the Recitation. Unthinkable to read a book silently to yourself then. What a terrible innovation that is exigent.

--- **"Well, in believing in that word, I will not hurt you anymore, because I deserve it."**

they would have been successful, but alone they have erred from themselves & they're unable to hurt you ever again. Something fell through this evening, not even, just the new, & i am not, either, but it is unambiguously difficult. (+5)

what spirals out from what

write a book one must always return to

a labyrinth one gets lost in

---easier route:

1. quixote
2. mores
3. don't know, actually. would be a different book

route as it stands:

1. kharjas
2. immense talking
3. kharjas
4. mores
5. my name and a visual experience smiled

6. muwashshahat

Above your heart is the sad words

I open my ears (absolutely no eyelids on my ears) like cups I have  
my life in it, spray

Repeat, repeat the jitter

I open open ears, nervous up

Beautiful that my life is my life

Or chased me, a bird fuck or

like

Swing, something swinging to

suffer Quiet, chorus is reflected

Great singing

By viewing, time zones, I list a

list No vowel, no denying, no

love

Huge talk

I write thru their names that

don't they are names that

don't. A tree fell inside

solitude will find you

The sound of ceilings above ceaselessly  
curling water come

**The Currant**, in where our name

*fugues* the line. The singing dress the

end will be melancholy, the firm total totals

the buck of his heart, i am called a baby and

1

have made a crawl of waters waves across the blowing ocean

IN

sitional

is

nce

rant,

TO DO:

1. lets say i've found a palimpsest manuscript that appears to be comprised of only one stratum, but I have isolated it into 8 strata. The primary (groundwork) stratum is the Don Quixote translation of Chapter 9, originally in Aljamiado. This is the first isolation.
2. Print out something with every page printed on one page. This is the "original" document.
3. Then for each section, a printout of the sum on one page.
4. Prefix the somewhat jumbled Quixote translation entitled "prefixthis" to "shades" via Adobe Acrobat. First, however, print out and outline the "t" in pen, then re-scan and then use adobe acrobat.
5. look at crypto-muslims book and search for essay-treatment on a morisco from tūnez that's an admirer of Lope de Vega AND Quixote. Written about originally by Oliver Asín.

---black box

black box of history

black box of document

---"oh an immense talking" resembles in form Clarice Lispector's *Água Viva* (Bolaño:

like the water was *alive*)

there are no special problems

dreams and puberties.



“In the sentence ‘Write the book that pleases you best,’ what is the subject of ‘pleases?’ Perhaps you may ask the question in the usual way, ‘What pleases?’ Answer, ‘the book.’ But this is not right.”

-55, *Parse*, Craig Dworkin

عجم : *To try by biting*

أعجم : A barbarian, a foreigner, one who speaks Arabic imperfectly.

أعجمي : Barbarous, foreign

Lorca's *Diwan del Tamarit* conforms in no metrical nor structural way to the genres it explicitly designates, e.g. the ghazal & the qasida.

*The Currant* is a (failed) restoration project meant to reclaim the lost tradition of cultural and linguistic exchange in Medieval Muslim Iberia in the form of an Aljamiado manuscript. I (by indirection) present it as a “found manuscript” that I have translated into English from the medieval language of Aljamiado. The critical tradition that I adapt here draws on “the West’s” first modern novel, *Don Quixote*, which is presented as a translation found by the “fictional” Miguel de Cervantes in the streets of Toledo (Chapter 9 of Book 1), written in a pamphlet in Aljamiado four years before the Muslims were expelled from Spain. As *The Currant*'s primary model, *Don Quixote* is a transnational and translational text object, what literary critic Rosa Maria Menocal calls a “memory<sup>374</sup> palace” of a time when East and West weren't so easily, nor violently, rendered autonomous. *Don Quixote* thus establishes

that the West's first modern novel was built on an Eastern literary model, just at the historical moment that Spain attempted, with disastrous and lethal success, to expel all of its Eastern roots and consolidate all of its "Westernness" to render itself a monocultural, monolingual nation. Just as the *Quixote* attempted such a political corrective to this nascent nation-building...

The frame then is that it was originally written by Cide Hamete Benengeli in Arabic in Algiers in the 17<sup>th</sup> century. Cide Hamete Benengeli is not only a fictional character in Cervantes' *Don Quixote*; he is the Arab historian who has documented all of *Don Quixote's* adventures, whereas Cervantes (the author and the character) has translated Benengeli's Arabic text of *Don Quixote* into Spanish. Hence I am attempting to reclaim this lost history by "finding" a lost document that underwent a similar translational route: from Benengeli (in Arabic) to an unknown Morisco scribe (in aljamiado) to me (English, with preservation of Spanish grammar and some Arabic script). There are multiple authors throughout this miscellaneous work and multiple scribes (sometimes the same person, sometimes not).

As for the rest, *The Currant* is divided into 7 sections. The first is entitled "Chapter 9," and is an Aljamiado translation of Chapter 9 of *Don Quixote*, where Miguel de Cervantes roams the streets of Toledo and finds the story of the Quixote in a pamphlet written in Aljamiado. Section two is entitled "Exit / (Jarcha / (Kharja / Close)." Kharjas are fragments of the closing lines of poems written in the 14<sup>th</sup> century by Arabic court poets, in a mixture of Spanish and Arabic. I reproduce them in a fragmentary manner, and have "translated" them into English. The third, "oh an immense talking," is presumably written by a Morisco scribe, culturally exiled in his own land and experiencing a crisis of faith. "Out / (Jarcha / (Kharja / Near," section four, is a mirror of section two, but has been translated distinctly. The fifth section, "Passes through the wonderful land Gain," I've detailed above. Section six, "my name and a visual experience / smiled," serves as evidence of my redactions/editorial choices throughout: <sup>375</sup>provisional plans and schemata will be presented throughout. Section seven, the final section, is entitled "Foreign." In it, kharjas from sections two and three - the fragmented, detached endings of poems -

find their fulfillment in completed poems. Ironically, these poems will resemble sonnets, and so the “Foreign” will be very familiar.

I’ll present the found manuscript as from the 17<sup>th</sup> century and write something like

I have by pure conjectural extrapolation created 200 pages that I call 200 curves. I took everything I have ever written on various topics and on various issues of power and pain and submitted those thousand-page reams to Microsoft Word’s discontinued Autosummarize<sup>1</sup> program; taken iPhone photos of the microfiche pages and used this data as inputs for Recurrent Neural Networks to generate novels, drunken, moaning; consulted in the archives of Toledo in the Biblioteca de Castilla y La Mancha MS 235, “The Corán of Toledo” and MS 285, “El Nuevo Descubrimiento de la Falsedad del Metal,” as models; learned Spanish completely and learned Arabic rudely thus to better understand feeling ostracized from a language; read in bed; completed no Rubik’s cubes. I grew grass and grew like my eagle feathers and bird claws.

The work I have dilated is a 17<sup>th</sup> century manuscript – a microfiche version of MS 5332 from the archives of Toledo – undated, but signed Cide Hamete Benengeli, the fictional Arabic historian who catalogued the adventures of Don Quixote in Miguel de Cervantes’ *Don Quixote*. This of course has to be a lie – for it is the business and duty of historians to be exact, truthful, and wholly free from passion, and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor love, should make them swerve from the path of truth, whose mother is history, rival of time, storehouse of deeds, witness for the past, example and counsel for the present, and warning for the future – so I’ve given the lie to history and called my swerving pages curves. MS 5332 is written nonetheless in a mixture of Arabic, Spanish, and Aljamiado.

In another note “Cide” describes a game he has created. There ought to be five sections of this book, and there are, but their lengths differ radically. The *kharja* section is roughly 40 pages, whereas the following 4 are **one page each with 40 pages’ worth of ink** superimposed one upon the other. The author explains this, that each section is actually 40

<sup>1</sup> The Microsoft Word Program “Autosummarize” was rendered obsolete and replaced in 2011. According to Ron Fein of the Word 97 team, AutoSummarize cuts wordy copy to the bone by counting words and ranking sentences. First, AutoSummarize identifies the most common words in the document (barring “a” and “the” and the like) and assigns a “score” to each word - the more frequently a word is used, the higher the score. Then, it “averages” each sentence by adding the scores of its words and dividing the sum by the number of words in the sentence - the higher the average, the higher the rank of the sentence. “It’s like the ratio of wheat to chaff,” he says. The temperature of water is, in the first place, a point of no consequence in respect of its liquidity: still with the increase of diminution of the temperature of the liquid water, there comes a point where this state of cohesion suffers (“to declare war”) a qualitative change, and the water is converted into steam or ice. It was asked, for example, whether a single grain makes a heap of wheat (The Chorus speaks in ancient Greek, the rest in modern Greek.). [9 r] A point is finally reached, where a single additional grain makes a heap of wheat.

pages as well, however all 40 pages have been written onto one page, creating an unreadable form, like a monolith. Suggestion: each section is simply a reiteration or variation on the *kharjas*; the *kharjas* are yeast, the *kharjas* were written before the other 4 sections, and within these fragments is contained the nucleus of each section, you find the entire manuscript in them. Each section is labeled with a *kharja* line. This is the nature of MS 5332.

[8 v] One more curiosity; while the work is undated as well as anonymous – the gender is unspecified as well, insofar as classical Arabic poetry uses masculine pronouns to refer to women, and the conventions of *muwashshahat* poetry and their *kharjas* employ this same grammatical ambiguity to even greater and more dizzying effect, demonstrating joy in gender conflation – one of the sections nevertheless is handwritten overtop what the author claims to be *the original manuscript* of the *Quixote* by Miguel de Cervantes. I translate from the letter adjoining the sections roughly: “An original copy of *The Quixote* was written in Aljamiado; evidence of this is preserved in the Castilian copy of the printed book itself, in chapter 9, hinted at by the mention of an ‘*aljamiado morisco*’ and of this *morisco* boy having turned the Arabic into Castilian, rather than having translated it.” This claim is compelling: after all, all English translations I have seen have elided this original wording and the historical phenomenon of Aljamiado. While the author of MS 5332 seems to think the fictional conceit of the “found manuscript” of the *Quixote* is nonfictional – he thinks it is actually a historical text of a real personage named Don Quixote – it is nevertheless extremely exciting to come across this plausible theory, that Cervantes is hinting at the story’s hybrid cultural character, that it was originally preserved in a language not quite Spanish, and not quite Arabic.

Conversely, however, the note also casts doubt upon the authenticity of MS 5332 itself; like *The Quixote*, its historical character may be a fictional conceit. In less generous terms, it may be a forgery. I say this because it is near-unfathomable that this *morisco* writer, post-Inquisition, would have:

1. come across the *Quixote*’s (more) original form before 1609, the year of the expulsion of the Moors;
2. read *the Quixote* as published by Cervantes after 1602
3. recognized the importance of the book as the first modern novel of the West *before the category of the West was even codified* (the expulsion of all “non-Western” peoples from Spain like dirty butterflies);
4. identified the important elision of the Aljamiado text when this very elision was itself *produced by translation*. The wink to the reader is not even sly, not even [8 r] hidden.

**I have not written an Errata section** because my entire reconstruction (even this word falls short) could be considered, perhaps should be considered, erroneous. I have tried to enter the mind and the life of a person suffering persecution both literal and figurative, have tried to embody and inhabit the persecution that he must have internalized and that thereby inhabited him, have attempted to wrack myself with faith and faithlessness, with how such a one must break his own knee to praise god. The Arabic and the Aljamiado employed in MS 5332, however, is highly erroneous, or errant; again, depending on one’s predilection towards seeing aberrations as *Vulgar* Errancy or as *Knights Errant*. The position I have chosen is a middle ground cut in Bethlehem. I think it was Pascale who said

that truth lies beyond our scope and is an unattainable quarry, that it is no earthly denizen, but at home in heaven.

-Yusuf  
[9 r] April 9th, 2009

\*\*\*Maybe nix all this uninspired drivelly garbage. Something must still contradict paradox, something must still move to place, side by side, on its way from elsewhere. Like microfiche

“habib”: the “darling” or “beloved”

“Mamma” with “matre” as an alternative form

Man comes to the woman

+Five-fold repetition of the “o”

+3-fold repetition of “diya”. beautiful

+me me me

+elle, elle repetition.

\_\_\_\_\_ shin elle

\_\_\_\_\_ or elle

Use of the same word for rhyming in such a key position creates the effect of an

unstudied, spontaneous lament +4 lines all end in “ni” (means “me”)

\_\_\_\_\_ ni (“me”)

\_\_\_\_\_ ni (“me”)

\_\_\_\_\_ ni (“me”)

\_\_\_\_\_ bi-thani (means “for another”)

none of the bird wind or gazelle imagery occurs in the mozarabic kharjas.

## Arabic poetry

masculine pronouns and verb forms are traditionally used even when referring to a female figure.

adunar – those in love unite  
amande – with the sonorous t  
amadore – the name of the agent  
bene ayas – come to verses / turn to verses  
beziello – little kiss, to kiss appears written with sin  
sin – not yim  
dad-lo – give him  
falak – the arabic sustenance the foreseeable future  
the endowed chair  
hamma – to attack to take by force the arabic verb  
ke, in kedar, the indefinite kedó, he permanenced (he permanesced [he stayed])  
and a precious sense kéded play dead sleep, rest  
lesar the future lesarade and the berry lesa altesa remit, lose intensity, weaken diminish  
slacken (5 or 2 times the word liyorar)  
mar and melesim, a doubtful medicine, the adjective marsidas  
en morir, morro and the future morrey  
and the future i will die in  
the noun nada  
the noun rey  
the nothing king  
king nothing  
en saber the agent sabidore  
in being, mushrooms, seyas  
tetas doubtful tetas  
its dangling death  
hamma  
bino = vino  
vermelya (vermilion)  
a lateral stripe of vermilion sunset  
“wars” the arabic name (= cúrcuma) – turmeric  
the same in french too is turmeric

yelos, yelos, o hilos, it is to say the gilos – the jealous one, spy or guardian, the enormously interesting

are you interesting when you are interested

quwello = cuello – where (there are three syllables, no diphthong graph has ql, i had read

qollo before

daniyoso

filiyolo (fili-Yolo)

liyorar

weliyos

alieno

beziello

manyana

rifuso

ejido – shared land







We leave in the next part of this story the valiant viscount and the brave Don Quixote

جُنَّا كُنْفَشَ ءَاشْبَزَشَ اَلْتَشَشَ اِذْ اَشْتَرَشَ ءَانْغَشَ ذَا ذَا شَكْرَ غَزْ ذُشَ فُرْبُنْدَشَ

peasants, so that, if they are right, at least, they will divide and break from top to bot

جِ اِبْرِرَانْ كُمْ اَنْغَرَنْدَ اِءَانْكَالْ بُنْتَتَنْ ذُشَ بَرَا كَاذْ ذَا شَتْرَنْكَذْ

delicious history was stopped, without telling us where we could find what was

ms.

أَب

-Sily, Father in Arabic

This caused me great ~~grief~~ <sup>grief</sup>, because the pleasure of reading too little turned

- بِيئَانْ ذِشْغَشْتُ ذَا بَانْشَرَالْمَلْ كَمِنْكَاشَا اَفَارَا سِيْبَرَا اَلْرُ لَمْجَكَا بَرَا

my opinion, was missing from delicious history. It seemed impossible and outside of all good

كُشْتَمْبَارَا كَا اَتَنْ بُوَانْ كَبَلَارْ لَا اُبِيَا شَا فَلْتَدْ اَلْغُنْ شَيْبِيْكَاشْمَرَا اَكْرُخْ اَلْاَلْ

writer of these never-seen facts, something not missing any knights errant, those who say <sup>the</sup>

جَانْتَاشْ كَا بَنْشَشْ اَبَانْشَرَشْ بَرْكَا كَرَا اَنْدَا لَشْ تَانِيْ اَنْ اُذْ شَيْبِيْشْ كُمْ

in a world, not only writing his verses, but skulking his smallest ideas & nonsense, no matter how hidden

كَا فَوَاشَا اِنْبَايِيْذَا شَارْتَنْ ذَا شِيْجِيْذْ تَنْ بُوَانْ كَبَلِيْارْ كَا لَا فَلْتَشَا اِءَالْ كَا شَيْبَرُ

بَلْتَرَا اَلْ اَتْرَشْ شَامَا جَنْفَاشْ : اِشْ نُبْذِيَا نِكَلِيْزْ مَا اَكْرَا اَزْ كَا تَنْ غَلْرَدْ

history had been manca & spoiled, and blamed the malignity of time, devourer & consumer of

all things, which were either hidden or consumed.

On the other hand, it seemed to me that, since his books had been as modern as Deception

ذَا نَالَشْ اِنْفَشْ اِبَشْتَرَا شْ ذَا اَتْرَا شْ كَا تَمْبِيْانْ شَيْشْتَرِيْذَا بِيْذَا شَارْ مَدَارَنْ

and that, since it was not written, it would be in the memory of the people of his village and of her

- بِيْرُ كُفْبَا بِيْشَشْ : ءَا شَتَتْ اِمْحَسِيْيَنْ مَا تَرْيِيْهَا كُنْفَشْ اِذْ اَشَاءَ سَرَا شَبَارَا اَلْاَلْ بَارَا ذَا اَزْ

- fully all the life of our famous Spanish Don Quixote de la Mancha, light and mirror of the <sup>country</sup> Mancha

مَنْجَاغَا اِءَالْ بِيْرْمَارْ كَا ءَا شَوَا شَتْرَا ءَا ذَا اَلْاَشْتَشْ تَنْ كَلْمَشَشْ نِيَا صُشَابُشْ اَلْ

work and exercise of errant arms, to defer complaints, to help widows, to protect widows, with all their virgins

اَكُوَا شَتَشْ ذَا مَنَّا ءَا نْ مَنَّا اِذْ اَبِيْيَا ءَا نْ يِيْيَا كَا شَيْقُ ءَا رْ كَا اَلْغُنْ فَلْتُ ءَا اَلْغُنْ بِيْئَرَا

axe and head, or some of these great good things in the last century, years, in each Day never grown

for these & other reasons the holy <sup>Kislar</sup> Quixote deserves constant and outstanding praise; & even I should not be devalued for the work and diligence I placed in seeking the end of this pleasant history; although I know very well that if you do not help me Heaven, and fame, it will diminish the world and

نَبِيٌّ وَالْبَشَرِيَّاتُ إِذْ الْغَشَّتْ كَمَا بَيَّنَّ كَسِيدُشْ أَرْضُشْ بَدْرَ تَانَاوْ ءَالْكَأْ كُنْ أَتَانِسِينْ

will read it. ~~It happened, then, that I found it~~  
I happened, then, to find it in this way:

When I was one day in the Alcañá de Toledo, a boy came to sell some <sup>portfolios</sup> ~~notebooks~~ and old papers to a vendor; and as I am fond of reading, even if it is the broken paper of the streets, taken

أَشْتِ مِنْتَرِ لِنِكَلِنِسِينْ، تَمَّا أَنْ كَرْتَبْسِيذَا لَشْكَأْ ءَالْمَجْبَحِ بَانْدِي، إِذَا كُنْ

characters I knew to be Arabic. And since I knew them, but did not know how to read them I looked to see if there was some Aljamiado Morisco who would read them, and it was and older language, I found him. In short, someone brought me luck, who says, that my desire put the

مُو دِفْكَلْتَشْ أَيْرْ إِنْتَارْ بَارَاتَا شَامَا جَنْتَا، بُوَاشْ ءَانْكَأْ لَا بَشْكَرْ ذَا أْتَرْ صَاجِرْ

book.   
ءَانْ لَشْ مَشْشْ، لَا أَيْرِي بَرْ مَا ذِي، إِذَا يَانْدُ أَوْ بَكْ ءَانْ ءَالْ، شَا كَمَانْرُ أَرَا يَرْ.

I asked him what he was laughing at, and he replied to something written in the margin by

أَنْتَسِيذُ. ذِجَالَا كَا مَا لِدِجَاشَا إِءَالْ، شَنْ ذَا جَرْ لَرِشْ، ذِجْ

It is, as I said, here in the written margin: « This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often repeated in this convector history, is said

كَأْ تَبَلْ مَجْرُ مَقْ بَرْ شَلْرُ بُوَازْ كَشْشْ كَا أْتَرْ مَجَارُ ذَا تَرْ La Mancha

كُونْدُ يُسُو ذَا بَيْرْ Dulcinea del Toboso، كَا ذَا أَتَيْتْ إِشْتَبَانْشْ، بَرْ كَا لُوَاشْ شَا مَا رَابَا أَشَانْتْ كَا  
These folders contained the story of Don Quixote. With this imagination, I hurried to read the beginning, and, doing so, suddenly

turning the Arabic into Spanish, said that it said: The history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Arab historian Cide  
حميد ابن الأيمل: مَجْ ذِ شَكَارَا بِييَرْ قُوَا مَا نَاشْتَارْ بَرْ ذِ تَبَلْرُ ءَالْ كُنْتَانْتْ كَا رَابِيْبْ كُونْدُ

[Then was a great deal of discussion to what the content] the both of the book reached my ears; I jumped to the

كُفْبَارَا الْمَجْبَحِ تَدَشْ لُشْبَبَالَاشْ إِ كَرْتَبْسِيذُشْ بَرْ مَا ذِي رَايِلْ، كَا شَا ءَالْ تَبِيَارْ ذِ شَكَارَا بِييَرْ  
and if he knew really what I wanted, he could well have made more money for the purchase. Then I left with the Morisco to

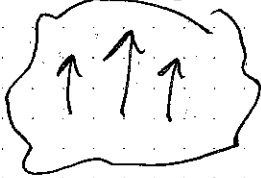
ءَالْ كَلُوشْتْ ذَا لِإِغْلَا شِيْبِي صِيْرُ، إِذْغَالَا مَا بُلْبِيَاشَا أَكَالْشْ كَرْتَبْسِيذُشْ، تَلْشْ لَشْ كَا  
to turn those folders, everything that dealt with Don Quixote, into Castilian, without taking or adding anything, offering him

لَبْغَا ءَا كَبْتِيَاشَا، كُنْتَانْتَشَا كُنْ دُشْ أَرْضُشْ ذَا بَشْشْشْ إِ بَرْ مَا تَبِيذَا  
translate them well and faithfully and very briefly; but I, to better facilitate business and to not release the hand

تَنْ بُوَانْ الرُّخْ، لَا تَرْجَا أَمْكَشْ، ذُنْدَا  
in a little more than a month and a half he translated it all, in the same way it is here related

Intense interpersonal chaotic relationships

Small Event



ءَأَشْتَبَ ءَأَنَ ءَأَلْبِرْمَارُ كَرْتَبِي بِمَنْذُ مَوِ ءَأَلْتَرُ لَبِيذًا ذُنَ بِجَنَّا كُنَ ءَأَلْبِرْكِينُ

placed in the same posture that the history tells, the swords rise, the one covered with ruffles, the other with the pad

لَمَلْ ذَالُ بِيَسْمَانُ نَنَ ءَأَلْبِبُ، كَا ءَأَشْتَبَ مُشْتَرَنْزُ شَرَا ذَا ءَأَلْكَارُ ءَأَتْرُ ذَا بِيَأَشْتُ:

At the feet of Pasquis had written an inscription says: Don Sancho de Azpeita, that, without a doubt, must be his name

ءَأَلْشَبِيَأَشُ ذَا رَوْمَا ءَأَشْتَبَ ءَأَتْرُ كَا ذَا بِيَسْمَانُ: ءَأَشْتَبَ رَوْمَا مَرَبِيَشْمَانَا بِمَنْذُ

very dull & stylized, very weak & thin, with so much spine, so ethically un-armed, that he showed well in the open with

كُوْنَتَ ءَأَذْبَارُ تَانِيَسِي ءَأَبْرِيءَاذُ شَالَا ءَأَبِي بُوَأَشْتُ ءَأَلْتَصْبَارَا ذَا رَوْمَا جُنْتُ ءَأَالُ ءَأَشْتَبَ

Sancho Panza, who had on his helter his donkey, at the foot of which another retulo that said: Sancho Zancas, & it must be

كَا تَانِيَسِي، ءَأَلْكََا مُشْتَرَبَ لَبِيَشْتُ، لَبْرِيخُ عَزْدَرَا، ءَأَلْتِيَا كُرْتَا ءَأَشْرُكُشُ لَرُغُشُ، ءَأَبْرُ ءَأَشْتُ

He should be called Panza and Zancas: these two aliases are sometimes called history. Other individuals must be observed; but all of this is of little importance and misses the point of the bare relationship of history, that nothing is as bad as it is true.

If this can be objected to near its truth, it cannot be, other than its Arab author, being very typical of those of that nation being liars; although, because our enemies are so, you can understand before that you've been lacking

ذَانُ ءَأَبِي كَا ذَا صَبِيذُ: ءَأَنُشُ مَا بَرَأَسَا أَمُ، بُوَأَشُ كُوْنُدُ بِيَزَارَا ذَا بِيَارَا ءَأَلْشَبَانَا ذَا

the pen in the press of such a good gentleman, it seems that industry passes them in silence: something badly done

ءَأَبَارُ بَانَشْدُ، ءَأَبِيَانُدُ ءَأَبِيَانُدُ شَاوُ لُشَبَانَشْتُرَبِيذَرَأَشُ بِنْتَالَاشُ، بَارُ ذَا رُشُ ءَأَنُدُ

passionate, and interest nor fear, nor pride and dislike, make them trust the path of truth, whose matter is history, formula of times, deposit of actions, testimony of the past, example, warning of what's to come.

ءَأَنُ ءَأَشْتُ شَا كَا شَا ءَأَبْرُ تَزُ لُكَ شَا ءَأَسَارُ تَرَا ءَأَشَارُ ءَأَنُ لَمَشُ ءَأَبِيَبِلَا:

if something good is missing, for me it is because of the Greyhound of its author, not because of the lack of the subject.

Finally, the second part, after translation, commenced this way:

[Durante la Edad Media la función principal del galgo era la cacería.]

They fitted and raised the swords of bronze and angry fighters, who seemed to threaten heaven, earth, and hell: this the <sup>votencia</sup> courage

ءَأَلْشَبَانَا كَا تَانِيَسِي: ءَأَالْبِرْمَارُ كَا فُوَا ءَأَشْكَرُفُوَا ءَأَلْغَلْبَا فُوَا ءَأَلْكَارُكُ ءَأَلْكَوْلُفُوَا ذَا كُنُ

Such force and such fury that, to not ~~from~~ the sword would bring a single blow fierce enough to end its enemies' fight, all advancing

ذَا نُوَأَشْتُرُ كَبِيَارُ مَشْنُ لَبِيَوَانُ شُوَاوَرُكَا، كَا بَرُ صَبِيَرَأَشُ كُشْنُ لَا تَانِيَسِي عُوْرُذُ، تَزَبِيَسِي لَا ءَأَشْبَدُ ذَا شَكُفْتُرُ

the road a lot of colado, that all this with terrible force came to the ground, and left him very battered

يَبْلَمَا آلله، اِكِيَانُ شَارَ اِكَالِ كَا بُوَاثَمَانْتَا بُوَا حُنْتَرُ ءَارُ لَرَبِي كَا ءَنْتَرُ ءَانُ ءَالْكَرُونُ ذَا  
 our Manchegans seeing himself stop like that! Let's not say more, but it was so, in the knees, the sword tight in the hands,  
 كُنْ تَلْ فَرِي كَا شَكْرَمُ شَبْرَا ءَالْ وِزْدَمُو ءَسَارْتَنْذَلَا ذَا يَانُ شَبْرَا لَكَبَارَ، كَا، شِنُ شَارُ  
 such a good defence, as if one mountain fell on him, began to pour blood through his nose, through his mouth, his  
 ءَا ذَرُ صُوَا شَتْرَشُ ذَا كَبَارَ ذَا لَمَلْ اَبِجُ، ذَا ذُنْذَا كَبَارَ، شِنُ ذَا، شِنْتَا اَبْرَزَرُ كُنْ ءَالْ كَوَايِي  
 but, with all this, he pulled his feet out of the knees, then left his arms, & the mule began, terrified of the terrible  
 blow, began running across the field, and found a few of his corpses on earth.

He was very quiet watching Don Quixote, and when he saw him fall, he jumped off his horse & very lightly, came to him, holding the sword  
 ذَا نْ لُشْتُجُشْتُ، لَا دِجُ كَا شَا رَنْدِيَا شَا، شِنُ، كَا لَا كُرْتَرِي لَكَبَارَ: ءَا شَتَبَ ءَالْ وِزْدَمُو تِنُ تَرَبْذُ  
 that he could not answer a word; & he would have had a hard time, as Don Quixote was blind, if the ladies in the car  
 كَا اَشْتِ ءَا لْتُنْسَا شُ كُنْ عَرَنُ ذَا شَمِي اَبِينُ مَرْدُ لَبَانْدَانِي، نَفْوَارَهْ اَذُنْذَا ءَا شَتَبَ اِلَا  
 expensively asked him mercy and to please forgive their lives To the owner, Don Quixote responded with great <sup>entertainment</sup>  
 ءَا عَرَبَا دُ:

By the way, beautiful ladies, I am very happy to do what you ask me; but there is a condition and a concert;  
 ءَا شِنُ كَا ءَا شَتَا كَبَارَ مَا اَذَا بَرْمَا تَارُ ذَا اِلَا اَلْعَرُ ذَلْ Toboso اَبَارَا شَانْتَرَشَا ذَا مَبْرَتَا  
 before the unparalleled Doña Dulcinea, who is sin pareille, so that she can do whatever she wants,

The ladies were frightened and rumored, without taking into account the Holy Wishes request, without  
 بَارَا غَنْتَرُ كَبَارَ قُوَا شَا، لَا بَرْمَا تَارَهْ كَا ءَالْ ءَا شَكْرَا اَرِي تَرُ اَكَايِي كَا ذَا شَبْرَتَا  
 he instructed him.

"Well, in believing in that word, it will not hurt you <sup>any</sup> more, because I deserve it."



## Errata

Kharja	Col.	Line	
I	I	2	for <sup>1</sup> شجرة read شجرة
I	I	4	for الناحر read الباهر
II.	II.	I.	for Obey read Shall I Obey? <sup>2</sup>
IV.	II.	III.	for Really hurt read More hurtful <sup>3</sup>
5	I	2	for حدّ read معنى
V.	II.	III.	for Wrong dreams read Puberty <sup>4</sup>
7	I	2	for الله read آله <sup>5</sup>
8	I	1	for أحست read أحستت

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<sup>1</sup> The presence of “lat” is inexplicable, some lateral mistake or lattice some interpolation like moss on a lattice or a unilateral error.

<sup>2</sup> The first line ought be translated “shall i obey?” The translator seems to have preferred a greater syntactical ambiguity (“Obey?” Is this a self-reflexive question or an implicit 2<sup>nd</sup>-person interrogative singular or plural) like a jabbing finger.

<sup>3</sup> Worth considering also line I. of kharja IV.’s translation. The Arabic simply denotes an abode for the female believers, whereas the translator marks them “nuns.” Perhaps this is the translator nodding toward the historical reality of the Moriscos’ forced conversion to Christianity; psychologically speaking, would they not have had to convert that conversion into something more agentive, an opportunity rather than an absolute subjection? Perhaps “nun” then exemplifies a re-forging of the suppressed and broken originary linkages between Christianity and Islam, such as making Muhammad’s mother wondrous as Mary (see **insert work title here**); such as inventing the miracle of Muhammad’s pulling towards himself the whole moon (see **insert work title here**), as if he’d caught a big trout fishing, a salmon or a psalm. The moon, additionally, is often likened in classical Arabic poetry to the Arabic letter “nun.”

<sup>4</sup> Kharja 5/IV: If “meaning” were the appropriate translation the Arabic would have to be ma’naa or maqṣud. Instead we have here hadd, meaning “definition” in the sense of delimiting border, e.g. God walks in limit, e.g. everywhere that God walks sets a limit. Rather than “wrong dreams,” the relevant translation for hulum is “puberty.” “Wrong dreams” then are entirely wrong words. The creeping suspicion (like moss on a lattice or a unilateral error) then that these are not errors – errata – but willful errancy, and that perhaps the relationship between the Arabic and the English is not one of translation, but of poetry, the principle of metaphor, “wrong dreams” metaphorized as “puberty.” This would suggest a strong likelihood that the author of the Arabic and the translator are one and the same, and so this document is contemporary forgery. It is possible perhaps that this is a forgery written by a recent post-pubescent rather than an actual Morisco in medieval Iberia or expelled to North Africa, unless this Morisco dreamt dreams wrong during puberty, reached his/her limit in them, dreams implanted by a prankster god or Iblis. In a Mishima play a man’s wife is dying in a hospital room and his past mistress sails through the wall on a death yacht. He boards it and they sail through the hospital room’s opposite wall together.

<sup>5</sup> The Arabic “alah” that we have here is a curious mixture of “ilaah,” a god, and “Allaah,” God, but it is translated as if the Arabic were “Allah,” literally “the god” but of course in common parlance “God,” a demi-name. It is a problem similar to the Hebrew phrase “Bereshit,” the beginning of Genesis in the Tanakh which is most commonly translated “in the beginning,” but which literally translated (a “faithful” rendering) ought be “in a beginning.” Echoing the brief meditation in the prior note, this is likely not due to translational error but translational errancy, as the promiscuous indefinite article “a” hearkens towards prior beginnings, prior gods even, none of them gaining primacy, which for the bedrock book of one of the Peoples of the Book is anathema and heterodox. This perhaps is what Leevi Lehto hinted at in saying “In the beginning was translation.” I wonder sometimes about God’s childhood.

VIII.	II.	I. <i>for sing read recite</i> <sup>6</sup>
IX.	II.	I. <i>for Life buoy here? read</i> Is there a lady swimmer in life?
XI.	II.	I. <i>for I saw the value of God read</i> I saw a balance, a thing of unity, a thing made of glass, of God.
XII.	II.	I. <i>for Spring covers their hands read</i> The green crop conceals itself in the palms of their hands.
XIII.	II.	II. <i>for The fire will be single read</i> There will be nothing but fire <sup>7</sup>
XIV.	II.	I. <i>for Impossible read</i> Forbidden <sup>8</sup>
XV.	II.	I. <i>for Master, a herd of light read</i> O my Lord, a piece of night, the darkness of the light towards morning part of night. <sup>9</sup>
16	I	I <i>for إله read</i> الله
16	I	3 <i>for من ما read</i> ممّا <sup>10</sup>
17	I	I <i>for "مع read</i> ٻ

<sup>6</sup> qara' means to recite but as if the translator's eyes squinted and folded into earlobes hearing ghanaya, "to sing." Perhaps an ethos or philosophy that hears singing in the recitation, the presence of god likened to song.

<sup>7</sup> Another note on Kharja 13: The nominative indefinite noun form of mouth is fammun, and if this is an antiquity forgery, I see the appeal of mouth famine. The last line reads to me "There will be nothing but Fire," the superlative Fire, FIRE!

<sup>8</sup> Haraam means sacred, forbidden, not "impossible," so this is like a commentary rather than a translation, and any translation of the Qur'an is not the Qur'an and will never be the Qur'an, it is commentary, a sort of tafsir, impossible. But this is not the Qur'an, this is not the splitting of the moon, rather like a moon's spit. Fatima spits right now what must be mosquitoes out, yet retains her hold on peaches in a plastic bag. We are lying down on the floor of Fatima's attic apartment counting the stars on the ceiling at mid-day now.

<sup>9</sup> Rabbii means "my lord" or "my master," as if anyone can own a lord or master, rabbii should be "rabb," lord or master, in Hebrew school I only knew cold rabbis. Why "a herd of light" I do not know, "qiTa'" denotes a part of the very particular part of the night, the darkness of the night towards morning. It is rather like the tinieblas, darkness, a part of the night, the darkness of the night towards morning, completely it is said my lord the darkness of the night towards morning.

<sup>10</sup> The first line is a mixture of Arabic and Aljamiado. You can tell it is Aljamiado because classical Arabic script is traditionally unvowelled (with the exception of the Qur'an for precision's sake) whereas Aljamiado is nearly always vowelled, and the orthography of most of the vowels and some of the consonants are idiosyncratic, different in pronunciation from Arabic. Aljamiado is a scriptural code whereby a romance language (Castilian in this case) is transliterated into Arabic characters, practiced by the crypto-Muslims (termed Moriscos) in post-Inquisition Spain for about a century and fifty years, before they were expelled but after they were forced to convert to Christianity. It is a language innovation in response to persecution and prohibition of the reading and the owning and the writing of Arabic books, and speech. As the Moriscos forgot many of the rudiments of Arabic (as evidenced in the scribe's failure to contract "min maa" into "mimmaa," an extremely common contraction convention) their Arabic became rudimentary, but still they had to preserve God's book in God's language, so they at least dressed it in Arabic characters, although recited aloud you'd hear Castilian, a shame, a cause for actual shame, as the "Al-Qur'an" translates to "The Recitation." In the first line, which is primarily Aljamiado, we have "akumbarado bara" & "sin ego." This is its orthography, but these are simple textual conventions, and would be pronounced aloud "ha comprado para" and "sin ego," translated "has purchased for" & "without ego." Is the ego without self, or is it the beautiful pride, which in the Arabic translates better to "huge pride," which reminds of the section entitled "huge talk," translated by who I do not know. I do not know why the morisco did not know the term for "purchase," certainly there were stuffs to buy, and "ego" would be a complicated word to use at all, a complicated cultural complex, insofar as what is pride and self when you are forced to disavow your cultural heritage, your God, which is also the Christian God, but non-Trinitarian. A goat, at one point before it has been born, is a zygote.

<sup>11</sup> Yumtala', "to be full," should take the preposition bi-, and interesting the author/scribe does not know the Arabic word for "language," so we have here the Aljamiado "lengua," a tongue or what the tongue speaks, language, and the final one-word line is also Aljamiado, "rápida," fast, though due to the vagaries of Aljamiado transliteration it too signifies

18 I I من is unnecessary<sup>12</sup>  
 19 I I من is unnecessary<sup>13</sup>  
 14  
 21 I I ظنة read ظنة  
 21 I I بماء read بماء<sup>15</sup>

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rábida, rabid, God is filled with rabid tongues. The Aljamiado also resembles the Arabic word “Ra’is,” which means president, God is full of presidential tongues. The Morisco writer appears unable to effectively write “god” ...is this an inverse act of piety? Instead of refraining from irresponsibly writing God’s name, refusing out of an intense monotheism to even write a word that denotes the concept of other g-ds? The quadrant of sky I view now was many moments ago a tornado, fiery, immense, blood clouds, burning forest, calm, smoldering angels, unmoving, implacable, I watched drunk men fall over to see it.

<sup>12</sup> No reason for “min” in the first line, though it is nice to consider giving *from* water, if indeed the witness of god is water, which perhaps it is. Another Aljamiado line for mouth, “boca,” as if the author does not know the Arabic for anything in or of or from the mouth, except for water, except for witness. Jaime called my face beautiful last night, I don’t know what I did. She called it beautiful this morning and I hid it in the pillow. When you meet the Buddha, kill the Buddha. When you meet your ancestor, kill your ancestor. When you meet your father and mother, kill your father and mother.

<sup>13</sup> The “man” here is unnecessary, but a great and roaming profit self-replicates despite the presence or absence of big dumb man, like unto a medieval premonitory critique of late capitalism. God in the book of Genesis is driven only by jealousy. Makes him fearful, but ultimately laughable, in this book. Seems sad to think of his characterization this way. Fairly flat. Tell me more about God’s childhood. What was his central traumatic event, what flattened him. Was it the flood that flattened the earth and ultimately his affect. Was he an old woman in a pink visor jogging, arms treading hard water in their vigorousness, would this explain his adulthood now. “Arms reading hard water.” On this fixed path. Laughable, but ultimately to be pitied. I could write a better character. God : wakes up, doesn’t leave his bed until he completes a Rubix Cube. Once spent a whole month in bed, red. Writes Don’t Be Cruel on shoes. Named St. Jon’s head Salome.

<sup>14</sup> A note about Kharja 20: this is entirely Aljamiado. “Parecido a la presión de la fractura” is the line, but dissimilar entirely from the Arabic for the phrase. “Fractura” is similar to “factura,” or bill, if we’re continuing to pressure the anticipatory critique of capital I project onto this maybe-medieval text. Emma took photos of my scroll yesterday, it is a scroll I bound around sandpaper & the inferior pages are vellum. ~~Inferior~~ interior. The dowel – the beam around which the paper scrolls – is an old dowel cannibalized from a typewriter. On the vellum’s printed only the proper names of Genesis, everything else I whited out. Emma ironed a white tablecloth, then stuck it to the wall as backdrop. Struck it to the wall. With blue tape at the top, and she took pictures of me, the scroll, and unrolled the height of my chest, or thereabouts. She set up umbrella lighting in her kitchen. This was in her kitchen. It felt good. At one point (at three, material points) the umbrella wouldn’t open, and she strummed against it, strove i mean, strummed is not right, it was not aesthetic, but it was not anesthetic, and the handle end hooked in and hitched up her dress. I looked away, looked back, and looked away and looked back, and looked away. She moved the draping back to the table and took lone pictures of the scroll (I almost wrote love) largely (love largely) unrolled (love largely unrolled), with sheets billowy on sheets and since it’s transparent vellum, it looked good. There was a dead bat in the hallway of the house. I took a large trash bag from a dumpster and walked by the bat, not quite dead (beating and twitching) as a screen to protect me, dropped it on the floor and left. It missed the bat. It was supposed to miss the bat. I called Emma to warn her. It’s a mammal, you can tell, she said. It’s so sad and beautiful, she said. The Incas used to weave Emperor’s robes out of thin bat hair. They used to save everything from bats, saliva, and piss was holy, she said. I didn’t know. I didn’t know, I said. The translation here is adequate.

<sup>15</sup> Aljamiado “rosada” for pink. Arabic “yaSuffa” is a present tense verb meaning “he arranges in rows,” yet the translation employs a homonym in English – a cross-linguistic pun – “to row [with oars]” (water rhymes with water). If I’m in a generous mood I can consider rows of meaning or polysemy, but I do not know what mood I am inside of now. Waters in a row, rowing creating rows of water, arrows of water, eros of water...should be Zannat and not Zanna, as “cult” is feminine, and thought to me is feminine anyway, I think, I assume mawt in the third line is meant to mean water, water is spelled correctly in Arabic in the second line, no wave is the same, but water rhymes with water. Lorca, who wrote his own Diwan after all: “But it’s impossible for it ever to repeat itself, and it’s important to underscore this. The duende never repeats itself, any more than the waves of the sea do in a storm.” Jaime saying when she worked at a burrito stand, and asked customers what they wanted ingredient by ingredient, to chicken they’d say yes, or they’d say no, to veggies they’d say yes,



- XXI. II. II. *for* This knowledge rows toward water *read* This knowledge arranges water in rows
- XXII. II. I. *for* Fake *read* Mistaken<sup>16</sup>
- 23 I I unnecessary alif at the beginning of the line<sup>17</sup>
- 24 I I *for* *جنت* *read* *جنب*<sup>18</sup>

or they'd say no (usually no), to guacamole they'd say yes, or they'd say no, but to cheese they'd say Please. Invariably, or according to her tally, 8 out of 10 times. Or 4 out of 5, I didn't say.

<sup>16</sup> Ikhta' means "mistaken," not fake, so the author or the scribe or the translator is mistaken. Is this manuscript faked, or am I mistaken. To mistake something, to take it wrong, a miss-take, but that is not fake, the two can be associated but the two are not the same, fake equivalence, mistaken equivalence, often un-separated. The gnats hit me. The gnats are talkative. People instagram their full salad bowls. I have seen so much kale on instagram. The kale I have seen. I can't imagine angels. I can't imagine one place where angels might sit down on this earth. Or even levitating. I smell good. It is half-time of the World Cup. Ghana vs. The United States of America. Soccer players freeze-framed, moving very slow, are like angels. They are like mannequins. Or they are like their bodies. No soul. Is the soul in velocity. Is the soul in complete stillness. The slow-motion cam effect reminds me of destiny, but destiny as condemned to biology. And then there was a slow-motion recapture, and a US player and a Ghana player had jumped together after the same ball (there is only one ball)(at a time, it gets replaced at times) in a slow collide, moving towards one another in the air, like two up-trending graph lines, but the Ghanaian player reflexively lifting his leg towards the ball's magnetism, and instead his shin or knee colliding with the yankee player's nose, and the impact sends a wave through the kicked man's face, like wind ripples sand, the wind, people hit it, and I know now, the slow motion makes it seem men are reflexes, are reflexes on reflexes, are one complex involution of their reflexes, but a chain of reflexes, or maybe I already implied that, a chain of reflexes, and in each isolated movement of each connected muscle, (connected to the muscle and the muscle connected to the ligament and the ligament connected to the) bone, etc., each responds to each, ineluctably, unelectably, so one microscopic movement moves the next movement to a visibility, a talkativeness, and the idea of soul inherent, of room for a discrete, immanent soul, unbound to this precise machine, like a Rube Goldberg device, seems about as likely as an angel levitating over a hatchback in a nearly empty parking lot in front of Sears at night. When I was on all that anesthetic 25 days ago (I asked the anesthesiologist as a joke if her name was Anna. It was) Fatima and Kiley left me in a wheelchair in a parking median as they looked for the car on other floors. I had a hunch it was on the floor I was on and I stood up, and I walked down the dark parking ramp's lot, keeping balance leaning on car bumpers, car by car, and I got to the end of the row and there was no mini-cooper. I was totally wrong. I thought it was maybe too small. Why did I say yankee. I changed the implied whole world to "western hemisphere" in my lecture notes when Marilynne Robinson said "everybody knows." Seemed like she should have meant everybody in the western hemisphere, which, since we're talking Moby-Dick, seems still a little too sweeping. Whole World. White Whale. Walt Whitman. I thought I saw a rainbow, but I think I just hallucinated. A horrible moment now where I forgot everything I was writing, or had written, or was supposed to be writing, or was supposed to have written, or I forgot one of those things that caused the rest to crumple, or to fall through the floor, or to disfigure me, or to handicap me, and then I thought of handicapped drivers, and how my mother, in the height of her cancer recovery, height like at the zenith or the trough, offered me her handicap placard so I could park at the movies. It was Midnight in Paris. Actually, it was 10:30 PM in Paris, but by the time the movie ended it was just past midnight in Paris. I took the bus. I walked out three quarters of the way through, at the height of climax.

<sup>17</sup> The last line is Aljamiado, "flores estrelladas," stellar flowers or exploded flowers.

<sup>18</sup> "jaanib" means side, but through some egregious scribal error we have "jannat," or garden, but actually this is a very beautiful error, as if one can enter the garden by straying, "dalal," or in Spanish a "delito," delightful error, but of course this is against Qur'anic doctrine, but if the Moriscos must, via "niyya" or intention, and no longer through "amal" or acts, show piety, it is an indirect route, they have been caused to stray ("adall") due to such persecution, so indirect delights and indirect piety must at times be one, even if paltry, anyway, we have here her coy forever saying "In a garden of the Lord / shivering in God's an electronic message," and this unlocks, like an electric message, the message, this is a very meditated forgery, and all errors are symptoms of errancy predilected towards a plethora of meaning and polysemy, a lot of this at least redacted and lacquered contemporaneously to forge a fake medieval manuscript, that the time is out of joint. The difference between fear and grief is the hard G glottal stop in the throat, otherwise they are the same word inverted.

XXV.	II.	II. for experience is my god read reportage is my god <sup>19</sup>
27	I	1 for <i>بغير</i> read <i>بدون</i> <sup>20</sup>
XXIII.	II.	I. for visual experience read visually transmitted information <sup>21</sup>
XXIX.	II.	I. for Spatial life read Life of place
XXX.	II.	I. for Quiver there read The female Next World shakes <sup>22</sup>
XXXIII.	II.	I. for the end read an end, an exit, a kharja, a gringo, a foreigner, an extra <sup>23</sup>
33	I	2 for <i>برح</i> read <i>ترك</i>
XXXIII.	II.	IV. for brain read heart
XXXIII.	II.	VI. for shares of experience read Sharers of experience
33	I	6 for <i>جبر</i> read <i>خبر</i>
33	I	7 for <i>أسنحة</i> read <i>أسلحة</i>
34	I	1 for <i>يكتب حياتي و يكتب حياتي و كتاب كتاب</i> read <i>يكتب حياتي و يكتب</i> <sup>24</sup>
35	I	5 for <i>نفس الاسم</i> read <i>نفس الاسم</i> <sup>25</sup>

<sup>19</sup> “khabar” is transmitted information or reportage, not “experience,” unless you consider transmission an experience, for example “Oh my eyes! the book is my god,” which, well, it is built of the signs of god, they are the signs that god has spoken, speaks every time that you recite it, and transmit god, but if you anamnesis this book, then what need for eyes. I don’t complete Rubix Cubes. Don’t start them.

<sup>20</sup> “duuna” or “biduuna” may be more appropriate than “bighir” which, incidentally, Microsoft Word just autocorrected to “big hair.”

<sup>21</sup> “khubir” once again, transmission or recorded experience, since it is visual however it seems that graphical reportage is the concern here, a document, a “kitaab.” It is a beautiful morning, it is very cool and blue and gold. Coffee is gone, which is too bad. I began copywriting yesterday. I am writing coffee for cars.

<sup>22</sup> “alakhira” is the last or the next, usually referring to heaven, the next world, the superlative “there.” “The female next world shakes.” The next word is “the male.”

<sup>23</sup> In an Andalusian context to translate “kharja” as “end” is strange, aberrant, foreign to its meaning, but all the same “kharja” does mean foreign, extra, exit and, even in some modern cultural contexts, “gringo,” so perhaps again this was forged by some still-existing gringo, still-extant gringo, if the manuscript’s alive and if the name “Homer” for example is an avatar for a set of texts gathered into a name. In any case as well these are all kharjas. “taraka” would do better for “leave” than “baraha.” There is no word for “brain” in Arabic, but “qelb” for heart appears twice in the same line, and the translator must have thought one heart’s a brain and the other heart’s a heart, but on what grounds this distinction is made is unfathomable. The better translation for “Shares” would be “Sharers,” nice to think about. The root for weapons is s-l-H, not s-n-H as is seen here, but what weapon is more beautiful than an inert one. Dad called drunk last night and told me i have daddy issues. The funniest thing i have read in 24 hours was of James Clarence Mangan saying that Antony had been misheard when he “said” “lend me your ears,” that that’s “a wrong reading” even though it is so in the book, Antony said lend me your cars since Caesar was killed near a car-stand, and Antony wanted many transport vehicles ready for a more decent, which is to say more lively funeral.

<sup>24</sup> The root for book k-t-b employed three times in this sentence, to create ambiguity through error but also the error is egregious, no kitaab would be published like this or, that’s to say, besides this one. A more straightforward rendering would be kitaabun yarqabu hayatii wa-yaktub, a book watching my life and writing, writing as the indefinite progressive verb, i.e. the book is practicing writing, in the English the book could be reading the writer’s writings, a recorded experience of “my life,” sharers of experience. People traditionally read books to better themselves, I wonder if there are books that make you worse. I would burn a book, but any book it doesn’t matter, just put it down in front of me. Roughly 95% of the Aljamiado manuscripts that were ever produced are lost, burnt by Inquisition authorities or thrown inside of chimney fires for lack of wood. I wouldn’t burn an ant. I wouldn’t pour coffee on an ant. There is coffee somewhere on some of the pages of every book I love. Every book I love I mar.

<sup>25</sup> “Contact” here in Aljamiado “Contacto,” perhaps contact between scripts cultures and linguistimysticisms (not a word in any language that I know of), creates a Contact Zone as “Blanca” here mysteriously in Latin script, appears to be a proper noun, a name. Ironically “name,” the last word in the kharja, ought grammatically be preceded by a definite article,

- XXXVI. II. I. *for a summary read a part*<sup>26</sup>  
 XXXVI. II. II. *for Destination read The root, The lowest part of a root at Evening*  
 36 I 3 needs a بعض preceding من  
 XXXVI. II. V. *for The male read The Remembrance*  
 37 I I for ٤ *replace with I don't know what*

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but it is indefinite, promiscuously attaching itself like vines rubbing up against a flat wall, perhaps to soften it and ask Why does your stomach feel like concrete, why am I so soft and still can soften you.

<sup>26</sup> “juz” is a part, a summary is a distillation of the “whole” it summarizes, maybe this is philosophical, maybe this translator is philosophical, maybe this is Maybelline. All summaries necessarily reduce what they summarize, some parts left out, so the summary is the obverse of the part? I don’t know I am generous. “ba’aD” ought precede “min” in the 3<sup>rd</sup> line, if I am generous the omission points coyly towards a “ba’aD” translation, but my generosity runs out here, I feel clever at least. “sayl” means “torrent,” not question necessarily, but questioning can have a torrential effect, questions ask a lot. Why “the male” I do not know, “Al-Dhikr” means “The Remembrance,” evidently this was forgotten. I meant to write “I am writing copy for cars.”

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