

ستاره‌ها را شب به شب چیدند

دست‌ها را در آغوش چیدند  
در آغوش چیدند

## Familiar Stranger

مثل روزگار قدیم حتی زمان با ما  
در خنده‌ها و پاره‌ها چیدند

Nusha Naziri

تا قدم فدا کرد ز ما بر رخ و مدرسه  
در آغوش چیدند

در آغوش چیدند

مادر من یک کمره طلا داشت  
که آن را به من هدیه داد

در پشت آن کمره  
نام من به خط فارسی  
نقاش شده بود

من آن را همیشه  
پشت گردنم می‌پوشیدم

اما حالا که بزرگ شده‌ام  
و به بیرون می‌روم  
آن را به پشت گردنم می‌پوشم

چون می‌خواهم  
با آن کمره  
به یاد مادرم باشم

## Familiar Stranger:

*Between the lines  
of Language*

*My grandmother once gifted me with a gold necklace,  
a pendant of my name written in Farsi.  
Such a precious token of love that I often wear backwards.*

We often use terms such as *Translate*, *Interpret*, and *Read* when communicating through a work of art. Many artists are likely familiar with the anxious yet curious feeling that comes from any read of their own work. Determining if what you have shown was understood to your intent or if you had become so wrapped up in your own thoughts that most of the context that was needed is either still sitting in your brain, or rather written in an artist statement that can easily be concluded with the words: trust me. These types of supplementary texts are what both the artist and viewer often rely on. Regardless of course, if some reads of the work are different from our own, we do not then deem the work to be unsuccessful.

There are certain moments however, when another's read of the work differs from your own, and in turn something equally if not more compelling is born out of it. These are moments in which we create things that are much more beautiful than we had imagined, simply because it has touched someone else in a different way. I must admit, as flattering as this can feel, it can also be simultaneously embarrassing. Yet we try our best to focus on the flattery and not feel the need to steer away from our original ideas to appeal to everyone. After all, we do things like make art and write poetry for the purpose of sharing it with others. In school we are taught to bounce ideas off one another, to get the image of the

lonely artist locked away in a studio out of our heads. We expect differing opinions as well as interpretations, and try our best to embrace them while still holding respect for an original idea even when certain aspects are lost in translation. The way we encounter and perceive a work will always differ regardless of similarities or differences between background, education, and language.

If these engagements of self-knowledge have no singular system for their cause, are we allowed to question how and why they happen?

## Ways of “Reading”

Dearest reader: I am not a poet, though I would consider myself to be well trained in the art of getting the gist. To anyone raised around those whose first language is not English, you quickly gain a knack for deciphering certain phrases from what was truly meant versus what was actually said. That can be the case of either broken English, mispronunciation, or the plain misuse of words. Whatever the case may be, we learn how to fill in the gaps. For those who learn foreign languages through a more immersive way through their upbringing, degrees of fluency can still vary between the ability to hold a solid conversation and complete proficiency. Whether brought up in such conditions or not, I am sure we have all found ourselves in situations where we attempt to use any ounce of context we have that allows us to gain somewhat of an understanding when hearing a foreign language being spoken.

Interpreting language in such ways may cause us to naturally rely on other senses such as visuals and sound. Tones of voice, gestures, and facial expressions all help in decoding anything from a heated argument to utterances of love. When watching a piece of film or television that has been dubbed over in another language, we may see variations of these gaps within text through the discontinuity of timing by cause of differing sentence lengths.

We can observe these moments where the actors mouth does not align with the audio provided by voice actor speaking above them. When given the option to then keep the original audio and turn to subtitles, a line being delivered may run for longer than it would take one to read the accompanied text, or vice versa. These moments of pause are inevitable, yet interesting. If emotion is conveyed through speech in one language, to then be read in parallel with a simple, more literal translation, we might subconsciously come up with our own interpretations of the situation through the blending of both devices being offered.

Focusing exclusively on written work now, the list of devices we rely on for understanding becomes much longer and sometimes seemingly unattainable. Visuals can still be used to a certain extent toward comprehension, however in this case, a clearly written sentence in one language can also appear as a repetitive pattern of angular lines to another. Think back to the picture books we read as children. Aside from the illustrations that accompanied the text functioning for purposes of visual pleasure, they also provided additional context that filled in the empty spaces that existed due to our underdeveloped literary skills. Imagery and form here act as a “partner” to the text, both reenacting words and guiding our eye as we make connections between the two. When reading such books in our youth, we may have also been told to not rely too much on

the pictures. I recall the many Iranian picture books I had been given throughout my childhood. In my many failed attempts to accurately read these books, I would often turn to the images that accompanied the text in order to fill in the gaps and understand the plot of the story for myself. In the mind of a child who took a liking to visual forms of learning, I believed and would still argue that I was reading the book at least to some capacity.

Even though the versions of these stories that I created in my head were likely different, or simply wrong, I never complained nor did I see a problem with any of it. Reading between (or beside) the lines is done here through the use of a skill in which I had much more ability. This may have been the cause for my life-long procrastination from learning how to truly read the language. That being said, I have always stood by the fact that I consumed a satisfactory amount of Iranian media throughout my life even if sometimes in the “wrong” way. One of my life-long favourite Iranian songs is titled *Gharibe Ashena*, by the artist Googoosh. With the most common translation of song title in English being *Familiar Stranger*, I would say that my relationship to the Farsi language can also be given that same name.

It is known that these types of scripts do in fact take pride in their visual appeal, as calligraphy has historically been a central feature of Islamic art. As part of this practice, text itself is often

configured into shapes and decorative motifs that may also mirror the content of the writing. If not legible by one who is unfamiliar with the language, the work is still able to be appreciated on an aesthetic level. In cases where one is able to read the script, to view the artwork is still to read it. These practices are historically found to be executed with this exact paradox in mind, adorning facades of buildings and monuments with ideological writings masked in a visually appealing configuration of shapes and lines. Elements of calligraphy are also often implemented into Iranian works of poetry. With poetic writings taking form now to adorn the pages of a book, we are able to further examine the symbiotic relationship between visual and literary artworks. Here, the words themselves are also the images. The two exist simultaneously and in turn fill the space of a page.

Perhaps in a different vein, but equally as interesting in terms of inviting two different perspectives onto one piece of writing, is the use of phonetic spelling. Rewriting Farsi text phonetically using the English alphabet is often done for purposes of communication between those who have at least somewhat of a fluency between both languages. Personally, I use this form of phonetic writing quite often when sending messages to family members. It acts as the perfect middle ground for communication, a hybrid between two languages. This system of writing however is

not limited to those who can only speak one language, as it can also be used in an educational sense allowing those unfamiliar with the alternative language at least attempt to speak the words out loud.

Contrary to popular belief, translation does not need to have a strict set of rules. As mentioned earlier, the word itself can mean many different things. It is a word that can be used to describe various forms of communication as well as movement. The simple turning of a page.

## Translation vs Interpretation

Farsi, like many other languages, uses systems of communication that are often specific to the culture and history of the region in which it originates from. The cases in which I personally experience this disconnect most often is through age-old expressions and idioms that simply do not have an exact English equivalent. Many times while being lectured by my parents, they began tangents with the classic phrase,

*“There’s a saying in Farsi, though I don’t know if it would make much sense in English.”*

What I find amusing though, is even through their explanations of such that they deem to be unsuccessful, I am usually able to get a sense of the meaning behind these classic, sentence-long life lessons. For me, these sorts of translations are not ones that can be put into words, but rather exist more as a feeling, a seemingly telepathic comprehension born from what I could have only assumed to be my relationship to Iranian culture. When venturing to produce a translation of my own, I was drawn by a desire to decode works of writing that I have had an interest in exploring for quite some time. I have gone most of my life being aware of my mother’s love for poetry,

although her work existed to me always as a small journal wedged within in our communal family bookshelves. As all of her work is in Farsi, therefor written in Perso-Arabic script, I have never been able to read it. I have asked my mother on many occasions if she would translate them for me, and in response I am usually met once again with the statement in which I am told that the words in English would not provide me with an honest read of the work. There was never an issue of privacy here, as my mother was never concerned with sharing her work with others and I could always pick up said journal to flip through it as I pleased. To put it simply, the only thing holding me back from properly reading these texts was myself and my inabilites.

From this was born a sense of selfishness on my part. Why do I demand such impractical solutions to my desires instead of making an effort to consume the work the way it is intended? Is that how translators must feel? Doing all the hard work so we as the lazy bunch can enjoy the best of both worlds? In reading a short interview with translator Charlotte Mandell, she spoke about the divide between author and translator in regard to authourship and recognition. In a profession where recognizing the success of a work only occurs when the work itself being done goes unnoticed, it is possible for the practice to be perceived as ungratifying and only rewarded with “backhanded compliments.” Mandell also

expresses that strong translations usually require the translator to truly enjoy the original text on their own, otherwise you run the risk of being urged to over-edit. The desire to translate works that you already enjoy is not shocking, however it is worth noting that most translators are also independent writers, and therefor may experience added frustration in regard to not “fix” an original text while still technically using their writing skills to the best of their ability. This appears to be a lot to juggle. The lines that one must not cross during these processes are both blurred and crystal clear at the same time. The work cannot be an exact duplicate, but more of a mirror image. You must play the role of editor, but only for yourself.

In other cases, translators like Lydia Davis slightly challenge this narrative. In Davis' *Essays Two*, she writes that translation begins with a question in which we are often never able to receive an answer that we are completely satisfied with. No amount of linguistic expertise can overcome the fact that there are often no perfect translations for certain words or phrases. In her essay, *Twenty-One Pleasures of Translating (and a Silver Lining)*, she highlights the notion that due to this reality, the work may never feel fully solved, and therefore can be better described as an eternal compromise. Although this sentiment may initially appear unsatisfying, Davis is able to vividly run through her list of found pleasures to

translation practices that only seem to grow with time and experience. She follows her statement about compromise with a reminder to the reader that any constraints that we may experience through translating another's work can always later be expressed through your own writing later on. The energy that Davis brings to these practices is refreshing, especially as I quickly grew to be overwhelmed with the idea of taking another's precious work into my own hands. When translating works by highly regarded writers such as Marcel Proust, Davis' determination still boils down to the simple desire to solve and answer her own questions.

Particularly in her essay titled, *An alphabet (in Progress) of Proust Translation Observations, from Aurore to Zut*, Davis highlights what she describes as a "translation diary," a log kept of various words and phrases with which she had particular difficulties during the process of translating Proust's *Swann's Way*. In most cases, words recorded in the diary were those that had very specific connotations in the French language, with more literal, less meaningful translations in English. Issues arise as often there are many different possible translations for one singular word or phrase. This is a problem that I would face through this process, as the Farsi language too is packed with nuances and phrases that have no true English equivalent. Because these phrases have so many possible forms, translators have the difficult job of choosing the

"right" one, even if there is no definitive answer. My frustration had stemmed from this same issue as not only was I afraid others might not agree with my choice of words, but I also worried the translation would be a disservice to the original.

In Lily Robert-Foley's *Experimental Translation: The work of translation in the age of algorithmic production*, she writes about a similar phenomenon in relation to computer generated translations, where this issue often results in the "wrong" or "overly literal" equivalent of the original word to be used in its place. We often blame programs such as Google Translate for its inability to use forms of sense and meaning within a translation that a real person can generate, but even on our own we may face these same types of disconnects.



Here, I would like to provide my own version of a translation diary comprised of common phrases in Farsi that possess a very literal, dramatic, and often unsettling meaning when directly converted to English:

Phrase	“Translation”	Meaning
Delam tang shodeh az to	“My heart feels tight because of you”	I miss you.
Ghorbonet beram	“I sacrifice myself for you”	An expression of love.
Jat khali	“Your space is empty”	I wish you were here.
Zameen khordam	“I ate the ground”	I fell down.
Moosh bokhoradet	“A mouse should eat you”	You are cute.
Jeegareto bokhoram	“I will eat your liver”	A term of endearment used to express your love for someone.

Damet garm	“May your breath be warm”	An expression of thanks. The warmth of their breath alluding to life, conveying hope for the other person to live forever.
Zahreh mar	“Snake venom”	A form of insult toward another person or thing. A way of telling off or to tell someone to “shut up”
Khak bar saram	“Dirt on my head”	An idiom used to express feelings of regret and frustration. Dirt on one’s head alluding to death and being buried in the ground.

## What Exists Between the Lines?

It would seem that no translator is hired to work on a piece of writing if they have zero prior knowledge of both languages being used. Where I get frustrated is due to the fact that I can speak a language that I cannot read. As an artist, I am often drawn to themes of transformation as a way to render new or added meaning using specific imagery and iconography. When placing certain objects or images into new contexts, the work does not function if I do not acknowledge the significance of the original before it had been displaced. It is a transformation, but never a correction.

If I was going to challenge myself to extend my interests in such themes through works of literary translation, I wanted to stay true to these same principles. I want to highlight the voids that exist through translation, as these empty spaces are where I believe these intrinsic comprehensions lie. I want to explore the relationship between form and text, indicating no hierarchy between the two, but rather the abilities of both to mutually benefit one another. By highlighting multiple interpretations of a single work, this in turn embraces the limitless qualities of translation.

In a publication in accompaniment to the exhibition of the same name, *How to maneuver: Shapeshifting texts and other publishing tactics*, focuses on processes of publishing and the

boundaries between mainstream and independent forms of such, with a larger focus on the entanglement of language through Arabic and English text. Including work from various authors, this publication is printed in both languages, showing no visible hierarchy between the two. This allows both versions of the same text to exist as originals in themselves. The work is neither considered English or Arabic, but rather represents the space that exists between the two mirrored texts. In response to this, I want to treat my work here as one that does not treat the original texts as test subjects to be picked apart, but rather a guide for re-interpretation. As I've explored thus far, sometimes immense passion can hide behind a simple phrase.

Finally, I must acknowledge the reality behind the privilege I had here. I am not translating work by a well-known, long deceased poet. I am translating work by someone with whom I have a close relationship to, as well as someone that I can actually speak to. I could not begin this process without having conversations with my mother. Lydia Davis writes about the benefit of translation in the sense that you are usually able to conduct one even when tired or frustrated due to its largely methodical nature; one can never experience explicit writer's block when an entire finished work is already in front of you. Though this may be true, I would experience my own type of frustration through this process.

Translating poetry through a phone call with my mother would prove to take form as a very literal game of broken telephone. During moments in which we were able to work face to face, these disconnects often persisted with the addition of visible frustration. Nonetheless, I was unable to accurately navigate these blurry areas without the guidance of the author. Before jumping straight from the text in Farsi script to English, I felt I needed to use what I *did* know in order to allow this process to be more collaborative.

Listening to a poem spoken aloud while transcribing it phonetically in English script essentially allowed me to “read” the work alongside the Farsi original, without having to trust in a translation from only one perspective. Through conducting an initial rough translation to English, emphasis was kept to not pay attention to specific phrases that may come off as unnatural or confusing. Listening to one another first, and questioning later. Spending too much time to ensure it made perfect sense straight away would defeat the purpose of investigating what gets initially removed and what can later be replaced or added.

It is also important to note that all “original” documents in this case are hand written, and a subsequent form of translation occurs when it is transcribed to type, allowing for a sharper read. The combination of these two writing styles both mirror and move between one another, eventually forming both a mechanical and

organic system of communication and thought.

The notion of authorship within works of literary translation is one that offers up more questions along with unsatisfying answers. Allowing this work to exist in print with my name on it despite most translated works still bearing the name of the original author is worth recognizing. This work lives as an ongoing investigation of the ability for these texts to come together in ways that two sides can understand in parallel, never viewing one as more true than the other. My rewriting of the work is not done without the input of the author, yet persists as a continuous reinterpretation of the original. If the ways for me to translate these texts to the extent of my own understanding is to continuously alter them, I am in turn erasing and rearranging words in order to highlight those that otherwise get lost on their journey of being carried over.

When words are removed or replaced, and grammatical structure changes through translation, a deal is being made behind the scenes that I no longer want to conceal. Here, my methods of interpreting another’s work is different from the artist. I may claim to have gained an accurate understanding of the original through these translations, but that can never truly be verified. What I am left with then is a string of notes, conversations, interpretations, and visual overlap that can be read simultaneously as a map and

transcript of these processes. This is not one singular process though, but the culmination of many all working toward the same conclusions. Highlighting, underlining, and alternating structures breaks up the text and fills the surrounding and inner space with discussion, form, colour, and emotion. The use of the colour red, commonly employed for purposes of correction, now represents endless possible interventions. The “final” version the translation here is not to be fixed in place, able to continuously change and transform with time and experience.

In a way, I am “reading” those Farsi children’s books again. Although this time the words themselves are acting as the pictures, the freedom is all the same. By embracing the finicky traits of translation, the work in turn is comparable as well to the imperfect nature of the following: a string of dialogue between mother and daughter.

وقتی که ستاره های شب بهم چشمک زدند  
وقتی که ستاره ها جشن روزو بهم زدند

وقتیکه ماه درآمد با تمام خوشکلی  
آسمان شب گذشت از هر غم و هر مشکلی

تو بیای به محفل گرم و سروره عاشقان  
مثل روزهای قدیم حتی زمان باستان

قدمی رنجه کن و پای گذار بر چشم من  
تا شوم فدای تو زیبا رخ و موی شکن

سر گذار بر دامنم تا غم زدایم از دلت  
شعر گویم پای کوبم نوش نوشم محفلت

شب  
و در هر ستاره های شب بهم چشمک زدند

در هر ستاره های جشن روزو بهم زدند  
در هر ماه در آید با تمام خوشکلی

آسمان شب گذشت از هر غم و هر مشکلی  
تو بیای به محفل گرم سروره عاشقان

مثل روزهای قدیم حتی زمان باستان  
مدرسه رنجه کن و پای گذار بر چشم من

تا شوم فدای تو زیبا رخ و موی شکن  
سر گذار بر دامنم تا غم زدایم از دلت

شعر گویم پای کوبم نوش نوشم محفلت

Vakhti-ke setareh-ha-ye shab beham  
cheshmak zadand  
Vakhti-ke setareh-ha jashneh rooz-o beham  
zadand  
Vakhti-ke moh dar-amad ba tamameh  
khoshkeli  
Aseman-eh shab gozasht as har gham-o  
har moshkeli  
Toh bia beh mahfeleh garm va  
souroureh ashogham  
Mesleh roozhaye ghadim hata zamaneh  
bastan  
Ghadami ranjeh kon-o paay gozar  
bar cheshmeh man  
Tah shavam fadayeh to ziba  
rokh-o moyeh shekan  
Sar gozar bar damanam tah  
gham zodayam az delat  
She-er gouyan couban moosh  
noosham mahfelat

Vakhti-ke setareh-ha-ye shab beham cheshmak zadand

Vakhti-ke setareh-ha jashneh rooz-o beham zadand

Vakhti-ke moh dar-amad ba tamameh khoshkeli

Aseman-eh shab gozasht as har gham-o har moshkeli

Toh bia beh mahfeleh garm va souroureh asheghan

Mesleh roozhaye ghadim hata zamaneh bastan

Ghadami ranjeh kon-o paay gozar bar cheshmeh man

Tah shavam fadayeh to ziba rokh-o moyeh shekan

Sar gozar bar damanam tah gham zodayam az delat

She-er gouyan paay couban noosh noosham mahfelat

When the stars of the night blink  
at each other

When the stars end the party of the  
day

When the moon comes up with its  
beauty

When the night sky solves the pain  
and sorrow

You come to the gala of hearts

Like you used to in the ancient  
times

Step into me and step into my  
eyes

Let me lose myself in your beauty  
and curly tresses

Rest your head on my lap  
so I can heal your pain

I'll write poems for you,  
dance for you and drink your  
wine

When the stars of night blink at each other

When the stars end the party of the day

When the moon comes up with its beauty

When the night sky solves the pain and sorrow

You come to the gala of hearts

Like you used to in the ancient times

Step into me and step on my eyes

Let me lose myself in your beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head on my lap so I can heal your pain

I'll write poems for you, dance for you and drink your wine

When the stars of night **blink** at each other

When the stars end the **party of the day**

When the moon comes up with its beauty

When the night sky solves the pain and sorrow

You come to the **gala of hearts**

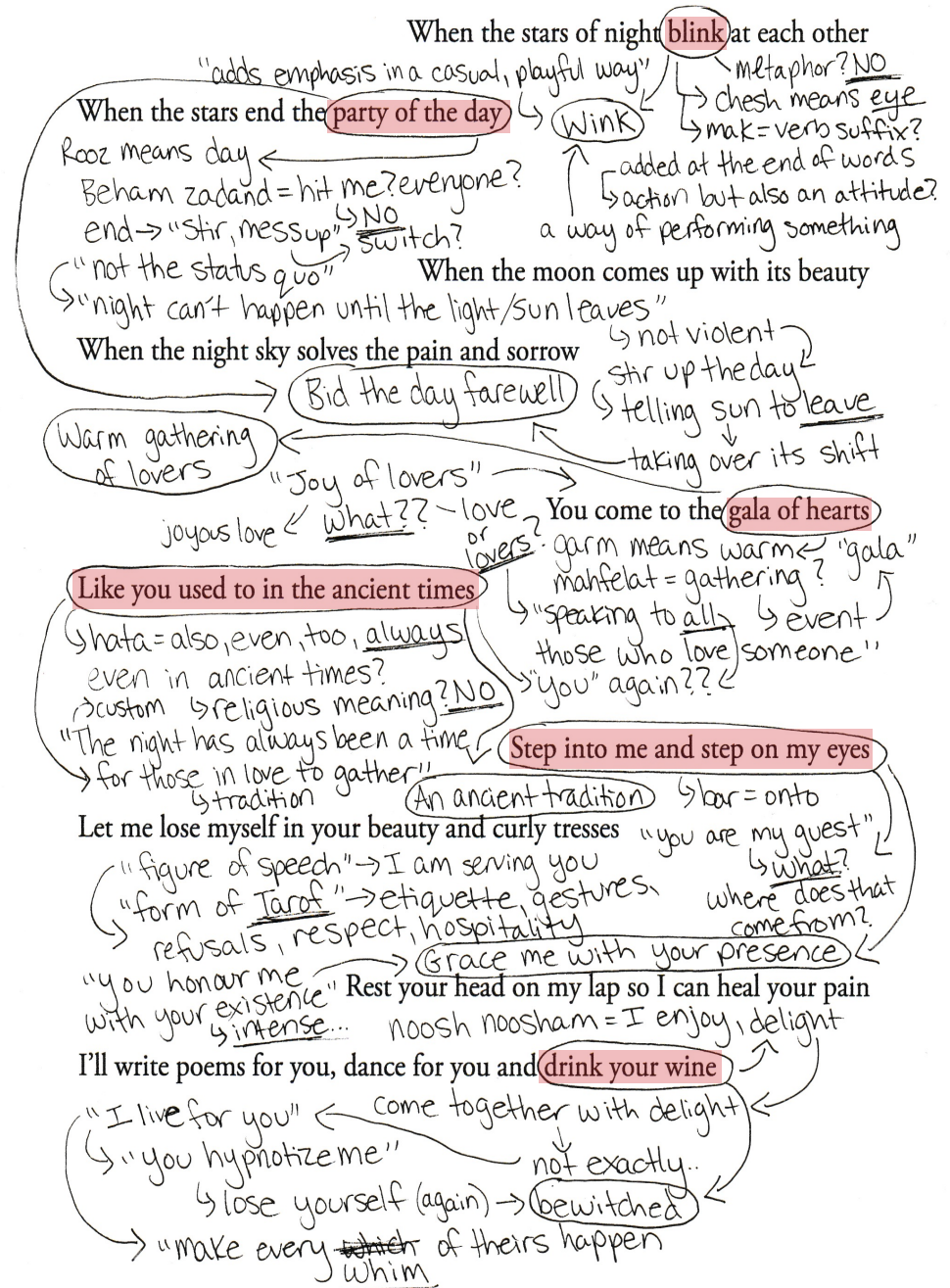
Like you used to in the ancient times

Step into me and step on my eyes

Let me lose myself in your beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head on my lap so I can heal your pain

I'll write poems for you, dance for you and **drink your wine**





### Blink

- “Cheshmak”
- “Chesh” alone meaning “eye”
- “Not a metaphor”
- “Mak” used as a form of verb suffix
- Usually added at the end of words, it creates a sort of action
- Also accentuates a form of attitude, way of being
- A performance of some kind
- “Adds emphases in a casual, playful way”
- Wink

### Party of the day

- “Rooz-o beham zadand”
- “Rooz” means day
- “Beham zadand,” hit me? everyone?
- To end something
- “Stir something up” or “Mess something up”
- Switch from day to night
- “Not the status quo”
- “Night can’t happen until the sun leaves and the light is gone”
- Not violent, telling the sun to leave
- Taking over a shift
- Bid the day farewell

### Gala of hearts

- “Garm” meaning warm
- “Mahfelat” meaning gathering, event, “gala”
- “Joy of lovers” or “Joyous love”
- “Speaking to all those who love someone”
- Warm gathering of lovers

### Like you used to in the ancient times

- “hata” meaning also, even, too, always
- Ancient times? religious meaning? custom?
- “The night has always been a time for those in love to gather”
- Tradition
- An ancient tradition

### Step into me and step on my eyes

- “Bar” meaning onto, on, burden, load
- “You are my guest”
- Figure of speech “I am serving you”
- Form of “Tarof”
- Tarof being a form of etiquette
- Gestures, refusals, respect, hospitality
- Privilege to serve, help, take care
- Honour me with your existence
- Grace me with your presence

### Drink your wine

- “Noosh noosham” meaning I enjoy, delight
- Attached to food, people, things
- “Come together with delight”
- “I live for you”
- “You delight me”
- Consumed by someone
- Hypnotized
- To engross yourself, lose yourself
- Bewitched
- Becoming one with someone
- Make every whim of theirs happen

When the stars of night **blink with attitude**

When the stars **break the status quo of the day**

When the moon comes up with its beauty

When the night sky solves the pain and sorrow

You come to the **warm gathering of lovers**

Night, forever been the hours for love

Let me serve you as my honourable guest

Let me lose myself in your beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head on my lap so I can heal your pain

I'll write poems for you, dance for you, **bewitched**

When the stars of night **wink** at each other

When the stars **bid the day farewell**

When the moon comes up with its beauty

When the night sky solves the pain and sorrow

You come to the **nightly gathering of lovers**

An ancient tradition

Grace me with your presence

Let me lose myself in your beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head on my lap so I can heal your pain

I'll **make every whim of yours happen**

When the stars of night **wink** at each other

**And bid the day farewell**

When the moon comes up with its beauty

When the night sky solves the pain and sorrow

You come to the **gathering of lovers**

**An ancient tradition**

**Honour me with your presence**

Let me lose myself in your beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head on my lap so I can heal your pain

I'll **become one with you**

When the stars of night **wink** at each other

**To bid the day farewell**

When the moon comes up with its beauty

When the night sky solves the pain and sorrow

You come to the **joyous lovers' gathering**

**Tradition of the night**

**Burden me with your troubles**

Let me lose myself in your beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head on my lap so I can heal your pain

**Bewitched, I'll write you poems and dance for you**

When the stars of night **sparkle and wink** at each other

**As they bid the day farewell**

When the moon comes up with its beauty

When the night sky solves the pain and sorrow

You **will join me in the ancient customs of love**

**A nightly tradition of gathering**

**Put all your weight onto me**

Let me lose myself in your beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head on my lap so I can heal your pain

I'll **make every whim of yours a reality**

When the stars emerge, sharing a wink as they sparkle,

the revelry of the day must come to a close

When the moon comes up with all its beauty,

and the evening sky solves all pain and sorrow

The ancient tradition will then begin

as all lovers begin to gather, protected by the night

Let me live at your service,

losing myself in your beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head upon my lap as I heal you,

drinking your wine, I will grant your every wish

March, 2024

When the stars emerge, sharing a wink  
as they sparkle

the revelry of the day must  
come to a close

When the moon comes up with all  
its beauty,

and the evening sky solves  
all pain and sorrow

The ancient tradition will then begin  
as all lovers begin to gather,  
protected by the night

Let me live at your service,

losing myself in your  
beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head upon my lap as  
I heal you,

drinking your wine, I will grant  
your every wish

March, 2006

شب  
و در آن شب بهم چید زدند

در آن شب در آن جن روز بهم زدند  
در آن شب در آن جن روز بهم زدند

آسمان بیدار شد از هر نیمه و هر شکلی  
تدبیر به محفل گرم سرور عاقبتان

مثل روزگار قدیم حتی زمان باستان  
مدرس رنجبه کن و پارتلزار جیمین

تا شود فدای تو زین بر رخ و در شکر  
رنگزار بردا منم تا منم ز دایم از دل

نگردم ای پارتلزار، هرگز ندیم در ضلالت

March, 2006

زندگی، shaving a wink

of the day must  
come to a close  
ends up with all

Evening sky solves  
and sorrow

ion will then begin

begin to gather,  
by the night

our service,

yourself in your  
curly tresses  
upon my lap as

wine, I will grant  
every wish

March, 2024

وَمَتَّعَ سَمَاءَهُمْ نُجُومًا مُبِينًا  
as they sparkle

the revelry

When the moon  
its beauty,

and the evens

all pain

The ancient tradit

as all lovers,

protected

Let me live at your

losing

beauty

Rest your head

I heal you,

drinking you  
you

### حسنی و آشی ششی

بارون می بارید ریز و ریز  
برف می اومد آروم آروم  
گوجه‌گک آشی ششی  
نشسته بود رو پشت بوم

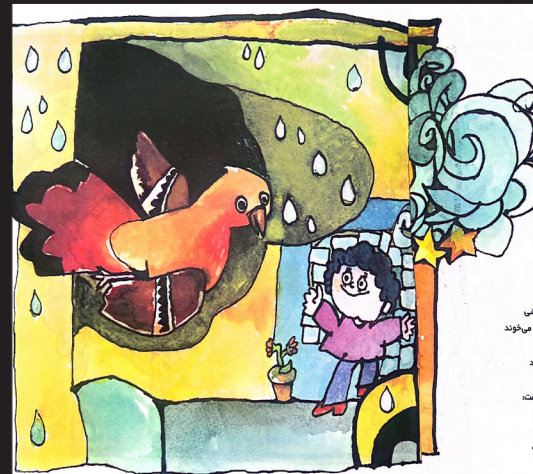
پایین پاش، په خوش گرد  
بالا سرش، ایر کبود  
آشی ششی چه بی خیال  
رو پشت بوم نشسته بود

حسنی رسجد و داد کشید:  
«اونجا نشون آشی ششی  
سز می خوری از اون بالا  
می آشی تو خوش نطاشی»

پرویزت آشه می شه  
قصایر غلشه می شه  
تو سوژ و سره، آدما  
یادت می آفتن همیشه.»

گوش نمی داد آشی ششی  
میگ حیوک و بیگ آواز می خواند  
برفا رو از بال و پرش  
پوش و آروم می خواند

حسنی نوبی دلفش می گفت:  
«صد آفرین آشی ششی  
تازه اگر ببقشی تو  
پردنده ای رنگی می شاهی»



### حسنی و طلمس چاه

حسنی نشسته آسباب  
کتابک یک چاه آب  
روی دهانه چاه  
افتاده نور مهتاب

تو دشت و تو بیابون  
می پیچد هموری باد  
یک دفعه از نوب چاه  
صدای قورقور می آد

آفرینانه ای فال دانی  
بیرون می آد، از تو چاه  
می افتند روی ششی  
روشنگ نور بده

ظلم اون می شکسته  
بزرگ می شه، بزرگتر  
از نوب خاند سزش  
بیرون می آد به دختر

حسنی می گه با شادی  
ظلمتو شکستم  
چهل شبه که اینجا  
منتظرت نشستم.»

دختر قورقورانه ای  
می خنده و دور می شه  
می تازد نور مهتاب  
صدرا پر از نور می شه



### حسنی و گدوی قلقله زن

صدای پای گرگ اومد  
خانه پهلون رخت تو کدو  
حسنی قلقلش داد که بره  
کرگرسجد از روپرز،

«آهای پسر، اوموری پسر!  
تو موسی، تا که دلفش؟  
جواب بده تود، دختری  
تو یک گدو، بیورز نی؟»

حسنی جواب کرد و گفت:  
«تاله پهلون، کجا می ری؟  
تو جنگل سز و قشنگ  
با این گدو چرا می ری؟»

گرگ سبازین گفت: «ننه هون،  
کرگ سباز دایلم  
تو این گدو قایم شدم  
راه اومدم یک عالمه

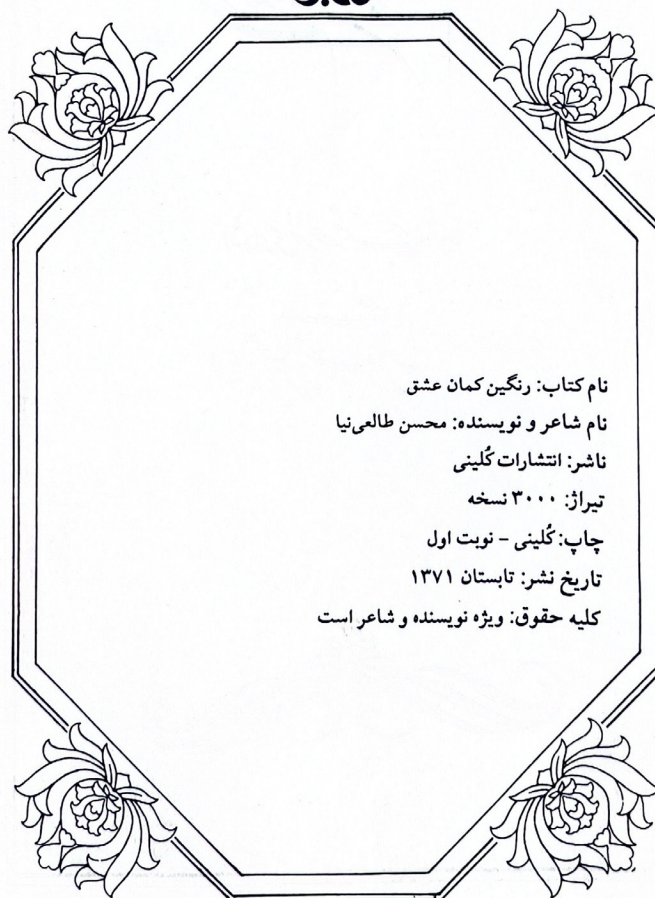
گوشی نمونده به تنم  
من دیگه پریم پریم  
باید که زود فرار کنم  
فلم بده تا گریم.»

حسنی نوبی دلفش می گفت:  
«کرگ سباز چه تادونه  
خیر ندازه، بیورز  
رسیده سالم به تونه!»





توله‌ای بنام ر کس رفت کمی گردش کند.



نام کتاب: رنگین کمان عشق  
نام شاعر و نویسنده: محسن طالع‌نیا  
ناشر: انتشارات گلینی  
تیراژ: ۳۰۰۰ نسخه  
چاپ: گلینی - نوبت اول  
تاریخ نشر: تابستان ۱۳۷۱  
کلیه حقوق: ویژه نویسنده و شاعر است



## ۴۳ - رمز عشق

اگر آن یار مرا یار شود روزی چند  
 با گذارم به سرو اعظ مرموزی چند  
 غم دل با که بگویم که مرا یار شود  
 من به تنگ آمدم از بیهوده دلسوزی چند  
 هیچ دانی که دلم گشته زبی سامانی  
 غرق اندوه و غم از زحمت نوروزی چند  
 اگر موعده دهد بهر شب عید وصال  
 نکشم منت هر آفت جانسوزی چند  
 در میان من و جانانه حکایتی است  
 نشود حلّ معما به شب و روزی چند  
 معنی عشق ز صاحب نظران جو، ورنه  
 فهم هرگز نکند عقل نو آموزی چند  
 دوش دیدی که چه خوش از سر بیهوشی خویش  
 طالعی خواند همی نغمه جانسوزی چند؟



## ۴۴ - کعبه و بتخانه

مثل چشم تو تا بامی و پیمانۀ زدند  
 کُوس بی رونقی و بستن میخانه زدند  
 حاصلی جز برهت کافرو مسلم نبرند  
 قدمی گر بره کعبه و بتخانه زدند  
 شهرت چین و ختن هم زمین بیرون شد  
 عکس رخسار تو تا بر سر هر خانه زدند  
 با سر ناوک مژگان تو ای طلعت ناز  
 تیرها بردل هر عاشق جانانه زدند  
 جمعی امروز چه خوش واله و شیدا شده‌اند  
 ای پریزاد، مگر زلف ترا شانه زدند؟  
 بردن بار غمت را به سرای ابدی  
 گوئیا قرعه بنام من دیوانه زدند  
 دوش در بزم حریفان سخن از چشم تو بود  
 همه از مستی آن نعره مستانه زدند  
 بهر تسکین من و ناله عشاق تو بود  
 خیمه و خرگهت اندر دل ویرانه زدند  
 طالعی سوخت همی زاتش غیرت جانان  
 تا دم از حسن رخت در بر بیگانه زدند

Beat the butter and confectioners sugar together until creamy. Add the vanilla extract or other flavoring. Add the flour and blend well. Refrigerate for a couple of hours. Roll out the dough between waxed paper to the desired thickness. With floured cookie cutters, cut the dough into the shapes desired. Place on greased cookie sheets and bake at 350° F. for 10 to 12 minutes, depending upon the thickness of the cookies. If desired, the tops may be brushed with beaten egg yolk or egg white before baking, and/or sprinkled with slivered almonds, ground walnuts, or ground pistachios.

### *Blossom Cookies*

(*Nan-e Shokoofeh*)

(MAKES ABOUT 30)

<i>1½ cups butter</i>	<i>2 egg whites, beaten</i>
<i>1½ cups confectioners</i>	<i>(optional)</i>
<i>sugar</i>	<i>several tablespoons</i>
<i>4 cups flour</i>	<i>poppy seeds (optional)</i>
<i>½ teaspoon almond</i>	
<i>extract</i>	

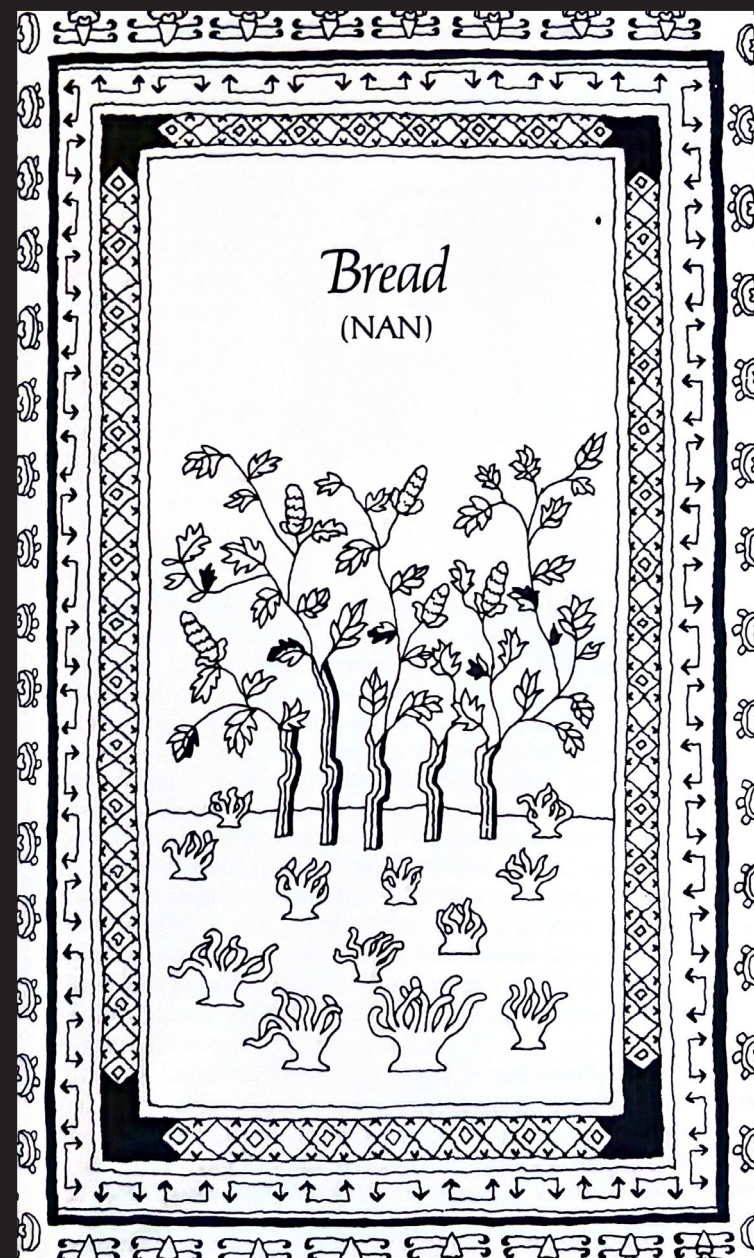
Beat the butter and confectioners sugar together until creamy. Work the flour in gradually, blending until smooth. Stir in the almond extract. Place this dough in a plastic bag and refrigerate for 24 hours. Shape the dough into small balls. If desired, these may be flattened down somewhat with the back of a fork; the tops may be brushed with beaten egg whites and sprinkled with poppy seeds. Bake on a greased cookie sheet in a 350° F. oven for 15 minutes; then lower the heat to 300° F. and bake 15 minutes longer, or until the cookies are golden brown.

### *Flourless Walnut Cookies*

(*Nan-e Gerdooi*)

(MAKES ABOUT 20)

<i>5 egg yolks</i>	<i>1 cup ground walnuts</i>
<i>3 tablespoons sugar</i>	<i>several tablespoons</i>
<i>¼ teaspoon vanilla extract</i>	<i>slivered or chopped</i>
<i>½ cup walnuts,</i>	<i>pistachios (optional)</i>
<i>chopped</i>	



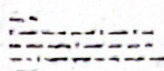
INDEPENDENT PUBLISHING



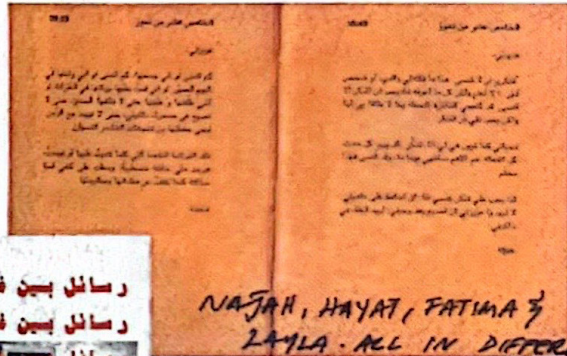
Conversations with James  
Noura Alwan • Basma Abu

NOURA & BASMA

2015



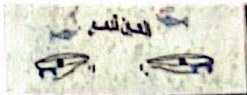
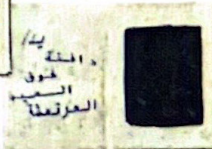
JEA: PLANTS ISSUE



2016

JEA: MEMORY ISSUE

NAJAH, HAYAT, FATIMA & ZAYLA - ALL IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES



2019



going digital to create more NO EXCUSES!!

## Original Poetry by Sepideh Khatabaksh

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