



**DIAMANDA GALÁS**  
DEFIXIONES, WILL AND TESTAMENT



the kitchen



# *Diamanda Galás*

DEFIXIONES, WILL AND TESTAMENT

December 1, 2 & 4, 1999 8pm



The Kitchen  
512 West 19<sup>th</sup> Street  
New York, NY 10011

**"No other presence in new music is so dramatic,  
so frightening, so controversial as Diamanda Galás."**

**—Kyle Gann, *Music in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century***

## DEFIXIONES, WILL AND TESTAMENT

"Defixiones" refers to the warnings engraved in lead which were placed on the graves of the dead in Greece and Asia Minor. They cautioned against moving or desecrating the corpses under threat of extreme harm. "Will and Testament" refers to the last wishes of the dead who have been taken to their graves under unnatural circumstances.

The concert material that Galás will perform includes music set to the texts of the Armenian poet/soldier Siamanto; the Belgian/French poet Henri Michaux; the Syrian/Lebanese poet Adonis; the rembetika songs of Sotiria Bellou; the Anatolian Greek Amanedhes; the blues music of the American musicians Blind Willie Johnson and Son House, and the sacred songs of the Deep South.

The work is concerned with the poet/author living in exile, either from his homeland, or within his homeland. **DEFIXIONES, WILL AND TESTAMENT** speaks for individuals who have had to live as outlaws, as they were treated as outlaws; and for those who have had to create houses out of rock.

**DEFIXIONES, WILL AND TESTAMENT** is dedicated to the forgotten and erased of the Armenian and Anatolian Greek genocides of 1915 and 1922.

Diamanda Galás is an internationally acclaimed vocalist, composer and poet who has performed worldwide since 1978.

She is the creator of *The Plague Mass* (premiered at Queen Elizabeth Hall in London on New Year's Day 1989), *Vena Cava* (premiered at The Kitchen in 1992), *Insekta* (premiered at the 1993 Serious Fun! Kitchen Residency Program Festival at Lincoln Center, New York City), and *Schrei X* (commissioned and premiered at the Wexner Center for the Arts, Ohio). Other credits include the concerts/recordings of *Malediction and Prayer*, *Judgement Day*, and *Masque of the Red Death*. In 1996, Serpents Tail published *The Shit of God*, a compilation of Galás' original performance texts and writing. Currently, Galás is working on the composition of *Nekropolis*, a new opera to be performed in the year 2001. She records for MUTE Records, London, and her primary websites are [www.diamandagalas.com](http://www.diamandagalas.com) and [www.brainwashed.com/diamanda](http://www.brainwashed.com/diamanda)

## DEFIXIONES, WILL AND TESTAMENT

will include selections from the following:

### THE DANCE

Words by Stamento (Aston Yerjarian) 1909

Music by Diamanda Galás

Taped recitation by Sholeh Kordeljian

Liturgical melody "TIN YODWODWOD" by Marar Yekelian

With excerpts from "THE DESERT" by Adonis

(An Akmed Saif) 1982 and "Yfiane Ufiane" (Poete 24)

Excerpts from Saude Zinchi, anonymous

### BIRDS OF DEATH

Words and Music by Diamanda Galás

### ANXIÉTÉ

Words and music by Papeleianou

First recorded in 1948, and made famous

by Sadeia Balbo

### LONELY WOMAN

Music by Ornotta Coleman

Arrangement by Diamanda Galás

### BURNING HELL

Words by Beaman

Music by John Hooker

### JE BAME

Words by Henri Michaux

Music by Diamanda Galás

### IF I DIE ON THE BOAT

Anonymous, Zerbokiko

First recorded in 1882 and made famous

by the great Zetina Balbo

### BLUE SPIRIT BLUES

Words and music by Williams

### EPISTLE OF THE TRANSIENTS

Words by César Vallejo

Music by Diamanda Galás

From SERMON ON BARGAINING' 1892-1898

With excerpts from "THE WINDOWS SHODDERED"

from PARROLL OF BONES 1897-1926

### TELL THE ANGELS

Words and Music by Brewster

### AIN'T GONNA LET NOBODY TURN ME AROUND

Traditional

Arrangement by Diamanda Galás

### LET MY PEOPLE GO

Traditional

Lyrics and arrangement by Diamanda Galás

## DEFIXIONES, WILL AND TESTAMENT

A Song Cycle for Voice and Piano

Created and performed by Diamanda Galás

Sound designer and engineer: *Blaise Dupuy*

Lighting designer: *Rudi Pribitzer*

Makeup and Hair: *Tina Montalbano*

Producer: *Eileen Dennis*

Ms. Galás' dress by Ann Demeulemeester

# THE DANCE

By Siamento (Atom Yarjanian)

Translated by Peter Balakian and Navar Koptian

In a field of cinders where Armenian life  
was still dying,  
a German woman, trying not to cry  
told me the horror she witnessed:

"This thing I'm telling you about,  
I saw with my own eyes.  
Behind my window of hell  
I clenched my teeth  
and watched the town of Bardiz turn  
into a heap of ash."

The corpses were piled high as trees,  
and from the springs, from the streams and the road,  
the blood was a stubborn murmur,  
and still calls revenge in my ear.

Don't be afraid; I must tell you what I saw,  
so people will understand  
the crimes men do to men.  
For two days, by the road to the graveyard ...

Let the hearts of the world understand.  
It was Sunday morning,  
the first rays Sunday dawning on the corpses.  
From dawn to dusk I had been in my room  
with a stabbed woman —  
my tears wetting her death —  
when I heard from afar  
a dark crowd standing in a vineyard  
lashing twenty brides  
and singing filthy songs.

Leaving the half-dead girl on the straw mattress,  
I went to the balcony of my window  
and the crowd seemed to thicken like a clump of trees.  
An animal of a man shouted, "You must dance,  
dance when our dum beats."  
With fury whips cracked  
on the flesh of these women.  
Hand in hand the brides began their circle dance.  
Now, I envied my wounded neighbor  
because with a calm snore she cursed  
the universe and gave up her soul to the stars ...

"Dance", they raved,  
"dance till you die, infidel bastards  
With your flapping tits, dance!  
Smile for us. You're abandoned now,  
you're naked slaves,  
so dance like a bunch of fuckin' sluts.  
We're hot for your dead bodies'.  
Twenty graceful brides collapsed.  
'Get up', the crowd screamed,  
brandishing their swords.

Then someone brought a jug of kerosene.  
Human justice, I spit in your face.  
The brides were anointed.  
"Dance", they thundered —  
"here's a fragrance you can't get in Arabia".

With a torch, they set  
the naked brides on fire.  
And the charred bodies rolled  
and tumbled to their deaths ...

I slammed my shutters,  
sat down next to my dead girl  
and asked: "How can I dig out my eyes?"

## ՊԱՐԸ

Ս քարցուկներն իրեն կողպած աչքերուն մէջ  
խեղչեցւում,  
Մոխրազաշտի մը վրայ ուր հայ կեանքը գեռ կը  
մեռնէր,  
Այսպէս պատմեց մեր սարսափին ակամտեւ Գեր-  
մանուկին .

— Այս անպատմելի պատմութիւնը սր մեզ կ'ընեն  
նա իմ անդուք աշքերովս այս մարդկային ,  
Իմ անվտանգ անակիտ գեղեցկազիր յուսամուտին ,  
Ակամներս կրճակելով ու զոյրոյթէն զարհուրելի .  
Այս աշքերովս անգթորէն մարդկային , նս անայ :  
Մոխրազաշտի վերածուած Պարսէզ յայտօքին  
մէջն էր .  
Դիակները գիզուած էին միեւն կտորը ծաւ-  
րուն ,



Եւ շուքերէն, ազրիս բներէն, սուռններէն և ճամբէն,

Ձեզ տրիւնին կարկաչիւնն ըմբոսածոցն...  
Դեռ ահաւղիս իր վրէժն ահաւասիկ որ կը խօսի...

Ս', չի ստեղծ քեր անդամեղի պատմութիւնս  
ձեզի պատմեմ'...

Քո՛ղ Տարզերը հասկնան, մարդուն սէրը մարդուն  
զէմ',

Երկու սրտան արեկն սուկ, զերեզմանին ճամբուն  
վրայ

Մարդուն շարիքը մարդուն զէմ',

Քո՛ղ աշխարհիս թաղոր արտերն իմանան...:

Այդ մահաչուք առաւօտը կիրակի էր,

Դիակներուն վրայ ծաղոյ զեռ առաջին և անսպաս  
կիրակին,

Երբ անենակիս մէջը, իրիկունէն մինչ արշալոյս,  
Դաշունահար ազկան մը հոգեվարքին վրայ ծռած՝  
Արցունքներովս անոր մահը կը թրջէի...

Յանկարծ հեռուէն սե խաւժան մը անսանկուն,  
Քան Հարսներ իրենց հեռ՝ մոլեգնորէն մտրակեւ  
կելով,

Շուպատութեան երգերով, այգիի մը մէջ կանգնեցան:

Եւ կիսամեռ խեղճ ազլիկն իր խշտեանին վրայ  
չքած:

Գծովհայեաց պատուհանն պատշգամբն մտնեցայ . . . :

Այդիկն մէջն սն խուժանն անտառուեցաւ :

Վայրենի մը՝ հարսներուն — Պէտք է պարէ՛ք,  
որտայց .

Պէտք է պարէ՛ք — երբ մեր թմբուկը հնչէ :

Եւ մարտիկներն սկսած մահահարստ հոյ կիներուն՝  
Մարմիններուն վրայ կատաղութեամբ մը շա-  
ռաշէլ . . .

Քան հարսներն ձեռք ձեռքի, իրենց շուրջպարն  
սկսան . . .

Աչուքներնէն իրենց արցունքը վերքերու պէս կը  
հոսէր,

Ա՛հ, ես ս'ըջափ նարանձեցայ իմ գրացի վիրա-  
ւորիս,

Որովհետեւ լսեցի որ հանդիւնով մը հանդարտ,  
Տիեզերքն անթեղէն, խեղճ հայուհին գեղազէ՛մ,  
Իր տաարակի շուշան հոգուն գէպի աստղերը  
թն տուաւ . . .

Ունայտորէն կուսիներս ամբոխին դէմ շարժեցի :  
«Պէ՛տք է պարէ՛ք», կ'ոսնար խուժանը մոլեգին,  
Մինչև ձեր մահը պէ՛տք է պարէ՛ք, դա՛ք ան-  
հաւատ գնդեցիկներ :

Կուրծքերնիդ բաց՝ պէ՛տք է պարէ՛ք, մեզ ժըպ-  
տեկով և անարասնը . . .

Ետզնութիւնը մեզ համար չէ, ո՛չ ալ ամօթը մեզ  
համար,

Սարակներ էք, պէ՛տք է պարէք, և մերկան-  
գամ և հոլանի,  
Մինչև ձեր մուկը պէ՛տք է պարէք պազըրուրէն  
և ջարհաթեամբ,  
Մէր աշքերը ծարուխ են ձեր մեներան և ձեր  
մահուան... ։

Քսան հարաներն զեղազէ՛մ, զեանն ինկան պար-  
ասան... ։

«Մաքի՛ նչէք, զսուցին, մերկ տարերիկն օձերու  
պէս շարժելով... ։

Յեսայ մէկը ստիտով մը քարից բերու խու-  
ժանին... ։

Ո՛վ մարգկոցին արցարութիւն, թո՛ղ ես թքնեմ  
քու հակառիկ... ։

Քսան հարաներն շատապով այց հեղուկո՞ղն օձնցին... ։

«Պէ՛տք է պարէք, սրտուց, ահաւասի՛կ մեզի  
բարձուէք մը, որ Արարիան խոյ չուէի... ։

Յեսայ խոնավ մը բանկցուցին մերկ մարմինները  
հարաներու ։

Եւ օձիտացած զխոյները պարին մէջէն, զէպի  
մուկը զըրթեցան... ։

Չարուրտե՞ք՝ պատահան փնկկերը՝ փոխո՞ր  
կի մը պէս փակելով՝

Իմ մենար ձեռնային մասնապով հարցուցի-  
ր նշպէս փորել աշտ աչքերու, Ի՞նչպէս փորել ։  
բով՝ ինձ... ։

..... ։

“The Armenian and the Arab, 1940”

I should like to see any power of the world destroy this race; this small tribe of unimportant people whose history is ended, whose wars have all been fought and lost, whose structures have crumbled, whose literature is unread, whose music is unheard, whose prayers are no longer uttered. Go ahead, destroy this race. Let us say that it is again 1915; there is war in the world. Destroy Armenia. See if you can do it. Send them from their homes into the desert. Let them have neither food nor water, burn their houses and their churches. See if they will not live again. See if they will not laugh again. See if you can stop them from reaching the big drama of the world. You men of bitches, go ahead, try to destroy them.

-William Saroyan

## الصحراء

(مختارات من يوميات حصار بيروت ١٩٨٢)

## THE DESERT Verses 1-20

THE DIARY OF BEIRUT UNDER SIEGE, 1982

By Adonis (Ali Ahmad Said)

English translation by Abdulrah al-Ustari

... في زلجان  
بُصر حني : لست مني  
وأصابعه : لست منك ، وأجهتُ أن ألتهمه  
وأنا الآن طيفٌ  
يتشرد في غابو  
داخل الجمجمة .

واقفٌ ، والجدارُ سياجٌ -  
مضى يتبادل - نافذة تتناهى  
والنهار خرويط  
تنقطع في رنني وترنن السناد .

صخرة تحت رأسي -  
كل ما قلته عن حياتي وعن موتها  
يتكرّر في صمتها ...

أتناقض ؟ هذا صحيح  
فأنا الآن ذرع والأسر كنتُ حصاناً  
وأنا بين مايو ونابر  
وأنا الآن جمر ووردة  
وأنا الآن شمس وظل  
وأنا لستُ ربا -  
أتناقض ؟ هذا صحيح ...

دائماً يلبس القمر  
للقابل أشباحه .  
خروطة من حجر -

1. My eye tells me bluntly:  
You do not belong.  
I answer bluntly:  
I do not belong.  
I try to understand you.  
Now I am a shadow  
Lost in the forest  
Of a skull

2. I'm on my feet, the wall is a fence —  
The distance shrinks, a window recedes.  
Daylight is a thread  
Snipped by my legs to stitch the evening.

3. All I said about my life and death  
Recur in the silence  
Of the stone under my head ...

4. Am I full of contradictions? That is correct.  
Now I am a giant. Yesterday, when I was between fire  
and water  
I was a harvest.  
Now I am a rose and live coal,  
Now I am the sun and the shadow  
I am not a god.  
Am I full of contradictions? That is correct ...

5. The moon always wears  
A stone helmet  
To fight its own shadows.

معلق باب بيتي  
والظلامُ حجابُ :  
قمر ضاحب ، حائل في يدية  
حفنة من ضياء .  
عجزت كلماتي  
أن تروِّجهُ سُكري إليه .

فَعَرَّ القَتْلُ سُكُنَّ المدينة . - هذا الحجرُ  
من عظام ،  
وهذا الدخانُ زفيرُ البهترُ .

لم نعدُ نتلاقى  
لم بعد بيننا غيرُ نَيْدٍ ونغمٍ  
والواعيدُ ماتت ، ومات القضاةُ ،  
وحده الموتُ صارَ القاعةُ .

أطلق الباب ، لا يُكْبِدُ أفراسهُ .  
... ليعرِّو أحرزاتهُ .

إعلان -

عَنْ عاشقة  
قِيلَتْ ،  
عن طفلٍ مخطوفٍ ،  
والشرطيِّ جدارٍ .

كل شيءٍ سيأتي قديمٍ ،  
فأصطحبْ غيرَ هذا الجنون - تهباً  
كما نطَلُّ غريباً ...

6. The door of my house is closed.  
Darkness is a blanket:  
A pale moon comes with  
A handful of light  
My words fail  
To convey my gratitude.

7. The killing has changed the city's shape — This rock  
is bone  
This smoke people breathing.

8. We no longer meet,  
Rejection and exile keep us apart.  
The promises are dead, space is dead,  
Death alone has become our meeting point.

9. He shuts the door  
Not to trap his joy  
... But to free his grief.

10. A rowcast  
About a woman in love  
Being killed,  
About a boy being kidnapped  
And a policeman growing into a wall.

11. Whatever comes it will be old  
So take with you anything other than this madness — get ready  
To stay a stranger ...

١٠ - وجدوا أشخاضاً في أكياس ،  
 شخص لا رأس له  
 شخص دون يدين ودون لسان  
 شخص مقروم  
 والباقيون بلا أسماء .  
 - أجهنت رجاء ؟  
 لا تكذب عن هذي الأشياء .

سوف ترى

قل اسمه  
 أو قل رَسَمْت وجهه  
 مُد يديك نحوه  
 أو سير كما يسير كل راجل  
 أو ايسم  
 أو قل حزنت مرة .  
 سوف ترى  
 ليس هناك وطن .

وما جاء وقت سئيل فيه  
 أن تهبس أسم وأبكم ، لكن  
 وما سمعوا أن تتبسم موت ،  
 وحياة ، وبعث -  
 والسلام عليكم .

بترى بزي الجهاد ، وترتل في نزه من ينكر  
 تاجر - لا بيع الثياب ، بيع البشر .

أخذوه إلى خندق - حرقوه  
 لم يكن قاتلاً ، كان طفلاً  
 لم يكن -  
 كان صوتاً  
 يتسوج ، يرمى على درجات الفضاء ،  
 وهو ، الآن ، شهاباً في المرات .

12. They found people in sacks:  
 One without a head  
 One without a tongue or hands  
 One squashed  
 The rest without names.  
 Have you gone mad? Pleased,  
 Do not write about these things

13. You will see  
 Say his name  
 Say I painted his face  
 Stretch your hand to him  
 Or walk like any man  
 Or smile  
 Or say I was once sad  
 You will see  
 There is no homeland ...

14. There may come a time when you'll be  
 Accepted to live deaf and dumb, and perhaps  
 They'll let you mumble: death,  
 Life, resurrection —  
 And peace be upon you.

15. He wears Jihad uniform, struts in a mantle of ideas.  
 A merchant — he does not sell clothes, he sells people.

16. They took him to a ditch and burnt him.  
 He was not a murderer, he was a boy.  
 He was not ...  
 He was a voice  
 Vibrated, scaling the steps of space.  
 And now he's fluting in the air.

ظلمات -

شجر الأرض دمع على وجنتي السماء  
والنكان أتجسّل . .

كسر الموت حصن المدينة ورائع الأصدقاء .

لا تموت لأنك بين عَالَمِي . أو لأنك هذا الجسد  
أنت ميت لأنك وجه الأبد .

زهرة أبحث الريح كي تنقل رائحة .  
ماتت البارحة .

لم تعد تشرق الشمس . . تنسل في غفلة  
وتولّي  
قدمها بقتل ...

17. Darkness.

The earth's trees have become tears on heaven's cheeks.  
An eclipse in this place.  
Death snapped the city's branch and the friends departed.

18. You do not die because you are created or because you have a body  
You die because you are the face of the future.

19. The flower that tempted the wind to carry its perfume  
Died yesterday.

20. The sun no longer rises  
It covers its feet with straw  
And slips away ...

**Sevda Zinciri (Anonymous)**

*Sevda zinciri taktim boynuma  
Bu sönməz ateşi saldım boynuma  
Bile bile vebal aldım boynuma*

*(chorus)*

*Yar uydun el sözünə  
Uyku girməz gözümə  
Gəribim gurbət eldə  
Kimə bəkməz yüzümə, ay  
Gəl nazlı cəndan  
Bən sənə bəyran  
Gəl nazlı cəndan  
Bən sənə kurbən, aman*

*Bən vurdun sən yıktin tacı tahtımı  
Yinə sən açarsın kərə bəhtimi  
Duyuramaz oldum sənə əbdimi*

I put a chain of love on my neck  
I set an undistinguishable fire to my bosom  
Knowingly, I took the burden on my shoulders

*(chorus)*

*Oh, beloved, you took the word of a stranger  
Sleep doesn't come to my eyes  
I am a poor man abroad  
No one looks at me  
Come beloved  
I am astonished with you  
Come reluctant beloved  
I have sacrificed myself to you*

You smashed, you crushed the crown of my throne  
You, again open my fortune  
I became unable to make my arrow heard by you

# BIRDS OF DEATH

words and music by Diamanda Galás

Comes the night  
Comes the cold  
Comes the face  
of the one I love

I see the birds  
upon the rock  
the crows that knew your name  
and came on time

Lights out, Lights out  
Lights out, Lights out

I see your eyes  
We held your hands  
What did you think about  
Until the angels came

Birds that love you know  
What you know now  
Could I have stopped them  
from holding you down

Lights out, Lights out  
Lights out, Lights out

Friends and lovers  
the night draws near  
your eyes don't fool her  
who knows your fear

Birds of death  
I've seen you all before  
Birds of love cry  
This is yours no more!

What is the answer  
to the waste of 10,000 days?

Your soul is now my destination  
Until the Blackbirds come.



KLAMA (ritual of Mourning) in Mani, Greece

© THE LAST WORD IS: NADIA DORRNETR.002



# POETRY FOR POWER

By Henri Michaux

Translation by David Salt

## 1. I am rowing

I have cursed your forehead your belly your life  
I have cursed the streets your steps plod through  
The things your hands pick up  
I have cursed the inside of your dreams

I have sat a puddle in your eye that can't see any more  
An insect in your ear that can't hear any more  
A sponge in your brain that can't understand any more

I have frozen you in the soul of your body  
Iced you in the depths of your life  
The air you breathe suffocates you  
The air you breathe has the air of a cellar  
Is an air that has already been exhaled  
Bees puffed out by hyenas  
The dung of this air is something no one can breathe

Your skin is damp all over  
Your skin sweats out waters of great fear  
Your armpits rook far and wide of the crypt

Animals stop dead as you pass  
Dogs howl at night, their heads raised toward your house  
You can't run away  
You can't muster the strength of an ant to the tip of your foot  
Your fatigue makes a lead stamp in your body  
Your fatigue is a long caravan  
Your fatigue stretches out to the country of Nan  
Your fatigue is inexpressible

Your mouth bites you  
Your nails scratch you  
No longer yours, your wife  
No longer yours, your brother  
The sole of his foot bitten by an angry snake

Someone has slobbered on your descendants  
Someone has slobbered on the laugh of your little girl  
Someone has welked slobbering by the face of your domain

The world moves away from you

I am rowing  
I am rowing  
I am rowing against your life  
I am rowing  
I split into countless rowers  
To row more strongly against you

You fall into blindness  
You are out of breath  
You get tired before the slightest effort

I row  
I row  
I row

You go off drunk, tied to the tail of a mule  
Drunkenness like a huge umbrella that darkens the sky  
And assembles the flies  
Dizzy drunkenness of the semicircular canals  
Unnoticed beginnings of hemiplegia  
Drunkenness no longer leaves you  
Lays you out to the left  
Lays you out to the right  
Lays you out on the stony ground of the path  
I row  
I row  
I am rowing against your days

You enter the house of suffering

I row  
I row  
On a black blindfold your actions are recorded  
On the great white eye of a one-eyed horse your  
future is rolling

I AM ROWING

JE RANE

J'ai maudit ton front ton ventre ta vie  
 J'ai maudit les rases que ta marche enfle  
 Les objets que ta main saisit  
 J'ai maudit l'intérieur de tes rêves

J'ai mis une flaque dans ton œil qui ne  
 voit plus  
 Un insecte dans ton œilic qui n'entend  
 plus  
 Une éponge dans ton cerveau qui ne com-  
 prend plus

Je t'ai refroidi en l'âme de ton corps  
 Je t'ai glacé en ta vie profonde  
 L'air que tu respiras te suffoque  
 L'air que tu respiras a un air de creux  
 Est un air qui a déjà été expiré  
 qui a été rejeté par des hylans

Le fumier de cet air persenne ne peut plus  
 le respirer

Ta peau est toute humide  
 Ta peau sue l'eau de la grande peur  
 Tes aisselles dégagent au loin une odeur  
 de crypte

Les animaux s'arrêtent sur ton passage  
 Les chiens, la nuit, hurlent, la tête levée  
 vers ta maison  
 Tu ne peux pas fuir  
 Il ne te vient pas une touce de fourmi au  
 bout du pied  
 Ta fatigue fait une souche de plomb en  
 ton corps  
 Ta fatigue est une longue caravane  
 Ta fatigue va jusqu'au pays de Nan  
 Ta fatigue est inexprimable

Ta bouche te mord  
 Tes ongles te griffent  
 N'est plus à toi ta feruse  
 N'est plus à toi ton fibre  
 La plante de son pied est mordue par un  
 serpent farieux

On a bavé sur ta propreture  
 On a bavé sur le rire de ta fillette  
 On est pané en bavant devant le visage  
 de ta demeure

Le monde s'éloigne de toi

Je rane  
 Je rane  
 Je rane contre ta vie  
 Je rane  
 Je sue multiplié en canaux innombrables  
 Pour ruiner plus fortement contre toi

Tu tombes dans le vague  
 Tu es sans souffle  
 Tu te lasses avant même le moindre effort

Je rane  
 Je rane  
 Je rane

Tu t'en vas, fier, attaché à la queue d'un  
 mulet  
 L'ivresse contre un immense paradis qui  
 obscurcit le ciel

Et assemble les mouches  
 L'ivresse vertigineuse des canaux semi-  
 circulaires  
 Commencent réel dévot de l'hémiplogie  
 L'ivresse ne te quitte plus  
 Tu couche à gauche  
 Tu couche à droite  
 Tu couche sur le sol pierreux du chemin  
 Je rane  
 Je rane  
 Je rane contre tes jours

Dans la maison de la souffrance tu entres

Je rane  
 Je rane  
 Sur un bandeau noir tes actions s'inscrivent  
 Sur le grand œil blanc d'un cheval borgne  
 mais ton avenir

JE RANE

## IF I DIE ON THE BOAT

Zembekiko, Anonymous

Ah, if I die, what will they say? Some fellow died,  
A fellow who loved life and enjoyed himself. Amari Amari!

Ah, if I die on the boat, throw me into the sea,  
So that the black fish and the salt water can eat me. Amari Amari!

### ΣΑΝ ΠΕΘΑΝΩ ΣΤΟ ΚΑΡΑΒΙ

Άντε, εάν πεθάνω τίθά πονε; Πέθανε κάποιος καδί  
Πέθανε κ' ένας λεβέντης που ήλευσε τή ζωή 'Αμάν! 'Αμάν!

Άντε, εάν πεθάνω στό καράβι, ρίξτε με μής στό γιαλό  
Νά με φάνε τά μαύρα τά ψάδια καί τό άθμιρό νερό 'Αμάν! 'Αμάν!

---

## OPEN UP, OPEN UP (ANOIXE)

Zembekiko, Papsiosnou.

The window shut, bolted, dark.  
Why don't you open it, you stubborn girl, so that I can see you?

Open up, open up, I can't bear it any more.  
You've tortured me enough.

The hour-dream has settled — I've been singing to you for hours.  
My heart is bleating, but you don't come out and let me look at you.

### ΑΝΟΙΞΕ, ΑΝΟΙΞΕ

Τό παράθυρο κλειμένο, ασφαμένο σκοτεινό  
Γιά πουό λίγο δέν άνοίγεις, κλισματάρα νά σέ δώ;

Άνοιξε, άνοιξε, γιατί δέν άντέχω  
Φάινει πιά τό μέ τικανά;

Προσεύχασα σ' άγάξι, άρας νά σού τραγουδή  
Ή καρδιά μου φέλιγγ βγάξει, μά δέν βγαίνεις νά σέ δώ.



"MIZANI! MIZANI! MIZANI!"

These are Greek civilian prisoners, released by the Turks after more than a year. During the war there had been talk of bringing us a large scale by both sides. The situation remained at a deadlock for a year after hostilities had been concluded. Then American strategists undertook an official negotiation of exchange of prisoners, this being afterward followed by the appointment of a commission by the League of Nations for that purpose.

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GEIGOLS FISHING FOR BODIES AFTER THE SEVYRHA DISASTER

Due to panic and over-crowding, many people on the quay were either pushed overboard or committed suicide. Hundreds of corpses could be seen through the remarkably clear water of Sevyrha Gulf, and youthful Turks fished them up with pieces of wire, for the purpose of loot.

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# EPISTLE TO THE TRANSIENTS

By César Vallejo

Translated by Clayton Eshleman, José María Blecle

I resume my day of a rabbit,  
my night of an elephant in repose.

And, to myself, I say:  
this is my immensity in the raw, in jagged,  
this is my graceful weight, that sought me below to become a bird;  
this is my arm  
that on its own refused to be a wing,  
these are my scriptures,  
these my alarmed cellars.

A lagubrious island will illuminate me continental,  
while the capital leans on my intimate collapse  
and the lence-filled assembly adjoins my parade.

Not when I die  
from life and not from time,  
when my two suitcases become two,  
this will be my stomach in which my lamp fits in pieces,  
this that head that atoned for the turnouts of the circle in my steps,  
these those worms that my heart counted one by one,  
this will be my solidary body  
over which the individual soul is watching; this will be  
my navel in which I killed my innate lice,  
this my thing thing, my dreadful thing.

Meanwhile, convulsively, harshly,  
my bit convalesces,  
suffering like I suffer the direct language of the liar;  
and, because I have existed between two brick potestas,  
I too convalesce, smiling at my lips.

---

## Excerpt from THE WINDOWS SHUDDERED ... By César Vallejo

Blood runs wild in the thermometer:  
It is not pleasant to die, lord, if one leaves nothing in life and if  
nothing is possible in death, except on top of what is left in life!  
It is not pleasant to die, lord, if one leaves nothing in life and if  
nothing is possible in death, except on top of what is left in life!  
It is not pleasant to die, lord, if one leaves nothing in life and if  
nothing is possible in death, except on top of what could have been left  
in life!

## BIO's

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**Siamako** (1878-1915), one of the most important Armenian poets of the twentieth century was among the Armenian intellectuals executed by the Turkish government at the onset of the genocide during the first decade of the century. Available for the first time in English translation, his *BLOODY NEWS FROM MY FRIEND* depicts the atrocities committed by the Ottoman Turkish government against its Armenian population. The cycle of twelve poems bears the imprint of genocide in a language that is raw and blunt; it often eschews metaphor and symbol for more stark representation. Siamako confronts pain, destruction, sadism, and torture as few modern poets have.

---

**Adonis** (the pen-name of Ali Ahmad Said) was born in Syria in 1930. He was exiled to Beirut in 1956 and later became a Lebanese citizen. The founder of the influential journal *MAWADIF*, a critic as well as a poet, he has exercised enormous influence on Arabic literature.

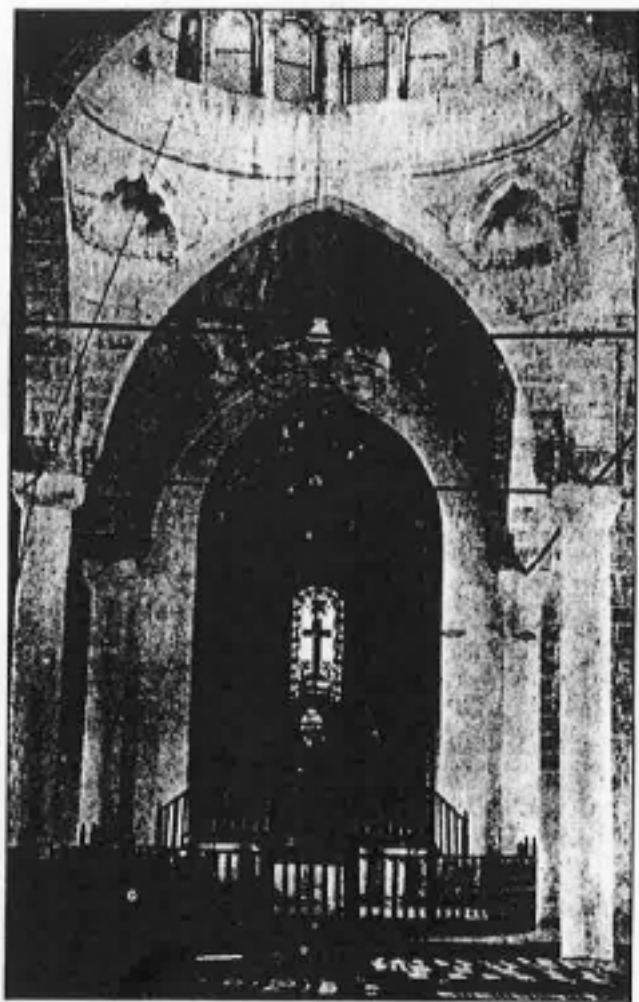
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**Micheaux, Henri** (Namen 1895 - Paris 1984) French speaking Belgian writer and painter; influenced by surrealism, travelled greatly throughout South America and Asia. His travels inspired him to write imaginary travel stories, such as *VOYAGE EN GRANDE CARABAGNE* (1936). His cruel, often mystical fantasies informed the greater part of his writing, which reads like an autobiography of his inner life. In his search for « artificial paradises », he fled into drugs; *MISERABLE MIRACLE* (1955). Because of the explosive nature of his poems, reminiscent of de Laublémond, his works are often inaccessible. He also tried to express his inner world through painting, especially gouache.  
"He who hides his madmen dies voiceless" – Henri Micheaux

---

**Valejo, César** (1895-1938), Peruvian poet. Valejo was one of the most influential yet least imitated figures of modern Spanish-American letters. He identified himself with the sufferings of the underprivileged and dedicated himself to the cause of social progress. Himself a cholo – a mestizo of Indian and white origin – he was deeply distressed by the exploitation of the Indian. His poems in *HERALDOS NEGROS* (1916) blend symbolism and caustic observation in terse classical form. He was imprisoned on false charges in 1920; in jail he wrote a part of *FALCE* (1922). The book is somber and tragic in tone and dramatically experimental in form. In 1923 he went to Europe in self-imposed exile, espoused the Marxist cause, and aligned himself with the Republicans in the Spanish civil war. He also wrote *TUNGSTENO* (1931), a moving novel about the Indians. Valejo made a meager living from journalism and died in poverty.

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INTERIOR OF THE ARMENIAN CHURCH AT URFA

Where many Armenians were burned. The Armenian Church was established in the fourth century; it is said to be the oldest stone Christian church in existence.

© THE MURDER OF A WITON (HONEY HISS INTRAC)



**ANATOLIAN GREEKS TURNED BACK**

After the fire these refugees, being between the age limits of 17 and 45 years, were not permitted to leave Smyrna with their families, but were sent back to the interior of Anatolia.

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**THOSE WHO FELL BY THE WAYSIDE**

Bodies like this were common all over the Armenian provinces, in the spring and summer months of 1915. Death in its several forms—massacre, starvation, exhaustion—destroyed the larger part of the refugees. The Turkish policy was that of extermination under the guise of deportation.

© THE MIRROR OF A NATION (HENRY MORGENTHAU)



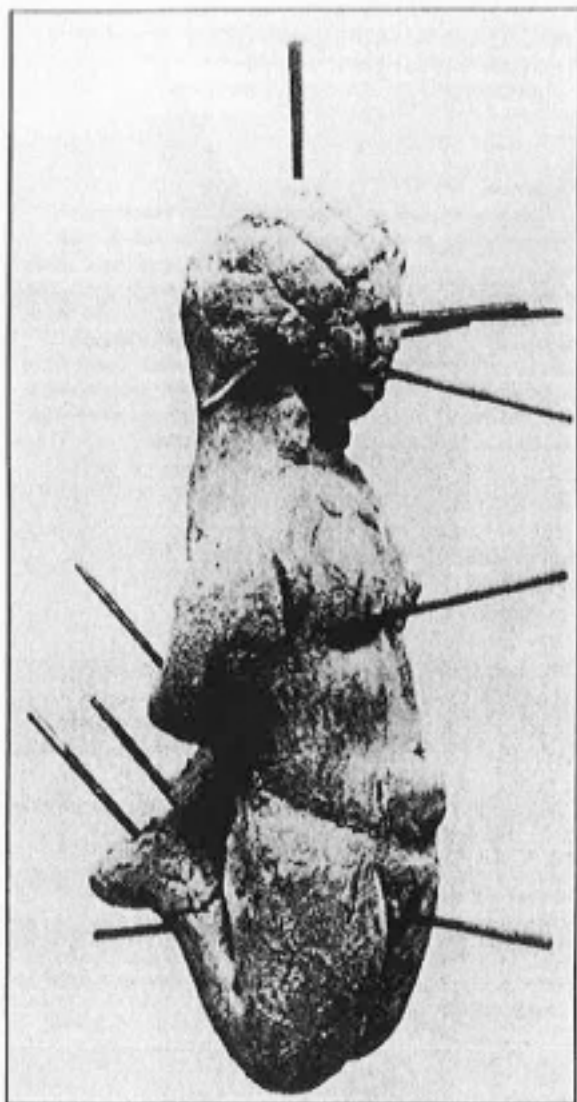


FIGURE 13. Elegant female figurine pierced by thirteen needles and found with staphis in a clay pot from Egypt.

© CURT BARRETT AND BOSTON BRUCE FROM THE ANCIENT WORLD (JOHN W. CALDWELL)

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