

NO TRANSLATION FOR THE TRANSLATOR

Assia Turki-Zauberman



I repeat after you when your thought is complete, don't sunder it artificially or I'll lose the thread, when I was a little boy in Thailand my house was wooden and the sounds were ancient, gesture to me if something isn't clear. My lover was assassinated on October 5th 1974 in our living room, they spared me because I was six months pregnant, I can whisper in your ear the whole time or I can wait for you to ask. I don't care about forgiveness, thank you for inviting me, to sit here with you when there is such destruction between the river and the sea, we hoped to preserve and promote those works erased.

I will pass very quickly over the first three parts that I have considered, at the time Arab and Turk were legal rather than ethnic distinctions. I don't need a mic-stand so long as I have a chair. Under thirty minutes, I charge half the hourly fee. It is the character's freedom that leads her to desire a man or a woman, not some kind of essential sexual identity, can you repeat the question? The fascist counter-revolution will not be stopped and there is nowhere to hide. I used to be a filmmaker with politics, now I'm a black mother afraid for her son. There used to be a special law that ensured all booksellers would have a chance, and I want to thank my good friend, I feel so at home in New York. It's a great honor. The French hated me, if it weren't for you I. Cinema can't do anything about that. I know what you mean. I know what you

mean. Dodging the first person, I wrote my first play at 16, then I became the bestselling author in Poland. I was a nurse for forty years, and for the first thirty we never spoke about money. Will you join us for dinner? Myth is a fact of the mind made manifest in a fiction of matter. I was sick of relations in the Bay Area, so I drove down to Guatemala in my BMW, aware of the ambiguous consequence of my failure.

It was a surprise to me that other people don't remember what was just said. Great gods don't ride little horses. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. That's all the time we have. Close enough to kiss. I once translated for a film festival with no audience, we swam in the waterfall, the screen overlooked the mountain, the filmmakers showed each other their last and I translated the introductions, everybody spoke English. We come from a tradition of slow cinema that has been formally exhausted, so the next idea was to make an eight-hour film with the average shot-length of a Billy Wilder picture. Can you roll us a joint? The mountain-dip screen is sky bent so darkness is night-length which at this time of year is less than eight hours long. We had to decide whether to fade the beginning or the end, orange beamed the subtitles off. I was scolded for the joints, he said this isn't summer camp, I said I had never been to summer camp. I wasn't paid for the gig but my plane ticket was paid for and A picked me up from the airport in a little blue

car and a green t-shirt like mine. At the Oscars I looked like Jessica Rabbit. At the conference, I was nauseous from intimacy and you are beating a straw-man here, for me colonialism as dispossession of land, depersonalization of culture and the legal qualification of individual, who is idealizing the Ottoman empire? Don't put me in this box. Torture me if you will but don't lecture me. This didn't start with Emmanuel Macron. I'm very suspicious. *Lehem* is bread in Hebrew and meat in Arabic.

Hypermnesia is my love-language. We would write emails to each other from different rooms in the apartment while the baby slept, this is how the script came together. I wake up at 5am, start writing at 6 and she makes me coffee every morning, round of applause. She stood and bowed her head four times. As one gesture or separate gestures? Folding a person in half and a third person lengthwise and a fourth person into an origami box. I'm not sure what all the fuss was about but the fight scene was undeniably good, it asked whether you can blame someone else for your impotence, like the third week of November I spent crying rather than writing this newsletter. I watched the Osage drum circle from the PR room and I didn't know what to make of it. But the night before I got Wim Wenders to read Celan to me, this I understand. Dodge the exposition of the exponential monstration, why doesn't anybody understand the word, at Deir Yassin, 140 deaths was the abomination, the guilty is less criminal than those who inherit and glorify the deed, monstration you see, Celan: where did the way go when it lead nowhere? As all those who know me know, bombs are so literal it's embarrassing. Bombs are so literal they never meet the thing they destroy. How stupid a hole in the ceiling, to end the manufacture of microscope glass, allergy medicine or the bitterness between brothers. The sexual is in time like a tiger is in space, and a bomb is like a really big bullet, both too literal to speak of. Monstration is the shape of an exit wound.

Dreams of rising water are auspicious in Morocco, Yto says, but this is in Marseille, my bus half-empty began to float without panic, quiet and taught moments preceding catastrophe. You could still learn to fight the dogs for scraps. The department of immigration doesn't consider it a skill, foreign nationals are assumed to be multilingual, I know what you mean. I know what you mean. Like the other where there's a storm coming, "a basket event", in case you thought you could escape it you can't, it'll basket you. I wear two pairs of where's-waldo striped underwear, the first begins to roll down my hip, but unnoticeably, because of the stripes underneath and I think, "See what you would let happen?" Subterfuge! My vocabular body! Responsive but irresponsible! Anomalous mode of being natural, insolvent virtuosity, you barely take any notes. So, listen: The guy who invented the power loom was a poet and a cleric. He had no skin in the garment industry but had been fooled seeing a pretend-machine win a chess match, Kleist and all. The queen

refused his patent because it would put too many of her subjects out of work and would destabilize the economic model, forcing it to expand needlessly, and indeed it did; and English orphans were enslaved, because you have to start somewhere; and the skies greyed with undignity winding the monocultural urge of expansive self-same value of none, expanding the will-to motionlessness that is homogeneity, through forced displacement and necessary refuge, built spaceless future. If Neil Turok is right that math and justice were borne of the same proof, Moten says genocide calls into question the very idea of the numeric. The irony of technique, that the extrapolation of a fungible quantity from social relation and the sickly inflation of this mutilation into world, the erection of systems of exchange on this negative value (debt as currency) leave only the number's signification full, universable, non-transductive, inheritable (class): this is what it means, money as value system, void as measure, wind hungry for itself. Chrysanthemum. (But) numbers' tiger is time, tracking return but also passing, kept in its having left, language's spine forward. Next year in Jerusalem. Pit of winter still, if unseasonably. This will become apparent. Perception is almost an end in itself. Rabbit, rabbit. ■

«<https://youtu.be/rfoNpWEahKU>»

ASSIA TURQUIER-ZAUBERMAN is a translator and interpreter and has just completed a long documentary "*Paradise Now x1 (2024)*". Wringing doomscroll and literary saturation, gossip girl with 1080 constellations, lives in Brooklyn, needs a reason to stay, legally, has written with David Graeber "*Anarchy in a manner of speaking (2019)*", will soon stage her thesis on negative theology or, how to cut off the hands of creation so as not to have to cut off anything else, "*the Prehensile (2021)*".

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