

Treason



Washington College's Foreign Literary Magazine

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails.

Corinthians 13 4-8

*Dedicated to
Professor Pears
For her enthusiastic work in her first year as advisor*

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Contents

An Introduction	7
A Letter from the Editors	8
고백 (가수: 뜨거운 감자) (Gobek (Kasu: Ddeuguhoon kamja))	10
Translation: Confessions of Love	11
Amor y Locura	12
Translation: Love and Madness	14
i carry your heart with me (i carry it in)	16
Translation: 나는 당신의 마음을 지니고 다닙니다 (Nanoon dangsinoui maeumeuljinigo daninda)	17
The Nymph's Reply to the Shepard	18
Translation: #description: the nymph's reply to the shepherd	19
Un secret	20
Translation: A Secret	21
So You Want to Be a Writer?	22
Translation: ¿Te dio por ser escritor?	24
¿Cómo Saber?	26
Translation: How to Know?	27
How Do I Love Thee?	28
¿Cómo te amo?	29

An Introduction

“Translation is not a matter of words only;
it is a matter of making intelligible a whole culture”
-Anthony Burgess

Started in 1974 year by Spanish and French Assistant Professors at Washington College, the first publication of *Treason* was actually entitled, *Barbarisms!* It has since then had spent the last thirty plus years coming in and out of the publication spotlight with different names and many different forms. In its basic form, it contains pieces of written work from various Washington College authors—whether it is translating already known pieces or their own creative writing.

The main focus of *Treason*, though, has always been celebrating and promoting the beauty of other languages, particularly those languages that have a presence at Washington College, as well as the art of translation—something that goes beyond merely looking up the equivalent of a word in another language.

The written art form has been a part of culture for centuries—from Shakespeare to Cervantes to Voltaire and more. Without translation, these artists’ works would be lost to much of the world. Burgess is right when he says that translation makes “intelligible a whole culture.” What we want to do with *Treason* is celebrate what translation does for the cultural world and for readers everywhere.

A Letter from the Editors: On the Theme of Love

A friend once told me that a published author told her the best way to become a better writer was to fall in love in three different continents. Love, specifically romantic love, is an elusive thing that is known to be incredible, torturous, and beautiful all at once. It's overwhelming; it comes at times unexpected, and it is a universal emotion with a history as long as time.

Of course today, there are attempts to scientifically explain what love is, and one may or may not believe in its power or existence, but what we can all agree on is that its pervading influence on writers and artists alike has been endless.

With this volume of *Treason*, we hope to bring to life the language of romance as it is seen in different languages and forms, reminding us all of this influence by combining classic works with new ones. From the celebration of its beauty to the tributes describing its pain, our student translators have chosen their favorite pieces of work or created their own to describe how they feel about the elusive emotion.

Sincerely,
Samantha Gross '14
Mary Roman '12



고백 (가수: 뜨거운 감자)

뚜구언 감자

Korean

달이 차고

내 마음도 차고

이대로 담아두기엔 너무 안타까워

너를 향해 가는데

달은 나에게

오라 손짓하고

귓속에 얘길하네

지금 이 순간이 바로 그 순간이야

제일 맘에드는 옷을 입고

노란꽃 한송이를 손에 들고

널 바라보다 그만 나도 모르게 웃어버렸네

이게 아닌데

내맘은 이게 아닌데

널 위해

준비한

오백가지 멋진 말이 남았는데

사랑한다는 그 흔한 말이 아니야

그보다

더욱더

로맨틱하고 달콤한 말을 준비했단 말야

숨이 차고

밤공기도 차고

두눈을 감아야만 니 모습이 보여

결을 수가 없는데

구름위를 걷는다는 말이

과장이 아니란 걸 알게 됐어

널 알게 된 후부터 나의 모든 건 다 달라졌어

나를 봐줘요

내 말을 들어 봐줘요

아무리

생각을

하고 또해도 믿어지지 않을 만큼 사랑해

Confessions of Love

Translation by 한 아영 (*Ah-Young Han*)

English

The moon is full
My heart is blooming
I can't wait anymore
To tell you this

The moon beacons
And whispers at me
'Now or never'

Dressed up in my favorite outfit
Carrying a yellow flower in my hand
But looking at you, I end up laughing at the wrong moment!

*Oh no, this isn't
This isn't what I meant
I have five hundred gorgeous words left for you
And it's nothing like "I love you"
I have prepared a much more romantic way to say this

My breath is short,
The night air is chilly
I can't even walk because
I have to close my eyes to see you

Now I understand
What it means to walk over the clouds
Everything has changed forever
Since I met you

Please look at me and listen
I love you incredibly

Amor y Locura

Anónimo

Spanish

La primera vez que se jugó al escondite en la Tierra no jugaron personas, jugaron sentimientos. Fue la Iniciativa quien lo propuso y el Entusiasmo bailó de júbilo, secundado por la Euforia. La Alegría dio tantos saltos que terminó por convencer incluso a la Duda y a la Apatía y aunque no todos quisieron participar (la Verdad prefirió no esconderse, porque al final siempre la hallaban) la Locura empezó a contar. 1, 2, 3...

La primera en esconderse fue la Pereza, dejándose caer tras la primera piedra del camino. La Generosidad casi no alcanzó a esconderse porque cada escondite que hallaba le parecía maravilloso para alguno de sus amigos: un lago cristalino ideal para la Belleza, una hendidura en un árbol perfecta para la Timidez. Una ráfaga de viento magnífica para la Libertad... Así q terminó por acurrucarse en un rayo de sol mientras el Egoísmo permanecía en un sitio mejor, pero sólo para él. La Mentira por su parte se escondió en el fondo del mar, la Pasión y el Deseo en el centro de un volcán, etc. Uno a uno todos los sentimientos fueron escondiéndose y entonces la Locura comenzó a buscar. Encontró a la Fe conversando con Dios y cerca de ella a la Envidia, que se encontraba a la sombra del triunfo. En el lago halló a la Belleza y aun decidiéndose por donde esconderse descubrió a la Duda. Poco a poco fue encontrando a todos: al Talento entre la hierba, a la Angustia en una cueva oscura, a la Soberbia en la cima de una gran montaña... Sólo el Amor continuaba oculto aunque la locura

lo buscó detrás de cada árbol, en cada río y en todos los mares pero cuando ya estaba a punto de darse por vencida, divisó un simple rosal y entre sus flores lo encontró. Decidió aparecerse por sorpresa como siempre el Amor solía hacer y cuando empezó a mover las ramas escuchó un quejido que ya no era de sorpresa, sino de dolor: Las espinas del rosal habían herido al amor en los ojos y le habían dejado ciego! La Locura no sabía que hacer para disculparse por el accidente y lloró e imploró y prometió al amor que desde entonces siempre sería su fiel guía.

Desde entonces, desde que por primera vez se jugó al escondite en la tierra, el amor es ciego, y la locura siempre la acompaña...

Love and Madness

Translation by: Luis Machado

English

The first time hide and seek was played on Earth, it was not people that played but emotions. It was Initiative who proposed the game and Enthusiasm danced with Glee accompanied by Euphoria. Joy skipped and jumped to convince Doubt and Apathy and though not everyone wanted in (Truth preferred not to hide, because she was always caught in the end) Madness began to count. 1, 2, 3...

The first to hide was Sloth, falling in a heap behind the first stone by the path. Generosity almost didn't get to hide because every hiding place found seemed a wonderful thing for a friend: a crystalline lake ideal for Beauty, a cranny in a tree perfect for Shyness. A gust of wind ideal for Freedom... So finally she cuddled in a ray of sunshine while Selfishness kept to a better spot, all for his lonesome. On its own end, Lie hid at the bottom of the sea, Passion and Desire found themselves at the center of a volcano, etc. One by one all the feelings went hiding and then Madness began seeking. Faith was found conversing with God, and nearby was Envy, in the shadow of Triumph. In the lake was Beauty, and still trying to find a hiding place was Doubt. Little by little, they were all found: Talent hidden amongst leafs; Anguish was in a dark cove, Pride on the top of the highest mountain...

Only Love managed to stay hidden though madness sought behind every tree, in every river and in all the oceans of the world.

But just when madness was about to surrender, a simple rose bush caught her eye, and there was love. Deciding to act as love would do and go for a surprise, Madness began to sneakily move aside the flowers. A cry not of surprise but pain came from the bush forcing Madness to go still: The thorns of the bush had wounded Love and blinded her! Madness couldn't think of what to do to apologize for accidentally hurting Love, and cried and plead and pledged to faithfully be her guide from then on. Since then, that very first time that hide and seek was played on earth, Love is blind and Madness is always with her...

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in)

by e. e. Cummings

English

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go, my dear; and whatever is done
by only me is your doing, my darling)

i fear

no fate(for you are my fate, my sweet) i want
no world(for beautiful you are my world, my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

나는 당신의 마음을 지니고 다닙니다

Translation by: 남 승정 (*SeungJung Nam*)

Korean

나는 당신의 마음을 지니고 다닙니다 (내 마음속에 지니고
다닙니다) 한번도 그러하지 아니 할 때가 없습니다 (내가 가는 곳은
어디든, 그대여, 당신도 갑니다. 내 홀로 무엇을 하든
그건 당신이 하는 일입니다. 님이여)

나는 운명이

두렵지 않습니다 (님이여, 당신이 내 운명이기에) 나는 세계가
필요하지 않습니다 (진정한 이여, 아름다운 당신이 내 세계이기에)
달이 늘 의미해 왔던 것이 바로 당신이요
해가 늘 부르게 될 노래가 바로 당신입니다

여기애 아무도 모르는 가장 깊은 비밀이 있고
(여기애 생명이라는 나무의 뿌리의 뿌리와
싹의 싹과 하늘의 하늘이 있고 그것은 영혼이
희망하고 마음이 숨을 수 있는 것보다 더 크게 자랍니다)
그리고 이것이 별들을 서로 떨어져 있게 하는 경이입니다

나는 당신의 마음을 지니고 다닙니다 (내 마음속에 지니고 다닙니다)

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepard

By Sir Walter Raleigh

English

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

The gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Code

```
#!/usr/bin/env perl
# filename: nymphs_reply.pl
# description: the nymph's reply to the shepherd
# created: before 1599, sir walter raleigh (wraleigh)
# modified: 02.14.2012, william fielder (wfielder)
# bug tracker: (cmarlowe) successful exit conditions will never be met
# bug closed: (wraliegh) nofix, working as designed
# === pragmas and globals === #
use File::Copy;
$world_and_love = 1000;                                # vast untold eons
$shepherds_tongue = 0;                                 # what a guy
$rocks = 300;                                         # warm, degrees kelvin
$philomel = 100;                                       # iq, smart bird
$youth = 0;                                            # wasted on the young
$rivers = "with more than flinty rage";                # apologies to thom
$folly = "the riper should by time decease";          # apologies to will
$season = "rotten apple from the hoard";               # apologies to geoff
@items      = qw(gowns, shoes, roses, cap, kirtle, posies);
@accessories = qw(belt of straw, ivy buds, coral clasps, amber studs);
@joys       = qw(date, age, need);
# === subroutines === #
sub TickTock
{
    $time = localtime();
    if (-e "/field/flocks" ) {
        move("/field/flocks", "/field/fold") || die("cannot move, $!\n");
    }
    print("\n$time\n\n");
}
# === main === #
if (($world_and_love <= 8) && ($shepherds_tongue)) {
    move("/me/pretty_pleasures", "/thee/thy_love") || die("cannot move,
$!\n");
    exit 0;
}
TickTock();
while (($rivers =~ m/rage/) && ($rocks >= 200)) {
    $rocks -= 128;
    $philomel -= 32;
    push(@the_rest, qw(cares)) || warn("cares: complain\n\n");
}
undef($flowers);
$wanton_fields = "wayward winter reckoning";
@sorrows_fall = @fancys_spring = ("honey tongue", "heart of gall");

if (($folly =~ m/ripe/) && ($season =~ m/rotten/)) {
    foreach $item (@items) {
        undef($item);
    }
}
unless (@accessories) {
    move("/me/to_come", "/thee/thy_love") || die("cannot move, $!\n");
    exit 0;
}
if (($youth) && (-e "/thee/thy_love")) {
    unless(@joys) {
        move("/me/delights", "/thee/thy_love") || die("cannot move, $!\n");
        exit 0;
    }
}
exit 1;
```

Un secret

Par Félix Arvers

French

Mon âme a son secret, ma vie a son mystère;
Un amour éternel en un moment conçu;
Le mal est sans espoir, aussi j'ai dû le taire,
Et celle qui l'a fait n'en a jamais rien su.

Hélas! J'aurais passé près d'elle inaperçu,
Toujours à ses côtés, et pourtant solitaire,
Et j'aurais jusqu'au bout fait mon temps sur la terre,
N'osant rien demander et n'ayant rien reçu.

Pour elle, quoique Dieu l'ait fait douce et tendre,
Elle ira son chemin, distraite, et sans entendre
Ce murmure d'amour élevé sur ses pas;

A l'austère devoir pieusement fidèle,
Elle dira, lisant ces vers tout remplis d'elle:
“Quelle est donc cette femme?” et ne comprends pas.

A Secret

Translation by: Alexander Vidiani

English

My soul has its secret, my life has its mystery;
An eternal love conceived in a moment;
Pain is hopeless, and I have had to keep quiet,
And the one who has caused this will never know of it.

Alas! I would pass close to her unnoticed,
Always at her side, yet always alone,
And I will always until the end of my time on this earth,
Daring to ask for nothing and having to receive nothing.

She, though God makes her gentle and mild,
She will go her way, distracted, and without knowing
This murmur of love raised from her steps;

To the piously loyal supporter,
She would say, reading these poems filled with her:
“Who is this woman?” and would not understand.

So you want to be a writer?

By Charles Bukowski

English

if it doesn't come bursting out of you
in spite of everything,
don't do it.

unless it comes unmasked out of your
heart and your mind and your mouth
and your gut,
don't do it.

if you have to sit for hours
staring at your computer screen
or hunched over your
typewriter
searching for words,
don't do it.

if you're doing it for money or
fame,
don't do it.

if you're doing it because you want
women in your bed,
don't do it.

if you have to sit there and
rewrite it again and again,
don't do it.

if it's hard work just thinking about doing it,
don't do it.

if you're trying to write like somebody
else,
forget about it.

if you have to wait for it to roar out of
you,
then wait patiently.

if it never does roar out of you,
do something else.

if you first have to read it to your wife
or your girlfriend or your boyfriend
or your parents or to anybody at all,
you're not ready.

don't be like so many writers,
don't be like so many thousands of
people who call themselves writers,
don't be dull and boring and
pretentious, don't be consumed with self-
love.

the libraries of the world have
yawned themselves to
sleep
over your kind.
don't add to that.
don't do it.

unless it comes out of
your soul like a rocket,
unless being still would
drive you to madness or
suicide or murder,
don't do it.

unless the sun inside you is
burning your gut,
don't do it.

when it is truly time,
and if you have been chosen,
it will do it by
itself and it will keep on doing it
until you die or it dies in you.

there is no other way.

and there never was.

¿Te dio por ser escritor?
Traducción por Luis Machado
Spanish

Si no sale como destello de ti
A pesar de todo lo demás,
No lo hagas.

A menos que escape espontáneamente de tu
Corazón y tu mente y tu boca
Y de tu interior,
No lo hagas.

Si te tienes que sentar por horas
Viendo la pantalla de tu computadora
O arrinconado sobre tu
Máquina de escribir
Buscando las palabras,
No lo hagas.

Si lo estás haciendo por dinero o
Fama,
No lo hagas.

Si lo estás haciendo porque quieres
Mujeres en tu cama,
No lo hagas.

Si te tienes que sentar ahí y
Reescribirlo una y otra vez,
No lo hagas.

Si es tarea solo pensar hacerlo,
No lo hagas.

Si buscas escribir en palabras de
Otro,
Olvídalos.

Si tienes que esperar para que salga a todo pulmón de
Ti,
Entonces espera pacientemente.
Si nunca sale de tí con esa pasión,
Consigue otra labor.

Si primero tienes que leérselo a tu mujer
O a tu novia o a tu novio
O a tus padres o a cualquier persona,
Entonces no estás listo.

No seas como tantos otros escritores,
No seas como tantos miles de
Personas que se llaman escritores,
No seas tupido y aburrido y
Pretencioso, no te dejes consumir por
Amor propio.

Las bibliotecas del mundo se han
Bostezado en
sueño
Por otros como tu.
No le agregues a eso.
No lo hagas.

A menos que salga de
Tu alma como un cohete,
A menos que estar quieto te llevaría
A la locura o
Al suicidio o al asesinato,
No lo hagas.

A menos que el sol este dentro de ti,
Quemando tus entrañas,
No lo hagas.

Cuando sea verdaderamente el tiempo,
Y si en verdad has sido escogido,
Se hará por
Su cuenta y seguirá haciéndolo
Hasta que te mueras o muera en ti.

No hay otra manera.

Y nunca la ha habido.

¿Cómo Saber?

Anónimo

Spanish

Cómo saber que es de día,
si no veo la luz de tus ojos.

Cómo tomarte en mis brazos,
sin ahogarte de pasión.

Cómo saber que es amor,
y sin tenerte a mi lado.

Cómo vivir esta vida,
sin besarte día a día.

Cómo saber que es ternura,
si no siento tus caricias.

Cómo saber el bello canto de un ruiseñor,
sin escuchar tu voz todo el día.

Cómo ser feliz,
si no tomas parte de mi vida.

How to Know?

Translation by Alyson Pagano

English

How to know day,
without the light of your eyes?

How to take you in my arms,
without drowning in passion?

How to know love,
without you by my side?

How to live this life,
without kissing you day after day?

How to know tenderness,
without the feel of your touch?

How to know the beauty of the nightingale's song,
without hearing your voice each day?

How to be happy,
without you in my life?

How Do I Love Thee?
By Elizabeth Barrett Browning
English

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways...
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, - I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! - and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

¿Cómo te amo?

Translation by Samantha Gross

Spanish

¿Cómo te amo? Permíteme contar las maneras...
Te amo con la profundidad y la anchura y la altura
Mi alma puede alcanzar cuando se siente que ojos que no ven
Para los fines de Siendo y Gracia ideal.
Te amo al nivel del necesario más tranquilo
De el cotidiano, por el sol y a la luz de las velas.
Te amo libremente, como los hombres se esfuerzan para Bien.
Te amo puramente, mientras de vuelven a la Alabanza.
Te amo con una pasión que hace a usar
En mis aflicciones viejos, y la fe de mi juventud.
Te amo con un amor que yo parecí perder
Con mis santos perdidos—Te amo con el aliento,
Sonrisas, lágrimas, ¡de todo de mi vida!—y, si el Dios decide,
Te amará mejor después de mi muerte.

Acknowledgements

A special thank you to the following people for helping us put together the history leading up to this issue:

- **Professor George Shivers**, former head of the Modern Languages Department
- **Professor Shaw n Stein**, associate professor of Hispanic Studies
- **Sarah Fritz**, 2006 graduate with a BA in Hispanic Studies and Humanities

And congratulations to our graduating editor, **Mary Roman**, who has been a part of *Treason* since bringing it back in 2010.

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