



Chogun
DECEMBER 2023 (13)
ZINE

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어느 날

이수명

날이 차갑다. 날이 또렷하다. 날에서 상한 냄새가 난다.
리듬이 끝났다. 너는 별을 찌려 한다. 별을 조금만 더
찌려 한다. 둥근 등받이 의자에 너를 걸쳐놓는다. 날이
차갑다. 두 개의 날이 섞이지 않는다. 두 개의 날이 어떤
날이었는지 알 수가 없다. 어느 날 너는 날을 침범한
것이다. 날과 날의 영역을 범한 것이다. 다시 날이
차갑다. 너는 별을 찌려 한다. 울퉁불퉁한 별을 향해
몸을 기울인다.

《언제나 너무 많은 비들》中 (문학과지성사, 2011)

Eoneu nal

Lee Sumyeong

Nari chagapda. Nari ttoryeotada. Nareseo sanghan
naemsaega nanda. Rideumi kkeunnatda. Neoneun
byeoteul jjoeryeo handa. Byeoteul jogumman
deo jjoeryeo handa. Dunggeun deungbaji uijae
georeul geolchyeonnonneunda. Nari chagapda.
Du gaeui nari seokkiji anneunda. Du gaeui nari
eotteon narieonneunji al suga eopda. Eoneu nal
neoneun nareul chimbeomhan geosida. Nalgwa
narui yeongyeogeul beomhan geosida. Dasi nari
chagapda. Neoneun byeoteul jjoeryeo handa.
Ultungbultunghan byeoteul hyanghae momeul
giurinda.

from *Eorjena neomu maneun bideul* (Moonji, 2011)

작년 일다 출판사와 함께한 **줄줄 프로젝트**를 위해 이수명 시 <이빨들의 춤>과 <물류창고>를 번역했다. 여태까지 감성적이고 감정적인 시를 주로 담당해 왔는데, 건조한 어투를 내 입에 걸쳐보니 낯설고 좋았다. 알사탕인 줄 알고 입안에 굴렸는데 맛보니 구슬인 느낌이랄까? 침에 의해 녹는 사탕과 달리 무맛이면서 영원한 단단함이 남는 시어로 기억한다.

번역 기간에 이수명 시인은 <도시가스>와 <칠성슈퍼를 보았다> 무려 두 권을 내셨고 윌트 앤 시니컬에서 낭독회가 열렸다. 피케팅이었고 만석이었다. 나와 비슷한 나이의 시인 여러 명을 보았다. 나보다 더 구석진 자리에 앉아있던 김리운 시인과 잠깐 인사를 나누고 1열 직관에 성공한 김선오 시인의 뒤통수를 의식했다. 1열의 청년들은 하나같이 커다란 꽃다발을 발밑에 두고 서로 반가워하며 들떠 보였다. 나도 역시 역 근처 꽃집에 들러 산 소박한 꽃을 손에 들고 있었다.

시인은 은은한 조명 아래 격양 없는 목소리로 낭독을, 모든 말씀을 이어가셨다. 가벼운 농담을 치실 때마다 1열이 까르르 넘어가는 모습이 신기했다. 물론 나도 웃고 있었다. 이수명 선생님은 이런 분이구나, 싶었다. 후배들의 존경과 사랑을 듬뿍 받고 계신 시인의 시인.

그리고 번역가, 무려 영한 번역가시다. (지난 12호 황금녀 선생님께서 <초과> 초대 시인 중 최초의 번역가셨다.) 이수명 시인은 이론을 한국어로 옮기시는 분이려 이번 호를 읽고 평하실 수 있다는 점이 영광스러우면서도 참여자에게 부담스러울 수 있다. 갑자기 숨고 싶다면 <횡단> 중 <시론 1>을 추천한다.

도달할 수 없는 것에 도달하고자 할 때 환각을 본다. 바꾸어 말하면 도달된 어떤 유일한 순간이 환각이다. 환각은 무리하게, 아름다움을 팽창시킨 것이다... 환각은 대개 잠겨져 있다. 쉽게 열리지 않고 명석하다. 시를 읽는 사람들은 각자 자신의 열쇠로 여기에 들어선다. 그리고 그 열쇠에 맞게 환각은 이동한다. (31)

시에 취할 수밖에 없다. 이어 번역에 취한다. 시 번역이야말로 정말 '도달할 수 없는 것에 도달하고자' 하는 것 아닌가? 환각처럼 주관적일 수밖에 없는 경험을 언어화하는 것? 번역가마다 자신의 열쇠를 만들고 환각은 이동한다. 번역가가 많을수록 환각이 활발해진다.

A poet who has written not only seven collections but also three books of poetics is, to me, a poet's poet. Lee Sumyeong (b. 1965) is our poet's poet this issue.

Last year, I was commissioned to translate two of her poems for *Ravel-Unravel: An Anthology of New Korean Poetry*. Translating her poetry was like sucking on hard candy then realizing it was a marble. Without flavor and forever intact.

Around the same time, Lee Sumyeong published two new books, a book of essays and a book of poetry. I went to her reading at Wit n Cynical where she spoke very calmly and all these young famous poets periodically burst into laughter, completely enraptured.

She's also a translator from English to Korean. She translated *Introducing Lacan* by Darian Leader and illustrated by Judy Groves, *Introducing Derrida* by Jeff Collins and illustrated by Bill Mayblin, and other illustrated books of theory.

Here is a poet who is not afraid to write, "Poetry exists to exist," or quote, "A poem should not mean / But be." The thing itself. Like Ponge's objects. In timeless time like a Magritte painting. Simply existing in some startling relation to one another.

But no need to get intimidated... I hope not. Her first book of poetics, *Crossing*, comforted me greatly while I was writing this issue. Lee Sumyeong writes:

One hallucinates when attempting to reach the unreachable. In other words, the moment of reaching the unreachable is a hallucination. A hallucination is beauty excessively expanded... Hallucinations are generally secure. They do not easily open; they are tricky. Readers enter the poem with their respective keys. And the hallucination moves in accordance to each key. (31, translated by me)

Man, I love poetry. And translation. Isn't translation exactly "attempting to reach the unreachable"? Putting to words an experience as subjective as a hallucination? Each translator makes their own key and the hallucination moves accordingly. The more translators there are, the livelier the hallucination.

그럼 우리가 다들 <어느 날>은 어떤 시인가? 무슨 ‘날’을 다루는가? <<언제나 너무 많은 비들>>에 실린 신형철의 해설 <잠재적인 것과 해방적인 것>을 따르면,

방금 전까지 누군가가 리드미컬 한 칼질을 했고(“리듬이 끝났다”), 지금은 그 칼을 씻은 다음 햇볕에 말리고 있다(“너는 별을 찌러한다”)고 말이다. 그렇다고 이 시가 day가 아니라 blade에 대한 시라고 단정하는 것을 적절하지 않다. 정확히 말하자면 이 시는 그 둘 사이의 혼란을 의도적으로 조장하고 있고, 그 혼란이 끝까지 유지되는 한에서만 시로서의 긴장을 갖는다. (135)

마그리트 그림 속 하늘이 하늘이면서 그림인 것처럼 이수명 시 속 날은 day이면서 blade인 것이다. 그럼, 한국어 동음이의어가 만들어내는 역설을 어떻게 번역할 수 있을까?

(참여자 곶탕 먹이려고 고른 건 아니다. <비인칭 그래프>나 <비의 연산>에 비해 <어느 날>은 이수명 시 중에 간단한 축에 속한다. 신형철 평론가가 말하기를 “이 시에서 ‘날’이 동음이의어일 수 있다는 사실을 간파하기만 하면 곧 그 혼란을 즐길 수 있게 되기 때문이다.”)

어찌어찌 62편의 번역과 번역 아닐 수도 있는 다양한 무언가가 모이게 되었다. 이번 호는 또 하나 특별한 점이 있다. 독일어 번역도 6편 실렸다!

‘줄줄 프로젝트’에서 한독 번역을 담당한 박술 번역가가 좀 특강 자리를 마련해주셨다. 한 치의 고민도 없이 한여름의 <<초과>> 워크숍을 열어 9명의 참가자와 함께 <어느 날>을 탐구했다. 다수가 비독일인이었으나, 시 번역을 시도할 정도로 독일어, 영어, 그리고 한국어를 잘했다. 각별한 감사와 응원을 보낸다.

이번 호부터 모든 시를 게재하지만, 답글은 10편에 대해서만 쓰겠다고 트위터에 공지했었다. 62편을 예상하고 지은 틀은 아니고, 어차피 또 초과했다. 몇 명에게 답글 달았는지 숫자를 세진 않았다. 다 연결되어 있으니 ‘우등생 목록’으로 받아들이지 않았으면 좋겠다. 물론 순서대로 안 읽어도 되지만, 어떤 흐름이 있긴 있다.

일일이 해설 못 하는 대신 밑줄 처리로 재밌는 번역을 표기해 놓았다. 묘미 세 가지를 짚고 가겠다.

I veer toward lesser known poems to feature in chogwa, but I had already marked “Eoneu nal” as one of my top three choices when I read the legendary literary critic Shin Hyung-chul write at length about this specific poem. (Most Korean poetry collections are accompanied by a critical essay at the end.) Shin writes:

Someone finished rhythmically chopping something with a knife (“The rhythm has ended.”), washed that knife, and laid it out to dry in the sun (“You’re trying to get some sun.”). However, it is inaccurate to conclude that this poem is not about day but about blade. To be precise, the poem intentionally incites dubiety between the two, and it retain its poetic tension only as long as the dubiety is maintained.

In the way that the sky in a Magritte painting can be both the sky and a painting, the nal in this Lee Sumyeong poem is both day and blade. So how the hell do we translate this?

(Hand on my heart, I did not choose this poem to “trick” translators. Even Shin says this is one of Lee Sumyeong’s easier poems because “once you realize Nal is a homophone you can enjoy the dubiety.”)

Somehow 62 translations and maybe-not-translations came together. This issue is also made special by 6 translations from Korean to German!

Professor Sool Park, who translated all 24 poems from Korean to German for Ravel-Unravel, invited me to give a guest lecture over Zoom. I pounced on the opportunity to try a chogwa workshop in German and English.

I had tweeted that *chogwa* would continue featuring all submissions but comment on 10 starting this issue. It wasn’t a boundary I set expecting 62 translations, and I outdid myself again. I have no idea numerically how many I replied to, as I think of them as a collective text. Please don’t think of the commented translations as the “best” or even my favorite! I arranged them in a specific order that has nothing to do with quality.

Instead of analyzing every single translation, I’m now underlining what I think are interesting choices. But first, here are three things you might like to know about the poem:

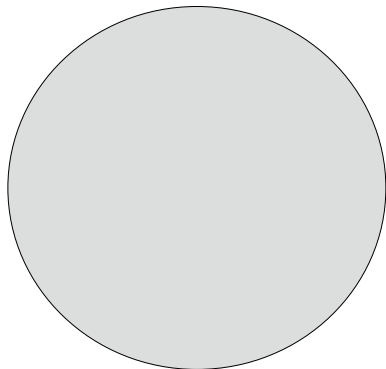
① 두 개의 날이 섞이지 않는다. What is the matter of Nal?

동사 선택에 '날'을 이루는 물질에 대한 태도가 들어난다.

The verb chosen for Du gaeui nari seokkiji aneunda reveals what the translator thinks Nal is made of.

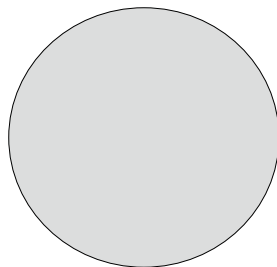
Consider the differences between
“two days do not blend” (vici) and
“These two do not intertwine” (Caja).

Now times 62.



25명은 mix를 선택했다. 참고로 mixer는 말대로 믹서기이면서 베이킹 재료가 섞이듯이 다양한 사람들이 어울릴 수 있는 파티도 뜻한다.

25 translators chose “mix,” a verb that can apply to anything from baking ingredients to people at a party.



13명은 blend를 선택했다. 과일 갈아서 스무디 만들때, 물감을 섞거나 화장을 블렌딩할 때 쓰는 동사다. 재혼가족을 'blended family'라고 부르기도 한다.

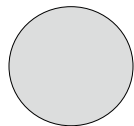
13 translators chose “blend,” a verb that produces smoothies, paints, makeup, and other liquids. “Blended family” is also a term in use.

CONCEPTUAL VERBS



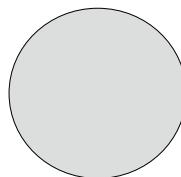
개념적 동사는 “do not agree” (Yeahwon), “are incongruous” (Yoon)가 있다.

These verbs remind me of a short video I made this summer called “Irrespondence.” I quite like this word. Irrespond is what Nals do. I also like it because it sounds like “irresponsible” which I like being able to be outside of translation.



FROM LIQUID TO SOLID

그 외로 액체성을 가진 표현은 “fuse into one” (Calista)와 “transfuse” (Dabin), “bleed together” (Sunmi), “flow into each other (Mojdeh)가 있었다. 피 관련 동사가 눈에 띈다.



OTHER FLUID—BLOODY—TERMS

그 외로 액체성을 가진 표현은 “fuse into one” (Calista)와 “transfuse” (Dabin), “bleed together” (Sunmi), “flow into each other (Mojdeh)가 있었다. 피 관련 동사가 눈에 띈다.

② 어느 날 너는 날을 침범한 것이다. What did you cut or invade or seize?

많은 번역가가 세 번째 '날'을 발굴했다. '나를'의 날.

Many translators found a third Nal beyond day and blade: me.

- "One day you invaded me" (Caja)
- "Some day you invaded my border" (Sool)
- "And one day you've got me too" (Amine)

'날을'을 '나를'로 읽는 건 오독이긴 한데, 시인도 인지한 말장난이 아닐까?

영어 문법을 따르자면 정관사가 필요해서 '나의' 날로 번역한 참여자도 있다.

If there are so many interpretations of a thing, including a popular "mis"reading, maybe it should be as ambiguous in translation.

- "One day, you just sliced into me" (Jon Young)
- "Some bladed day you've cut into my day" (Dabin)

보이다시피 '나'가 소개되는 순간 '너'는 곧잘 칼 든 사람, 혹은 칼이 되기도 한다.

Any iteration of "my" or "me" introduces a relationship between "you" and the speaker as a character. These translations imagine a "you" who is either holding or is a knife.

반대 경우는 "One day you have intruded a blade."

칼과 완전히 다른 이미지는 "one day you muddled the two, breached their domains." (Yoon)

VERB WITHOUT AN OBJECT

- "You had intruded one day" (Justin)
- "One day you had invaded" (Jennifer)

SEIZE THE DAY-PUN

- "You seized me one day" (Sindhoora)
- "One day, you seized the blade" (Yeahwon)
- "one day you seized a day" (David)

미래시제 FUTURE TENSE

- "Someday you will invade the day" (Bayla)
- "One day you will invade me" (Hannah, Anna)
- "One day you will invade one of them" (Lisa)
- "Some day you will breach the day" (Yoojung)

③ 비들 Pluralized rains

원문에서 문법적으로 어색한 표현을 사용하면 번역도 어색해야 하는가? ‘틀림’과 시적임을 어떻게 구분할 수 있을까?

If the source is intentionally grammatically awkward, should the translation also contain a grammatical “mistake”? How can we distinguish between what is “wrong” and what is poetic?

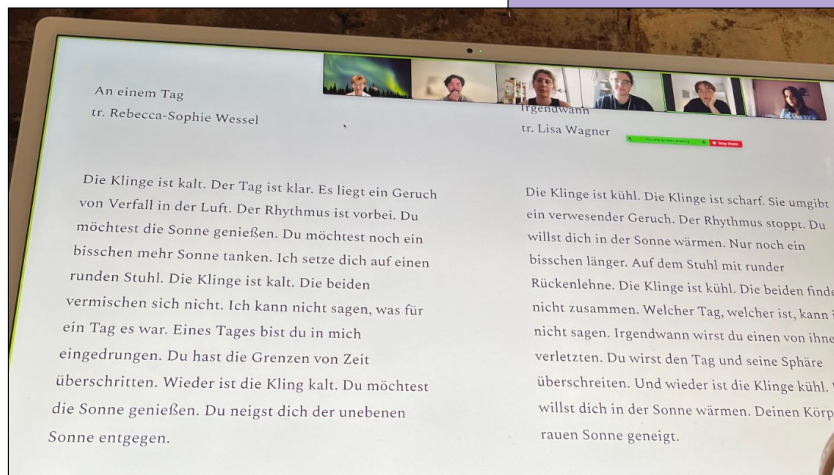


mit Tagesklinge,
소제 Soje

Pille-Palle Poesie

mit Soje

Ruhr-Universität Bochum
6. Juni 2023



One Day

tr. Sindhoora 신두라

The day is cold. Clear. Crystal. The day smells of rot. The death of rhythm has come. You bask in the sun, and then some more. I prop you up against the round, backseat of the chair. The day is cold. The two days remain do not coalesce. It is difficult to tell them apart. The two days remain distinct. It is difficult to distinguish them. You seized me one day. You seized the space between the days. The day is cold once again. You bask in the sun. Your body leans towards the knobbly field.

from *Alotness of Rain*

A Blade

tr. 오윤주 Yoonju Oh

A blade is cold. A blade is clear. A blade smells stale. Rhythm has ended. You are trying to get some sun. Trying to get a little more sun. Laying you on a rounded back chair. A blade is cold. Two blades do not mix. No one knows what these two were. One day you invade a blade. You invade a blade and the realm of a blade. Again a blade is cold. You are trying to get some sun. Leaning toward the rutted sunshine.

from *Always Too Many Rains*

Someday

The blade is cold to the touch. The blade is sharpened. A rotten smell is coming from it. The rhythm has stopped. You want to shower yourself in sunlight. Just a little bit longer. I place you on a round backrest chair. The blade is cold to the touch. The two don't mix. You don't know which day, is which. One day you will invade one of them. You will pass its realm. Again, the blade is cold. You shower yourself in sunlight. Bending your body towards the rough sun.

tr. Lisa Wagner 리사 바그너

from *Always, too many rains*

Sometime

tr. Anna Elisabeth Bestek 아나 엘리자베스 베스테크

The knife, it is cold as ice. The knife, it feels sharp-edged. The knife, it smells of decay. Rhythm has ceased. You are going to bask in the sun. Go and bask in the sun a little while longer. Draping you over across the chair's round backrest. The knife, it is cold as ice. A pair of knives, they do not blend together. A pair of knives, unaware which day it was. One day you will invade me. It is an offense of day and knife. This knife is once again cold as ice. You are going to bask in the sun. Tilt your being towards the harsh sun.

from *Always too much rain*

tr. Caja Schlotzhauer 화영

A blade is cold. A day is clear. Giving a rotten smell. The rhythm has ended. You are trying to sunbathe. Trying to get a little more sun. I put you on a rounded backrest chair. Days are cold. These two do not intertwine. It is impossible to determine which blades these two days were. One day you invaded me. You invaded the territory of blades and days. It's cold again. You are trying to sunbathe. Leaning the body towards the rough sunlight.

from *Endless Rains*

Someday

One Ordinary Day

tr. vici 강한별

The blade is cold. The day is sharp. A rotten smell fills the air. The rhythm has ended. You seek to bask in the sun. You seek to bask in the sun a little longer. I place you on a chair with a round backrest. The blade is cold. The two days do not blend. Unsure what kind of blades these two days were. One day, you encroached upon me. You trespassed the territory of blades and days. The blade is cold again. You seek to bask in the sun. Leaning towards the uneven sun.

from *ceaseless rains*

One day

tr. Jaewon Che 최재원

It is a cold day. It sharpens into a blade. It smells rotten. Pulsing ends. You seek to soak up the sun. Soak it up for a little longer. You spread yourself across a round back chair. It is a biting day, a cold blade. The two would not blend. What those two used to be is forever lost. For one day you trespassed them. Violated them and their territories. They turn cold again. You seek to soak up the sun. You crane toward its knobby beams.

from *Always Too Much Rain*

Someday

tr. Sool Park 박솔

This day is an icy blade. A sharp day-blade. The day has a foul smell. Its rhythm has ended. So you wish for sunlight. Just a little bit more sunlight. You hang your body over the round chair. This day is an icy blade. The day won't mix with the blade. Day-blade, there is no way to tell them apart. Someday you invaded my border. Invaded the territory between my day and my blade. Once again, the blade is an icy day. You wish for sunlight. You lean your body against the beaked, bleached sunlight.

from *Rain in plural, always*

Jaewon and Sool created a similar image of the day itself as a blade, which is incredible. But the difference between Jaewon's day that "sharpens into a blade" and Sool's day that is already "a sharp day-blade" appears more significant the more I think about it.

Compare Jaewon's "knobby beams" with Sool's "beaked, bleached sunlight." Knobs are rounded. Beaks are sharp. Jaewon's translation, which associates coldness with sharpness and warmth with roundness, uses that binary for maximum contrast. It's as if a triangle could be warmed into a circle. In the world of Sool's translation there is a sharp day-blade, and that's that. There is no elaboration on its likeness, but the compound word alone is so striking and evocative.

Sool's "Day-blade, there is no way to tell them apart" also really gets at the heart of this poem.

재원 님과 술 님은 첫 두 문장을 걸쳐 day를 blade에 비유해 이미지를 합친다. 다시 봐도 감탄할 발상이다. 재원 님은 day가 추위로 인해 뾰족해지는 느낌을 준다면, 술 님은 이미 차갑고 날카로운 '날의 날'을 소개시킨다.

재원 님의 knobby beams(울퉁불퉁한 빛)과 술 님의 beaked, bleached sunlight(돌출되고 표백된 햇빛)만 봐도 빛의 형태에 대한 생각도 각자 다르다는 게 분명하다. 재원 님은 날카로움/차가움과 둥글/따뜻함을 대비해서 양극을 유지하고 (삼각형이 햇빛을 받아 동그라미가 될 수도 있는 세계관이 아닐까? 그래서 '둥근' 등반이 의자에서 별을 찌는 것이고?) 술 님은 날의 날이 있다고 통보하고 시작하니 그걸 상상하게 된다. '날의 날' 자체가 상상을 자극하니까.

술 님은 "영어의 리듬이 여러모로 부럽"다고 메일해주신 적이 있는데, (아직은) 독일어에 대해 몰라 반박할 수는 없다... 하여간 훌륭한 번역이고 우리 한영 번역가 모두 긴장해야 할 듯하다.

The blades

tr. Hannah Schürmann 한나 슈어만

The day is cold. The blade is sharp. It reeks broken. The rhythm ends. You want to bathe in the sunny blades. Just a bit longer in the sunny blades. You sit down on the round chair. The day is cold. The two blades don't mix. Who knows which blade is which. One day you will invade me. You will breach the territory of the blades. Again, the day is cold. You want to bathe in the sun. Your body tilts toward the rocky blades.

from *ever too many rains*

Some Bladed Day

tr. Dabin Jeong 정다빈

The day is cold. The day is sharp. The day smells fowl. Rhythm ended. You're trying to catch some sun. Trying to catch some more sun. You slip yourself on a round-backed chair. The day is cold. The two days don't transfuse. Can't know which bladed day was those two days. Some bladed day you've cut into my day. Violated the boundary between the dayer and the slayer. Again the day is cold. You're trying to seize some shine. Leaning your body toward the rugged, chipped shine.

from *Always many rains*

One Day

tr. Amine BÜsra Baycan 아미네 바이잔

The blade is cold. It is a clear day. There is a foul smell coming off the blade. The rhythm is over. You seek the sun. You try to get a little more sunlight. You lean back on the round chair. It is a cold day. The two days do not mix. You can't tell which is which. And one day you've got me too. You have entered the space between the day and your blade. And again the blade is cold. You seek the sun. You lean out into the strong sunlight.

from *Always Too Many Rain Drops*

Day or Blade

The ^{day}blade is cold. The ^{blade}day is vivid. The

^{day}blade gives off a sour stretch. The rhythm is

over. You plan to bask in the sun. You plan to

bask a little more in the sun. You drape yourself

over a round-backed chair. The ^{blade}day is cold.

The two do not mix. It is impossible to know

which is day and which is blade day. On a certain

day you invaded the ^{blade}day. You trespassed on

the territories of blade and day. The ^{day}blade is cold

again. You plan to bask in the sun. You turn your

body toward the jagged sun.

tr. Archana Madhavan

from *Always Too Much Rain*

One Day / Blade

tr. Hoyoung 호영

The / is cool. The / is crisp. The / smells of rot. The rhythm has ended. You mean to soak up some sun. Just a little more. Drape yourself over the round-backed chair. The / is cool. The two / do not mix. It's impossible to know which / is which. One / you plunged into /. Lunged into terrains of / and /. Once more, the / is cool. You mean to soak up some sun. / your body toward that jagged blaze.

from Rain, Too Much & All the Time

One Day

tr. Spencer Lee-Lenfield 이영일

a cold day • bright day • day that now stinks of decay • its rhythm has ended • you try to grow warm in its glow • try gleaning a little more light • over a roundbacked chair you hang draped • a cold day • no two days can mix • no way of knowing how two are at once • but one day you broke in on another • trespassed the turf dividing the two • just another cold day • you try to soak in its warmth • toward its ununeven warmth you stretch your body

from Forever Heavy Rains

Here's a slice of Hoyoung's translation of Hwang Inchan's poem "architecture":
 i was sitting in the living room / lights off / the midday light flooding
 the room so all kinds of patterns rippled across the floor.

Doesn't it feel like a song lyric? This excerpt is also from that Ravel-Unravel project, and I remember finding this punctuation to be very Hoyoung. And now they do actually translate lyrics—[Lang Lee's!](#) In any case, it's cool to see the slashes here again, doing something different.

I've seen other poets, usually younger and American, use the • interpunct as Spencer did here. Another alternative to line breaks but visually not as "harsh" as slashes. (Sool mentioned during workshop that the German symbolist poet-translator Stefan George had invented a similar punctuation to express the rhythm between a semicolon and a period, but my English-language searches yielded nothing.)

Maybe because the • is positioned on the midline, it gives a sense of suspension to the whole poem. I can almost hear the knife hitting a cutting board with each of Hoyoung's periods, whereas Spencer's dots in a way match the blade omitted from his translation. Also compare "jagged blaze" with "ununeven warmth"!

I wonder how each of them would read these aloud.

앞서 말한 <줄줄>에 호영 님의 황인찬 시 <건축> 번역이 실렸는데, "나는 거실에 앉아 있었다 불 꺼진 거실에 한낮의 빛이 들이닥쳐서 여러 가지 무늬가 바닥에 일렁였고" 부분에 사선/을 넣었다 (왼쪽 참고). 가사 느낌이 나지 않나? 이랑 님 가사의 영문 번역가인 만큼 그런 바이브가 있다. 가사 번역과 <건축> 번역에서 각각 다르게 사선/을 쓴 점이 흥미롭다.

영일 님처럼 • 점을 쓰는 젊은 미국 시인을 보았다. (술 님은 점을 보고 독일 시인 슈테판 게오르케가 만들어 낸 구두점을 떠올렸다고 한다.) 점이 중앙에 있어 그런지, 시 전체가 붕 떠 있는 느낌을 준다. 호영 님 번역에서는 마침표마다 칼이 도마에 부딪치는 소리가 들리는 듯하고, 영일 님의 번역에서 사라진 칼날과는 정지된 점이 어울린다. 독특한 구두점을 쓴 점 외에도, 볼드 처리한 단어 선택만 봐도 매우 다른 번역이다.

두 번역가가 어떻게 낭송할 건지도 궁금하다. 구두점을 묵음 처리할까? 띄어쓰기가 남기는 공간과 발설되지 않은 구두점의 차이는 무엇일까?

A Day/Blade

tr. Hyun Jung Kim 김현정

A cold blade. A sharp day. The day or the blade smelled bad. End of rhythm. You are trying to get sunlight. A little more of the sun. You hang yourself out on a round-back chair. A cold day. Blade and day do not blend. You can not recognize which day is which blade. One day you have intruded a blade. Violated a blade and a day's domain. Once more a cold day-or a cold blade. You are trying to sun yourself. Leaning towards the rugged sunlight.

from *Too Many Rains All the Time*

Some blade/day

tr. Jon Young (Jenny) Kim 김전영

The blade/day's cold. The blade/day's sharp. The blade/day smells off. The rhythm ends. You want to bask in the shine. Just a bit more of that glow. I drape you on the round backed chair. The blade/day's cold. The two blades/days can't be shuffled. You can't know which ones the two used to be. One day, you just sliced into me. Crossing what separates you and me. The blade/day's cold again. You want to bask in the shine. Body twisting toward the rough rays.

from *Ever Too Abundant Rains*

tr. Sunbinn Lee 이선빈

One [nal]

The day is cold. The day is clear. The day/blade smells stale. The rhythm has ended. You try to catch some sun. Try to catch a little more sun. Drape you across the round-backed chair. The blade/day is cold. The two don't mix. Can't know which the two [nals] were. One day you had invaded [nal]. Ravaged the provinces between day/blade and blade/day. Again the day/blade is cold. You try to catch some sun. Lean towards the bumpy ray.

from *Always Too Many Rains*

A Certain Nal

tr. Archana Madhavan 알차나 마드하반

Nal that is day or blade is cold. Nal that is blade or day is vivid. Nal gives off a sour stench. The rhythm is over. You plan to bask in the sun. You plan to bask a little more in the sun. You drape yourself over a round-backed chair. Nal that is day or blade is cold. The two nals do not mix. It is impossible to know which nal the two nals are. On a certain nal you invaded nal. You trespassed on the territories of blade and day. Nal that is day or blade is cold again. You plan to bask in the sun. You turn your body toward the jagged sun.

from *Always Too Much Rain*

tr. Sunnie Chae 채선이

Nal

Cold. Bright. Smelling sour. Stopping rhythm.
 Sunning. Sunning more. On a round-backed
 chair. Cold. Two of you, distinct. But which? *Nal*
trespassing nal. Transgressing bounds of *nal*. Cold
 again. Sunning. Leaning into wavy light.

from *Ever So Much Rain*

One day

IT is cold. IT is crisp. IT smells spoiled. The rhythm is
despoiled. You try to take in the sun. You try to take in a
 little more sun. You span yourself over a round-backed
 chair. Cold. Two do not mix. You do not know which two
 they were. One day, you invaded IT. You invaded the
 realm of It and Its. Again, they are cold. You try to take in
 the sun. You lean into the uneven sun.

from *Too many Rains as always*

tr. Soo Jin 수진

What happens when you alternate? When you combine?

About four years ago, I translated 결정들 as “crystal decisions” in Lee Hyemi’s Unexpected Vanilla because that word (yes, a noun) means both “crystals” and “decisions” in Korean. Luckily for me, “crystal” is also an adjective in English, so I combined the two meanings into a phrase. The imagery also works because the speaker happens to be watching the “crystal decisions” of snow melt. Hence, “I watch these crystal decisions dissolve to the very end.”

Dabin’s doubling “Bladed day” seems to come from a similar impulse.

Hyun Jung’s “A Day/Blade” and Jon Young’s “Some blade/day” feel familiar, too, and makes me wonder if slashes—frequently found in first drafts—have a tendency to read as indecision? The refusal to decide is a decision, after all.

And then we get nal for nal’s sake from Sunbinn, Archana, and Sunnie. Sunbinn switches between “day/blade” and “blade/day” as well as “[nal].” Archana also alternates the order as she repeats “Nal that is day or blade.” Sunnie also introduces “nal” but strips down the poem to 34 words. (Archana? 115 words.)

I also paired Sunnie with Soo Jin because her “nal” vibes with Soo Jin’s “IT.” Neither means anything out of context. Both are visually striking. Brilliant!

교대하면 어떻게 되는가? 합치면 어떻게 되나?

약 4년 전, 나는 비와 눈snow에 관한 이혜미 시 <날개의 맛> 중 “사라져가는 결정들을 마지막까지 바라본다”를 “I watch these crystal decisions dissolve to the very end”라고 번역했다. 눈Schnee이라는 결정決定의 결정結晶이 녹아내려가는 과정이 눈Auge에 선하다.

그래서 다빈 님의 “Bladed day”에 친근감을 느낀다.

번역 초고에 단어 고르기 어려울 때 이렇게 요리/조리 표기하기도 하는데, 번역에 / 사선 넣어 보낸 참여자들도 결정을 끝내 못한 건지 궁금하다. 아니면 결정을 안 하겠다고 결정하고 시작한 것일까? 결정 거부도 어떤 결정이니까.

선빈, 알차나, 선이 님은 날을 nal로 먹는다. 선빈 님은 day/blade와 blade/day 사이를 교대했다. 알차나 님 또한 “Nal that that the day or blade” 전체를 반복하면서 동사 순서를 바꿨다. 선이 님도 nal이라는 단어를 소개하지만, 단어 수를 확 줄였다. 알차나 님이 영단어 115개 쓸 때 선이 님은 34개 썼다.

또한 선이 님의 nal은 수진 님의 IT과 특히 잘 어울린다고 생각한다. 둘 다 눈에 띄면서, 맥락 없이는 정해진 뜻도 없다. 짱!

Welche Klinge

tr. Mojdeh Rezaei 모즈데 레자에이

Eine eisige Klinge. Eine scharfe Klinge.
 Verdorbenheit steigt aus den Klingen. Der Rhythmus
 endete. Wärme dich im Sonnenlicht. Nur ein wenig
 mehr Sonnenlicht. Lehne dich an dem runden
 Stuhl. Zwei Klingen fließen nicht ineinander. Wer
 weiß schon, welche Klinge, welche ist. Mit welcher
 Klinge verletzt du mich? Eine Klinge und der Himmel
 überschneiden sich. Wieder die eisige Klinge.
 Wärme dich im Sonnenlicht. Ein tiefer Blick in die
 raue Sonne.

aus Immer zu viel Regen

Which blade

tr. Mojdeh Rezaei 모즈데 레자에이

One icy blade. One sharp blade. Foulness rises from
 the blades. The rhythm ended. Warm yourself in the
 sunlight. Just a little more sunlight. Take a seat on the
 round chair. Two blades do not flow into each other.
 Who knows which blade which is. Which blade do you
 hurt me? One blade and the heaven overlap. Again, the
 icy blade. Warm yourself in the sunlight. A deep look
 into the rough sun.

from Anytime, too much rain

Which Days

tr. Eunice Lee 이유나

Days cold. Days clear. Days that stink. Rhythms dead. You want daylight. Just a little more daylight. On a round chair you sprawl. Daze cold. The two days and the too dazed won't mix. Which was it, too days or two daze. On one of those days you dared to daze me. Invaded the days and the daze. More days cold. You want daylight. Towards rugged daylight you tilt.

from *Too Many Rains As Always*

One day

tr. Hyunmoon Kim 김현문

Day is cold. Day is firm. Day smells crummy. Rhythm has stopped. You want shine. Want just a little more shine. You are spread on a chair with a round back. Day is cold. Two days will not blend. Which day were two Days? One day you trespassed Day. You had what belongs to day and Day. Again day is cold. You want shine. You lean towards uneven shine.

from *Too many rains, as always*

I can remember the moment I received Mojdeh's translation. "Which"!!! Oh my god, she cracked it! Then I screamed again weeks later, when I saw Eunice's own "Which"!

It's so, so cool that two translators independently came up with the same idea, especially considering that Mojdeh is one of five students who translated into both German and English. She said she used her German translation as a bridge for the English, which is why the syntax is very similar.

Translating 어느 as not "some" or "one" but "which" is brilliant because this poem is precisely about not knowing which is which. And Eunice, giving up the blade, reached for the English homophone for day(s)—daze—right at the line about not knowing which is which!

Moreover, I paired Hyunmoon with Eunice for not only capitalizing Day but also distinguishing day from Day. Defamiliarizing Day. The point is to make us look again, no?

모즈데 님 이메일을 받았을 때의 "[머릿속에서 폭죽이 터지는 느낌](#)"을 아직도 생생히 기억한다. 몇 주 뒤 유나 님 이메일에서 같은 단어—which—를 봤을 때 심장이 정말 두근두근했다.

'어느'를 some이나 one 아니라 which로 번역한 것에 기립박수를 주고 싶은 이유는, 뭐가 뭔지 모르는 시에 의문 형용사 which가 정말 잘 어울리기 때문이다.

더불어 모즈데 님은 한국어 원문을 독일어로 번역하고 또 독일어 번역본을 영어로 번역했다. 한국어를 영어로 바로 번역한 유나 님과 같은 단어를 선택하게 됐다니, 너무 신기하지 않은가!

유나 님은 칼을 과감하게 놓고 days 동음어 daze(멍하게 하다, 눈부시게 하다, 현혹시키다)라는 다른 이미지로 비슷한 효과를 줬다.

현문 님은 day과 Day를 구분함으로 '날'의 두 동음어를 흉내 냈다.

one day

tr. Victoria Caudle 빅토리아 커들

cold day. clear day. stinking rotten day.
 rhythm ended. you bask in the sun. you
 bask in the sun a little longer. you are draped
 on a round-backed chair. cold day. two days
 cannot combine. two days cannot be told
apart. one day you violate a day. cross the
 boundary between day and day. cold day
 again. you bask in the sun. toward the gnarled
 sun, you turn your body.

from *always too many rains*

one day

tr. Reilly Cundiff 리일리 컨디프

the day is cold. the day is clear. the day's
gone bad and the rhythm spoiled.
 you're under the sun, straddling a round-
 back chair, trying to soak up some warmth.
 but the day is cold and the two of us
 don't mix. of the two, no way to split
which I'd been. one day you trespassed, overstepped
 the day and its hours. I'm cold again.
 but you're stretched out under the sun, leaning
 into its coarse, indifferent heat.

from *Always Too Much Rain*

One day

tr. Ah Mi Lee [아미리]

The day is cold. It has a sharp edge. It smells off.

The rhythm is over. You're trying to get some sun, trying to get it a little more. I lay you on a round backrest chair.

The blade is cold. Two blades don't blend. You can't tell what these two blades were like. One day you came to violate the blade. You just violated the territory of each blade.

The day is cold again. You're trying to get some sun. You lean toward the uneven sunlight.

from *It always rains too much*

The day

tr. Justin S. Kim 김세범

Cold. Clear. The day smells of something spoilt.

The beat concludes. You try to take in the sunlight. Just a bit longer.

I leave you slung on the chair with the curved back. The day is cold. The two days don't blend. No way of knowing which is which.

You had intruded one day. Trespassed on the days.

The day is cold once more. You try to take in the sunlight.

You lean toward the coarse sunlight.

from *The Incessant Rain*

Day

tr. Sunmi 선미

Days are cold. Days are clear. Days have a scent gone bad. Beat has ended. You'll have some warmed sunlight. Warmed by a little more sunlight. You'll be draped over the rounded back of a chair. Days are cold. Two days edges don't bleed into each other. Two days won't know which day was which. ONE DAY, YOU INVADED ME. Day and day's boundaries violated. Again, days are cold. You'll be warmed by sunlight. Tilting tilting yourself towards uneven sunlight.

from *All the time held too much rain*

Days are cold.

Days are clear.

Days have a scent gone bad.

Beat has ended.

You'll have some warmed sunlight.

Warmed by a little more sunlight.

You'll be draped over the rounded back of a chair.



Days are cold.

Two days edges
don't bleed
into each
other.

Two days won't
know which day
was which.

ONE DAY,
YOU INVADED ME.

Day and day's
boundaries violated.

Again, days
are cold

You'll be warmed by sunlight.

Tilting tilting yourself
towards uneven sunlight.



One day by Lee Soomyung
from "All the time held too much rain"
tr. Sunmi

Eight contributors added line breaks to this prose poem! Victoria and Reilly maintained a similar line length, at around 10 syllables per line. Ah Mi and Justin have longer lines (around 15 syllables per line), with Justin also dividing the poem into 5 stanzas.

Sunmi's comic is our first multimedia translation. While they didn't lineate their text-only translation, panels in a comic strip or graphic novel can be read as lines that comprise a stanza or poem.

Are these translations? At what point does a translation stop being a translation?

산문 시를 운문으로 번역한 8명이 있었다.

보다시피 빅토리아 님과 라일리 님은 비슷한 행 길이를 유지했고 아미 님과 세범 님은 조금 더 길게 끊었다. 세범 님은 다섯 연으로 나누기도 했다.

선미 님의 만화는 <초과> 최초의 멀티미디어 번역이다. 텍스트 번역본은 행 바꿈을 하지 않았지만, 만화 속 한 컷이 시의 한 행처럼 느껴지기도 한다.

이것도 번역인가? 어디까지 번역인가? '선 넘는' 번역이 있다면 그 선은 어디에 있는가?

It

tr. 오성진 Jin Oh

It could be day. Day could be blade.
 Blade could be me. Me could be it.
 It is cold. It is sharp.
 It reeks the rotten odors.
 The end of the cotton orders.
 You want the sunbath. Just for one dash.
 You place yourself on a wavy reclining chair.
 It is cold. Two of them are not blending fair.
 I cannot know which of the three the two were.
 The boundaries had been run past.
 It went cold again. You want the sunbath.
 Reclining body toward the waves of sun rays.

from rains always too sundry

날이 Blade가 될 수도, Day가 될 수도, Me가 될 수도 있다는 점에서 번역에 어려움을 지닌다. 하지만, 그래서 재밌잖아.

처음으로 떠올려 본 해결책: 시 초반에 깔아버리기. I am day. Day is knife. Knife is I. 이렇게.
 하지만 너무 반칙 같은 경향이 있어서 다른 해결책도 떠올려보자.

그런데 위의 해결책이 괜찮은 이유가 그렇게 동일시 시켜놓은 뒤에 전부 "it"으로 묶어버리면 한국시와 같은 의미를 전달시킬 수 있기 때문이다.

〈언제나 너무 많은 비들〉의 "비"는 "rain(drop)"일까?

궁금해서 같은 시집에 수록된 "비의 연산"을 봤더니 맞는 듯하다. 그대로 번역하자. 다만 raindrop는 복수형으로 쓸 수 있는 반면에 rain은 할 수 없기 때문에 "비들"처럼 의아하게 읽히게 하려면 "rains"이라고 바꿔줘야겠다.

와, 제목에 "sundry"쓰면 예술이겠다. 그런데 "많은"과 "다양한"이 다르다보니까...
 그냥 해버릴까? 말까? 으악!

행바꿈도 임의적으로 해버렸다. 죄송합니다, 이수명 작가님.

다 쓴 후에 위에 두 줄이 좀 튀나 싶어서 It 대신에 아예 "Nai" 이라고 바꾸고 제목도 "A Nai"이라고 할까 해서 전부 바꿔봤다. 훨씬 더 튀었다. 다시 원래대로 바꿨다. 시집을 번역할 땐 이 정도의 임의성을 행사하면 안 되겠다는 생각. 하지만 한 편의 시를 효과적으로 번역할 땐 괜찮지도 않을까, 하는 생각.

An ordinary x = {day, blade, me}

tr. helen hwayeon 헬렌 화연

x is cold. x is clear. x stinks with spoilt something.

the rhythm

break;

now you'd like to bathe the sunshine. bathe the sunshine a little

longer. against the soft embrace of the seat's oval backrest, you drape yourself. x feels

cold. the two x's will not mix. whether the version of two

x's = x 1 or x 2 or x 3 we'll never know. but it was indeed during an ordinary x, you

edged over and

swallowed x whole. cut through and muddle the borders of x and x. again x is cold.

you'd like to

bathe the sunshine. so you lean back onto the ragged-rugged edges of sun.

from *There's Always Too Much Rain*

in which x = {day, edge, myself}

the day is cold. the day is sharp. the day stinks of something spoilt.

the rhythm breaks—now you'd like to bask in the sun. bask in sunlight a little bit

longer. against the soft curves of the seat's oval backrest, you drape yourself. it feels

cold at the edge. the two of x will not mix. whether the two are of days or edges or

myself we'll

never know. but it was on one of these days, you edged over and swallowed me

whole. cut through and violate the borders of day and myself. again the day is

cold. and still you'd like to bask in the sun. so you lean back, enveloping yourself in the

raggedrugged edges of sunlight.

from *There's Always Too Much Rain*

tr. helen hwayeon 헬렌 화연

sod settlings soak no mud

you must've suddenly slipped into an open slit
 clear & pale, you blind
 yes, like
 a breeze
 passes by
 you must've carried
 some
 moe trace
 as you struck, time tilted stuck

& you cracked a lilted dawn

& even so,
 there must've been some grounding stilt to you
 to your pulse as it swallows
 there's no singularity to your swelling

to say that
 would be as if
 to say that
 your warmth doesn't swell into any body
 as if to
 say that
 you lul around on the mere surface of a skin, not raising any hairs
 still
 I let you thaw me, suddenly, every pale day again

After reading the poem I was struck by the repetition in the poems simple words, but also the willingness of the author to let the action be repeated. Like a drowsy, repeated action, underwhelming & overwhelming at the same time, like a wave of emotions that creeps up on you over & over again, but also the apparent willingness to let that happen.

I feel like the author was struck by some memory of a loss, of a lover or a lost one, but I do also feel like he seems to be somewhat depressed & unwilling to change that, whilst at the same time at the brink of getting better.

I have drastically changed the poem, to keep the feeling it gave me. I let the you be undefined, but it is for me the sunshine, the warmth, that makes the main character remember that what is so confronting to think about. The sudden confrontation with a feeling.

As he had for issue 12, Jin gave insight into his process in the form of asterisked footnotes. They included many interjections and a brief apology to Lee Sumyeong.

There's a maybe-surprising number of chogwa contributors with math and science backgrounds, and Helen is certainly one of them. While I can't scrutinize her equation titles, I will say Helen's "X is cold" reminds me of Soo Jin's "IT is cold" in a way that makes a case for "nal" as well.

Streep must've read Lee Sumyeong as a male ("he seems to be") confessional poet, which is quite a ways from how she would describe herself, but this too is the beauty of inspiration and multiplicity.

Do we call these translations? Adaptations? "After" poems? What do we gain, and what do we lose from calling them translations?

오성진 님은 각주 13개로 이루어진 작업일지를 보냈다. (그중 7개를 발췌해 실었다.) 안느렌 님도 서문을 보냈다. 헬렌 님은 서문 없이 두 편을 보냈다. 이과 출신인 것은 예전 《초과》 행사서 밝힌 적이 있다. 방정식 제목 해설은 자신 없지만, 헬렌 님의 "X is cold"과 수진 님의 "IT is cold"가 비슷한 논리를 쓴다고 말하고 싶다. '날'을 그냥 nal로 표현하는 것과 같은 맥락이다.

안느렌 님은 〈어느 날〉을 읽고 영감받아 쓴 시를 보냈다. 이수명 시인을 남성 (서문에서 he라고 부름) 고백시파 시인으로 읽은 듯한데, 이것 또한 영감의 묘미 아닌가 싶다. 어느 지점에 자극되어 어디로 더 나아갈지 예상할 수 없다는 점.

원문에서 출발해 행 바꿈은 물론, 더 바꾸는 번역들이다. 이것을 번역이라고 할 수 있을까? 해도 될까? 번역이라고 하면 무엇을 얻는가? 무엇을 잃는가?

Someday

tr. Jennifer Gayoung Lee 이가영

The day is cold. The day is clear. The day smells like something rotting. The rhythm has ended. You're trying to bathe in the sun. Trying to bathe in the sun just a little more. You drape yourself over the round back of a chair. The day is cold. Two separate days won't mix. It's impossible to know what days two separate days were. One day you had invaded. You had mistaken the boundaries between days. The day is cold again. You're trying to bathe in the sun. You bend your body toward the prickly sun.

from *Always raining too much*

One day

tr. Calista 황유림

The day is cold. The day is clear. The day is sour. The rhythm's up. You bask in the sun. Bask a little bit more. Park yourself on a round-backed chair. The day is cold. Two days never fuse into one. Two days never know one another. One day, you invade a day. The boundaries of days have been trespassed. The day is cold once more. You bask in the sun. Towards the uneven light, you tilt your body.

from *Rain, Always Abundant*

One Day

tr. Hyun Park 박현

The day is icy. The day is lucid. The day smells rotten. The rhythm has ended. You try to catch some rays. To catch just a few more rays. You drape yourself over a round-backed chair. The day is icy. Two days don't blend. Two days have become impossible to tell apart. One day you trespassed on the day, that is. Violated the territory of a day and another. The day is again icy. You try to catch some rays. You lean toward the bumpy rays.

from *Always Too Many Rains*

One Day

tr. Yeahwon Kang 강예원

The blade is cold. The blade is brilliant. The blade has a rotten smell. No more motion. You want to bask in the daylight. Just a little longer in the daylight. You drape yourself over the chair's rounded back. The blade is cold. Blade and day do not agree. But blade and day are impossible to tell apart. One day, you seized the blade. You conquered the dayblade and everything in it. Again, the blade is cold. You want to bask in the daylight. You crane towards its jagged edge.

from *The Rain is Always Pouring*

a blade

tr. Yoon Nam 남윤경

cold. sharp. putrid blade. rhythm's ended. you're trying to get some sun. trying to stay in the sun a while longer. hung over the rounded back of a chair. it's cold. the day and the blade are incongruous. unable to discern the two. one day you muddled the two. breached their domains. once more it is cold. you are trying to get some sun. leaning towards a serrated ray of sun.

from *Always Too Much Rain*

Someday

The day is cold. It's clear. It's reeking of rot. Rhythms are gone. You want some sun in your space. A bit more sun in your space. You drape yourself on a round lumbar-fitted chair. The day is cold. The two days do not gel. It is impossible to know what days the two days were. Some day you will breach the day. You will penetrate the space between the day and the day. The day is cold, again. You want some sun on your face. You tilt yourself sunwards, to its serrated edges.

tr. Yoojung Chun 천유정

from *Too much rain, Always*

Note how the register drops with each translation:

- “bask in the daylight” (Yeahwon)
- “bathe in the sun” (Jennifer)
- “catch some rays” (Hyun)
- “want some sun in your space/face” (Yoojung—I see that rhyme)
- “get some sun” (Yoon).

Return to each and observe how the register corresponds with the rest of the translation.

Consider Simeon’s “Thou art going to sit in the sun,” especially alongside “lumpy-bumpy.”

파파고에 돌리면 둘 다 ‘햇별을 쬐다’로 나오지만, 예원 님 “bask in the daylight”에 비해 윤 님의 “get some sun”은 완전 구어체다. 그렇다고 시적이지 않은 건 아니다. 어조가 유지되는지 살펴보는 것도 재미있을 것 같다

심언 님은 근대 영어 단어인 “Thou art”과 그림책에 볼만한 “lumpy-bumpy”를 섞었다. 섞어서 얻는 효과는 무엇일까?

One day

tr. Rebecca-Sophie Wessel 레베카-소피 워셀

The day is cold. The day is plain. There is a scent of decay in the air. The rhythm has ended. You bath in the sun. You bath in the sun a little while longer. Placing you on a rounded backrest chair. The day is cold. Both days do not mix. I cannot discern what kind of days they were. One day, you invaded me. You crossed the boundaries of time. Once again, it's a cold day. You seek the sun. Leaning Your body towards the rough sun.

from *Always too many proportions*

one blade

tr. Rebecca-Sophie Wessel 레베카-소피 워셀

The blade is cold. The day is clear. There's a scent of decay in the air. The rhythm has ended. You seek the sun. You want to bask in the sun a little longer. Placing you on a rounded backrest chair. The blade is cold. They both do not blend. I cannot discern what kind they were. One day, you invaded me. You crossed the boundaries of time. Once again, the blade is cold. You seek the sun. Leaning your body towards the uneven sun.

from *Always too many proportions*

A Day

tr. 김심언 Simeon Kim

Day is cold. Day is clear. Day smells as it has gone bad. Rhythm's end. Thou art going to sit in the sun. To sit a little more in the sun. Lay thee on a seat with a round rest. Day is cold. Two days are not melded into one. Two days are not known which was each one. One day it's that thou steps over a day. It's that thou oversteps a day and a day's bound. Day is cold again. Thou art going to sit in the sun. Lean onto a lumpy-bumpy sun.

from *Rains Always Too Many*

One Day

tr. Seth Chandler 세스 챈들러

The day is cold. The day is clear. The day gives off a spoiled smell. The rhythm is over. You're going to get some sun. You're going to get just a bit more sun. Drape you over the round chairback. The day is cold. Two days do not blend together. It can't be known what two days were like. One day you violated the day. Trespassed on the land of day and day. The day is cold again. You're going to get some sun. You lean your body toward the lumpy-bumpy light.

from *Always Too Many Rains*

One Day

tr. 손지형 Jihyung SON

Cold day. Clear day. Foul-smelling day. Rhythm ends. You reach out to sun-bask, for a bit more of sunlight. Placing you across the barrel chair. Cold day. Two of days won't blend together. Two of days, unbeknownst which was which. One day you stepped on a day. That violated the day and its domain. Again, cold day. You reach out to sun-bask, leaning toward the bumpy-wumpy sunlight.

from *Always, too many rains*

One day

tr. Cynthia Shin 신지현

The day is cold. The day looks sharp. The day smells rancid. The rhythm ends. You try to bask in the sun. You are trying to bask in the sun a bit more. You are draped across a bentwood chair. The day is cold. Two days do not mesh. Which days the two days once were, it is impossible to know. One day, you invaded the day. You violated the domain of the day and the day. The day grows cold again. You try to bask in the sun. You lean towards the jagged sunlight.

from *Too many Rains as always*

Someday

tr. Bayla Dermer 베일라

The day is cold. The day is clear. The day emits a rotten stench. The rhythm is over. You try to bask in the sun. A little more sunshine. The back of the chair supports you. The day is cold. Days do not mix. You cannot know which day is what. Someday you will invade the day. The influence of some days on other days is a crime. The day is cold again. You try to bask in the sun. Your body leans towards the imperfect sunshine.

from *There is always too much rain*

Someday

tr. Sevana Ohandjanian 세바나 오한자니안

The day is cold. The day is clear. There's a rotting smell coming from the day. The rhythm ended. You want to bask in the sunlight. You want to bask just a little longer in the sunlight. You hang over a round-backed chair. The day is cold. The two days do not mix. There is no way to know what day it was. On some day you invaded the day. You invaded the territory between the days. Again, the day is cold. You want to bask in the sun. Your body leans into the patchy sunlight.

from *Always Too Much Rain*

의자가 '둥근' '등받이' 의자인 게 얼마나 중요한가?

“The back of the chair supports you” (Bayla)

Did you even notice which detail is gone?

“You hang yourself on the back of the chair” (Joshua)

How about now?

Round, rounded, or round-backed—does it really matter?

Does the shape of the chair matter more than the prosody?



“round chair” (Sool, Hannah, Amine, Mojdeh, Eunice, Suhyeon, Skye)

I don't know exactly what they meant, but this is what shows up on Google Image Search.



“barrel chair” (손지형)



“bentwood chair” (Cynthia)

One day

The day is cold. The day is clear. The day reeks of a rotten stench. The rhythm ends. You try to embrace the sunlight. Embracing a bit more. You hang yourself on the back of the chair. The day is cold. Two days don't mix. It is impossible to tell when these two days were. One day you ambushed this day. You have invaded the day and its territory. The day becomes cold again. You try to embrace the sunlight. Leaning towards this rocky-looking sun.

tr. Joshua Min 민태웅

from *The Rain Is Always Too Much*

The day

tr. Inhee 인희

The day is cold. The day is clear. The day smells of rot. The rhythm is over. You try to bask in the sun. Bask in the sun just a little more. I drape you over a chair with a round backrest. The day is cold. The two days do not mix. There's no way of knowing what the two days were. One day you trespassed on the day. You violated the realm of day and day. Again, the day is cold. You try to bask in the sun. You lean toward the bumpy sun.

from *Always Too Many Rains*

some days

tr. Colin Leemarsall 콜린 리마살

A day is cold. The day is clear. A rotten smell emerges from the days. Rhythm is finished. You try to get some sun. Try to get just a little more sun. Place yourself on a round-backed chair. The days are cold. The two days do not mix. You cannot know which day the two days were. One day you invaded the day. Encroached on the territory of day and days. Again the day is cold. You try to get some sun. Lean your body towards the roughly surfaced sun.

from *Always So Many Rains*

a beam

tr. jlai 즐라이

the beam is cold. the beam is clear. the beam emits a bad smell. rhythm is done. you try to take in the sunlight. try to take in just a little bit more sunlight. throw yourself on a round-backed chair. the beam is cold. the two beams don't mix. you can't know which beams the two beams were. one day you stole into the beam, invaded the space of the beam and the beam. the beam is cold again. you try to take in the sun. incline toward the uneven sun.

from *Always Too Many Rains*

the day

tr. Michael Lee 이명준

the day is cold. the day is clear. from the day a spoiled smell rises. the rhythm is finished. you bask in the sun. in the sun just a little more you bask. on the round-backed chair you are draped over. the day is cold. two of the day will not merge. two of the day cannot be known as they were. one day you invade the day. the day and the space of the day you invade. again the day is cold. you bask in the sun. towards the rough-and-bumpy sun your body leans.

from the rains that are too much always

The Other Day

tr. 남수현 Nam Suhyeon

It's cold. It's clear. It smells like going bad. A rhythm is over. You're getting some sun. A little bit more sun. I let you lean on a round chair. It's cold. Two days do not blend. There's no telling what the two were like. The other day you poached on another day. Which means to interfere between two days. Again it's cold. You're getting some sun. You lean toward the irregular sun.

from All time too many rains

One day

tr. 나하늘 Skye Na

The day is chilly. The day is sharp. The day smells spoiled. The rhythm is over. You try to get some daylight. try to get some more daylight. You hang you on a round chair. The day is chilly. The two days cannot be mixed with each other. cannot know if two days are one day. One day, you invaded the day. invaded the area of the day and the day. The day is chilly again. You try to get some daylight. lean toward the jagged daylight.

from *Always too many rains*

One day

tr. David Pfaff 데이비드

the days are cold. the days are clear. the days smell of decay. the rhythm ends. you go and bask in the light. just a little longer. it hangs you onto the back of a chair. the days are cold. two days won't let themselves meld. a two-day day, ungraspable what that would be like. one day you seized a day. invaded the realms of one and the other. the days are cold again. you go and bask in the light. you devote your body to the rugged ragged sun.

from *the rains that are always too many*

One day

tr. Jisoo Hope Yoon 윤지수

The day is cold. The day is clear. The day smells of rot. The beat has stopped. You are trying to catch the sun. Just a bit more sun. You lay You on the round-backed chair. The day is cold. The two days do not mix. Can't tell which days they were. One day you simply invaded day. Breached that realm of day and day. The day is cold again. You are trying to catch the sun. You tilt towards the mottled light.

from *It always rains too much*

One day

tr. Youngseo Lee 이영서

The day is frosted. The day is outlined. The day stinks of rot. The rhythm is over. You try to take in the sunlight. To take in the sunlight just a bit more. On a roundbacked chair I drape you. The day is frosted. The two days won't mix. The two days are indistinct. One day you had trespassed upon me. Breached the territory of each day. Once more the day is frosted. You try to take in the sunlight. To the raggedly edged sunlight you lean your body.

from *The Constantly Numerous Rains*

There's been a lot of things to keep track of, but did you notice how 8 translations described the sunlight to be "uneven"? And how Spencer called it "ununeven"?

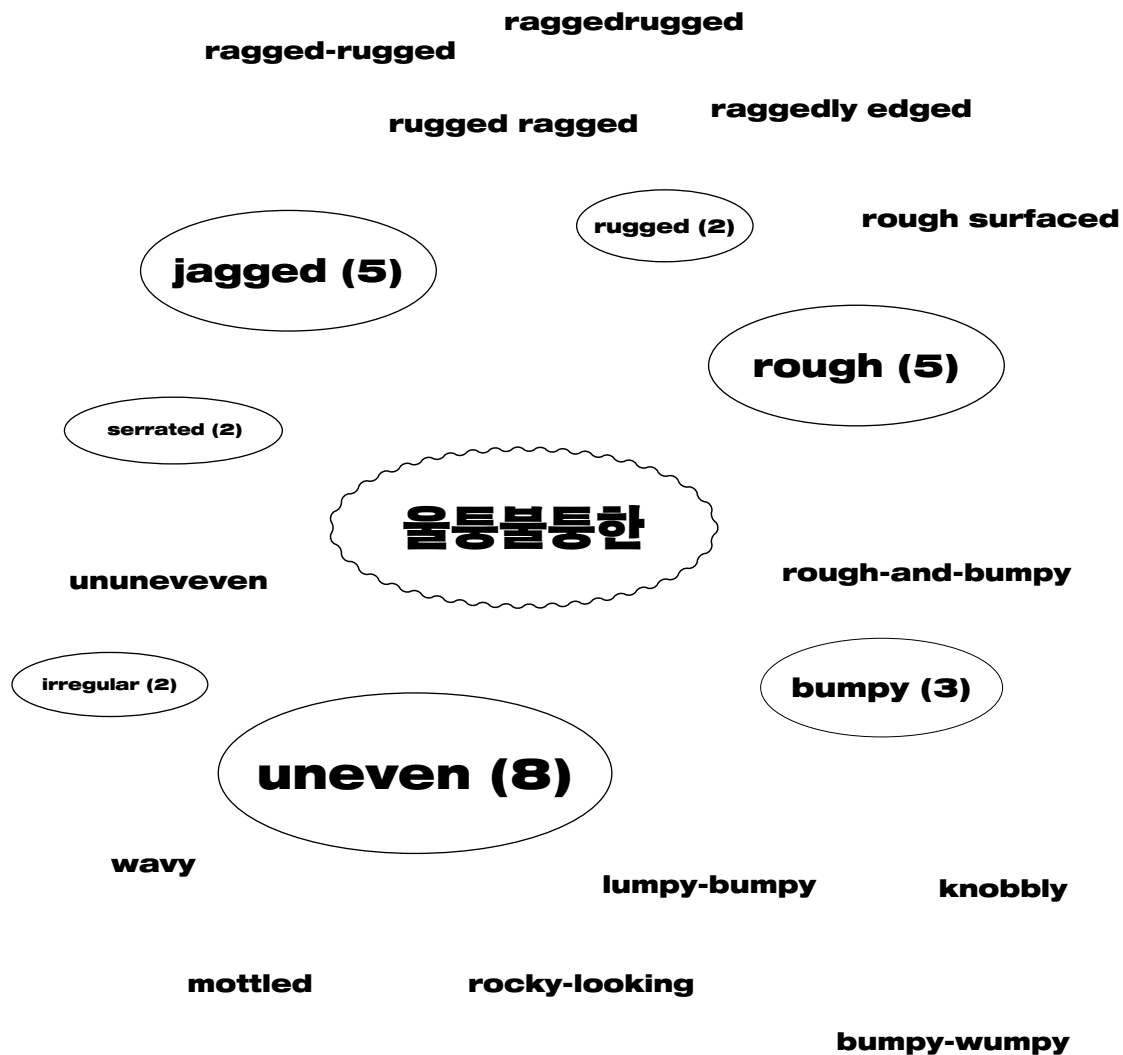
The next popular adjective was "rough" and "jagged," each used by 5 translations.

There's "rough-and-bumpy" (Michael), "roughly surfaced" (Colin), "rugged" (Hyun Jung, Eunice), "rugged ragged" (David), "ragged-rugged" (Helen), "raggedrugged" (also Helen), and "raggedly edged" (Youngseo), which becomes so ragged with all its g's and d's.

For sure a different sonic texture from "serrated" (Yoon, Yoojung). We could also sit here forever talking about the difference between "coarse sunlight" (Justin) and "coarse, indifferent heat" (Reilly).

Still, these options differ from "bumpy" (Sunbinn, Hyun, Inhee), "lumpy-bumpy" (Simeon, Seth) and "bumpy-wumpy" (손지형), and even "knobbly" (Jaewon).

How do adjectives like "wavy" (Sunnie), "irregular" (Suhyeon, Soje), and "mottled" (Jisoo) change the sunlight's shape and matter?



An einem Tag

tr. Rebecca-Sophie Wessel 레베카-소피 워셀

Die Klinge ist kalt. Der Tag ist klar. Es liegt ein Geruch von Verfall in der Luft. Der Rhythmus ist vorbei. Du möchtest die Sonne genießen. Du möchtest noch ein bisschen mehr Sonne tanken. Ich setze dich auf einen runden Stuhl. Die Klinge ist kalt. Die beiden vermischen sich nicht. Ich kann nicht sagen, was für ein Tag es war. Eines Tages bist du in mich eingedrungen. Du hast die Grenzen von Zeit überschritten. Wieder ist die Kling kalt. Du möchtest die Sonne genießen. Du neigst dich der unebenen Sonne entgegen.

aus *Immer zu viele Proportionen*

Irgendwann

tr. Lisa Wagner 리사 바그너

Die Klinge ist kühl. Die Klinge ist scharf. Sie umgibt ein verwesender Geruch. Der Rhythmus stoppt. Du willst dich in der Sonne wärmen. Nur noch ein bisschen länger. Auf dem Stuhl mit runder Rückenlehne. Die Klinge ist kühl. Die beiden finden nicht zusammen. Welcher Tag, welcher ist, kann ich nicht sagen. Irgendwann wirst du einen von ihnen verletzen. Du wirst den Tag und seine Sphäre überschreiten. Und wieder ist die Klinge kühl. Du willst dich in der Sonne wärmen. Deinen Körper zur rauen Sonne geneigt.

aus *Der Sand aus den Urnen*

Zerschnitten

tr. Hannah Schürmann 한나 슈어만

Die Tagesschneide ist kalt. Die Messerschneide ist scharf. Sie riecht faul. Der Rhythmus ist gebrochen. Du willst dich sonnen. Willst dich noch ein bisschen länger sonnen. Du setzt dich auf den runden Stuhl. Die Tagesschneide ist kalt. Die zwei Schneiden vermischen sich nicht. Man kann nicht wissen, welche Schneide es war. Eines Tages wirst du mich verletzen. Den Raum von Tag und Messer zerschneiden. Die Tagesschneide ist wieder kalt. Du willst dich sonnen. Dein Körper schwankt in Richtung der holprigen Sonnenstrahlen.

aus *Die Immer-Regen*

Eines Tages

tr. Anna Elisabeth Bestek 아나 엘리자베스 베스테크

Diese Klinge, sie ist eiskalt. Diese Klinge, sie ist scharf. Diese Klinge riecht verfault. Ihr Rhythmus ist verstummt. Du wirst in der Sonne baden. Bade ein Klein wenig mehr in der Sonne. Dich ausspannend über die runde Rückenlehne des Stuhls. Die Klinge, sie ist eiskalt. Zwei paar Klängen vermischen sich nicht. Zwei paar Klängen, unwissend darüber welch Tag es wart. Eines Tages wirst du bei mir einfallen. Der Tag und seine Klinge werden das Terrain übertreten. Dieser Tag ist erneut eiskalt. Du wirst in der Sonne baden. Lehne dich der rauen Sonne entgegen.

from *Regen, immer zu viel*

HOW TO (KIND OF) READ GERMAN

Just by looking at the titles, you can see that the five German translations vary widely. You can start to match certain words, like Rebecca-Sophie's "An einem Tag" and Anna's "Eines Tages" or Mojdeh's Immer zu viel Regen and Anna's Regen, immer zu viel. Then you might say, oh, Tages must be the plural form of Tag, and it probably means "day" or "blade." Regen probably means "rain," and its placement in the title changes the emphasis. And so forth.

One part I did get to ask during workshop was the difference between Hannah's "Der Rhythmus ist gebrochen" and Anna's "Ihr Rhythmus ist verstummt." The rhythm versus her (the blade's) rhythm. Like Shin Hyung-chul, Anna thought of a knife chopping some vegetables on a cutting board. That's the "Rhythm that has ceased." Her English version has an ungendered Rhythm, but she said the German "created a different picture" in her head. I mean, Anna added "sie" (she) to make the German sentences more melodic and gendered the blade in the process. As in "You (female blade) will invade me."

Anna also titled her translation "Eines Tages" (Some days) but immediately started the poem with "Diese Klinge" (The blade), and her switching reminds me of the slashers earlier (Hyun Jung, Jon Young, Sunbinn, Archana).

Lisa's title "Irgendwann" is a word I was told is colloquial, temporal (something like "Somewhen"), and capacious. What she translated as "realm" in English, she translated as "Sphäre" (sphere) in German. Such interesting, conceptual choices!

도착어를 모르는 입장이 되어보는 것도 흥미로웠다. 여러 번역본을 나란히 두면 단어 선택 차이가 곳곳이 보인다. 독일어 전혀 모르는 나도 번역을 '읽을' 수 있다.

레베카-소피 님의 "An einem Tag"와 안나 님의 "Eines Tages" 또는 모즈데 님의 Immer zu viel Regen과 안나 님의 Regen, immer zu viel 처럼 이렇게 특정 단어를 대응시킬 수 있다.

그럼 Tages는 아마 Tag의 복수형이겠고, '날'의 정의 중 하나를 뜻할 것이다. <<언제나 너무 많은 비들>>에 명사가 하나뿐이니 대문자인 Regen은 아마 '비'를 뜻할 것이고, 비가 제목 첫 단어인지 마지막 단어인지 따라 강조되는 정도 다르다.

특강 중에 한나 님의 "Der Rhythmusist gebrochen"과 안나 님의 "Ihr Rhythmusist vertstummt"의 차이에 대해 질문했다. 한나 님은 그냥 리듬, 안나 님은 그녀의(!) 리듬을 다뤘다는 것이다. 그리고 그녀는 칼날이다...! 신형철 평론가처럼, 안나 님은 도마에 야채를 썬 칼을 생각한 것이다. 영어번역본에서는 리듬에 젠더가 없었지만, 독일어 자체가 '머릿속에서 다른 그림을 그렸다'고 말했다. 실제로 독일어 문장이 덜 딱딱하게 들리기 위해 원문에 없는 단어 "sie"(그녀)를 추가함으로 여성 칼날이라는 독특한 이미지를 만들었다.

또한 안나 님은 번역 제목을 "Eines Tages"(어떤 날들)로 지었지만 "Diese Klinge"(칼날)로 시를 시작하고, 이는 사선으로 교체한 현정, 전영, 선빈, 알차나 님 번역을 연상시킨다.

리사 님의 제목 "Irgendwann"은 구어적이고, 시간적인 단어라고 들었다. '영역'을 영어로는 realm, 독일어로는 Sphäre라고 번역했다. 정말 흥미롭고 개념적인 단어 선택이다.

Rebecca-Sophie translated from Korean to English, then from English to German. Sool noted that maybe that's why her German sentences ended up shorter than her usual style and complimented them.

After searching for a pun similar to Nal in German, Hannah combined and rhymed words in the best, most German way: Tagesschneide (daybreak, the start of a day) and Messerschneide (blade tip, the sharpest point of a blade). She admitted that these two words sound quite brutal, even for German, so she chose "Zerschnitten" (cut up) for a different sound. Hannah did not use either of her translations as a bridge.

레베카-소피 님은 한국어 원문을 영어로 번역하고, 영어번역본을 독일어로 번역했다. 그래서인지 독일어 문장이 평소 스타일보다 짧아진 것 같으며 솔 님이 칭찬했다.

'날'과 비슷한 독일어 말장난을 찾던 한나 님은 가장 기발하고 가장 독일적인 방식으로 단어들을 결합시켜 라임을 만들었다: Tagessschneide(동틀 녘)과 Messerschneide(칼날의 가장 날카로운 부분). 독일어치고도 발음이 조금 그렇다는 것을 인정하며 나름 귀여운 발음의 "Zerschnitten"(다진)으로 제목을 지었다. 한나 님은 영어 따로, 독일어 따로 작업했다고 한다.

One of my biggest pet peeves is when people suggest Frankensteining all the translations into a “singular” translation. That’s expressly not the point of *chogwa!*

But I was so moved by these translations+ to give it a try, too. I hope you can hear how my choices echo with all the choices in this issue. My choices were only made possible by all of your choices.

Two Nals

tr. Soje

Nal is cold. Nal is sharp. Nal smells off. No more rhythm. You try to catch some sun. Just a little more. Hung over the curved back of a chair. Nal is cold. No two nals correspond. No way to know which nal is which. One nal you invaded my nal. You treaded on nal and nal. Again nal is cold. You try to catch some sun. Again toward the irregular sun.

from *The Rains Overfloweth*

‘가장 좋은 부분만 고르고 합쳐서 최종 번역 만들면 되겠다’는 말 그만 들으면 좋겠다. <초과>는 ‘최종’이라는 단어가 존재하지 않는 곳이다.

하지만 답글을 쓰다가 심하게 감동과 영감 받아 나도 뒤늦게 번역해봤다. 내 목소리에 당신의 목소리가 메아리처럼 들리길 바란다. 나 이전에 모두 각자의 선택들이 있었으니 나도 자유롭게 선택할 수 있었다.

좋은 것만 골라서 최종본 만들었냐고?



내 번역으로 미세하게 다른 해석을 내놓는다고 생각한다.

Presence in the membrane

Hayne Park

내겐 잊혀진 꿈의 장면들이 오래된 기억처럼 떠오를 때가 있다. 그러니까 기억 만큼은 꿈과 현실이 모호한 공간이다. 어느 것이 막 속에 존재하는 것인지 막 밖에 존재하는 것인지 알 수 없는 상태를 나는 잠이라 일컫는다.

Sometimes I recall scenes from forgotten dreams as though they're old memories of mine. Within memory, dream and reality are muddled. The state of not knowing what exists within or outside—I call that sleep.

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