



— ПЫ СЧАСТЛИВ?
— ЕЩЕ НЕ ЗНАЮ, ЕЩЕ НЕ РЕШИЛ....

Issue 7/Winter 2015

WRITING ON THE STREETS

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Letter from the editors

Translation was never limited to literature. An essential practice, its traces are all around us.

In the latest issue of *Alchemy*, we celebrate how languages surround us — not only in texts we choose to read but in the kind of murals and graffiti encountered in cities worldwide. Two highlights of this, our seventh issue, are translations from the streets of Saint Petersburg, Russia, and Toledo, Spain.

Translation also reaches back into the past to cast light on our present moment. Our issue features Spanish poetry that spans almost a thousand years — including both a fragment from a medieval lyric written in Old Spanish and the innovative work of a contemporary poet in post-Franco Spain.

The translations featured here also cross borders and genres: We have even more micro sci-fi bursts from Tijuana, part of a series started this summer, and we round out the issue with a set of sparse, striking poems from Korea and a contemporary fairy tale from Russia.

Translations connect us in myriad and unexpected ways. We are pleased to share this issue of *Alchemy* with you, and we hope it fosters even more connections that transcend boundaries and languages.

Sarah Ciston, Editor

Are you happy?

Rebekah Mae Olson



The last four months of my life were spent in the magical Northern city of Saint Petersburg. Everyday, on my way to the metro station nearest my house, I passed this small but useful market — a stark white, concrete building. Often times, there would be Petersburgers standing just outside of it — dark, unkempt men laying on the cold concrete, resting from their previous night’s shenanigans, or the working women out smoking on their lunch break, or couples holding hands as they bade farewell while getting in to taxis or on to buses. The market became a sort of symbol for me — it marked not only the exact half way point on my half mile route, but also, it represented an array of the Russian people, a people I fell in love with throughout my too-short time spent in their native land.

On November 27th, three hastening weeks before my departure, when the days had grown shorter and the nights had grown colder, something about my beloved marker changed. What some may have seen as vandalism, or a symbol of the rebellious, disrespectful youth, I saw as an precise description of the Russian people. The graffiti isn’t much, to be sure, it is simple and to the point. But then again, this is exactly how the Russian people are.

The words read:

“–Are you happy (content, fulfilled)? –I don’t know just yet, I haven’t quite decided.”

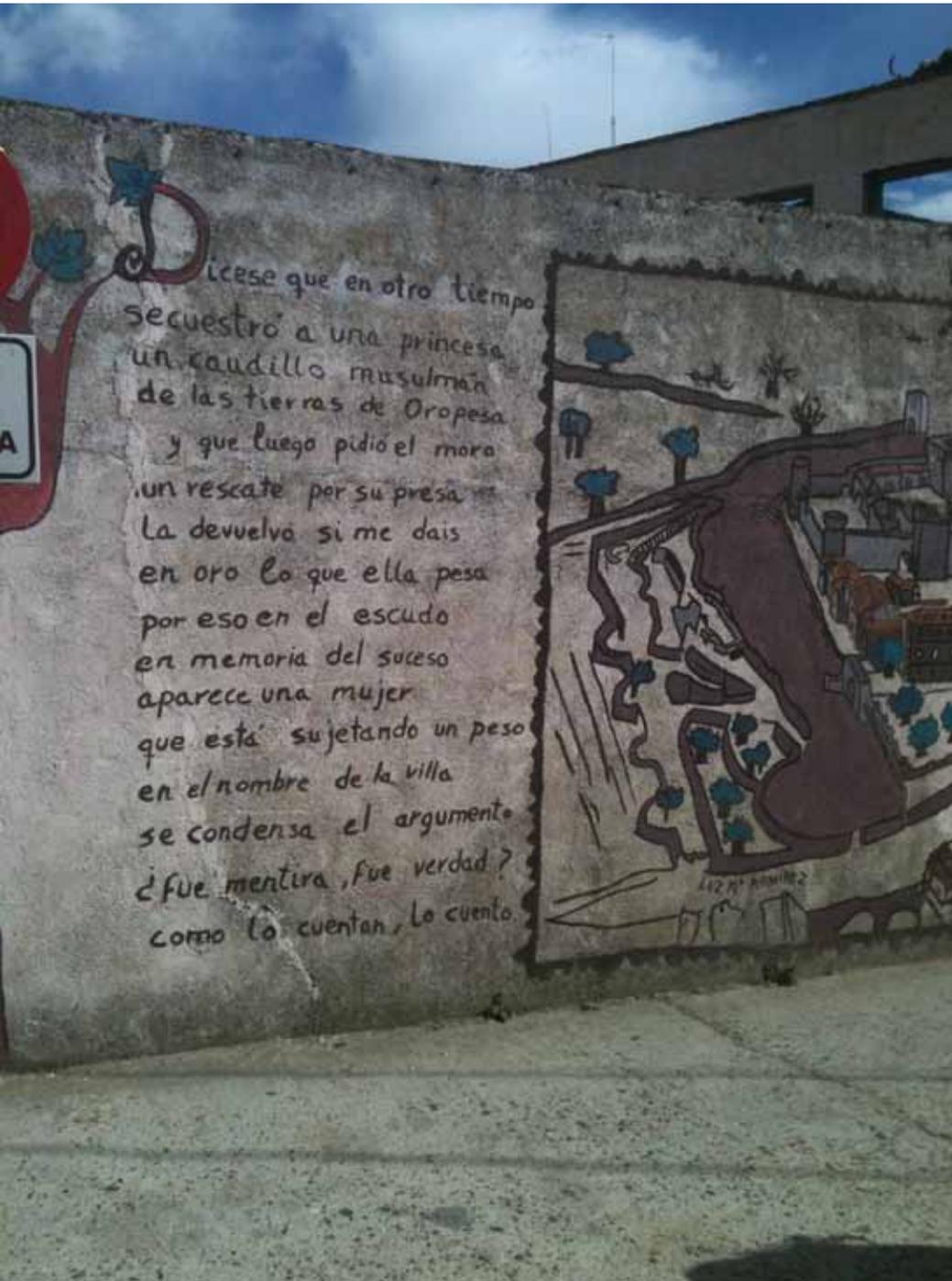
“–Ty schastliv? –Esche ne znaiu, esche ne reshil...”

Photograph and translation, from the Russian, by Rebekah Mae Olsona.

Rebekah Mae Olson is a recent graduate of the University of New Hampshire.

Oropesa

Jonathan Piskor



This text was transcribed from this picture of a wall near the famous parador of Oropesa in the Province of Toledo in Spain. It describes the origin of the word Oropesa in folkloric terms; in Spanish oro means gold and pesa refers to its weight.

It is said that long ago
a Muslim captain kidnapped a princess
in the lands of Oropesa,
and that later the Moor
demanded ransom for her release:
"I'll set her free if you all give me
what she weighs in gold."
Because of this on the shield of the town,
in memory of the incident,
there appears a woman
who is holding a weight.
In the name of this place
the tale is encapsulated.
Was it a lie, was it true?
As they tell it, I tell it.

Photograph and translation, from the Spanish, by Jonathan Piskor.

Jonathan Piskor has worked as a freelance translator for clients in the US and Europe. He graduated from Hamilton College in Clinton, NY with a bachelor's degree in Hispanic Studies. His undergraduate thesis examined the role of personal integrity in Medieval Spain.

fragments from
Larva seguido de cerca
Pilar Fraile Amador

I.I.

i feed that which runs away

with these hands of
precise animal
i make tinder of my name
and wait for the seed

i climb from the mud

a pale creature that
breathes and plunges its eyes into light

wind heat blindness

what we knew of the body
before

like one who closes
his eyes or craves the
migration of birds
I renounce the landscape

saplings
smolder

and I suffer: a blind man

to open my hands
like weeping or
like flesh

that is my revolt

to wander was to see

the hungry quivering of
moths to collapse
at our centers
or to hold on

bruised
my blood
i hear its hum

Your voice comes to

and its ashes. You
I remember
vast fragile
while you point to the break.

What symbol will I use for your face?

Translated, from the Polish, by Spanish, by Elizabeth Davis.

Elizabeth Davis is a poet and translator studying Literary Arts at Brown University. Her work has appeared in several print and online journals, including *Clerestory Journal*, *The Round*, *Bluestockings Magazine*, and *Aldus Journal of Translation*.

Pilar Fraile Amador is an innovative Spanish poet who came of age post-Franco. Fraile writes disjunctive, multi-vocal poems that simultaneously enchant and disturb. This selection comes from Fraile's book *Larva seguido de cerca*.

selection of poems from
The Nature of Life
Shin Hae-Wook

WHITE

Cold.
I don't want to be named.

There's only one heart, but

My face is white as snow and
Numerous as snowflakes.

I can't take off the black wig, and

Don't become transparent
Even when I put the transparent slippers on.

I'm a bit different each time from yesterday.

I hear myself breathing like water.

I sink into thoughts I don't want, and
Today keeps coming to an end.

Cold.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEVER-ENDING

I die every day in someone's dream.

I am the fear of ice, melting in
Warm water.

A story that moves
Intricately like fish eggs.

I cannot name each and every one of
The things I love.

Changing faces time and again,
I reflect on
The time I inhabit and
The time that has escaped me.

Dreaming someone else's dream,
Laughing someone else's
Laughter.

I am an unfamiliar air or,
At times, the memory of the real thing.

I bleed, and I am

The grief of becoming human.

TO A DEARLY MISSED FRIEND

Writing a letter in the handwriting of a friend who died at twelve.

Greetings. Friend. I still
Eat in the form of a man and
Think with the head of a man.

But today, I want
To loan myself to you.

Want to become a man who's good at making a smile
With a smile that's been frozen solid in a freezer for three years or so.

If you'd like,
You may even make a recording
In my voice.

Even if my hand moves awkwardly,
I trust that
You'd be able to write your story sufficiently.

I hope you'll write back.

Greetings. Friend.
I like you
Like bowling pins tumbling down.

Translated, from the Korean, by Nancy Yeon-Joo Kim.

Nancy Yeon-Joo Kim will graduate this year with a BA in Literary Translation from Swarthmore College. She has published a few articles, but this is the first time that her translated work has been printed. She aspires to translate Korean literature to make it well-known internationally.

Shin Hae-Wook (b. 1974) is a Korean poet who has also published a collection of essays. She was voted the Young Poet of the Year in 2010 by her colleagues.

Fragment from **Cantar del Mio Cid** Jonathan Piskor

The Cantar de Mio Cid was written in Old Spanish during the medieval period. The poem's protagonist, who is affectionately called the Cid, is exiled early on from his native Castile and thus is forced to rebuild his life. After a series of conquests, the Cid takes Valencia, which was in Moorish lands. The following translated verses from the Cantar shine with humanity hundreds of years after their creation for the following reasons, which are not exhaustive: They are lyrical examples of the fruits of fortitude and wisdom. The narrator of the poem draws attention to the beauty of the daughters' eyes first, before commenting on a Moorish city with endless gems. The Cid serves the women of his family faithfully and earnestly.

Listen to what the Cid said:

"You, beloved and honored woman,
who loves my daughters, my heart, and my soul,
enter our abode in Valencia with me,
this fruit of conquest that I have won for you."
His wife and daughters kissed his hands,
and were received in Valencia to great acclaim.

With them the Cid approached the castle
and climbed with them to its highest point.
Beautiful eyes looked in all directions,
took in the wide expanse of the city,
at the other extreme had the sea within sight,
and gazed at the garden, which was ample and lush;
they raised up their hands to thank God
for this grace, as it was pleasant and auspicious.

Jonathan Piskor has worked as a freelance translator for clients in the US and Europe. He graduated from Hamilton College in Clinton, NY with a bachelor's degree in Hispanic Studies. His undergraduate thesis examined the role of personal integrity in medieval Spain.

The Cantar de mio Cid (author unknown) was written in Old Spanish during the medieval period. Its protagonist is based on Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar, a historical figure considered to be the national hero of Spain. The edition of the text used to prepare this translation is from Galaxia Gutenberg-Círculo de Lectores and was prepared by Alberto Montaner.

Stupid Princess

Lyudmila Petrushevskaya

Once upon a time, there was a beautiful but surprisingly stupid princess, Ira, who had absolutely no idea of what to say and when.

For example, when guests gathered at her mom and dad's palace, stupid Ira would blurt out:

"Is it true you're all thieves?"

"And who told you that, young lady?" — the guests would ask, affectionately.

"Mom and dad," stupid Ira would answer.

And immediately a war in the newspapers would erupt, relationships would be torn apart, old debts would be called in, and so on, but the kingdom is poor, its revenues small, and its army consists of only fifteen people, fourteen of whom are generals.

Judge for yourselves, — what would you do under such conditions?

The king and the queen would personally apologize to everyone for their stupid daughter, telling them Ira's nanny dropped her when she was a child, something in that fashion.

To make a long story short, they stopped letting her meet the guests. They fed her in the kitchen from that point on.

But even there Ira would think of various questions and stupidly ask the queen-mother, for example:

"Is it true dad has another mom?"

"Who told you that?" — the queen would ask, affectionately.

And Ira would respond:

"Some lady at the tram stop."

"And who, I wonder, took you to the tram stop?" — the mother-queen would ask, all the more affectionately.

"No one took me," — stupid Ira would answer again. "Our cook went there and saw it."

It goes without saying that the cook, after a long interrogation, was fired, and the dad, after a long interrogation, was forgiven as kings cannot divorce — otherwise, they would have to renounce the throne, and that's another thing this king cannot do, with stupid Ira looming in the distance as his successor: Don't abandon the people to Ira, the fourteen generals, and the one colonel!

And so they would no longer allow Ira even to enter the kitchen, and they moved the poor stupid girl into an empty lodge at the very end of the park, where Ira would receive her food via royal post, and everyone seemed to give a sigh of relief.

But now new issues emerged: Ira picked up a sick dog, a puppy of an unknown breed, and the royal kitchen ended up working to feed this creature!

They immediately took the dog away and brought it to a dump in a neighbouring country — what else could they do?

Ira completely refused to eat and would not let the royal post in for three days.

What to do? The senate debated the issue and decided to buy a miniature poodle for stupid Ira, and to let it be.

They spent a fortune on this thing, procured it, and brought it to Ira's door.

But Ira continued her hunger-strike, and so they had to go abroad again and sent a delegation to look for Ira's doggy at the foreign dump amid the rotten sausage and ragged pillows.

They presented to the stupid but capricious princess a choice of three dogs, which had been cleaned, dried, and perfumed.

Ira chose all three and would not let go of the poodle either, and from now on, breakfasts, lunches, and suppers would pass in a merry atmosphere: all of her intimates (dogs) would sit on the floor, with napkins tied around their necks, and eat from plates to their heart's content, including stupid Ira; and if someone visited her, in particular, her mother and father, then they would also have to sit on the floor like the dogs, otherwise stupid Ira would not deign to speak with them, though at times important state mat-

ters would arise, for example, where should the successor to the throne be sent to school.

At the very first school, Ira told her teacher that he was a fool if he asks his pupils what makes one plus one: he should know that himself!

They left Ira alone, especially as the number of inhabitants in her lodge increased — five puppies had been born. Ira also found in the basement a fat female cat and was now anxious to see if there would be kittens.

By now, the parents had lost all their patience and decided to send their stupid daughter to a veterinary school, where Ira soon moved along with the dogs, the puppies, and her pot-bellied cat, which was carried there in a separate wicker trunk.

They left Ira there, at the veterinary school, and nothing was heard of her until she grew up and opened her own veterinary clinic.

Her mother and father, king and queen, were not young anymore. The time had come to think about a husband for their stupid daughter, but all the bachelors, near and far, princes, counts, even merchants, master sergeants, and sergeants, even vendors, window cleaners and butchers — had all heard about the stupidity of Princess Ira and no one wished to marry her: You'll marry her and then at some point she'll blurt something out about you that will make you feel awkward in front of the people.

On top of all that, gossip had it that at her clinic every owner of a sick animal could also be hospitalized, that is, he had the right to stay at the hospital along with his sickly pet. Similarly to when they put a mother in the same ward as her ailing child to look after it to the fullest.

And so all sorts of charlatans, loafers, and crooks would invade/over-run Ira's clinic, bringing with them any half-suffocated wood bug and lie down with it in a separate ward for a year.

Someone would come with a cockroach that was missing one feeler, someone, a little more seriously, with a frog that was suspected of having dropsy of the middle ear, and someone else — complaining about a field mouse: it doesn't eat meat; it must be the plague!

And so, one fine day, Ira, out of breath, was receiving patients when she saw before her a limping donkey and its owner, the gloomy and wicked Piotr, who announced that the donkey's name was Bachelor.

Piotr asked if he could have his donkey cured here within half an hour

as he urgently needed the donkey to carry water.

Ira responded that it wasn't possible and, quite the contrary, that it was urgent for the donkey to stay at the clinic.

"No," — said the gloomy and wicked owner, stubbornly. "Then I'll shoot it, skin it, and sell it, and from the meat I'll prepare baloney and then sell that too. And from the tail I'll make a bobble for a tubeteika, and the hooves and bones will go into an aspic! And I'll make two golden coins for it!

That is what this gloomy and wicked Piotr announced.

Being stupid, after all, Ira suggested that if the honourable owner wished, she would buy Bachelor the donkey from him for two golden coins.

Wicked Piotr, on the contrary, would not agree and demanded from Ira two thousand golden coins for the donkey.

Then Ira left and returned with necklaces of precious stones.

She said they were worth much more than two thousand coins but there was now no time to sell them, so let the respectable Piotr (was invited to) go and sell these precious stones, and bring the change when he could since the animals don't/didn't have much to eat.

Malicious Piotr didn't take the stones and instead replied:

"How really stupid you are! I heard you're stupid, but I didn't believe it! I have your picture from a newspaper on the wall; I would look at it and think: it's not true, a girl like that should have a very bright mind! And now I see that you really are as stupid as a goose! You believe everyone! And I paid only three kopecks for this limping donkey; it was already on its way to the knacker's! Rogues are living here with their supposedly sick fleas and bedbugs, and you feed them all!

"And how much will an insect eat?" — objected stupid Ira, "a drop of honey, a breadcrumb! Is it that much? And how much will its owner eat? Especially as some of them have to carry the sick ones in their bosom and even feed them, for example the bedbugs and fleas. Not everyone would want to do it! They sacrifice themselves! And all this for a mere three meals a day! I do the laundry in the washing machine, do the dishes in the evening, clean the floor in the morning, prepare supper at night, and all according to a schedule. And the horses and hens just graze on their own."

"See how dumb you are!" — shouted Piotr again, "everyone takes advantage of you! And when you become a queen? Any crook will marry you if he only makes up a fairy tale about his love for cockroaches, and you'll believe him! No. I won't accept it. I am hiring myself as a guard here, period.

And Piotr quickly put the clinic in order, discharged all the spiders, frogs, mice, cockroaches, and mosquitos, announcing that they are for all practical purposes — recovered.

As for the owners of these patients, one of them, who objected at being discharged, clutching his beloved bedbug to the chest, received a slap on the neck from Piotr; and others quickly understood everything and took off, visibly staggering, seemingly out of grief.

Some others were loudly singing mournful songs.

The princess was now living the easy life; she would now sleep at night, and during the day she would work only from morning til lunch, as all doctors do; moreover, Piotr came up with the clever idea to begin charging the owners for treating their animals; before long, the clinic grew richer, except for the fact that Ira went to the city and bought en masse from the burgermeister — stray dogs, both those wandering the streets and newborns lying by a fence — squandering all the money they earned.

All these beauties were brought to her the following day in a dog van, and for the whole week Ira and Piotr would clean, comb, and cure the new batch, and then set them all free to live in the park.

These dogs, even though they were strays, began very zealously to protect the territory, that is, they fully earned their bread, keeping the crafty townspeople from cutting wood in the park, picking flowers for sale, and digging out their favourite shrubs.

Of the permanent employees of the clinic, there now lived only dogs, mice-hunting cats, and the formerly limping donkey, Bachelor. The donkey got better and would now carry hay that Piotr cut for the needs of the antlered patients of the clinic.

It is no wonder, then, that when the aged king and queen came again to convince Ira to meet with eligible bachelors (after all, even among men, there are some fools who could be convinced with a portrait of pretty girl), Ira said:

"I already have a bachelor!"

"Where is he?" — asked the surprised parents.

"Come with me" — said the stupid princess, proudly, and led the king and the queen to the meadow, where Piotr was putting hay on Bachelor, the donkey.

"Here, let me introduce you. This is Bachelor," said the beaming Ira and left.

And the deceived king and queen approached Piotr, made his acquaintance, explained that he was now a duke after the father and a marquis after the uncle, rejoiced and left the clinic particularly pleased, accompanied by a pack of wildly barking dogs.

And the contented king and queen decided to set the wedding date right for the very next morning, to avoid any postponement, just in case.

On that very evening, a tailor came to see Ira and brought her white clothes — a dress, hat and gloves, and at the same time shoes, veil, and a bouquet; and for Piotr he brought a white tuxedo and shirt, and a bow tie; stupid Ira was giggling all evening as she sat next to Piotr. She thought she had cunningly deceived her parents.

The following morning, Ira, still laughing herself to tears, led the donkey Bachelor to the burgermeister to get married; Piotr, in his new outfit, was walking next to his donkey, serious, as always.

But when they brought the book in and ordered them to sign it, Ira wrote her signature, but the donkey Bachelor wouldn't, no matter how hard she tried to convince him.

Then Ira suggested that Piotr sign for Bachelor.

Piotr signed, everyone drank champagne — the guests from the goblets, and the donkey Bachelor from a small wooden bucket.

Then Princess Ira offered her bouquet to the donkey and the donkey had it as an appetizer; and dad and mom congratulated Ira and kissed both her and Piotr.

And then stupid Ira burst into a hearty laugh:

"But Mom, Dad, my husband is an ass!" "Kiss him!" And the unsurprised parents rejoiced:

"Like wife, like husband!"

And they left.

And the serious Piotr said to Ira:

"It's so good, all in all, that you're such a silly fool! You get bamboozled like a kid! And it's good that it's actually me who bamboozled you and not some crook; and I am your husband now, and not some rogue! And it has turned out so well, I've loved you for a long time now and I'll not give you away to anyone!"

Stupid princess Ira was surprised:

"You're my husband?" "But what about Bachelor?"

"Bachelor is Bachelor, the donkey is the donkey, and I am your husband."

And Ira fairly quickly put up with the news, literally within a minute.

She said:

"I didn't even dare to hope that you could love me, and so, out of sorrow, I decided to get married to your donkey."

And so our story has come to its happy ending, as predicted.

Translated, from the Russian, by Izabela Zdun.

Izabela Zdun is a doctoral candidate and a Russian language instructor at the Department of Languages, Literatures, and Cultures at McGill University. Her research interests encompass the intertwinement of oral tradition and literacy and the presence of folklore in contemporary Russian literature, specifically within the context of Lyudmila Petrushevskaya's fairy tales. She is also a certified English/Polish translator.

Lyudmila Petrushevskaya (b. 1938) is a key figure in the literary scene of post-Soviet Russia — at first censored and repressed, now (inter-)nationally celebrated. She is the author of numerous short stories and plays, as well as fairy tales for children and adults. Additionally, Petrushevskaya performs with her cabaret, paints, and draws. Her writing style is often referred to as naturalistic and absurdist, depicting often cruel quotidian life. Her fairy tales, however, differ quite significantly from her prose and drama, providing, along with a good deal of humour, a sense of relief and hope.

MICRO(science)FICTION

Micro(science)Fiction: **You can see the future from here:** Second part.

The following mini-stories, written mainly by undergrads in Tijuana, Baja California, were “performed” and given away as postcards and book separators to passersby waiting to cross the border from Mexico to the USA. All of the stories depict near-future scenarios for the border zone, and they were the beginning of a 10-part, science fiction-based intervention made during the Spring of 2011 on the San Ysidro border crossing, Tijuana-side. The project was called “Desde aquí se ve el futuro” (You can see the future from here), and it was conceived as a collective imagination exercise of experiential fiction.



Photographs in this section by Cristina Gutiérrez-Espino, Alfredo González, Gustavo García, and Gerardo Porcayo.

East District

The washer turns on by itself, shakes and sways side to side; the blender lashes, its circuits have become excited; the coffee maker growls at everyone, and won't allow anyone to use it.

Overflowing instincts and self-reliance seem to indicate that in the future appliances will become our new animals.

By Christian Campos

Translated, from the Spanish, by Pepe Rojo.



Pepe Rojo (1968) has published five books and more than 200 texts (short stories, essays and articles dealing with fiction, media and contemporary culture). He cofounded Pellejo/Molleja (with Deyanira Torres and Bernardo Fernández), an indie publishing firm, and edited SUB (sub-genre literature), NUMERO X (media culture) and PULPO COMICS (mex-sf comics anthology) for them. He has produced several interactive stories for Alteraction, and published two collections of Minibúks (Mexican SF and Counter-versions) at UABC, as well as the graphic intervention "Philosophical Dictionary of Tijuana."

Christian Omar Campos: Former student of UABC, never a writer as much as a reader. Born in a city in the south of Mexico, he has lived in Tijuana for about 18 years. High school teacher and guitar player in a band that cannot play.

Forced evolution

Woke up to blood and guts and not a clue where they came from. Got out of bed and walked barefoot to the kitchen, worried. Tried to drink water, but I was mouthless. Thumbless. I reached for my head and felt skin where hair had once been. No memories at all, just a number, 2085, engraved on my forearm.

By Yarely Cristerna

Translated, from the Spanish, by Bryan Constantino.



Bryan Constantino graduated from UCSD with his degree in Mathematics this June. He lives in Barrio Logan and is working on his first Banda music composition.

Elsa Yarely Quijas Cristerna, México, D.F. Born in 1979, sociologist by profession, writer by birth, border-dweller by geographical location and emotional placement.

Wikipedia 2530

(your browser may not be able to display these images)

The concept of Neurostate, proposed by French neurobiologist Paul Vagellard, designates a State where all rights, judicial and cultural norms, have been deliberately modified as a result of a collective schizophrenia affecting all of its members. The form of government in Neurostates is known as psychocracy, where leaders function as psychological regulators for the entire population. Such regulation consists of achieving stability through a transformation of all social, economic, and cultural values specifically adjusted to the schizoid cosmovision shared by the human population of the Neurostate. The mere existence of Neurostates creates a parallel reality situation with the other States of the world, and this has caused a reassessment of the multicultural problem in several contemporary philosophical circles. The first Neurostates were consolidated in the USA, England, and France, as well as in isolated spots in Asia and Southern Africa. However, the first attempt to construct a Neurostate was in a Mexican city called Tijuana, and its failure has been the subject of many investigations.

1. Smith, F. (2523) «Introducción a la neopolítica clásica». Ed. Scyon. Madrid, Spain.
2. Gutiérrez, A. et al. (2515) «El regreso de la locura: La nueva multiculturalidad desde la desaparición de las etnias no-occidentales». Ed. Zona crítica. México State.
3. Mansfield, R. (2450) «Neurpolitical history of the Americas». Ed. St. Ferguson. Oregon, USA.

By Yevi Ocegueda
Translated, from the Spanish, by Pepe Rojo.



Let's go to California Island

I've always wanted to visit California Island, the new nation founded after the natural phenomenon known as "The Big One" or "El Grande." The island that goes from Los Angeles to La Paz is now an arsenal safari: the most dangerous place on Earth, "the Big Tijuana," as it is also known. You can only get in if you have the right contacts. I've kept in touch with a cousin who was stranded in Tijuana, and he tells me he's looking into it. He has insisted I get one of those hi-tech light steel suits and any firearm I can get my hands on. I don't have that much money, I tell him. Then don't even think about coming, cousin. Fuck. I've gotta come up with something, because the future is waiting for me on that island. I dreamt it: I killed a faceless man, flew the latest Pegaso and a beautiful blonde sucked me as the earthquake kicked in and the island started to drown while an explosion obliterated us. Way better than starving.

By Néstor Robles
Translated, from the Spanish, by Pepe Rojo



Pepe Rojo (1968) has published five books and more than 200 texts (short stories, essays and articles dealing with fiction, media and contemporary culture). He cofounded Pellejo/Molleja (with Deyanira Torres and Bernardo Fernández), an indie publishing firm, and edited SUB (sub-genre literature), NUMERO X (media culture) and PULPO COMICS (mex-sf comics anthology) for them. He has produced several interactive stories for Alteration, and published two collections of Minibúks (Mexican SF and Counter-versions) at UABC, as well as the graphic intervention "Philosophical Dictionary of Tijuana."

Néstor Robles was born in Guadalajara (1985) but lurks the Tijuana streets since he has memory. He always wanted to be an astronaut but he is a writer, editor and librarian. Bachelor in Hispanic American Language and Literature (UABC), he has taught short story and microfiction workshops, and published a bunch of horror and science fiction stories in mexican literary magazines and anthologies. He directs and edits Monomitos Press (formerly El Lobo y el Cordero), an independent publisher dedicated to the speculative fiction. Blogger: nestorobles.blogspot.com / Twitter: @nrobles.

At Zacas

A man arrives. What's cracking, homie? What's up? A joint? Ice? Weed? Crack? Ritalin? Low price, bar, economic. Clonazepam? Black-heads? Coke 100ml? In-the-pores! Pigfuck tissue, fingers, foetus, zygotes pickled in LSD! Happiness? A trip to the moon? 5D glasses? A little bit of everything and much more, come by my office, 9th street, floor 200.

As the man exits, you can see several like him, doing the streets.

Business Card: Binational Commerce

Post Dr. Venustiano Peter Gomes-Chong Vetoretti
Doctorate in Facial Kinetics.

Studies in Commercial Sciences.

Studies in Global Tourism.

MFA in Drifting.

Experience in Piracy Production credited by The National Syndicate of Workers for a Free Tijuana.

CURP: 55547830

Satellite phone: 86213-777-89-664

Chip (left arm): Resonance with home phone and multiple contact at 664700*1

Address: Multiple

By Oliver Gasparri.

Translated, from the Spanish, by Pepe Rojo and Bryan Constantino.



Oliver Gasparri is a communicator, schoolwise. Quotidian composer, mobile photographer and analyst of the social being. He has participated in several literary challenges trying to swindle form before content..

Bryan Constantino attends UCSD and will obtain his degree in Mathematics this June. He lives in Barrio Logan and is working on his first Banda music composition.

Tijuana: Host of the 2044 Olympic Games

Tijuana, B.C.: Juan Pérez is the first Mexican to win a gold medal in the obstacle course. He exclusively tells us, "My main motivation was that they've replaced the hurdles with border walls."

Tijuana: Copyright

The discussion regarding intellectual rights has risen to such absurd extremes that now Tijuana has been charged with plagiarism. Credit to the authors is demanded or Tijuana will be stripped of its status as a city.

By Edgar Hernández.

Translated, from the Spanish, by Pepe Rojo and Bryan Constantino.



Edgar Hernández is a Communications grad student from UABC, Tijuana.

Survival

While waiting her turn, her mind flashed back to the time of the separation — a year she will never forget. It was in early June of 2011 when it was announced that the economies of all countries would be collapsing due to...what? She no longer remembered. Besides, did it matter now? She had just turned 18, she had been born here on the northern border...Aha! She thought, 34 years ago. It seemed to be like a disgrace but now it was the only way to live...well, one would say to survive. First began a shortage of everything: of food, of medicine, of governmental services, and of jobs. In less than six months, the structure of life that everyone had known for years or, rather, centuries had disappeared. Ten more years had to pass so that some type of order could be established. Today, the legal intersection, at least in what is left of our continent, is precisely Tijuana, and the only ones allowed to cross over are the ones that rely on dual citizenship, are authorized, and most importantly, are healthy—since those with the slightest sign of illness are terminated. “20451993,” she overheard. She stood before the tracker, her heart beat loudly...then a robotic voice said, “Clean.”

By Kim Ochoa

Translated, from the Spanish, by Pepe Rojo



CREDITS

Alchemy is committed to publishing quality, contemporary translations of poetry, fiction, and non-fiction creative writing. By dedicating our journal to the publication of high quality translations by students, we aim to encourage a new generation of translators. We publish creative translations and adaptations, including homophonic, homolinguistic, and other poetic forms. It is our belief that translation can teach us new things about writing and about language itself. We look forward to publishing work that is fresh, engaging and thought provoking. Alchemy is based in the University of California, San Diego's Literature and Linguistics departments, and is edited and published by UCSD students.

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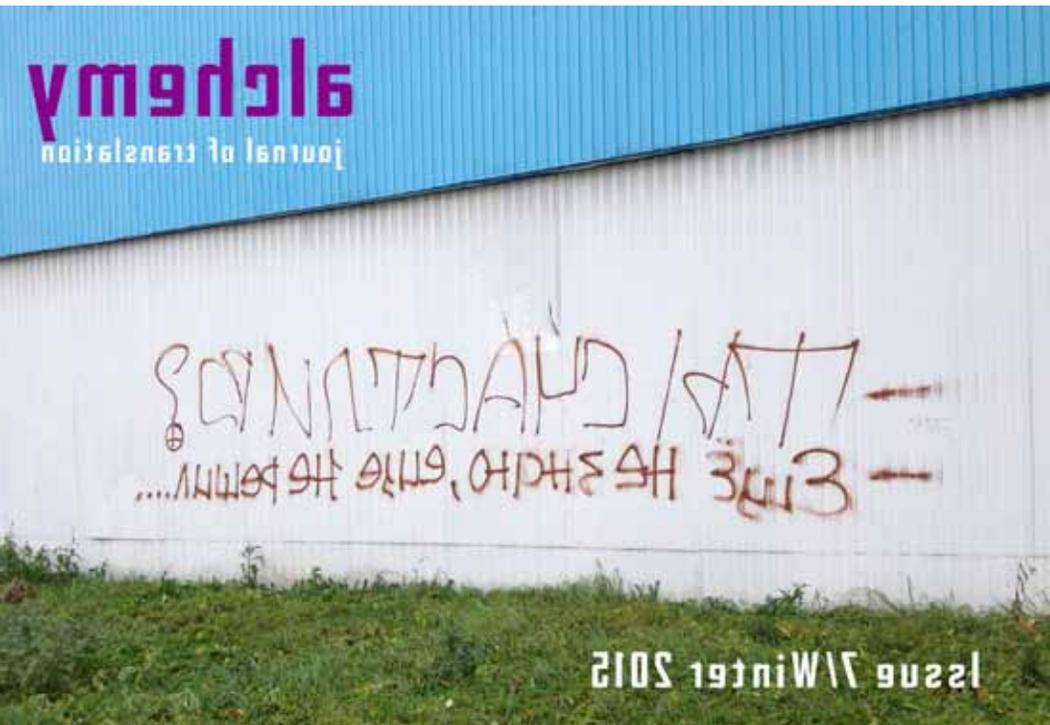
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