

ADAGIO MA NON TROPPO

RYOKO SEKIGUCHI

TRANS. LINDSAY TURNER

GLOBAL POETICS | DOSSIER

GPS-6

LES *f* FIGURES
PRESS

CONTEXT

TOWARD GLOBAL COMMUNITIES

PDF DOSSIER

ADAGIO MA NON TROPPO MARKS the beginning of Les Fignes Press's new dossier series. The dossiers will include supplementary information about our books, their authors and translators, and the publication process for each text. The PDFs will be posted on our website and available for download at no cost. We hope the dossiers will provide a bridge for readers unfamiliar with the press, the writers we publish, and the contexts to which these writers respond.

Les Fignes has historically served populations around the globe. The dossiers are intended to be a conversation starter between these populations and invite our readers to consider the labor involved in the production of a book — a sort of behind-the-scenes gesture if you like.

In a time of worldwide political insolvency, when the value of the arts has been thrown into question, we encourage you to share the dossiers and invite others into that conversation as well. Les Fignes believes — yes, we are believers — in the power of global communities, in networks visible and invisible, in the gift of sharing, and in the act of providing context. The pages that follow are a sneak peak into the dossiers to come.

Until then, adieu. ¶

Kim Calder and Evan Kleekamp, Co-Directors

Les Fignes Press

36 PARAGRAPHS

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

JUNE 03, 2018

IN PARAGRAPH 24 OF HER 36-paragraph *adagio ma non troppo*, Ryoko Sekiguchi quotes a letter Fernando Pessoa wrote his lover Ophelia Queiroz: “If some day, by one of those slips which are always nice to make on purpose, we meet and by accident take the bus to Lumiar or to Poço do Bispo (35 minutes), it would give us more time to run into each other by accident.” While I write this, I’m listening to Kanye West’s 23-minute album *ye*, which came out two days ago. It’s 2:10 a.m. on Saturday, June 3, 2018. Kanye has me thinking about time, duration, irony, the rendezvous and its conspirator — the love letter. Kafka’s letters to his fiancée Felice Bauer, Karl Ove Knausgaard’s letters to his unborn daughter, and Claire-Louise Bennett’s *Pond* have all shared space in my bag over the last month. It’s not lost on me that Knausgaard names each book in his sequence after the seasons — *Autumn*, *Winter*, *Spring*, *Summer* — or that Bennett relishes the name, serial number, and origin of her cooker: “Salton,” “92711,” “South Africa.”

Letters issued with love carry promise.

But promises end if fulfilled.

Love, it has been said, cannot thrive without promise.

Likewise, climax defines most affairs.

“Oh Salton of South Africa, do you even exist? I fear you do not,” Bennett laments. Or does she? The first song on *ye*, “I Thought About Killing You,” reminds me irony depends on ambivalence. Or, at least feigning to be ambivalent. Perhaps because, when performed, ambivalence implies power. The supposedly ambivalent do not react because reaction communicates a shift in power whereas the actually ambivalent do not react because power does not matter to them. Even acknowledgement suggests a disparity between parties.

Do what you will you with that information.

The choice is up to you.

How fitting that it’s Gemini season. Gemini asks us to consider the dual meanings of the worlds within and around us, to think in pairs: good and evil, intimacy and alienation, me and you, you and you, etc. I recommend *adagio* as a salve for this mood. Pessoa loved contradiction and paradox — elements that Sekiguchi sustains throughout her detour. Pessoa, who studied the occult, was born on June 13, 1888, which places his sun sign in Gemini. Attribute whatever meaning you want to this. But remember the sun sign is but one component of a larger constellation. If *adagio* doesn’t exist without Pessoa, it also requires Queiroz, who similarly requires many interlocutors, friends, and attendants, including Sekiguchi, translator Lindsay Turner, and literary emcee Sawako Nakayasu, who wrote the introduction to this book.

Pusha T and Drake, get on with your love song.

I suppose I should also mention Pessoa did his early schooling in South Africa. But, because this is the beginning of a new line of inquiry, I'll have to return to the matter in a subsequent dispatch. In the meantime, let's ponder: Pessoa, where were you on the night of November 27, 1911? What know you of the beloved Saltons of South Africa who bestow marvelous stovetop devices to women, fictitious or not, in Irish cottages, which, because they reside on an island, are never far from the coast?

Cheers, Lindsay and Sawako, this letter is first and foremost for you. Shoutout to Stephen Motika and Nightboat Books who sent Asiya Wadud's *Crosslight for Youngbird* in the mail – it arrived today. *adagio* marks the first Les Figues title Kim and I oversaw as co-directors. It's no coincidence *adagio* belongs to the Global Poetics Series. We couldn't be happier to share it with the world.

More soon. ¶

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Evan Kleekamp, Co-Director
Les Figues Press

TRANSLATING SEKIGUCHI

LINDSAY TURNER

STATEMENT FROM THE TRANSLATOR

The first meeting only happens once, as if the doors onto the street opened wide one after the other, I cross and I'm still running,

THESE LINES, FROM RYOKO SEKIGUCHI'S *adagio ma non troppo*, mark my entry into literary translation. I found *adagio* in a bookstore while visiting Paris a few years ago, after having enjoyed Sekiguchi's work in its existing English translations by Stacy Doris, Sarah O'Brien, and Sarah Riggs. I flipped through the thin volume and stopped when I heard the lines above. I do mean *heard*: I read the French lines and heard them in English. It strikes me now that these lines theorize my experience as the book's translator. This "first meeting" was a singular one. The doors into the book opened, kept opening, and I ran — "to run" is not the wrong verb here — into translation. The page ends with a comma, not a full stop: an invitation to breathe, and to continue on into the text.

adagio ma non troppo is not about textual production or literary translation per se. But it does resemble translation: it moves from a point of entry through a series of meetings, encounters, or *rendez-vous*, and it ends up in a rich new present-tense experience of its own. When I discussed translating *adagio* with Sekiguchi, she told me translating this text would make it mine, as much as a text can ever be by me or anyone else. This was her way of giving me *carte blanche*, and her insight, along with the end of the book, encapsulates an entire theory of translation. To translate, or at least to translate this particular text, is to come into the creative realization of something new. This new text is not disconnected from the "original" author, but instead brings together two presents: that of the original writing and that of the translation. This co-presence does not, however, erase the difficulties of translation as a process in which possible meetings, encounters, or *rendez-vous* — failed or successful — between words and languages are always charged with the cultural and political histories of and differences between those words and languages.

One more note on difficulty.

When Les Figues suggested a trilingual edition, I was immediately interested. I figured this arrangement would alleviate the anxiety of the facing-page translation, which tends — I think — to invite questions of fidelity, or lack thereof. But the trilingual book in fact produces a new set of anxieties, which are interesting and useful. I knew that *adagio* existed, through Sekiguchi's self-translation, in both French and Japanese, the latter of which I do not speak. I had, then, translated a text without being able to read one of its original versions. *adagio*, a book that contains not two but three languages, goes straight to the heart of the most persistent (and truest)

cliché of literary translation — that something always goes missing — by pressing the three languages into proximity, tangling them up throughout the book. (Translating “*rendez-vous*” itself, one of the book’s most important words, is a good example of how languages meet each other only halfway sometimes: to *prendre rendez-vous* is to set a meeting, to make a date. On its own, it connotes neither business nor romance. I struggled with English’s lack of a similar catch-all word or similar multi-purpose verbal phrase.)

There is something deeply destabilizing about flipping through the pages of this edition, with text I recognize and text I don’t, sometimes not where my eyes expect it. Yet it is good to be surprised. I imagine that even a reader of all three languages will find the shifts in the facing-page spreads disorienting. I hope this disorientation is as rich for a reader of this book as it is for me. The title *adagio ma non troppo* seems like a fitting send-off: go slowly into and through these texts, reader, but not too slowly — or, take off running into it if you want. ¶

GEOMETRY OF LOVE

SAWAKO NAKAYASU

FROM THE INTRODUCTION

A number of maps that were created during their revolution. Overharvesting has led to their decontextualization but there are some that still exist idly, and it is said that they have much to teach us.

THE PRECEDING IS PART OF, or is the textual part of, a poem from an earlier book by Ryoko Sekiguchi, called “Revolution of the Dentists,” or “Revolution of the Field of Vision” (a pun on one of the words gives it two possible readings). In the book that houses it, *Hakkōsei Diapositive* (2000), the above text is printed in the middle of a two-page spread, surrounded by empty text blocks. Although the blocks are empty (and thus appear as rectangles), we know Sekiguchi intends us to read them as text blocks because their placement precisely replicates the text-filled blocks on the previous page.

Reading Sekiguchi’s *adagio ma non troppo* — now in English, French, and Japanese — calls to mind these empty (or emptied) spaces and their reactivation via inscription. For decades Sekiguchi has been recognized as one of the most innovative of Japanese poets, and her formal explorations are often notable for their geometrical underpinnings. In “Revolution of the Dentists,” by showing a diagram or “map” of the page before and after the arrival of language, Sekiguchi enacts both the inscription and emptying out of language. In *adagio ma non troppo* the geometrical figure of the epigraph contextualizes the book: Pessoa’s hand-drawn figure maps his “strategy” for maximizing the time it takes to walk Ophelia Queiroz, his love, home. In her afterword to the original Japanese edition, Sekiguchi also reveals:

adagio ma non troppo uses as its source text the letters Pessoa wrote to his fiancée, Ophelia. At a time when there was still some precarity to the thought of successfully meeting someone at a designated place and time, the letter also served as a sort of confirmation note. These letters abound with specific dates, times, and place names — by virtue of being inscribed, they feel like little talismans entrusted with helping the encounter come true.

Thus, as in “Revolution,” an inscription, with its suggested hopes and desires for actualization, is at the center of *adagio ma non troppo*. Inscription is also a common practice in the Shinto religion: visitors to shrines can inscribe their hopes and dreams on an *ema* (wooden plaque) to be left at the shrine for the gods and other passersby to read. In all of these texts, the inscription of hope, and likewise of love, creates the possibility of witnessing and documenting what is

otherwise precarious, likely to be lost within the ephemeral folds of living itself.

*

I suspect Sekiguchi long ago abandoned the notion of form as mere container for content. As its source text, *adagio* takes a collection of effusive love letters that Pessoa wrote to Ophelia. In Pessoa's book, love is unmistakably the content. But Sekiguchi performs a transformative extraction from this text to create *adagio* — which, I'd like to suggest, finds its form in love. The portions of Pessoa's love letters Sekiguchi chooses to "translate" ("The blind...often accumulates layers of dust which at the slightest breath of wind fall in tatters on the hands working away at the typewriter...") gain their force less from direct reference to love than from an obsession over the smallest details; they comprise a tenuous hold on transitional moments ("the waiting figure with only one foot inside the car") in simple expressions of joy. Translation is, after all, a series of decisions about what elements to elicit in the target language. Love, for Pessoa, comes to life at the moment he achieves his ever-desired encounter with his lover, whereas the textual production of love, for Sekiguchi, comes to life at the precise moment it is written.

In *adagio*, the shimmering grandness of love can also give way to "idle" existence: "reading street names without losing sight of them, looking at them, breathless, and we ourselves who read this life, we exist sometimes." Although the book has its roots in Pessoa and his love, the object of Sekiguchi's love is a radiant, shimmering life of poetry in poetry — a life animated by the act of reading and writing it. The life of a poet may seem just as illegible or idle as the layers of dust "falling in tatters," but, as Sekiguchi proposes in her afterword:

The little stories of love that are written down — because they are inscribed, as such, they move into the realm of a past occurrence. And even if that were the case, then, would it be possible for the reader of those words to write that story once again, or perhaps even to live it once again? Not metaphorically, but as an actual matter of concrete grammar and logic — how could that which is in the past tense be brought forward into the present tense? How can we, as readers, inhabit this text from the past, which we read in the present, as our most vivid, lively selves?

Sekiguchi thus suggests that we might, through poetry, and through writing, live these stories

from the past once again. It is her insistence on the engaged conflation between living, writing, and living again that creates a powerful affirmation of the value of a life based in the living, writing, reading, and translation of poetry.

*

Translation has historically been discussed in dreadful ways — the unfaithful woman, the art of failure, the impossible, the inferior, the invisible — perhaps the basic premise of reaching into a foreign culture and returning to the homeland with newfound riches makes it hard to shake translation’s imperialist connotations. On the other hand it feels more interesting to talk about translation in terms of love, of eros, of the life force that sustains the pleasure of writing: translation as another (not inferior) production, multiplication, pro-creation, re-creation, of language, art, and life itself. By this measure, this trilingual appearance of *adagio* is defiantly liberated from the usual concerns — Sekiguchi’s self-translation from Japanese to French creates two original texts, doing away with the usual source-target conundrum. Instead of a translator bringing “back” a text from some foreign, other land (which is by far the most dominant paradigm for literary translation), here we have not the translated text, but an active writer moving “forward” into new geography — as migration — further activating her own language and writing via an act of creating anew. Far from invisible, this translator-author shows us a translation motivated by the poet Ryoko Sekiguchi actively choosing to participate in a lively poetic community, in France, as it happened to be. Considering Pessoa, man of many identities and languages, was a starting point for this book, I feel great joy that Lindsay Turner’s translation into English has led to the creation of a deeply fascinating book in three interwoven languages — another engaged conflation.

Perhaps even Sekiguchi’s “original” Pessoa text is secondary to the details, locations, and instructions in the love letters, which are, after all, secondary to what really matters: the act of getting together—meeting, rendez-vous, *machiawase* [待ち合わせ] — for the purpose of love. This act is what lies at the center of this project — love, the true source text, and its partner, translation, bringing us forward and together. ¶

NOTES

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SUPPLEMENT

RYOKO SEKIGUCHI TRANS. SARAH O'BRIEN

EXCERPT FROM I'LL DROWN MY BOOK ANTHOLOGY

ETUDES VAPUERS

Au mois de Juillet 1743, comme j'étois occupé de mes *couleurs accidentelles*, & que je cherchois à voir le soleil, dont l'oeil soûtient mieux la lumiere à son coucher qu'à toute autre heure du jour, pour reconnoître ensuite les *couleurs* & les changemens de *couleur* causés par cette impression, je remarquai que les ombres des arbres qui tomboient sur une muraille blanche étoient vertes ; cette apparence dura près de cinq minutes, après quoi la *couleur* s'affoiblit avec la lumiere du soleil, & ne disparut entierement qu'avec les ombres. Le lendemain au lever du soleil, j'allai regarder d'autres ombres sur une autre muraille blanche ; mais au lieu de les trouver vertes comme je m'y attendois, je les trouvai bleues, ou plutôt de la *couleur* de l'indigo le plus vif : le ciel étoit serein, & il n'y avoit qu'un petit rideau de vapeurs jaunâtres au levant ; le soleil se levoit sur une colline, ensorte qu'il me paroissoit élevé au-dessus de mon horison ; les ombres bleues ne durerent que trois minutes, après quoi elles me parurent noires. Six jours se passerent ensuite sans pouvoir observer les ombres au coucher du soleil, parce qu'il étoit toûjours couvert de nuages : le septieme jour je vis le soleil à son coucher ; les ombres n'étoient plus vertes, mais d'un beau bleu d'azur. Depuis ce tems j'ai très-souvent observé les ombres, soit au lever soit au coucher du soleil, & je ne les ai vûes que bleues, quelquefois d'un bleu fort vif, d'autres fois d'un bleu pâle, d'un bleu foncé ; mais constamment bleues, & tous les jours bleues.

(extrait de l'article « couleur », *Encyclopedie* de Didrot et D'alembert)

EMERGENCE

In the month of July 1743, while I was working on my *accidental colors*, and when I hoped to view the sun at dusk — when the eye can most easily handle the sun's light — in order to record the colors and the changes in color caused by this impression, I noticed that the shadows of trees, which fell on a white wall, appeared green; this effect lasted for almost five minutes, after which the color faded with the sunlight, and only disappeared completely with the shadows. The next day, at sunrise, I went to study other shadows on a different white wall, but instead of finding them green as I expected, I found them to be blue — or rather the most vivid shade of indigo. The sky was calm, with just a little curtain of yellowish mist at sunrise. The sun was rising over a hill, so it seemed to come up over my horizon. The blue shadows lasted only three minutes, after which they seemed black. Six days passed without my being able to observe the shadows at sunset, because the sky was covered with clouds. The seventh day I saw the sun as it went down. The shadows were no longer green, but a beautiful azure blue. Since then I have often observed the shadows, either at sunrise or at sunset, and I can only see them as blue — sometimes a bright blue, sometimes a pale blue, sometimes dark blue — but constantly blue, and always blue.

(from the article “color,” *Encyclopedia* by Diderot and D’Alembert)

(9:00)

Dans le lieu où l'on s'installait, non pas à la recherche de quelque chose, mais comme une conséquence tout à fait naturelle, la disposition faisait que le patio était toujours regardé de l'étage supérieur, et vers le haut, par l'espace découpé pour s'ouvrir à l'air libre, seul au petit matin les gouttes d'eau déposaient de temps à autre les marques de leur chute sur le bassin. Au milieu, des cailloux de rivière de tailles diverses étaient incrustés pour former une mosaïque carrée de style archaïque, et debout sur ses motifs de grenade ou d'acanthé, la femme aux cheveux bruns qui s'occupait des feuilles était observée à son tour à neuf heures du matin, toujours de haut. Les plantes placées de façon à encercler le bassin, la plupart à hauteur de reins, paraissaient distantes, et dépourvues de la notion de température comme les fantômes, il était difficile d'imaginer leur température d'après leur aspect. Seulement, pendant que les gouttes d'eau s'évaporaient, par l'effet de l'humidité, on pouvait supposer qu'elles étaient dans la zone de l'eau.

(9:00am)

There where we settled in, not looking for anything in particular but as a perfectly natural consequence, things were arranged so that we always viewed the patio from the floor above; and toward the top, through vents cut open to the elements, only in the early morning would the droplets leave traces of their fall into the fountain. River stones of different sizes were set in the middle, forming a square mosaic in the archaic style, and standing on its pomegranate and acanthus designs, the dark-haired woman who took care of the leaves could be seen in turn at nine every morning, always from above. The waist-high plants encircling the fountain seemed distant; and devoid of even the idea of heat, like ghosts, it was hard to guess their temperature just from looking at them. Yet, as the droplets evaporated and the humidity came up, we could infer that these plants were in the water zone.

(11:00)

A l'heure où la puissance lumineuse augmente, sur le mur peint de clair, le mouvement de ceux qui s'affairent à refléter par plusieurs angles s'accélère d'emblée, et bien que la journée n'ait pas encore atteint sa moitié, il nous rappelait déjà une décadence assourdissante et aveuglante. Comme ces piqûres blanches qui laissent à la surface des êtres vivants les signes noirs de leur revirement, nous arrivait-il de voir des spots à la surface des feuilles ? La lumière convergeant en un point se projetait sur la rétine comme si elle y avait invalidé les pigments, parmi ses va-et-vient de réverbération il n'y avait rien de ce qu'on peut toucher, et pour savoir au moins si l'eau pourrait modifier les nuances de couleurs, l'arrosage tardif était effectué.

(11:00am)

In the hours when light grows stronger, against the white wall, the movement of those who busily reflect at many angles suddenly speeds up, and even though the day was hardly half over, it still invoked a blinding and deafening excess. Like white punctures that leave the black signs of their reversals on the surface of living things, do we start seeing *spots* on the surface of leaves? Converging light cast itself on the retina, canceling out color, and among this constant flickering, there was nothing we could touch; so to see at least if water would change the nuance of color, she turned the sprinklers on late.

Lorsque, dans l'air,
sa partie la plus dense
est contemplée de
côté, pour-quoi
appelle-t-on ce qui
traverse
horizontalement
comme un chien
prompt *fantôme*, et ce
qui s'élève vers le
haut *vapeur* ?

Why, when considered
in the air, in profile and
at its densest point, do
we call what crosses
horizontally like a swift
dog a *ghost* and that
which rises up *steam*?

(14:30)

Comme chose qu'on ne peut percevoir que comme un tout rien ne surpasse l'odeur, et à peine commence-t-elle à se multiplier, on perd jusqu'à la piste de sa provenance, comme lorsqu'on va compter la nuée de martinets qui s'envolent précipitamment, et même arrivée à cette heure-ci l'odeur de thuya ou de simple tronc si attendue n'advenait pas, soit parce que l'odeur du premier plan l'effaçait ou l'intégrait complètement, seule l'odeur de chèvrefeuille qui n'aurait pas dû exister dans ce patio apparaissait fort, d'une manière pour nous insaisissable, en ligne droite.

(2:30pm)

As for things that can only be conceived of as a whole, nothing beats scent, and just as it's getting stronger we lose its trail — like trying to count a flock of swifts that have suddenly taken flight. And even by this hour, the scent of *thuya* or of a mere trunk never showed, though we were waiting for it — maybe because the foreground scents had absorbed it or overwhelmed it completely. Only the scent of honeysuckle, which shouldn't even have existed on the patio, was distinctly strong, in a way we couldn't grasp, in a straight line.

(19:00)

À l'approche du crépuscule enfin, comme pour s'appuyer sur la vapeur surgie du sol chauffé tout l'après-midi, on voyait s'élever des choses minus-cules et diverses dont on ne connaît pas le nom, parmi lesquelles se trouvait une prononciation, comme si elle était partie quelque part ou avait été oubliée jusqu'alors, et dont on ne se souvenait absolument pas si l'on l'avait une fois déposée sur ses lèvres : n'atteignant pas la hauteur de l'étage supérieur sans doute parce qu'elle pesait légèrement plus que les autres, elle redescendait et se reposait sur la surface de l'aspidistra, accrochée simplement sur un axe en flottant ; à ce moment-là, pour la première fois, on se rendit compte : la *prononciation* ne porte même pas d'ombre.

(7:00pm)

As dusk finally neared we saw all kinds of tiny particles rising with steam from the thoroughly-heated earth, and we didn't know what to call them. Among them was also a pronunciation, which had perhaps disappeared for awhile or been hitherto forgotten, a pronunciation that we couldn't remember ever having held on our own lips. Not quite reaching the height of the floor above, undoubtedly because it weighed slightly more than the others, it came back down and rested upon the aspidistra, gently caught floating on an axis; and right then, for the first time, we realized it: a *pronunciation* doesn't even have a shadow.

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RYOKO SEKIGUCHI

TRANS. LINDSAY TURNER

RYOKO SEKIGUCHI TAKES THE LETTERS Fernando Pessoa wrote his would-be fiancée Ophelia Queiroz as her subject matter in *adagio ma non troppo*. *adagio*'s 36 prose blocks – appearing in Japanese, French, and English for the first time in the 2018 Les Figs Press trilingual edition (trans. Lindsay Turner) — echo the 36 letters Pessoa addressed to Queiroz dated from March 1, 1920 until January 11, 1930.

Sekiguchi reconceives the Lisbon Pessoa and Queiroz describe in their correspondence as a map over which rendezvous, affairs, and liaisons can be continued through writing. “Written words,” she asks, “do they erase themselves? [...] or instead do all words, once read, never disappear?” Sekiguchi superimposes objects over a landscape where names carry shapes, directions, and the places to which they refer. In her Lisbon, a chair slid into daylight or set before a window punctuates time like comma in a sentence. An old couple contemplating ducks indicates a line between two points like a parasol taken from its stand announces a departure. As love establishes boundaries and relationships between people, if our objects convey our love for one another, then Sekiguchi traces the paths and perimeters lovers leave behind.

Originally published in a bilingual edition containing Sekiguchi's self-translation into the French (Le bleu du ciel éditions, 2007), *adagio ma non troppo* belongs in the same category as the modernist works of Franz Kafka and Pessoa — as well as the recent epistolary work of Marguerite Duras, Roland Barthes, Karl Ove Knausgaard, Maggie Nelson, and Claire-Louise Bennett — writing as a philosophic and aesthetic act that reshapes our notions of time, space, translation, and love. ¶

adagio ma non troppo

Ryoko Sekiguchi (trans. Lindsay Turner)

Introduction by Sawako Nakayasu

Trilingual edition: Japanese, French, English

Literature | \$17.00

Global Poetics Series

ISBN 13: 978-1-934254-70-7

Binding: Softcover, Perfect

Forthcoming: September 1, 2018

Distributed by Small Press Distribution

spdbooks.org

Contact: Evan Kleekamp

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lesfigures.com

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ADAGIO MA NON TROPPO

RYOKO SEKIGUCHI

TRANS. LINDSAY TURNER

Born in Tokyo, **Ryoko Sekiguchi** has lived in Paris since 1997. Her books in French include *La Voix sombre* (2015), *Manger fantôme* (2012), *L'Astringent* (2012), *Ce n'est pas un hasard* (2011), *adagio ma non troppo* (2007), *Deux Marchés* (2005), and *Héliotropes* (2005). Three of her collections have previously been translated into English: *Heliotropes* (Sarah O'Brien, La Presse, 2008), *Two Markets, Once Again* (Sarah Riggs, Post-Apollo Press, 2008), and *Tracing* (Stacy Doris, Duration, 2003).

Lindsay Turner's first collection of poems, *Songs & Ballads*, was published by Prelude Books in 2018. Her translations from the French include *The Next Loves*, by Stéphane Bouquet (forthcoming, Nightboat Books, 2019) and a co-translated book of philosophy by Frédéric Neyrat, *Atopias* (Fordham University Press, 2017).

Sawako Nakayasu is a poet, translator, and performance artist who has lived in Japan, France, China, and the US. Her books include *The Ants* (Les Figues Press, 2014), *Texture Notes* (Letter Machine Editions, 2010), the translation of *The Collected Poems of Chika Sagawa* (Canarium Books, 2015), as well as unconventional translations such as *Costume en Face* (Ugly Duckling Presse, 2015) and *Mouth: Eats Color — Sagawa Chika Translations, Anti-translations, & Originals* (Rogue Factorial, 2011).