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Spring 2024

Poetry, Translations, and Technology: Translation of Two Markets, Once Again by Ryoko Sekiguchi

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Recommended Citation

Almaz, Asyl, "Poetry, Translations, and Technology: Translation of Two Markets, Once Again by Ryoko Sekiguchi" (2024). *Senior Projects Spring 2024*. 4.

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Poetry, Translations, and Technology:
Translation of *Two Markets, Once Again* by Ryoko Sekiguchi

Senior Project Submitted to
The Division Languages and Literature
of Bard College

by
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Annandale-on-Hudson, New York
May 2024

For everyone that showed me love, and everyone who speaks more than one language.
Love you a lot!

Acknowledgements

I want to thank my family for always supporting me throughout my life: my father, my mother, my little brothers, my grandparents, my aunts and uncles, my cousins, people who I call aunts and uncles, and a lot more! Special thanks to my mom, Rita Bakenova, and my little brother, Timur Almaz, their calls and messages all the way from Bishkek, Kyrgyzstan, always give me strength to go forward.

To my professors at Bard College who I took classes with, your support and lessons helped me grow and understand myself better.

To my advisors, Phuong Ngo and Joshua Glick, thank you so much for having me in your classes and chatting outside of the classroom, and for supporting me throughout my Senior year at Bard. Thank you, Phuong Ngo, for letting me rant in your office about this project and supporting me while I was going through hard times, either academically or personally. Especially with translations!

Many thanks to my former advisor Nathan Shockey, who was supporting me from my Freshman year here. Thank you for listening to me talk about classes, Japanese language, literature, my plans for the future, and just other stuff!

Thank you to the former professor at Bard College, Wakako Suzuki, for having a literature course that got me into Asian Studies and made me understand that I actually love literature.

Thank you to everyone at Bard: staff, faculty, librarians, tutors, ES workers, B&G workers, Kline-DTR-Halal Bros workers, my supervisors from jobs, my colleagues from every single thing that I did at this school, every office that supported me - OISSS, OEI, OSA, and a lot more offices at Bard - thank you so much for your support and smiles, you were bringing happiness to me and other students.

A lot of thanks to clubs that I was a part of, you really carry this school. And to all my residents that I had during my Peer Counselor years!

Finally, THANKS TO ALL MY FRIENDS! Without you, I do not know where I would be or who I would be. Your unconditional love, support, guidance, motivation and help got me through all these years at Bard. YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MY BEST FRIENDS AND FRIENDS.

Thanks to me, myself, and I for pushing it through. Peace and love...

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Introduction

When I was in my early teenage years, there was a moment when my father was reading some of my books - it was most likely *The Catcher in the Rye* by J. D. Salinger - and he said, "The original sounds a lot better." I had never read this book in English before, only in Russian, so I did not really have an opinion on that. Since then, I have always thought about what a good translation is. Moreover, I never asked him to elaborate more on that; it was just a brief conversation that got stuck in my head since then. However, I became picky about the version and translation of the book I was reading.

Since my childhood, I was surrounded by different languages. Coming from a bilingual house, I was lucky to understand two of my mother tongues - Russian and Kyrgyz. There have been difficulties with understanding and remembering two languages at once because you would always know one language better than the other one. However, it caught my attention that understanding and speaking those languages could benefit me in communication with different spaces in my life at that time - my parents, siblings, extended family, school, and just being able to understand street signs in my hometown, Bishkek, located in Kyrgyzstan.

It was a privilege for me to be able to start learning English since I started school. It was necessary preparation for my future because there was a certain thought behind me coming to the US to get my higher education, which eventually became true. Learning this language has opened the doors for different opportunities outside of my home country, both educationally and career-wise. Unless you grow up in an environment where you are learning any language, it is challenging to keep up. It requires many lessons and outside practice, which is a typical story for

many people in the world. One thing about English for me is that it is a language I had to learn due to the number of future opportunities I could miss out on if I did not know it.

Knowing more than one language is good, but it is an essential skill for humans - either for communication within their community or to improve their lives. A language is often being learned to benefit at some point in their career, but not necessarily for pleasure. This happened to me - when I was in high school, I had the chance to attend a Japanese language club.

It was like the language and culture learning thing at school but not graded, so it was like “fun language learning.” My teacher at that time still wanted us to learn the language, so she took the language learning part seriously, but I liked that. It was a good time to learn a language for fun, and this is how my journey with the Japanese started. Little did I know that I was getting myself into the language with multiple alphabets, kanji (the writing system with Chinese characters), and many hidden meanings in the words and phrases in daily use or literature.

Learning Japanese never stopped after school. The studies of the language continued, and I was introduced to more subtleties of it—more words, more grammar, but also other stuff that was interesting to see, like poetry and books. Some Japanese poetry I knew, like haiku and tanka. Those were the most famous Japanese-styled poetry structures that you could meet in different books and texts. It got to the point where I needed to remind myself that those were not the only structures in Japanese poetry.

The real translating experience for the *JAPN315*: Japanese Translation Seminar, where I was learning about translation and getting practice in doing that. That class was a challenging but rewarding experience where I studied how to compare different translations, including yours, to others and how to do it as accurately as possible. After that, I thought I would never do

translations like that again because it was sometimes complicated to come up with one opinion on how a piece of text could be structured in English.

However, you cannot escape it like that, especially if you like a specific literature genre. Reading and writing poetry was like a hobby, sometimes to pass the time and other times to express emotions. Especially after my semester in Tokyo, where I took a beginning poetry class at Waseda University, I was interested in haiku, tanka, and Western-inspired poetry of Japan. The class was for people who were learning Japanese. The course was called *Learning Japanese through Haiku, Tanka, and Poems*, and we were learning the language through reading and writing poems. It was truly a unique experience because it was my first time practicing how to write poetry in Japanese and capture the moments. What is interesting is that if you write poetry in one language and then try to translate it, if you are familiar with both languages, you might start to notice differences. It can be where you think the translation does not have the right emotions to it; the words could be different, the structure of the line should have been as accurately written in the original as possible, etc. Whenever this happens, I always question how to make the lines sound as accurately as possible in another language.

You might question why we are even talking about translation and languages like that. Language is one of the most important and popular ways to communicate between people, and recently, even with machines. People must come up with accurate words and descriptions whenever they talk in a different language, or else the idea of what they want to say may be taken differently. An accurate translation is good for everything, but there are instances where it is impossible to come up with the exact words - and that is where people decide how they want to structure their thoughts. When translating literature pieces, you need to think a little bit extra

about the structure of lines and words. For example, in the famous haiku by Matsuo Bashō, Frog Haiku, which has a lot of variations in English:

古池や

蛙飛び込む

水の音

(Matsuo Bashō)

Into the ancient pond

A frog jumps

Water's sound!

(Translated by D.T. Suzuki)

The old pond;

A frog jumps in —

The sound of the water.

(Translated by R.H. Blyth)

An old pond —

The sound

Of a diving frog.

(Translated by Kenneth Rexroth)

As you can notice, there are different ways to come up with the English versions: different lines and sentence structures, the wording and characters - but there is no way we could come up with one version. And this is one thing about language: it unravels the different layers of meaning of words. The translations above were given by people with experience with Japanese and English. However, many people who do not know Japanese, for example, might use a different way of translating poetry and any given text using an online translation tool.

People usually refer to translating websites like Google Translate, DeepL Translator, Bing Microsoft Translator, and there is even an Amazon Translate. In the past, they could have done better in terms of sentence accuracy, but right now, those tools are pretty good at it. The only problem sometimes is that there are inaccuracies depending on the style of the text. With creative writing, you need to see if the machine uses the right word and puts in the accurate text structure, but it could be better. To bring a practical example, we need to see how different websites translated the same haiku from above:

Old ponds and
Frogs jump in
the sound of water
(From DeepL)

old pond
frog jump
sound of water
(From Google Translate)

Koikeya

Frog Jumping

The sound of water

(From Bing Microsoft Translator)

It is a little hilarious to look at these examples and compare them with the ones that humans did. The choice of the words is pretty accurate in most of them. However, with haiku specifically, it is not about the right words most of the time. Haiku, for the most part, is about capturing the moment in brief wording, which has not been widely used among English poetry genres. So, translating everything is also a practice of how to give people a feeling.

This project is not about haiku, actually. After the autobiography and the discussion about translations and haiku, you might ask yourself the meaning of everything you will read. We will dive into the work of the Japanese poet named Ryoko Sekiguchi. When there were stages of author decision, I was determined to have a female poet for various reasons. Her work is not well known in the United States; however, she is notable in Japan and France. The work that was used for this paper is called *Two Markets, Once Again*. It was translated into English from French, even though the original was Japanese. She translated the French version herself, which brought my attention to her more while deciding on the specific body of work to focus on. It would definitely be poetry because there is more freedom for poetry in any language to be built and to think about the possibilities of language structure. Sekiguchi's work looks pretty abstract, and what is interesting is that she likes to experiment with shapes and forms of the text quite literally.

Her poetry book is used here to talk more about the idea of transformation that is happening while you translate stuff from one language to another. What is even the accurate

translation: the ones that follow the same structure, style, and words or that are supposed to bring the same emotions as the original does? While exploring this question, I translated the poetry book *Two Markets, Once Again*, to see what is possible to bring from Japanese to English. In one book called *Language and Problems of Knowledge* by Noam Chomsky, he said:

“The language is a rich and complex system of some sort, with specific properties that are determined by the nature of the mind/brain. This language, in turn, determines a vast range of potential phenomena; it assigns a structure to linguistic expressions that go far beyond experience. If the language is Spanish, then the cognitive system that the child has acquired determines that *strid* is not a possible word; the same is true if the language is Arabic, but not English.” (ADD THE)

To all this, it was a challenge to bring the message of some words to English because in Japanese, they could mean something that needs to be corrected in translation. Moreover, how could translating something affect the people, cultures, and environments we live in during the age of technology?

Different online sources and machines surround us in our daily lives, and to some degree, they do affect us a lot. It is a fast-growing field, comparing what we used to get from translating tools (it was better to just type one word at once) to what we have now (coherent sentences). It is interesting to see how people use technology like that - some even think it will reduce human labor in editing and translation jobs, which is a possibility, but it is not quite what you might think it is. Because if we let websites and algorithms decide the meaning of what people write, how could it affect the culture, speech, writing, etc? Also, can it get to the “perfection” point of translating literature and other things? While exploring these things, we should start by introducing ourselves to the author, Ryoko Sekiguchi, and her work - *Two Markets, Once Again*.

Biography of Ryoko Sekiguchi

Ryoko Sekiguchi was born on December 21st, 1970 in Tokyo, Japan. She is a poet, translator, and a “literary caterer”¹. What is so interesting about her that I am including her biography in my writing is her journeys in life and her work. She studied journalism at Waseda University, and after the completion of it, she got her doctorate in comparative literature and cultural studies at the University of Tokyo. She did not stop there, she continued her studies by going to Paris, France, to study History of Art at the Sorbonne University. She fluently speaks and writes her work in both Japanese and French. She also has experience of translating from Dari language to Japanese, the book is called *Earth and Ashes*(2003) by the Afghan writer and filmmaker Atiq Rahimi.

There are not a lot of poets from Japan like her. She has been living in France since 1997, not including the casual trips to Japan and other countries. She started to write more since she moved to Paris, publishing poetry collections and her work on French gastronomy later. Her style of writing is also not very typical for the Japanese poets and authors. While, in my opinion, she really did not follow what people usually write (tanka, haiku), however her writing choices are also different. For example, in the case of Yosano Akiko’s tanka, where you need to strictly use 31 syllables, it is noticeable that she did not break that rule. There was an ability for her to capture the sensual feelings and struggles that women experienced. Here are some examples of her tanka:

1. 罪おほき男こらせと肌きよく黒髪ながくつくられし我れ
2. その子二十櫛にながるる黒髪のおごりの春のうつくしきかな

¹ A title from a video that Ryoko Sekiguchi did for the Alliance Française, where she explained that she “invented the dishes that go with festival themes or book authors”. It is connected to her recent works where she writes about food.

They are in a single line with 31 syllables. There are almost no exceptions in her structure, and in general poets try not to break it. Whereas Ryoko Sekiguchi's poems may look like this:

1. イタリアでも旧約からの予型論でもなく、私のミリアム、あまりに遠すぎて、幸運にもこの土地では何処にも還元されないですむ優しい言葉を次々と発音し、東欧からてくてく歩いてここまで来た、崖に住む鳥の目の娘のためだけに言う、O clemence, O dolcis, O pia. (Sekiguchi, *Two Markets, Once Again*, 26)

2. D'un cote, la maniere
de l'ascension ou de
la spirale pour chaque
oiseau est déterminée
et non modifiable, et
l'orientation qu'ils sont
susceptibles de connaître
est préalablement
restreinte, d'un autre
cote, pour les plantes
qui ne vont nulle part
toutes seules, l'oscillation
est permise comme
action, et invite sans
cesse doublons et replis. (Sekiguchi, insert from *Heliotropes*)

Her work is bigger, broader, and more free. She does not follow traditional Japanese poetry structures, but rather follows her own style and spacing. She creates shapes with her stanzas, and lets the imagination go along with her storytelling.

Someone would tell me that it is my lack of reading more in Japanese, however how it sounds while reading it aloud changes everything. While reading, it felt more like a novel to

the point where I was doubting if I was actually translating the poetry. No rhyme or structured lines that I would find in language books.

Her writing style was described to be “creating a visual poetic space”². She is an author that invests a lot in Japanese modernism, and her work tends to explore more on feminine experiences and tends to be in a more complicated text than usually authors do. The move from Japan to France changed the way she writes her work. It was described to be minimalist, and in my opinion it is also very abstract. While translating her work, it was interesting to see how much meaning could hide behind the words. Sometimes it would feel like there is no meaning in the poems, however this is just a feeling of being lost in translation and the meaning from the other languages.

This is not only about the languages but also an interesting cultural development in the writing for both sides. It is an interesting contribution to Japanese writing and seeing how her life experiences affected the style just opens a lot of possibilities for many other people to experiment with their poetry and language in general. In the example of *Two Markets, Once Again*, which was published as a complete poetry book in 2001 by Shoshi Yamada in Japan, as it was mentioned earlier, her writing felt more free than usual Japanese poems with a specific structure. Having a structure is not a bad thing, but for some it might feel like a boundary for creativity.

Sekiguchi’s work has been translated to English before - *Heliotropes*(2005), *The Present Voice*(2021), and *Two Markets, Once Again*(2005) from the French. Those poetry collections and books were translated from French, and she would translate from French to Japanese and vice versa, like *Two Markets, Once Again*. The book that got translated by me is obviously from Japanese, which was the original, and there were a lot of moments where the structure and the

² <http://jacketmagazine.com/37/r-sekiguchi-rb-selland.shtml>

words created confusion for me. As it was mentioned about the boundaries of creativity earlier, Sekiguchi managed to write in her own way while also playing with many different languages in the text. It is in Japanese, however there were some words in French, Latin, and different names from Greek mythology that I never heard of. The more details about the text will be included in the next chapters.

With your surroundings, the writing style and topics can change. Going a little bit of topic of the overall writing, but there should be mentions of what she writes about right now. These days, her work is more about food and wine, where she writes about the expressions of memory and smells both in French and Japanese cuisines, and more in her book *Nagori: La nostalgie de la saison qui s'en va*, which was published on October 18, 2018 by POL Editeur. Moreover, she writes about other cultures and speaks many languages, and actively reflects in her writing. In her latest work, *961 heures à Beyrouth*, which was published in France in April 1, 2021 by P.O.L, describes the food and nostalgia of pre-disaster Beirut, Lebanon, where she spent 961 hours there for her residency. It is multicultural, where she shares the stories for the locals there and other foreigners. This just admits here that she is a diverse author, who is not afraid of writing about different topics and different languages. Her writing is experimental, and with that she discovers new ways for poets and other authors to approach the craft: whether it is with writing in Japanese and French, or discovering what a person discovers about themselves and others through food and culture, or discovering different spaces and feminine experiences. These and a lot of things make me respect her a lot as an author despite discovering about her literally at the start of the whole research of my work. With her story of changing her places of residency, it was interesting to discover the evolution of her writing and themes and Sekiguchi included. Her experimental approach for poems, languages, humanity, and spaces make her work

fascinating, and those things and more made me want to translate her work to English from the original Japanese.

Two Markets, Once Again

The act of reading, surrounding a page, a new line or a chapter without a punctuation mark, or setting up a space, as if written directly by the forceful hand. The exceptional strength of the pronunciation of the conjunction "at that time" was too late to notice that we had even turned pale, and it created a market here and now, and that the market had existed from the beginning, we have lived there from the beginning.

Even though we know that walking makes us tired, we can't stop. When we step on letters, the marks on the bottom of our shoes are sure to overlap as a thin layer, so our steps become heavier and heavier, and we can hardly call it a walk, with K and R in it, but such actions are recorded in our early behavioral records as walks.

If we are not careful, we bump into something solid. Each time, with no way to confirm who it was, images that are foreign to us fly out, burning the ends of our hair and making small scratches on our upper arms, and from the patterns left on our skin, we realize that they were memories that we will never have as our own.

I was tired of passing by gates opening onto perfectly flat plazas, where the market and other cities were tied tightly together with thick hemp cords wrapped around my arms. I had no recollection of ever entering the market. After all, even though he came in, he was probably born here in the first place.

I had many opportunities to pass by the gates facing the magnificently leveled square, where the market and other cities were tightly tied together with thick hemp cords wrapped around my arm, but I had no memory of entering the market through them. Because even though they come here, they were born here in the first place.

Two markets in two cities. Since I started living in this area, I couldn't get the other market out of my head. As long as I thought about it, I wasn't a resident of this market, and if I wasn't a resident, I was definitely marginal.

An elusive white.

No matter which photograph you look at, the market has been photographed as if to advertise its labyrinthine structure, carefully capturing the intricacy of the place, the complexity of thought represented by its passageways that are so narrow they can hardly be called alleys, as well as the fast-moving air currents that rise ceaselessly from the misty streams of people coming and going.

When choosing a new alley, you have to make sure it is not a dead end, because the alleys for you are never a grid. At first, I was recommended many times by nearby residents who were kind to me, assuming that I was the same kind of text as them. Thank you, but I can't, you see, I am nearsighted and cannot tell if the first alley is already a dead end.

Only when I see in front of me, at the end of my field of vision, long strides disappearing from right to left, do I realize that I can disappear to the left too.

We do not exclude anything, but simply proclaim that this is the world we have chosen. We disappear into that stressed accent, into the solid affirmation that comes from a conscious, not quoted, but communing with other powerful texts.

All those who were connected with the personal *attachment* were placed in a small dwelling. It had a greenish-blue door and no lighting, so in the morning and midday hours, the light came

from the ceiling through the frosted glass. They did not borrow lamps from our neighbors, and sometimes tried to collect light in the only beautiful thing they had, a mirror with blue decorations attached to it.

In the market, in which district did the man who kept writing about his mother's photograph live?
A man who was so sensitive about how much "it" changes people.

Sometimes, when I was out during the permitted hours, I would see that man. He lived in a town that was completely indifferent to him, a town where things that he found beautiful were spoken of like preachers here and there, but where the pronunciation was forceful and never flowed gently in an arch, and he wrote slowly, over and over, about the boys who walked swaying along, calmly accepting the situation that they could not leave the land so far away that they could no longer remember the cafe at the border of the district.

There was only one spice shop in the market, a recognized minority. As long as there was a linear definition coming from behind, it wasn't taken up as a primary issue, so they could live near the square like this. But poor people, being only half-recognized was only half-killing them, and they completely lost the map of the alleys they secretly made just for themselves, and perhaps because of that, they used chameleons and the like everywhere to ward off evil.

They use a church that was once owned by the Spanish Capuchin Order for their ceremonies, so on Saturdays... Almost everyone who sees me in the neighborhood rushes over and points it out, as if it were something to be concerned about and avoided.

Whenever, no matter when or what I shoot, the texture of the sand stands out on the screen. Apart from the stone buildings, the faint heat rising from the damp earth, the leaves that have

been trampled and covered in mud and footprints, and the freshly drawn water that the girls pour vigorously from terracotta jars are all covered in sand on the screen, proving that sand is considered the most important element of all the elements that make up matter.

She was always saddened by the fact that she had to be far from the glittering things in the East, and so she always put her hand on her heart, like the right hand that is placed on the chest in thanksgiving.

Is the kithara considered an insignificant instrument because of its elegance, even when played by a young man like that? Suppose there is a girl who plays the kithara.

She called out "Tiresias". And immediately words came and formed around the call, defined it, declared that such a word did not exist, and quickly wrapped it in a cloth that was not even new, and carried it away. "Tiresias" dries before it can be called.

And the name my father gave me, and the name of my tribe, so that people would know me.

He stares, smiles sarcastic and provocatively, and says for the first time, "It wasn't for you to decide," as if he had always told us that, and then he leaves.

Despite being in a relatively southern land, the eyes of the men rushing towards only softness, not lukewarm, not bleeding vivid blood, not turning, not turning inside out, even pleading to find a girl who does not have the name Fatemeh, whose hair does not lighten in the sunlight. Fatemeh be okay? I remember the atheist Shareme, the black eyes surrounded by theatrical texts in the northern city, and I was wearing a white-collared shirt trying to escape the cave of different logic. I would have the name Naseem, not call my father by his name, pour cool water even in summer into our transparent containers, and pack the crimson symbol into the burlap sacks that

the men hold dear, and send it back to the frontier land where we once were, along with the donkey.

There were times when the market helped us just by visiting it. We knew that radical change was not going to happen anytime soon, that it would not be that easy, but knowing that it was coming cheered us up. Even when we bought turnips, or shoveled grits soaked in milk on the street, the scent of crushed princess roses, the light scent of pomegranate and orange blossom, which we also eat with lemon and syrup, was draped around us like a loose, light shawl, never a heavy shawl that covered our hair.

Speaking of shawls, the sight of the cloth was always there. Every house had a kind of terrace with a floor made of whitewashed concrete that was not provided in our long and narrow dwellings, where we had probably lied and "arrived here as strangers," and it seemed that this space, which reflected the sunlight excessively, existed only to make a spectacle of the laundry once every seven days. The girls, who, without any thought, were forced to hang out the white cloth that relatively limited their skin, due to the intensity of the custom and the sight. The perverse fixation and transformation of the penetrating color made them present the appearance of the pigment, which did not disappear even after many washes, as a reason for their continued existence here. Moreover, every time the wind blew, a new layer of confirmation and conviction was born. I'm so glad that it wasn't us.

...I got joy...I wanted...No more...All through...I won't say anything more...Laurier leaves...Because this destiny is yours...Tend the goats...

We liked the man who looked at the boy sincerely, even if a little too amorphous. It was surprising that his gaze, not in the free ghetto along the coast, where definitions bound by iron

cords were half-heartedly accepted, but in this market, that is, in the market of Babel with its dizzying order where a rigid vertical world is constructed, place where you are not allowed to own a different address, and even though it cannot yet become a decisive force, it is surprising that it keeps its quiet gaze firmly on it. He could see the difference he brought from another place in the parts that were not considered to be different at all, and therefore in the relationships that were considered to have no importance, and unfortunately he kept silent about it.

A heavy weight that weighs down on him can push the light toward the floor. The light does not increase because the density increases, and the meaning that it had is compressed into a dust-like nature, and continues to flutter around in a small circle.

In another market, birds sing. Birds that do not live in that market or in that area, their chirping of flight are captured in a thin band of sun-photography on the slopes of June, and as they flutter and sway on the roof, they touch each other and chirp, creating a tropical atmosphere.

If we were to speak of this market, not the other one. At first, we did not even know where it was. We had unfolded the map, and perhaps because we had no fingers to point it, we ourselves became the map of the dog, smelling the sea, traveling with a girl whose flaming hair swayed in a semicircle, and it was only then that we passed the place. Being only a traveler who could barely guess the seasons, we were fascinated by the sudden turns of the images that appeared one after another, and there was no way we would have noticed how dangerous the market was for us.

Not in Italy, nor in Old Testament typology, but for my Miriam, who trudged here from Eastern Europe, pronouncing gentle words one after another that are too far away and fortunately not

reduced anywhere in this land, I say only for the bird-eyed girl who lives on the cliff, **O clemence, O dolcis, O pia.**

And then there is the perhaps heretical *Na Maria pretz e fina valors*, written by a woman hoping for the fulfillment of her soft feelings in a sunny land, and brought by someone, quietly hidden in a beautiful reservoir that also receives the sunlight. Even for us, we sometimes find ourselves confused and unable to understand the words being spoken to us, but on sunny days, it is pleasant to hear the soft consonant bubbles, shaped like a slightly bent egg, rising on the edge of the water, and we gather around to listen to them, like this, **Bella dompna cui pretç e giois emança/e gientiç parlars a vos mas coblas man/car et vos es gaessa et alegransa/e tutç lo bens c'om e dona deman.**

Those lips kissed me,

Mihi iam non sis amara, I beg the text not to give us such gravity. Do not use that syntax, your plea will bring nothing to this place, the text will graciously grant your request, without moving a single pebble from this place.

Not only does it turn what it touches into gold, it also turns those who read its text. Those who unknowingly come across the text are deprived of words.

You choose to continue reading this line, or you remain in the darkness forever, and even if he doesn't think he's saying that, and before you know it, you always find yourself handed the text.

I wonder how he perceived the liveliness that is unique to living beings. In this market, where verbs pile up hastily, where one has a direction to move in, where body heat is released and even erupts in all directions with such conviction, he remains alone in a room up a long, cool staircase

or in a remote cafe, fixated on the humidity that forms unpredictable wavy lines, muttering in a low voice “This is not it, this is not the image”. But he refuses to stop staying by the side of those who are gently disappearing, even as they are pulled by the shining eyes.

I also noticed the boy who liked to wear pure white trousers, but who would always get small stains on his pants as he walked through the market, and the boy who would climb the hill of imagination before arriving at sexuality, with a beautiful orange stain on his sky-blue sweater.

I remember another market. There was a soft-faced young girl who was smiling and always making something small with her fingers next to a man who owned some neatly dried apricots. Her name, I believe, began with **kh**, and sounded like the tip of a broom gently sweeping away dry leaves. She received the apricots in the cool morning, and when the sun was directly overhead, the man holding it chanted from behind me in a low voice, leaving a thin layer of kisses on the top of her palm after the gentle recitation. In the evening, he slowly traced the curve of her shoulder. Just as the call of the sheep can be heard even from behind, the results of a sexual love that goes in many directions and that at first glance makes the relationship ambiguous were not rushed and were patiently awaited.

When I touch the person here, not an image, and the sensation awakens sounds that have never existed in my body before, can I write those sounds as something that comes from me on the flowing water, on the grass-covered banks, on the limestone that is still a little cold from the rain? What if the words left behind combine with the material and undergo a transformation, taking on a form I never thought of, but still return to the person's name as their origin?

A complex process of appropriation.

I always mistook the sound of a knock on the door for the sound of a child's ball hitting the door. It was about nine in the morning, and I had just woken up, had just boiled a cup of coffee, poured it into a plastic cup, and was drying my hair with a cloth soaked in hot water from a washbasin, when someone came to visit me.

We were not allowed to go far from the market, and even if we had been allowed, it would have been impossible for us to stay away from the market at that time. That being said, at some point, we began to stay in our rooms for long periods of time, and tried various things to ferment the words we had smuggled down from the hills by soaking them in warm water were not something that would be praised here. When I first arrived here, I was just like the weak texts brought from elsewhere, I was constantly in the market as a small living thing, at the mercy of omnipresent signs everywhere that my five senses could perceive: the smell of caramel mixed with baking soda that unexpectedly rose from the underside of a coriander leaf, the chipped wall diagonally above me as I turned left at the corner of the dairy store, the sunlight that repeatedly hit my eyes without warning, the same conversation that I would always hear behind me as I walked through the crowded fish market.

The texts don't let me go unread, and they visit me regularly.

The small room that received the visit of the entire market was deprived of air, and the condensed air was unable to move and was pressed against the wall, so naturally I couldn't even exhale. Breathless, I listened to the faint sound of the words close to me being crushed together.

In an attempt to describe my small geography, which was still only flat, they sometimes called me by the name of another land that existed parallel to the market and even further outside of us. They spread me out as if I were a map of that land, and tried to give me the names of mountains

and seas containing viscous vowels, pointing to each one as if it were a place I should return to. Please stop.

Not out of hostility, but out of love and admiration, unbearable emotions that in themselves have no reason to be criticized, they quickly attached images that never existed in my words to my body. The arms that raised the image up onto the throne were similar to those used to put away unwanted items in a cupboard, and I tried many times to slip through them and jump off.

Under the pretense of restoring the original clarity of a color, the images thrust upon us without warning are always overly watered or unraveling, and one after another, they are pasted on and penetrate our eyes without us having time to know the origin of the colors they were made of.

It is defined as something without which the world would die. On the other hand, it is defined as something that is more painful than anything else, that suddenly appears before our eyes at the right time, as if to stand in our way, and leaves us dumbfounded. We can write as much as we like, words that begin with sep or have roots of h or b, without caring whether the subject of the writing is currently being struck by those consonants somewhere for no reason.

Every time I hear those words, which may be rhyming or inlaid with rhetoric, I reply quietly. Yes, but I will go much further from the geography you are thinking of. We are.

If they disappeared as soon as they were touched, at least they could make those words fly out all at once, no matter how violently. Even if they could not penetrate the text, even if the water did not leave a stain, it sprayed like an endless mist on our consonants and vowels that disintegrated as soon as they appeared.

The gravity that is carried by reading. A weight that gradually makes it impossible for us to leave. After the act of pouring mercury into our light bodies, which we do intentionally as if it were inevitable, we always remain unable to stand up for a long time. What if we decided not to read texts anymore?

What if we didn't just shut ourselves up in this small dwelling in the market, but really left this place itself? But we knew that if we did that, the language of the texts we had read up until then would flood in all at once, covering us, and our words would be clenched from our backs again and again, hammered, and their existence would be lost.

Even though he would be unable to leave the market, forgotten, and never given the chance to speak again, he had no right to complain; or rather, since complaints were themselves made up of words, it was only natural that he could not.

But the only reason I dared to stay was that the market and we knew what was not an illusion. There are texts that create this kind of space by being read, and texts that enter the space in an attempt to read them, texts that encourage transformation and further give the image of their own words, and texts that resist them. Whatever metamorphosis and violence occurs, only here, as long as it is words, sunlight with real warmth shines in.

I'm sure I've exchanged greetings with Judith, who was the name of a girl who lived somewhere, a couple of times. I carried a neat basket on my head, as the locals do, and she wore carefully woven clothes with slightly heavy double eyelids, but the light of her deep green eyes was amazingly unconcealed, and said, "Hello, beautiful one, may peace be upon you."

cum sit hinc exire, they sing to those who have continued to preach exile as a great achievement and choice for this land, they sing in a line with their hair tied up, "Going out!" How can you call it such a word for such an act, how can you use that symbol when you have bound us to this place by a text?

They entrust their fate to the grass and the image.

The texts of our forgotten and caricatured sisters flutter like transparent shadows. In the first place, construction is a distant act of reading, so no matter how loudly you read, you cannot create another city, and especially from this market, you cannot easily move on to another text even if you wanted to. You move only within the image. Fluttering, vivid, yet flat, there is no sea to jump into, the cliff is a vehicle for flight, not a fall, and as you are carried up by the updraft, you pass by the words and consonants that fly by quickly, and leave a mark like a faintly shining kiss mark.

A soft voice... It's like a tightening of the chest... My tongue

Ha... the moist cushion... the ephemeral... Attis, Lydia, the gold-rimmed lips... saffra

Seo's color... with dew... carried away... Artemis's... Furegial.....

鸞 (Luan) the night cry that conveys desire... it's paralyzing... lira

Call me, in a certain way... Kanro's... Of course, there's no bargaining.....

It sounds like... a long time later, someone... our child

You'll remember that... of the gentle sisters.....

Attis, to that girl.....

I am more blue than grass.

During our morning service, reading the texts that accumulated, with tightly bound pages and folios that had been printed without a single error, we felt anxious as the petrification branched out from the depths of our fingernails to our fingers. Sometimes, each of us would hold hands and run up the hill together, each holding our sisters' words in his hand. Our actions were ignored, more like silent acceptance, as if they did not exist. When we returned, the weeds and small leaves that had stuck to our clothes while we were on the hill, the leather lace-up sandals that had been created by our sexual love with the texts, and the damp soil on their soles were all burned without the other residents knowing about them, and without any public notice.

A goat with a beautiful coat for you...

fons amoris, fons amoris,

fons, My beloved texts gave birth to us, and our love for them calls them back to this place. When we were forced to live in a place where no one looked at us, and we still didn't know what to do, we tried to live by reflecting each other, not by bread, but by feeding on such things.

"Those who enter this market again after a long absence have not changed their basic pillars despite the age gap." have a slight wonder at connecting several central gates The color of the walls of Gu City has faded a little in the course of change It won't go in."

Then, when we part ways by saying, "Have a good trip," our vision is touching and we are close to what we want to touch. If you can use force to move the land, kiss it

there would be no reason to, actually, to the other side of the hill I can't get over it, so I'm just saying hello to my imaginary departure

Shall we, therefore, be recognized but preferable

There was some frustrating hesitation, and there was no doubt that he was sincere, and he slowly conveyed the warmth that permeated from the surface with his index finger, not his lips.

When you're carrying bulky luggage and can't look down while walking, words that you've started talking on the side of the road and stopped talking may cling to your feet and get in the way. Not only that, but in this market, as if they couldn't wait for the morning market to end, all remaining words were cleared away without leaving a trace.

Drowsiness...memories of wandering...of Clenax...ruthlessly...flowing away...

...because the apple picker...forgot...

On the left there was something blocking the light, and on the right, something like a tree with thin leaves cast a bright shadow and light. As I walked, dragging the collective residence of compressed words to my left hand,

about halfway through the journey, the smell of boiled milk came rushing in as if passing through a light dust,

and since it was morning, it was accompanied by a sesame-like scent, and I kicked the particles into my nose with my steps. Immediately afterwards, the smell of tires rises from the right side, and at the same time, the light and shadow become finer, the soil feels harder and it becomes

easier to drag luggage, and just at that time, if you turn to the right, you will arrive in front of the station. I can show you the way like this.

"Everyone tells the same story about that place, and claims ownership of it. Solo, abicio, desero, everyone is sensitive about such words, asking where they were spoken, and never hiding their anger at the exposure of sentences that only they should know."

I remember the names of the directions I was taught in the market, and I timidly offer up the vague pronunciations of *galb* and *sharq* to the air rising from the pebbles in front of the door. But my skin is so smooth that it becomes the alphabet, so it does not ride on the sandpaper-like dust that mixes with the air, and b, gh, n, j are mixed together and dismantled as weak living things.

Even in this season, I still couldn't master the pronunciation of "no". Loquat is at the branch of verbally admonish someone to be found immediately and return to the central district handed down not by but by looking silently, but by retreating one step at a time, repeating over and over again, and sandals The heels of were worn out, and when I noticed them, I was frightened It became a habit to have your back on the door, There was a faint blue-green splinter behind all the clothes.

"The heat possessed by Ecstasy lacks the nectar to grow softly, and that makes all replies written with their backs turned."

Arrows, by their definition, face only one direction. What kind of magnetic field was acting on, the arrows always clearly point in the opposite direction to where we are, and every time our position changes, we immediately fine-tune it, and in our eyes

Only after an image of thought is left.

the strength that awaits the market to become a proper noun There was a sprout of words like that. The inhabitants of this land occasionally picked it out, washed it clean in the river, and polished it as a mirror used or used to give peace to dying livestock

and so on. We, those who have no way of possessing nouns, standing in a stupor or unconscious manner in front of them half-pitied to touch the cat as if stroking it passing by, or being supposed to be awe-inspiring, with his eyes, half as yet incomprehensible as if he could not understand it I was looking.

On the other hand, the hand that declares that it is not something that can begin with S is always held tightly, and the hand that holds the brush is exactly the same firmness be gripped. It is written on a roll of cigarette paper, and the paper is emitted again from the lips that touch it.

Every time I try to describe my body, p. f. n. with the consonants in one's head in sequence and therefore uninterrupted without giving him a soft breath.

There was a man among us who could sing the words that had been handed down from the past, and we enjoyed the way the beautiful vowels repeated over and over, lifting us up and gently lowering us to the grass, without any understanding of what they meant, but later we learned that they were talking about reading texts, and about our eyes. Without warning, alleys that had been there disappeared, and the slope of the hills became impossibly steep. The alleys are not metaphors for texts, so they only represent the changeable relationship between us, not the arbitrary change of logic. When we were tired, even taking one step up a hill required sitting down and reopening a thick book over and over again.

Or perhaps it was a phenomenon that indicated that the act of writing is always possible in this market.

As we walked down the slope, the place gradually came into view on the left, at first diagonally, then the entrance became visible, and the unusual resting place we could enter.

We had walked here bringing with us many people who were all slightly similar, people with means of ventilation that could be easily defined, because no one had told us that this was a place where the Sororeto stone monument still breathes.

The most dangerous thing is only the opening of the door." a "beautiful woven fabric" laid out in the midst of a long journey that rejoices in the unknown vacant lot and sat down in Sochi and heard our words out loud,

each other's grasps our always warm but unsweetened drink

It was to pour it into Su. After such an afternoon, the atmosphere of creating an irregularity in this place may be there was even a ridiculous expectation that would increase, and for a few days he did not grow a millimeter tall, and the vacant lot was given by a thumb-sized grace that could be wiped out in an instant Just a feeling of excitement, forgetting that you've done it And it's fun to do this and that without paying attention to what we say He spent his days dreaming of a plan, picking up nuts that could only be used to wipe the floor.

The ditch for irrigation...the river...walk across.....a polished wooden door.

Until now, we had nothing to write in this land Yes. It may be a fantasy to play with the end of the word We just thought the words were important and hoped that they would stay there, but there

was a word that came to mind as a clear pronunciation accompanied by letters, so that we could thank them from the branches of the context and leave no trace fold firmly, fold, and sink into sorrow

We wrote for the first time, politely, slowly. We all split up and put it on the wall of the market. Choose one of the few brick walls where the strangers used to live.

"Did you think that if you tear off the images copied on many sheets of washi paper, the scenery might blend together and become an unexpected market? What could a small creature who had only been here for one night have copied?"

In the end, not even a single peach had been brought into this market by chance, where reading captures us, burns us to the bone, and corrodes us. The noise, the crowds, the images that stand up, the ambushes, the things that flow with rhythm, the smell of things that should not be there, the evaporating voices, the voices that scream because they cannot leave this place, the earlobes of girls when they step on the doorstep in a damp alley and suddenly turn around, were all carefully measured and moved by a huge force, and existed to be given only words to be looked at and spoken. It's even worse because he speaks of it not as a result of exoticism, but as an element of the land he was born in and that he belongs to. The inhabitants of the land lived as if they were waiting to be taught and have prophecies told, so everything looked as if it had been painted with a metallic sheen.

I told them that those who heard my words could not escape their influence. But they themselves were far from being penetrated by the words.

It became clear to me after I started living here. I straightened my back, opened my eyes, and confirmed that when I was in that market, in the land I longed for, I was in fact busy saving my words and wasting the land. Now, here we are, and we are the objects of consumption, and I realized for the first time how heavy it was, as I strained my elbows to not succumb to being consumed. In the past, the market was aware of my actions but kept silent, while we pretended not to see, though we vaguely knew, and with its silent gaze on our backs, we flew here and there, collecting words just for us, like collecting honey.

There are people who cannot speak from the beginning. I may have been mistaken, but the only flat, sticker-like being who can enter and exit this market at irregular intervals approached me for the first time and innocently called out to me: So, why are you in this market?

One time, I bought a boiled egg for breakfast, but when I cracked it open, it turned out to be raw, and it mercilessly flowed over the naan bread that was already prepared for me, wasting the refreshing walnuts, freshly made cheese, and mint that I had been planning to eat. When I complained, I got a response that I had never known before: not only was this market built facing east, but it also had a gate facing the mouth of the river where actual creatures who only utter suffocating words gather and live, and on the day of the week when that door is opened, a phenomenon appears where everything - baked things, woven things, things spoken in a soft voice, things that are hesitated, things that are steamed with mountain water, things that are slowly pinned together after hesitation, things that start with "but," things that are boiled - remains raw.

The market itself is probably not as big as you might think, but whenever it moved, it made a loud noise, like a wall of water rising all at once, yet solid and strangely heavy, so from outside

the city walls it must have looked like a gigantic machine. Or perhaps it was just the people inside who were subtly crushed by the pressure and forced to walk in an ellipse.

We always felt a little nervous when we passed by the cafe. The long, thin pieces of text, a bunch of spiky modifiers trying to form sentences, looked at us rudely. As we walked, with our backs straight, keeping the place at the edge of our vision, we saw the man we liked sitting at the edge for the first time in a long time, and we could tell right away that he had a worryingly indecent conjugation. When he saw us, he slowly raised his hand and made a gesture to meet us in front of the dairy. During the morning and afternoon, as I sipped the cool drink mixed with mint powder, the sourness of the drink lightly stinging my tongue like a little carbonation, I felt that only when I was with this person, another sign of the market came along like this, and I was able to sip such a delicious drink in a store that usually sells thick milk like cream. I swallowed and looked at the man, who looked very puzzled and said out loud, "That's strange." I don't really know how you ended up here, but you read me, and I was called here because you read me, and I read not my previous self, the me who was in the delicate pantheon, but the me who was changed by attachment, and I came to this place where only the climate and the land are related to me, but not the text. I learned the gestures of the hands that try to touch the unruly boys, became a text with my left hand lowered all the way, and loved the very act of lowering it, and was in a position of reflection that was about twenty degrees off from you guys, but I learned it by receiving and giving the light images that you jumped up. I'm sure you're wondering, which is why I wanted to ask you: did you come here with any understanding of why this market even exists in the first place?

"The act of reading the writing of someone who has actually touched the surface, who has tried to reach the innermost part of the text. It exists in reality, is never unrelated to the text, and in this world at least brings to mind the body of that person."

A person with physical strength, paradoxically, can grasp not only knowledge and weighty words, but also existence itself. The moment they grab something in one go and let it go, a fluorescent finger mark is left behind that never fades.

living here, barking like a little dog, with thin fingers We are making an impossible effort to point to a lot of things Could there be a situation in which this is written somewhere, and where he lives in another market, as the one who was born there, There were times when I thought that I could imagine us living in such a distant place." It wasn't there.

A building with a stronger metallic smell than any other district, perhaps in a foundry, with its entrance always open

We bring the text from as far a distance as we can get, It's incredibly efficient to pick up wooden boards with good reasons from the market, collect them, and use them as a key as a base material His mission seemed to be to create a true panorama that "extends and expands" the space that functions. The brought-in text is the strength that can be constantly fastened with screws and indifference is identified one by one, and the unambiguous density of condensing minerals is appropriate for this application It was prized as an object.

Of course, our visit is prohibited, or rather, our arms. The oddly thin man was treated with his back turned, in the first place, as the visit itself was a complete waste.

As for the weight.

fragments of text, broken or misplaced There are signs of denial or rejection in the throat, it is always high in spite of being a piece It is back-to-back with affirmation.

a source from which one's breath is normally exhaled further into the chest

must be uttered from a place that is not, not from a gas It was not a reproach that came up to my lips, but a puff of paper, and hurt me here and there, Listen, the man who lives by the word blocks the exit of the word And then, perhaps we've evoked it, and the gusts and the breeze, without exception, stopped and pushed back, and went only outside, The inside is a fire that has no temperature, and the container that cancels the function,

Where did the suspicious gaze come from,

Why are you still here, sir?

Contristatam et dolentem,

It may be said that the words that come to mind at that time are a little out of step with the situation surrounding our surface, and that they are always a little bit involved." That's why it's sung every time the seventh day comes. Some people believed that way.

Soli eravamo,

"a permanent resident who, over and over again, is proud to have no protection and no calm land, but wanders around by repeating so many descriptions of the land without getting tired of it." I'm about to put it down."

"Imagine the lives of those born at the airport."

Rimini's people who read the book before me, someone who touched the letters decisively at the same time, everyone said something had happened to her. As I say, what is the act of reading with multiple people? Unlike , where are you now?

The Gospel of Matthew sold with breakfast and a handful of peas. It would have been nice if it had been placed a little diagonally on the table so as not to stain the milk, and paralleled the thin light that came upon the stone floor.

I don't think I've ever had the experience of reading text, spasms I was very surprised twice when something unrelated happened Twice regularly, Contrabass suddenly intervened in the melody or the sound of t, or even stronger than the sound of t, the sky here, scratching hard at the same time as you hit it a disturbance of context in which one cannot tell which side came from, as if to blow one's mind away tens of kilometers with dust

This phenomenon appeared in front of the body as an experience only then.

Me sentire vim doloris/Fac,

I remembered someone we didn't know who lived in the mountains. You'll never get caught up with where you were. They try to get away from each other, but if they read it, there's no way they'll be there, even if they stop reading it." Accept the questionable myth of color liquidity and pour it back into yourself

You can only go far by emptying it

But to her unexpectedness, her clothes

The folds and their shadows still remain in the land

As soon as I opened the kitchen door, I went out of my way that cloth mixed with cotton and hemp that is pinned to the wooden floor and unable to visit us as if it were a discarded shape

There was one thing that was decided when it came to mind vividly.

There were some people who came from further away from the market's trading area, probably not from the east, and they were standing in the square near the gate on a night as bright as midday, wearing very thin quilted cotton vests and carrying two dogs that for some reason were not native to their area. As we were on our way back, singing again, we spotted them in the distance, diagonally to the right, and they saw what we were holding and, approaching each other, said, "What you have, what you have been pronouncing up until now, is not called poetry?" We offered one of them in reply, as if offering a hazel or raw pistachios: Les lampes du et et du ou.

With a slight bow, they continued: What are we going to do here with all the things we couldn't even imagine bringing, all the words you don't know how to read, words from further away than where we live, or from yesterday, words strangely cut out of context, or fragmented into such tiny pieces that they can no longer be given a body? But it is precisely because of this market, a place where logic is constructed one after another, like a mirror, that creates layers of time all at once, and where stories emerge in a double sense, that we carry these words with us, and live here, bearing marks on the shoulders of the gravity of the blue sky.

It is precisely because of this market, a place where stories can be made to stand out in a meaningful way, that we have these words, and live here, with marks on our shoulders under the gravity of the blue sky. How should we address these words? We are asked. When we call out words and read them, everything happens.

Before we lay down on the sheets, or when a draft comes in from under the door, familiar people come to visit us, and for a moment, we have a soft time that makes the surface of our skin tingle.

Coming from there...

Leave's.....scorch...you...make us...flee...to you...soft branches...hyacinth-colored...whiter and shinier than an egg...bright tone...wild o...not forgetting...saltpeter

A land that changes its appearance almost every day, and when it does, its meaning changes. As I walked through the tree-lined path, the third-to-last tree had turned into a stump, and even now the sap that had accumulated between the bark should be gradually thickening the stump, as if to make its cheeks swell. But today, when I walked, I was surprised to see a thin-branched shrub bearing a lot of hard indigo blue fruit. The small surprise repainted all the tensile strength in my body at once, and my eyelids quickly rose, absorbing the light, and my field of vision became wider and brighter. I practiced moving my hand as I clumsily gripped the graphite sandwiched between the thick pieces of wood, and wrote letters on the sticky paper. Because the lead of this writing implement is too soft to write thin letters, you can only write one character per sheet of paper, but as you become more accustomed to it and can write a word or something resembling a sentence per sheet of paper, the image that at first appeared like a faint mist gradually takes on a clearer color, and with each character you write you see a short, rapidly rhythmic sound being struck behind it.

Even if we walk quietly, so as not to leave our footprints, nothing changes in this market. But what if we had a different composition, one where our breath doesn't get in, our hair doesn't brush against the walls at the corners, and our skin doesn't touch the air of this land?

We decided to sweep the front of the gate that appeared, and not let anything that was just big in, but we discussed inviting the whole town, which is on a hill near the marshland with many slopes and twists, where the late morning sunlight shines at every turn, through the gate door.

e già iernotte fu la luna tonda. It was already a full moon last night. Whose intention was it that this word, borrowed from somewhere by the market as the key to the central gate that is closed at night, was casually placed here on this sunny stone, as if it had nothing to do with its former role as a marker? As a representative of all the remaining words and sentences there that were left without any understanding to anyone,

Who was reading it, and what had I been reading up until then? Whenever I opened my eyes, all I could see was a tall wall, so I used it as a screen, and as I read each line, each letter, each consonant, a new scene was born, and I didn't realize that it was made of a body completely different from ours, and even though it was flat when projected, it quickly became three-dimensional, had space, and was tapping us lightly. Because it was made of different words and the components of a different land, there were parts of it that we couldn't read, and we had forgotten that, and thought of the parts we couldn't read as parts we didn't understand. Rather than reconciling and accepting it, I wanted to firmly confirm and remember this, so that one day, after packing my bags and preparing to travel, I could leave this land and find a way to decisively transform it with our absence.

While living in the market, inside a space that we can never create, and will never create, and living there, they are not merely beings inserted into or removed from the text, nor are they barking like dogs that do not know which way the trees grow; they are read, read, called, and called, reading a text that has sound and is silent, while also being the text itself, while being

read as a text, they are also just a small thing, they have a body in this place and are simultaneously pronounced words, they place tt in their hand, trace sp's arm with their fingers, gently flick ch, exchange glances with le, pronounce each other while touching their lips, and do not let go of their hands,

Being here, opening our eyes, deciding to stay here, writing these texts in our notebooks with pen and hand, we can finally say that this market, which had existed ever since we began reading my father's texts, began to "exist" here for the first time.

Chapter 1: Structural and Critical Analysis of the *Two Markets, Once Again*

The process of translating is a long way that requires full attention to details and understanding two languages at once. For me, the Japanese language creates a lot of difficulties, because of how complex the structure of the language is: pretty strict grammar and various rules and forms of it, kanji, and various meanings for you might think of simple words.

The main thing that I needed to focus on was to make sure that the words in Japanese are coming with the right set of kanji. Because you could in theory just translate every kanji one by one, but it is usually not how it works. There are a lot of words in Japanese that are not being translated and understood fully to different languages, especially English. However, translators always found a way to get the words to be understood in different languages: by explaining the entire meaning, digging out some forgotten words, or simply just adapting the words to the language. It happens all the time: karaoke, genre, drama, logic, a lot more!

Ryoko Sekiguchi's work is very diverse in the themes and languages she writes. Her journey in writing from Japanese to French, and then translating her own work between these languages is fascinating. However, when it comes to bringing it to other languages, that is where some complications could be. It is not about not translating anything at all, because it is great when writing is accessible to different cultures. Her writing could be called something “particular”, she is not for everyone.

We are going to look at the specific examples of the work by three categories: the choice of certain words, text and sentence structure, and also style of her writing. The poems appeared to me new for Sekiguchi's use of words from different languages in her Japanese poems. She used French the word and that set the mood that there are going to be some foreign words in the lines. For example, bringing this word (insert word) brought to the thought of why she did not just translate it to Japanese? However, it is just an example of her playing with the words.

Another example of why my translating choice was to not to really translate is because when it comes to throwing a word in another language while the whole writing is in a certain language, it is the best in my opinion to leave this one word in the language it was written in. The best example of this is from my experience of reading the book by Lev Tolstoy, *War and Peace*.

From the beginning there, some parts of the book were written in French. Those parts were translated, but were put as a footnote. It was an interesting point on maintaining the original languages of the text and never fully translating the “foreign part”.

This is very similar to what Sekiguchi did in her work. She used some words and phrases in English, French, Italian, etc. To send the exact experience from the original, those parts were not directly translated in the poems, but the English meaning would be mentioned as a footnote. At first, there was a thought for leaving it as it is, because the experience of not understanding the phrases because they are different from the language they are written in brings the mysterious taste to it. However, because of personal curiosity, it has been decided to have the translations on the side.

What is interesting about this poetry book is that Ryoko Sekiguchi translated the French version by herself. Because of not being able to speak and understand French, it is a shame to say that it is impossible for me to personally compare the two between each other. However, the *Two Markets, Once Again*, have the English version from the French language. What is interesting is that it was possible to see some differences with translations from Japanese to French. One of the first things that were surprising was the usage of plural first-person point of view almost everywhere. The surprising thing is that in the Japanese version there is a lot more usage of the singular ones. The singular first-person point of view brings a sense of intimacy and the perspective of the narrator. The plural ones create a general point of view to the text, as if we are being guided through the lines. For example, in the beginning of the poetry book, on page 10 in the Japanese version:

歩くことが疲れを生むのだと分かっているにもかかわらずやめることができない。(Sekiguchi, 10)

(Translation from Japanese): Even though I know that walking makes me tired, I can't stop doing it.

(Translation from French): We can't stop ourselves from marching on even though it wears us down.

As it was mentioned earlier, the singular one creates an intimate connection between the reader and the narrator, allowing us to experience the feelings or see what the narrator is describing from their perspective. The plural version, however, unites the readers and the narrator to a cohesive entity, emphasizing their shared identity and communal journey. The choice between two is sometimes a preference, depending on what are the author's themes: community, space, or empathy to things? In this case, it is valid to use both, but also there probably were some language structure differences between the French and Japanese. It is valid to use plural or singular first-person pronouns, but in the sake of being as close to the original poems as possible, it felt best to use the singular ones. If not do that, it might be difficult to explain why 私, *watashi*, (which directly means "I") was translated as "we". It seems to be more of a technical question in that case.

Another thing is the choice of words. Some words in the poems are not in Japanese - and the example for that is going to be the moment on page 17, where the word *attachment* was used in English in the original. When I first saw that line, it created some sort of confusion, because there was no hesitation from my side that in Japanese there is a word for it. However, what it really meant in the text is more about personal attachment. You can interpret in the lines that the people in the book who lived in that market had personal attachment to each other, that is why

their stores were also connected. Or it is literally about the attachment as in you connect something with another thing, however it was almost unlikely, exactly because the word was not written in Japanese.

And then later while checking this word for the exact meaning, it was interesting to discover that there is not exactly a Japanese word for personal attachment. By the second opinion (school's Japanese tutor), it was explained to me that there is no real direct translation for that, all the words for "attachment" are more about literal meaning rather than emotional. With finding out about this information, it was decided by me that this specific word in my translation would be italicized, because it does feel special. And it would give a reader a second thought of why this word is different from the other - just because it was different in the original. This adds to the point of her choices for words and how detailed to feelings the lines need to be.

By some opinions of people around me, Sekiguchi's way of writing *Two Markets, Once Again* is very particular. The style is specific and broad at the same time. At the beginning of the poetry book, it was noted by my professor that the style 体言止め *taigendome* was used. Originally, there was no idea that the structure of the first ever sentence there would mean anything. However, with *taigendome* you could refer to this type of grammar as "listing". There are more independent subjects than usual, and they are usually at the end of the specific phrases. No matter what, the subjects need to be at the end. This is just one example of her writing, but this is one of the noticeable things.

The book came up as what we could call a collection of poems, but they all follow the same topic and place. The stanzas are just separated by spacing, there are no different titles, and it all looks like you are reading a novel - so it is like a verse novel, even though there are no descriptions that would call it like that.

Trying to maintain the same idea while translating is one of the most important things. However, without doing at least half of the book, it was hard to follow the plot. While the narrator was talking, she was creating an atmosphere of the market, and all the people who lived there. And the memories that they hold, the stories, and all of the things that we could imagine within.

With all that, it was an interesting manual understanding of the language in her work. Because of her stylistic choices, it adds to the category of contemporary poetry in Japan. Her works, not only *Two Markets*, *Once Again*, create a space for feelings and thoughts to float, allowing to cross the borders of the Japanese language and other languages and making room for different language structures to be.

Chapter 2: The Role of Translations

Ryoko Sekiguchi's way of translating her own work from Japanese to French and vice versa is impressive. Not a lot of authors could do that work where they could make sure that translating to other languages would not change the idea, or make it as close to the meaning as possible to the other language. When it comes to translating, it is important to be able to differentiate possibilities that a text can have. Because of translations, it is possible to bring the piece of literature to a broader audience and possibly open it up from a new perspective. As a

translator you also have a responsibility towards several people: the author from whom you translate, the audience to whom to provide translation.

The ability for people to translate creates a lot of variations of the text, because for each there is a different target audience in their head. Someone values bringing out the words that people are familiar with or not being used a lot, someone tries to maintain the same structure (for example, when people try to have the same amount of syllables in English like in Japanese haiku), or sometimes translates as directly as possible, etc. And because of that, we might have different variations of book versions, which is not necessarily a bad thing. It might seem that we as a society cannot come up with one translation of text for example, but it is actually a good thing.

This brings out different perspectives of people and it plays a role in developing the society and language that people use within the community. Moreover, because we are talking about the translations, it also brings effects between the languages that are being used. With translations, there are moments when new words are being created or borrowed. For example, from the French language there are words like *country*, *boil*, *prince*, or from Japanese, as it was mentioned earlier, *emoji*, *bonsai*, *sushi*, etc.

The reason why I was working with a poetry book like this from Ryoko Sekiguchi is because her work is not so well-known in the English speaking world. And there were thoughts on bringing in some sort of contribution into the poetry world - her material might be interesting to someone. And as it was mentioned in Chapter 1, I would again highlight that the usage of different languages is a fascinating thing that could be talked about more. And the difference in translations from the French and Japanese was making me wonder if in French the wording was that different, even though it was translated by Sekiguchi. Because of some differences even with

paragraphs, it made me wonder if the French version was shortened, or was it the translator's decision to shorten some moments. Regardless, it made me think a lot about my version, and that is why it is good to have a reference of this sort: it makes a person who translates think about how to make their version as worthy, or to think about stuff they want to include or remove.

It brings out the poems more: several translations can give a sense of a poem a lot better than a singular translation.

A translation may go smoothly for a while, and then come upon a section or line that, for any number of reasons (semantic, syntactic, stylistic, cultural), runs into trouble. The trouble spots are the places where multiple translations are most apt to differ. Looking at them carefully can take us more deeply into the nuances of both the original language and English—and, more generally, challenge our assumptions about how language itself works. (Collins, *LitHub*, 2017)

With creative writing like this, it is possible for one translator to misinterpret something, which is okay, this is why there is cross-referencing between the different variations. At some degree, this feels like a community effort to develop texts and ways of improving the language. However, that means that every translation is pretty subjective. To find a more objective opinion on a foreign text, nowadays, a lot of people refer to the secondary help - online translating tools. A lot of people have a way of accessing some forms of written art and other media in a foreign language. It is not a secret to anybody that a lot of translations are happening with the help of online tools. It has been in the world since I can remember myself, and at first it was a very simple thing. For example, Google Translate, one of the most usable tools for translating, is one of the most accessible ways to translate words and sentences from many languages. For its simplicity and accessibility, online translating tools are popular among people and different

websites, where, if you want to, you can translate some text into the language that you want. It is an automated translation, and it supposedly should be pretty accurate, so could it be the most right way to translate stuff?

Chapter 3: Technology, Language, and Understanding the Poetry

The journey of online translators traces back to the early days of the internet, with simple text-based translation services. You really could only translate separate words and websites, the sentences could be translated very wrong. Over time, advancements in Natural Language Processing and Machine Learning have advanced these tools to new heights of accuracy and efficiency. From rule-based systems to statistical models and now neural networks, the evolution of online translators means that the progress of AI technology has also improved. Because, it is

basically in the same pool. What is noticeable is that it is primarily happening with languages that are spoken the most. With the less popular ones, there is a long way to go.

In the recent years, there have been a lot of talks about the role of people who translate and their positions to be terminated because of modern technology. There have been discourses about how AI is overtaking the art industry because of the AI generated images, clips, or AI taking the office jobs: “The jobs most exposed to automation now are office jobs, those that require more cognitive skills, creativity and high levels of education. The workers affected are likelier to be highly paid, and slightly likelier to be women, a variety of research has found”(Miller and Cox, NYT, 2023).

And these are the valuable concerns that people have. Because it is hard to see that the skills that you have been working for a long time get devalued and replaced by AI. However, in the current times, it cannot really “replace” translators as it is right now. The thing about machines and languages is that they do not necessarily work in the social aspects. As it was mentioned in the introduction, language is the most common way to communicate between people. It comes in different ways - verbal, written, visual, etc. The thing about AI is that it translates words from one language to another quite literally. This is one of the flaws of it - because technology requires certain algorithms and logic to manage it to work. And sometimes it works, the meaning from one language to another stays the same, however, the social clues in some texts are crucial to have. To that say, it is not always good to have a straightforward word to word translation.

Not only that, a lot of the words could be missing from one language to another: like it was shown in the poetry book on page , the word *attachment* as in personal attachment, does not

exist in Japanese like in English. So sometimes you need to be a little bit slick with this - by trying to explain it, write it differently, or maybe even add the meaning to the existing words.

So, a lot of the time translating is about giving the right idea and context. It would be great to bring the exact and right words from one language to another, however, sometimes you need to localize the phrases and words to bring exactly what you want to say. With AI, unless there are direct localizations of some meanings (insert example of phrase), it would not think about that. This is why it is a hard thing most of the time to translate for both machines and humans: on one hand, there are chances of technical mistakes and understanding the things wrong by a human, and on the other is not getting the social clues of the languages by the translating tool.

This also questions AI and connection with human culture. If AI was made by humans, wouldn't it make sense to see how it would try to understand some aspects of culture and context within? There are already AI programs that try to understand people's social cues with the data that could be collected:

AI's journey in understanding human interaction begins with data acquisition.

This involves collecting a vast array of social data, such as text (from social media, emails, chat conversations), speech (voice recordings, call center data), visual cues (videos, images capturing facial expressions and body language), and even physiological signals (like heart rate or skin conductance). The quality and diversity of this data are crucial for the accuracy and comprehensiveness of social cue interpretation. (Purohit, Medium, 2024)

It would be interesting to see technology reach the point where it could translate literature with higher accuracy that we have right now, and that was provided in the Introduction of this

project. Could unlimited training on texts help AI develop this level of understanding? We should see it in the future and what it could bring to us. Because that means that it could change the game of understanding the language and its changes, and the trade between languages that has been happening - like with loaned words in Japanese from English. For example, *メイク meeku* — make-up, *スーパー suupaa* — supermarket.

There has been research made about the accuracy of the AI translation from Arabic. It was noticed by me also because while I was manually translating some stuff, I also put some parts of the text through the translator tools, and it is definitely a little bit different. The studies showed the accuracy level that three different applications performed with the Arabic text - the results varied, this is why it was not accurate from that standpoint. (Show the example of the study)

Which is interesting, because of the discourse about technology being more accurate - which sometimes is - but there is a lot to do. A lot more testing before we can be confident about AI fully replacing a capability of a person to know the language. Right now, the tools feel like an advanced dictionary, without feelings or personal style.

People can use the technology to translate different stuff if they value speed, cost and to understand common sense. It brings a lot of ways for various books, articles, posts to be more accessible to different groups of people who do not speak the language of the original source. And this is one of the most important things that AI brings to the table: high-efficiency to get the material, access to foreign texts.

One of the best things about online translating tools is that they bring accessibility to people in different forms: by providing the translation of anything that you need, you can get text verbally, written, etc. and it applies to all forms of communication and written stuff, not only

poetry and books. Because we are in the age of the internet, we have the opportunities to get access to foreign different articles, lyrics, journals, and more with just some help from Google Translate, as an example. It is also possible to translate texts in social media like Instagram and X(formally Twitter), but they are not that accurate still.

The accuracy in automated translations is a hit or miss most of the time. It is cheaper for different publishers and companies to use technology for translating anything, however as of now, a lot of translated text like that needs to be proofread. In a perfect situation, it is good to have a human translator who uses translating tools. It does not mean that the person does not have skills for that necessarily, however it would make the work go faster. With any project, even with this one, it is still good to check every resource you have: physical dictionaries, ask someone else to check, refer to other translations if it is possible, or to online translating tools.

However, in their current form, the user must uncritically accept the output as accurate without offering alternatives. Such static systems deny learners the opportunity to engage in a cognitive process that psycholinguists regard as central mechanism of the second language acquisition process: Negotiation of meaning. Through this process two or more interlocutors identify and resolve misunderstandings and communicative breakdown. These interactional patterns are widely considered highly effective for language learner, because this repair-oriented process directs learners toward meaning-based as opposed toward grammar-based repair strategies. (Urlaub, Dessen, 2022)

After reading everything, you might still have a question of why I brought Ryoko Sekiguchi into this. Her writing creates new spaces in Japanese literature. Her writing is abstract, and right now we are encountering a lot of abstract art and texts. It is a way for people to explore

their artistic journey without following the traditional path, or how people did things in the past. Sekiguchi's text is also abstract, which allows her to travel between lines and words in her work. Additionally, with *Two Markets, Once Again*, there is an abstract sentence structure that computers cannot build comprehension on. The poems still follow some sort of Japanese sentence structure, however there are still moments of what usual people may not have met with since the beginning of the poems.

With writers like her we still experiment with the boundaries of human speech and the capabilities of AI to understand stuff like that. Because as of today, when it comes to poetry, AI just generates text. There are different AI programs that are capable of generating images, sounds, music, text, essays, however, they do not have the aspects that people appreciate or need - humanity, soul, the character. AI could mimic all these things and a lot of places take advantage of it - especially in the entertainment industry, where it is just cheaper to not use human labor. And when it comes to corporate things, it is pretty soulless due to the mass production of things. It has been taking its place in movies, cartoons, dubbing, or voiceover. A lot of people and researchers are saying that it actually could be a good collaborator for human creativity: "To the question of whether AI can be a threat or collaborator, I might respond that every new technology upends conventions and delivers not only new possibilities but a new kind of material intelligence. I am sure many artists will be intrigued by the "agency" of AI and seek ways to grapple or collaborate with it".(Mineo, 2023). It all has a place in human lives, having technology like that does not mean that it can fully replace creativity of people, but it can ease up some parts of doing anything.

With being able to understand Sekiguchi's text and to translate it from Japanese or French, it would mean that humans also understand contemporary writing. Because it all goes

with data, and it makes everything exciting to see how advanced in language and understanding of poetry we could be - because that means that people are able to program technology to understand it too.

Conclusion:

Managing to get the right translation is always a rewarding thing to have. Readers of any kind saying that the text from the foreign work sounds good is great. And to understand any sort of writing and being able to translate it is a great ability to share the author to the other audience. What is more important is that bringing up authors from diverse backgrounds contributes to the people's culture - whether it is an author from a different country or a different gender. With Ryoko Sekiguchi, she has a very diverse background as a poetess and translator. Her contribution

to Japanese poetry is unconditional, and the way she started to contribute to French poetry is impressive, as someone who lived there since not even her childhood, but adulthood. Her early work might not necessarily talk about herself or her experiences about living, moving to France, however her writing was about people, especially in the recent books like in *961 heures à Beyrouth*.

Additionally, watching her to “play” with language is also fascinating because it adds up to the new structures in Japanese and French that people could use. Cannot really speak about French language due to inability to speak it, however it is definitely a case with Japanese, as we saw in Chapter 1. With that, it also means that if the language is changing at some point, it will give more opportunities for technology to learn how to understand abstract texts. This would bring us more opportunities to analyze poems and to make it more accessible to people whether they are not able to get official translations or not.

What could be done more in the research is getting to know Sekiguchi’s writing even more. Because the plot of her work was not really in the focus, it might seem that there were no lines about that. However, it was really more about translations and getting to know her writing more on the technical level. With the literal practice in it, the contribution to her work was an interesting experience to check my capabilities as a translator and how to make her ideas transform into English language from Japanese.

Contributing to the translation and literature world with all this work is great: bringing in more female authors that are not afraid to experiment with their craft, or to see the possibilities of writing and evolution of it. Not only is it important for the authors, it also is great for people to resonate with more poets, authors, artists. Because we write and translate not only for ourselves,

but also for people to understand something inside them, and in the role of the translator there is a factor of bringing craft like that to people and making it more accessible.

While doing that, it was interesting to research about translating tools and the impacts on it. In my opinion, they are great tools that bring a lot of advantages to people rather than harm. There will be discussions about replacing human translators with technology, however it is most unlikely to happen. There are still a lot of sensitive aspects of language that AI cannot understand on a deeper level: the relationship between people, countries, media, and literature. It would be great to see the coming of it, and how everything would impact abstract, sensitive, sarcastic texts or official documents in the world.

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