



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Wind chill factor. 2008

University of Wisconsin International Students
Madison, Wisconsin: Parallel Press, 2008

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/I55ZKLGADOVOS83>

Copyright 2008 by the Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin System. All rights reserved.

For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

Wind Chill Factor

Translations of the Cold

BY

University of Wisconsin-Madison
International Students

Wind Chill Factor

Translations of the Cold

by
University of Wisconsin-Madison
International Students



PARALLEL PRESS 2008

Parallel Press
University of Wisconsin–Madison Libraries
728 State Street
Madison, Wisconsin 53706

<http://parallelpress.library.wisc.edu>

Copyright © 2008 by the Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin System

All rights reserved.

ISBN 978-1-934795-02-6

Design and production: Daniel L. Joe

This publication is the result of an exhibit created at the UW–Madison Memorial Library. The Wind Chill Factor exhibit was made possible with the enthusiasm and hard work of: Giannina Reyes Giardiello; John Burns, who translated some of the texts, and provided some proofreading and editing; the Memorial Library librarians who suggested materials for the exhibit; and the generous sponsorship of the UW–Madison General Library System, Global Studies, and the Latin American, Caribbean and Iberian Studies Program.

Our most sincere gratitude for the support and sponsorship of this chapbook to Ken Frazier, director of the General Library System; the ever enthusiastic work of Elisabeth Owens, manager of Parallel Press; and the beautiful work of designer Daniel L. Joe.

A special thank you to Cristina Rivera Garza, to all the UW graduate students, and to professors Rubén Medina and Marcelo Pellegrini, who agreed to participate in this chilly adventure.

Contents

Preface	6
Prologue, Cristina Rivera Garza, MEXICO	8
Introduction, Giannina Reyes Giardiello, MEXICO	13
Saylín Álvarez Oquendo, CUBA	16
Nikki S. Beck, GERMANY	19
Nora Díaz, MEXICO	23
Vanessa Fitzgibbon, BRAZIL	24
Matteo Gilebbi, ITALY	26
Ray Hsu, CANADA	27
Benoît Leclercq, FRANCE	29
Marilén Loyola, CUBA	30
Mukoma Wa Ngugi, KENYA	31
Óscar Pérez, MEXICO	32
Kristina Puotkalyte-Gurgel, LITHUANIA	33
Paola Savvidou, CYPRUS	35
Peter Wuteh Vakunta, CAMEROON	36
Tianlin Wang, CHINA	37
Biographies	38
Bibliography	41
Exhibit acknowledgments	43

Preface

When people think of the UW–Madison Libraries they generally think of them as places that house the intellectual products of the university. While this is true, there are also intellectual products created in the Libraries that originate from the students and scholars who study, research, and have conversations within the confines of their walls. Such is the case with the Wind Chill Factor project.

The Wind Chill Factor project began as an exhibit created for the UW-Madison Memorial Library. The overarching idea of the project was to have UW–Madison graduate students from around the world write in their own languages about their experiences with the winter and cold in Wisconsin. The librarians contributed to this dialogue and exhibit by including a selection of books from the Libraries’ collections. Works were included in a variety of languages and disciplines to illustrate the diversity of the library collections.

The origins of the exhibit are complex and not attributed to any single person. In November 2007, Giannina Reyes, a Spanish doctoral student, and Paloma Celis Carbajal, the Ibero-American bibliographer, discussed the possibility of turning a creative writing project, *Traducciones del frío* (*Translations of the Cold*), into an exhibit at Memorial Library. *Traducciones* was proposed initially by Giannina as part of a larger, ongoing project called *La Inquietante (e Internacional) Semana de las Mujeres Traducidas* (*The Unsettling (and International) Week of Translated Women*)*. This larger project, led by noted Mexican authors Cristina Rivera Garza and Amaranta Caballero, explores the subtleties of translation and gender in theory and in practice.

Texts for *Traducciones del frío* were translated, if necessary, into Spanish. In addition to being featured on Rivera and Caballero’s blog *La Inquietante (e Internacional) Semana de las Mujeres Traducidas*, there was an exhibit at the Instituto Tecnológico y de

<http://semanamujerestrducidas.blogspot.com/>

Estudios Superiores de Monterrey, where Garza was a faculty member, that included the original and translated texts, in addition to pictures of all the participants.

Translation rarely means exact duplication – the Wind Chill Factor exhibit had a different name and participants from *Traducciones*; however the underlying premise remained the same. The idea was to produce a creative writing/translation project for students. They were asked to translate their experiences with the Wisconsin cold into their own words and in their own language. The participants and materials represented just the “tip of the iceberg” in terms of the diversity of the students who study, research, and create in the Libraries.

Reading through the texts developed for the exhibit has been a cathartic experience. Each participant had a unique perspective and seized on what perhaps others have not been able to express about Madison’s cold weather.

It appears not to matter whether we are natives of Wisconsin, or from another cold region, tropical, or temperate zone; the extreme winter in this corner of our planet will always amaze us and leave us without the precise words to do it justice. That is, unless you are part of the lucky few who have the magic to capture them, freeze them, and come up with a way to keep them from slipping through your fingers.

Paloma Celis Carbajal and Beth Harper
UW–Madison Memorial Library
Madison, Wisconsin
February 2008

Prologue



Cristina Rivera Garza

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO

Translations of the Cold

The cold makes me cold. The cold makes cry out inaudible things. Menacing and armored, the cold is always approaching. White. Silent. When it arrives here, to my surroundings, it gets inside me down to my bone marrow without asking for permission and, then it refuses to leave me. The cold calls me, murmuring. There is a corner in an unreachable place of my mind that, in its presence gets paralyzed and dumbfounded. Alabaster face. Charming wink. Is this why I tend to go to its encounter, to the encounter of the cold, as much as I can? Is that why I return exhausted? Cautious. I am convinced that the cold always remains in the outside limits of the world. The cold is always a bit further away, just in that place where our understanding cannot get a hold of it. The cold makes me think of words like Jrastilvac, Schilenrik, Jreghjurbern. How to translate, then, that experience that, being as intimate as it is imposing, also escapes with great ability, from being captured by language?

Giannina Reyes Giardiello, graduate student in the Spanish Department of UW–Madison, must have thought something similar, presumably when she was taking a shower. Interested in participating, as in previous years, in the *Inquietante (e Internacional) Semana de las Mujeres Traducidas*, Giannina decided to translate her experience with the cold for all of us who fortunately – or unfortunately – do not live next to four frozen lakes during a seven-month-long winter. Maybe like the ice during the last months of autumn, her idea expanded quickly through the university campus and sooner than later, students

from Germany, Lithuania, Cameroon, Cyprus, China, Cuba, and Canada, among many other countries, sent their texts.

Everything would have stopped there, which was already very good, if Giannina Reyes hadn't gotten in contact with Paloma Celis-Carbajal, the Ibero-American bibliographer at Memorial Library. But Giannina did in fact get in contact with Paloma and, between them, with enviable energy, took it upon themselves to locate resources and find help (graphic design was done by Dan Joe, public relations by Don Johnson, Tony Krier created the Web page; and some translations and proofreading were done by John Burns) to organize an exhibit of these and other texts about the cold in the lobby of the Memorial Library and to later publish it into a chapbook. Thus, between the coming and going of the brief days of winter, the students have been able to pause, if even for a brief moment, to reflect on that bizarre and exact term that is "Wind Chill Factor." It was with that name that the exhibit was inaugurated.

Giannina explains it all in "Érase que se era . . ." the text with which she participates in this exhibit. Hard to translate, the term "Wind Chill Factor" reminds us that, inescapably, the cold is actually always worse than it seems. There is a world outside, these texts affirm with alarm or conviction, where incomprehensible things take place. That's why Saylín Álvarez, originally from Camagüey, Cuba, takes advantage of the invitation to write a letter with advice and lessons learned dedicated to her daughter who was recently born in a wintry land. That's why Kristina Puotkalyte-Gurgel takes great care to describe in Lithuanian and in English those "vulnerable places" that are the first victims of the cold: "some place around the neck" for example. That's why Vanessa Fitzgibbon, from São Paulo, will say that her greatest wish was (emphasis on the past tense) to have a white Christmas. That's why the text of Tianlin Wang, from China, is reduced to (or expanded to) a simple "Why?" repeated three times with exclamation points and question marks.

I found myself asking something similar when I took my first steps, somewhere between messianic and speechless, on

the frozen surface of the lake. "That," my hosts would say to me, "was once a wave in motion." "Those people," they would continue, with their index fingers pointed to a horizon composed of the curved backs of a dozen men who held up fishing poles, "are fishers of the winter." "This," they would say emphasizing just past their feet, which little by little drew close to a crack in the ice, "is a sign that spring is coming." Then that hollow in a hidden spot of the brain that tends to get paralyzed just as the cold arrives, filled up with a sort of absurd melancholy, with something like a paradoxical pre-mourning, before the inevitable return of the normal world. The world of those within.

Traducciones del Frío

El frío me da frío. El frío me hace exclamar cosas inauditas. Amenazante y acorazado, el frío siempre se aproxima. Blanco. Silencioso. Cuando llega aquí, que es mi alrededor, se introduce hasta la médula de los huesos sin pedir permiso y, luego, se niega a salir. El frío me llama, susurrante. Hay un hueco en un lugar recóndito del cerebro que, en su presencia, se paraliza, estupefacto. Rostro de alabastro. Guiño encantador. Acaso por eso suelo salir a su encuentro, al encuentro del frío, tanto como puedo. Acaso por eso regreso, exhausta. Precavida. El frío queda en las afueras del mundo: de eso estoy segura. El frío siempre está un poco más allá, justo en ese lugar a donde no llega la mano o el entendimiento. El frío me hace pensar en vocablos como Jrastilavc, Schilenrik, Jreghjubern. ¿Cómo traducir, entonces, esa experiencia que siendo tan íntima como imponente también escapa, con singular habilidad, a los recovecos lenguaje?

Algo parecido debió haber pensado, presuntamente mientras se bañaba, Gianinna Reyes Giardello, estudiante de posgrado en el departamento de Español de la Universidad de Wisconsin-Madison. Interesada en participar, como lo había hecho en años anteriores, en *La Inquietante (e Internacional) Semana de las Mujeres Traducidas*, Giannina se propuso traducir su experiencia con el frío para todos aquellos que ya por fortuna o ya por desgracia no vivimos junto a cuatro lagos congelados durante

un invierno que dura no menos de siete meses cada año. Acaso como el hielo justo en los últimos meses del otoño, la idea se extendió con suma rapidez por el campus universitario y, pronto, estudiantes de Alemania, Lituania, Camerún, Chipre, China, Cuba y Canadá, entre otros tantos, mandaron los textos que no tardaron en aparecer, como las primeras nevadas, en *www.semanamujerstraducidas.blogspot.com*, el blog oficial de la *Internacional Semana* que, como en años anteriores, fue cuidadosamente organizado por la poeta Amaranta Caballero Prado.

Todo habría quedado así, que ya era suficientemente bueno, si Giannina Reyes Giardello no hubiera entrado en contacto con Paloma Celis Carbajal, la bibliotecaria encargada de la colección Ibero-Americana de la Memorial Library. Pero Giannina se puso en contacto con Paloma y, entre las dos, con envidiable energía, se dieron a la tarea de ubicar recursos y encontrar ayuda (el diseño gráfico fue de Dan Joe; las relaciones públicas corrieron a cargo de Don Johnson; la página web quedó en manos de Tony Krier; las traducciones y la edición fue de John Burns) para organizar una exposición de estos y otros textos del frío en la entrada del recinto universitario y para convertir lo expuesto en una plaquette que pronto ya verá la luz. Así, entre el ir y venir en los cortísimos días del invierno, los estudiantes del lugar han podido detenerse aunque sea por un momento para reflexionar, junto con sus colegas de otros lares, sobre ese término entre bizarro y exacto que es el *Wind Chill Factor*, el nombre con el que oficialmente fue inaugurada la exposición el 11 de marzo pasado.

Giannina Reyes lo explica todo en “Érase que se era . . .”, el texto con el que participa en esta exposición-libro: “La definición de frío cambiaba cada día, incluso cada hora. Me descubría en las calles pensando que lo que sentía era, ahora sí, el verdadero frío; pero al día siguiente, cuando el termómetro bajaba un poco más, volvía a decirme lo mismo. Arrebatando sustantivos dejé el clima de muchos días sin nombre. Comencé a utilizar términos en inglés para los cuales aún no encuentro un equivalente aceptable. Un buen ejemplo es carámbano que parece más un

término de billar y no un pedazo de hielo que cuelga de las puertas y ventanas. Otro, mi favorito, es *wind chill factor*. La traducción, temperatura aparente o temperatura de sensación, no define ni de lejos algo que podría explicarse como: estúpido viento matador que congela hasta el blanco de los ojos". De difícil traducción, en efecto, el *wind chill factor* nos recuerda, de manera ineludible, que el frío siempre es peor de lo que parece.

Hay un mundo allá afuera, dicen estos textos con alarma o convicción, donde ocurren cosas incomprensibles. Por eso Saylín Álvarez, originaria de Camagüey, Cuba, aprovecha la invitación para escribir una carta con consejos y lecciones dirigida a su hija recién nacida en las tierras del invierno. Por eso Kristina Puotkalyte-Gurgel describe con sumo cuidado en lituano y en inglés esos "lugares vulnerables" que son las primeras víctimas del frío: "algún lugar alrededor del cuello", por ejemplo. Por eso Vanesa Fitzgibbon, de São Paulo, dirá que su deseo más grande era, el acento es sobre la conjugación en tiempo pasado, pasar una navidad blanca. Por eso el texto de Tianlin Wang, de China, se reduce (o se expande) a un "¿Por qué?", repetido tres veces entre signos de exclamación y signos de interrogación. ¿Por qué?

Algo parecido me preguntaba yo mientras daba mis primeros pasos, entre mesiánica y atónita, sobre la superficie congelada de un lago. "Ésa", me decían mis anfitriones señalando un leve promontorio sobre la capa de hielo, "fue alguna vez una ola en movimiento". "Aquéllos", continuaban con el dedo índice escapándose rumbo al horizonte que formaban las espaldas encorvadas de una docena de hombres que sostenían unas cañas de pescar entre las manos inmóviles, "son los pescadores del invierno". "Esto", el énfasis caía ahora justo sobre los pies que, poco a poco, se acercaban a una grieta, "es la señal de que se acerca la primavera". Entonces el hueco ese en el lugar recóndito del cerebro que suele quedarse paralizado ante la llegada del frío, se llenó de una suerte de melancolía absurda, de algo así como un paradójico pre-duelo, ante la inevitable aproximación del mundo normal. El mundo de los de adentro.

Introduction

Giannina Reyes Giardiello

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO



“Even your laughter will freeze,” were the encouraging words of one of my professors when he found out that I had decided to study at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. I did not believe him until it happened. In my first winter here not only my laughter froze, but also my hair, my lungs, and finally my tears. And I’m not exaggerating. Owing to this I found myself facing a reality for which I did not have any sort of reference. The definition of cold changed every day, even every hour. When I was walking on the streets I used to find myself thinking that what I was feeling at that moment was, yes, at last, the true cold; but on the following day, when the thermometer dropped a little more, I had to eat my words and say the same thing again. Snatching at nouns I left the climate of many days nameless. I began to use terms in English for some words of which I couldn’t find an acceptable equivalent in Spanish. A good example is *icicle*. The Spanish word, *carámbano*, sounds more like a billiards term and not a piece of ice that hangs off doors and windows. Another one, my favorite, is *wind chill factor*. The translation, *temperatura aparente* or *temperatura de sensación*, cannot contain, not even for a moment, the true explanation of the term: wind made of fear.

Without the necessary words, how could I name what hurt in places I had never even felt before? The cold I have felt in Madison leaves me mute (metaphorically and literally). What I found out is that I am not the only one with this problem. The experience of living the winter in this city can be interesting, overwhelming, different, beautiful, but above all very personal. For that reason, we have decided to present this project. A group of graduate students at this University from different parts of the

world tried to put their experiences of living in this cold weather into words. These texts come in diverse sizes and forms, because we wanted to display as many points of view as possible.

Nevertheless, it is difficult to explain something that can only be experienced *in situ* with words. For that reason if, in spite of reading these texts, you still cannot understand what these translations are trying to communicate, I am going to give you the same advice I give to all my Mexican friends when they ask me to describe my winters here in Madison: go to the kitchen, open the freezer and put your head in it. The cold that you feel there, in comparison, is for us a pleasant and warm January day.

“Se te va a congelar hasta la risa”, fueron las alentadoras palabras de uno de mis profesores cuando se enteró que había decidido estudiar en la Universidad de Wisconsin–Madison. No quise creerle hasta que sucedió. En mi primer invierno aquí no sólo se me congeló la risa, sino también el cabello, los pulmones y finalmente las lágrimas. Y no exagero. Gracias a esto fue que en aquellos primeros siete meses, -sí, aquí el invierno comienza a finales de octubre y termina hasta principios de mayo- encontré una realidad para la cual no tenía ningún tipo de referencia. La definición de frío cambiaba cada día, incluso cada hora. Me descubría en las calles pensando que lo que sentía era, ahora sí, el verdadero frío; pero al día siguiente, cuando el termómetro bajaba un poco más, volvía a decirme lo mismo. Arrebatando sustantivos dejé el clima de muchos días sin nombre. Comencé a utilizar términos en inglés para los cuales aún no encuentro un equivalente aceptable. Un buen ejemplo es *carámbano* que parece más un término de billar y no un pedazo de hielo que cuelga de las puertas y las ventanas. Otro, mi favorito, es *wind chill factor*. La traducción, temperatura aparente o temperatura de sensación, no define ni de lejos algo que podría explicarse como: viento hecho miedo.

Sin las palabras necesarias, cómo nombrar aquello que duele en lugares que no había sentido antes. A mí el frío me deja sin habla, literal y metafóricamente.

No soy la única con este problema. La experiencia de vivir el invierno en esta ciudad puede ser interesante, abrumadora, diferente, hermosa, pero sobre todo muy personal. Por eso hemos decidido presentar este proyecto. Varios estudiantes graduados de esta universidad, hemos intentado traducir nuestra experiencia del frío. Éstas vienen en diversos tamaños y formas, porque quisimos presentar la mayor cantidad de puntos de vista que nos fuera posible.

Sin embargo, es difícil explicar con palabras algo que sólo puede experimentarse *in situ*. Por eso, si a pesar de leer los textos no logran comprender nuestras traducciones, voy a darles el mismo consejo que le doy a mis amigos de México cuando me piden que les describa mis inviernos aquí en Madison. Vayan a la cocina, abran el congelador y metan la cabeza. El frío que sientan ahí, comparativamente, es para nosotros un agradable y cálido día de enero.



Saylín Álvarez Oquendo

CAMAGÜEY, CUBA

Snowy Winters. First Lessons for Leila



My little girl has no idea what kind of place she's ended up in. Nothing more and nothing less than the Midwest of the northern-most *El Norte*, where winters last up to six months, where who-knows-how-many inches of snow fall every year, where the temperatures dip cheerfully down to minus 30 degrees, where lakes freeze like sheets of rock, and the wind chill factor makes you feel far colder than even the barometer would have you believe. What's more, the night, your namesake, lingers much longer, for at five in the afternoon darkness has already fallen irremediably over everything.

Madison, Wisconsin, my dearest Leila, Madison, Wisconsin: the place where you were born, you, with your tropical little face peeking out unmistakably from your multiple layers of clothes; with a mom from Cuba and a dad from Mozambique, who together radiate enough heat to thaw out all the lakes of Madison; you, who might have been born in Africa or in some repeating, Caribbean island, but ended up here in Madison, Wisconsin, because here was where your parents met, and it could not have happened any other way.

Leila-little-ray-of-sunshine, winter has begun in your home town (it's still hard for me to think of Madison as your "home town"), harsh, unrelenting winter. In the last few days, the first giant snows have fallen. And during that first snowstorm, your parents bundled you into the car, drove you through streets that were like white mountains on the verge of becoming cliffs of ice, and took you with them to a warm and cozy nook: to their friends' home, and drank Spanish wine, ate baklavas, listened to Marlango and its *Automatic Imperfection*, and let themselves

lose their way in beautifully meandering conversations until the small hours of the morning, forgetting all about Madison and its harsh winters. You slept through it all, of course, and it was we, the adults, who drank the wine and did the rest . . . But I'm sure something of all that must have reached you, and it will have an effect on your perception of winters to come . . . on your decided preference for the warmth of the tropics.

Although you don't remember it, this was your first great adventure in the snow, negotiating the storm-battered city streets in search of a warmer place.

Lesson number 1:

No matter how much snow falls, there will always be a haven where we can seek shelter from the storm.

Lesson number 2:

Though you were born in this city of ice and snow, and no matter how much you get used to the cold, a part of you will always belong to the other side . . . The sun and the warmth are entirely yours.

Lesson number 3 (derived from lesson number 1):

In Madison, my little Leila, our friends are the summer.

Inviernos con nieve. Primeras lecciones para Leila

Esta niñita mía no sabe muy bien donde ha venido a parar. Nada más y nada menos que al Midwest de este Norte tan distante, donde los inviernos duran como seis meses, caen no sé cuántas pulgadas de nieve, las temperaturas se ponen alegres y alcanzan hasta los 30 grados bajo cero, el lago se queda como piedra de tan congelado y el *wind chill factor* hace que se sienta más frío del que quieren hacernos creer que en la vida muy real hay. La noche, además, es más larga: a las cinco de la tarde ya todo está irremediabilmente oscuro.

Madison, Wisconsin, querida Leila. Madison, Wisconsin. Aquí naciste tú, tú que tienes una carita tropical que se te sale por encima de la ropa; con una madre de Cuba y un padre de Mozambique que juntos generan todo el calor que haría falta para descongelar estos lagos madisonianos; tú, que pudiste

haber nacido en África o en una isla que se repite en el Caribe, pero que caíste aquí en Madison, Wisconsin, porque fue aquí donde tus padres se conocieron y no pudo haber sido de otra forma.

Leila-rayito-de-sol, ya empezó el invierno en tu ciudad natal, el invierno puro y duro (me es difícil todavía llamar a Madison “tu ciudad natal”). En estos días han caído las primeras nevadas gigantes, y cuando la gran tormenta del sábado tus padres te montaron en el carro y esquivando toneladas de nieve pronta a convertirse en hielo te llevaron con ellos a un rinconcito bien caliente: a casa de buenos amigos, a tomar vino español, comer baklavas, oír a Marlango con su *Automatic Imperfection* y conversar hasta las tantas, olvidados de Madison y del invierno. Claro, tú te dormiste y el vino lo tomamos nosotros, y lo demás fue también para nosotros . . . pero algo te llegó a ti y estoy segura que algún efecto tendrá en tu futura percepción del invierno . . . y en tu tendencia hacia lo cálido.

Aunque no lo recuerdes, ésa fue tu primera gran aventura en medio de la nieve, vadeando el temporal para atravesar la ciudad y encontrar más calor.

Lección número 1:

Por más que nieve siempre habrá un oasis donde podamos refugiarnos.

Lección número 2:

Por más que hayas nacido en esta ciudad de hielo, por más que te acostumbres a lo frío, una parte de ti pertenece al otro lado... El sol y el calor son completamente tuyos.

Lección número 3 (derivada de la lección número 1):

En Madison, Leila, los amigos son el verano.



Nikki S. Beck

HEMER, GERMANY

Coffee Weather

The weather might be one of the craziest things here in Wisconsin. During the summer, it gets so hot that it is hard to imagine it will ever cool down again. But then, winter comes and it gets cold. Really cold. And as soon as you think it can't possibly get any colder, it gets windy on top of that. Like yesterday, when I had to buy some groceries.

Daily errands that might be a cinch in summer present themselves as a big problem during winter. Before I am able to go shopping, I always struggle for half an hour with my weaker self, who absolutely refuses to leave the warm apartment. Somehow I can understand it, though. Of course, my weaker self is afraid of everything that happens outside of my warm home because, especially in winter, bigger dangers than the cold lurk outside.

For example, you won't find mistletoe hanging from the gutter above my front door like you might have seen in some American movies, but rather a meter-long icicle. Let's just call it . . . hmmm . . . icicle of death.

Even though I have no clue how many people get killed by icicles in the US every year, I am bound and determined that neither I nor my weaker self will fall victim to them. Therefore, I've decided to avoid my front door and use my back door during the winter months instead.

Once I made it outside, despite my weaker self and the icicle of death, I first experienced the cold in my nose. After 2 or 3 steps my nose started to tickle. At this point, I considered blowing my nose, because it might be a booger. {There, I can't believe it, but I actually wrote it in public: Booger. I hope nobody reads that.}

But then I realized: No, it is not a booger {There! Again! Darn!}, but rather my nose hair that flash froze when my breath came into contact with the cold air. Blowing my nose would be a big mistake right now. More liquid coming into contact with the icy cold air—you can probably vividly imagine the consequences, even without me mentioning the word *booger* again. {I should really stop it.}

That's how I struggled through the cold to the supermarket with my weaker self on my coat-tails and frozen hair in my nose. It got windier and windier and soon enough my nose was so frozen shut that I was forced to breathe through my mouth. At that point, I thought I would die. In the middle of the road; on the way to the supermarket: Frozen! Dead!

None of this was part of my plan—the plan that included an academic career and, if I am honest with myself and the rest of the world, also a tall, handsome, muscular American. Instead, the headlines would soon read:

***German student without good looking boyfriend
or publications in sight dies on her way to the
supermarket.***

*The cause of death has not yet been
determined, but during the young woman's autopsy
an uncommonly high number of boogers were
discovered in her nose . . .*

Well, to make a long story short: I didn't even make it the 15 minutes from my apartment to the supermarket but had to stop on the way at a typical American café. What a shame! And on top of this, it was the café where they had the new coffee that I always wanted to try: A tasty cinnamon latte with whipped cream on top. Mmmhmmh!

Normally, I don't spend my money on these fancy schmancy coffee drinks, but after all, it would have been very rude to sit down in the café without ordering anything. So, basically I had no other choice but to drink their tasty café latte.

What can I say: Surviving winter in Wisconsin is not easy!

Kaffeewetter

Das Wetter ist eine der verrücktesten Sachen in Wisconsin. Im Sommer ist es so heiß, dass es schwer vorstellbar ist, dass es hier auch kalt werden kann. Aber dann kommt der Winter und es wird kalt. Richtig kalt. Und wenn man dann glaubt, es könne unmöglich noch kälter werden, wird es auch noch windig. So wie zum Beispiel gestern, als ich unbedingt ein paar Lebensmittel einkaufen musste.

Alltägliche Besorgungen, die im Sommer eine Kleinigkeit sind, stellen im Winter ein größeres Problem dar. Das Einkaufen erfordert immer erst einen halbstündigen Kampf mit meinem inneren Schweinehund, der sich partout wehrt, die warme Wohnung zu verlassen. Irgendwie kann ich ihn aber auch verstehen. Klar hat er Angst vor allem, was sich im Winter außerhalb meiner vier Wände abspielt, denn draußen lauern neben der Kälte auch größere Gefahren.

An der Dachrinne direkt über meiner Haustür hängt nicht etwa ein romantischer Mistelzweig, wie man es aus amerikanischen Spielfilmen kennt, sondern ein meterlanger Eiszapfen. Lasst ihn uns einfach . . . hmmm . . . Todeszapfen nennen.

Zwar habe ich keine Ahnung, wie viele Menschen in den USA jährlich von Eiszapfen erschlagen werden, aber ich habe fest beschlossen, dass weder ich noch mein innerer Schweinehund zu diesen Opfern zählen werden. Daher benutze ich in den Wintermonaten lieber meine Hintertür.

Sobald ich es trotz des inneren Schweinehundes und des Todeszapfens nach draußen geschafft hatte, fühlte ich die Kälte als erstes in der Nase. Nach 2-3 Schritten fing sie an zu kitzeln. Ich fragte mich, ob ich mir vielleicht mal die Nase putzen sollte, weil es ja ein Popel sein könnte. {Da, ich kann es kaum fassen, aber jetzt hab ich es tatsächlich in aller Öffentlichkeit geschrieben: Popel. Ich hoffe, das hat keiner gelesen.}

Doch dann merkte ich: Nein, es ist kein Popel {Da! Schon wieder!}, sondern es sind die Nasenhaare, die durch den Kontakt des eigenen Atems mit der eiskalten Luft schockgefroren sind.

Naseputzen wäre jetzt ein ganz großer Fehler. Mehr Flüssigkeit, die an die eiskalte Luft gelangt – Ihr könnt Euch bestimmt bildlich die Folgen vorstellen, auch ohne dass ich das Wort Popel noch mal schreibe. {Oh, Mist! Ich sollte wirklich damit aufhören.}

So kämpfte ich mich also mit meinem Schweinehund im Schlepptau und gefrorenen Nasenhaaren weiter durch die Kälte in Richtung Supermarkt. Es wurde immer windiger und bald war meine Nase so zugefroren, dass ich durch den Mund atmen musste. Ich dachte, ich sterbe! Mitten auf der Straße, auf dem Weg zum Supermarkt. Erfroren!

Das war alles nicht Teil meines Plans – des Plan, der eine akademische Karriere und, wenn ich ehrlich mit mir selbst und der Welt bin, auch einen großen, gut aussehenden, muskulösen Amerikaner beinhaltete. Stattdessen würde man demnächst in der Zeitung lesen:

***Deutsche Studentin ohne gut aussehenden
Freund oder herausragende Publikationen in
Aussicht stirbt auf dem Weg zum Supermarkt.***

*Die Todesursache wurde noch nicht geklärt,
aber bei der Obduktion der jungen Frau wurde
eine ungewöhnlich hohe Anzahl von Popeln in der
Nase entdeckt . . .*

Naja, um mich kurz zu fassen: Ich habe es noch nicht einmal die 15 Minuten Fußweg von meiner Wohnung zum Supermarkt geschafft, sondern musste in ein typisch amerikanisches Café einkehren. So ein Pech auch! Und gerade in das Café, in dem es doch den neuen Zimtkaffee gab, den ich schon immer mal probieren wollte: Den leckeren Zimtkaffee mit dem Sahnehäubchen. Mmmhyyy!

Normalerweise gebe ich ja kein Geld für diese überbewerteten Modekaffees aus, aber schließlich wäre es auch sehr unhöflich gewesen, sich in das Café zu setzen, ohne etwas zu bestellen. Mir blieb also keine andere Wahl. Ich war praktisch gezwungen, einen leckeren Milchkaffee zu trinken.

Was soll man dazu sagen: Man hat es schon nicht leicht im Winter hier in Wisconsin!



Nora Díaz Chávez
SONORA, MEXICO

First Day of Winter, 2006
Madison, Wisconsin

“When we were young and naïve, and still fond of snow”

Primer día de invierno, 2006
Madison, Wisconsin

“Cuando éramos jóvenes e ilusos y aún veíamos la nieve con cariño”



Vanessa Fitzgibbon

SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL

White Christmas

Ask any Brazilian living in Brazil what one of her dreams is and she will answer: "To have a white Christmas!" I was not the exception. That white, beautiful and romantic snow that gives off a sense of peace, prosperity and beauty is what I thought only existed in civilized and educated countries; while we, poor Latin Americans, had to melt in the scorching tropical sun of December without being able to conceive of something as beautiful as the snow.

Now, ask any Brazilian living in a noble, civilized and Nordic country what is one of her dreams and she will answer: "To go back during Christmas to that warm, joyful, happy, rhythmic place on the earth with its dances, its cadence, its delicious food, and run away from this cold that makes me depressed, sour and sad." And then you could ask her back: "Weren't you the one that wanted to have a white Christmas?" And she will respond: "Well, I was..."

Life seems to have a very interesting sense of humor, especially in my case. I remember being one of those Brazilians, whose biggest dream was to see the snow and to live in a place where the heat was kept to a minimum so I could finally breathe the civilized and noble cold air. Today, I look out my window and I'm in one of these places: the top of the mountain is white, frozen with snow. The lake has frozen. The people are frozen in their own worlds; isolated because of their coldness. And here I am, with nostalgic tears frozen in my face . . .

Natal Branco

Pergunte a qualquer brasileiro, morando no Brasil, qual é um de seus sonhos e ele dirá: “Ter um Natal com neve!” E eu não fui uma exceção. Aquela neve linda, branquinha, romântica, que transmite um ar de paz, prosperidade, beleza, e tudo que parecia existir só em países nobres, civilizados e educados enquanto que nós, pobres latino-americanos, destinados a derreter sob o sol tropical de dezembro, sem mesmo poder conceber algo tão belo como a neve.

Agora pergunte para uma brasileira, morando em um país nobre, civilizado, nórdico, qual é um dos seus sonhos e ele dirá: “Voltar para o Natal para aquela terra quentinha, alegre, feliz, com ritmo, com dança, com ginga, que tem uma comida saborosa e fugir deste frio que me deixa azedo, deprimido, triste . . .” E você pode perguntar novamente: “Mas não era você que sonhava em ter um natal com neve?” E ele responderá simplesmente: “Pois é . . .”

A vida parece ter um senso de humor bastante interessante, principalmente no meu caso. Lembro-me sendo uma dessas brasileiras, cujo maior sonho era ver neve e morar em um lugar em que o calor fosse mínimo e pudesse respirar o ar civilizado e nobre que o frio transparece. Hoje, olho pela janela e estou em um desses lugares: o cume das montanhas está branco, congelado e com neve, o lago congelado com o frio, as pessoas congeladas em seus mundos e isoladas por sua frieza. E eu, com minhas lágrimas de saudades, congeladas em meu rosto . . .



Matteo Gilebbi

MAROTTA, ITALY

Walking **A**bove **R**aunchy **M**ud
Camminare **O**ltre **L**imo **D**isgustoso



Ray Hsu
TORONTO, CANADA

))(

((the water (moves in directions)

is contradictory) (it crosshatches)

(a fire

inches below the surface)

surfaces) (the water tells

our reflection)

(cold) (inches from the surface)

(my smudged glasses turn

the lights (of Christmas)

into auras)

(we three dream

out by the crosshatches we are contradictory)

(we three

(give up language

as hunters)

give up their language)

(something inches below the surface

inches above the surface))



Benoît Leclercq

Lille, France

“It was only when the mercury had dipped low enough to read -24 degrees Fahrenheit that I began to understand the irony behind “Green” Bay . . . and started longing for the seductions of my grandma’s electric blanket.”

“Il fallut que le mercure indiquât -31 degrés Celsius pour que je comprisse finalement l’ironie que recélait le nom de “Green” Bay . . . et que je devinsse réceptif aux charmes de la couverture électrique de ma grand-mère.”



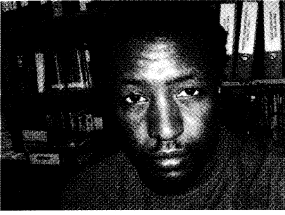
Marilén Loyola
MIAMI, PUERTO RICO, CUBA

The cold

You insist on waking me, as if you knew me; as if you had ever promised me you would gently tickle my toes each morning; as if you were the one I found in dreams each night just when the world falls out from under me; as if you had managed to find that corner where I let my secrets rest; as if you were somehow aware that, even if you tried to hide, I would breathe you. You insist on waking me, yes, as if you really were what you boldly deny; as if you did not pretend each night to be the warmth I so desire.

El frío

Insistes en despertarme, como si me conocieras; como si acostumbraras cada mañana hacerme cosquillas suavecitas en los dedos de los pies; como si fueras al que siempre veo en los sueños, en el momento preciso en que me encuentro cara a cara con la muerte; como si encontraras cada noche ese rincón en el que dejo descansar mis secretos; como si supieras que aunque pretendieras esconderte, te respiraría. Insistes en despertarme, sí, como si fueras lo que siempre niegas, como si no pretendieras cada noche disfrazarte de calor.



Mukoma Wa Ngugi
LIMURU, KENYA

New Frontiers – Wisconsin Winter

Standing by Lake Mendota, even with a brave sun bouncing off heavy snow rocks, my winter jacket is wrapped tight like a second skin, my naked face the frontier of the battle between heaven and hell. Soon my lips will split in a thousand places the wind chill, negative an inhumane number like 26, torture of a thousand pins . . . and then some.

The natives keep saying this has been a warm winter much warmer than last year. They say, *in 1902* [sometimes I have found it's 2001, 1807 or some random year] *ten children, fifteen old men, two Africans and a herd of Jersey cows died.* This is nothing. I light a cigarette for wood. Spring will be here soon to forget this winter, and its dead.

Yes, for each one of us there are two deaths—your Natural death, the life you die in your sleep, and the other to be remembered always less than what you once really were.



Óscar Pérez
GUADALAJARA, MEXICO

The Abominable Snowman

The abominable snowman is not an ice cream man with an unfriendly face. Nor is a big foot biped living in the Himalayas.

A Tuesday in December, very early in the morning, after having wrapped myself in the appropriate winter season paraphernalia, I was trying to walk on a slippery ground while my face wrinkled to the rhythm of cracking ice and of occasional liquid snaps of the snow indecisive between evolving into a Frappuccino or a tamarind-flavored snow cone.

Upon arrival to my destination, my face bitterly complained about the furrows torturing it and my bile almost spilled out of every hole in my body. Then, with sadness and a little resignation, I noticed that I had become my worst nightmare.

El abominable hombre de las nieves

El abominable hombre de las nieves no es ningún vendedor de paletas con gesto de pocos amigos. Tampoco es un bípedo patón viviendo en el Himalaya.

Un martes decembrino, muy temprano por la mañana, tras haberme envuelto en toda la parafernalia propia de la temporada invernal, trataba de caminar sobre un suelo por demás resbaladizo mientras mi rostro se arrugaba al compás del hielo crujiente y de uno que otro chasquido acuoso de la nieve indecisa entre volverse un *frappuccino* o un raspado de tamarindo.

Al llegar a mi destino, mi frente se quejaba con amargura por las rugosidades torturándola y la bilis casi se derrama por cada hueco de mi organismo. Entonces, con tristeza y cierta resignación, noté que me había convertido en mi peor pesadilla.



Kristina Puotkalyte-Gurgel

KAUNAS, LITHUANIA

The cold

The shaking from the cold immobilizes my back in aching pain.
The power of cold – painful iron burn.

I shiver.

Certain places, the vulnerable ones especially, – first victims.

Somewhere around the neck.

BeD.

Having lost the protection of warm textile, stiff
Overtaken by goose bumps, my skin takes on a rOcKy texture.
I curl up in my bedding
Hoping that perhaps body will not betray body,
That it will warm up.

A sad illusion.

Morning and water.
The rocks again. Their surface will scratch for a while yet,
As long as the cold will remain in spaces, in-between spaces,
between rocks and something else.

An unstoppable shivering, together with anger, wrinkles and
groaning.

As if the sounds could warm.

Somewhere else it's also dark.

Šaltis

Drebulys nuo šalčio sukausto mano nugarą gelenčiais skausmais.

Šalčio galia – maudžiantis geležinis degesys.

Drebu.

Tam tikros vietos, ypač gležnios, – pirmos aukos.

Kažkur apie kaklą.

GuoLIS.

Netekusi šiltos tekstilės globos, pastirusi

Pasišiaušusi, mano oda įgauna AkMenuOtą tekstūrą.

Susiriečiu pataluose

Su viltim, kad galbūt kūnas kūno neišduos,

Kad sušildys.

Gaili iliuzija.

Rytas ir vanduo.

Ir vėl akmenys. Jų paviršius dar ilgai brėš,

Kol šaltis tūnos erdvėse, tarpuvėtėse, tarp akmenų ir kažko kito.

Nepaliaujamas drebulys, kartu pyktis, raukšlės ir aimanos.

Neva garsai šildytų.

Kitur irgi tampsu.

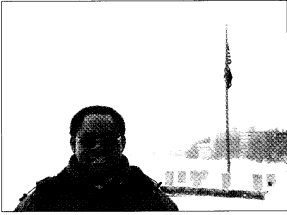


Paola Savvidou

NICOSIA, CYPRUS

A former Cypriot student at UW told me: "It is so cold in Madison that your snot freezes." I didn't believe him then. Now I do.

Ένας Κύπριος, πρώην φοιτητής στο UW μου είπε: Κάνει τόσο κρύο στο Μάντισον που παγώνει η μύξα σου. Τότε δεν τον πίστεψα. Τώρα όμως ξέρω πως είχε δίκιο.



Peter Wuteh Vakunta

BAMUNKA-NDOP, CAMEROON

Hausa Haiku on winter in Madcity

Here in this city
The cold season has arrived
Over there it's brazing!

Nan, a garinmu
Hunturu ya zo sosai
Amma can sai zafi!



Tianlin Wang
TIANJIN, CHINA

Why? Why! Why? !

为什么？为什么！为什么？！

Biographies

SAYLÍN ÁLVAREZ OQUENDO has a BA in philology from the University of Havana, Cuba, and a MA in Spanish from the University of Wisconsin–Madison. She is currently pursuing her PhD in the Hispanic Literature Program at the UW–Madison.

NIKKI S. BECK grew up in Germany where winters were always mild and her roads always plowed. That was until one day, while striving towards wisdom, she chose a path that led her to a place where people wear cheese heads and their nose hairs freeze in winter – Wisconsin. Of course, her text is purely fictional.

NORA DÍAZ is a sporadic writer; an ironic, if uninspired, self-biographer; curious; a shopaholic; and gifted child facing the interminable days of existence. She loves pumpkins and a fish named “Laureano.” Díaz enjoys watching movies and making sarcastic comments about everything. Her most recent research focuses on the simulacra of democracy.

VANESSA FITZGIBBON was born in Santo Andre, Brazil, and moved to the United States in 1992. In 2006 she received her PhD in Portuguese at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. Today she lives with her four children in Provo, Utah, and teaches Luso-Brazilian Literature, Grammar, and Culture at Brigham Young University.

MATTEO GILEBBI was born in a small town on the Italian east coast. He has a degree in philosophy from the University of Urbino, specializing in narratology and new media. At UW–Madison, his research focuses on crossbreeding between contemporary Italian poetry, philosophy, comics, and digital art. He misses snowboarding on the Alps.

<https://mywebspace.wisc.edu/gilebbi/web>

RAY HSU is an English literary studies dissertator at the University of Wisconsin–Madison and will be a creative writing postdoctoral fellow at the University of British Columbia. His book of poems, *Anthropy*, won the Gerald Lampert Award. His classes take campus students to a nearby prison to tutor GED writing.

BENOÎT LECLERCQ comes from Lille (northern France), and holds a degree in English from the Institut Catholique de Lille, a MA in French Studies from UW–Milwaukee, and is currently working towards his PhD in French literature at UW–Madison. He has been teaching French since 2000.

MARILÉN LOYOLA is a UW–Madison doctoral student in twentieth-century Spanish American literature. She has also studied cultural anthropology and specializes in Latin American exile/migration literature and narratives of return.

MUKOMA WA NGUGI, a dissertator in the English Department at UW–Madison, is also the co-editor of *Pambazuka News*, a columnist for the BBC *Focus on Africa Magazine* and author of *Hurling Words at Consciousness* (Poems, AWP, 2006).

ÓSCAR PÉREZ was born in Guadalajara, Mexico. He spent his childhood living on military bases across the country. He kept that roving tradition and now he goes to graduate school at UW–Madison, where he is trying to get a PhD in industrial engineering and a MA in Spanish at the same time.

KRISTINA PUOTKALYTE-GURGEL is a third-wave immigrant to the US from Lithuania, to where she returns on a regular basis. Currently, she is a PhD student of Spanish language and literature at UW–Madison, specializing in contemporary Latin American literature. To keep a happy and a healthy balance in her life she likes to cook, garden, and crochet. She lives with her husband in Milwaukee, WI.

GIANNINA REYES GIARDIELLO is cold.

CRISTINA RIVERA GARZA is at the threshold when it comes to words, thoughts or actions; she is between here, there, and everywhere. She has argued that the cold makes her say nonsense. However, it is suspected that the cold – which, in effect, is always worse than what we imagine – is innocent in this case. Her next book will be entitled *Las afueras (The Outdoors)*.

PAOLA SAVVIDOU holds a Masters of Music in Piano Performance and Pedagogy from the University of Wisconsin–Madison, and a Bachelors of Music in Piano Performance from the University of North Carolina–Greensboro. She currently teaches private piano lessons and class piano to adults. She plans to pursue a doctoral degree of musical arts in piano pedagogy before returning to her home country of Cyprus.

PETER WUTEH VAKUNTA lives in Madison, WI, with his wife Anasthasia and five children. He is a teaching assistant at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, where he is completing his PhD dissertation. Vakunta is poet, storyteller, and essayist. His published works include *Ntarikon, Grassfields Stories from Cameroon, African Time and Pidgin Verses*, and *Food for Thought*. Vakunta’s fiction has appeared in anthologies in the U.S., the U.K, and South Africa.

TIANLIN WANG is a PhD student of Chinese Linguistics, and East Asian Languages and Literature, at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, who likes to walk on the frozen lake while eating her chocolate ice cream.

Bibliography

Materials from Memorial Library showcased in the Wind Chill Factor Exhibit

Anjavī Shīrāzī, Sayyid Abū al-Qāsim. *Jashnhā Va Ādāb Va mutaḡidāt-i Zamistān*. Chāp 1 ed. Vol. 6. Tīhrān: Intisharāt-i Amīr Kabīr, 1973.

Brebbia, C. A. *Patagonia: A Forgotten Land: From Magellan to Perón*. Southhampton, UK/ Billerica, MA: WIT Press, 2007.

Bryant, William Cullen. *The Little People of the Snow*. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1873, c1872.

Dīkshita, Jagadīśa Datta. *Hima-Śataka = Snow-Century*. Saskarana ed. Nāī Dillī. Sāhitya Mandira, 1968.

Fishman, Jay. *Winter in Wisconsin*. Popular Sheet Music Collection. Mills Music Library.

Frías, María Torres. *Oro y Nieve*. Salta, Argentina. PEN Club Internacional, Centro Salta. Editorial Biblioteca de Textos Universitarios, 2003.

Gumble, Albert. *Winter*. Popular Sheet Music Collection. Mills Music Library.

Kim, Chun-su, Chong-gil Kim. *The Snow Falling on Chagall's Village: Selected Poems*. Vol. 93. Ithaca, NY: East Asia Program, Cornell University, 1998.

Kolomyts, È G. *Snezhnyĭ Pokrov Gornotaezhnykh Landshaftov Severa Zabaĭkalia*. Leningrad: Izd-vo "Nauka," 1966.

Lindgren, Astrid, and Ilon Wikland. *The Runaway Sleigh Ride*. 1st American edition. New York. Viking Press, 1984.

Macdonald, Sharman. *The Winter Guest*. London: Faber and Faber, 1998.

Mellēna, Māra. *Ziemas Grāmata: Eksperimentālais Mācību Līdzeklis Folklorā Sākumskolai*. Rīgā: S.N., 1991.

Neruda, Pablo. *Winter Garden*. Port Townsend: Copper Canyon Press, c1986.

Nistor, Francisc, and Tiberiu Utan. *Iarna Maramureseană*. Bucuresti: "Sport-Turism," 1981.

Reed, Nicholas. *Frost Fairs on the Frozen Thames*. London: Lilburne, 2002.

Seifert, Jaroslav and Oldřich Rakovec. *Co Všechno Zavál Sníh*. 1. vyd ed. Praha: Albatros, 1992.

Shahar, David. *'Al ha-ner ye-al ha-ruah*. Yerushalayim: Sifriyat ha-shaot. Tel Aviv. Yediot aharonot, c1994.

Sheet of Snow: An Anthology of Modern Short Stories From the Himalayas. New Delhi: Nirala, 1997.

Winter Pictures: By Poet and Artist. London: Religious Tract Society, c1875.

Acknowledgments

Wind Chill Factor Exhibit

(Memorial Library, February 25 – March 28 2008)

The curators for the Wind Chill Factor did not work alone. This exhibit happened thanks to the enthusiasm and hard work of:

GIANNINA REYES GIARDIELLO

DON JOHNSON (Public Relations)

DANIEL L. JOE (Graphic Design)

JOHN BURNS (Translation, proofreading, and editing of some of the texts)

TONY KRIER (Web Development)

and all Memorial Library librarians who suggested materials for the exhibit.

And the generous sponsorship of: Memorial Library, Global Studies, and the Latin American, Caribbean and Iberian Studies Program.

The online version of the exhibit is available at: <http://memorial.library.wisc.edu/windchill/>

"Put forth a good face for bad weather" we say in Spanish to demonstrate a certain stoicism when faced with the onslaughts of life. One of those onslaughts, here in the upper Midwest (a novel term for some, a condition since birth for others) is the cold. And the snow. And the ice. And the strange phrase "wind chill factor," which to me designates a secret as mysterious as sex among angels was for medieval theologians. The way these poets gathered here to put forth their best face for the winter was by writing about the cold. It is the only way to conjure its effects, of saying to its face, just as Gorostiza said to death in his poem, "go on, little whore frozen ruddy, let's go to hell."

"Al mal tiempo buena cara", decimos en español para señalar cierto estoicismo ante los embates de la vida. Uno de esos embates, aquí en el "upper Midwest" (novedad para algunos, condición de nacimiento para otros), es el frío. Y la nieve. Y el hielo. Y la extraña expresión "sensación térmica", que designa para mí un arcano tan misterioso como lo era el sexo de los ángeles para los teólogos medievales. La mejor cara que pudieron ponerle al invierno los poetas aquí reunidos es escribir sobre el frío, porque es la única manera de conjurar sus efectos, y de decirle en su cara, tal como lo hace Gorostiza con la muerte en su poema, "anda, putilla del rubor helado, vámonos al diablo".

Professor Marcelo Pellegrini
Department of Spanish and Portuguese

The authors of these texts simultaneously confront the inclemency of the cold as a physical reality and the experience of moving from one place to another, a shifting of the senses and of words, and the opening of new points of cultural reference. However, unlike in previous centuries, to truly travel, the travelers must have nothing to lose. Therefore, facing the cold, we see perplexity, muteness, surprise, seduction, humor, reordering of space, and above all the daily creation of community as the equivalent of warmth, of a less inclement country. The texts, then, indicate arrival or the beginning of a journey. An act of survival and reterritorialization.

Los autores de estos textos se enfrentan simultáneamente a la inclemencia del frío como realidad física y a la experiencia del traslado, trastrocamiento de los sentidos y las palabras, y la apertura de nuevos referentes culturales. Pero a diferencia de los siglos anteriores, para viajar de verdad, los viajeros no deben de tener nada que perder. Por ello, ante el frío, vemos perplejidad, enmudecimiento, sorpresa, seducción, humor, reordenamiento del espacio, y sobre todo creación cotidiana de comunidad como equivalente de calor, de un país menos inclemente. Los textos pues indican la llegada o el comienzo del viaje. Un acto de sobrevivencia y de reterritorialización.

Professor Rubén Medina
Department of Spanish and Portuguese



Parallel Press

University of Wisconsin–Madison Libraries

<http://parallepress.library.wisc.edu>
ISBN 978-1-934795-02-6