

Tussen kamer

I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds (6 offerings to the 10th Muse)

Six individual translations of Sappho's *Fragment 31* transcribed with ink on soluble paper, dissolved in water, and presented in found crystal and glass decanters.

Materials: Water, ink, paper, glass and crystal decanters

Edition: Bespoke version in ongoing series.

Date of artwork: 2023

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Texts used in the creation of the artwork include:

[Top left] Translated by Mary Barnard (1958)

[Top right] Translated by William Carlos Williams (1958)

[Middle left] Translated by John Hall (1652)

[Middle right] Translated by Mary Hewitt (1845)

[Bottom left] Translated by Anne Carson (2002)

[Bottom right] Translated by Edward Storer (1915)

He is more than a hero

He is a god in my eyes —
the man who is allowed
to sit beside you — he

who listens intimately
to the sweet murmur of
your voice, the enticing

laughter that makes my own
heart beat fast. If I meet
you suddenly, I can't

speak — my tongue is broken;

a thin flame runs under
my skin; seeing nothing,

hearing only my own ears
drumming, I drip with sweat;
trembling shakes my body

and I turn paler than
dry grass. At such times
death isn't far from me.

Translated by Mary Barnard (1958)

That man is peer of the gods, who
face to face sits listening
to your sweet speech and lovely
laughter.

It is this that rouses a tumult
in my breast. At mere sight of you
my voice falters, my tongue
is broken.

Straightway, a delicate fire runs in
my limbs; my eyes
are blinded and my ears
thunder.

Sweat pours out: a trembling hunts
me down. I grow
paler than grass and lack little
of dying.

Translated by William Carlos Williams (1958)

He that sits next to thee now and hears

Thy charming voyce, to me appears
Beauteous as any Deity
That rules the skie.

How did his pleasing glances dart
Sweet languors to my ravish'd heart
At the first sight though so prevailed
That my voyce fail'd.

I'm speechless, feavrish, fires assail
My fainting flesh, my sight doth fail
Whilst to my restless mind my ears
Still hum new fears.

Cold sweats and tremblings so invade
That like a wither'd flower I fade
So that my life being almost lost,
I seem a Ghost.

Yet since I'm wretched must I dare . . .

Translated by John Hall (1652)

Blest as the immortal gods is he
On whom each day thy glances shine;
Who hears thy voice of melody,
And meets thy smile so all divine.

Oh, when I list thine accents low
How thrills my breast with tender pain—
Fire seems through every vein to glow,
And strange confusion whelms my brain.

My sight grows dim beneath the glance
Whose ardent rays I may not meet,
While swift and wild my pulses dance,

Then cease all suddenly to beat.

And o'er my cheek with rapid gush,
I feel the burning life-tide dart;
Then backward like a torrent rush
All icy cold upon my heart.

And I am motionless and pale,
And silent as an unstrung lyre;
And feel, while thus each sense doth fail,
Doomed in thy presence to expire.

Translated by Mary Hewitt (1845)

He seems to me equal to the gods that man
whoever he is who opposite you
sits and listens close
to your sweet speaking

and lovely laughing — oh it
puts the heart in my chest on wings
for when I look at you, even a moment, no speaking
is left in me

no: tongue breaks and thin
fire is racing under skin
and in eyes no sight and drumming
fills ears

and cold sweat holds me and shaking
grips me all, greener than grass
I am and dead — or almost
I seem to me.

But all is to be dared, because even a person of poverty . . .

Translated by Anne Carson (2002)

He seems like a god to me the man who is near you,
Listening to your sweet voice and exquisite laughter
That makes my heart so wildly beat in my breast.
If I but see you for a moment, then all my words
Leave me, my tongue is broken and a sudden fire
Creeps through my blood. No longer can I see.
My ears are full of noise. In all my body I
Shudder and sweat. I am pale as the sun-scorched
Grass. In my fury I seem like a dead woman,
But I would dare...

Translated by Edward Storer (1915)