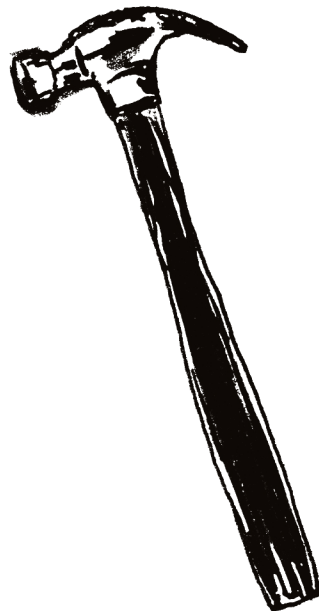


*Afterword by
Carol Almeida*

The Hammer

ADELAIDE IVÁNOVA

TRANSLATED BY CHRIS DANIELS



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EDITIONS

THE HAMMER



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Time, a fine sand, sings in my arms:
I nestle in, knife held fast.
—Paul Celan

My body, you are an animal
for whom ambition
is right.
—Anna Świrszczyńska

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one

the hammer

i sleep with a hammer
under my pillow
in case someone
sneaks into my
bedroom again as if it weren't
enough of a drag
to have some iron
poking my head
and there's yet another inconvenience:
Humboldt can never show up
by surprise he runs the risk
of being hammered and then he
either dies or lives
(the quantity of energy
released by the blow of
a hammer
is equivalent to half
its mass times velocity
squared at time of impact).

the visit

*and every bed has been condemned,
not by morality or law,
but by time
—Anne Sexton*

how many moths
spiders lice
and other beasts
infest inhabit
the visitor's mattress
Humboldt never went to get
faking forgetfulness
and then it was too late
and we were way too
in love to go get
the visitor's mattress
in the garret
so we made do with this

how many moths
spiders lice
and other beasts
in another accursed
mattress witnessed

another mattress
another visit
the wrenching
the violent
the blood
well no blood but
there was arrival
then silence

because of sand web dust
moss mold spider
i jumped to another
bed other beasts
had inhabited
me already ants
mites pisceans
fleas only
moths and Humboldt
didn't screw me

years before the curse
though sand web dust
i could never again
leave that bed
there are beasts less trustworthy
than moths there's the hyena
fish snake scabies
if there are 2 on the mattress
for 1 visitor there will
always be someone not
innocent.

the banana

in the cellar
there was a trunk
and in it
josefine she
was hidden there with
her mother's help so
she wouldn't be raped
generally speaking
someone's only raped
when they're found her mother's
fate is unknown but
josefine
is just fine thanks at 11
she ate her first banana
offered by the french
official who also
gave abortions to german
women
who had no hammers
or trunks.

for laura

in 1998 when they found
matthew shepard's gay body
his face was all bloody
but for two
perpendicular
stripes marking where his tears
had run down on
that day the cyclist
who found him didn't
call the cops when he saw him
because matthew's body
was so deformed
the cyclist thought it was a
scarecrow

a few days ago in são paulo
the cops killed laura
not without first
torturing her laura
was filmed still alive
by some other guy
who instead of helping her
posted on youtube his video
of a laura all disoriented

and wouldn't you be too
with blood on your mouth and
the back of your skirt

laura has a body
and a name they are hers
laura de vermont presente!
she was murdered
by men
by the state
by the cops
by our indifference
she was 18
it was a saturday.

the elephant

when johanna died she was a year
and eight months old she was found in the pool
in her hand she was holding onto an elephant her mother
holds onto even now though alzheimer's
keeps her from remembering why she her mother
jumped in the pool when she saw johanna
adrift in the breeze from up north in the rhineland
floating in the pool johanna's father
forgot to cover while he played
tennis with other friends who were maybe just as or
maybe more affluent than they were johanna's mother who today
no longer remembers much as i said
because of alzheimer's yet remembered
to keep the elephant she only forgot
to take off her wet dress they say she spent
days like that "she was like a greek statue" they said
what no one saw was her holding onto that little
elephant in 1958 when i died 50 years
later i was 25 and a half and i was holding onto
the first line of a poem by sylvia plath and i resisted
bravely with my eyes shut while all the
world drops dead even though i knew the rest of
the poem is a declaration of love as completely idiotic
as all declarations of heterosexual love

and like so many things plath wrote i recited
the poem while i was drowning sorry plath sorry
campilho but the world is a horror the elephant is velour
and the little bones aren't made of honey
they're just calcium
nothing more.

the cat

the official didn't take me seriously
in the least and she asked me all slick
did i really want to open
an investigation she was wearing a
wonderfully awful outfit
pants and blouse
jeans on jeans
after reading through the papers
the official made me think of janus
the roman king with two faces and
the cat with two faces who
died at 15 it's rare
for a cat like that to live so long
yet the official lives on in her little outfit
jeans on janus.

the sow

the clerk is a person
and she's curious just
like all persons are curious
she asks me why i drank so
much i don't answer but i
know people drink to die
only not to die a lot
she asks me why didn't i
scream since i wasn't
gagged i don't answer but i know
we're all born with the gag
the clerk in her starched
white shirt
is an excellent officer and
typist she reminds me so much
of a song
of an animal i can't remember which.

the vulture

corpus delicti is
the expression used
when law is breached and
traces of the fact of a crime
are left making *body* a
place and *of the crime* an
adjective the examination
consists of seeing and being
seen (parties also
consist of these)

lying on a gurney with
four doctors around me talking
about mucous membranes the strike
the lack of disposable cups
and deciding in front of my open
legs if after work should they
all go to the bar or what?
the doctor from the institute
of legal medicine wrote his report
not looking at my face
talking on his cell phone

me and the doctor have a body
and at least two other things in common:

we both love talking on the phone
and going to the bar
the doctor is a person
he deals with dead bodies
and living women
(he calls them pieces of
evidence).

the dog

the woman from the
support group is kind as
a dog i need to get a
little help and she comforts me
guessing my main obsession
don't get upset everything
will get back to normal i
don't believe her but it seems
to make sense if maybe it
makes some sense that these
days i'm not getting it
like i know i like it
while Humboldt
fucks like a husband.

the half-confessed

for Dame Mary Douglas

when you throw trash
in the trash and the trash
doesn't go into
the trash what matters
isn't the intention
half-confession
you have to turn back
deal with the trash
take the trash in your
hand and end the
action trash in the
trash isn't trash
what makes it trash
isn't the basket
what makes it trash
is the floor.

the she-mule

a vast, venom-suckled silence
—Paul Celan

she weighs the worth of her effort
and affirmations keeping
as her measure the weight she carries
like a good mule she has no idea
who has mounted her but
she is ever at their service

like every good mule
balking at the brink of the
abyss she will not die
it is her vengeance
philomela tongueless
and she-mule
only because she hates
she does not leap it is
not to keep on hoping
she does not
(herein a basic
difference).

the lavinia-mule
 also had her tongue
 torn out from lucrece
 sleeping she-mule nothing
 was torn out but blackmail
 is also a gag
 the thalia-mule also
 slept while being
 violated

it was maury the mule
 who was able at last
 to open his mouth
 and become a john
 he changed his own
 name and those of things
 the young jack learned
 german and *vergewaltigung*
 stops being what it is and
 becomes any sound
 spoken with the same
 intonation as comet
 fury caiman bird
 match procession stone
 cactus

the balking she-mule
 nearly mute at least
 was never deaf
 “even from the stones do i hear of misfortune”
 each one has what she says
 the mule in zarathustra
 the mule in hilda hilst
 but the nightingale
 who sings
 is the male.

the brooch

the burka'd woman
entered the metro
behind her husband
the burka'd woman
only needed to
come on in to be
so spectacular
the burka'd woman
she messes me up
it messes me up
how it's established
that any woman
should wear the burka.

*

i tried to write a
poem by heart for
the burka'd woman
it came to my mind
while i was trying
not to look at her
such is the real
function of burka

and here is how it
 should be considered
 the burka becomes
 bigger than woman.

*

many things happen
 things on the metro
 many things happen
 things in germany
 but no one's looked at
 not in germany
 not on the metro
 everyone looks at
 the burka'd woman
 but no one sees her
 no one thinks they have
 aught to do with it.

*

the burka'd woman
 takes away my sleep
 it takes away my
 sleep that small blue brooch
 made of little beads
 so flaunted on the
 woman's burka it's
 a dire adornment
 the mute revolt of
 the burka'd woman.

*

under the burka
 there is a woman.

*

i feel more fear of
misogynist god
than the laws forcing
burkas on women
and even more fear
of the laws banning
burkas—every law
after all prescribes
the will of a man
to control bodies
but even so we'll
always have brooches
with little blue beads.

the envelope

i love licking envelopes
i like the taste of the glue
on an envelope there's
something to do with
devotion when you lick
paper and this one's
filled with the papers
i signed with my lawyer
it holds my version of the facts
i'm licking this envelope
on my own two feet
because this licked paper
is language
and revolution.

the testicles

in german door viewer
is spy in portuguese
magic eye peephole
is what they say in pakistan
whose official language is
english judas is the word
in france approximating
watchfulness over betrayal
which seems to me the fruit
of resigned wisdom

witnesses are not
moths they saw nothing like
moths yet they defend
hysterically the innocence of the
prince using me
as measure how can
witnesses be called
witnesses if they were never there

before things weren't done for
fear of the guillotine today
just for fear of being
caught in the act

(in pakistan if the victim
 can't find four eyewitnesses
 it is she who will go
 to trial in england in the
 xviii century if the victim
 didn't scream and struggle
 the accusation was found to
 be invalid)

the witnesses invented
 kinships friendships they claimed
 imaginary relations a stepfather
 and how it was me who went to the prince
 in his chambers it's all in the records
 so many words enter into
 a mythical instance become
 document poem official
 but incompetent the witnesses
 all know they lie what they don't
 know is that in latin
 witnesses and testicles
 come from the same root which in this
 case is an insult to testicles
 such wondrous things they
 are the testicles
testis is the latin name
 which they say inspired
 valèry to give his *monsieur*
 the surname *teste* that Humboldt
 told me to read and since Humboldt
 has the most gorgeous testicles i do
 all he asks the witnesses
 all lie they say nothing
 about anything and if they think
 rape is sex it's because
 they have no idea like me
 just how lovely a fuck can be.

the judge

for Érica Zíngano

in height between fifteen and thirty metres
the jataí also known as honorable jatobá
has a trunk that can exceed a meter
in diameter and leaves with two diamond
leaflets measuring six to fourteen centimetres
in breadth

its bears an indehiscent legume with a
rather thick hull enclosing three seeds
surrounded by dense yellow pulp
prescribed for chronic anemia

jatobá is a mystic fruit well-known
to native latin americans for balancing
desire and judgement and they used to
eat it before entering meditation circles and
today the tree (jatobeira or jatobazeiro) is
considered part of brazil's sacral heritage

over time persons have been asking
if the pulp of the fruit has the same effect
upon the mental and affective health of a subject
many scientists began to study its properties

and concluded that the jatobá offers some benefits such as mental organization and purification of the sentiments but the quantity of jatobás that honorable jatobá would need to consume to be just is still arguable.

the sentence

a re-reading of two odes by ricardo reis

I

weighs hard the cruel decree, the managed end.
weighs hard the sentence lawless as the judge.
weighs hard this crushing anvil on my shoulders:
 today a man was acquitted.

if justice be blind, then only shampoo is neutral:
how small the difference between the innocence
of men and hyenas. o hell just let me be! or
 better, fill with wine

my cup, which, while so wicked, yet will make
me drunk, alcohol's amnesia console me,
and i forget what such sentencing means: woman,
 the eternal guilty party.

II

weigh well this righteous sentence from a loyal judge
upon all poor men: she can have no motive.
i did the woman no physical harm and thus
 great was my surprise

when she took offence. exaggerant, she now
denounces, dramatizes, but at the time she did
not so. hers the fault: that brave and handsome
face you see was beastly drunk.

if justice be blind, why then, weasel, be wise:
in peaceful weal i celebrate my manifest
pardon, for i am a man, not a monster!
such women deserve their “trauma.”

two

the double

*Fair and foul are near of kin
And fair needs foul, I cried
—W.B. Yeats*

golyadkin is golyadkin
septimus is clarissa and
neo is at the same time
smith and mr anderson
leo needs aquarius
taurus is good for
scorpio what was
eve's sign did
it go well
with adam's?

for constantine
the first christian
there was no difference
between rape and adultery
and in a letter of april 1880
dostoevsky wrote
to a certain ekaterina
something like duplicity

my friend is muse
and tempest

what would jesus be
without judas? i don't know
but the thought terrifies
me the prince is a
person and that's what makes
us peers pricks persons
constantines and other caesars
as small—they say—as I

the minister

if all those white men in brussels and
thomas de maizière really heard this poem of mine
the problem of borders would be resolved
look here mr minister
in my bed you don't ask for visas i already changed
the sperm-stained sheets and pillowcases made in
spain hungary austria zimbabwe iraq
germany we make each other's happiness
and tell me mr minister
if we didn't make it then who would? and who'd
contribute to the growth of your demographic indices?
according to fatou diome we're about
40% responsible tell me truly mr minister
without us expatriates where would your many pleasures come from
the theses the essays your life your nightlife your bars and those
pictures your museums extract profit from and the
prize-winning books where would they come from that
profit or profited your dusty bookshops?
would there have been for pasolini that european man a future
more lasting if pasolini had been displaced?
maybe he would have died in syria in libya or in the asshole
of the world less for being a refugee and more for being a
faggot (yes another huge problem but that's not
the focus of our poem today) i've laid myself down on futons rugs

mattresses and carpets of all sorts of people including
the men of budapest currently the worst motherfuckers around
(the golfers of melilla are no less ghastly)
the secret mr minister if you
please may i explain is the opening of borders and hearts we'd be
kind like lou salomé who was so charitable she screwed
nietzsche and for her own delight even did it with rée and (they say)
rilke we'd be kind to those who came not caring about the color
of passport or bearer we'd just give so much no matter what
whatever whatever a visa a roof something to do a hiya a mode
of transport more secure and ventilated than a trailer truck
a destiny more humane than the shallow unjust one you and
me and petra laszlo gave that fleeing father and his child
(the ground).

el martillo

llena de choirboys
palm sunday
white fetish
insomniac sevilla
adflia *mujer* lopes
i saw joão *maravilla*

cabra-listic stone
neto-metrics *por*
ing over acrostics
rat's a star

poetics
syllables
sonido
rhythm

verse and fixation
lorca and bolaño
pasolini and celan
el martillo
door-knocker

love is evil
saint's stains

mallet and martyrdom
dode-
casyllable
dodi al-
fayed
princess in-
diana
gitanagram how

anne sexton
i know what it was
rats live
on no evil
star but since
i can't count syllables
i recount
anecdotes: once upon
a time there was
Humboldt and his
blond dong.

the married woman

i sit
in the circle
like everyone
else
i swallow
the wine
dump
olive
pits in the
corner
control
my fertile time
pretend
i'm a
registered
vaccination-
card-carrying
fine
domestic animal
i celebrate
banalities
join the
conversation
get a lift

back home
unspeaking
with all these little
things in my head
sex
bikini
razors
trips
the olives
the napkins
the ova
cinnamon almonds
polar bears.

the seismograph

a seismograph does not turn
around itself like a compass
(which earnest object outlines geometrical territory)
a seismograph goes ahead like a person
decent and open-hearted like
persons are (not) Humboldt they're
not like me i follow Humboldt
moving in circles around
this and around you and this quest
the seismograph measures earthquakes
in chile and watches the future and over
the safety of all involved
the guilty and the absolved
Humboldt could the seismograph
measure the beats of the heart and
that unforeseeable thing that
thing itself causes?
would the self-unaware seismograph
be able to measure the seismic tremors
the sight of you looking for a five
euro bill at the end of the night
causes in me? Humboldt i could
translate into richter scales every disaster
in this world and never ever be able

to translate into roman or arabic
algorithms the effects of the inner
earthquake caused exclusively by the
existence of your muscles
Humboldt
i could empty this bar
bankrupt the proprietors
with the pure insatiable desire
to listen to you talk.

the morals

i could write
a love
poem
about
the fact
that we cross
every street without respecting the lights i

see a
daring on
your part
not to be
afraid
to die so
sure the
cars will stop to let you go by i

would stop
i still stop
i stand looking
pretending not
to see your
backlit bones
your pelt

unclipped
 your cock i never sucked because you didn't let me

pleading not
 morality but
 who knows
 what it was
 i forget i was
 really drunk
 so you slept
 naked right
 here when
 you got up you put on jeans without any underwear i wish i were those
 jeans i thought

that after
 crossing at
 all those
 red lights
 by your
 side risking
 my life
 i'd have the right to suck your cock till morning but

the only
 thing of yours
 i ever
 sucked
 was a
 nauseating
 mozartkugel
 filled with
 marzipan.

the technical matters

hand me
the diamond
hand me
the roommate
hand me the floor
the step
the footstep
the pretend punch
the refined sugar
of the *pau-de-arara*
your cock
at morning
was it hard
or was it me?

the other woman

Humboldt you show up in cuba years
late i know our arrangement
doesn't include setting schedules
for arrival and departure of boats caravels
battleships i know our treaty very well:
you can do anything at all—
me, the very opposite.

it sounds cynical of course i mean i never
avoid going off on some new journey
surreptitious or invited i'm just
describing your paragraph in the letter
of our law i barely follow as i've
said but i take very very seriously
above all not letting my bags
my husband my seasickness
bother you dear nameless lover
you don't need to worry there's no one screwing me:
everybody from brandenburg to saxony
holds you in the highest regard

i would never hold you back
you need to live now
i won't say anything i'll

observe like a biologist
serene patient and proudly
the dynamics the lies the
lateness you coming home all
moody or flustered those things
of love oh darling i've known them
like the palm of my hand since long
before you were born.

the defense mechanism

i go cold
in your bed
purposefully
sublimating
to parade
the meat
you refuse
to serve
your self
denial.

the cockfight

a cockfight is a blood sport.

cocks are given the best of care until near the age of two.

in cockfighting physical trauma is increased for entertainment purposes.

cockfighting is said to be the world's oldest spectator sport.

there is a city in pakistan famous for being "the city of the cock."

cockfighting is partly a religious and partly a political institution.

cockfights are limited to a single round of 30 minutes, but statistics

show that more than 50% of the fights end within the first five minutes.

the husband

suddenly the laughter became
Humboldt in jeans and barefoot
the way i like
and the mouths conjoined became
not a single fucking thing because there were no
mouths conjoined
and the outstretched hands
became a high five
and the next husband
became a lover and the
lover became a
husband waiting up
and it wasn't sudden

a husband gets married.

the useless organs

the traveler
asked me to stay
to stay for good
don't forsake
this haven said he the sailor
seer
onward

and i
sick
sexless
sexton
plath
without
palate
woolf
who never bites
louise
much too bourgeois
frigid shrub
on dying arbus
tonsil
plica semilunars
no orgasm

i didn't
get up
prideful as i am
i levitated
sophisticated proper dead
full of dignity
no joy at all
i dried the
juice the
groove the
armpit
i calmed the jurors
woman
moral
vesicle
wisdom, the tooth
appendix
spleen.

the good animal

how many hands-
breadths wide
are your hips?
i suspect
mine are
wider
at least
that's what i felt
sitting on you
i wanted
to have sat
on your face
gentle
like a good animal
submissive
like a good animal
i'd be so happy
with your tongue in me
and grateful
like a good animal
i'd lick
your face
all wet
and sticky

smelling of me
but my tongue
my poor tongue
only licked your
lashes
Humbert Humboldt
i'm no
Henriette Herz
at all
let me settle
my face on your cock
and drown myself in
the silence between
your thighs and testicles
your skinniness insults me
Humboldt
but every bone
Humboldt
allow me to remind you
has its
correspondent
meat.

the divorce

i was just watching
you let the years
go by
without signing
the email.

“i’ve come to return the man
where do i sign.”

i was just watching
you let the men
go by
but the papers
were signed.

i’ve come to return the years
where do i go back to?

i was just watching
you let the contract
go by
without playing
your role.

i've come to return the city
i'm going back to the man.

i was just watching
you let yourself
leave the city
without signing
the man.

i've come to switch our roles
and i'm not going back.

the tamer

i'd rape you
now i know
i understand the last
roman prince
son of a king
who violated maids
wife subjects hens
i'd rape you
Humboldt
now i know
out of pure hatred
for not wanting me
even though i fixed my face
and almost asked
even though you're not supposed
to ask i'd rape you
Humboldt
tiger tamer
in the patchwork landscape
on your bed
i'd rape you
if i could
in revenge
for the no thanks

for the rejection
but i don't have the
right kind of body
i can hardly believe
this excruciating meat
is somehow like the meat
on the last prince of rome
the fourth the fifth the sixth
tarquin who violated me.

the hammer

when the pope dies
he gets a little
silver tap
on the forehead i never
hammered
anyone
not pope not prince not king
when the procession
has to start
the carlemengo taps
three times
on the litter and the
bearers carry on
hammer
is the name of a
kind of heroic decasyllable
with hard stresses at
the third sixth and tenth
positions when the
athlete ends the
wind-up his three
pirouettes he
can let go of the
hammer

it weighs seven kilos
two hundred sixty grams
marx never talked about a
hammer
at all you ever hear of a
school of thought with a
symbol what would be the symbol
of the frankfurt school if
adorno had chosen one?
when thor strikes with his
hammer
it's the sign of rain and thunder
but the mandacaru flower
says it's going to rain in the
sertão for the hammerhead shark the
hammer
functions like a wing
and stabilizes its
movements and besides that
the mating ritual
of the hammerhead shark
is very violent
in socialist albania
they replaced the
hammer
with a rifle the
hammer
is a magnificent object
it helps you sleep well
or pull a nail.

for my mother
for clarissa and raquel
for silvia and lucía (*in memoriam*)
for my aunts, girl cousins, and sisters
and for jakob, “who waited.”

thanks to armin betz, manuel wetscher, bernard jarosch, érica zingano,
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recife, 31 december 2015, 12:32 p.m.

AFTERWORD

There was no scream, yet surely there was; ever since, we hear the sound of the hammer, an insistent, ever-present sound reminding us that silence is not an option, that poetry is the most audible answer to unasked questions. For if mattresses and pillows are mute, if the womb is gagged, then the hammer shall make itself heard in bludgeoning rhythms, as if these lines were striking the walls of bedrooms, living rooms, bars, police stations. The poems you have just heard exploding against the walls come together in one of the most ferocious works of contemporary Brazilian poetry. In her second book, the poet Adelaide Ivánova has composed a soundtrack full of hard, heavy beats to give her voice to the bodies of women—and of poetry—bodies with an urgent need for freedom from the judgments placed upon them.

This poet sharpens her knife on her tongue. This is no time for half-words or half-confessions: the time has come to set free the Word and the delight in saying what needs to be said in just the way it needs to be said: how rape is rape, how fucking is fucking, and how literature is for feeling the weight of words on your skin.

In the first part of the book, we read the epic of a woman raped: the official, the clerk, the judge, the witnesses, and yet-another-man-absolved—the whole Greek tragedy of our daily patriarchy. “Pese a sentença igual da ignota morte” [*despite the impartial sentence of unknown death*] wrote Ricardo Reis; Adelaide transforms this into “Pese

a sentença igual do juiz iníquo” [*weigh well this righteous sentence from a loyal judge*].^{*} These heroic decasyllabics sit on the page like an anvil. Their crushing weight appears not only in this poem, but throughout the book, in the form of a personal diction serving an ironic exercise, a constant flirtation with language’s ability to contain a sense of humor: where there is guilt, there will also be desire; where there is a handgun, there will be a kiss on the shoulder (and a hammer under the pillow, as a precaution).

In the second part, we read of the poet living with the pieces of a relationship. It has come to an end, but it pervades the house like a scent. Poetry becomes a good unbroken animal: she does not gauge her disquiet, yet she is written with a rhythm and a musicality all her own, a cross between hardcore punk and the kind of power ballad you dance to with a towel on your shoulder. And while Humboldt, the ghost present from beginning to end of the book, enters the open gaps in her memory, the poet always remembers other women: Emily Dickinson, Virginia Woolf, Sylvia Plath, Anne Sexton, Hilda Hilst, Adília Lopes, Matilde Campilho. Many women walk with Adelaide. This is no mere matter of reverence: we must know that we have been informed by those we admire.

Let us then celebrate the lyricism of hominess, the ridiculous declarations of love, the writing of the word *rape* where, afar, one reads *verge-waltung*. Let us then celebrate the lyricism of the pounding of the hammer. In this book, poetry is not measured on the paper upon which words are printed, but in the muscular vibration of utterance.

—Carol Almeida

* See note for the sentence

TRANSLATOR'S NOTES

Adelaide writes: *The Hammer* is a book about violence and female sexuality. There is a protagonist/narrator (an unnamed woman), an antagonist (“the prince” in all his guises), and an ambivalent male hero (Humboldt). The book is in two parts. In the first, a woman narrates her post-rape experience within public institutions and her dealings with bureaucrats; in the second, she narrates her experiences as a wife—both virtuous and adulterous—and considers questionable, equivocal parallels between rape and consensual sex.

The division of the book was inspired by Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor of Rome, who decreed a law proclaiming that rape and adultery were similar crimes, both committed only by a woman unable to take care of her husband’s or father’s property: her body.

The epigraphs by Paul Celan were *very freely* translated from Flávio R. Kothe’s Portuguese translation. The epigraph by Anna Świrszczyńska was translated by Czesław Miłosz and Leonard Nathan.

Before publishing some of these translations in *artiCHOKE*, Joel Scott found some errors. At least one of them was the result of an attempt to be clever where cleverness was in no way necessary. It seldom is, you know. I thank Joel for his help, and for publishing the work.

I thank Sean Negus, who published some of the translated poems in *Dusie* 21.

The wonderful Brazilian poet Rafael Mantovani read the entire MS, made many valuable suggestions, pointed out some problems, and improved my work. I'm so very grateful.

I have tried to follow Adelaide's Portuguese very closely. Punctuation is almost entirely lacking in the original; I have added as little as possible. If any errors or half-measures remain, they are mine and mine alone.

I started this translation in a state of great emotional turmoil. I'd very recently come out as queer, and as a rape victim. A first draft of all but three of the poems was completed in a few hours.

Speaking for myself, it's always an act of friendship, of solidarity. Even when a writer is no longer alive, you'd better do the work in a spirit of comradely collaboration, or what's the point? Well, none, none at all.

There is absolutely no difference between writing "your own poetry" and translating, when you translate work you care about a hell of a lot, you do it with real care, you stick your neck all the way out when you need to, and you question every phoneme you put on the page.

I don't have one single fucking genteel bone in my body, but I know whose side I'm on. I know how, what, and whom to care for, to feel for, *to love*.

Thank you, Adelaide. For making a difference in my life. For everything. I know it will make you happy that I dedicate my part in this book to my little sister, Rita Naomi Daniels (1959-1995), and I know you know why.

the elephant—The poem, "Coqueiral," by the Portuguese poet Matilde Campilho, ends "Senhor, os ossinhos do mundo são de mel e ouro" [*Lord, the little bones of the world are made of honey and gold*].

the husband—Vinícius de Moraes, “Soneto de Separação”: <http://www.viniciusdemoraes.com.br/pt-br/poesia/poesias-avulsas/soneto-de-separacao>; <https://allpoetry.com/Sonnet-of-Separation>

the brooch—I have tried to follow the prosody of *redondilha*, a traditional Lusophone form. The *redondilha maior* has a seven-syllable line. The *redondilha menor* has a five-syllable line. The poem and its translation are examples of unrhymed *redondilha menor*.

the sentence—1) a: <http://arquivopessoa.net/textos/2712>, and b: <http://arquivopessoa.net/textos/2020>. 2) This free translation’s furious, allusive irony is written into its prosody: imitation Sapphics consisting of three lines of loose, often metrically ambiguous pentameter, followed by one trimeter line (tetrameter substitution in one crucial place). There are as many “feminine” endings as possible. (3.) I am very proud of this particular translation. It is as radically different from the original as the original is from the *Odes* by Fernando Pessoa / Ricardo Reis. I thank Adelaide for enthusiastically allowing me to write her work into the unexpected, here and elsewhere in the book.

the double—The final line quotes Emily Dickinson’s “The Court is far away” (#235).

el martillo—1) Translated by Adelaide with CD; 2) many thanks to the Facebook friend who gave us the last line.

the technical matters—1) Translated by Adelaide and CD; 2) pau-de-ara: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pau_de_Arara; 3) *pau* (stick) is a very common colloquialism for “penis.”

the cockfight—Assembled in English from sentences taken from Wikipedia

the hammer (II)—1) Sertão is the massive, arid Northeastern Brazilian interior; 2) the decasyllabic verse line referred to is called “martelo” in Portuguese. “Martelo agalopado” (*hammer at a gallop*!)]—two strict anapests and any type of paeon) is a line much used by cordelistas. It may also be alluded to in “el martillo.”



