

A photograph of a classroom. In the background, there is a large, dark blue chalkboard. Below the chalkboard is a white ledge with a small wooden eraser. In the foreground, there are several rows of grey desks with wooden tops and black chairs. The scene is viewed through a dark frame, possibly a window or a doorway.

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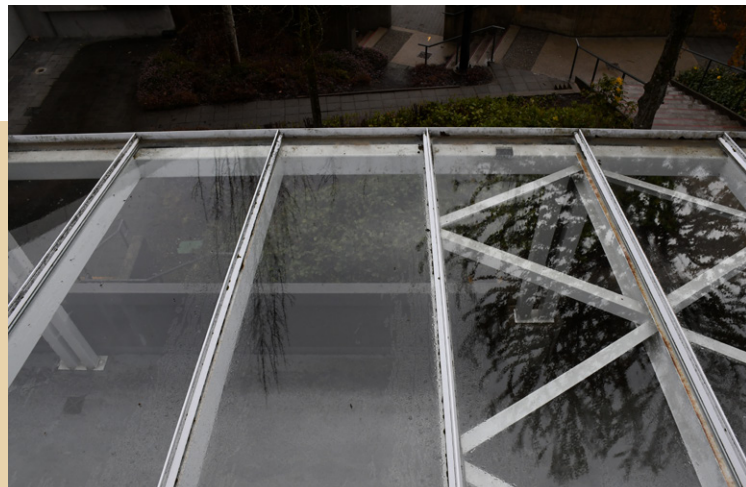
The Gaze by Daniel Cheung



The Calm before the Fall
(top) and *Birds Resting*
(right) by Belle Villar



Nature Reflected by
Daniel Cheung





Dreams and Reality by Daniel Cheung

Brisbane Hauntings: Grief and Transfiguration in Drive My Car

Michaela Vaughan

In October 2021, I travelled from Darwin to Brisbane to attend their international film festival. The festival was hosting the Australian premier of my brother's film *Friends & Strangers* so I decided to go support. I was feeling buoyed – after a long year of not being able to enjoy the film's remarkable international success, James was able to watch his film with an audience. It was coming home. It felt momentous.

My feelings about Brisbane, however, were complex. The last time I was there was in July 2020 to attend my friend's funeral. She was 27 when she died at the height of covid lockdowns. As a city that is largely unfamiliar to me, the sights and sounds of Brisbane were all associated with that time.

I was in Brisbane for four days and James suggested we see Ryusuke Hamaguchi's 3 hour epic *Drive My Car* while I was there. There are some works of art that you feel like come to you at the right time and this was one of them.

Drive My Car is a slow paced psychological drama set in contemporary Japan. It traces the life of theatre actor and director, Yūsuke Kafuku, over two main

know a life that is bright and beautiful, and lovely. We shall rejoice and look back at these troubles of ours with tender feelings, with a smile – and we shall rest. I believe it, Uncle, I believe it fervently, passionately....[Kneels before him and lays he head on his hands, in a tired voice.] We shall have rest! (Anton Chekov, 244-245)

This scene makes a moving appearance in Hamaguchi's film. We too sense Yūsuke is on the path to peace through the unlikely bond he establishes with Misaki, his own real life Sonia.

It can take a long time to overcome the death of a loved one but ultimately we cannot live life engulfed by grief. If we do, we miss out on “life that is bright

and beautiful, and lovely”. Brisbane will forever echo with the memory of my friend, but each future visit will also be an opportunity to transfigure the negative into the sublime. Drive My Car reminds us that through our darkest days, we must engage the things that rebind us to life, whilst still honouring the darkness and the horror we've had to overcome. I believe it fervently, passionately...after all, the richness of our lives depends on it.

Works cited

Chekov, Anton. Plays. Penguin Books, 1985.

Nietzsche, Friedrich. Birth of Tragedy. Penguin Books, 2003.

Wrapped World by Daniel Cheung





The Barricade by Daniel Cheung

My life start[ed] to fall apart for me [soon after] that point so the stories [I wrote] made the most sense to me as far as where they came from.

My plan was always to write fiction. And I would be making these decisions not to include those darkest part. Yet, what I also found is that I started to laugh at myself for my own ridiculousness. For the most part these [stories] are anywhere from lightly fictionalized to fairly heavy fictionalized stories about my life, and about mistakes and bad endings. My mom always used to say to me, “you’re bad at endings, you don’t end things when you should, and you’re bad at knowing when something is over.”

T: How did you build up your style of writing short stories from theatre-

writing, which is a big jump, and how did you work on your storylines and what influenced them?

C: I love that you brought up theatre because a big influence that came from my theatre background was dialogue. Plays are entirely dialogue and dialogue is a tough thing to get the hang of in writing. When you’re writing a play, it’s easier to understand when a character says something with subtext. So, if they are dripping with sarcasm, it’s very obvious. It is not obvious with writing, so you must work harder but playwriting assisted with that. Secondly, voice was really important for me, and I wanted to write in my own voice, so I get to be my best self in stories. I don’t rip off with these clever one liners that I have had six months or a year to



Textuality by Daniel Cheung

Interview with Pilar Quintana Colombian writer and screenwriter

Interview by Tamanna T

Tamanna: OK! Hello. Thank you so much for being here and from our publication and from the World Literature team we're much obliged. Would you like to introduce yourself and your preferred pronouns if you want to tell them?

Pilar Quintana: Okay, I'm Pilar Quintana. I'm a writer and I'm she/her.

T: Beautiful OK! Let's get into the questions that I have over here. First of all, congratulations for the success of your novel, *La Perra* and also the translated version *The Bitch*. You tackle the intense theme in this novel of wanting a child and what happens when

you don't get what you want. How did you come up with the storyline of the novel? What inspired you to write it?

PQ: Well, I lived in Colombia's Pacific Coast for nine years and I think in the intensity of the life there showed me this story. At first, I thought I was going to do a crime story, but then I realized it was going to be a story about motherhood, and about a woman who really wanted to have kids, but she couldn't and that struggle. I have always liked *The Old Man and the Sea* very much and I think I wanted to do my own version of it with a woman as a protagonist, a woman against nature in the sea and in the jungle.

to think right at the end. You're sitting down and you're like "What did I just read?" or "What happened at the end?". It's that shock that kind of hits you and that's what happened with this book as well.

PQ: I think for Latin America readers that's especially difficult because we're used to watching soap operas and so the soap opera has a beautiful ending and you know the protagonists kiss and they're happy forever. Yeah, well in real life, we know that's not the ending. When they marry and kiss each other, there's another story starting there.

T: Yes, it is just the beginning. Those were all the questions that I had, but I did want to end by saying that I'm

actually waiting really badly for *Los Abismos* to be translated as well so I can read that because from what I got from the synopsis it's such a wonderful read. Do you have any plans to get it translated anytime soon?

PQ: Yeah it is being translated already yeah.

T: That's wonderful.

PQ: It will come out in in 2023, so it's still awhile.

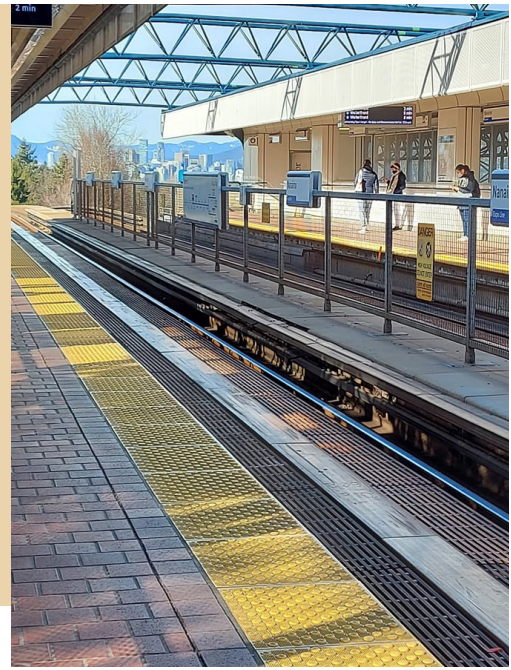
T: I will wait that's all the questions that I had thank you so much for answering the questions.

Warp by Daniel Cheung





Uncanny (top) and *Desolation* (right) by Daniel Cheung



In Transit (top) by Belle Villar





In-between by Daniel Cheung

Recipes for when you are (home)sick

Priyasha Shri Saravananselan

I used to make chai for my father every morning before school. I would wake him up with it at 7 am and he would drop me off at 7:20. I did this throughout middle and high school. And then after I was done with school and school was done with me, I started packing for Burnaby.

I packed my suitcase so poorly, with things that don't fit and other things that would fit well for a party but not for a commute to a classroom. but I wasn't paying much attention to the suitcase, I was paying attention to the passport, the ticket, the study permit, oh god I hope they don't find an issue with the study permit, and with saying bye.

let me say bye clinically, efficiently, let me not linger in the last word, my voice might break and they might see the fear through the cracks.

I said bye. My voice was firm.

I was headed to my first year at the university my brother went to. He has charted his way through this place, so if I take the same steps I cannot get lost - I clung to this affirmation but of course, the affirmation refused to cling on to me. I got lost. I mean, I found my way to Burnaby just fine, I said bye to India just fine, I reached my brother's home just fine. But for the first two years, it felt like one shoe was smaller than the other and whoever had knitted my sweater had missed sever-