

## POLITICAL SCENARIOS



Nicoline van Harskamp  
My Name Is Language



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Unlike many other words in this book, *Nicoline van Harskamp* has not been translated into English. Most readers would not even think of the 3 words that form my full name as “translatable,” as words embedded in language.

Fixed in corporate and state systems more firmly than numeric tax IDs or IP addresses, names are generally no longer treated as language, but as lexically opaque formulas. In their indifference to language diversity, authorities are known to rephrase, reorder, and re-alphabetize names when they don’t fit their administrative standard. They are also known to deny rights to people who have no “name label.” In the fictive worlds represented in this book, society is not centralized, not oversized, and names don’t need to be fixed and stable. Self-naming is brought forward as a form of self-empowerment and resistance.

Central to this book are scripts for the video work *PDGN* and a series of staged works titled *My Name Is Language*, in which names are treated as spoken language rather than spelled identity markers. Speech

(i.e., embodied language) is the medium and the main topic of both of these works. In my working process, I invite people to speak about their use of language and record their voices. From the transcriptions and translations of the recordings, I then assemble a text that actors and actresses can take as a basis for a spoken performance. The book tries to give context and background to this extensive scripting method. A scholar of literary arts and performance culture, Avishek Ganguly reflects in his essay “Global Englishes, Rough Futures” on questions of translation, incomprehension, and untranslatability in my work. The book also includes a list of text-change algorithms that I call “distorters” and an excerpt from *Woman on the Edge of Time* (1976) by Marge Piercy.

The first script, *My Name Is Language*, is a combination of excerpts from 4 editions of the performance series that was presented in Dublin, Graz, Antwerp, and Oberhausen between 2018 and 2020. In preparation for each edition, I interviewed a large number of local people, often with the help of translators or through a link language. Our discussions focused on the role of names in their private or professional lives. Starting with the same set of questions—What is your name? Who gave it to you? Does it translate as something?—these conversations led to very intimate and political observations about how names are

affected by the power struggles within systems of government, religion, education, or kinship.

Observations that include how names have been imposed on the Irish, the Basques, the Amazighe, the Kurds, and others by (former) colonizing forces. How traveling people tend to adapt their names with suffixes like -son or -mann according to the language of the territory in which they are living. How diacritic combinations like á, ç, or ł were banned from names in Germany and Austria during the Nazi era. One topic that came up regularly was how it is nearly impossible to trace female genealogies across Europe, owing to the practice of changing women's family names after marriage.

Based on these interviews, I wrote short monologues, combining accounts in different languages, again with the help of translators, and in collaboration with the performers of the pieces. The monologues were staged live or as a video installation, in settings that resembled, or were in actuality, the waiting rooms of bureaucratic institutions where names are collected or filed, such as a civil registry office. The listeners were mixed in with the speakers, none of whom used the same (variety of) language. Translations in English or German appeared overhead on monitors, in a setup reminiscent of public announcements on informational screens. Whenever a name was spoken, it appeared both in writing and in its literal translation.

The book offers an approximation of this spatial setup, using Arabic, Ewé, French, Hindi, German, Irish, Dutch, Portuguese, Urhobo, Croatian, and English as well as names in an even wider linguistic spectrum.

The list of distorters is a scripting tool that I created over the course of many years. Of all the languages I use in the process of scripting, English is the most prominent one, since most people who need to make themselves understood to someone without a common language choose it over other vehicular languages. The vast majority of English speakers don't consider English to be their first language, and their linguistic practice requires complex skills, the terms for which, however, are usually witty neologisms (Globish, Denglisch, etc.) that imply it to be a broken, inferior form of somebody else's "native language." I've introduced the term "Englishes" instead, which is also the name of a video series I have been working on over the years.

In the course of my research for the *Englishes* series, I kept a list of features of the things that speakers of Englishes do with language, using (over-)heard speech as well as existing linguistic research in the fields of creolization, language acquisition, constructed language, and so forth. I structured and densified the descriptions of these features so that an overheard sentence like "Has friend finished speaking?" was listed

as “replace personal pronoun with noun,” and “She slowly olds” as “create verb with adjective.” These descriptions turned out to lend themselves as algorithms with which to modify a script in Englishes, and thus fast-forward it into a possible future form of language.

Importantly, the list is meant to be an individual, analogue tool, rather than a proposal for a new language system. I chose to name the algorithms “distorters” as a reference to audible rather than textual expressions and to emphasize the subjective nature of my endeavor.

In the video work *PDGN*, I imagine and present a form of Englishes that has disconnected and evolved away from its monolingual or so-called native English center of today. The script was composed from transcriptions of meetings between people with different language backgrounds, brought together specifically to create dialogues in spoken Englishes. With the help of the list of distorters, I reworked these dialogues for the script and video recordings.

The world in which I situated *PDGN* is no longer run by national governments or global corporations. Global travel and trade have disappeared. Every new postcapitalist community needs to take down structures such as Olympic villages and business parks and to recycle their materials for better use. Activists who travel across continents to help out with these “restorings” are the driving force behind

the emergence of a new vehicular language. In the same way as building materials, they recycle elements of Englishes, mixing them with local languages and linguistic attitudes. In the video, the lead characters, Bato, Sayyida, and Chingshi—each named after a female pirate—make their way to a restorings site as they compare experiences, opinions, and phonetics as well as names.

A proposition for a future language implies a proposition for a future world. My earlier work has dealt with the political tradition of anarchism, which has no shortage of such propositions. Among the other ecological and familial experiments of living together that *PDGN* is informed by are those described in feminist speculative fiction.

The first of such fictions that I ever came across as an art student and volunteer in an anarchist bookshop was *Woman on the Edge of Time*. It describes how Connie, a woman living in precarity in the New York of 1976, finds herself able to “connect” with a woman from the future named Luciente. Piercy describes a system in which people live and work together in relatively small self-governed syndicates and connect with other such units on a voluntary basis. In Luciente’s village, children come to life in a *Brave New World*–style decanting room; form temporary families with 3 parents of any gender; remove themselves from their



parents at the age of 12; then rename themselves. Everybody in *Woman on the Edge of Time* speaks English in an appropriated, but relatively unchanged form. An interesting linguistic proposal in the book is its attitude to naming. The characters in Piercy's future continue to change their names or add on names after life events, and they tell each other naming stories for entertainment.



# Index

|                       |   |
|-----------------------|---|
| Introduction          | 5 |
| Nicoline van Harskamp |   |

|                                 |    |
|---------------------------------|----|
| Global Englishes, Rough Futures | 21 |
| An essay by Avishek Ganguly     |    |

|                                                                                   |    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| My Name Is Language                                                               | 41 |
| 2018–20                                                                           |    |
| A compilation of script excerpts from various editions of the performance series. |    |

The words that were spoken by the characters on site are in black font, and the translation of the words as well as personal names to English is in blue font.

*My Name Is Language* was first commissioned by steirischer herbst, Graz, and Project Arts Centre, Dublin, in 2018. Subsequent editions have been commissioned by Urbane Künste Ruhr, Oberhausen, in 2019, the Museum of Contemporary Art Antwerp in 2020, and the Amsterdam Museum in 2021.



**Image Sequence** 125

2018–19

Still images and photographs from various editions of *My Name Is Language*.

**Distorters** 151

2013–16

A list of text-change algorithms compiled during the project *Englishes* and applied to the script for *PDGN*.

The top line is an instruction that can be applied to English language. Below, in italics, are one or more examples of a sentence that is distorted accordingly.

*Englishes* was produced in collaboration with, among other institutions: Summer Course for English Phonetics (University College London); Radar (Loughborough University); De Appel Arts Centre, Amsterdam; Sandberg Institute, Amsterdam; Kunsthal Extra City, Antwerp; Sogn og Fjordane Kunstmuseum, Førde; Kunstraum, London; Onomatopee, Eindhoven; KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin; Salonul de Proiecte, Bucharest; Barcelona art residency; and BAK, Utrecht.



The list of distorters was also developed through conversations with Elsbeth Brouwer, Laura Rupp, Pablo I. van Suchtelen, Federico Gobbo, Sean Roberts, Robert Phillipson, Jennifer Jenkins, Barbara Seidlhofer, Vincent van Gerven Oei, Rubén Asensio, and Marie-Luise Pitzl.

PDGN

173

2016

Script for third scene of the video work *PDGN*.

Notated in the International Phonetic Alphabet, the first line of each block of text is the distorted sentence that was spoken by the actresses. The second line is a version of that sentence with various distortions applied. The last line is the original sentence, primarily derived from transcribed spoken Englishes.

*PDGN* was coproduced by BAK, Utrecht, and made in collaboration with Centro Andaluz de Arte Contemporáneo in Seville, Parque Minero de Riotinto in Huelva, and Waterside Contemporary in London.

In memory of Bing Bin and Hashim Gmal, who took part in the preparatory workshops for *PDGN* at BAK in 2016, and whose Englishes are woven into the script.





Image Sequence 193  
2016  
Stills from *PDGN*, with subtitles in Swahili,  
Mandarin, Italian, and Swedish.

Woman on the Edge of Time 209  
1976  
Book excerpt.

This passage describes one of the protagonist's temporary mental escapes to the future, away from the psychiatric hospital where she is kept against her will.

*Woman on the Edge of Time* by Marge Piercy. (Alfred A. Knopf.) Copyright © 1976 by Marge Piercy. Reprinted with permission of The Wallace Literary Agency, a division of Robin Straus Agency, Inc.

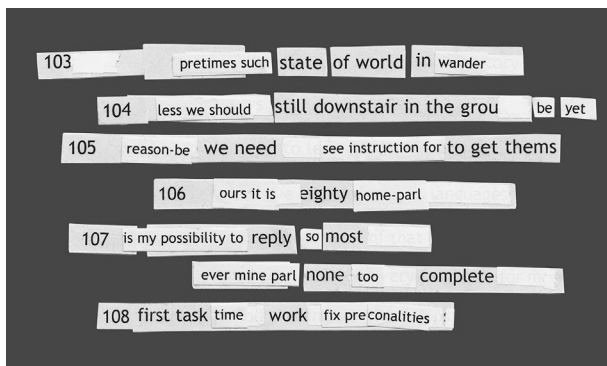


## Global Englishes, Rough Futures

Avishek Ganguly

In 1905 Rokeya Sakhawat Hossain, a Bengali Muslim woman in British-ruled India published a short story titled “Sultana’s Dream,” in *The Indian Ladies’ Magazine*, an English-language periodical based in Madras (now Chennai). In the story, the narrator has a dream in which she is transported to a “far-off Ladyland [where] ladies rule over the country and control all social matters, while gentlemen are kept in the mardanas to cook, to mind babies and to do all sorts of domestic work.”<sup>1</sup> In a nod to a feminist critique of science, this witty, utopian tale of radical gender-role reversal (*zenanas/mardanas*) also invoked technological innovations that made life easier: solar cookers, flying cars, cloud condensers for providing clean water. “Sultana’s Dream” was one of the earliest published examples of “self-consciously feminist” speculative fiction written by a woman in English—10 years before American feminist Charlotte Perkins Gilman’s influential utopian novel *Herland* (1915), and decades prior to Marge Piercy’s classic *Woman on the Edge of Time* (1976).<sup>2</sup> English, however, was

Hossain's fifth language after Bengali, Arabic, Persian, and Urdu. Deprived of the opportunity of formal schooling within a conservative social milieu but determined to get an education, she was able to learn the language with a little help from a couple of progressive men in her life—first her brother, who supposedly taught her in secret, and then her civil-servant husband, who encouraged her to write in English. Begum Rokeya, as she is better known, also had a thriving writing career in Bengali and is remembered today as a trailblazing educator, political organizer, and activist for gender equality and women's rights. When I teach the Global Englishes seminar at my college, I usually begin with "Sultana's Dream." We start with Englishes elsewhere and "look in" on the Anglo-American dominant, to modify slightly the term Edward W. Said had used to describe a similar intellectual journey in *Culture and Imperialism* over 25 years ago.<sup>3</sup> Our goal: to read and listen to a selection of texts across media that confound normative notions of a "native speaker," to reveal the idea of the original and the authentic as fiction. Evidently, the practice of women using the English language to imagine feminist utopian futures has a history that is longer than the postwar twentieth century and a geography larger than Anglo-America.



Non-native speakers of English and feminist speculative fiction all play compelling roles in the artistic production of Nicoline van Harskamp. Inspired by the fact that non-native speakers of English already outnumber native speakers, the artist tries to imagine the future shape of a “global link or mixed language” through a series of performance-based works. *PDGN*, a video piece from 2016, shows a group of women working and chatting in a setting that cuts between a construction site and an arid landscape, which looks like a cross between an industrial wasteland and an abandoned open-cast mine. Shot in soft brown hues, the sparse setting is strongly suggestive of manual labor with a hint of the apocalyptic, but it is not quite dystopian. That might entirely be due to the cadence of the conversation among the women—warm,

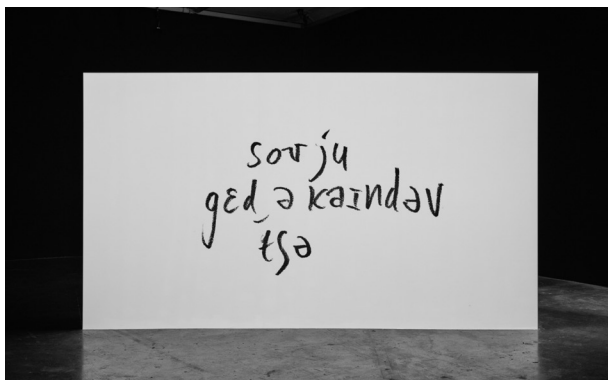
friendly, contemplative. This is an interesting conjecture since the language in which these women speak to each other remains completely unintelligible to the viewer. Perhaps the experience of incomprehension constitutes a way of seeing the work? For now, one way to describe the language in *PDGN* might be to call it “not quite not English.” And there lies the crux of van Harskamp’s artistic endeavor, insofar as a work of art can ever have something like a crux.

There is an undeniable richness to this artifice, this “unlikely but desirable” linguistic medium that van Harskamp has created in *PDGN*, which invites multiple ways of listening. Most prominent among them is the matter of Englishes. The artist calls it a “vehicular language,” perhaps drawing upon the work of Martinican thinker Édouard Glissant. But we could also describe it as a simulacrum of English with a residual attachment to Esperanto, or even to Basic English, an erstwhile aspirant to a simplified global English. What animates van Harskamp’s work, as she has stated on more than one occasion, is a desire to co-opt English for purposes other than those that consolidate its current hegemonic status. What follows then is a performance of a link language in *PDGN*, an aesthetic proposal for communicating in the future that is based on varieties of English spoken by real people who use them as their second or third or even fourth language.

These Englishes have been recorded by the artist and then “fast-forwarded” to resemble their imagined use in video futures. This “scripting methodology” employs a list of interesting text-change algorithms that the artist calls “distorters,” relating primarily to sound and speech.

Before I started writing this essay, I rewatched the version of *PDGN* without subtitles: an experience of viewing that immediately called the politics of citation into crisis. (How does one quote from a pidgin that is not subtitled?) The artist asserts that there isn’t a Standard English script that exists for *PDGN*. But the work employs a further conceit: some aspects of the language “distortion” as well as the narrative are “borrowed” from feminist speculative fiction, such as *Woman on the Edge of Time*. This brings us back to the beginning. Speculative fiction has often speculated about the possibility of alternate, experimental languages (for Hossain it was English itself, as a (F)ifth (L)anguage—what/who is an “EFL” writer?), and Piercy’s novel is no exception. *Woman on the Edge of Time* tells the story of Consuelo (Connie) Ramos, a Mexican-American single parent in New York who has fallen on hard times and goes through a series of traumatic experiences to do with poverty, the criminal justice system, and psychiatric institutions. Connie, who retains her powers of thinking and empathy throughout her time in an institution, is

offered a glimpse of a just and equitable future society by a time-traveler figure, Luciente. Characters in the novel speak English in what van Harskamp calls “an appropriated, but relatively unchanged form.”



Another aspect of this language use that appeals to the artist is the novel’s “attitude to naming,” how the characters in Luciente’s utopian community modify and add names, how they share their naming-stories. The fictional world of Bato, Chingshi, and Sayyida, the three women in *PDGN*, is much like the world of Luciente. The borrowing van Harskamp talks about essentially consists of the use of a few words from this and some other novels to “distort” scripts built up from recordings of Englishes spoken by non-native speakers to create the “future language”



in the video *PDGN*. Her express intention was to render this language somewhat indecipherable for the viewer, although she says that “with careful reading,” or rather listening, the viewers/listeners might be able to understand it.

Staying with the question of Englishes a little longer, van Harskamp’s use of this new pidgin in *PDGN* brings to mind another theatrical conceit famously employed by the Irish playwright Brian Friel in his landmark play *Translations* (1980): even though all the characters in the play appear to speak in English onstage, the audience is asked to imagine that the Irish characters are speaking Irish among themselves. A classic of postcolonial theater, the play refers primarily to the translations of toponyms, or place-names. The events in the play are set in nineteenth-century Ireland under British colonial rule, a time when the Ordnance Survey was being carried out to standardize Irish maps, mainly through the Anglicization of place names, and when the famous Stanley Letter of 1831 initiated changes in the educational system that led to the institutionalization of English as the language of school instruction.<sup>4</sup> All this while the specter of the Great Famine (1845–49) lurked in the shadows. It is therefore not surprising that *Translations* became an intertext in *My Name Is Language*, van Harskamp’s third piece in the extended Englishes series, when it

was staged at the Project Arts Centre, Dublin, in 2018. The question of names, specifically their untranslatable nature across languages, is also taken up in all versions of *My Name Is Language*, titled *Mein Name ist Sprache* when it was staged in Graz and Oberhausen, and *Mijn Naam is Taal* in its Antwerp and Amsterdam renditions.

So much for Englishes. Two other interrelated aspects of van Harskamp's performances, installations, and videos that deserve extended attention are first, her singular emphasis on voice, and second, the ideas of distortion and incomprehension. These are also important strands in my own ongoing work on global Englishes. In fact, I would suggest that how we think about these 2 vectors of operation of a language might have profound ethical and political implications for conceptualizing the present and future of Englishes. "In my video works and staged works, the spoken word (i.e., embodied language) is a medium and a central topic," van Harskamp writes in her notes. As a complement to this act of speaking, one critic has rightly identified "a careful forensics of listening" in her practice.<sup>5</sup> I would venture further and read the artist's foregrounding of a non-textual mode in her work as symptomatic of a new and interesting shift in the ways in which we are used to thinking about global Englishes. But first a telegraphic description of the current scholarly situation on the topic: the

discourse of global English, predominantly thought of in the singular, has been primarily situated within 2 disciplinary formations: linguistics, and English and comparative literature. While the linguistic approaches, and van Harskamp has engaged with many of them during the course of her own research, have occasionally focused on the spoken aspects of global English, scholars of literature have mostly directed their attention to its literary, and hence mostly written manifestations. The latter impulse has led to extensive academic focus on a single genre: prose fiction or the novel in English from most of the world, mediated by prestigious literary prizes and festivals. While other genres like poetry or drama have recently started receiving increasing scholarly attention, prevalent ideas and insights about this linguistic-cultural formation that goes by the name of global English have been largely generated on the basis of the production, circulation, and reception of the global (novel in) English. Instead I would argue that we can gather a more representative, and dare I say egalitarian sense of the lives of global Englishes, now necessarily plural, from directing our attention to the soundscape of these languages, to their use in everyday life, to their production, circulation, and reception in and as performance. This, I believe, is the burden of Englishes in van Harskamp's work.

The succinct version of the assumption behind my argument is that English circulates more widely in the world in its *spoken* and *heard* avatars than in its *read* or *written* manifestations. In other words, the number of people who use English for official work or listen to English news bulletins, for instance, are significantly more than those who are able to read novels in the language. Even if this sounds commonsensical, it is still only a conjecture at present and needs to be backed up by empirical research. But to mark this shift in and simultaneous expansion of the domain of global Englishes, we could start by asking some direct questions related to the knowledge of and access to the language in the first place: Who speaks English in most of the world? Who has the opportunity to learn English and under what circumstances? Where do most people come across English? What purpose does English serve for most people with varying degrees of proficiency in the language beyond promising the ability to read novels or watch films? (It should, of course, be obvious that “non-native speakers” are not a homogenous group.) And then there is the matter of accents: Which pronunciations of English are widely heard and in which situations? Which accents secure someone a job interview or enable them to access a helpline in a crisis? Whose English is considered “difficult to understand,” which

accent outs someone as a misfit, sets them up for discrimination? Which accents sound suspicious, trigger secondary screenings at border checkpoints, warrant demands for “documents”? These questions are not exhaustive, merely an inventory of possible ways to direct our inquiries. In van Harskamp’s work, for instance, many of the voices we hear belong to national minorities or groups of recently arrived immigrants who have learned to speak the language, often under duress. As has been well documented, English, particularly in societies that have experienced British colonial rule, functions as a language of power and upward mobility. What has perhaps been less examined are the various vibrant circuits of English beyond the production and circulation of texts, especially those of literary fiction written in the language. This situation also holds true for how we have come to understand the act of translation, another significant practice for van Harskamp’s work, as primarily a textual transaction. Efforts to imagine a transmedia concept of translation that does not only privilege writing resonate with what I am trying to argue here about the extra-textual manifestations of Englishes. In spite of years of efforts by scholars and writers to counter dominant notions of translation and “English” (or “French” or “Hindi” or “Arabic”) and dispel the cult of the authentic and the original,

the idea that there is a pristine version of a text or artwork or music or language that will always be better and truer than every rendition or variation that came afterward continues to hold sway in the public sphere.

Perhaps this is a good place to add a disclaimer that even though I am presently making a case for reframing the study of Englishes, I firmly believe that the prospect of a monolingual world—be it in English or Mandarin or Spanish—is neither just nor interesting. I am only trying to point toward an arena of thought and practice that appears to have received insufficient attention from scholarly positions that either generalize about the status of English on the basis of primarily studying prose fiction or argue for a rejection of English because it threatens to overshadow the spread of most other languages. My contention about a shift from the mostly read/written to the largely spoken/heard paradigms of English is not framed as an opposition but rather as a supplementary gesture; a move that could allow this discussion of global Englishes to take on board a range of popular cultural forms (like stand-up comedy or an international television series), or bring together practices of everyday life of people wherever English is spoken in the world (think call-center workers or immigrant caregivers). I should also mention that there is an excellent body of work to draw upon in this endeavor,

from Walter Ong's work on orality and Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o's notion of "orature" to the extensive literature on spoken word, rap, and hip-hop cultures that have focused on the sonic and oral dimensions of languages in general but also Englishes in particular.<sup>6</sup> A recent example from the American public sphere of what I have in mind when I am talking about focusing on the politics of Englishes in this expanded sense, for instance, has to do with the practice of white actors voicing nonwhite or mixed-race characters in popular American television shows like *The Simpsons*, *Family Guy*, and *Central Park*.<sup>7</sup> Often these portrayals of the only nonwhite character in the show would play up pernicious identity stereotypes primarily through the depiction of their supposed accents. After years of criticism and skepticism directed toward this problematic casting dynamic, it was only in the past few months that this conversation became prominent enough to prompt some of the actors to step down from their roles and highlight the structural inequities in the industry.

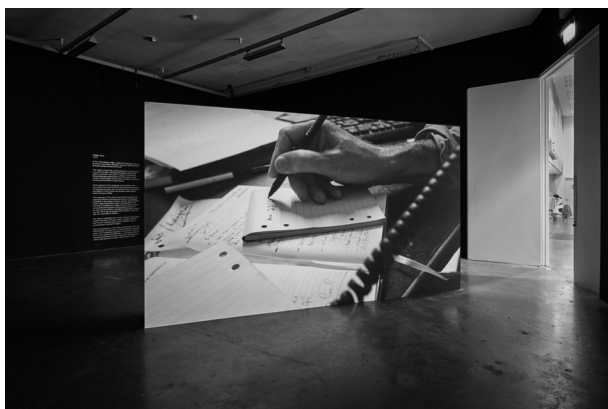
Talking about her conception of the medium of her work, van Harskamp says: "In *PDGN* a future language based on English is largely opaque. The characters explain something about themselves to each other, not to the public. The public has the task to relate to them and learn to identify them.

Opacity forces the dominant culture to do what Glissant calls the experience of relationship, an experience of kinship.” The apparent inscrutability of these link-Englishes from the future, the artist claims, exhorts the audience and the viewer to do some “careful reading” in the interest of forming a relationship. Glissant, of course, offers a brilliant way to think about such a poetics and politics of relation, and I will come back to him in closing. But what happens if a work of fiction stages an encounter with incomprehension? What transpires when the audience is unable to “read” the language being staged? Thinking about these questions will take us beyond the domain of Englishes and toward the ethics and politics of translation. A few years ago, I had the opportunity to have a conversation with Raqs Media Collective about their artistic practice just before the opening of their new work at the 2015 Venice Biennale. We talked about the place of translation in their aesthetic inventory and how they thought about the ways in which a viewer might approach the experience of incomprehension that is sometimes staged in their work. Talking about *The Translator’s Silence* (2012), a luminous takeaway piece with contiguous, fragments of poetry in Urdu, Bengali, and English from three famous South Asian poets, they said: “When people ask us ‘How am I supposed to know what the



other languages are saying?’ our response is always, ‘Find someone who can read it for you.’”<sup>8</sup> The experience of incomprehension here becomes an occasion for companionship, an open-ended invitation to the stranger. In the “waiting rooms” of *My Name Is Language*, in which over a dozen languages are used during a single performance, a lack of complete comprehension is a given. When van Harskamp’s work stages incomprehension in its use of a language that is “best imaginable instead of [being] the most likely future scenario,” it offers an invitation to listen better, it provides an almost playful exercise to train the ears of the audience to unfamiliar sounds and phrases. Writing about the encounter with incomprehension in the act of translation a couple of decades earlier, Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak had described it like this: “The experience of contained alterity in an unknown language spoken in a different cultural milieu is uncanny.”<sup>9</sup> When Spivak uses the word “uncanny” to describe the “determining experience” encompassed by an unknown language, its otherness, she emphasizes its German sense of being *das unheimlich* (the unhomely) as it was used by Freud, the meaning of which does not entirely come across in the English translation. Do the distorters in action in the language in *PDGN*, borrowed in some cases from feminist speculative fiction, un-home “Standard English”?

The experience of the limits of one's knowledge and comprehension faced with the unfamiliar is usually alienating and unfamiliar—uncanny even—for speakers of a dominant language who are used to “getting it,” used to understanding things. But in Spivak's deconstructive practice, this experience of the impossible must become an occasion for the ethical. It is possible, indeed desirable, to approach such an experience with humility, even self-effacement. That is the challenge for the hegemonic monolingual speaker of a dominant language; not an occasion to resent and recoil at the limits of one's comprehension, but to learn to respond to an invitation to be ethical, to remain intended toward the other.<sup>10</sup>



Nicoline van Harskamp's body of work lets us ponder all of these questions about the workings of language, about Englishes specifically but not exclusively, in the contemporary world. My discussion of staging incomprehension in a work of fiction was specifically provoked by the artist's use of distorters to imagine a new, utopian future English. Van Harskamp mentions the detailed research she has done—with linguists, computer scientists, and performers as well as various speakers of nonstandard English—to come up with the list of distorters to generate the script for *PDGN*. However, I would like to end by posing a somewhat bold question that I am confident van Harskamp's practice can take on board: What if we let go of the idea of distortion entirely when it comes to imagining future Englishes? Perhaps the idea of a "distorted English" risks echoing unflattering earlier nomenclatures like "broken English" and unintentionally ends up reinforcing the binaries between "standard" and "nonstandard" Englishes? The notion of distortion seems to me to carry a charge of disfigurement of what is presumably the acceptable, the standard, the dominant. It may be that van Harskamp, given her anarchist political sympathies, has a different resonance in mind? Either way, the aesthetic proposal that she advances in her work helps us imagine a future with English in a minor key, if you will.

That could move us closer to creolization. As Glissant observes, “There is one thing we can be sure of: a lingua franca (humanistic French, Anglo-American sabir, or Esperanto code) is always apoetical.”<sup>11</sup> By eschewing a desire for a lost and therefore recoverable universal language evident even in the inheritance of Esperanto or the International Phonetic Alphabet for instance—or in the perpetual search of a hallowed “original” of a translation, a desire shaped by a specifically Judeo-Christian origin myth of Babel that equates multiplicity of languages with confusion and unintelligibility—we are offered a glimpse of a future poiesis where English is not only not dominant but is also made, unmade, and remade every day. A future about which I will let Spivak, via Glissant, have the last word: “Creolity assumes imperfection, even as it assures the survival of a rough future.”<sup>12</sup> A “rough future” is what I would like to envision for global Englishes.

- 1 Rokeya Sakhawat Hossain, *Sultana's Dream: A Feminist Utopia and Selections from The Secluded Ones*, ed. and trans. Roushan Jahan (New York: The Feminist Press, 1988), 15.
- 2 See the excerpt of Marge Piercy, *Woman on the Edge of Time* on page 209 of this book.
- 3 I am thinking of Edward W. Said's notion of the "voyage in" in his book *Culture and Imperialism* (New York: Knopf, 1993), a reverse journey undertaken by authors and texts from the "Third World" toward European and US locations that seek to dislodge the dominant discursive status of the latter.
- 4 This letter written by Edward Stanley, then Chief Secretary of Ireland, addressed to the UK government would become the foundational document for the national school system in Ireland.
- 5 Nicoline van Harskamp, interview by Skye Arundhati Thomas, *Studio International*, August 3, 2019, <https://www.studiointernational.com/index.php/nicoline-van-harskamp-interview-thinking-about-names-as-languages>.
- 6 See, for instance, Walter J. Ong, *Orality and Literacy: The Technologizing of the Word* (London: Methuen, 1982); Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o, *Globalectics: Theory and the Politics of Knowing* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2012); and Tricia Rose's pathbreaking book *Black Noise: Rap Music and Black Culture in Contemporary America* (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1994).
- 7 See Sonia Rao, "'The Simpsons' and 'Big Mouth' Are Recasting Nonwhite Roles. But It's about More than Finding the Right Voices," *Washington Post*, July 2, 2020, <https://www.washingtonpost.com/arts-entertainment/2020/07/02/the-simpsons-jenny-slate-voice-actors-recast/>

- 8 See Raqs Media Collective, interview by Avishek Ganguly, "Invoking the Translator: A Conversation with Raqs Media Collective," *Public Books*, January 8, 2016, <https://www.publicbooks.org/invoking-the-translator-a-conversation-with-raqs-media-collective/>.
- 9 Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, "Politics of Translation," in *Outside in the Teaching Machine* (New York: Routledge, 1993), 181.
- 10 This is a recurrent notion in Spivak's extensive body of work but for a quick reference, see her essay "Imperatives to Re-imagine the Planet," in Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, *Aesthetic Education in the Era of Globalization* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2012).
- 11 Édouard Glissant, *Poetics of Relation*, trans. Betsy Wing (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1997), 112.
- 12 Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, "World Systems and the Creole," *Narrative* 14, no. 1 (January 2016): 110.

# My Name Is Language

Nicoline van Harskamp

Muhammad

Ich bin *Muhammad*,  
I am *the one who praises*,

Sohn von *Belel*,  
son of *the one who satiates*,

der Sohn ist von *Hussein*,  
who is the son of *the one who is handsome*,

der Sohn ist von *Yousef*.  
who is the son of *god will multiply*.

In Österreich heiße ich *Muhammad Jusefi*. Das ist ein Fehler. Aber der Rechtsanwalt sagt, besser ich bleibe jetzt *Jusefi*, weil vielleicht sagt die Richterin: „Was ist passiert, hast du gelogen?“

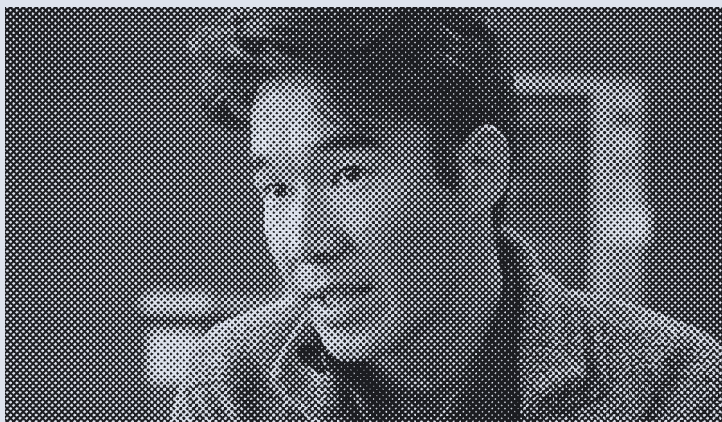
In Austria I'm called *the one who praises, god will multiply*. That's a mistake. But the lawyer says I better stay with *god will multiply* now, because maybe the judge will say: "What happened, did you lie?"

Bei unserer Familie in Afghanistan hängt ein Name von einem Ritual ab, eine Tradition. Wenn ein Kind geboren wird, wird 10 Tage später ein Name ausgewählt. Zehn Tage hat dieses Kind keinen Namen. Außer Mutter und Vater soll das keiner sehen. Dann machen alle das zusammen, die Entscheidung. Die Verwandten und die Freunde kommen alle zusammen, so wie eine Party, und dann schreibt jeder einen Namen auf ein kleines Papier. Das ist wie ein Lottospiel. Der Vater nimmt ein Papier und sagt, zum Beispiel: „*Samira* heißt sie“. Also, das ist wie Schicksal. Obwohl ich nicht an Schicksal glaube, passt so ein Name oft sehr gut. With our family in Afghanistan, a name depends on a ritual, a tradition. When a child is born, a name is chosen 10 days later. For 10 days, this child has no name. Apart from the mother and father, nobody should see it. Then everybody decides together. The relatives and the friends come together, like a party, and then everyone writes a name on a small paper. It's like a lottery game. The father takes a paper and says, for example: "She is called *the one who is pleasant company*." So that's like fate. Although I don't believe in fate, such a name often fits very well.

Es kann auch so gehen: es geht in eine Runde mit 30, 40 Leuten und jeder sagt einen Namen. Und wenn der Name zwei Mal gesagt wird, dann heißt das Kind so. Zum Beispiel *Arzu*.



It can also go like this: it goes into a round with 30, 40 people and everyone says a name. And if a name is said twice, then the child is called that. For example, *the one who is desire*.



Und dann sagt man diesen Namen 3 Mal in das Ohr des Kindes. Weil wir oft keine Geburtsurkunden bekommen, schreibt unsere Familie alles hinten in den Koran. Auf der letzte Seite: Name, Datum und Zeit. Den Koran kann niemand verlieren, weil es ein Religionbuch ist.

And then you say this name 3 times in the child's ear. Because my family members often don't get birth certificates, we write everything in the back of the Quran. On the last page: name, date, and time. Nobody can lose the Quran, because it is a religion book.

Fofo

Wissen Sie, in Togo, wenn ein Baby kommt, will ihm jeder einen Namen geben. Ich habe also 6 Namen. You know, in Togo, when a baby comes, everybody wants to give it a name. So I have 6 names:

*Bakou,  
the one who is unique,*

*Nouwokpé,  
who is a spirit,*

*Komi,  
who was born on Saturday,*

*Emmanuel,  
god is with us,*

*Fofo,  
who is a brother,*

*Agbenoxevi.  
the lively bird that will do something in its life before  
it dies.*

Meine Großmutter ist aus Kumasi in Ghana und hatte nur ein Kind—meinen Vater. Sie gab ihm den

Namen *Bakou*, in ihrer Muttersprache Blu. Und bei meiner Geburt hat die Krankenschwester einen Fehler in den Papieren gemacht. So wurde der Vorname meines Vaters mein Nachname.

My grandmother is from Kumasi in Ghana and had only 1 child—my father. In her native language, Blu, she gave him the name *the one who is unique*. And when I was born, the nurse made a mistake in the paperwork. That's how my father's first name became my last name.

*Nouwokpé* ist der Familienname meines Großvaters. Er war Jäger und jede Nacht ging er auf die Jagd in den Wald. Eines Tages hat er dort einen Geist getroffen. Einen positiven Geist, nicht einen bösen Geist. Und in meiner Muttersprache Ewé, heißt Geist *Noukpépé*. *The one who is a spirit* is my grandfather's family name. He was a huntsman and went hunting every night in the forest. One night he met a spirit there. A positive spirit, not an evil one. And in my native language, Ewé, a spirit is called *the one who is a spirit*.

Und dann gibt es den Namen *Komi*, das ist auch Ewé. In Togo, wenn ein Baby zur Welt kommt, gibt es einen bestimmten Namen für jeden Wochentag. And then there is the name *the one who was born on Saturday*, that is also Ewé. In Togo, when a baby is born, there is a specific name for each day of the week.



Sonntag: *Kossi* für einen Jungen und *Essi* für ein Mädchen.

Sunday: *the one who was born on Sunday* for a boy and *the one who was born on Sunday* for a girl.

Montag: *Kodzo* und *Adzo*.

Monday: *the one who was born on Monday*.

Dienstag: *Komla* und *Abla*.

Tuesday: *the one who was born on Tuesday*.

Mittwoch: *Koku* und *Aku*.

Wednesday: *the one who was born on Wednesday*.

Donnerstag: *Yawo* und *Yawa*.

Thursday: *the one who was born on Thursday*.

Freitag: *Kofi* und *Afi*.

Friday: *the one who was born on Friday*.

Samstag: *Komi* und *Ami*. Ich bin also am Samstag geboren.

Saturday: *the one who was born on Saturday*. So I was born on Saturday.

Ich bin auch Christ—ein Presbyterianer. Und bei der Taufe hat mir der Pfarrer den Namen *Emmanuel* gegeben. Ich weiß nicht auf Grund von was. Gott ist

mit uns, das gibt es auch in meiner Muttersprache:  
*Mawulikplimi.*

I am also a Christian—a Presbyterian. And at my baptism, the priest gave me the name *God is with us*. I don't know on the basis of what. God is with us, we have that in my native language also: *God is with us*.

Jetzt kommt der Name *Fofó*. Ich bin der allerletzte Sohn meiner Mutter, und sie nannte mich das Ewé-Wort für „Bruder“, weil ich der Bruder aller ihrer Kinder bin.

Now comes the name *the one who is a brother*. I am the very last son of my mother, and she called me the Ewé word for “brother,” because I am the brother of all her children.

Und dann heiße ich noch *Agbenoxevi*. Auf Ewé haben wir ein Sprichwort ... Voilà, c'est la version française: l'oiseau qui vit, perd toujours des plumes.

And then I'm also called *the lively bird that will do something in its life before it dies*. We have a saying in Ewé ... Here is the French version: the bird that is alive, will always lose some feathers.

*Fofó* ist gebräuchlich, auch hier. Ich könnte jetzt natürlich meinen Namen übersetzen und die Leute könnten mich *Bruder* nennen, aber das will ich nicht. *The one who is a brother* is what I use, also here. Of

course, I could translate my name and people could call me *the one who is a brother*, but I don't want that.

Eines Tages werde ich nach Togo fliegen und die Leute werden sagen: „Wer ist das, *Bruder*? Ist das nicht mehr *Fofò*, nicht mehr *Bakou*? Wir kennen dich nicht”.

One day I will fly to Togo and people will say: “Who is that, *the one who is a brother*? Is it no longer *the one who is a brother*? No longer *the one who is unique*? We don't know you.”

Serge

Les noms ne sont pas des classificateurs. Les noms sont des objets linguistiques anormaux. Ce sont des noms propres. Ce sont des éléments du discours. Ce sont des sons qui activent la partie de votre cerveau qui collecte les noms: votre onomasticon.

Names are not just classifiers. Names are abnormal linguistic objects. They are proper nouns. They are elements in speech. They are sounds that activate the part of your brain that collects names: your onomasticon.

Nous avons 7,000 langues sur la planète. Seulement 280 ont été standardisées et 70 d'entre elles dominent le monde. Toutes les autres langues sont en transition permanente. C'est pareil pour les noms.

Les noms peuvent être stabilisés et canonisés comme les langues. Plus la structure sociale est complexe, plus les noms sont fixes. Dans une société ouverte en réseau urbain, vous devez avoir des étiquettes exactes. Le système doit prendre vos impôts, vous punir, vous envoyer à l'armée, surveiller vos données. Si la référence est tout ce compte encore, alors nous pourrions aussi bien être nommés avec des nombres. We have 7,000 languages on the planet. Only 280 have been standardized and 70 of them dominate the world. All the other languages are in permanent transition. It's the same with names. Names can be stabilized and canonized like languages. The more complex the social structure, the more fixed the names. In an open urban networked society you need to have exact labels. The system needs to take your taxes, to punish you, to send you to the military, to monitor your data. If reference is all we still care about, we might as well be named with numbers.

Les gens en marge de la société ont leurs propres conventions pour se nommer. En dehors de cela, ils s'adaptent à ce qu'ils pensent être les conventions. C'est intérieur-extérieur, un mimétisme social. On le voit partout dans le monde: l'institution, la classe dominante ou la tradition conserve les noms des ancêtres mais dans les classes sociales économiques inférieures, les noms sont assujettis à la mode.



People at the fringes of society have their own conventions in naming each other. And outside of that they adapt to what they think the conventions are. That is inside-outside, a social mimicry. You see it all over the world: the establishment keeps the names of its ancestors, but in lower social economic classes, names are subject to fashion.



*Jay-Z., Beyoncé.* C'est ce qu'on appelle l'auto-nomination. Pourquoi est-ce considéré comme du mauvais goût? Nous devrions tous faire usage de la puissance de l'auto-nomination. Comme le dit *Socrate*: seuls les esclaves n'ont pas le droit de se nommer.  
*The one who is jazzy. The one who is beyond others.* It's a self-naming thing. Why is that considered to be bad taste? We should all use this powerful tool of

self-naming. *The one whose power is whole* pointed out: only slaves cannot name themselves.

Nandini

Kai log apna kulnaam hata dete hain. *Malcolm X* ki tara pratirodh kaa roop dhaarann karte hain. *X* uske purvi Afriki purvajon ke bhoole hue naam kaa pratinidhitv karta tha jinhe Amerika me gulaam banaaya gaya tha. *X* us kulnaam ko chinhit karta tha. Vah us rikt sthaan ke liye tha.

Sometimes people un-name themselves. For *the one who is the dove's disciple, who is X*, it was a form of resistance. The *X* represented the lost name from his West African ancestors who were enslaved in America. The *X* marked the spot where that name had been. It indicated an absence.

Kisi ko naam se nahi pukaarna, kisi kaa naam cheen lena, vyakti ko apmaanit karne jaisa hai. Sanskritik paramparaayen chahen kuchch bhi ho, lekin yeh ek sachchai hai. Main ek mahila sahaayta kendra me kaam karti hoon. Ham sabhi prishthbhumi aur vargon se mahilaon ko gharelu hinsa se peedit dekhte hain. Aur aksar we hamen yeh bataate hain: “Sabse pehle wh mujhe naam se bulaana band kar deta hai aur phir maarne lagta hai.”

To take a name away, to un-name somebody, is to dehumanize somebody. This is true whatever the cultural conventions. I work in a women's aid center, and we see women from all backgrounds and classes who suffer from domestic violence. And very often they tell us this: "First he stopped calling me by my name, and then he started beating me up."

Europe me shaadi ke baad mahilaon ke upnaam badalne kaa prachlan hai. Aisa unhone haal hi me French dabaav ke tahat karna shuru kiya tha. Uchh varg prabhaavshaali parivaaron ke naamon ko niyantrit karna chaahte the. To saamaanya roop se yeh hukumat aur sampatti ke saath sambandhit tha. Aur phir unhone sabhi logon ko is praatha ko apnaane ke liye jor daala. Aur ise vibhinn upniveshvadon ke maadhyam se duniya bhar me phailaaya. Arab, Persia aur purvi Africa ke log aisa nahi karte hain. Spain ke log bhi aisa nahi karte hain. Lekin Bharat ke log aisa karte hain.

It's prevalent in Europe that women change the surname after marriage. It was under French influence that they started doing that. The upper classes wanted to co-opt the names of powerful families. So, as usual, it was all to do with power and property. And then they pressed that custom on to everybody else. And through various colonialisms, they spread it around the world. Arabs and Persians and East Africans don't do it. Spanish don't do it. But people in India do.

Kai baar Bharatiya mahilaaon ko apna pehla aur antim naam bhi badalna padta hai. Mujhe ek mitra mila aur uska vivaah ek Sikh parivaar me hua. Woh ek prem vivaah tha. Uska naam *Gauri* tha aur phir wah *Navdeep* yaa aisa hi kuchch me badal gaya. Usne apna driving license aur passport aur anya sabhi dastavejon ko badla. At times, women even change both first and last names in India. I have a friend who married into a Sikh family. That was a so-called love marriage. Her name was *the one who is white* and then it was changed into *the one who is a new flame* or something. She replaced her driving license and passport.

Antarjaateey vivaah hone par aisi ghatnaayen badh jati hain. Hamaari praacheen bhaashaa Sanskrit hai aur ham wahi se Hindu naam lete hain. Islami naam Arabi se liye jaate hain. Isaai naam Latin aadhaarit hote hain. Aur Sikh logon ke naam Punjabi bhaasha se liye jaate hain. Yadi main ek Hindu hoon aur kisi Musalmaan yaa Sikh ke saath vivaah karti hu to mera naam badal diya jayega. Mujhe Muslim parivaar me *Sana* yaa Sikh parivaar me *Sarabjeet* kaa naam diya jaa sakta hai. Yh koi anuvaad nahi hota hai, dharm ke anusaar yeh poori tarah se alag naam hota hai. It occurs very frequently when there is an interreligious marriage. Our ancient language is Sanskrit and from there we take the Hindu names. Islamic names are taken from Arabic. Christian names are rooted

in Latin. And for Sikh, they are taken from Punjabi. So I am a Hindu and if I get married to a Muslim or to a Sikh, I change my name. I might become *the one who is radiant* in a Muslim family or *the one who wins everything* in a Sikh family. It's not a translation, it's a completely different name according to the religion.



Mera matlab hai ki yeh acchi baat hai ki hum ek doosre ki sanskriti ko apnaate hain, lekin uske liye hamen kisi naye naam ko rakhne ki aavashyaktaa nahi hai. Aap koi vastu nahi hain jise ek sthaan se doosre sthaan par transfer kiya jaa sake. Aur sadiyon se mahilaaen yeh chhup-chap sveekar karte aaye hain!

I mean, it's good that we adopt some of each other's culture, but you don't have to be showcased with a new name. You are not a kind of object that is

transferred from here to there. And women have just been accepting this quietly for centuries!

Meri maa ne mere pita ko kabhi bhi unke pehle naam se nahi pukaara hai. Pata hai meri maa mere pita ko kaise bulaati hain? *Nandini ke papa*. Ve unhe kabhi bhi naam se nahi bulaati hai kyunki unhe yeh adhikaar प्राप्त nahi hai.

My mother has never called my father by his first name. You know what my mother calls my father? *The one who is the father of the one who is a delight*. She never calls him by his name because naming is a sign of questioning authority, you see?

Usi samay, mere pita meri maa ko har samay unke naam se hi pukaarte hain. Kai sanskritiyon me, ghar ke bade bachche ke naam se uske mata-pita ko sambodhit kiya jaata hai. Aapko *Anita ke papa*, yaa *Anita ki maa* bulaaya jayega. Is prakaar se aap ateet ki bajaay bhavishya se naam प्राप्त karte hain. Beshak, bade bachche ke naam se uske mata-pita ko sambodhit karne se mata-pita ka sammaan hi hota hai. Lekin isse aapka vyaktitv heen ho jaata hai. Aap ek kaarya hain. Ek shrenee.

At the same time, my father calls my mother by her name all the time. In many cultures, an adult must have a child whose name provides a teknonym. You are called *the one who is the father of the one who is*

*unguided. Or the one who is the mother of the one who is unguided.* In that way you receive a name from the future rather than the past. Of course, a teknonym honors parenthood. But it also depersonalizes. You are a function. A category.

Bharat me, mahilaaon ka parivaar me koi khaas sthaan nahi hota hai. Vivaah ke pramaanpatron me mahila kaa pehla naam likha ho saktaa hai. Lekin uske bachchon ke janm pramaanpatron me kewal pita ka kulnaam likha hota hai. Un sthaanon par bhi jahaan mahilaaon ke adhikaaron ko sammaan diya jaata hai, logon ko mahilaaon ke kulnaam ki jaankaari nahi hoti hai. Isse mool roop se aapke parivaar kaa aadha vansh-vriksh avruddh ho jaata hai.

In India, the female family lines are incredibly hard to trace. On marriage certificates, a woman's maiden name can be included. But on the birth certificates of her children, only the surname of the father would be documented. Even in places where women's rights are better taken care of, people don't tend to know their mother's maiden name. That basically blocks half of your family tree.

Aap rozaana ke kaaryon me itne vyast ho jaate rehte hain aur aap kai logon ko jaante hain. Lekin aap apni maa aur daadi kaa poora naam bhool jaate hain? Aap itne diskanekt kaise ho sakte hain?

You are so caught up in everyday life and you know so many people, but the full names of your mother and your grandmothers you forget? How can you be so disconnected?

Ibrahim

Es gibt eine berühmte Sängerin, die heißt *Fairuz*. Sie ist aus dem Libanon. Sie hat ein schönes Lied auf Arabisch: „Ya dara duri fina, tayinsu 'asamihun wa ninsa 'asamina“.

There is a famous singer called *the one who is a turquoise stone*. She is from Lebanon. She has a beautiful song in Arabic: “Merry-go-round, turn us around, turn us until they forget their names, and we forget ours.”





Gertrud

Meine 4 Geschwister und ich sind im Krieg geboren, also in der Nazi-Zeit. Und da waren halt so sonderbare Namen üblich. Keine biblischen Namen, sondern Namen aus dem germanischen Helden- und Hexenmythos: *Tristan*, *Siegfried*, und *Helwig*.

My 4 siblings and I were born during the war, in the Nazi era, that is. At that time, quite strange names were common. Not biblical names, but names from the Germanic mythology of heroes and witches: *the one who is tumultuous*, *the one who is victorious peace*, and *the one who is a healthy battle*.

Oder Blumen- und Pflanzennamen, wie *Linde*, *Rose*, und *Erika*. Meine Mutter war Lehrerin in Deutschland, und ich nehme an, dass sie dort durch die nicht christliche Einstellung irgendwie beeinflusst wurde. Ich wurde mit 10 Jahren getauft und erhielt erst dann meinen Taufnamen. Or names of flowers and plants like *the one who is a lime tree*, *the one who is a rose*, and *the one who is heather*. My mother was a teacher in Germany, and I assume that she was somehow influenced there with the non-Christian approach. I was baptized at the age of 10 and only then received my baptismal name.

Mein Vater hat *Adolf* geheißen. Als er zur Welt kam, war *Hitler* noch nicht an der Macht. *Adolf* war ein ganz normaler Name.

My father was called *the one who is a noble wolf*. When he was born, *the one who resides by an underground river* had not come into power yet. *The one who is a noble wolf* was a very common name.

Dann habe ich auch einen *Adolf* geheiratet. Aber dieser war anders. Mein Mann ist 1938 geboren und in dieser Zeit konnte jedes Kind, das *Adolf* genannt wurde, von der Partei eine beträchtliche Geldsumme bekommen. Es gibt also viele *Adolfs* in seiner Generation.

I have also married *one who is a noble wolf*. But that one was different. My husband was born in 1938 and at that time every child named *the one who is a noble wolf* could receive a considerable sum of money from the Party. So there are many *ones who are a noble wolf* in his generation.

Nachdem mein Mann verstorben ist, wollte meine Tochter ihr Kind nach ihrem Vater benennen. Das geht aber nicht mehr. Ich habe auf seinen Grabstein auch nur *Adi* schreiben lassen. So kannte man ihn. After my husband died, my daughter wanted to name her child after her father. But that is no longer possible. I had only *the one who is a noble wolf* written on his gravestone. He was known as that.



Superintendent Nowak

In Ireland, 7 forenames can be assigned to any person. A name has to be written using the Roman alphabet, but otherwise there are no obstacles in terms of people's traditions and preferences. This is an exceptionally unrestricted policy by European standards. In comparison, Portugal still deploys a list of names permitted by law, with 3,985 names for girls and 3,496 names for boys.

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As registrars, we would previously not have been allowed to interfere when parents make a poor choice of name, because our chief task is to register events, not to give advice. These days, however, we may point out that a name has another connotation in Irish or English than the original name. But we are not obliged to. As registrars, we would previously not have been allowed to interfere when parents make a poor choice of name, because our chief task is to register events, not to give advice. These days, however, we may point out that a name has another connotation in Irish or English than the original name. But we are not obliged to.

We recently registered a *Galileo*.

We recently registered *one who is a wave of the sea*.

And a *Neveah*, which is heaven spelled backwards.

And *one who is heaven*, which is heaven spelled backwards.

And a *Shakira*, a *Rihanna*, a *Britney*.

And *one who is full of grace*, *one who is basil*, *one who is from Brittany*.

And a couple of *Brooklyns*. From the *Beckhams*.  
And a couple of *ones who are from the broken land*.  
From the *ones who are from the homestead of pickaxe*.

We registered an *Aubergine* for a big baby boy.  
We registered *one who is an aubergine* for a big baby boy.

A *Rocket to the Moon*, as a sentence with 4 names.  
*One who is a rocket to the moon*, as a sentence with  
4 names.

We registered a *Harper*, a *Mason*, a *Hunter*.  
We registered *one who makes harps*, *one who is a*  
*mason*, *one who is a hunter*.

A *Talisa*, from *Game of Thrones*.  
*One who is consecrated to God*, from *Game of Thrones*.

An *Azura*, which is Italian for light blue.  
*One who is azure*, which is Italian for light blue.

An *Asia*. Like Asia, the continent.  
*One who is Asia*. Like Asia, the continent.

An *Elif*, just one letter, the first one of the Quran.  
*One who is slender*, just one letter, the first one of  
the Quran.



A few of the usual palindromes like *Anna* and *Otto*. You know, they can be read in both ways.

A few of the usual palindromes like *the one who is gracious* and *the one who is wealthy*. You know, they can be read in both ways.

If someone has a baby on a TV program, like *Oscar* on *Eastenders*, every other child will be called *Oscar*.

If someone has a baby on a TV program, like *the one who is a friend of deers* on *Eastenders*, every other child will be called *the one who is a friend of deers*.

When *Fifty Shades of Grey* was at its most popular, there were loads of *Christians*, after *Christian Grey*. And *Grey* as a first name.

When *Fifty Shades of Grey* was at its most popular, there were loads of *ones who have been anointed*, after *the one who has been anointed, who is grey*. And *the one who is grey* as a first name.

We generally register many surnames now as first names: *Riley*, *Byron*, *Weston*.

We generally register many surnames now as first names: *the one who is from a clearing in the rye*, *the one who is from a place with cowsheds*, *the one who is from the west town*.

This week we registered triplets from a Nigerian couple: *Fate*, *Fateful*, and *Fatefulness*.

This week we registered triplets from a Nigerian couple: *the one who is fate*, *the one who is fateful*, and *the one who is fatefulness*.

And there was a child that passed away that was registered as *Judgment Day*.

And there was a child that passed away that was registered as *the one who is judgment day*.

Wolfgang

Seit 2015 haben viele in Deutschland geborene Kinder von Geflüchteten den Namen *Angela* bekommen. Oder *Merkel*. Oder *Angela Merkel*.

Since 2015 many refugee children born in Germany received the name *the one who is a messenger*. Or *the one who is a border guard*. Or *the one who is a messenger, who is a border guard*.

Denn viele Eltern waren dankbar von Deutschland aufgenommen worden zu sein und sie dachten wohl, *Angela Merkel* sei dafür persönlich verantwortlich und dass sie den Menschen in größter Not geholfen habe wie ein Engel.

Because many parents were thankful to have been



admitted to Germany, and they thought that *the one who is a messenger, who is a border guard* should be personally credited for it and that she had helped the people like an angel.

Es gibt eine *Angela Merkel Awolowo*.

There is *one who is a messenger, who is a border guard, the mystic demands our respect*.

Eine *Angela Merkel Alhamza*.

*One who is a messenger, who is a border guard, who is steadfast.*

Eine *Angela Merkel Muhammed*.

*One who is a messenger, who is a border guard, who is praiseworthy.*



Und einen *Christ Merkel*.  
*And one who is annointed, who is a border guard.*

Über *Angela Merkel Awolowo* habe ich gelesen, dass der Mitarbeiter des betreffenden Standesamts gemeint hat, dass die Kanzlerin eine solche Namensgebung nicht wolle.  
*About one who is a messenger, who is a border guard, the mystic demands our respect, I have read that the employee of the registry office thought that the chancellor didn't appreciate this kind of name-giving.*

Maryam

'Ana ismi *Maryam*, ism bi l-'asl laysa 'arabiyyan.  
Wa qad untusiba 'ila l-lugha l-'arabiyya li wujud sura fi l-qur'an ismuha *Maryam*, wa hiya sayyidatuna "*Maryam* 'umm sayyiduna 'Isa 'alayhi s-salam."  
My name is *the one who is a sea of sorrow*. The name isn't originally Arabic, it was borrowed into Arabic because there is a Surah, a chapter, in the Quran called "Our Lady *who is a sea of sorrow*, the mother of *the one who rescues*, peace be upon him."

Walidi sammani *Maryam* tayammunan bi walidatihi allati ismaha, *Maryam*. Wa hiya 'ada min 'adat al-'arab 'indana fi Suriya yusamma l-mawlud al-jadid 'ala jiddatuhu 'aw 'ala jaddihi.



My father named me *the one who is a sea of sorrow* after his mother, *the one who is a sea of sorrow*. This is a custom of the Arabs in Syria, whereby a new baby is named after its grandmother or grandfather.

Tafajja't huna fi 'Almaniya 'anna 'ismi mawjud  
fi jawaz as-safar wa fi l-huwiyya 'ism *Marim*.  
Wa khususan 'indama nadatni mu'allima fi  
l-Integrationskurs wa ana lam 'ujawibha li'anni  
lam 'ata'arraf 'anna hadha 'ismi.

I was surprised to find that on my German passport and ID card my name appears as *the one who is a sea of sorrow*. When I was called by a teacher in the integration course, I didn't respond because I didn't recognize that as my name.



## Mary

I go by the same name as you. I was born in '54, which is what they call a Marian year in the Catholic Church. It was a year to honor Our Lady. So most of the baby girls were called *Mary*, or some derivative of *Mary*.

I go by the same name as you. I was born in '54, which is what they call a Marian year in the Catholic Church. It was a year to honor Our Lady. So most of the baby girls were called *the one who is a sea of sorrow*, or some derivative of *the one who is a sea of sorrow*.

I was born toward the end of that year, and most types of *Mary* had already been taken. So my parents christened me *Maria Goretti*, after an Italian girl who was sanctified only 4 years earlier.

I was born toward the end of that year, and most types of *one who is a sea of sorrow* had already been taken. So my parents christened me *the one who is a sea of sorrow who is wakeful*, after an Italian girl who was sanctified only 4 years earlier.

*Maria Goretti* was the patron saint of chastity, teenage girls, and rape victims, and God knows what else. According to the Catholic Church, she was born into a very poor family and at the age of 11, one of her neighbors threatened to rape her. She warned the neighbor that he would go to hell and said she would

rather die than submit to him. He then stabbed her several times, after which she underwent surgery without anesthetic, and halfway through that operation she managed to speak and express forgiveness for her attacker. She then died of her wounds.

*The one who is a sea of sorrow, who is wakeful* was the patron saint of chastity, teenage girls and rape victims, and God knows what else. According to the Catholic Church she was born into a very poor family and at the age of 11, one of her neighbors threatened to rape her. She warned the neighbor that he would go to hell and said she would rather die than submit to him. He then stabbed her several times, after which she underwent surgery without anesthetic, and halfway through that operation she managed to speak and express forgiveness for her attacker. She then died of her wounds.

Well, as a child, the story of *Maria Goretti* completely freaked me out. I came to believe I wasn't going to live to be older than 11 myself. I never told my mum this, but on my 12th birthday I was so relieved that I had survived.

Well, as a child, the story of *the one who is a sea of sorrow, who is wakeful* completely freaked me out. I came to believe I wasn't going to live to be older than 11 myself. I never told my mum this, but on my 12th birthday I was so relieved that I had survived.

Maria

Ich war auch mal eine *Maria*.

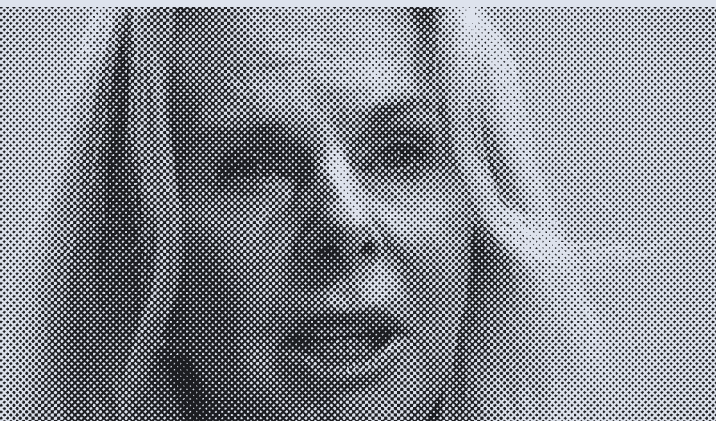
I once was *one who is a sea of sorrow* too.

Im Jahr 1978 bin ich in ein Kloster eingetreten und habe mich verpflichtet, mein ganzes Leben an das Gelübde von Armut, Keuschheit und Gehorsam zu halten. Wenn man aber diese Verwandlung durch den Heiligen Geist machen möchte, dann braucht man einen neuen Namen. Den Namen darf man sich wünschen, aber es ist nicht sicher, ob man ihn bekommt, weil es der Name ist, mit dem Gott im Himmel einen anspricht und empfängt, wenn man sich als würdig erwiesen hat. In der Offenbarung sagt der Seher etwa sowas: „Wer überwindet, bekommt Manna von mir und einem weißen Stein und auf dem Stein steht ein Name, den niemand kennt, als wer ihn empfängt“.

In 1978 I entered a convent and committed myself for my entire life to the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. However, if you want to undergo that transformation through the Holy Spirit, you need a new name. You can make a wish regarding the name, but it isn't guaranteed that you get it because it is the name by which you are addressed by God as he welcomes you into heaven, if you have merited it so. In the Epiphany, the seer says something like this: "Who overcomes will receive manna from me and



a white stone, and on the stone is a name that nobody knows but the one who receives it.”



Meist ist es so, dass die Nonnen 3 Namen vorschlagen dürfen und der Abt oder der Prior wählt dann einen aus. Die Schwestern hier heißen beispielsweise *Immaculata* oder *Anzilla*. Und dann ist meistens noch eine *Maria* dabei.

It is usually the case that nuns are allowed to propose 3 names and then the abbot or the prior chooses 1. The sisters here, for example, are called, *the one who is untouched* or *the one who is a maid servant*. And then mostly another *one who is a sea of sorrow*, with that.

Selbst habe ich gar keine Namen gewählt, denn ich habe gedacht, „Nimm das an, was Gott dir gibt.“



Und dann hab ich den Namen *Renata vom heiligen Geist* gekriegt. Das war für mich sehr schön. Meine Mutter und ich kommen aus einer evangelischen Familie und meine Mutter hat mich sehr leicht geboren. Aber als ich ins Kloster ging, hat sie furchtbar gelitten. Da sagte sie, „Jetzt habe ich die Schmerzen, die ich bei der Geburt nicht hatte“. Und als ich dann den neuen Namen kriegte, dachte ich, „Gott hat meine Mutter mit einbezogen in dieses neue Leben“. I didn't choose a name at all, because I thought, "Accept what God gives you." And then I got the name *the one who was reborn of the Holy Spirit*. That was very nice for me. My mother and I come from a Protestant family and my mother gave birth to me very easily. But when I went to the convent, she suffered terribly. She said, "Now I have the pain that I didn't have at birth." And when I got the new name, I thought, "God has included my mother in this new life."

Das Kloster hat jetzt eine Anfrage bekommen: eine chinesische Frau möchte hier bei uns eintreten. Ich bin gespannt, welchen Namen sie dann bekommt. Bis jetzt heißt sie *Jing Ming Yue*.

The convent has now received an inquiry: a Chinese woman wants to enter here with us. I am curious what name she will get. At the moment she's called *the one who is a bright golden moon*.

Ik ben een persoon met warm bloed. Ik kan communicatie hebben met iedereen dus dat is waarom ik het makkelijk vind om te leven ergens. Niet rijk worden of zoiets, maar overleven. Integreren in de omgeving.

I am a person with warm blood. I can have communication with anybody so that's why I find it easy to live somewhere. Not to get rich or anything, but to survive. To integrate into the environment.

Om een plek te leren kennen, moet je de taal eerst leren. Eerst de taal! Mijn moedertaal is de Kabyljetaal, en ik kan ook Arabisch en Frans en een beetje Deutsch.

To get to know a place, you must first learn the language. First the language! My mother tongue is the Kabyl language, and I also know Arabic, French, and a little German.

Kabylië is een gebied in de bergen dicht bij Algiers en aan de zee in Algarije. Wij zijn een volk van Amazighen, dat betekent "vrijheid mensen." Alle Amazighe, het Berbervolk, leven in de bergen of in de woestijnen. We zijn daar vanwege veel oorlogen. Er is alleen veiligheid in de bergen en de woestijn. Daarom zijn we een volk helemaal anders van cultuur en taal.

Kabylia is a region in the mountains close to Algiers and by the sea in Algeria. We are a people of Imazighen,

which means “freedom people.” All of the Amazighe, the Berber people, live in the mountains or in the deserts. We are there because of many wars. There is only safety in the mountains and the desert. That is why we are a people completely different in culture and language.

Ik was activist in de Mouvement Culturel Berbère in de jaren tachtig, voor onze identiteit en onze cultuur, vrijheid van meningsuiting, vrouwenrechten, justice sociale, en burgerlijk, niet-militair en niet-islamitisch recht. Zoveel dingen.

I was an activist in the Mouvement Culturel Berbère in the 1980s, for our identity and our culture, freedom of expression, women's rights, social justice, and civil, nonmilitary, and non-Islamic law. So many things.

Toen ben ik weg van Algerije naar Europa. Ben ik naar Tsjechisch land en daarna naar Deutschland, daarna naar Nederland. En na 5 jaar is mijn vluchtelingenprocedure daar afgesloten en ik was zonder wettig verblijf. En ik was in een moeilijke situatie, echt moeilijk. En kameraden van mij hebben gezegd: “Misschien is het beter voor jou om naar België te gaan. En van België naar Frankrijk of naar Engeland.” Then I left Algeria for Europe. I went to the Czech country and then to Germany, and then to the Netherlands. And after 5 years, my refugee procedure there

was closed and I was without legal residence. And I was in a difficult situation, really difficult. And comrades of mine have said: "Maybe it's better for you to go to Belgium. And from Belgium to France or to England."

Goh, ik wist echt niet wat ik moet doen en ik was depressief. Eerst beetje rusten. Dus ik ga naar nachtasiel in Brussel en daar komt maatschappelijke assistent en hij vraagt aan mij: "Als je in de winteropvang wil, dan moet je asiel aanvragen bij de vreemdelingzaken." 's Morgens vroeg sturen ze ons naar vreemdelingzaken om asiel aan te vragen. Zo snel! Ik wist niet wat moest ik doen. Ik was depressief, ik wist helemaal niets. Ik heb asiel ingediend met een valse naam. Well, I really didn't know what to do and I was depressed. First rest a bit. So I go to the night shelter in Brussels and a social assistant comes up to me and says: "If you want winter shelter, you have to apply for asylum at the immigration office." Early in the morning they send us to the immigration office to apply for asylum. So soon! I didn't know what I should do. I was depressed, I didn't know anything at all. I filed for asylum under a false name.

Tot nu ben ik gestraft dat ik die valse naam heb. Ik ben niet echt die persoon. Ik zit niet makkelijk in mijn lichaam en mijn hersens. Ik heb 1 lichaam maar mijn hersens hebben 2 kanten. Het is moeilijk omdat het

van de situatie afhangt welke naam ik moet vertellen. Until now, I've been punished for having that false name. I am not really that person. I am not comfortable in my body and my brain. I have 1 body, but my brain has 2 sides. It is difficult because it depends on the situation what name I have to tell.

Dus na paar maanden ik was in het ziekenhuis gebracht door de depressie. Sindsdien ik heb mijn naam proberen terug te brengen. Mijn valse naam was geregistreerd en ik probeerde die weg te krijgen maar die blijft daar hangen. Maatschappelijk werk heeft gezegd: "Jouw naam heeft een rood kruis, je krijgt geen papieren, je krijgt niks. Dus nu ben ik in de armoede en ben ik dakloos."

So after a few months, I was hospitalized for depression. Since then I've tried to bring my name back. My false name was registered and I tried to get rid of it, but it hangs in there. Social Services has said: "Your name has a red cross, you don't get any papers, you don't get anything." So now I am in poverty and I am homeless.

Maar ik werk als tolk, als sociaal assistent. Geen tijd te verliezen. Ik moet naar de afspraken! Ik moet bezig zijn! Maar de stress gaat niet weg. Die blijft aan je. But I work as an interpreter, as a social assistant. No time to lose. I have to go to the appointments! I have to be busy! But the stress doesn't go away. It stays with you.

Mijn valse naam was een Arabische naam, de naam van mijn buurman in de hoofdstad. We hebben maar paar maanden verschil in leeftijd tussen ons. Daarom heb ik zijn naam genomen. Maar hij had andere principes dan ik. Ik ben een Kabyle Amazighe en ik ben eigenlijk geëngageerd. En hij is een Arabier, met een andere cultuur en andere gedachten. Ik was opticien en hij was timmerman. Ik heb altijd kritiek tegen de regering arabo-islamique, en hij deed niets. Hij ging gewoon werken als timmerman.

My false name was an Arabic name, the name of my neighbor in the capital. We only have a few months difference in age between us. That's why I took his name. But he had different principles than me. I am a Kabyle Amazighe and I am actually committed. And he is Arabic, with a different culture and different thoughts. I was an optician and he was a carpenter. I have always criticized the Arabo-Islamic government, and he did nothing. He just went to work as a carpenter.

Mij echte naam is *Hamou*. Ik ben geboren in Algiers in juli en het was 38 graden. Echt een warme tijd, zo zei altijd mijn moeder.

My name is actually *the one who is warm*. I was born in Algiers in July and it was 38 degrees. A really warm time, my mother always said.



Paulo

No Brasil, muita gente tem o mesmo sobrenome, como *Santos* ou *Silva*. Sabe o que eles fazem?

Eles tentam criar nomes diferentes.

In Brazil, a lot of people have the same surname such as *the one who is of the saints* or *the one who is of the forest*. Do you know what they do because of this? They try to think up great first names.

Existem alguns exemplos bem famosos como, *Um do is três e quatro*.

There are some well-known examples such as *the one who is one two three four*.

Ou *Batman*.

Or *the one who is Batman*.

Eu conheço um homem que batizou o nome das três filhas dele de *Xerox*, *Autenticada* e *Fotocópia*, porque ele viu na parede do Cartório esses nomes.

I've heard of a man who named his daughters *the one who Xeroxes*, *the one who has been certified*, and *the one who photocopies* because he had seen those words on the wall of the Registry Office.

Já um outro que morava perto da costa, batizou o filho com o nome do primeiro barco que passou: *Usnavy*.

And another man who lived by the coast, who named his son after the first passing boat: *the one who is the United States Navy*.

Os pais podem registrar nomes de dança, de clãs, de espíritos, nomes de uma imposição colonial. Além disso, ainda existem nomes originários dos oeste africano como *Yampew* ou *Ayashe* que são embaraçosos de propósito, para que ninguém queira roubar essa criança.

Parents can register dance names, clan names, spirit names, names of the colonial imposition. Also, there are still names of West African origin like *we don't want you* or *let it be abandoned* that are embarrassing on purpose, so that nobody would want to steal that child.



Minha mãe é do nordeste do Brasil. Há lugares por onde, curiosamente, as pessoas têm nomes que parecem um pouco ingleses. Isso é uma consequência da colonização e de toda a história da globalização e do idioma inglês. Eu tenho uma prima que se chama *Kinjersey*. O pai dela disse que o nome dela significa “rainha.” Mas não é verdade. Minha própria mãe queria me chamar de *Jefferson*.

My own mother is from the northeast of Brazil. There are places there where, funnily enough, people have names that sound a bit English. That's a consequence of the colonization, and the whole story with globalization and the English language. I have a cousin called *the one who is a kinjersey*. Her father said her name means “queen.” But it doesn't. My own mother wanted to name me *son of the one who pledges peace*.

Até 10 anos atrás não existia a letra *y* e *w* no dicionário Português. Mas para nomes, todo mundo já usava o *y* em vez de *i*, porque soa um pouco mais em inglês. Como *Mychelly*. Ou *Jennyfer*. As pessoas criam um nome e o abrasileiram. Como *Leide Daiana*, de *Lady Diana*. *Brucewillis*, de *Bruce Willis*. Until 10 years ago, the letters *y* and *w* didn't exist in the Portuguese dictionary. But for names, everyone already used *y* instead of *i*, because they sound a bit more English. Like *the one who is God-like*. Or *the one*

*who is a fair lady.* Or people take a name and then Brazilianise. Like *the one who is Lady Diana*, from *the lady who is divine.* *The one who is Bruce Willis*, from *the one who is a thick brush, who lives near a well.*

Mas há uma mudança acontecendo. Os nomes em inglês costumavam ser muito chiques, mas hoje é quase um pouco embaraçoso se sua mãe escolheu um nome assim. Certamente, muito depende também da classe social: os ricos e poderosos sempre preferiram nomes coloniais, como *Pedro* ou *João*.

But there is a change happening. English-like names used to be very fancy but today, it's almost a bit embarrassing if your mother picked you such a name. Of course, much depends also on social class: the rich and powerful always preferred colonial names such as *the one who is a stone* or *God is gracious*, anyway.

Martin

Ich glaube, es gibt auch in Deutschland sowas Ähnliches. Mit *Kevin*. Und *Mandy*.

I think there is something similar in Germany. With *the one who is gentle.* And *the one who is worthy of love.*

Kennen Sie dieses Statement: „*Kevin* ist kein Name sondern eine Diagnose“?

Do you know this statement: “*The one who is gentle* isn’t a name but a diagnosis”?

*Kevin Allein zu Haus.*

*The one who is Kevin Home Alone.*

Sie haben es ausprobiert: ein Aufsatz von *Friedrich*, ein Aufsatz von *Kevin*, fast gleich. *Friedrich* wird besser benotet als *Kevin*.

They have made the test: an essay by *the one who is gentle*, an essay by *the one who rules peacefully*, almost identical. *The one who rules peacefully* gets a better mark than *the one who is gentle*.

Die meisten *Kevins* dürften im Moment wahrscheinlich in ihren Zwanzigern sein. Aber es gibt auch Ärzte und Professoren mit dem Namen *Kevin*.

Most *ones who are gentle* are probably in their twenties at the moment. There are also doctors and professors by the name of *the one who is gentle*.

Ich bin also vorsichtig optimistisch für *Kevin*, aber was passiert mit einem Doktor Professor Mediker mit dem Namen *Mohammed*? Wird ihr professioneller Titel durch *Mohammed* abgewertet?

I am cautiously optimistic for *the one who is gentle*, but what happens if a medical doctor or professor is named *the one who is praiseworthy*? Will their

professional title be downgraded by *the one who is praiseworthy*?

„*Mohammed*, der macht sicher Pfusch“. Ich kenne einige Leute, also auch Ärzte, die haben ihren Namen geändert, weil das immer wieder thematisiert wird.

„Was ist denn das für ein Name? Das ist doch kein Hiesiger“. Man hört das immer wieder.

*“The one who is praiseworthy, can’t be much, then.”*

I know a few people, including doctors, who changed their names because it is always an issue. “What kind of a name is that? That can’t be a local.” You will hear that time and again.



Jite

My whole life people have struggled to wrap their tongue around my name. People have told me that I pronounce my own name wrong and that if I change the spelling, they may say it more correctly. But that means that when I look at it, it won't be mine anymore. I sacrifice the pronunciation because I think I write it more than I say it. And also, you just don't say your name out loud all the time. Like, I share a house with a friend, we don't say:

My whole life people have struggled to wrap their tongue around my name. People have told me that I pronounce my own name wrong and that if I change the spelling, they may say it more correctly. But that means that when I look at it, it won't be mine anymore. I sacrifice the pronunciation because I think I write it more than I say it. And also, you just don't say your name out loud all the time. Like, I share a house with a friend, we don't say:

*"Jite?"*

*"The one who is enough?"*

*"Yes, Dave?"*

*"Yes, the one who is beloved?"*

“Where is the remote, *Jite*?”

“Where is the remote, *the one who is enough*?”

“Right there on the table, *Dave*.”

“Right there on the table, *the one who is beloved*.”

*Jite* is my name. It's an Urhobo name. My mother, she always wanted to have a baby girl. She had 1 boy, 2 boys, 3 boys, 4 boys ... I was the 5th boy and she called me “enough.” Maybe being enough hinders me. I am always content with what I have. I am like: “Okay, that's good enough.”

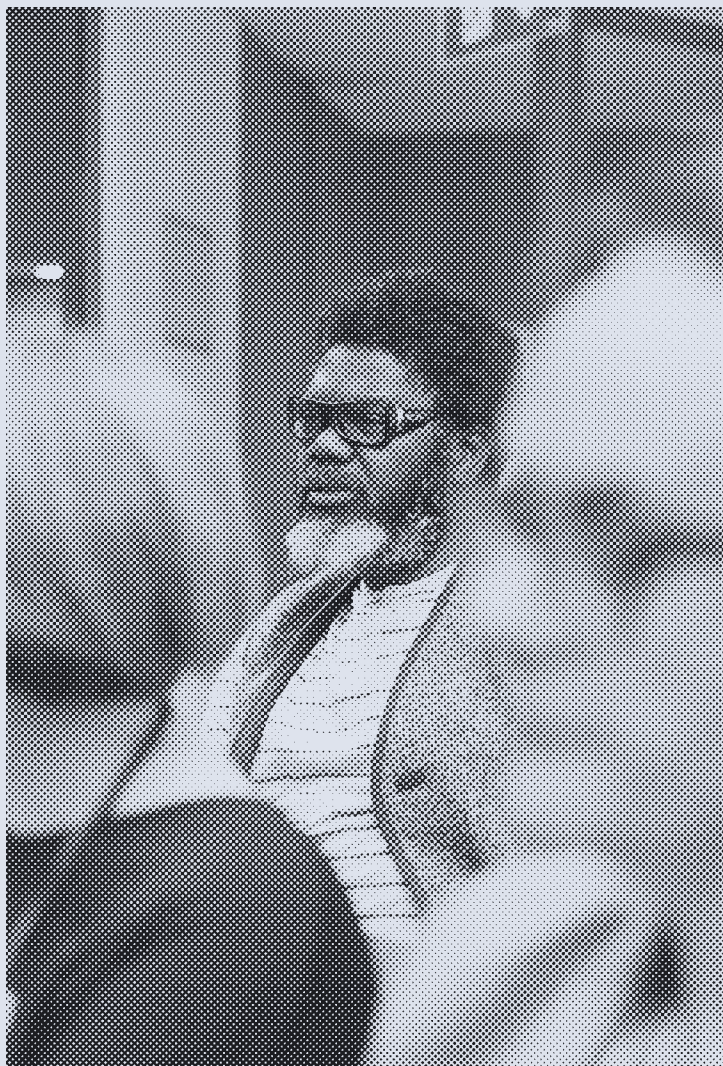
*The one who is enough* is my name. It's an Urhobo name. My mother, she always wanted to have a baby girl. She had 1 boy, 2 boys, 3 boys, 4 boys ... I was the 5th boy and she called me “enough.” Maybe being enough hinders me. I am always content with what I have. I am like: “Okay, that's good enough.”

Urhobo has great names and nicknames. They are like little poems, little narratives on their own.

Urhobo has great names and nicknames. They are like little poems, little narratives on their own.

*Onovughakpor.*

*Who can predict what life can bring?*



*Ighomuedafe.*  
*Money intoxicates the wealthy.*

*Ojakorotu.*  
*Everybody depends on everybody.*

*Enita.*  
*Watch out what you say.*

*Asaroyoma.*  
*You want to be where you feel comfortable.*

*Oghenebrume.*  
*God decided in my favor.*

*Omonigho.*  
*A child is greater than riches.*

*Udumebraye.* And like that.  
*My presence gives them a heartache.* And like that.

George

Guess what I do for a living? I work as a pronunciation researcher. This is an existing job in all major media franchises in the world. Anywhere where they have to say the news out loud, basically.



Guess what I do for a living? I work as a pronunciation researcher. This is an existing job in all major media franchises in the world. Anywhere where they have to say the news out loud, basically.

The company that I work for produces the audio version of a weekly news magazine, which has a listenership of almost 1 million people worldwide. The audio version is produced every week, over the course of a very long day. The articles start arriving at about 7 a.m. and there is a total of 8 voice-over artists working in shifts who read them out. And my job is to scan every article for words that may be difficult to pronounce. I sit there hooked up to a computer. Headphones in. I do the ones I know first. Most of them are names.

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A recent example: Was it *Nelson Mandela*?

A recent example: Was it *the one who is a son of a champion, who is powerful*?

*Desmond Tutu*? Anyway, there was this middle name that was like a proper Zulu or Swahili name and it was extremely long.

*The one who is from the south of Munster, who lives by the cliffs*? Anyway, there was this middle name that was like a proper Zulu or Swahili name and it was extremely long.

It was *Jacob Zuma*, of course. And his middle name is *G.E.D.L.E.Y.I.H.L.E.K.I.S.A.*

It was *the one who replaces, who is peace*, of course. And his middle name is *G.E.D.L.E.Y.I.H.L.E.K.I.S.A.*

And I'm like: "*Gedleyihlekisa*?" And I found only 1 video clip where somebody says his full name, and much too quickly, too. And the South African consulate didn't bother picking up the phone.

And I'm like: "*The one who laughs while endangering others*?" And I found only 1 video clip where somebody says his full name, and much too quickly, too. And the South African consulate didn't bother picking up the phone.



Because, you know, I often do that with American names. Call people up. For example, with a name like *Feinstein*. It's a German surname that has been anglicized and the families decide how they pronounce it. When it's professors or businesspeople, I look up their phone number at work. And because I know they are not in the office at that hour because of the time difference, I hope there is a voice message where they say their name. Like: "Hi, my name is *Ronald Feinstein*." And then I just hang up.

Because, you know, I often do that with American names. Call people up. For example, with a name like *the one who is a jeweler*. It's German surname that has been anglicized and the families decide how to pronounce it. When it's professors or businesspeople, I look up their phone number at work. And because I know they are not in the office at that hour because of the time difference, I hope there is a voice message where they say their name. Like: "Hi, my name is *the one who gives advice to the powerful, who is a jeweler*." And then I just hang up.

You can't just rely on how a name should be said. It's how the people themselves say it or how most other people say it. For example, I underline the name *Mohammed* in an article. I speak Arabic so I would say it's pronounced as /mə'xamd/. But it's about *DJ Mohamed* and he doesn't pronounce his name as /mə'xamd/.

You can't just rely on how a name should be said. It's how the people themselves say it or how most other people say it. For example, I underline the name *the one who is praiseworthy* in an article. I speak Arabic so I would say it's pronounced as /mə'xamd/. But it's about *the one who is a disk jockey, who is praiseworthy* and he doesn't pronounce his name as /mə'xamd/.

The general job requirement is really to know as many languages as possible. Because the more you know, the less you have to guess. Say there is civil unrest in a country such as Mongolia and there are 10 village names and 20 personal names in an article. None of these names appear in a YouTube video and the Mongolian consulate is closed. That's where the knowledge of your own languages comes in. I have English, Farsi, Arabic, German, Greek, Spanish, and some Gujarati from my grandparents. I don't really speak Hindi but I recognize enough from growing up in Dubai. So I try to recognize syllables, and parts of names. By now, I am able to sit through a long video in a language that I don't understand and identify which words being spoken are names.

The general job requirement is really to know as many languages as possible. Because the more you know, the less you have to guess. Say, there is civil unrest in a country such as Mongolia and there are 10 village names and 20 personal names in an article.

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What is really frustrating is when you have someone like the CEO of some self-driving car start-up, and his name is something like *Jeff Bezukos*. They always have those cool, ambiguous names that could be said in hundreds of ways. So you trawl through their corporate videos and the trend at the moment is like inspiring music, a logo at the end, but nobody bloody talks! And I'm like, "No, what's your goddamn name?"

What is really frustrating is when you have someone like the CEO of some self-driving car start-up, and his name is something like *the one who is a territory, who is bezukos*. They always have those cool, ambiguous names that could be said in hundreds of ways. So you trawl through their corporate videos and the trend at the moment is like inspiring music, a logo at the end, but nobody bloody talks! And I'm like: "No, what's your goddamn name?"

It is quite interesting that they hire me for a full day, just to make sure that they get the sounds right. If they would just anglicize everything, too many people would complain. We had that recently, people told us that we mispronounce all Korean names. It is quite interesting that they hire me for a full day, just to make sure that they get the sounds right. If they would just anglicize everything, too many people would complain. We had that recently, people told us that we mispronounce all Korean names.

Anyway, when I've made a decision, I write it down for the voice-over artist. There is no fixed system for that. I tend to do it using capital letters for stresses and I say it out loud to them if I have to. But there is no guarantee they get it right because by the time they get to the recording booth, their mouths want to say it in another way. And once they have said it in one way, then the editors want to stick with that version of the name. The most experienced voice artists also work for the BBC or Reuters. And a lot of the times they have already said the difficult names first, because the same names appear in the news cycles. *Benjamin Netanjahu*. *Dilma Rousseff*. It's almost like whoever pronounced it first, gets to decide.

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Huda

Wie etwas ausgesprochen wird, interessiert jetzt keinen. Heute ist es sofort: „Pass!“ Sofort: „Buchstabieren!“ Mein Familienname ist *Alsaka*. Das ist *Alsaka*, nicht *Alaska*. Was auch immer passiert, ich höre: „Buchstabier bitte, buchstabier mir deinen Namen!“ Und so buchstabieren wir dann eine Stunde, und dann ist es manchmal immer noch falsch. Zweites Mal, drittes Mal, viertes Mal, es ist falsch. Bis es beim tausendsten Mal richtig ist.

Nobody is interested now in how something is pronounced. Today it's immediately: "Passport!" Immediately: "Spell it out!" My family name is



*the one who comes from Saka. That is the one who comes from Saka, not the one who is a great land. Whatever happens, I always hear: "Spell it please, spell me your name!" And so we spell it for an hour, and then sometimes it's still wrong. Second time, third time, fourth time it's wrong. Until it's right the thousandth time.*



Alexandra

Slavenska i jednim dijelom mađarska imena su još od pamtivijeka prilagođavana njemačkom jezičnom shvaćanju. Aufgedeuſcht, ausgedeuſcht, reingedeuſcht. Slavic and Hungarian names have been adapted to German since time immemorial. Germanied, germanified, germanicized.

To se postiže uz prijevod. *Fegede* postaje *Schwarz*.

*Guiseppe Marmolo* postaje *Josef Marbl*.

It is achieved through translation. *The one who is black* becomes *the one who is black*. *God will multiply, who is like marble* becomes *God will multiply, who is like marble*.

Ali većina germanizama povezana je s pravopisom. Sve što se završavalo na -ic ili -ik, prvobitno je imalo slaven-sku kvačicu. Černi je pretežno postalo *Tscherni*. Škwowics je postalo *Schiwkowitsc*. Črešnik je postalo *Teschnigg*.

But most of the germanizations have to do with spelling. Everything that ends in -ic or -ik originally had the Slavic háček. *The one who is black* mostly became *the one who is black*. *The son of the one who sells plums* became *the son of the one who sells plums*. *The one who sells cherries* became *the one who sells cherries*.



Slova i dijakritički znakovi su se neposredno prije Drugog svjetskog rata često brisali ili dodavali. Ljudi su to činili sami sebi, kako bi prikrivali svoje podrijetlo. Prva pravopisna pravila zapravo su se pojavila tek početkom 20. stoljeća. Prije toga svatko je mogao pisati što hoće.

Especially shortly before the Second World War, letters and diacritics were either removed or added. People did it to their own names to disguise their origins. The first spelling regulation only exists since the early 20th century. Prior to that, everyone could write as they wanted.

Es gab damals auch noch die phonetische Ordnung. Das war eine Systematisierung für Familiennamen auf Meldezetteln und so weiter. Da war es nicht relevant, wie ein Name in einer bestimmten Sprache geschrieben wird. Es war nur wichtig, wie ein deutschsprachiger Beamter das ausspricht.

There was still the phonetic order at that time as well. That was a systematization for surnames on registration slips and so on. It was not relevant how a name was written in a certain language. It was only important how a German-speaking official pronounces it.

In der Verwaltung des mehrsprachigen Habsburgerreiches war dieses Ordnungsprinzip populär, der Polizist fragt: „Wie heißen Sie?“ Die Person antwortet:

„Schwarz“. So wie's gehört wurde, wurde es registriert, also unter *SF*.

This principle was popular in the administration of the multilingual Habsburg Empire, where the policeman asks: "What is your name?" The person replies: "*The one who is black.*" It was registered as it was heard, that is, under *SF*.

Wenn die Person sagt: „*Gerstenberger*“. Geht unter *K*. Wenn also ein Name auftaucht, der nicht gleich so deutsch geklungen hat, sollte der Beamte ihn laut aussprechen und dann aufschreiben, was er aus seinem eigenen Mund gehört hat.

If the person says: "*The one who has settled on a hill where barley is grown.*" Goes under *K*. So if a name appeared that didn't immediately sound very German, the officer should speak it out loud and then write down what he has heard from his own mouth.

Ein Archiv dieser Zeit zeigt die Erosion der Rechtschreibung, die die Eindeutschung gebracht hat.

An archive of this time shows the erosion of spelling brought about by germanization.

*Dergovitz.*

*The son of the one who submits.*

*Derjan.*

*The son of the one who submits.*

*Derjak.*

*The son of the one who submits.*

*Derjan.*

*The son of the one who submits.*

*Terjan.*

*The son of the one who submits.*

*Terdl.*

*The son of the one who submits.*

*Derdle.*

*The son of the one who submits.*

*Derr.*

*The son of the one who submits.*

Sarah

Das ist so wie bei uns. Da muss auch jeder zu Beginn einen Namen aussprechen. Ich bin Dolmetscherin und Übersetzerin Arabisch-Deutsch. Und ein bisschen Persisch. Es kommt sehr oft vor, dass jemand keine

Geburtsurkunde hat, keinen Personalausweis, nichts. Jemand sagt einfach: ich heiße Soundso. Und dann werden die Namen so ins System eingespeist, wie es gesagt wurde. Die Rechtschreibung liegt dann komplett in der Verantwortung des Dolmetschers. So jemand kriegt dann irgendwann ein amtliches Dokument mit diesem Namen in die Hände. Und es gibt immer wieder Diskussionen und Probleme wegen der Schreibweise.

It's the same with us. Everyone must pronounce a name at the beginning too. I am an interpreter and translator, Arabic-German. And a little Persian. It happens very often that someone has no birth certificate, no identity card, nothing. Somebody simply says: my name is So-and-So. And then the name is fed into the system in the same way as it was said.



The spelling is then completely the responsibility of the interpreter. At some point, someone like that then gets their hands on an official document with this name. And there are always discussions and problems with the spelling.

Ich habe wirklich von einem Fall gehört, wo ein Vater mit seinen Söhnen kam, aber von verschiedenen Leuten die Erstaufnahmegespräche gemacht wurden. Und der Familienname wurde so unterschiedlich transkribiert, dass man sich nicht vorstellen konnte, dass sie verwandt sind. Und der arme Vater wurde der Urkundenfälschung bezichtigt und stand tatsächlich vor Gericht. Das ist ein Strafdelikt mit einer gewissen Schwere.

I honestly heard of a case where a father came with his sons, but the initial interviews were made by different people. And the family name was transcribed so differently, that one could not imagine that they were related. And the poor father was accused of forging documents and was actually in court. This is a severe criminal offence.

Arabisch hat eine Konsonantenschrift. Es werden nur die langen Vokale geschrieben, und nicht die kurzen. Zum Beispiel beim Wort Muhammed steht da nur das *m*, das *h*, und das *d*. Und es gibt 10 unterschiedliche Möglichkeiten, das Wort weiter zu

transkribieren. Entweder *u* oder *o* in der Mitte: das ist völlig egal. *M* ist 2 oder 3 Mal geschrieben: völlig egal. Aber *a* oder *e* macht bedeutungsmässig einen großen Unterschied. Das Wort kommt nämlich von Loben: „Ich lobe Gott“. Die Iraner sagen *Muhammad*, das heißt: „einer der Gott lobt“. Die Araber sagen *Mohammed*, und das heißt „einer der gelobt wird“! Muss man Gott loben oder selbst gelobt werden?

Arabic is mainly written with consonants. Only the long vowels are written, not the short ones. For example, in the word “Muhammad” only the *m*, the *h*, and the *d* are written. And there are 10 different ways to transcribe the rest of the word. Either *u* or *o* in the middle: it doesn’t matter. The *m* is written 2 or 3 times: no matter. But *a* or *e* makes a big difference in terms of meaning. The word comes from praise: “I praise God.” The Iranians say *the one who praises*, which means “the one who praises God.” The Arabic say *the one who is praiseworthy*, and that means “the one who is praised”! Do you have to praise God or be praised yourself?

Und im arabischen Alphabet gibt es Phoneme, die es bei uns einfach nicht gibt, so wie / d̤ / . Wenn jemand aus Ägypten kommt, wird das immer mit *g* transkribiert und wenn jemand aus Afghanistan kommt, immer mit *j*. Im gesamtarabischen Raum gibt es aus



der Kolonialzeit nämlich einen Unterschied zwischen französischer oder englischer Transkription.

And in the Arabic alphabet there are phonemes that simply don't exist for us, like /  $\widehat{d}z$  /. If someone comes from Egypt, it is always transcribed with a *g* and if someone comes from Afghanistan, always with a *j*. Because in the whole Arab region there is a difference between French and English transcription, which stems from the colonial era.

Generell sind in einem arabischen Reisepass 4 Namen eingetragen: der erste Name ist der Vorname, der zweite Name ist der Vorname des Vaters, der dritte Name ist der Vorname des Großvaters, und der vierte Name kann der Name des Urgroßvaters sein, oder der Name des Geburtsortes. Vorname und Nachname sind nicht dezidiert getrennt im arabischen Raum, weil das nicht so wichtig ist. Die Abstammung ist wichtig. Es geht um die Genealogie. Es ist zum Beispiel auch nicht so, dass eine Frau bei der Eheschliessung den Namen des Ehemanns annimmt. Sie behält ihren Namen, auch um die Zugehörigkeit zu ihrer Familie kenntlich zu machen. In general, 4 names are included on an Arabic passport: the first name is the forename, the second name is the forename of the father, the third name is the forename of the grandfather, and the fourth name can be the name of the great-grandfather or the name

of one's birthplace. Forename and surname are not decidedly separated in the Arab world, because that is not so important. Ancestry is important. It is about genealogy. For example, it is also not the case that a woman adopts the name of her husband when she marries. She keeps her names, also to indicate that she belongs to her family.

Martin

Das ist ja international nicht üblich, aber es ist in Österreich gesetzlich festgeschrieben, dass ein Titel Teil des Namens ist. Wenn man einen akademischen Grad abgeschlossen hat, lässt man das im Führerschein, im Reisepass, im Standesamtsregister eintragen. Es gibt sehr, sehr viele Titel. Akademisch oder amtlich oder beruflich. Man kann auch einen Ehrentitel bekommen, so wie Professor. Man möchte nicht nur als *Herr Müller* angesprochen werden.

It's not common practice in other countries, but in Austria it's decided by law that a title is part of a name. When you earn an academic degree, it will be added to your driving licence, passport, and the civil registry. There are lots of titles. Academic or official or professional ones. You can also acquire an honorary title such as Professor. People don't just want to be called *Mister who is a miller*.

Nein, er ist *Professor Doktor Doktor Magister*.

No, he is *the one who is a Professor Doctor Doctor Master*.

Da wird dann gar kein Nachname mehr verwendet. Der Österreichische Amtskalender, da sind alle Behörden von ganz Österreich drinnen. Das ist ein Buch mit ganz dünnem Papier, ungefähr 2 Finger hoch, und es beschreibt nur die formalen Titel und wie bestimmte Personen formal angesprochen werden sollten. Wie spricht man eine ausländische Hoheit an? Eine Präsidentin? Einen Senatsrat? Einen Botschafter aus dem Vatikan, wenn der ein apostolischer Nuntius ist?

So the surname no longer plays a role there. The Austrian Official Calendar lists all the authorities from all over Austria. It is a book with really thin paper, about 2 fingers high and it only describes the formal titles, and how certain people should be formally addressed. How does one address a foreign highness? A president? A senate councillor? An ambassador from the Vatican when he is an apostolic nuncio?

Der Titel spiegelt auch eine gewisse Gehaltsstufe wieder. Laut Beamtengezet im Gehaltsschema auf Stufe soundso hat er ein Mindestgehalt von Summe X und so weiter. Die Leute wissen einfach auf Grund des Titels: der ist in der Hierarchie oben und hat einen gewissen Wohlstand.

Titles also reflect a certain salary grade. According to the law governing the civil servants' salary scheme grade, So-and-So has a minimum salary of sum  $X$  and so on. People can tell simply from someone's title if one is pretty well off and higher up on the ladder.

Offiziell war es nicht so, aber früher, wenn ein Mann eine Frau heiratete, übernahm sie den Titel. Also mein Schulkollege, sein Papa war Arzt: *Herr Doktor*. Und die Mutter war Sprechstundenhilfe und hat sich als *Frau Doktor* anreden lassen.

Although it wasn't official in the past, when a man married a woman, she would take on his title. So my schoolmate's dad was a doctor: *Mister doctor*. And the mother was a surgery assistant and was addressed as *Missus doctor*.



Die Frauen haben das manchmal auch auf ihre Grabsteine draufgenommen.

Women often had that written on their gravestones too.

*Eisenbahnsingeneurswitwe.*

*The one who is a railway engineer's widow.*

*Hausbesitzerswitwe.*

*The one who is a house owner's widow.*

*Beamtenwitwe.*

*The one who is a civil servant's widow.*

*Hofratswitwe.* Das gibt es aber schon Jahrzehnte nicht mehr. Die Frauen haben die Titel jetzt selbst.  
*The one who is a court councillor's widow.* That hasn't existed for decades. Women have their own titles now.

Meine Chefin ist sehr bedacht darauf, dass wir auch wirklich das weibliche Geschlecht angeben. Also schreiben wir: Sehr geehrte *Hofrätin*.  
My boss takes special care to ensure that we really specify the female gender in titles. So, we have to write: Dear *one who is a court councillor*ess.

Wir hatten mal eine Landeshauptfrau, die wollte *Frau Landeshauptmann* genannt werden. Und ihr Stellvertreter war ein Mann.

We had a state governess once who insisted on being called *Missus who is a state governor*. And her deputy was a man.

Also dann gab es die Diskussionen: Ist er einfach nur *Herr Landeshauptmannstellvertreter*?

So discussions started: Should he simply be called *Mister deputy state governor*?

Oder *Frau Landeshauptmannstellvertreter*?

Or *Missus who is a deputy state governor*?

Oder *Herr Frau Landeshauptmannstellvertreter*?

Eigentlich haben wir den Adel nicht abgeschafft.

Wir haben ihn nur umbenannt.

Or *Mister Missus who is a deputy state governor*?

We didn't really do away with nobility, actually.

We have only renamed it.

Cara

Mar sin mar ghinealeolaí, téim chuig áiteanna agus fiafraím ar dhaoine: “An bhfuil aithne agat ar mo dhuine?” Agus leanann tu ort ag labhairt leo, go dtí go dtagann tú ar an Duine ceart. Tagann tú ar na seanmhná seo a bhfuil aithne acu ar gach mac máthar san áit, agus ar gach duine dá sinsir ag dul siar glúin

i ndiaidh glúine. Cé a chuaigh go Meiriceá, cé a chuaigh ar shlí na fírinne.

I'm a genealogist, and I often go to places and ask around: "Do you know So-and-So?" And I keep talking till I find the right person. You find these old women who just know everyone around and every one of their family members from generations back. Who went to America, who died.



Tá ginealas na hÉireann dúshlánach. Níl dada níos measa ná *O'Donnell* a chuardach i gContae Dhún na nGall.

Irish genealogy is challenging. My idea of hell is looking for *one who descended from the mighty one* in County Donegal.

Nó *Ryan* i dTiobraid Árann. Abair go bhfuil *John Ryan* agat agus tá 6 mac aige. Agus má bhreathnaíonn tú ar an gcéad ghlúin eile, tugann gach duine den 6 sin *John Ryan* ar mhac acu siúd. Agus tá nasc agus gaol eatarthu uile. Or *the one who is illustrious* in Tipperary. Say you have *one who is gracious, who is illustrious* and he has 6 sons. And if you look at the next generation, each of the 6 sons name their sons *the one who is gracious, who is illustrious*. And they are connected and related somehow.

Sula ndearnadh ionradh ar Éirinn, ba phobal fáinaíochta muintir na hÉireann. Leanaidís na tréada. Bunaíodh traidisiúin ar an bhfocal labhartha. Agus bhíodh cultúr againn ina raibh tábhacht faoi leith ag baint le reacaireacht ainmneacha agus logainmneacha. Tarlaíonn an rud ceannann céanna ar fud na hAfraice freisin. Before the various invasions, Irish lifestyle was nomadic. People would follow herds. Traditions were based on the spoken word. And we had a culture of the recitation of names and place names. That's what happens right across Africa as well.

Serge

Avec les Dogon et les Mandica d'Afrique de l'Ouest. C'est le modus operandi des bardes qu'on retrouve dans les traditions celtiques et scandinaves.



Avant de raconter une histoire, vous passer devez en revue toute la généalogie des héros. Pour donner une continuité à la famille dans l'espace et dans le temps. With the Dogon and the Mandica of West Africa. It's the modus operandi of the bards that you have in the Celtic and the Norse traditions. Before telling a story, the whole genealogy of the heroes has to be gone through. To give to the family continuity in space and time.

Mieke

Weet jij nog *Ayaan Hirsi Ali*, uit Somalië? Ze was een Nederlandse parlamentslid totdat haar staatsburgerschap werd ingetrokken. Ze zou namelijk tijdens haar eerste maanden als vluchteling over haar exacte naam hebben gelogen. Op de dag dat ze uit het parlement werd gezet, hield ze een inmiddels beroemde persverklaring, waarin ze al haar namen opnoemde. Do you remember *the one who is a gift from God, who is an amulet, who is sublime*, from Somalia? She was a member of the Dutch parliament until her citizenship was retracted. You see, she had allegedly lied about her exact name during her first months as a refugee. On the day of her expulsion from the parliament, she made now-famous press statement, where she called out all her names.

“Ik ben *Ayaan*,  
“I am *a gift of God*,

de dochter van *Hirsi*,  
the daughter of *the one who is an amulet*,

die de zoon is van *Magan*,  
who is the son of *the one who is a shelter*,

de zoon van *Isse*,  
the son of *the one who is salvation*,

de zoon van *Guleid*,  
the son of *the one who is a winner*,

de zoon van *Ali*,  
the son of *the one who is sublime*,

die de zoon is van *Wai'ays*,  
who is the son of *the one who is glowing with splendor*,

die de zoon is van *Muhammad*,  
who was the son of *the one who is praiseworthy*,

van *Ali*,  
of *the one who is sublime*,

van *Umar*,  
of *the one who is full of life*,

van het geslacht *Osman*,  
of the people *who are a young Otis tarda bird*,

de zoon van *Mahamud*.  
the son of *the one who praises*,

Ik ben van deze clan. Nu weet u mijn naam.”  
I am of this clan. You now know my name.”

En toen kondigde ze haar vertrek naar de Verenigde Staten aan.

And then she announced her departure to the United States.

Cara

Tá ortha ainmneacha—is é sin, ainmneacha Dé—ina dheasghnátha in go leor reiligiún. Is cuid de chultúr cuimhneacháin agus séantach é ar fud na cruinne mar d'uireasa corp, bíonn ról tábhachtach ag ainmneacha. Bhíodh seanchaithe ag uaisle na hÉireann ina gcúirt-eanna, a bhíodh in ann ginealas na n-uaisle sin a aithris de ghlanmheabhair. Ní bhíodh ann de ghnáth ach athair mac athair mac; is annamh a luafaí bean.

The invocation of names—that is, the names of God—is a ritual in many religions. It's also part of a culture of remembrance and resistance the world over, because in the absence of bodies, names play an important role. Irish aristocrats had historians in their courts who could recite their genealogy in poetry format by heart. You would only have the father of the son, the father of the son; a woman was very rarely named.

Mar dhearbhuí ar do chuid uaisleachta ata luaite againn, is é seo do ghinealach:  
As a proof of your coming from this noble blood we have mentioned, here is your ancestry:

O, *Fhearghail uí Ghadhra*,  
Oh, *the one who is valorous, who descended from the hound*,

*mhic Thaidhg*,  
*son of the one who is a poet*,

*mhic Oilealla*,  
*son of the one who is an elf*,

*mhic Dhiarmada*,  
*son of the one who is unenvious*,

*mhic Eoghain,  
son of the one who is a yew tree,*

*mhic Dhiarmada,  
son of the one who is unenvious,*

*mhic Eoghain,  
son of the one who is a yew tree,*

*mhic Thomaltaigh Óg,  
son of the one who is tumultuous and large, junior,*

*mhic Thomaltaigh Mór,  
son of the one who is tumultuous and large, senior,*

*mhic Dhiarmada,  
son of the one who is unenvious,*

*mhic Raighne,  
son of the one who is strong,*

*mhic Conghalaigh,  
son of the one who is valiant,*

*mhic Dhuinnsleíbhe,  
son of the one who is of the brown hill,*

*mhic Ruairí,*  
*son of the one who is a redhead,*

*mhic Dhuinnsléibhe,*  
*son of the one who is of the brown hill,*

*mhic Chonchobhair,*  
*son of the one the one who is a wise hound,*

*mhic Ruairc,*  
*son of the one who is a king,*

*mhic Gadhra óna sloinntear muintir Uí Ghadhra,*  
*son of the one who is a hound from whom the hound*  
*family are surnamed,*

*mhic Bhece,*  
*son of the one who is small,*

*mhic Fhlaithiosa,*  
*son of the one who is royal,*

*mhic Thaichligh,*  
*son of the one who is a peacemaker,*

*mhic Dhiarmada,*  
*son of the one who is unenvious,*

*mhic Fhionbhairr,*  
*son of the one who is fair,*

*mhic Bhréanainn,*  
*son of the one who is of the sorrow,*

*mhic Luí óna n-ainmnítear na Luighne,*  
*son of the one who is bright from whom the bright*  
*ones are named,*

*mhic Thaidhg,*  
*son of the one who is a poet,*

*mhic Céin,*  
*son of the one who is ancient,*

*mhic Oilella Oluim,*  
*son of the one who is a one-eared elf,*

*mhic Mhodha Nuadat,*  
*son of the one who is a catcher,*

*mhic Mhodha Neid,*  
*son of the one who is a warrior,*

*mhic Dheirg,*  
*son of the one who is red,*

*mhic Dheirgheinead,  
son of the one who is red fire,*

*mhic Loich Mhóir,  
son of the one who is from the lake,*

*mhic Mhuiredhaigh Mhuchna,  
son of the one who is lord of the sea,*

*mhic Eochaidh Ghairbh,  
son of the one who is a wild horse,*

*mhic Chairbre Luisc,  
son of the one who is a lame charioteer,*

*mhic Fhircuirb,  
son of the one who is a charioteer,*

*mhic Cobhthaigh Chaoimh,  
son of the one who is a gentle victor,*

*mhic Reachtadha Righdir,  
son of the one who has a red wrist,*

*mhic Luighdhigh Láighidh,  
son of the one who is bright,*



*mhic Eochaidh,  
son of the one who is a horse,*

*mhic Oilealla,  
son of the one who is an elf,*

*mhic Airt,  
son of the one who is a champion,*

*mhic Luighdhigh Láimhdheirg,  
son of the one who has a red hand,*

*mhic Éanna Dheirg,  
son of the one who is a red bird,*

*mhic Dhuaich Fhinn,  
son of the one who is kind,*

*mhic Sheadhna Ionnarraigh,  
son of the one who is the champion of the lake,*

*mhic Fhailbhe Iolcaraigh,  
son of the one who is spirited,*

*mhic Chais Chlothaigh,  
son of the one who is generous,*

*mhic Rothechtaigh,  
son of the one who is of the wheels,*

*mhic Rossa,  
son of the one who is a horse lord,*

*mhic Ghlaiss,  
son of the one who is blue,*

*mhic Nuadhat Deaghláimh,  
son of the one who is good-handed,*

*mhic Eochaidh Faobharghlais,  
son of the one who has the blue-edged sword,*

*mhic Conmhaoil,  
son of the one who is of the hounds,*

*mhic Láimhfinn,  
son of the one who is fair-handed,*

*mhic Chais Chédcoimhghnigh.  
son of the one who is of the first memories.*













































Breils Eolais: 01 222 2222

CCTV in operation for safety and  
reasons. For further information  
01 2222222

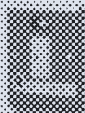
**Mind your head**































# Distorters

Nicoline van Harskamp

replace possessive pronoun with construction  
using "of"

*She is the daughter of my sister.*

*That is the book of her.*

replace possessive pronoun with definite article

*She really needs to wash the hair.*

replace possessive pronoun with personal pronoun  
and possessive "-s"

*I like they's way of speaking.*

replace personal pronoun with noun

*Has friend finished speaking?*

randomize use of subjective and objective case

*I am like she.*

*Her talks to me.*

randomize use of possessive determiners and  
possessive pronouns

*That idea is my.*

*Have you seen mine tools?*

apply "pass" in statements of comparison

*She is big pass her friend.*

add personal pronoun after name

*Sayyida she works there.*

replace female and male pronouns with plural  
pronouns

*They left their dog at home.*

replace personal pronouns with "person"

*What did person say about that?*

replace personal pronoun "we" with "you-me"

*You-me are all human beings.*

replace personal pronoun "we" with "you-me-together" to indicate duo

*You-me-together like to play chess.*

replace personal pronoun "we" with "you-me-the-three" to indicate trio

*You-me-the-three live in this house.*

replace second-person plural "you" with "yous"

*I hope yous feel welcome.*

add "and them" to personal name to indicate all others related to that person

*Sayyida and them will stay here from now on.*

replace "-self" or "-selves" with "-body" or "-bodies" in reflexive pronoun

*Don't blame yourbody for that mistake.*

*They know how to dress thembodies well.*

replace relative pronouns "that" and "which" with "what" and "who"

*All what we want is love.*

*She had a name who was long forgotten.*

replace relative pronouns with adjective structure

*They helped out the war-returned people.*

*She only picks the ripe-looking fruit.*

move noun modifier in front of noun that is modified

*This is a very difficult to pronounce word.*

replace adjective with noun

*Our site is a very safety place.*

apply degree adverb or quantifier to adjective

*She is very enormous.*

*Our place is less smaller than your place.*

replace adverbs of manner with description

*Come over here with speed!*

*She behaves in a suspicious way.*

apply gendered pronoun to refer to noun

*I lost my key so I must find her.*

apply countability to mass noun using plural "-s"

*Here you can get nice foods such as rices.*



apply countability to abstract noun using plural "-s"

*She has a lot of informations for you.*

add plural "-s" to adjective or pronoun followed by plural noun

*We had to walk steep paths.*

*They had to say goodbye to their friends.*

apply negation to all indefinite subjects and verbs in sentence

*Nothing has no value.*

*No dog bit no cat.*

omit contraction

*We do not think that is necessary.*

*She should not do it.*

randomize use of quantifiers

*I have many experience.*

*I don't want some.*

*It is much interesting.*

randomize use of determiner "such" and adverb "so"

*She is so an interesting person.*

*This is such simple.*

add plural "-s" to numbers greater than 100

*This takes 2 hundreds days.*

*There are 3 millions species.*

omit plural "-s" from nouns following numbers greater than 10

*She has 10 sisters and 11 aunt.*

omit ordinal numerals

*Today is the 8 of March.*

*She is the 6 visitor.*

create noun with adjective

*You catch crazy over there.*

create noun with adverb

*We always eat the afterwards.*

create verb with noun

*Let me dictionair that word.*

create verb with preposition

*Please out this fire.*

create verb with adjective

*She slowly olds.*

replace noun with similar sounding noun from another language

*She has a good imagination of technology.*

*What are today's weather perspectives?*

*Is it normal to smoke here?*

replace nouns related to natural phenomena with compound words

*The waterones are swimming upstream.*

*We watch the sunrise in the daystart.*

replace nouns and adjectives with words that sound similar in different phonetic production

*Her words sound wired to me.*

*This wood is too bandit to use it for building.*

*Walk north when you get to the rotondabout.*

apply metaphor or idiom by translating directly from another language

*Solidarity is our principal gun.*

*We have the continental love.*

*Stop singing that self-song to everybody.*

apply overcorrection to monolingual English idioms

*Let's call it the end of the day.*

*We have the best things of our 2 different worlds.*

*It takes 1 person to know the other one.*

apply ellipsis to noun or verb

*Do you speak my lang?*

*Start fix on positive things.*

*What's the prob?*

add suffix "-ward" for allative case

*We walk city-ward.*

replace suffix "-ly" with "-like" or "-time"

*Please do it quicklike!*

*She speaks very slowtime.*

add suffix "-mou" to personal name to indicate affection

*Thank you for your help, Sayyidamou.*

add prefix "un-" or "de-" to invert meaning of adjective or verb

*Stealing is ungood.*

*Let's deproceed.*

add prefix "plus-" to intensify adjective or verb

*Sharing is plusgood.*

add definite article to names of persons,  
countries, and days

*The Sayyida went to the India on the Monday.*

add definite article to possessive pronoun

*That one is the yours and this one is the mine.*

replace indefinite article "a" with "one" or "some"

*I asked one woman and she said you will see  
some bridge.*

replace definite article "the" with demonstratives  
"this," "that," or "these"

*As I was walking down this path, I spotted her in  
that distance.*

omit indefinite article after preposition

*The woman can't get there without boat.  
The dog is barking at cat.*

omit preposition in phrasal verb

*Let's speed the process.  
What are you laughing?*

replace modal verb "will" with "go"

*She always go find the right way.*

create first person plural imperative with "to let" and pronoun

*Let her to do it.*

replace inflected verb with series of verbs

*The animal run came by me.*

*Go be leave her.*

omit third-person singular verb ending "-s"

*She walk that way.*

replace non-auxiliary form of "to have" with description

*I use this spoon.*

*On me are these clothes.*

apply "to be" in present perfect or past perfect

*She is gone out.*

*She was gone out.*

replace non-auxiliary form of "to be" with "to exist"

*Many flowers exist here.*

replace non-auxiliary form of "to be" with "-be"  
after final word in sentence

*Here many birds-be.*

replace "to be" plus adjective with "to have"  
plus noun

*I have hunger.*

*I always knew I had reason!*

omit non-auxiliary form of "to be" in description  
of self

*I have a lot of length.*

*I work as a musician.*

replace auxiliary form of "to be" in passive  
sentence with "to become"

*The house becomes built.*

*I am becoming watched.*

omit auxiliary verb in negation

*We not consider this option.*

*She not serious about this.*

omit active agent in passive sentence

*The food was eaten.*

*I was hugged.*

replace auxiliary form of "to be" plus adjective  
with verb

*This idea fascinates.*

*The building fires.*

add "be-" to intransitive verb to activate passive  
sentence

*She be-sleeps the child.*

add "a-stay" after verb to indicate habit

*The grandmother cook a-stay.*

apply "do be" and verb in "-ing" form to indicate  
habit

*She does be organizing the family.*

add "-ing" to nonconclusive verbs

*I'm hearing you.*

*She is having no news from home.*

add "been" before verb to indicate past tense

*She been work at home yesterday.*

add "de go" to indicate future tense

*The festival de go happen in the evening.*



replace "-ing" form with "at this time" or "right now"

*She is swim at this time.*

*She is swim right now.*

replace gerund with infinitive verb

*Instead of to fight, they danced.*

replace gerund with relative clause

*I prefer that I play to that I work.*

randomize past and present verb tenses

*They realized that the boat is sinking.*

regularize tense endings in irregular verbs

*I finded out that she had already leaved.*

replace modal verbs "can" and "must" with reconstruction of meaning

*Is it the possibility that I leave?*

*It is the necessity that you eat something.*

add inflection to verb following modal verb

*I could went there.*

*I should stayed there.*

apply infinitive verb form as noun

*To love is good for you.*

replace "to" in infinitive form with relative clause using "that"

*I want that I go out.*

add "to" between modal and main verb

*She made me to do it.*

move noun phrase after relative clause

*The I-seen bird is a rare species.*

add pronoun related to subject in relative clause

*This is the name I heard it.*

omit conjunction words between clauses

*We looked, they disappeared.*

apply direct speech in reported speech

*She said I am going away.*

randomize use of direct and indirect questions

*She asked her if will she come with me?*

move verb to end of sentence

*Sayyida rules despises.*

move verb to beginning of sentence

*Dances she all day.*

move adjective after noun

*In the sky is a bird yellow.*

move past particle to end of sentence

*She was in an accident killed.*

move propositions to beginning or end of sentence

*At the clock she is looking.*

*She walked quickly in.*

move pronoun for person affected by verb directly  
after verb

*She explained me the problem.*

invert word order in question starting with  
"what," "when," "who," "why," "how," or "where"

*When started she to sing this song?*

move adverbs "what," "when," "who," "why,"  
"how," or "where" to end of question sentence

*You are late why?*

add "ce" to beginning of sentence to indicate question

*Ce she is back home?*

add question tag "no" to end of sentence to indicate question

*You are happy, no?*

replace adverb "when" with "what time"

*What time did you hear about it?*

replace adverb "who" with "what person"

*It is my sister what person went there.*

replace adverb "why" with "what reason"

*This is what reason I decided to stay.*

replace adverb "where" with "what place"

*I want to know what place my friends are.*

replace adverb "how" with "what way"

*What way did you know that?*

move topical subject to beginning of sentence

*Old people we must respect.*

add modal verb "should" to active sentence to create emphasis

*I want she should intervene.*

add modal verb sequence to create overall emphasis

*She will can do it.*

*She will must meet them.*

add particle "be" and adverbs to create emphasis

*Be she who lives there.*

*Be poverty that kills.*

apply passive form to change emphasis of sentence

*Anger was being spoken.*

add "not true?" to solicit agreement

*It's very beautiful, not true?*

add preposition after verb for emphasis

*We request for help!*

add reflexive pronoun before personal pronoun for emphasis

*Myself I have arrived.*

*It was us ourselves who did it.*

repeat meaning within a sentence to create emphasis

*I want to prefer to have that one.*

*She has sufficient enough experience for the task.*

omit specification of agency to soften sentence

*There happened a fight about money.*

apply abstract verbs and nouns to soften sentence

*A confrontation occurred between adversaries.*

apply ambiguous words and phrases to soften sentence

*You see, I guess to my mind this is somehow not necessary.*

omit first consonant from cluster at beginning of word

*tand* for *stand*

omit final consonant from cluster at end of word

*wor* for *word*

add vowel before consonant cluster at beginning of word

*e-sport* for *sport*

add vowel in between consonant cluster in center of word

*fi-lam* for *film*

omit vowel in consonant cluster in center of word

*siser* for *sister*

add vowel to end of word

*doga* for *dog*

move consonant order in word

*aks* for *ask*, *rolly* for *lorry*

replace diphthongs with monophthongs

*prad* for *proud*, *har* for *hair*

replace monophthongs with diphthongs

*she-ade* for *shade*, *u-old* for *old*

replace vowel at end of word to core vowel

*biggir* for *bigger*

apply voicing to unvoiced consonants

*bazic* for *basic*, *dime* for *time*, *grash* for *crash*,  
*brime* for *prime*, *zjoe* for *shoe*, *djoice* for *choice*

apply devoicing to voiced consonants

*face* for *phase*, *tove* for *dove*, *crow* for *grow*,  
*pond* for *bond*, *tsheens* for *jeans*

apply elongation to vowels

*fool* for *full*

apply shortening to vowels

*ship* for *sheep*

apply rounding to vowels

*shoe* for *she*

apply unrounding to vowels

*bay* for *boy*

randomize use of vowels

*match* or *mitch* for *much*, *farst* or *ferst* for *first*,  
*low* or *lew* for *law*

add palatal consonant to diphthongs

*boych* for *boy*, *daych* for *day*

apply palatalization to consonants

*dew* for *do*, *cyall* for *call*



apply rounding of vowel following consonants  
"p" and "f"

*pwaw* for *paw*, *fwun* for *fun*

apply breaking of consonant cluster "ng"

*sin-ker* for *singer*

omit nasalization of consonant cluster "ng"

*brink* for *bring*

apply nasalization to consonant cluster "nk"

*ling* for *link*

apply nasalization of consonant "m" at end of word

*drean* or *dreang* for *dream*

replace fricative consonants with plosive consonants

*pit* for *fit*, *tee* for *see*

unround consonant "w"

*foo* for *who*, *verk* for *work*

randomize use of alveolar consonants

*glade* for *grade*, *food* for *fool*

randomize rhotic and non-rhotic use of consonant "r"

*My mother has the powa.*

*My sista is a dancer.*

replace double consonant "tt" with glottal stop

*be'er* for *better*

replace consonant "h" with glottal stop or velar  
consonant

*'ome* or *chome* for *home*

replace voiced consonant "th" with non-dental  
consonant

*dees, zees, or vees* for *these*

replace unvoiced consonant "th" with non-dental  
consonant

*tink, sink, or fink* for *think*

omit vowels that cluster between words in sentence

*freeza bird* for *free as a bird*

PDGN

Nicoline van Harskamp

### Scene 3

Sayyida, Bato, and Chingshi take a rest from their foot journey to the restoration site. They discuss the origins of Chingshi's name, which is written in Mandarin characters on one of her luggage sacks. Sayyida tries to copy the characters in the sand with a stick.

Sayyida

tʃe dɪsbe tərʊ

*Ce this-way, true?*

Like this?

Chingshi adds a stroke to the character.

Chingshi

sola:g

*So-like.*

Like this.

nɔrtistəbanz ɛtəm ɾɪʃuwələti vatməni  
stɔkabiɾɔʃ ʃɔz ɛɾbiːsiː alakinamba  
*Northeast ones at them rituality  
what many stroke-a-brush yours  
A-B-C's are lucky-number.*

In the northeast they have traditions  
of how much brushstroke of your  
character is your lucky number.

kən teɪk det mʌŋ vai  
*Can take that monk-wise.*  
You get it from your monk.

Chingshi turns to Bato, who has taken sunscreen  
from one of the luggage sacks and has started  
applying it to her face, arms, and legs.

bini lɔŋgəstɔri tu siŋg obəneimɪŋ ɔbzu  
*Been-ear longest story to sing over  
naming of you?*  
I've heard there is a long story  
to sing about your naming?

Bato

bi tʃozə nemaself ʌntɪl daɪ  
lɪbabai neɪmɔ feɪt  
*Be-chosen name-a-self, until  
time live by name of Faith.*  
I live by name of Faith until  
I choose my own.

Sayyida, who had returned to the task of writing characters in the sand, suddenly looks up.

Sayyida

feɪd oː baɪd təru təru dəreɪdədə  
*Faith-o, word true true dreaded.*  
Faith, that dreadful word.

plɛn ɔdəɪlɔŋ kɒntamɪns dɪslɑɪtəd  
ɛnɪtɪn əfrɒm  
*Plen hundred-longs contaminates  
dislighted anything a-from.*  
Contamination of centuries have  
hiding all the light from it.

de mādəɹəmis dei ləvəɪ saʊnd  
faɪnɪn maʊzodəms

*De mother-a-me's they love her  
sound, fine in mouths of them.*

My mothers they liked the sound,  
pretty in their mouth.

ɪf ɡowɛv twɛl jɪːz wɪl bi ɪndrɒp də  
neɪtʃə ənɔɹdərɪfɔɹ faɪnd səlfweɪz

*If go have 12 years, will be indrop  
the nature anorder for find selfways.*

When we are going 12 years old,  
we are dropped into the nature  
to find our way.

ʃʊd ʃɪbi nɔŋkɔmpɹɛnd dɛɪz kruɹti  
momənt

*Should she be noncomprend, there  
is cruelty moment.*

This is moment of cruelty, if you  
could not comprehend it.

edwans satf kōmān teikīn kēi  
aidi:l̥nəs edwans ʔev selfnəs  
meikīnət fōjself

*At once such common taking  
care idealness, at once have selfness,  
making hot for yourself.*

From such ideal communal taking  
care, then at once you are by your-  
self, keeping yourself warm.

Chingshi nods approvingly.

Chingshi

pasədʒ inətə:l̥ɛg sām deinzə:l̥ɛz gudbi  
də tu: matf gifɔi meikīn kōnəfələns  
*Passage interlack some dangerous,  
could be the too much gift for  
making confalence.*

A passage that doesn't involve  
some danger, is too much a gift  
to create confidence.

Bato

nidədas tu fəɪsəbɹeɪg mədərɪm  
*Needed-us to force break mothering.*  
It's what we want to force to break  
from parenting.

əftədən kʌməbəʊ taim lət dəsaɪdən  
sɛlfɡɪvəneɪm  
*After then comeabout time let*  
*deciding self-given name.*  
Then after comes the time about  
decide your self-given name.

fəsəli də reɪvən batəl wəs tʃoɪsə mi  
*Firstly the Raven Battle was choice*  
*of me.*  
I chose Raven Battle at first.

Sayyida

kɪndʊə  
*Can-do.*  
As you do.



Bato

motif mainz eəɪz vɪdaɪz plɛgəz  
*Motives mines hairs with eyes blacks.*  
Because of my black eyes and hairs.

pas bæɪaɪm aɪtbəɪkɪm  
də mæɡənənɪmɪti sɪtaɪ  
əkɒmpənsɪta tʃoʊzən  
*Pass prime heartbreaking*  
*the Magnanimity Star*  
*acompensator chosen.*  
But after first heartbreaking I  
compensate as Magnanimity Star.

Sayyida laughs out loud at this. Bato shows no sign of embarrassment.

Sayyida

pɪkʃəɪt dʒʊvənɛsəns tɹʊwɪŋ sam  
neɪm wɪktaɪm  
*Picture it juvenescence, throughing*  
*some name weektime!*  
Imagine in puberty you are going  
through one name a week!

Chingshi

nəvabın dəsaırın fɔɹ tigələ neɪ  
*Never been desiring for ticular name?*  
You never had a real desire for a  
particular name?

Sayyida

dıfəratəli ʃɔɹ tigələɹi nəwa  
*Differently fasure, ticulary never.*  
Just different one but no  
particular one.

Bato

gəɹənli neɪm ʔɛz minɪŋ ɔv ʃɪp  
*Currently name has meaning of “ship.”*  
My today name means “vessel.”

tɹɛwɔlsɛns kɒnɛkʃən ɔɹ kɛn go  
maɪntɹɛwɔl so  
*Travelsense connection or can go  
mind travel so.*  
In the sense of travel, or mind  
travel also.

bato nono ʔaʊ keim daʊn ʒɪ ɛbəɹɪs  
wat pɜːsən fɪnɪʃ bi

*Bato—know no how came down,  
her, ever this what person finish be.*

Bato—I don't know how it came  
down but this what I end up as.

Sayyida

watɪn saʊtwes dasbi teɹk tə neɪmseɪk  
wɪ tə ɡɹɛmas

*Why in southwes does be take the  
namesake with the granmas.*

So in the southwest they use to take  
our namesake from the grandmas.

Chingshi

tatʃɪŋ əspɒt ɛkzɪs

*Touching spot exis!*

It's touchy spot!

Sayyida

tufa

*Too sure!*

For sure!

bi jüzɗ fɪɔ mi mɑdɐɪəz dɛt uɔl dɪŋs  
sɪmɐləɪ tʃɪld bɪlɔŋɪn kɪŋk  
*Be-used from mine mothers that old  
things, similar “child belong king.”*  
My mothers also use that old  
things like “child of a king.”

ɛwəɾɑ wɑfɔ ʃubi spɔk xɛɾətɪs laɪg  
sɑtʃ trʊ  
*Ever a what for should be spoken  
of her heritees like such, true?*  
But why mention your family  
has heritage like such?

ɛgzɛb fɔ mɑɪ dʒaɪlnəs kənɔt lav zadʒə  
nɛɪm  
*Except for my childness, cannot love  
such name.*  
Apart from in my childhood,  
I don't like that name.

Bato, aware of all Sayyida's names, adopts  
a teasing tone.

Bato

dʒəd wɒndəɪ wəd ɛgzɪs  
*Ce had wonder what exist?*  
I was wondered what is it?

Sayyida

rɛfjuːzeɪtɪn pʊtɪn maʊt  
*Refusating putin mouth!*  
I don't want to say it!

Sayyida suddenly gets up.

Bato

ɡəd  
*Get?*  
Come on?

Sayyida

nɛbəd nɛbəd  
*Never, never!*  
No, never!

Sayyida erases the characters in the sand with her feet.

ai jüzədəne:ŋ afta mada ais et  
blu:ms de deistaɪ

*I used to name after mother:  
Ice ats Blooms de Daystart.*

I have been named after my  
mother: The Ice on the Flowers  
in the Morning.

ajəm bɪntəbɔn wɪtɪs dei də ɛgəsta  
kul saʊtə keɪm

*I am winterborn with this day the  
extra cool south-a-came.*

Because I born in winter and that  
day from the south come extra cold.

əbaɪ pənəfeɪʃən tɪs neɪm so  
sɪmɪləɪzən ʌnləki

*Ever by pronunciation this name  
is so similarizing unlucky.*

But in pronunciation this name  
is very similar with bad luck.

Sayyida and Bato laugh out loud at Chingshi.

Bato

dze bai glaʊ no dzu: sam nei  
*Ce by cloud know choose some name?*  
You chose the name by the weather?

Chingshi

sam nei sam naʊm simbəli  
*Some name some noun simply.*  
A name is just a noun.

kʊ bi ɛni wa:ɪs  
*Could be any words.*  
It can be any words.

wɪfɔ: ətɛl waʔeɪdʒ wɪl jʊwev al seɪm  
dʒɛnəreɪʃən wɪlbi ɛtəm seɪm mɪdneɪm  
*With for tell what age will you have,*  
*all same generation will be at them*  
*same mid-name.*  
And for to tell how old are you, all  
the same generation has the same  
middle name.

wədi ɛnsəsata dəzaidɪŋ dət wə  
pəʔɪsən pɪkɪn təʔowɪn təi: ɒvəsto:ns  
*Very ancestor does be deciding  
that, what person picking throwing  
3 of stones.*

It used to be decide by very  
ancestors, who picked that from  
like 3 throwing stones.

Sayyida proudly points the stick up in the air.

Sayyida

zeɪa neɪma ɪzda masata  
*Say-her-namer is the master.*  
The one who gives the name  
is the master.

ma:ɪself a: self tʃʊs ne:m fɪ nɒpɒti se:  
ʒɪ fɜ:ɪst  
*Myself I self-chose name with nobody  
say her first.*  
I choose my nickname by myself  
and no one called me.



ʃə mi:nz pas mos bəswan  
*She means: pass most bes-one.*  
It means: the best.

Sayyida throws away the stick and takes the  
sunscreen from Bato.

Bato

waiz wanzə saʊ wəs pɪno watpərs  
dʒaɪls ɪs bi taɪm  
*Wise ones of southwest pre-know  
whatperson childs is be-time.*  
Before in southwest old people  
know who the children are before.

ri:sən bi:ɪv dʒaɪldəs sətʃ neɪm  
*Reason be-give child-es such name.*  
So they give them that name.

ədɑɪm evədəns dɪs ɪn momənt əlʊkɪn ɪt  
*Adime evidenced this in moment  
a-looking it.*  
At times there is proof the moment  
they look at it.

Bato touches a birth mark on her upper arm.

saf ma:kins pərsən ɔn dʒaɪlbadi kɛ:n  
*Such markings person on chil-body can.*  
Maybe some marks on the child's  
body that the other person had.

i bæheɪvɪn kɛ:n  
*Y behaving can.*  
Or the way it behaves.

wɛn baɪ sam məsteɪk ɪs meɪ sam  
məsteɪk ʃʊd sɪkən ɪmi:diə  
*When by some mistake is made some  
mistake, should sicken immediate.*  
But if by mistake they make a mis-  
take, it will fall sick immediately.

Bato sighs.

əgeɪn geɪn bi go ask  
*Again can be go ask.*  
Then they will go again and ask.

Sayyida

sautwəsəter jʊs rəlɪdʒən neɪms fə  
rɪːsən mʌst kɪp fəla bæliːf ɪs fəla  
*Southwestern is use that religion  
names, for reason must keep follow  
belief is follow.*

In southwest also they use the religion  
names, because they have to keep  
to what is their belief that they follow.

Bato

dʒə njes də maɪ kʌltʃʌli dən  
rəlɪdʒəkʌli  
*Ce nyes the more culturally than  
religically?*

Is just maybe more cultural than  
religical?

Sayyida

tʃe tə mɪljaneɪms ət tɛŋ, nəba ɪs  
no ʌl kʌltʃə, no  
*Ce the million names at them,  
never all is no culture, no?*  
They have million names, all  
of this cannot be culture?

əbsolʊdəli ɛnɔbi neɪmɪn weɪ zɑnfɑɪn  
*Absolutely cannot be naming way  
Sunshine.*

Absolutely they cannot give the  
name like Sunshine.

əɾɪz di ɑdɛnəti wɪtə mɛmɔri ɪn neɪm  
ɛksɛkəli  
*There is the identity with the memory  
in name exactly.*

It's the identity and the memory in  
the name exactly.

Chingshi

əbaʊ nɔɾətə mi ɪrɪs lɑɾənətɒp ɛvətɪŋ  
ŋu lɑŋɡɪs  
*About north me hears is learned-up  
everything new langis.*

I heard in north, they learn made-  
up language everything new.

sigis letə bin ifu in sam sentə  
ɔtomeɪfən sigəl-fə-sigəl bin-livin  
*Si-gis letter being issue in some  
center automation, single-for-single  
being-living.*

A central automation issues 6  
letters that are unique to each  
living individual.

widəd onli ni: dis wan ne:  
*With that only need at them this  
one name.*

And they need only this name.

Bato

dʒə las neim nəva  
*Ce last name never?*  
No last name?

dʒə nʌmba nəva  
*Ce number never?*  
No number?

Chinghshi

fi:lɪŋkɪmpɔrətənli də neim fɔʔ sɛlfs  
dʒətʒɪmənɛitəd wɛɪ fɔmɔf noɪz ɔɪ  
aɪz ɔf bɔdi dʊ

*Feeling importantly the name for  
selves, determinated way form of  
nose or high of body do.*

The name feels like an important  
part of the self, but it's chosen no  
more than the nose or the height.



Nyumba za wafanyakazi wanaolipwa malipo duni.



Nimengoja kwa muda mrefu sana.





Tulieni, hakuna haja ya haraka.

因为我们需要的随着经历而形成的语言

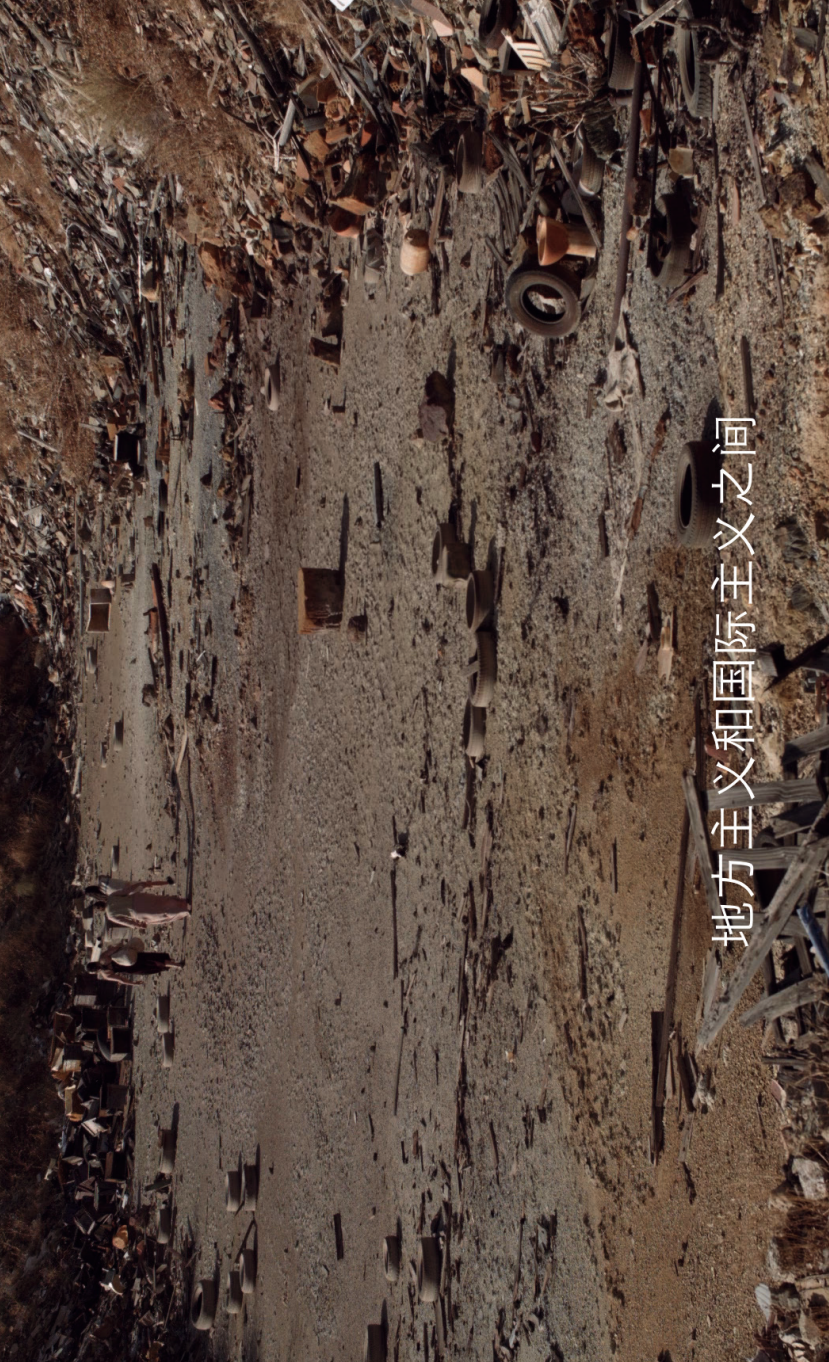






在学一种人造的新语言

# 地方主义和国际主义之间





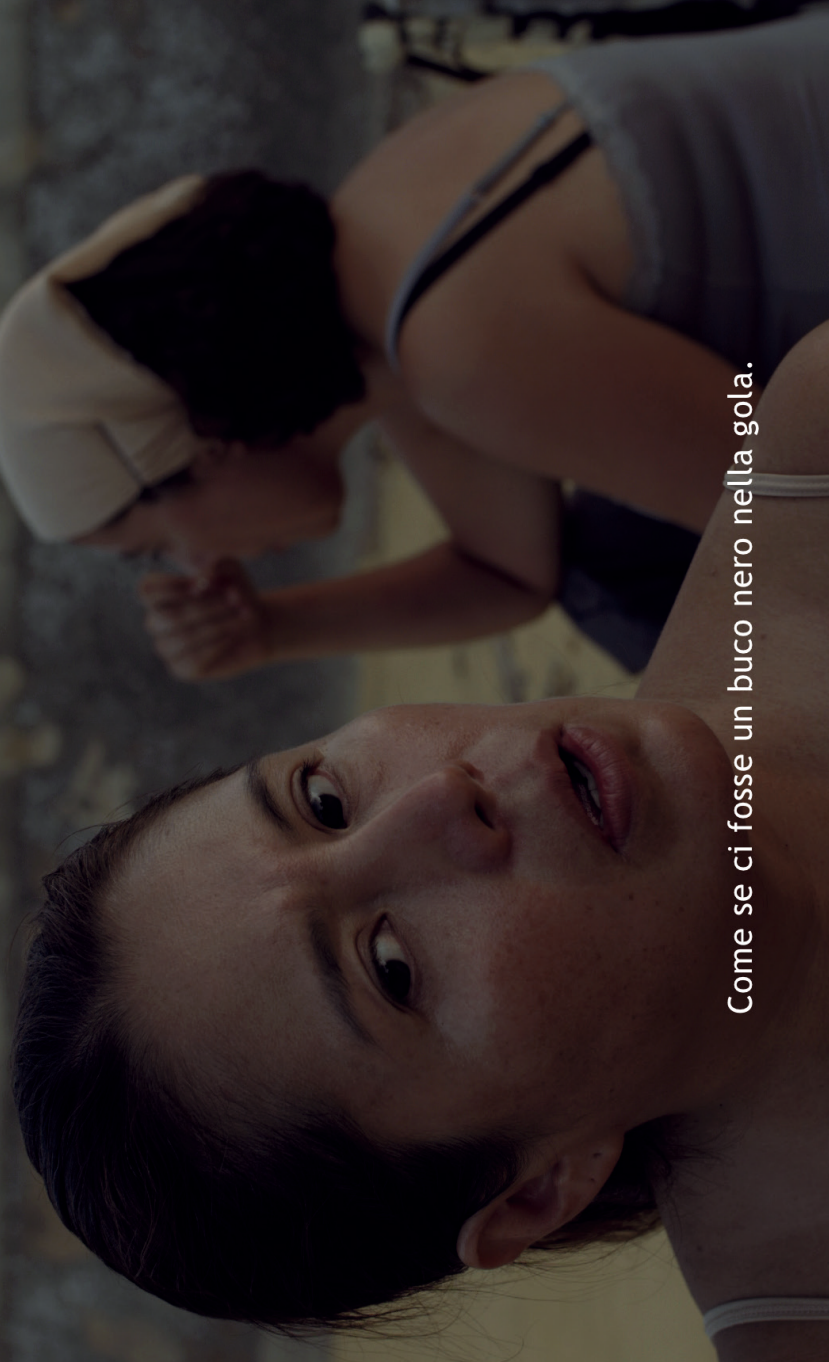
高科技园



A close-up, low-angle shot of a woman with long dark hair, smiling broadly with her eyes closed. She is wearing a white tank top. In the background, two other women are visible, one in a grey tank top and black shorts, and another in a grey tank top and black shorts, both appearing to be in motion, possibly dancing or exercising. The setting is a gym or dance studio with wooden floors and white walls.

C'è una melodia in ogni frase.





Come se ci fosse un buco nero nella gola.

A close-up, vertical photograph of a woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a white spaghetti strap top. She is looking down and slightly to her left with a thoughtful or somber expression. The background is blurred, showing what appears to be a gym or dance studio with other people in the distance.

Come una specie di esplosione dei toni acuti.



A close-up, low-angle shot of a woman with dark hair, wearing a light-colored headscarf and a dark tank top. She is looking down and slightly to the side, with her hand near her mouth in a contemplative or listening pose. The background is blurred, showing other people in a dimly lit indoor setting.

Lo posso vedere nella tua voce.

A photograph taken from a high angle looking down at a person's shadow cast onto a vast expanse of bright red sand. The shadow is dark and elongated, showing the person's head, torso, and arm. A thin, dark stick or branch lies on the sand, extending from the person's hand towards the right. In the upper right corner, there are some dark, jagged rocks. The lighting is bright, creating sharp shadows and highlighting the texture of the sand.

Jag vet inte hur det kom sig, Bato.



A woman with dark hair pulled back is smiling and looking down. She is wearing a brown zip-up jacket. The background consists of layered, light-colored rock formations, possibly a canyon wall. The text is positioned in the lower right area of the image.

På grund av mina svarta ögon och hår.

A close-up, low-angle shot of a woman with long, dark hair looking upwards. She is positioned in the lower half of the frame, her head tilted back and eyes directed towards the upper right. The background is a rugged, rocky cliff face with various shades of brown, tan, and grey. The lighting is warm and directional, coming from the upper left, which casts soft shadows on her face and highlights the textures of the rock. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

Jag hörde att det var diskussioner om ditt namn?

A close-up, vertical photograph of a woman with dark hair styled in a braid. She is looking down with her eyes closed, resting her head against a rough, textured wall. The wall has a mix of light and dark brown tones, suggesting a natural or aged surface. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of the wall and the woman's features.

De kan absolut inte ge ett namn som Solsken.





# Woman on the Edge of Time

Marge Piercy

Then at last she felt something. At once she begged, “Luciente, let me visit!”

The presence grew stronger. “Grasp, you could be a sender too. What a powerful and unusual mix!”

“Don’t flatter me.”

“Why not praise strengths? Speak good when you can, and critting doesn’t sting. Clear, now, clear hard.”

She felt Luciente’s firm embrace and then she stood in her hut.

“We lost you suddenly last time.” Luciente hugged her. “You weren’t injured?”

“I think if I remember something too well it breaks this—whatever you call this link.”

“Could be you stop catching when you attend shifts. I guess we’ll get used to these abrupt discorporatings and hoppings to and fro in time.” Luciente was wearing shorts and a sleeveless shirt. She reminded Connie of an athlete, of a woman tennis player; except that they were hardly ever as dark as Luciente. Bee, on the bed’s edge, wore a long red and black robe covered with fine embroidery that stiffened it, with a softly rolled hood cast back on his broad shoulders.

“Come!” Luciente urged her, huskiness catching with haste. “Hurry! Bee’s coms wait.”

Indeed, squatting carefully outside so as not to stain their costumes were two women as dressed up as Bee, women she recognized from the lunch table. One wore a long shirt and leggings of soft pale deer-skin much worked with shell and quill appliqué; she had braided her long black hair with strips of dyed leather into a tower precariously fastened. The other’s chestnut hair was loose and she wore long filigree earrings and a flowing blue gown. With quick grace both women rose to greet them.

Sitting a little apart on a stone was a fair-haired girl, yes, of thirteen or so. This child was easy for Connie to distinguish because her cotton shirt was open all the way down like a jacket, and her small cups of breasts were visible as she got up and turned toward them. The skin of her chest looked tattooed. Connie stared. As they moved into a close group, she could see it was paint. The girl wore pants and that open shirt and had at her feet a basket, which now she swung up to wear like a rucksack. She also picked up a bow and slung it over her shoulder. Connie could see at her waist a knife sheath, hanging under the shirt-as-jacket.

“This is our child, Innocente. Innocente, here is Connie, from the past.” Bee turned to her, stately today in his movements. “This day is Innocente’s naming.



Otter, Luxembourg, and I are about to leave together by floater to see per safely landed. We've been Innocente's mothers, and this is end-of-mothering."

"As if you won't be tumbled to get rid of me!"

Innocente stuck out her tongue at him.

"You guessed it. We plan to drop you in the bay."

"Except that you float like a bladder." Otter, the woman in deerskin, spoke.

"When I'm eaten by a bear, you'll bottom!"

Otter slipped her arm around Innocente. "A skinny bit like you? And tough! Like chewing a locust wood."

"Do you not want to go?" asked Luxembourg, in the flowing blue dress. "Say it—don't comp yourself. If the time isn't ripe, wait. We're not nipping to let you escape us."

Innocente screwed up her nose, kicking at the stone with new-looking heavy boots. "Fasure I want to go. It's not that I'm running eager to get away from you lugs. Only, my two best friends are already youths. I think it's time. I keep dreaming about going. Besides, what a ticky name you stuck me with. What am I supposed to be Innocent of?"

"You said that twice you dreamed going," Otter commented. "That sounds right. Nobody ever feels yin-and-yang sure."

"Of that or anything else on earth." Bee stroked the child's shoulder. "You have me to blame. Innocente was a naming from the heart, partly for Luciente,

who speaks Spanish. We'd been lovers only a short time. Partly I like the sound, pretty in the mouth. Finally I'd just finished a task period working on reparations in the former colonies, when I came home and put in to be a mother. I'd been traveling for a year in Latin America. It made me brood about those centuries of the rape of the earth, the riches stolen, the brutalizing and starving of generations ... toward that day when all trace of that pillaging will be healed. ... That's how you got named. It's up to you now to improve on it." Bee stepped back. "Did you sharpen your knife?"

"Fasure. I checked everything. Canteen, stringing of my bow, arrow points." Innocente looked at Connie. "Are you coming?"

"I don't know," she said. "Just where are you going?"

"Where it's been decided." Innocente gave a dry, choppy laugh.

"Innocente will be dropped into one of the wilderness areas we use," Luciente said. "This is how we transit from childhood to full member of the community."

"Drop her in the wilderness? Alone?" Her voice rose.

"Fasure I'll be alone," Innocente said with indignation. "What point would there be, at now? I've been in the woods plenty."

Connie turned to Bee. "Does she stay out there overnight?" They had to be crazy.

“For a week. Then the aunts person selected—advisers for the next years—return per her. Not us.” Otter adjusted her elaborate hair.

“But *they* won’t be able to speak to me for three-month when I come back.” Innocente sounded gleeful. “They aren’t allowed to.”

“Lest we forget we aren’t mothers anymore and person is an equal member. Threemonth usually gives anyone a solid footing and breaks down the old habits of depending,” Otter went on.

“Suppose she breaks a leg. Suppose she’s bitten by a snake. Suppose she gets appendicitis!”

Bee smiled at her almost sadly. “We take the chance. We have found no way to break the dependencies without some risk. What we can’t risk is our people remaining stuck in old patterns—quarreling through what you called adolescence.”

“A rite of passage that doesn’t involve some danger is too much a gift to create confidence,” Luxembourg said in her soft, rather deep voice.

“I’m afraid to go ... but I’m willing, fasure. How come you don’t talk to me? You only talk to them,” Innocente said to Connie.

“How can you know what you’re getting into? You’re only a child!” She turned to Bee. “It’s criminal dropping her with wild animals and poison ivy and who knows what? How is she supposed to eat and clean herself and take care?”

"I know what to eat in the woods! I'm twelve and a half, not four. I can fly a floater myself, you ask if I can't! There's only one other twelve-year-old who flies a floater alone in this whole township. You can't expect me to go through life with an unearned name, stuck on me when I wasn't conscious yet! How can I go deep into myself and develop my own strength if I don't get to find out how I am alone as well as with others? ... Zo?"

Luciente took Connie's hand. "I see it's strange to you. But your young remained economically dependent long after they were ready to work. We set our children free."

Bee shook out the folds of his robe. "Come see us off. It's time. Come with us in the floater if you like, or stay with Luciente and person can show you the children's house. We have an hour's flight. We want Innocente to have long hours of daylight to fix camp, scout food, and take stock of the area."

Innocente strode off and they fell in behind. Soon they were ambling together, Innocente arm in arm with Luxembourg, who murmured in her ear soft cautions and advice, while Luciente and Otter walked linked, Luciente telling a broad story about Neruda's naming.

"You're just going to toss her out in a parachute into the woods and run away?" Connie asked Bee.

"Parachute? We lower per to the ground and mark the spot with a radio beacon and big red marker."

Luciente leaned close, grinning. "We haven't misplaced a child yet. You're right, accidents happen. . . . But why try to control everything? Grasp, we think control interferes with pleasure and with communing—and we care about both."

"I won't go along. I don't want to see a child abandoned!"

"Connie, can't you see Innocente wants to go?"

"Kids can be brainwashed into wanting any piece of garbage. My . . . own child cried for a week once for a mechanical walking man she saw on the TV that cost so much I couldn't believe it. Should I have let us go hungry two weeks to buy it to stop her tears?"

"We'll see them away. They'll be happier alone. It's tender, end-of-mothering. Comprend, we sweat out our rituals together. We change them, we're all the time changing them! But they body our sense of good."

Gently Bee adjusted Innocente's jacket. "Don't slow or trance till you build your shelter, grasp?"

As they came over a small rise, they faced a bigger hill. Cut into its side was what appeared to be a hangar, its top standing open like a box with the lid up. Three grasshopper machines the size of police helicopters stood inside. The hangar was built much larger than needed to accommodate them, as if sometimes it might hold more of them or something else besides.

A blond woman wearing overalls came toward them from the floater in front. She was tanned, her

cropped hair was shoved up in a bandanna, her nose reddened by the sun, her eyes wide and blue, and her wiry arms were daubed with grease. "Zo, a good naming, Innocente. You're off now?"

"You go the floater ready, Red Star?"

"All checked. You flying today?"

"Ha! They said no. What do you think?"

"You don't even know where you're going, or have you guessed?"

"If I did, they'd change it."

Slowly other people came drifting toward the hangar from the cornfields, the intensively cultivated gardens, from the fooder and the brooder, from huts scattered among the gardens, from the free-form buildings they called just-grews. From the river docks where she could see a variety of conventional and odd, high-in-the-water fishing boats, diving gear, nets and winches, more people strolled toward them. They embraced Bee, Otter, and Luxembourg, they waited for Innocente to leave prowling over the machine so they could greet her. Luciente remained with Connie up on the rise, a little apart. This day had the feeling of a slightly formal but familial occasion, of a great big clan saying goodbye to someone going off to the army or getting married. Of course they were far too many for a real family. Not even her own Comacho clan back in El Paso, with additional strength up on a visit from Chihuahua, could muster

such numbers to see them off when they left in their old Ford for Chicago and the promise of work in the steel mills, the last time she had seen gathered in one spot so many people related by blood.

Except of course they weren't. Nobody here knew what that meant. They just acted as if they were. They were kissing and hugging and Otter was beginning to weep. Innocente finally turned from her perhaps embarrassed fumbling with the floater to let people greet her. Even she did not seem to find the embraces or the tears upsetting. Luciente had left Connie to hug Bee, and both of them were crying. Big fat tears rolled down Bee's broad face. Imagine Claud crying! Even when they sentenced him, he had grinned and shrugged and said out of the corner of his mouth, "Shit, could be worse. Time's hard, but you do it, and it's gone." Once again they reminded her of children, even the men. Only Innocente did not weep, stubbornly eager.

Blowing her nose on a big multicolored handkerchief, Luciente clambered back to her. "Ah me, ah my," she was sighing as she came. Bee and Jackrabbit were embracing now, that skinny rambling kid who was Luciente's lover, too.

"Luciente, sometimes a child must have to do without mothers. If someone dies? If someone goes away? What would happen to your child if suppose you went to California? Is there still a California, or



did it fall in the sea? Are you allowed to go, or do you have to stay here? Anyhow, could you take your daughter, or wouldn't your comothers let you?"

"Ay, so many questions! Fasure I can go if I want to. How would I work well, how would I contribute to my village if I didn't want to be here? We try not to leave when we're mothering. But if I comped I had to go, Dawn would stay. Because to leave would be a terrible uprooting. Then if the child was old enough, person would choose a third mother. If not, we'd volunteer. Every child has three. If we die, the same." Luciente blew her nose again, emphatically, in the handkerchief of complex and gaudy pattern (a gift handkerchief, Connie thought: I bet people still give each other handkerchiefs when they can't think of anything else).

The drifting to and fro, the greeting and well-wishing, the embracing and weeping, the patting and hugging and hand clasping, rose to a frenzied peak and Bee, Otter, and Luxembourg in their finery climbed into the floater with Innocente. Luxembourg was piloting. They all waved and shouted. Baskets of lunch were handed in and what looked like a bottle of champagne. "Come back with a strong name!" "Have a powerful dream!" "Don't fix on lonely!" "See you in a week!"

At last the floater, painted with a swirly design in pastels, put out a bag apparatus above it and rose

slowly, gracefully, and quietly. It soared to perhaps a thousand feet and then sailed off, with another device turning and twittering on it. Smoothly it paddled off through the air silent as a balloon and was soon gone. Once again Luciente blew her nose in the handkerchief of many colors and stuffed it in a pocket of her shorts as Jackrabbit strode from the eddies of leavetaking to hug her. Yes, they were not like Anglos; they were more like Chicanos or Puerto Ricans in the touching, the children in the middle of things, the feeling of community and fiesta. Then, after all that carrying on, everybody walked away cheerful enough, serene. Jackrabbit sauntered with his hand cupped on the nape of Luciente's neck.

"Luciente, that handkerchief—was it a present?" Connie asked.

"This one? Fasure, from Dawn for Mother's Day. Dawn made it p'self!"

"Mother's Day?" She laughed. "You still have Mother's Day!"

"We have tens and tens of holidays," Jackrabbit boasted. "For famous liberators. For important events, like the domesticking of corn and wheat. The turning of the sun north and south. Famous struggles . . . Didn't your society use rituals to body what you thought good? Like your football games, parades, public executings—"

"We didn't do that! That was in the old times, way before."

"I thought on your primitive holies—"

"TV, you mean? At least we had regular programs!"

"Didn't you view bombings, burnings, stabbings? Shootings of people? In every group, spectaclers body ideas of good. Always people try to be good as they see it, no?" His free hand waved.

They were strolling down the hill toward the village. "I don't know. We have a religious idea of being good—a bit like what you call good, being gentle and caring about your neighbor. But to be a good man, for instance, a man is supposed to be ... strong, hold his liquor, attractive to women, able to beat out other men, lucky, hard, tough, macho we call it, *muy hombre* ... not to be a fool ... not to get too involved ... to look out for number one ... to make good money ... Well, to get ahead you step on people, like my brother Luis. You knuckle under to the big guys and you walk over the people underneath. ..." She shrugged wearily, passing the huts crawling with grapevines and roses, the orchards hung with small green fruit, the covered tanks where fish were spawning under translucent domes. Growth seemed to swarm over the land. "Good? My mother was good. What did it get her except to bleed to death at forty-four? Looking like she was sixty." She wished sharply for a cigarette, but she had not seen any here and she remembered Luciente's fear. "I was never able to do good enough

to feel good, never able to do bad enough to do me any good.”

And older woman came up beside them, holding out her hand to Connie. “I’m White Oak. I work in the same base as Bee and Luciente. You’ve been pointed out to me and, grasp, we gossip about you. But we’ve never met. My child named herself this month too—I mean the one who was my child. That one is Thunderbolt now, and we can’t talk for another seven weeks.”

“Thunderbolt!” Luciente savored it. “I hope we’re not in for a summer of titanic names. Leaping Lightning. Stupendous Fireball. The Earth Dances, The Stars Stand Still. Heroic Revolutionary Fervor. Mao Susan B. Ferenzi. Freedom through Constant Struggle.”

“I suppose you selected Luciente right off,” Jackrabbit crooned, giving her hair a tug. “I suppose you were too sensible, even at thirteen, ever to pick a silly name.”

“Actually I called myself White Light when I came from my naming, so you see I haven’t drifted far. But to confess, I went through the usual oddities. When I was first with Diana, I called myself Artemis.”

“Actually the twin of Artemis was Apollo. Or did you want to be Diana?” Jackrabbit moved beside them, loose-jointed, shambling. “You wanted the moon, Luci, instead of recognizing yourself a creature of the broad pragmatic day.”

"I was a Panther for a while myself," White Oak said. "As if I'd ever see one, except on the holi. And Liriope—that's a plant we were breeding for erosion control on the old blast sites when I was first in our base."

"I fancy that one," Jackrabbit said. "Liriope..." He leaped ahead to assume a position as flowering plant, head hung back, mouth open, arms arched above his head.

"Venus flytrap," White Oak said. "Don't tease *me*. I remember too well when you moved here, you were going through a name a week."

"Lord Byron, One Who Crests the Wave, Dark Moon, Wild Goose..." Luciente crooned.

"And I walked into the fooder one day and you told me you were going to give me my name of the week, Wild Porkchop. That was the first time I noticed you. Now you'd better forget—I'm meaner than you are!" He hopped to Connie's side. "Did you never have another name? Or do you just keep changing that second name?"

They were walking a broad path beside the tidal river. Every twenty feet wooden benches stood. White Oak took a seat at a table, inviting them to stare at the flow of the currents, the tide washing slowly in. A high in the water Goat skimmed past them, going downriver against the tide.

"It's funny, but the way you talk reminds me of people in ... in the institution where I'm locked up. ...

A lot of the time we don't talk to each other there, but there are ... fewer fences than outside. Anyhow, in a way I've always had three names inside me. Consuelo, my given name. Consuelo's a Mexican woman, a servant of servants, silent as clay. The woman who suffers. Who bears and endures. Then I'm Connie, who managed to get two years of college—till Consuelo got pregnant. Connie got decent jobs from time to time and fought welfare for a little extra money for Angie. She got me on a bus when I had to leave Chicago. But it was her who married Eddie, she thought it was smart. Then I'm Conchita, the low-down drunken mean part of me who gets by in jail, in the bughouse, who loves no good men, who hurt my daughter. ...”

When she stopped short, the others were silent but did not seem scared or judgmental. As usual, Luciente spoke first. “Maybe Diana could help you to meld the three women into one.”

“I had a warring self in me when I was thirteen. The things I wanted, I didn't think I should want, so I put them out of myself to plague and threaten me.” Jackrabbit spoke with an ironic lilt, but not an irony aimed at her. “I tore so, I saddened I'd gone through my naming. I wanted to return to the children's house, with my mothers ready to fuss when I called them. I had begun to train as a shelf diver, but I didn't want to do that; at the same time I couldn't feel what I did want. ... You don't at core believe

you're three women—that's a useful way to talk about your life. But I did believe the ocean was trying to drown me, cause I felt swallowed by the training. ..."

"What happened to you?" she asked him.

"I went mad with fear. In the madhouse I met Bolivar and he was good for me in learning to say that initial 'I want, I want.' I had played a lot as a child with paints and with holies and I felt ... almost alive then. I had to do that in the center of my life. I had to follow my comps through and even push it. So Bolivar and I want to study with Marika of Amherst. Then I studied in Provincetown with Blackfish. You see, I'm a needy type and every time I lack, I add on. The next time I jagged, I grabbed Luciente."

"You came from Fall River?" White Oak asked him.

He nodded. "I moved here with Bolivar."

"Our gain." White Oak grinned. "Not for your winning disposition always, but you make pretty things and strong holies. In the shop yesterday was a screen-batching the new tintos of Luciente turning her belly up to the sun."

"White Oak, you graze me," Luciente said. "How can you say it's my belly?"

"Person has a good belly," Jackrabbit said. "I like good round bellies. Like yours, White Oak."

They were flirting right in front of Luciente and nobody seemed to care. White Oak must have been twenty-five years older than Jackrabbit, although they

were so athletic it was hard to tell for sure. White Oak's hair was abundant and worn loose, but she had a network of deep laugh lines around her eyes and mouth.

White Oak's kenner made a noise. "Here I am, White Oak," she said to it.

"Zo, are we running to crack the new test today or not?" A sharp voice rose from her wrist. "We're limping with Bee off till three and Luciente off till who knows when."

"Flying." White Oak sighed. "Since coordinating this six, Corydora watches the clock as if it could couple with per!"

"No slinging mates. Corydora's doing a good job," Luciente said. "Even if person does try to hand me guilt on a plate about being called up for the time proj. Too bad you lugs have to stiff it twice as hard." She made a mock-pious face.

"Corydora's your boss?"

"We coordinate by lot," Luciente explained as White Oak jogged off. "For sixmonth at a time."

"Why do it that way?" Connie asked. "Some people know how to run a lab, some don't, right?"

"Whenever we decide we're ripe to join a work base, we fuse as full members. We share the exciting jobs and the dull jobs. We don't think telling people what to do is a real world skill. Now, joining a base... Some people stay on where they study. Others go away to study and then come home—"



"Place matters to us," Jackrabbit said. "A sense of land, of village and base and family. We're strongly rooted. People of your time weren't? So I've been told—lacking Luciente's time traveling. On per it's wasted, too. I bet that one talks a blue streak in your century and looks at nothing."

Connie laughed. "Where I am now, there's not much to see. ... You ... went mad a second time?"

"Jackrabbit's jealous of my assignment. Jackrabbit catches like you, but person transmutes everything! ... I always choose catchers!" Luciente frowned at her big strong hands.

"I'm jealous of everybody's gifts. I want to be everybody and feel everything and do everything. Wherever I am, where I'm not plagues me. As long as I don't have to get up too early in the morning to do it all." He stretched languidly. "The second time I was mad, Diana helped me. I'm *sure* Luci has talked about Diana. At great length."

"We're jealous of each other's past," Luciente said with sudden gloom. "We'll have to have a worming someday."

"I don't dread a worming, all that attent. ... Diana was just emerging from her journey down, and was more helpful than I can easily say. I only needed twomonth and I came out with a stronger healing than the first."

“Do you tell everyone you meet that you’ve been mad twice?” She resented his casual, almost boastful air. She lugged that radioactive fact around New York like a hidden sore. To find out she had been in an institution scared people—how it scared them. Not a good risk for a job. They feared madness might prove contagious.

Jackrabbit looked into her eyes with piercing curiosity. “Why not? Why keep that from you any more than studying with Marika?”

“In my time you would be ashamed. . . . When people find out, they pull away so fast I can see it. Jerky. Afterward, if they have to deal with me, they’re thinking all the time that I might suddenly go berserk and start climbing the walls or jumping out of the window. Or they don’t believe anything I say.”

“People of your time confuse me, for they seem neither strongly inknowing nor strongly outgoing. Except in couples. Unstable dyads, fierce and greedy, trying to body the original mother-child bonding. It looks tragic and blind!”

Luciente said quickly, “I’ve known Connie for some time, and I wouldn’t call per blind. Connie has a high capacity to respond to others. We should not sound arrogant because we have a more evolved society—we came from them, after all!”

“More evolved!” Connie snorted. “I’d say things have gone backward!”

“Our technology did not develop in a straight line from yours,” Luciente said seriously, looking with shining black gaze, merry, alert in a way that cast grace notes around her words. “We have limited resources. We plan cooperatively. We can afford to waste ... nothing. You might say our—you’d say religion?—ideas make us see ourselves as partners with water, air, birds, fish, trees.”

“We learned a lot from societies that people used to call primitive. Primitive technically. But socially sophisticated.” Jackrabbit paced, frowning. “We tried to learn from cultures that dealt well with handling conflict, promoting cooperation, coming of age, growing a sense of community, getting sick, aging, going made, dying—”

“Yeah, and you still go crazy. You still get sick. You grow old. You die. I thought in a hundred and fifty years some of these problems would be solved, anyhow!”

“But Connie, some problems you *solve* only if you stop being human, become metal, plastic, robot computer. Is dying itself a *problem*?” Luciente got up to cast a last, lingering glance at the river. “Come. Bee prompted I show you the children’s house.”

“I can’t resist that! A house for kids?” Her legs felt heavy. Suddenly she was slipping back into her drugged real body in real time. A surge of sadness flowed through her hips and belly. Worse, finally, than

never be loved again was never to hold a child next to her body. Her child. Her flesh. She felt a slackening through her, that beginning to slip out of her connection with Luciente, back to the asylum. For an instant she breathed the stifling heat of the closed isolation room, she smelled its stale fecal smell, its smell of caged and fearful bodies. She fought like a swimmer going down. She cast a soundless appeal toward Luciente: Help me! For a long nauseated moment she blurred over and she was no place, lost, terrified.



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- P. 36      *Englishes* series (*Portrait of an Englishes Collector*  
video, 2015)  
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## My Name Is Language

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- P. 46      Fofo Bakou as Fofo, video by Ulrich Reiterer
- P. 51      Serge Fouha as Serge, video by Igor Andreevski
- P. 55      Nandini Gupta as Nandini, video by Jose Miguel Jimenez
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- PP. 148–49 Set at Dublin Civic Offices for the Dublin Theater Festival,  
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- P. 150 Installation at Rathaus Oberhausen (on the screen Kenneth  
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- P. 193 Paula So Man Siu as Chingshi, Esperanza Macias as Taitu,  
Lara Lopez as Nujood, Ariane Barnes as Bato, and Maribel  
Alarcon as Luciente
- P. 194 Ariane Barnes as Bato, Lola Botello as Kartini, and Mouna  
Albakry as Sayyida
- P. 195 Mouna Albakry as Sayyida
- P. 196 Mouna Albakry as Sayyida, Paula So Man Siu as Chingshi,  
and Ariane Barnes as Bato
- P. 197 Ariane Barnes as Bato, Mouna Albakry as Sayyida, and Paula  
So Man Siu as Chingshi
- P. 198 Paula So Man Siu as Chingshi and Lola Botello as Kartini
- P. 199 Maribel Alarcon as Luciente and Lola Botello as Kartini
- P. 200 Belen Cobos as Yu Gwansun
- P. 203 Lola Botello as Kartini
- P. 204 Mouna Albakry as Sayyida
- P. 205 Mouna Albakry as Sayyida
- P. 206 Paula So Man Siu as Chingshi
- P. 207 Ariane Barnes as Bato
- P. 208 Paula So Man Siu as Chingshi, Mouna Albakry as Sayyida  
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so we spell it for  
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time it's wrong.

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