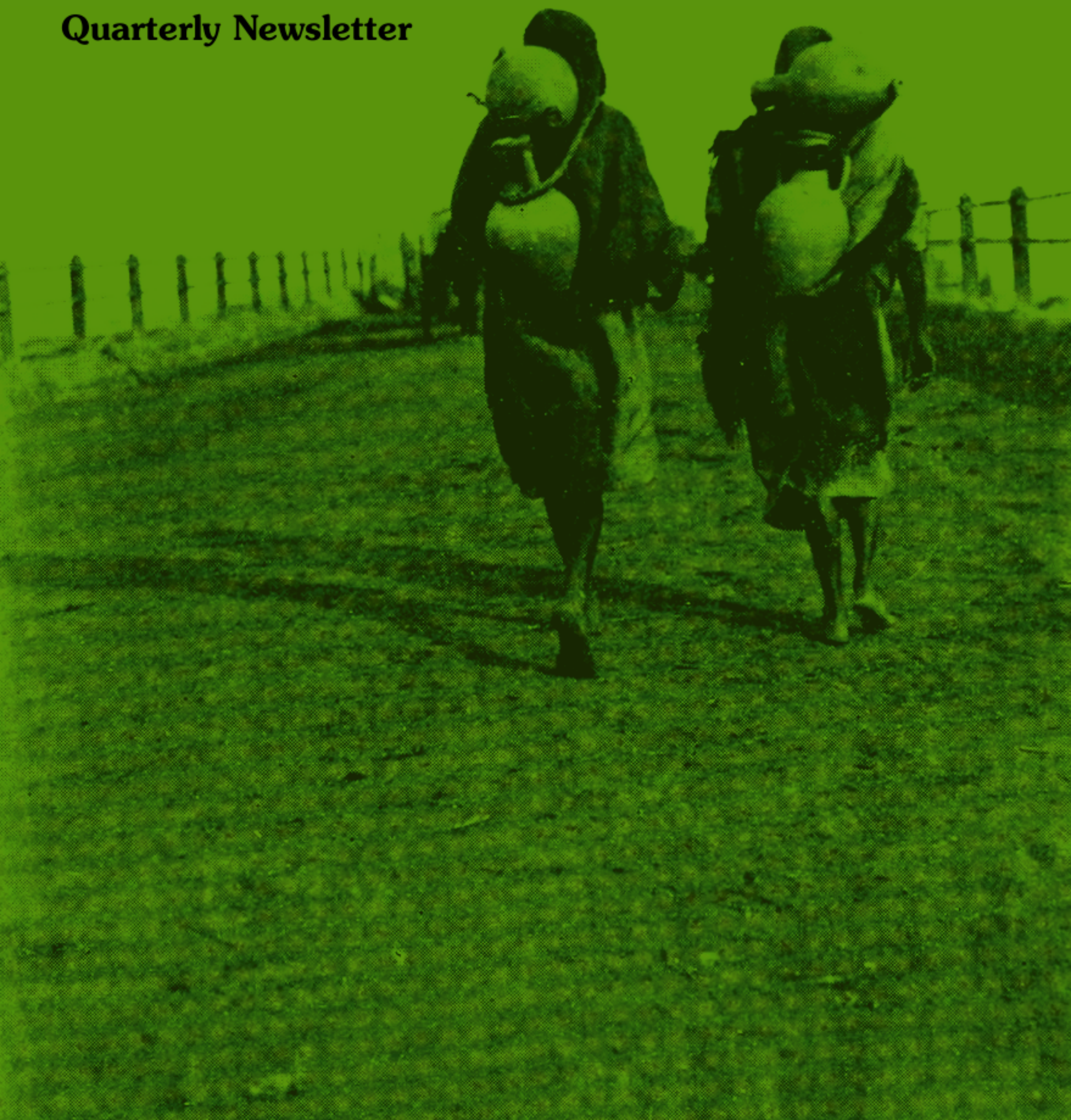


DAWORD

The Vienna African Writers (VAW)

Quarterly Newsletter



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University of Vienna

Department of African Studies

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VAW Monthly Event

17 March 2016



(Above) Hasiyatu Abubakari smiles next to Mary Bodomo, with Victoria Rosenberger grinning in the back.

The event that was chaired by Tomi Adeaga was attended by 9 participants. Initially, we were supposed to have a poetry slam competition but because there were only two competitors, we decided to postpone it to the next meeting. Nevertheless, the event was a huge success. Mfilinge Nyalusi and Solomon Ogbodo each read from their poetry collections and these poems started a lively discussion on the poems. In the course of the evening, we decided that all poems and other information that the members may wish to share should be shown on the screen so that everybody can follow the discussion and ask questions.

(Below) Editorial board members Caroline Pajancic and Hasiyatu Abubakari pose for a selfie.



VAW Event & Poetry Slam

21 April 2016

This started with everyone introducing themselves. Tomi Adeaga moderated it and welcomed everyone who had come to take part in it. Announcements were made and the decisions taken during the last VAW event were implemented. This was followed by a poetry slam competition. The event was attended by 20 participants and took place at the African Studies Department. The judges of the poetry slam competition were: Mary Bodomu, Erika Unterperinger and Sarah Udoh. The competitors were Eric Mwathi, Ashura Kayupayupa, Teju Adisa-Farrar, Mfilinge Nyalusi,



Njideka S. Iroh and Tatiana Nascimento dos Santos. Iroh won the first cash prize of 50 €; Adisa-Farrar came second and won 30 € and Nascimento dos Santos came third and won 20 €. Afterwards, as is the VAW tradition, members of the audience were invited to talk about their literary projects and other topics related to the African continent. The conversation went on till the end of the program and beyond it. It was indeed quite a productive evening.

(Below) Judges seated: Sarah Udoh (left), Erika Unterperinger (center), Mary Bodomu (right)





*Event participants stand smiling for a group photo:
(Left to right) Tomi Adeaga,
Ashura Kayupayupa,
Njideka S. Iroh,
Sarah Udoh,
Tatiana Nascimento dos Santos,
Davis Nejo,
Mfilinge Nyalusi,
Mary Bodomu,
Teju Adisa-Farrar,
Erika Unterpertinger.*



Tomi Adeaga hands the cash prize to the first-place winner, Njideka S. Iroh.

AFRICA DAY / VAW Meeting

25 May 2016

African Liberation Day (Africa Day) as designated by the African Union is celebrated on May 25th of each year. As was the case last year, we merged it with VAW club monthly meeting and the meeting was quite enriching for everyone who attended it. The event was very well attended. 60 participants took part in the event that started at 5.30 pm. The event whose theme was: “Agenda 2063: The Africa We Want,” was launched with a welcome address by Prof. Adams Bodomo, who also moderated it. This was followed by a panel discussion, entitled: “Diaspora African Contributions to African Development.” The panelists were Ms. Louise Deininger, President of Kenyans in the Diaspora, Austria and Dr. Martina Kopf, Lecturer, African studies, University of Vienna. This was followed by a lively discussion. Afterwards, there were poetry readings by Eric Mwathi, Teju Adisa-Farrar and Senorfe. The lively discussion then continued during dinner. The event came to a close around 10 pm.

(Right) Adams Bodomo moderates the event.

(Below) Various participants engage in the discussion.





The diversity and beauty of the participants at VAW's 2016 Africa Day event!



Poetry Corner:

Eric Mwathi

Poor servants prompt cooks in the kitchen to tremble,
Where suitors are dully being made to assemble,
Before the mere critical eye that examines,
You're Lords tending lands through great wealth and their famines,
Reciting their lineage and noble intention,
In trying to use wealth to acquire such affection,
Repeating their titles great deeds and their trade,
And the huge foreign kingdoms their men could invade,
The old campus their once heavy spirits were bread,
Where the suitors of old long ago used to tread,
Leaving old epitaphs on the lavatory doors,
Which the young still recite lest their country ignores,
The once blushing complexion upon every rose,
Being immortalised till they eventually chose,
To embarrassing the moment the suitors could kneel
With a ring on their palm and the gods at their heel.

Tatiana Nascimento dos Santos

vem cá, deita em mim que nem ar que de tanto amar a gravidade se deita em cima de tudo que tem na superfície dessa terra y empurra quem tá dentro dela, ou que nem água vai se deitando em ondas sobre toda areia de qualquer praia pela dança do humor das marés, vindo indo no fluxo do vento, da lua, do sol até, se te fizer sentido

ou então chama de F31. oceânicas se te apetecer, que elas são imprevisíveis. as ondas são imprevisíveis pra afobação contida dum relógio, um diagnóstico de doença mental. mas vem, deita aqui que eu te recebo, y todo seu desejo refluyente mas sempre presente, ao mesmo tempo embrulhado y anunciado do silêncio que suas várias vozes calam,

komm mal her, leg dich auf mich wie die Luft, die die Schwerkraft so lieb hat, sodass sie sich auf alles hinlegt, auf alles, das es auf dieser Erde gibt und schiebt alle, die in ihr ist, oder so wie Wasser, dass in Form von Wellen auf den Sand vom irgendwelchen Strand sich im Tanz der Gezeitenstimmungen hinlegt, kommend und gehend im Windstrom, im Mondstrom, im Sonnenstrom sogar, wenn es Sinn für dich macht.

oder nenn sie mal einfach F31. ozeanische, wenn es dir schmeckt. Da sie unvorhersehbare sind für die enthaltene Eile einer Uhr, einer Diagnose ("psychischer Erkrankung"). komm schon! leg dich hin, ich begrüße dich, und all deine zurückfließende Lust, aber immer da, und gleichzeitig eingepackt und angekündigt von der Totenstille, die deine mehreren Stimmen schweigen,

mas sempre

presente. eu quero que c me queira tanto y
lento que nem um anú pairando no vento, pra
quem o ar é casa tanto quanto a asa é força da
expressão de sua graça, da engenharia sutil do
seu povo, uma herança
que c pouse esse eu me tremer aqui dentro num
sopro de saliva quente que nem vida significa ar
prum anú muito além da pérola macia da pleura
dele

no querer do seu desejo meu desejo refez
inteiro (veja bem, eu não nasci lésbica)
na arrebentação do meu desejo te quero oceano
ao avesso (uma hipotenusa desértica)
é assim que eu sinto o que é dialética,
y esse meu abandonar também é

uma diáspora

tem um som
um som que o seu cabelo faz no meio do meus

aber immer

da. ich wünsch mir, dass du mich so sehr liebst und
träge wie ein in der Luft schwebten
Glattschnabelani, für wen die Luft sein zu Hause ist
genau wie sein Flügel die Ausdruckskraft seiner
Gnade ist und das subtile Ingenium seines Volkes,
ein (geflügeltes) Erbe,
dass du dieses zitternde innere Ich landest mit
einem Atem von warmen Speichel, wie Leben für
einen Glattschnabelani das gleiche wie Luft ist,
jenseits der weichen Perle seines Brustfells

Im Verlangen nach deiner Lust, hat meine ganze
Lust sich neu gemacht (sieh mal, ich bin nicht (als)
lesbisch geboren)
In der Brandung meiner Lust will ich dich (wie)
umgedrehten Ozean (eine wüstenähnliche
Hypotenuse)

auf dieser Weise also spüre ich was Dialektik ist,
und (dieses) mein Aufgeben ist auch

eine Diaspora

es gibt einen Ton
ein Geräusch, das deine Haare in der Mitte meiner

dedo

é quase um tom específico de crespo
guardado entre as camadas de uma voz
sua sampleando cada pétala de flores como na
sua boca toda tragédia fosse
virar música de novo

beat

box

é que eu te vi dançar, eu te vi dançar y em
menos que um instante eu já sabia que tudo ia
fugir dentro de mim se eu não te respirasse feito
um cheiro antigo estranho familiar
nítido
se você não fosse a pele exata da noite embaixo
do sonho escuro de minhas

pálpebra

aí eu voltei lá y prometi pra todas elas, ondas do
vento, sopro do mar, gotas de sol fossilizando na
minha pele o corpo evaporado de água-mar em
pedrículas de alma-sal, uma lembrança
eu prometi que eu fazia um lundu pra você
quando esse desejo chegasse
y recuasse
avançasse
y recuasse
assentasse
y recuasse molhando fundo ancestral perene
turvo tudo que transborda de você y eu na beira
desse abismo, beira do mar.
na beira do mundo, as ondas deitam na maré
pra encher
assim como vento deita num pulmão pra
suceder
a escuridão no horizonte pra anoitecer
y eu
deito
em você.

(ver-sã 35?)

Finger tun

es ist fast ein spezifischer Ton vom Afro
aufbewahrt unter den Schichten einer Stimme von
dir am Samplern jedes Blütenblatt
als ob in deinem Mund jede Tragödie wieder
ein Lied würde
beat
box

ich habe dich tanzen sehen, ich habe dich tanzen
sehen und ich habe dich tanzen sehen
und schneller als im Nu wusste ich schon, dass alles
in mir fliehen würde, falls ich dich nicht wie einen
uralten unheimlichen
gemütlichen
scharfen
Geruch einatmen würde
wenn du nicht die exakte Haut der Nacht unter
dem dunklen Traum meiner

Augenlider

dann ging ich ins Meer zurück und versprach ihnen
allen, Wind-Wellen, Windhauch, Sonnentropfen,
die auf meiner Haut den verdampften Körper des
Wasser-Meeres in Steinchen von Seele-Salz
fossilisieren, eine Erinnerung
ich versprach ihnen, dass ich einen Lundu für dich
machen würde wenn diese Lust
ankommen
und vorwärts
zurückdrängen
rückwärts
voranbringen
und vorwärts
zurückdrängen
sich senken
und zurückdrängen würde und den tiefen
fortdauernd trüben Vorfahren nass machen
alles, was von dir und von mir überläuft am Rand
dieses Abgrundes, am Rand des Meeres.
am Rand der Welt, die Wellen legen sich auf den
Gezeiten um zu füllen
sowie der Wind sich auf eine Lunge legt um zu
folgen
die Dunkelheit am Horizont um Nacht zu werden
und ich
lege mich
auf dich.

(Version 35?)

Teju Adisa-Farrar

We Become Africa

We likkle but we tallawah
Mi fickle, but mi forceful

They say Patois comes from Pidgin
A West African Merchant language
They say we speak dialect, not language

Mi say, mi nuh care bout dem definition
My mother says we define ourselves

In a culture without limitations
We are somehow spread across nations
But one people

They say Africa is the Future
No.
Africa is the present

We are not an object that only gains
Importance from being projected into the future
And rejected from the present
Our presence is clear
We are here
We are now

Anansi stories are lessons for our reality
Akan proverbs, sage and articulate, is our philosophy

Haiti: 54 + 1 countries
Pan-African-Caribbean unity
We are here
We exist

And always will

Gaining traction from a turbulent past
Gaining vision from a unique future
Gaining balance from the constant of now

Incomparable to linear notions of modernity
Excluded from global notions of technology
The foundations of humanity

But still here
Steadfastly

The vastness of the continent trickles across the earth
Afropean, African-American, Afro-Caribbean, African
Redefining and searching to find home
Finding home

Alkebulan.

From one comes many
And many we are
I am because we are
Ubuntu
Global community

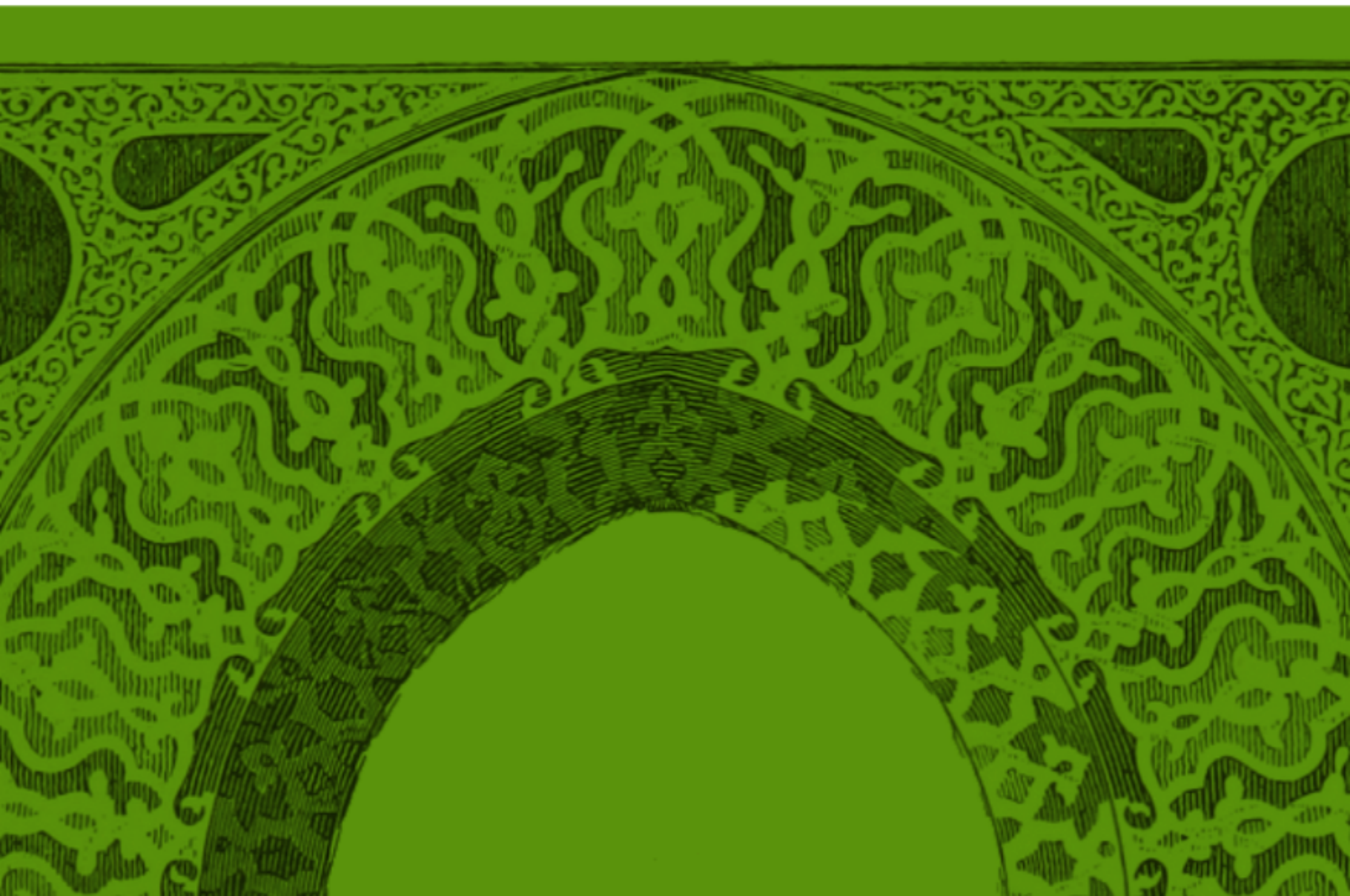
Our mark on this world
Our mark on each other
The mark of Africa

Remembering to always remember
Rough seas in the midst and mist of unity
Creates the most skilled of sailors.

Summer Break Announcement

This has been a fantastic year so far and we want to thank everyone who participated in our literary evenings, poetry slam competitions and celebrations! Just like every year, we take a well-deserved summer break and will be back on October 20th 2016.

Have a great summer! Your VAW team



How To Submit Your Work!

Daworo Guidelines

Daworo is a quarterly newsletter distributed in print at the Grand Poetry Slam event organized by the Vienna African Writers Club.

Deadlines: We take submissions up to 10 days after each literary event. Please take note of our event schedules by liking our Facebook page or by signing up to the mailing list.

Submissions: Submissions should be emailed to:

Hasiyatu Abubakari
hasiyatu.abubakari@univie.ac.at
University of Vienna Department of African
Studies

Format: Please label your email in the subject line as "Daworo Submission" with your name and type of item.

[e.g. Daworo Submission – Item Type – First Name, Last Name]

Physical Submission: If you attend an event and have an announcement, it will be noted down along with your contact information. If you submit a hard copy of your writing, you will also need to submit an electronic copy before the deadline.

Number of Submissions: You may submit as many items as you wish.

Types of Work Accepted: Poetry, Prose, VAW-member announcements, event announcements, literary contributions (e.g. book reviews, book launches and book readings), and photographs of our events.

Types of Work Not Accepted: Commercial Advertisement, announcements unrelated to African literary arts, organizational announcements not in partnership with VAW.

Content Standards: All submissions must be your original work and should relate to African literary arts. African writing is conceptualized as any form of writing that addresses and expresses African themes and conditions in African languages or in any other languages. Work by Africans and non-Africans alike are welcome. We also appreciate photographs in HD.

Editing: Edits made by Daworo will be published only with the author's permission.

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Daworo Editions: To see previous publications please visit:

<http://vaw.univie.ac.at/>

Mailing List: For event reminders and calls for submissions, please sign up to our mailing list by contacting: Ms. Caroline Pajancic
caroline.pajancic@univie.ac.at
University of Vienna Department of African
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Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Vienna-African-Writers-Club-The-VAW-Club/804750209580687>

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