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# とりもどせ！ Take Back Your Name!

**Adam J. Lebowitz**

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みんな 目があるの？  
目で 何を見るの？  
エライ國・タカイ旗・コワイ敵？  
自分の目 とりもどせ！自分の目 とりもどせ！  
自分の観念は 自分のもの！  
とりもどせ！とりもどせ！

みんな 耳あるの？  
耳で 何をきくの？  
遥かな爆音・テレビの発言・商売の宣伝？  
自分の耳 とりもどせ！自分の耳 とりもどせ！  
自分の声は 自分のもの！  
とりもどせ！とりもどせ！

みんな 名前あるの？  
名前で 何を言うの？  
国史の正義・国民のプライド・地球のマスター？  
名前 とりもどせ！自分の名 とりもどせ！  
自分の自分は 自分のもの！  
とりもどせ！とりもどせ！

Hey, you with the eyes!  
Tell us all what you see!  
The great country? The flag waving? The fearful enemy?  
Well, take 'em, take back your eyes! Take 'em, take back your eyes!  
You are what you see,  
And that's no surprise.  
Take back your eyes! Take back your eyes!

Hey, you with the ears!  
Tell us all what you hear!  
Far-off explosions? TV expressions? Business concessions?  
Well, take 'em, take back your ears! Take 'em, take back your ears!  
You are what you hear,  
You should take it dear.  
Take back your ears! Take back your ears!

Hey, you with the name!  
Tell us what it means!  
Righteousness historical? Citizens unmovable? The land indelible?  
Well, take 'em, take back your name! Take 'em, take back your name!  
Your walk is your name,  
There's just yourself to blame!  
Take back your name! Take back your name!

### **Author's note on *Take Back Your Name!***

Since we are citizens of “national” entities, are eyes and ears considered “National Property”? Can they be liberated from “national security” functions? Also, does the personal name signify the “nation state”?

「とりもどせ！」について

「国籍」があるわれわれは、目と耳は「国用財産」だろうか。「国家安全保障」の利用から解放されるだろうか。氏名も国家の記号だろうか。

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## Sea of Walls

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It's always fine and dandy to be alone until someone comes in and messes it all up. I know this because it happened to me. How unfortunate I was that day to wake up in my little empty corner of the world and find a presence beside mine. That stupid smile. That stupid, beautiful sleepy smile gazing at me like nothing in the world could matter more than the bags under my eyes. I knew then that the notion of comfort I had built around my solitude was about to crumble like an overthrown tyranny and be quickly replaced by a junta of sappy feelings generated by that sight. You may wonder how this came to happen. Or maybe not—because you already know the script to these encounters—, and I don't blame you. After all, love stories are pretty much funnel-shaped: initial circumstances may vary enormously, but in

Acosta, L. (2010). Sea of walls. *OTB Forum*, 3(1), 50-51.

the end they all result in the same doe-eyed hypnosis. And let's not talk about heartbreak—that's just mass-produced.

In spite of this ever-repeating pattern, we people in love have an annoying tendency to desperately want to tell the world what sets our story apart from the rest. As I have said before, love's procedures all tend to be similar—hands clasped together like two halves of an oyster, kisses like cherries—, but those who fall victim to the addiction to another person think not only that this is their first experience of it—no matter how many times they've already had it before—, but also the first case ever seen in the history of humanity. This is how I felt when I bumped into those enormous eyes that morning.

If I had to explain this occurrence—or if I succeeded at persuading you to listen to my selfish account—, I would talk about a brick in a sea of walls. A sea of walls extending far beyond the horizon. Some would call it a