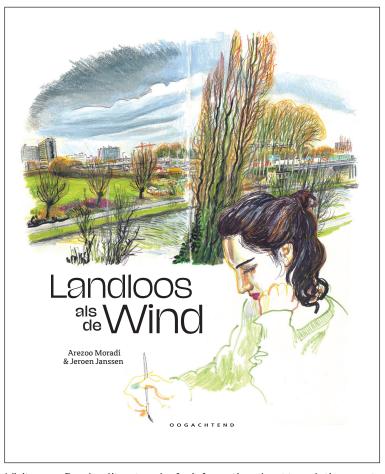
### OOGACHTEND



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"More than twenty deeply human stories."

"The anecdotal, short texts change perspective and genre, between prose, poetry and reportage, which evidences Moradi's talent."

Knack





www.oogachtend.be sammy@oogachtend.be

## Landless as wind

# Arezoo Moradi & Jeroen Janssen

Windows are the way to the heavens and the earth. To the sun and the rain, to the trees.

We greet life, or say goodbye to each other through windows.

Who doesn't recognise it? You look through a car or train window and you think: who would live there? What stories happened here? In houses, streets, inside the heads of people by the side of the road?

Accompanied by Jeroen Janssen's typical, poetic and detailed drawings Arezoo Moradi ponders her surroundings, relays interactions with people in her life, and takes us back to her homeland Iran. Behind every corner of the world hides a surprise, behind every page a new chapter.

Jeroen Janssen has been a postman, teacher, driver, gardener, library assistant and has worked with psychiatric patients. He has always had a great passion for drawing, but did not start making comics until the 1990s. When he was working at an art school in Rwanda, he started turning true stories into comic strips. This approach has become his trademark and he does not shy away from difficult topics. He received the Bronzen Adhemar oeuvre award in 2018.

Arezoo Moradi (1984, Teheran) is an Iranian journalist and multimedia artist. She has been writing since she was a little girl and has always continued to do so. She is driven by people's untold stories. She moved to Europe ten years ago, to study and to live. She's learned Dutch at the UCT in Ghent, but more importantly: through speaking and interacting with people, listening to them, and by reading books. Most of her publications are within the field of investigative journalism..

### Landless as wind

5.

We were two neighbours

We were two neighbours You, behind saddened clouds Me, naked in the sunlight You, behind closed doors Fallen into the well of forgetfulness of judgement and prejudice Trapped in putrid thoughts Me, thirsty to taste freedom We were two neighbours when you beat your fist of dissension on my wall and your dagger pierced beating hearts We were two neighbours From wall to wall But you orchestrated the morningsong of the birds Your windows were dark deprived of light You stashed away love in a corner and were frugal with affection You stole the smiles of others and gave away sorrow We were two neighbours We were two neighbours

8/9.

The train is a river

On a warm summer day, I entered the house at number 28 where I would eventually come to live. It was right in the middle of the first Covid-19 wave.

A big Europa-bank sign on the viaduct welcomes you into the alley left of the street, in the shadow of the railway's edge.

From the top of the street you could see the big house with the impressive windows.

It drew all the attention, like a lighthouse; a lighthouse that checks on the trains going by.

### 10/11

On railway number 50 more than a hundred trains go by daily. By now I can recognise a freight train or a passenger train by their 'choo-choo' from a 300-meter distance. And whether it's a new or an old train.

For all his love of silence and sensitivity to sound, it makes you wonder how he ended up in one of the noisiest neighbourhoods in Ghent.

I found out what the reason was. It goes back to his relationship from a few years back. When he had butterflies in his stomach. De relationship failed.

It was like a freight train took his butterflies with it. Because of circumstances I can't go into for private reasons, he had to stay there.

Sometimes I hear the word 'Jesus'.

That happens when my buddy expresses his discontent with one of the thirty-thousand trains that pass yearly.

### 12/13

Our lives are intertwined with the railway. It sings a lullaby when we are dozing off at night. It tells us good morning at dawn. It shows up unexpectedly when we want to kiss each other or interrupts our discussions about politics.

Right now, while I'm writing this, a train passes with a soft noise that zooms by my ear.

Even when I'm in bed thinking over my dreams, I can see the trains with their bright lights. They're like a film with an open ending: they make me think. After a while you'll find yourself in a place where you see a train without hearing it, like in a silent film.

There are 45 houses on our street. All the people who live there are used to the roar. It's like a chronic, soaring pain for the average Joe - or Mohammed - who lives next to the railway.

Each of the households does something to keep the noise out. One of the neighbours, for example, never opens their windows. His shutters are always down. Even today, on one of the hottest days in Belgium.

Others install an additional window, or put up thick curtains. My buddy chose soundproof windows. Number 28 has one room where it is less noisy. The glass in its window reduces the noise by ten extra decibels. When a train passes, you hear but a mere 'shhh-shhh'.

There's a special glass that they use for the windows in airports, which eliminates any sound almost completely, but that's unaffordable.

### 14/15.

The train is like a river, always in movement.

It changes direction, it carries people and cargo. Sometimes it slows down, then it accelerates.

Sometimes it raises its voice, in its own way, with a horn, and flows on gently.

We are all passengers on our own train. Sometimes we have a companion. Sometimes our companion gets off before us, and sometimes they travel along with us until our final destination. Sometimes we help each other carry baggage. Sometimes we push each other out of the way, to get off quicker.

Whatever it is, everything happens on those damned trains, that drive endlessly, from station to station: love, life, war, revolution, death, birth...

You ascend on one station, only to get off on the next.

16/17.

Recently, I changed trains. I'm enjoying the views in silence with my companion. Meanwhile you can see the glorious moments in life with your eyes.

There's the last carriage of the train, invisible in the foggy morning. You can't see who gets in - or out, over there in the clouds.

There's a moment when all the passengers are staring at the houses on our side, and we are faced with each other for a few seconds. I can see them, but they can't see me.

I feel like an invisible observant, or a spy, who can capture a moment of their lives in my head and who can write a story about them. Most of them stare at the endless horizon, as if in homage to that glorious moment in their lives.

There's a moment where passengers happen to end up standing next to each other at the tracks. I know all the passengers on this street. The white-bearded man who walks his dogs every day; we always stop for a chat. Or the tall guy with the blue T-shirt, who goes out for a cigarette and a walk several times a day, after which he goes back inside.

The woman with many geraniums, who cleans her windows with care.

And me, who comes home from the shop every day.

Now it's time, I have to get back to my carriage.

PS what's your train?



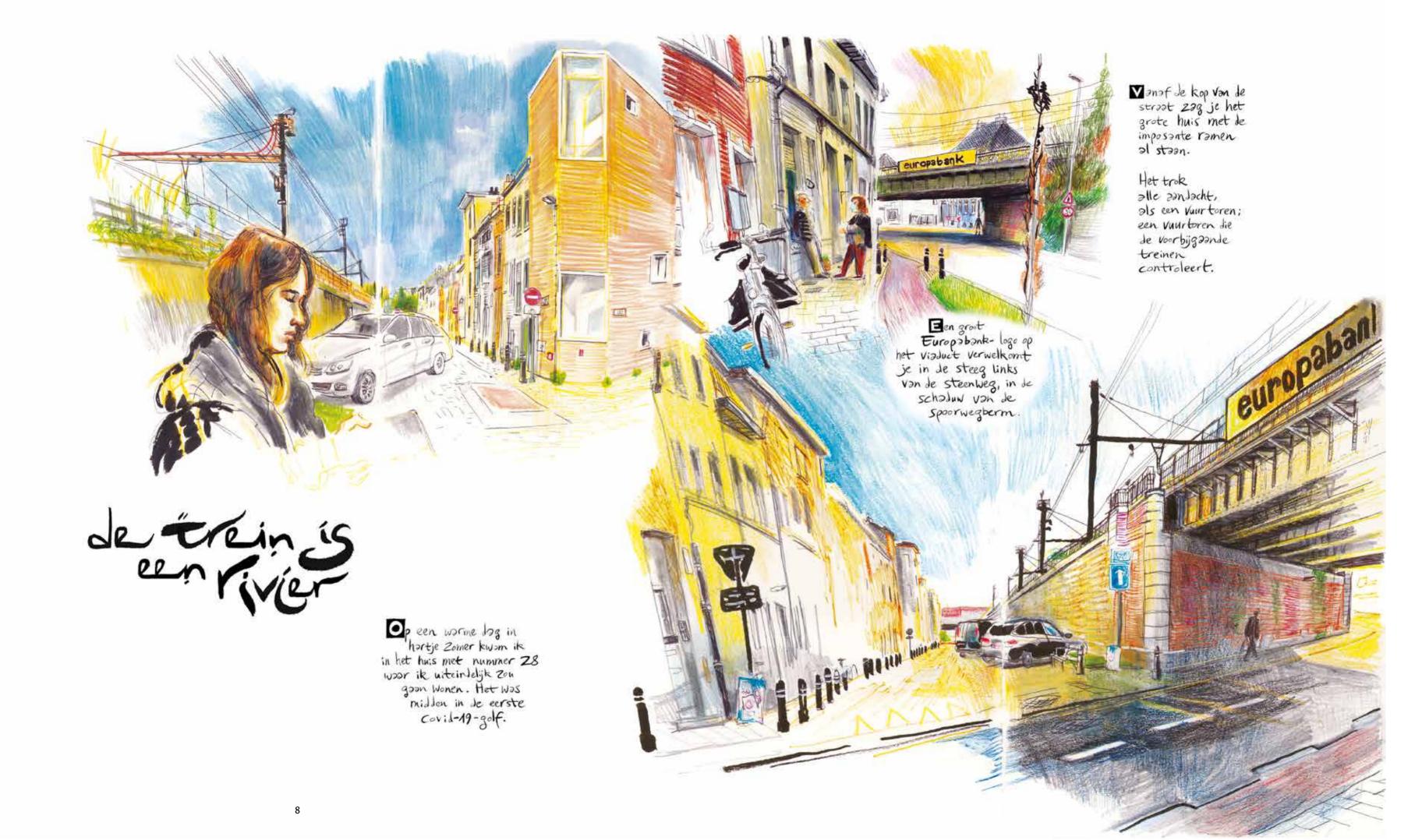
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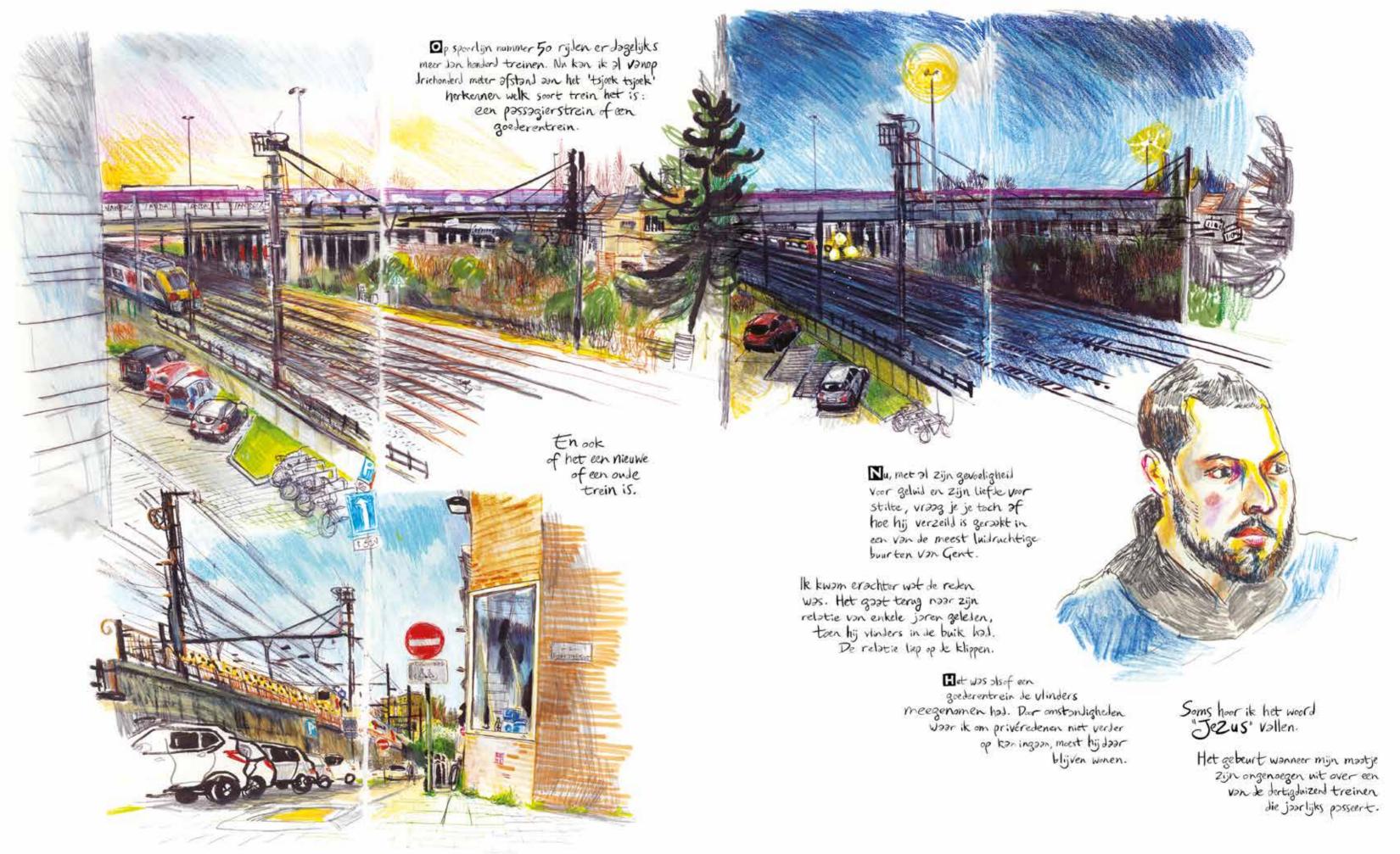
Wij waren twee buren Jij, achter trieste wolken Ik, naakt in het zonlicht Jij, achter gesloten deuren Gevallen in de vergeetput van oordeel en Vooroordeel Gevongen in rotte gelochten lk, dorstig on van vrijheid te proeven Wij woren twee buren toen je met de vuist van tweedracht op le muur bonkte en met je dolk kloppende horten doorboorse Wij waren twee buren Von muur tot muur Moor je negeerde het ochtendliel van de vogels Je romen woren donker verstoken van licht Je moffelde de liefde weg in een hoekje en was gierig mot affectie Je stal de glimlach van anderen en je gof Verdriet codeon Wij Woren twee buren Wij woren twee buren

# مادوله

ما دو حسابه بودیم تو سنن ایرملی دلگیر من سربان غرق درنور آدناب نو پش درمای بسته انتاده در ساه چال تخماون و پیشد اوری محمور شده در انکار پوسیده می نشادی چشیدن آزادی ما دو صمایه بودیم وقتی مشن جراس بر دیوار مرکوبیدی و خنجر بر قلم های برئیش می زدی ما دو مصایه بودیم دیوار به دیوار اما نو به آواز صبحگاهی برنده ها بس امننا بو دی بنجه ما ناریک برد عاری از نور عشق را در گوشه ای پنهان سرکردی و در مهربائن خسیس لبحند را از دیگران م دودی و به راهدید مرکوری ما دو همساید بودیم ما دو همساید بودیم ما دو همساید بودیم







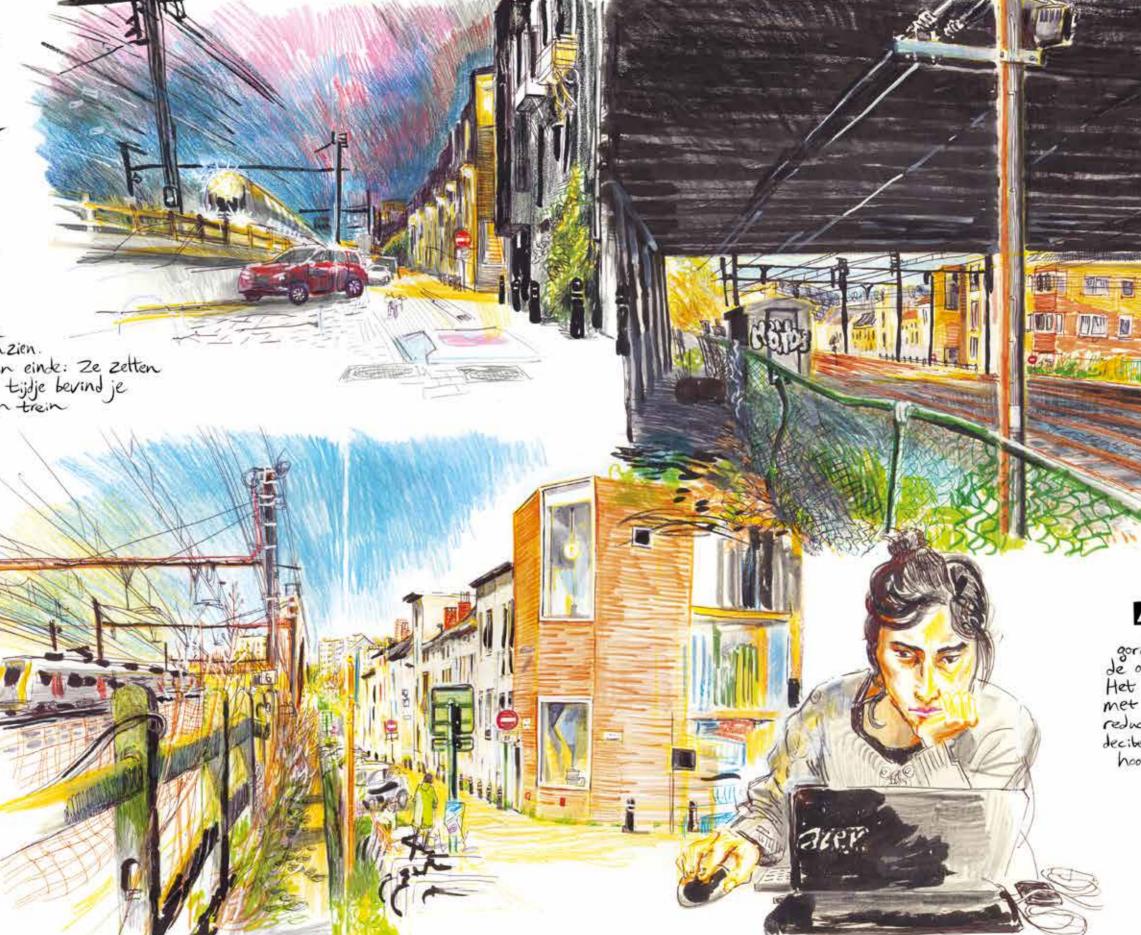
Ons leven is vervlochten met het spoor. Het spoor zingt een slaapliedje wanneer we is avonds liggen in te dommelen. In de achtend zegt het goedemorgen. Het komt anverwachts tussen wanneer we elkar willen kussen of onderbreekt onze discussies over politiek.

Nu, terwijl ik dit schrijf, passeert er een trein, met een zacht geluid dat zoemt langs mijn oor.

Zelfs wonneer ik in bed zit
en mijn dromen overpeins, kon ik
de treinen met hun felk lichtenzien.
Ze zijn ols een film met een open einde: Ze zelten
me oon het Jenken. No een tijdje bevind je
je op een plek woor je een trein
ziet zonder hen te horen,
ols in een stille film.

In onze strat stoan
er 45 huizen. Alk bewoners
zijn aan het geraas gevend.
Dit is als een chronische,
zeurende pijn voor
Jan- of Mohammedmet-de-pet die
naast de spoorweg
leeft.

Dik van de huizen doet iets om het gelnid te beperken. Een van de buren bijvoorbeeld, opent nooit de ramen. Zijn ralluiken Zijn altijd gesloten. Zelfs vandaag, op een van de warmste lagen in België.



Anderen installeren een
voorzetraan of hangen dikke
gordijnen. Geluidswerend glas was
de oplossing van mijn maat.
Het huisnummer 28 heeft één kamer
met minder geluidsoverlast. Het glas
reduceert het geluid met tien extra
decibel. Wanneer de trein passeert
hoor je enkel 'tssj tssj'.

Er bestaat uiteraard
ook Speciaal glas dat ze
op luchthavens gebruiken,
dat het geluid bijna volledig
elimineert, maar dat is
onbetaalbaar.

