

## On the Third Hand: Why to *taiwan* World Literature

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All literature from Taiwan is non-Worldly. Unless, say, you are reading it from Belize or one of the other dwindling number of small countries that formally recognize Taiwan, this demonstrably extant state is not demonstrably extant at all. The shifting leverage of China in the world political system over the past seventy years has meant that Taiwan has no seat at the United Nations or myriad other global institutions. Even when Taiwan manages to eke out a World space for itself as a formal entity, such as at the Olympics, it must almost always appear under a pseudonym. These noms de plume vary from (World) space to (World) space and are always the result of contested negotiations, not of sovereign choice: Taiwan exists in the world, of course, but not in the World. And if Taiwan, an open-ended literary narration if nothing else—hence all its working titles—does not emanate in the World, then neither do its literatures. Those literatures are, therefore, a signal space from which to interrogate World Literature. After all, “Taiwan” speaks to a palpable failure of the World to recognize what materially exists. There is a denial of intellectual and ethical responsibility here. To take up that responsibility, consequently, would be to take down a dominant and deleterious narrative. And for these reasons, I suspect, Taiwan should be a verb: to read for the unwritten and so unwrite oneself. This would be to taiwan World Literature. It would also be to taiwan Taiwan along the way. As part of taiwaning the World.

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As a Latin Americanist who worked first on literature from West Africa and then on literature from Southeast Asia, I guess I am a world literature person. Whether I am a World Literature person, however, is not at all clear to me. These days, I am interested in the Catalan and Castilian (the hegemonic Iberian version of Spanish) translations of a once-upon-a-time immensely popular Taiwanese writer, San Mao, who made her name (in all senses) by publishing in Mandarin about her experiences in what was then the colony of Spanish Sahara. What first attracted me to these translations was their implicit interlacing of three entities with longstanding and long-denied claims to statehood: Taiwan, Spanish (now Western) Sahara, and Catalonia. The allegedly autobiographical, manifestly literary texts by San Mao are rooted in the two most remarkable cases of World non-membership in Asia and Africa, and I wondered how a Catalan reframing of these Taiwanese narratives of the Sahara would play into that. Put another way, what struck me was the mere act of releasing, on the same day in Barcelona in 2016, a Catalan translation as well as a Castilian translation. From a strictly readership point of view, not a political or emotional or aesthetic point of view, publishing a simultaneous Catalan translation was a superfluous act, since the entire potential audience for San Mao in Catalonia is constituted by native bilinguals who could have accessed her just as easily via the Castilian version. There tends to be an assumption in World Literature studies that translating, publishing, and circulating a text in a new language equates to making it available to a new readership and thereby making it more Worldly. That is not the case here.

And yet at first glance, surely, San Mao is a candidate for World Literature. If the determining characteristic of the rubric is taken to be the inherent worldliness of an author and/or text, she and her *Stories of the Sahara* meet that criterion by arising amid diverse geographies and peoples and languages on three continents. If the circulation of translations is the primary prerequisite, then the Castilian and Catalan editions would seem to satisfy that too. And if the geographical movement of a text is taken as fundamental, then here too San Mao would qualify: *Stories of the Sahara* was wildly popular in Taiwan in the 1970s, then appeared across the strait in the 1980s to become wildly popular in China; and now, decades later, via double translation, the narratives have been repositioned into Spain. And once an English translation from Bloomsbury is published in London at the end of this year, San Mao will pass through the portal of all the Anglophone dimensions for which World Literature is both celebrated and critiqued. And after that English version appears, scholarship on a relatively massive scale will follow to consecrate (even if by critical disdain) the author and text. So this is an interesting moment to think about San Mao on the global stage because if she and her most famous

book have not entered World Literature already, they stand at the very cusp of doing so. Will they be entering it, however, for the first time or the second? Or even the third or fourth?

The globalized criteria that San Mao and *Stories of the Sahara* seem to have met to date may be not so much Worldly as non-Worldly. She seemed cosmopolitan to be sure, traveling around Europe and Africa after growing up in Chinese societies and Chinese cultures. Even her names were internationalized: in Taiwan, San Mao was raised as Chen Ping, but when in Spain she called herself Echo Chen, with “Echo” after the Greek mythological figure and written with an “h” as in the English (not Spanish) spelling; “San Mao” was a pseudonym she took from a Chinese cartoon character. Ping/Echo/San Mao learned Castilian in Spain, married a Spaniard and naturalized as a Spanish citizen while in the Sahara, and sent back all those stories in Mandarin to Taiwan, on the other side of the world, about her life amid the Sahrawi people and their colonized homeland. Indeed, her narratives from the Sahara were attractive to readers in the grim autocracy of Taiwan of the 1970s precisely because in them she seemed to escape the parochial parameters of that island context. Here was a woman who appeared to be liberated in all senses, free to travel outside Taiwan, free to roam diverse continents, free to choose a foreigner as a husband and even laugh at him in a foreign tongue. And yet, despite all this worldliness, the point of all San Mao stories is persistently inward, not outward: the creation and development of a persona called San Mao who is, initially or ultimately, the axis of her narratives. She does not orbit the world so much as the world orbits around her. The internationalized landscapes and peoples that surround her function as media for her own literary-psychological profilings of a protagonist she invented and with whom she claimed oneness. Her ability to present herself, in person and in text, in worlds far outside Taiwan does not mean she could imagine those outside worlds any more than Narcissus (or for that matter, Echo) could see the landscapes and peoples beyond his own reflection.

If San Mao is not as worldly as she first appears, she is also not as translated—better put, Translated—as she appears. The centrality of translation to World Literature as a discipline always raises concern about language hierarchies and the imprimatur of Worldliness granted by renditions of a source text into English or French. Those are the languages that make a text Translated rather than translated. And what is striking here about San Mao is that after half a century of not being translated in any thorough and provable sense (a number of partial and apocryphal translations in other languages are said to exist; those that do are challenging to locate), her work has appeared not in one of the major World Literature translation tongues but in Castilian and Catalan. The latter translation seems particularly

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to fall outside the assumptions of how literature becomes Worldly—with a Mandarin-to-Catalan trajectory sidestepping the usual linguistic epicenters—but so too does the Castilian version. Spanish is hardly a language identified with a single sliver of the planet, but translations into it do not feature prominently in discussions of what makes the literature of the world into World Literature. Moreover, the version of Spanish in which San Mao now is published is so strongly and exclusively linked to the geographic heart of the old Spanish empire that its linguistic markers (such as particular verb conjugations and turns of phrase unique to Castile and environs) would strike the vast majority of Spanish-language readers around the world as a hopelessly regional register, bordering even on the anachronistic. In other words, although San Mao has been translated extensively now into two major European tongues (the seven million or so people who speak Catalan number more than the speakers of many European state languages), that fact actually makes her seem more parochial, not more Worldly.

Paradoxically as well, the translation into Castilian reveals the initial Mandarin version to actually be a translation and the latter-day Castilian version into something akin to an original. This is because Castilian was the language and dialect in which San Mao conducted the vast majority of her experiences in the Sahara in the first place. She was more or less the only Chinese person in the colony and thus was not speaking Mandarin with anyone there on anything close to a regular basis. She never learned much of the version of Arabic spoken by the Sahrawis, so she was not speaking that either. With her Spanish husband José, with the other Spaniards living in the colony, and with the Sahrawis with whom she interacted verbally, she spoke Castilian. Nearly all the experiences she relates in *Stories of the Sahara* took place in that traditionally hegemonic version of Spanish. Yet she wrote and published her narratives in Mandarin, an act that required a priori translation of almost every verbal moment of her life in the colony. Many millions of her readers in Taiwan and China were convinced by the representational realism of her stories, a position strongly supported by San Mao herself—the ostensible truth of her narratives was key to her popularity—but the indisputable fact is that virtually every dialogue she quotes in Mandarin, virtually every verbal interaction she paraphrases, unfolded in a different language altogether. Only in the recent Castilian translation are José's words represented in the language he actually spoke them in, and with the cadences and cultural paratexts that likely accompanied them. Indisputably, the inaugural Mandarin version by San Mao was a translation. Anyone interested in the verbal realities of her life in Spanish Sahara will find something closer to them in the Castilian original published four decades later.

If translations in a linguistic sense are not what they seem in San Mao—

perhaps translations are never what they seem—nor are translations in a geographic sense. After all, what is the point of origin of San Mao and *Stories of the Sahara*? What is her home community? She wrote in the colony of Spanish Sahara, but that was an entity wherein none of the local people could read the language in which her narratives were written. She published in Taiwan, but that was an entity wherein none of the local people could visit the place those narratives were written from or encounter the culture they were written about. For that matter, most of the Taiwanese readers of San Mao probably did not even speak in their own home the language in which San Mao wrote, since Mandarin had been imposed by diktat across Taiwan just a generation earlier by the arriving forces of Chiang Kai-shek upon their defeat in the Chinese civil war. San Mao came to Mandarin by virtue of being born into a Chiang-affiliated family on the mainland just a few years before the flight to Taiwan. The bulk of her Taiwanese audience, however, did not. They likely spoke at home Hokkien or Hakka or Austronesian languages and read the Sahara narratives of San Mao in the 1970s via the language of a Mandarin public sphere into which they had been forcibly impressed. This is a home community of a rather unheimlich sort.

The texts moved away from their apparitions of a home again in the 1980s, jumping across the Taiwan Strait when black market editions of *Stories of the Sahara* were produced and circulated in a newly liberalized (relative to previous decades) China. It can be presumed that these unofficial versions appeared in the simplified Chinese characters created and used on the mainland, not in the traditional characters in which San Mao wrote and was read in Taiwan. This visual distinction would mark a Chinese edition from a Taiwanese edition as much as the omnipresent use of “vosotros” (a plural, second-person, familiar pronoun) conjugations distinguishes the recent Castilian translation of San Mao from any version that might ever be produced in Latin America. But did *Stories of the Sahara*, which clearly traveled out into the world from its Saharan home to its Taiwanese home to its Chinese home, ever travel at all? The prevailing narrative in the World, back then as well as now, is that there is only one “China” and that “Taiwan” is part of it. Did *Stories of the Sahara* become World Literature, therefore, only when it moved out of its Sinophone existences in Spanish Sahara, Taiwan, and China, into Catalonia and Castile? But then again, of course, Catalonia is even less a part of the World than “Taiwan,” controlling neither its own territory nor political system nor military; and Castile, evidently, was Worldly in its imperial heyday but no longer is. The translation of San Mao into London and New York—and surely, some day, into Paris—which is to say, collectively and hierarchically, the World—yet awaits.

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Perhaps the most noteworthy problem regarding the World Literariness of *Stories of the Sahara* involves the question of scholarly consecration. A primary reason why Kafka keeps coming up as an exemplar of World Literature in disciplinary interrogations and theorizations is because, well, he keeps coming up: he has been translated, published, and circulated so much in the West that academics who do not know German nonetheless can read him and comment on him in abundance. And this wealth of scholarship in turn enters directly and indirectly into other scholarship, accruing further academic capital along the way. But if capitalization happens outside what is considered to be the World, does it accrue at all? Many millions of people, all of whom happen to read Mandarin, have consumed *Stories of the Sahara* in Taiwan and China over the last half century and, in the wake of that phenomenon, much commentary has arisen on San Mao. This array of secondary literature appears in two principal forms: journalism and other types of critical appraisals written in Mandarin and published in printed media, and fan appreciation texts in various languages on the Internet. The critical production may or may not follow the conventions of scholarship in the West, but in any case it has gone and will forever go entirely unread by non-Sinophone scholars because none of it has been translated or is destined to be so. As for the fan commentary, although sometimes accessible in Western languages, it rarely if ever operates within the normative ranges of Western academic discourse. In fact, despite the enormous popularity and circulation of *Stories of the Sahara* among a sizable percentage of the global population, the only non-Sinophone scholarly publications about San Mao appear to be three substantive, nuanced articles by a single researcher, Miriam Lang, published around the turn of the century. Lang's writings, including her extensive dissertation, are indispensable to an Anglophone scholar like me and inform virtually all my background understanding of San Mao; it is from Lang, for instance, that I learned of the existence of those pirate editions in China in the 1980s. Beyond Lang's work, a couple of M.A. theses on San Mao, by Sandi Ward and Ying Xu, seem to round out everything indexed in the West to date.

Partly this lack of attention is because San Mao is often perceived, including by Taiwanese literati, as not even a writer of Literature in the first place (forget about the World bit) but rather as a pop culture author who is best suited for *Reader's Digest* (where some early translations of her Sahara texts supposedly appeared) and an audience assumed to be overwhelmingly constituted by adolescent girls and young women. She is deemed to be, how to put it, no Kafka. But mostly, I suspect, the lack of scholarly attention in the West to San Mao as a figure of World Literature exists due to a silent feedback loop: Western academics do not write about San Mao because Western academics do not write about San Mao. This goes

back to the Translation question, of course, since until the recent Iberian translations, reading proficiency in Mandarin was essentially required to read San Mao. To be sure, there are Western academics who work in Mandarin, but Taiwan Studies is a marginal field in the vastness of Chinese studies to begin with, and the chances of one of its relatively few scholars in the West trying to build an argument on an unTranslated, unPrestigious writer such as San Mao are slight. But my bet is that once *Stories of the Sahara* appears in English, the scholarly Worlding of her will take off by Sinophone and non-Sinophone scholars alike.

I cannot read San Mao in Mandarin myself. My ability to read Mandarin, like my abilities at yoga and Mexican folk music and salsa dancing, fluctuates over the years: brief periods of exciting and enjoyable growth when life circumstances permit, followed by long periods of steep decline when life circumstances do not. It required the translation of San Mao into a Romance language or English for me to read her, to now make an attempt at commenting on her, and to do so for a journal based in Taiwan at that. I feel conflicted about all this. Also, I have never worked on a Catalan text before, but I can make my way through it as a language that is close to others I can read. This is not ideal either, but it is something. As for the Mandarin that I do recall, it helps me identify certain discrepancies between the two Iberian versions of San Mao and (what passes for) the Taiwanese original, and certain framing decisions as well that were made by editors and translators. But my weak and dusty Mandarin is nowhere close to comprehensive, and this makes me wonder whether anything I say about San Mao as worldly or non-worldly is fraudulent. Then again, I can't read Kafka in German either. Still, he is always available for me to read. Due to a random array of happenstance—a course assignment here, a used book stall there, a backpacking trip somewhere else—I have read him in English and Spanish and French. Still, I wonder where I stand when I attempt to say something about him. About whether I have a right to stand there. Wherever it is I may stand.

I feel the same when I work on Filipino literature in Spanish. I cannot read any Filipino language. On the flip side, there are very few Filipinos who can read Spanish, for the arrival of the American colonial regime in 1898 entailed turning the archipelago into an Anglophone space. The most important novel of the Philippines, though, *Noli me tangere* by José Rizal, was written in Spanish. Virtually all Filipinos can access its 1887 original only through translation. And the more than half a century of Filipino literature written in Spanish after Rizal, nearly all of it composed inside the Philippines, remains totally inaccessible to most Filipinos because it has not been translated. Surely, despite the veneer of internationalism, this is a non-worldly tradition: unreadable in its own home community, inaccessible physically almost

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everywhere else (due to archival issues, much of it has disappeared even in the Philippines). And yet, there is a parallel and adjacent tradition in the exact same time period: Taiwanese literature in Japanese, likewise produced under colonial conditions in the first half of the twentieth century. Most Taiwanese literature scholars today, like their Filipino counterparts, cannot read their own tradition in the old imperial language. Here too is surely a non-worldly corpus, largely unreadable at home and largely inaccessible abroad. But what would happen if these twin and bordering non-worldly traditions were read together? Surely that act would, in a creative and affirmative way, break through the hierarchies of the Worldly that refract those hierarchies of the World. And so one way to redress the various problems posed about World Literature would be not to diversify the World in the name of inclusivity (such as by claiming Worldliness for Taiwan) or to turn away from it as a framework (such as by focusing on the local, the micro) but rather to recast the World altogether: a World, for instance, in which Taiwanese literature in Japanese and Filipino literature in Spanish, these notables of the non-World, are read together at the center of an alternative, archipelagic, other World.

And from there? To prioritize the reading and analyzing of “San Mao” (and for that matter “Taiwan”) not in Mandarin or in the forthcoming English or inevitable French but in Castilian and Catalan. It is not that the latter languages offer some authentic cultural alterity for San Mao any more than Mandarin might retain it or English or French betray it. As an author San Mao was—to put in my own phrasing an argument made by Lang—more performance artist than autobiographer in any case: what alterity there is in her is assembled, not organic. And the Barcelona editions assimilate her person and text as much as would any translations, hispanizing her and rehispanizing her in diverse ways, catalanizing her from the paratextual margins, desinicizing her in astounding gambits of one kind or another. The Castilian and Catalan versions make every attempt to turn the Taiwanese-Spanish-Saharan-Chinese persona of San Mao into an empathic everywoman who is simultaneously universal and diversely regional (the regions are Castile and Catalonia). This is the most common critique of World Literature, of course, that it divests cultural figures and cultural texts of themselves in the name of readability, assimilability. But assimilate is what we do every time we read San Mao, whatever the language, even if in Mandarin. And the value of reading her in an other-Worldly fashion, which is to say via an unexpected constellation of languages, cultures, and spaces, is to put forth a different version of what a World can be, to reveal what a different World might look like, without succumbing to the binarism of either expanding the current Map of the World or extolling those micro spaces argued to be not on it. Reading her as other-Worldly would not be about making a more



inclusive Map or rejecting the Map wholesale but about positing alternate Maps altogether.

And this, in turn, would be to taiwan World Literature. To put forth a World from that which actually does exist but is not recognized to be. It would be spectacular to learn, for instance, that the next anthology of World Literature to appear would juxtapose writings only from those seventeen countries that recognize, as of this writing, Taiwan: Kiribati, Nauru, the Solomon Islands, the Marshall Islands, Palau, Tuvalu, Eswatini, the Holy See, Belize, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Honduras, Haiti, St. Kitts and Nevis, St. Vincent and the Grenadines, Saint Lucia, and Paraguay. I have no idea what that volume and World might look like, but I do suspect it would offer the most remarkable paradigm of World Literature yet. By virtue of its unexpected juxtapositions of small and micro states from around the world, many of them islands, it would force attempts at envisioning what kind of World might link them and their literatures. An alternate World made up only of literatures from those countries that recognize Taiwan: what would happen to our present World if this other World rose above it? It would not need Goethe to get going. It would not need Greece or Rome. It would not need London or New York or Paris for consecration, or for that matter Beijing. It would also not need the positing of some already recognized non-Western world that might be argued to coherently exist due to shared cultural or religious or linguistic or imperial or commercial histories: the Sinosphere, the Islamosphere, Austronesia, and so forth. In contradistinction to those worlds as well as the World, a taiwaned World Literature would yoke together seemingly disparate and relatively unrecognized cultural spaces—how many of the states listed above appear on your own Map?—and see what might emerge. What would that be? I do not know. The immanent principles would have to be created after the World itself, not vice versa. Maybe this taiwaned World collapses at its conception. Or maybe it makes taiwaning the global discipline some kind of imperative thereafter.

I tried to do something like this in my book *The Magellan Fallacy* when arguing for the value of reading literatures in Spanish from Equatorial Guinea and the Philippines together despite their having virtually no apparent overlap save for their position as outliers. I did this from a place of personal intellectual weakness as, among other ignorances, I do not know any Equatoguinean language. I am embarrassed by that. I also did it from a non-place of institutional non-recognition, as neither African nor Asian literary traditions in Spanish had ever been acknowledged to exist by any program or course or professor in my educational wanderings. Around the world to this day, with very few exceptions, the architectures of academia ordain new scholars in Spanish departments only as specialists in either Spain or Latin America. This stiff

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structure is binary and transatlantic; this is the cardboard cartography that rules. And given all my educational and cultural weaknesses brought to *The Magellan Fallacy*, maybe my attempt at taiwaning the Hispanosphere was a failure. But even if so, the attempt was worth making. I do think that. Anything that is not recognized but that manifestly exists deserves a centering on the Map. Some kind of Map.

And why put Taiwan at the center of a new Map of World Literature? There are other peoples without states, of course, many of whom have to endure life in far worse conditions than the Taiwanese. And yet Taiwan is a space particularly worth centering. For one, it is a state: it meets all criteria of statehood except for the seminal fact of its not being recognized as one by the powers that be. It is this very unrecognition of reality that cries out for, well, Recognition of Reality. Second, Taiwan faces a permanent existential threat from the postures, verbal as well as military, of a power determined to absorb it; and there is an equally permanent ethical imperative for all of us to rebut existential threats to people, wherever we stand, however weak we may be. Third, at a symbolic level, Taiwan represents the kind of progress that the best of World Literature criticism seeks through its own emergence: a global space of more freedom, more acceptance of difference from centralized power. Taiwan has an egregious history of colonialisms and dictatorship and yet has become, in a remarkably peaceful transition, a light of liberal democracy and cultural freedom. It is no utopia, of course, and rampant problems characterize Taiwanese society as every other, including its own socioeconomic hierarchies and exclusions. But to the extent that World Literature values itself as an attempt to transform restrictive, hegemonic cultural orders into new spaces where alterity can flourish, then the discipline could do worse than look to Taiwan as a model of liberation.

To read for the unwritten and so unwrite oneself: to taiwan. The centerpiece is the double meaning carried by the preposition, the seemingly weakest spot in the Text: “for.” To read with ethical intentionality in the name of what has been written out of the World, to read with intellectual intentionality by searching for that which lacks visual presence. Both efforts may fail, both indeed may be condemned to failure before they begin, but the imperative to unmake the unwritings of the World is worth following. Even if fated to fail. If we read World Literature like this—reading for the taiwans of humanity, reading to taiwan the Map—we unwrite not only World Literature but also however we have fashioned ourselves within the narcissism of the World it echoes. To taiwan is to read for the unrecognized, to center the small or weak or peripheral, in the name of trying to understand them and ourselves in novel ways. And this is the great power of the unrecognized: the hope, however hampered, however halted, of liberation. By

undoing our own insular narratives of self and planet, we can find freedom where we have not recognized it before, if not in the achievability of understanding, then at least in the hope of solidarity. There is liberation in that hope. In some ways, it is the only type of liberation there is. This liberation, I suspect, these liberations, is the point of reading World Literature in the first place.

The first time I saw the name of San Mao in Chinese characters, I misinterpreted it. The characters are extremely easy ones, but it had been awhile since my last Mandarin class and my skills had declined precipitously since (as usual), and while I instantly recognized the first character as representing the number three, I instinctively flipped in my mind the “Mao” character (毛), meaning “hair,” into this (手), which means “hand.” No native reader of Mandarin would invert the character like this, but that’s not me, and I assimilated it (and her) without realizing it: I read her name backwards as “Three Hands” rather than “Three Hairs,” which (I learned later) was the name of the cartoon character whose moniker she took as her own. And that “Three Hands” turned instinctively in my mind into “thirdhand.” And I figured that, coincidentally, that was what I was indeed doing: reading San Mao thirdhand, since I wasn’t there in the Sahara originally, sharing the firsthand experiences of which she wrote; and I also wasn’t assimilating those experiences secondhand by reading her narratives in Mandarin about them. Instead, I was interpreting her thirdhand, via a translation, in a language moreover that was not my own, a language on the periphery of World Literature despite its massive global presence and endlessly rich iterations, a language in which I had not gained anything approaching professional fluency until well into adulthood, and yet through my still tenuous grasp of it I was constructing the worlds and non-worlds of San Mao in my mind all the same. There was a real freedom and fun in the inherent play of this thirdhand appreciation, knowing I was reading distortions of distortions of representations, knowing I wasn’t reading the real thing, whatever Reality in the Sahara might have been for Chen Ping or Echo Chen or San Mao, or for her initial readership in Taiwan or subsequent readership in China. I read “San Mao” wrong, which is to say I read San Mao creatively, and even after I realized my mistake it helped me read her more freely: it reminded me to never take her, or Taiwan, or the Sahara, at the value to which the World has assigned them to date.

I have never been able to shake my misinterpretation of the name of San Mao: it guides me as I write this. In good ways, I think, however mistaken they might be. To be sure, there is nothing playful about the tragedies of the stretch of the planet where she briefly lived—multiple oppressions of many kinds persist in what the World now calls Western Sahara, in ways that speak not to liberation at all—and there is no distortion worth celebrating there, no unreality worth embracing, no

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misinterpretation worth naming. And yet, when it comes to literature, adamic gestures are worth making, even if silly, even if misguided, if only as attempts at thinking the World in new ways. For the people of the Sahara, for the people of Taiwan, the World needs such reimagining, even if the weak precincts of literature professors are the only spaces where such imaginings may be recognized into cartographic existence. And so amid the awfulness of it all, I would like to think of thirdhand reading as a mildly amusing, definitely misbegotten, and profoundly productive methodology that perhaps could guide the taiwaning of World Literature from here on out.