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AALITRA

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lintao.qi@monash.edu

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"Death to the Translator!" -- A Case Study on Risk in Translation

ADAM ZULAWNIK
Monash University

Abstract
Controversial, potentially dangerous issues are bound to arise in an increasingly globalised world. Translators, as always, will need to provide linguistic assistance to facilitate understanding for all concerned parties. In this paper, through the exploration of the Japanese *manga* comic medium, I demonstrate an innovative translation methodology, which whilst serving as a pedagogical tool for gaining deeper insight into the difficult nature of the translation process, also provides potential risk management elements that can be employed when dealing with so-called controversial material, such as politically or historically debated texts. This paper explores issues surrounding the translation of Japanese graphic novel *Manga Kenkanryū* which addresses key debated historical and political issues pertaining to Japan-Korea relations. In the past four decades, linguistic, ethical, and risk management issues have been raised in the field of Translation Studies and Linguistics. Researchers such as Venuti and Tymoczko have placed particular focus on the power and visibility (or lack thereof) of the translator in the production of translations of controversial texts. However, risks associated with the translation of controversial texts have not been discussed in great detail, in spite of prominent examples such as mistranslation of political texts in the Middle-East and Europe.

"What must be translated of that which is translatable can only be the untranslatable".

-- Jacques Derrida (Attridge 258)

Introduction

In this paper, I explore the issues that surround the translation of controversial and multi-modal texts by translating a volume of the Japanese graphic novel '*Manga Kenkanryū*' (*Hate Hallyu: The Comic*) by Yamano Sharin (2005, *penname*), which I undertook as part of doctoral research (2018). In the process of translating *Manga Kenkanryū*, I propose a methodology for the translation of politically charged texts for pedagogical purposes which, at the same time, tackles the problem of translator and translation invisibility. I argue that translations of politically charged texts offer a specific pedagogical purpose to readers because they exemplify, in ways that cannot be replicated elsewhere, the nature of debate that is intercultural, inter-lingual, and historically and politically bound. The fact that in my project I translate multi-modal media, in this case a *manga*, allows me to highlight in precise ways the interaction of the historical, political, and cultural on the text, and the nature of translation of such texts. Such an endeavour, however, endows the translator with an unequivocally political role, and therefore, I argue here, translation may be conducted following certain guidelines, placing the translator and their decisions in full view of the reader.

In essence, the translator of a project such as this may work in such a way that they are seen at work, countering the outdated assumption that translators are passive conduits or should remain invisible (Venuti).

In the past four decades, linguistic and ethical issues associated with the translation of controversial texts have been discussed in the field of Translation Studies (e.g., Venuti; Akbari; Tymoczko). Researchers such as Venuti and Tymoczko have placed particular focus on the power and visibility (or lack thereof) of the translator in the production of translations of controversial texts (definition of 'controversial' discussed later in the paper). Risks, whether they be political, cultural, or personal, associated with the translation of controversial texts, have not been discussed in great detail, although there has been some research that addresses economic risk factors in translation (Akbari), as shall be discussed in more detail below. This lack in scholarship is in spite of prominent examples of translation risk outcomes such as the mistranslation of political texts in the Middle-East and Europe (cf. e.g., Schäffner; Sharifian; ElSheikh), and the infamous case of Salman Rushdie's *The Satanic Verses*, which resulted in a *fatwa* that is linked to the assassination of the book's Japanese translator (Weisman), and to death threats followed by assassination attempts on three others (Fazzo; Yalman; Petrou).[1]

Issues related to the translation of political texts have been discussed more generally in Translation Studies (TS) literature by scholars such as Schäffner, Tymoczko, Gentzler, and Hermans, but not so much in relation to translation methodology, or the translation process. This gap in literature is particularly noticeable in Asian Studies: there is limited interest in the translation of controversial and/or political discourse, let alone Japan-South Korea relations, with one a few notable examples such as an article by Sakamoto & Allen about anti-Korean sentiments in Japan which features excerpts of texts translated by the article's authors. Translation of political materials must happen, although in a controlled environment with a clearly set-out purpose. The purpose of an activity such as translating excerpts of a political text as part of research has academic value in its own right. And yet, it would be beneficial for someone who is not a speaker of Japanese/Korean (or other languages for that matter) also to have direct access to such cited works, as opposed to potentially biased interpretations, even if technically it would perhaps be impossible to call a translation a "perfect" copy of the source text because of the limitations of translation (e.g., translation of implicit meanings). Translation where the target text is deemed a "perfect" copy is, nevertheless, common practice particularly in political and government documents, where all translations are considered as 'authentic' (e.g., Treaty on Basic Relations between Japan and the Republic of Korea) (Shelton). As proposed in this paper, such full translations should be completed following a certain formula.

Risk management in translation

The method of what Akbari terms 'Risk Treatment' is categorised as 'Risk Avoidance', 'Risk Reduction'/'Mitigation', 'Risk Transfer', and 'Risk Retention' (5). Examples of such methods may include: Choosing not to engage in a translation after consideration of the risks (avoidance); inclusion of a translator's forward/notes so as to disambiguate

[1] One of these assassination attempts resulted in the death of 37 bystanders, in an event known as the 'Sivas Massacre', where a mob of Islamic fundamentalists stormed into a hotel where Aziz Nesin, the Turkish translator of *The Satanic Verses* was attending a literary event, eventually burning down the premise (Yalman).

precarious terms and explain the translator's approach and/or word-for-word translation or transliteration so as to retain important lexical features found in the ST (thus increasing fidelity to the ST) (reduction/mitigation); conducting a group translation (risk transfer); and finally, decision to accept risk (retention) (Akbari 1-5). The gravest risk requiring consideration in the project at hand, was 'misleading of the readership' through inaccurate translations (production process and product risks). Following an ethical model of risk retention and reduction, in all its imperfection, combined with a foreignizing approach, would seem to be the safest path.

A widely discussed view (e.g. Buden; Bellos) is that translation is "impossible", especially when considering concepts such as semantic equivalence. But perhaps even more intriguing than this, is translatability with reference to ideology, as translating political texts when viewed from an ethical or philosophical perspective, as discussed in the literature review, goes beyond a matter of replacing words, or even meanings. A TT may be received in any number of ways, not only by the target audience/culture, but also that of the source culture/language through the media, as exemplified by the case of the translations of Salman Rushdie's novel the *Satanic Verses*.

How can something as subjective as "success" in translation be achieved or even determined when there are so many factors, so many "unknowns" (e.g., potential risks, ethical pitfalls) involved? The definition of "success" requires clarification: the translation's commissioner and their view of "success" may not necessarily be the same as that of the translator, the information conduit or ccommissioner, not only in the sense of a traditional human being one, but also the expectations and hegemonic discourses created by the source "culture". There is no such thing as a "risk-free" translation when what is translated is problematic. However, my methodology proposes a solution that mitigates the problem. What may be achieved as a result is increased discussion and dialogue regarding both the issues discussed in source texts, through increased visibility of the translator, the translation process itself. On a shallow, idealist level, "success" in the case of this project, where the translator is also the commissioner and is working freely, is achieving a translation that is 'accurate' and 'faithful' to the source text (ST) on a micro-textual level, thus meeting the purpose of scholarly, pedagogical translation. Any new "controversies" that may arise as a result will need to be dealt with as they happen. Another condition for this particular project to be deemed as a success is a translation which may serve as an *unbiased* scholarly resource, one that is not likely to inflame further tensions. What differentiates this kind of project from other documentary translations can be attributed to the temporal nature of the undertaking.

What is "controversy"?

The primary aim of this paper is to propose a model for a new translation methodology for the translation of texts shrouded with controversy, where even the etymological meaning of individual words is so laden with political and ideological values that the translation needs to be transparent. The chosen text, *Manga Kenkanryū*, has been deemed a 'racist' and 'acidic' work by critics in both Japan and South Korea (e.g., Itagaki; Sugiura; Song; Kim S. H.), as well as overseas (e.g., White & Kaplan; Sakamoto & Allen; Liscutin).

Controversy, I argue, stems from a loss of communication due to not only differing perceptions of events, but also the actual way these events are referred to through language (and, finally, translation). This communication, however, is not in reference to a sudden formation of linguistic difference, such as may be imagined, for example, upon a literal interpretation of the outcome of the fall of the Tower of Babel.

Communication issues are not always caused by language difficulty, but also differing ideas. Translation and the translator, in this case, play the role of a pedagogical tool or conduit in the furthering of knowledge, understanding and, ultimately, dialogue.

The translation of political texts or texts that are intertwined with political discourse or any kind of ideology can pose ethical challenges for the translator (Vidal & Alvarez; Baker). The translation of controversial material, the origin of 'controversy' and the risks the act of translating controversial material poses, may be seen through many lenses and, thus, discussed in relation to a number of broad discourses, for example, "power". Baker writes on power's influence on conflict:

> Definitions of conflict inevitably draw on notions of power, and vice versa. Traditional scholarship assumed that power is something that some people have over others. Some theorists of power, such as Bachrach and Baratz (1962, 1970), further insisted that power is only present in situations of observable conflict, where one party forces another to act against its will or what it perceives to be its own interest. More robust definitions of power, however, acknowledge that the supreme exercise of power involves shaping and influencing another party's desires and wants in such a way as to avert observable conflict, that "the most effective and insidious use of power is to prevent…conflict from arising in the first place".
>
> (*Translation and Conflict* 1)

Bassnett further notes that 'the study and practice of translation is inevitably an exploration of power relationships within textual practice that reflect power structures within the wider cultural context'. Baker and Bassnett's discussion and definitions of power related directly to the cultural turn in translation and, although beyond the scope of this paper, may be further expanded through understanding of the discourse of 'patronage'.

Indeed, the influence of power is something that a translator has to be well-aware of when making a choice to translate based on, for example, 'preliminary norms' (Toury), as this will decide the success of the project (or accomplishment of 'skopos'). This is of course mostly the case when the project is self-commissioned. In situations where the translator has little choice as to whether to translate or not (or what approach to take), the power relationship is much more complex (Vidal & Àlvarez). In this paper I argue, on a number of occasions, that translating for a clearly pedagogical purpose whilst employing techniques such as extended translator's notes most often associated with such an approach (cf., e.g., Katan) may be a good way of mitigating various project related risks whilst allowing for better informed discussions in relation to complex issues with the involvement of a broader range of the public (the target readership).

What are the risks?

The risks associated with translation can be far reaching, something that was very relevant in the case of this project where the subject text is a source of controversy in Japan-South Korea relations. Translation risk can affect the translator, readership and, sometimes, even those not directly associated with the translation, as was illustrated earlier. Those associated with translation, be it translators or commissioners, must, therefore, acknowledge this fact before proceeding with a project, something which carries both ethical and practical implications.

Risks associated with the translation of a controversial text include creating new controversies, as well as aforementioned tangible risks that affect source text authors, such as potential travel restrictions or prosecution. Indeed, the author of *Manga Kenkanryū* has himself stated that he refused offers of a Korean translation of the text for the South Korean market upon advice from a lawyer that the venture could end with legal prosecution for anyone involved (Yamano). This is due to the existence of specific laws in South Korea banning any activities which may be deemed as anti-Korean or pro-Japanese. Apart from such tangible risks, the translation also risks continuing the controversy by rehearsing and spreading discourse that has been widely criticised as offensive.

Derrida's work has itself seen controversy and, in many ways embodies the very concept. The concept of *différance*, for example, or the idea of meaning differing/deferring in relation to adjacent modifiers is evidence of the difficulty in not deeming something 'controversial' or debated. The translator's struggle in translating controversial terms found within this never-ending chain of signified-signifier and the very often end-result of this being completely overlooked by target readerships must, therefore, be acknowledged and dealt with appropriately by reintroducing the translator and inserting them into the chain. In other words, without falling victim to absolute relativism, one should acknowledge that risk can arise at any moment and/or situation as a result of modification or *différance*, whilst also striving to make this situation visible to the readership.

Why should controversial texts be translated?

One of the key aspects of translating controversial texts is 'risk management'. It may be beneficial for translators to be aware of potential risks, tangible or not, particularly when they are also the commissioners of a project, such as is the case here. The cognitive process of reviewing project risks allows the translator to make better translational decisions and, in the case of this project, the creation of a suitable methodology based on a clear pedagogical purpose. However, that still leaves debate about justification as to why controversial texts should be translated.

Translation, in the sense of pure language or *différance*, may be seen as a key tool in directing us to mutual understanding and acceptance, not through one language, but through common ways of reading discourse. Translating controversial texts provides new potential for furthering understanding of 'the other'. The purpose of such a translation and the difficult decisions that must be made before the commencement of such a task may also be likened to the ideas of existentialist scholars such as Søren Kierkegaard and, later, Karl Jaspers. Kierkegaard in his book *The Concept of Anxiety* illustrates the idea arguing that whilst the thought of absolute freedom is terrifying, it is at the same time empowering in that it helps us become aware of our choices. This may be likened to the translator of the task at hand acknowledging their vast potential as information conduit and conforming to a carefully thought out, purpose specific translation approach. Thus, the translator in a task such as this is effectively an activist for dialogue and discussion through pedagogy.

Although not risk-free, the benefits of a translation such as that proposed as part of this project provide ample justification; the project aims to extend discussion on controversial topics through increased multilingual access to key texts found within relevant discourse (e.g., Japan-South Korea relations), as well as allowing for the

development of a methodology that may be applied to other tasks such as translator training and text analysis.

Translating in a politically tense context

Translating a controversial text carries many of the same risks as the outright creation of a new (controversial) text. The nature of a text poses some risk to the translator as well as the readership. The translator may face backlash for having chosen to translate a text seen as 'inappropriate' or 'acidic', with potentially tangible implications on ability to travel freely as there is, for example, a law in South Korea which punishes authors of publications seen as either pro-Japanese or anti-Korean (Kr. *chin'il banminjok haengwi,* 친일반민족행위). Thus, the translator needs to be particularly sensitive to the environment in which the original text was published, and to the range and nature of disputes that the original text engendered.

No matter how noble the project purpose, there is always bound to be some kind of risk associated, be it economic or of a more serious nature, such as discussed earlier in relation to the translation of the *Satanic Verses*.

Inadequately managed risk of any kind can lead to any number of negative outcomes, as outlined by Akbari in *Risk Management in Translation*, so much so that some scholars such as Emily Apter in *The Translation Zone: A New Comparative Literature*, alludes to the notion that translation may very well be regarded as a 'weapon of war' (16). Akbari thoroughly analyses different kinds of project risk, dividing them into five translation activities: "Market", "Financial", "Project", "Production Process", and "Product" risks (1-2). In the case of this project, however, only "Production Process" and "Product" risks are of relevance, as the *skopos* is not subject to "commercial" issues. "Production Process" and "Product" risks are of significance, as they relate to the act of translation (possible mistranslations), and "acceptability" (readership reception), respectively (Akbari 2-5). The relevance of translation risk management is reinforced by Pym, who asserts that translators must carefully judge which risks pose the most danger. Pym places risk into a spectrum ranging from "very low" to "very high" risk (1-4), and even briefly alludes to "real", "dangerous" risk. Pym, for example, asserts: "If and when [translators] misjudge the risks and give real offence, real damage can result", adding "Those of us who train translators should be thinking in terms of those kinds of actual conflict, where the risks are something more than *metaphorical* [emphasis added]" (10). As discussed in the Introduction, examples of such risk in translation are numerous, ranging from the mistranslation of political texts (Schäffner; Sharifian; ElShiekh), to fallout following translation of literature such as the *Satanic Verses* (Weisman).

Although my project was most likely "low-risk" according to Pym, the scale of such *potentially* dangerous factors could not be overlooked. Here, it must also be noted that such seemingly "metaphorical" risk (e.g., misunderstanding of the TT by readers) too, can bring "real", "physical" outcomes upon the translator (Maier 11), and other parties, including the commissioner and readership.[2] In terms of the task at hand, this may include, as discussed earlier, potential bans from entering South Korea or prosecution based on perceived defamation. The main type of risk requiring careful consideration, however, is that of a (con) textual nature, in other words, translator bias and (un)intentionally misleading readers.

[2] Maier, upon discussing some of the hardships of interpreters at Guantanamo, states:"The interesting thing for a discussion of translation, though, is the suggestion that translating or interpreting can cause such disease that one's organism becomes literally (as opposed to metaphorically) diseased." (11)

Approach for translating controversy

Scholars in Translation Studies such as Venuti, Gentzler, and Robinson, utilising readings of prominent thinkers such as Benjamin, Foucault, and Derrida, have over recent years come to favour strongly certain translation techniques that allow for the preservation of the "other". In *The Translator's Invisibility: A History of Translation*, advocating a foreignizing approach as a "highly desirable...strategic cultural intervention", Venuti asserts that translators should try and stray away from total domestication so as to avoid invisibility (14-16). The concept of translator invisibility is a significant one, but perhaps not necessarily in the sense Venuti would argue, claiming domestication (i.e. fluent translation) as dominating both British and American translation culture (15). The idea that foreignization, for example, is an ethical translation strategy should be noted, with Venuti stating that 'domestication and foreignization indicate fundamentally ethical attitudes towards a foreign text and culture, ethical effects produced by the choice of a text for translation and by the strategy devised to translate it' (19). In the case of the project at hand, it is crucial to allow the receivers of the source culture to recognise the translated texts as translations through a fair representation of the ST and increased visibility of the translator is crucial. No matter how "toxic" the source texts may seem to some, the approach that must be followed throughout the translation process is the maintenance of the "foreignness" or "otherness" of the originals through a certain amount of fidelity adjusted according to the project purpose, as exemplified later in this paper.

A foreignizing approach to translation, for example, may be defined as generally constituting an emphasis on source text features through glossing, transliteration of ST terms, and inclusion of translator notes. It would, however, be impractical to try and prescribe one micro-analytical, definite list of rules. Instead, the best approach would be to format a set of rules relevant to the current translation project. Above all, the most important step in achieving a pedagogical approach is rendering the methodology (and conduit or translator) visible to the target readership.

Creating dialogue between source text, translator and readership

The approach proposed in this paper aims to foster critique on part of the readership achieved through recognition of the TT as a pedagogical translation. This interaction is achieved through increased visibility of the translator and translation.

Empowering the translator

The central figure in this paper is the translator and, as has been discussed previously, there has been ample scholarship on empowering translators (e.g., Venuti; Tymoczko; Tymoczko & Gentzler; Maier). Much of this research has focused on issues of cultural hegemony and how translators and translation may have an effect on minority cultures (Venuti; Tymoczko & Gentzler; Maier).

The empowerment proposed in this paper, however, is a means of helping the translator *help others* make changes. Translation, whether it be inter or intra-linguistic, can aid in opening new dialogues through the increase of relevant resources. In other words, translation plays a crucial role in fostering communication. The translator of a project such as this should, thus, feel empowered, knowing that they are working towards increased discussion and mediation of all discourse, not just one particular agenda. The possession of this feeling of empowerment is vital in maintaining the push to engage in a translation that may otherwise appear too risky to work with. As

mentioned earlier, the act of such a translation itself is a form of activism aimed at fostering knowledge and learning, however it must be conducted following certain guidelines.

Taking responsibility - precision in guidance

Once the translator is empowered and aware of the responsibilities their "new" power carries, there is a need to act. The translator may try to aim to guide the readership in understanding the source text including all the various implicit subtleties and, in the case of this translation, image. The translation of *Manga Kenkanryū* is aimed to serve a documentary and pedagogical function in the form of a scholarly resource. Translator visibility, discussed earlier, thus, may be manifested in a different manner than in, for example, a novel, with the use of thorough, carefully composed translator notes and additional commentary relating to images that may otherwise be misunderstood by the readership. In the context of literary translation, for instance, translator visibility may carry the aim of preserving a foreign culture through the use of a foreignizing approach. As aforementioned, a foreignizing approach may consist of any number of translation methods, including transliteration, foreign word usage, irregular grammar, and translator's notes.

The suitability of the latter, translator's notes, annotation, or paratext (in the sense of elements other than the main body of text) in general, is debated, particularly when considering literary translation (e.g., Genette; Pellatt). Annotations carry a pedagogical function which may also in turn aid in risk mitigation through supplementation of, for example, ST terms otherwise potentially out of reach of the target readership (Delisle, Lee-Jahnke & Cormier). The value of annotations is especially relevant in the case of documentary and scholarly translation, and of particular importance considering the pedagogical nature of the project at hand. Not all translator's notes, however, are equal. Translator's notes may be objective or subjective and, in that sense, pose risks such as potential overuse of power by the translator (Pellatt). In the translation of historical documents, for example, translators (who often happen to also be historians) tend to express their own opinions on the ST discourse (e.g., Hou; Wu & Shen).

In the project at hand, translator notes play multiple roles. In addition to informing readers about terms that are difficult to translate and providing information on certain cultural aspects found in the ST (Delisle, Lee-Jahnke & Cormier), translator notes are also used to make sure that readers, regardless of their source language ability, can understand and see the difficulties of reaching an appropriate set of meanings in a controversial context. In other words, translator notes play a crucial function in giving additional visibility to the translator through an explicit exposition of the translation process. Thus, such notes may guide readers so as to their appreciation of the many challenges faced by the translator during the translation process. From the perspective of the translator, this may also be seen as a form a risk mitigation.

Case study: *Manga Kenkanryū* (*Hate Hally: The Comic*)

Manga Kenkanryū (Yamano, *Hate Hallyu: The Comic*) sold in excess of 1 million volumes under the publisher *Shinyusha Mook,* despite the ambivalence of the Japanese public's reception of the series at the time of its initial publication in 2005 (*New York Times*). As of 2011, the series has gone into reprint, suggesting ongoing popularity in some circles (Yamano). It may be argued that Yamano's work both reflects and sustains the tense relationship between South Korea and Japan. Yamano credits *Manga*

Kenkanryū as having played a key role in initiating the 'Hate *hallyu*/*kanryū*' movement in Japan. The movement countered *hallyu*/*kanryū* (Kr. 한류, Jp. 韓流) or the "Korean Wave", a period beginning around the year 2000 in which South Korean popular culture became highly fashionable, with South Korean soap operas, South Korean pop singers, and South Korean actors becoming increasingly visible in Japanese pop culture. Yamano claims the Korean Wave is simply 'hype' created by the mass media, as opposed to real valuable cultural exchange (Yamano, n.d.). As a graphic novel aimed at Japanese adults interested in Japan-South Korea relations, *Manga Kenkanryu* by Sharin Yamano contains numerous historical and political terms, some of which contain more than one English equivalent or existing translation. The issue of selection here is important, as some choices may be directly linked to what often sparks "controversy", thus raising risk.

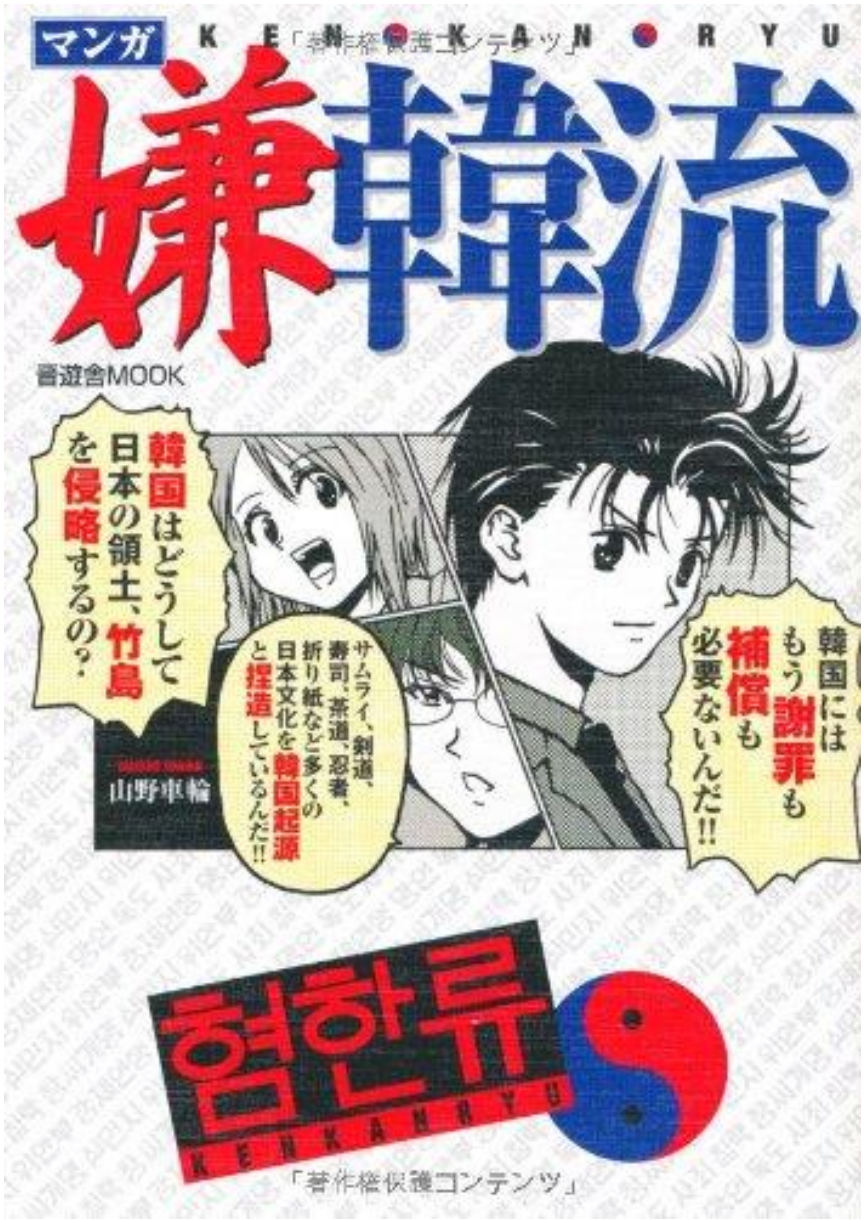

Figure 1. Cover of *Manga Kenkanryū* (Yamano, 2005)

Translator notes (TN) play a big role in helping manage risk, by allowing the translator to explain, to the best of their ability, issues pertaining to certain choices, whilst also allowing for the creation of new, alternative translations. The decision to include TNs for such terms was made on the basis that the target audience may wish to further investigate the issues. An example is the term *kōminka seisaku* (Jp. 皇民化政策), which I translated as 'Imperialisation of the People policy', a calque translation (Delisle, Lee-Jahnke & Cormier). Although this term is often translated into English as either *Japanisation*, *Tennōisation*, or *assimilation* ("*kōminkaseisaku*"), each choice is problematic: *Japanisation* can be seen as considerably Eurocentric, as the concept of assimilation into empire is certainly not exclusive to Japan, whilst *Tennōisation* is a term derived from *tennō*, the Japanese word for *emperor* and not *kōmin* (emperor's people). When compared with *Nazification*, a similar term, *Tennōisation* is in fact illogical and inaccurate in terms of lexical composition. Whereas Nazification (*Nazi + fication*) makes sense in that it is *making something/someone Nazi*, *Tennōisation* (*tennō + isation*) literally means *turning something/someone into the Emperor of Japan*. When back-translated into Japanese (Jp. *tennōka*, 天皇化), the term makes just as little sense. Neither are terms that Japanese characters in *Hate Hallyu: The Comic* would use. Finally, *assimilation*, another lexical option, is on the other side of the spectrum, too broad with no reference to *empire* and thus not in line with the general foreignizing approach utilised as part of my project.

From the perspective of a Japanese person coming in contact with the term *kōminka seisaku*, it is likely that the image that first comes to mind is that of a people becoming part of a/the "Japanese Empire", or "the Emperor's people". Indeed, the term is often defined as such in Japanese dictionaries: 'A Japanese occupational policy from World War II which colonised Korea [*chōsen*] as part of wartime mobilisation. Under the name of "cultural assimilation" it was aimed at making Koreans loyal people of the [Japanese] Emperor, whilst obliterating national identity. The policy included name change [*sōshikaimei*] and educational regulations [*kyōikurei*] [my translation]' (*Nihon Kokugo Daijiten* 741). Thus, it is hard to imagine a Japanese reader envisioning *kōminka seisaku* as a policy that *Japanises*, *Tennōises* (?), or simply *assimilates* a people. Furthermore, *Japanisation* and *Tennōisation* may both be seen as orientalist terms that were coined for a non-Japanese, anglophone readership reading in a context that purely focuses on Japanese imperialism, making both terms exclusive to that particular setting. Nevertheless, all three terms, *Japanisation*, *Tennōisation*, and *assimilation*, have been mentioned in the TNs for reference, as they are commonly used terms when referring to the concept of *kōminka seisaku*.

A further, politically significant term, often raised by those involved in Japan-South Korea relations and the issue of wartime reparations/compensation/apologies, is the very ST term for compensation and reparation, *hoshō* (Jp. 補償) and *tsugunai* (Jp. 償い). Official Japanese government ST documents use both terms, the latter also carrying the meaning of *atonement* (for wrongdoings). Organisations arguing that Japan did not provide sufficient compensation or that the compensation was not "heartfelt" tend to render both terms simply as (financial) *compensation*. Parties which, on the other hand, argue that Japan has done everything it needs to, argue that *tsugunai* indeed refers to both compensation and atonement, thus "no further apologies from the government are required". My translation project did not aim to argue that translators are to determine which party is "correct". Rather, the aim was to argue that one function

a translator may wish to offer, is the provision of access to detailed translations of controversial terms, so that third parties may reach a more complete or sophisticated understanding of the finer points of certain debates.

A particularly challenging aspect was the translation of *Korea* itself. As the topics in *Manga Kenkanryū* largely pertain to *Korea*, translating the variations present in the text took on profound importance. Languages that contain words derived from Chinese such as Japanese and Korean, have more than one term for what is generally translated in English simply as *Korea*. These variations carry their own political implications and deeply impinge on the perceptions of the general populations of Japan and South/North Korea.

The Korean Peninsula has seen great unrest in the past century, transforming from a Kingdom to an Empire, then a Japanese colony and, finally, the two separate states of the present day. It is paramount to keep in mind this history when dealing with translation pertaining to Japan-Korea relations, as in a translation with a pedagogical purpose such as this (creation of a research source) there should be well-balanced, informative translator notes that do not try and persuade the readership in any particular direction, allowing for further, independent research on the subject matter.

There exist two general terms for "unified Korea" in Japanese and Korean when written using Chinese characters; *Chōsen*/*Joseon* (Jp/Kr. 朝鮮) and *Kankoku*/*Hanguk* (Jp. 韓国, Kr. 韓國), respectively. The former, *Chōsen*/*Joseon*, was used in both Japan and Korea (prior to division) to refer to the kingdom and, with the addition of *peninsula*, to the *Korean Peninsula* as well. When the Korean Empire was established in 1897, the formal name was changed to *Daikan-teikoku*/*Daehan- jeguk* (Jp. 大韓帝国, Kr. 大韓帝國), the *Kan*/*Han* character being used for the first time in Korea in thousands of years. There is debate as to the origins and usage of *Daikan*/*Daehan*, with some scholars such as Choe Nam-Seon arguing that the two characters when used together phonetically trace their root back to an ancient word simply meaning 'person who lives in the area that is now the south of the Korean Peninsula', as opposed to *Dai*/*Dae* being a glorifying adjective meaning *big* or *great*, as in "Great Korea". At the time of the establishment of the empire, however, Japan, by far the biggest force in East Asia (and arguably a driving force in both the formation and downfall of the Korean Empire), also used the same character in front of *Japan* to mean *Great Japanese Empire* (Jp. *Dai-Nihon Teikoku*, 大日本帝国). The variations present in *Manga Kenkanryū* and their proposed English translations may be summarised as follows:

Source Text	**Target Text**
韓・韓民族	Korea/the Korean people
韓国	South Korea/Republic of Korea (ROK)
嫌韓流	Hate Hallyu
韓国人・韓国語/朝鮮語	South Korean/Korean (language)
北朝鮮	North Korea/Democratic People's Republic of Korea (DPRK)
朝鮮・朝鮮人	Joseon Korea/Joseon Korean
朝鮮半島	Joseon Peninsula

Table 1. Comparison of "Korea" related translation choices

When the Korean Empire then became part of the Japanese Empire in 1910, the name of the region reverted back to *Chōsen*/*Joseon*. Then, after the end of World War Two,

and the Korean War, the peninsula was divided into the North and South, both factions choosing to use different official names based on their political ideologies. The different names used for *Korea* and the *Korean Peninsula* may be summarised as follows:

English	Japanese[3]	North Korean	South Korean
Korea (general)	韓国・朝鮮 *Kankoku*/*Chōsen*	조선 (朝鮮) *Joseon*	한국 (韓國) *Hanguk*
Korean Peninsula	朝鮮半島 *Chōsen Hantō*	조선반도 (朝鮮半島) *Joseon Bando*	한반도 (韓半島) *Han-Bando*
North Korea (DPRK)	朝鮮人民共和国・北朝鮮 *Chōsen Minshushugi Jinmin Kyōwakoku/ Kita-Chōsen*	조선인민공화국/북조선 (朝鮮人民共和國/北朝鮮) *Joseon Minjujuwi Inmin Gonghwaguk*/*Buk-Joseon*	북한 (北韓) *Buk-Han*
South Korea (ROK)	大韓民国・韓国 *Daikan minkoku/ Kankoku*	남조선 (南朝鮮) *Nam-Joseon*	대한민국/한국/남한 (大韓民國/韓國/南韓) *Daehan minguk/ Hanguk/ Nam-Han*

Table 2: Comparison of naming of "Korea"

The communist North (DPRK) chose to retain the pre/post-imperial era *Chōsen*/*Joseon* (adding *Democratic People's Republic*), whilst the South (ROK) took the *Daikan*/*Daehan* from imperial times (adding *minkoku*/*minguk*, meaning *republic*).[4] When referring to one another, the DPRK and ROK opt to use their own selected name, with the addition of North/South for disambiguation. In other words, in the DPRK North and South Korea are called *Buk-Joseon*/*Nam-Joseon* (北朝鮮・南朝鮮), with the peninsula referred to as the *Joseon Bando* (朝鮮半島). In contrast to this, in South Korea, the North and South are referred to as *Buk-Han* and *Nam-Han* (北韓・南韓), with the peninsula referred to as the *Han-Bando* (韓半島). The same is the case for most adjectival usage, such as in language (Kr. *Joseon-mal* versus *Hanguk-mal*) and the Korean ethnicity (N. Kr *Joseon-minjok* versus S. Kr *Han-minjok*). What complicates matters further is third-party naming. In non-Sino-background languages, both *Joseon* and *Han* are known simply as *Korea*, as in the *Korean Peninsula*, *Korean language*, and *Korean people*. A distinction can only be made with the addition of North/South, but this is rarely done, and does not come of help when dealing with *Korea* prior to division. In Sino-background languages such as Chinese, Japanese, and Vietnamese, there is a balance in usage, with each state referred to using its preferred

[3] Chinese and other languages that use Chinese background vocabulary, such as Vietnamese, utilise the same or similar word choice as Japanese, with their own native pronunciation (e.g., the Korean Peninsula in Mandarin Chinese is *Cháoxiǎn Bàndǎo* (Ch. 朝鮮半島**)** and *Bán đảo Triều Tiên* (半島朝鮮) in Vietnamese.

[4] *Minkoku*/*Minguk* (Jp. 民国, Kr. 民國) itself is a South Korean variant of the word *republic* (normally referred to in Japanese and Korean as 共和国/共和國, Jp. *Kyōwakoku*, Kr. *Gonghwaguk*, respectively), first proposed as a suffix to *Daikan*/*Daehan* during the Korean independence movement of 1919 (Song, 2013).

name, and the Korean Peninsula as the *Joseon Peninsula* (using each language's respective pronunciation), in other words, using the historical reference of the peninsula prior to division.

The multiplicity of terms is a problem when translating, as the usage of either of the two terms, namely, *Joseon Peninsula* or *Han Peninsula*, is not recognised by the opposing faction. On the contrary, the use of, for example, *Chōsen Hantō* (*Joseon Peninsula*) in Japanese, is often met with distaste from South Korea as it is perceived as a reminder of Japanese Imperial rule. Prominent figures in South Korean society such as Lim Jong-geon, ex-president of *Seoul Gyeongje* newspaper, even argue that the Japanese usage of the term "in place" of the South Korean variant may be seen as sympathetic of North Korea, or as taking pride in Japanese colonial history (Lim, 2015).

As a translator with knowledge of the Japanese and Korean languages, as well as the situation surrounding language use in certain circles, I contend that there is a need to provide additional detail pertaining to such ST features. It must be noted, however, that in the case of this project, it is not my intent to guide TT readers to any particular conclusion regarding the ST. The project purpose is to create a research resource, with addition of information in the form of didactic translator notes. Ultimately, whether or not this has been carried out properly will be decided by the readers and the exercise of trying to translate for such a purpose carries further pedagogical value. When translating a text for pedagogical purposes, such as in the case of this project, a choice has to be made as to what to do with politically charged terms, not so much as to appease either side of the divide, but how to (or *if to*) highlight the existence of this "différance". Whatever the language may be, every reader (native or not) has the potential to (mis)understand a text in any given way.

A translator may assume that there is a certain, "general" habitual understanding/knowledge, common to, for example, Japan and the "general" Japanese public. This assumption does not, however, solve the problem of translation, as the translator and the envisaged target readership have to be accounted for as well. Thus, as discussed in the methodology chapter, just as there is no "total equivalence", there is no "neutral" or "perfect" translation. The aim of this project, however, is to propose new methods of engaging with this "impossible" task. In other words, the purpose is to allow the target readership to see the many dimensions to understanding a text, through the translation process. This understanding, in turn, may allow for deeper insight into the complexity of controversial issues, such as Japan-Korea relations, ultimately leading to further research and dialogue.

Conclusions

In this paper, I discussed a number of questions surrounding the translation of controversial texts. The term controversy was defined and re-conceptualised so as to incorporate deconstructionist ideas of reading and trying to make sense of discourse. Risk factors directly relating to the translation of the controversial graphic novel, *Manga Kenkanryū*, were discussed in light of both physical (mortal risk) and metaphorical aspects with emphasis on the unavoidable (con)textual risks. Factors surrounding the text pose significant risk which led to the discussion of whether or not anything could be achieved in terms of risk management. I argue that little could be done in eliminating translation related risks as risk is governed more by the ST than how a translation is carried out. What may be achieved, then, is a clear purpose and

project justification – increased discussion about controversial discourse with the hope of attaining increased understanding through discussion. What is more, it was noted that although full safety (zero risk) would only be achievable if a translation does not happen in the first place, there are methods which may help lower risk factors. This led to my proposal for applying a methodological framework to translating as a visible guide. The translator has the power to supplement the ST and potentially mislead the readership, thus I argued that there is a need to provide guidance to the readership in the form of detailed, unbiased translator's notes which also have the function of risk management. There is great potential for further research, particularly in regards to the development of translation tools used for annotation – in other words, the creation of an augmented translation space. There is room for the development of both academic/professional and general use applications: an extended academic/professional program which may be part of an online learning network for the translation and evaluation of multi-modal texts and translator education, and a separate public application divided into a translation program and a viewing platform for accessing expanded multi-modal translations.

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Introduction

Special Column: Translating Australian Children's Literature into Chinese

PATRICIA SMITH
Counsellor, Public Affairs
Australian Embassy Beijing

Australian literature encapsulates immeasurable knowledge about our society and our unique view of the world, all conveyed through an authentically Australian voice. Sharing literature across cultures is a powerful tool in deepening mutual understanding. It can provide a window between worlds.

The Australian Embassy in Beijing has long supported the translation and exchange of Australian and Chinese literature. Key to this strategy has been the *Australian Writers Week*, through which we've welcomed more than 70 Australian authors to China since the first event in 2009.

Since then, the event has grown in both scale and reputation, providing a unique opportunity to share Australia's literary voices with Chinese audiences and for Australian writers to engage with Chinese authors they might otherwise not have the opportunity to meet. We have also developed the *Australia Writes* brand to promote literature year-round.

In 2020, we took things online with the *Australia Writes* online literature festival, reaching thousands of Chinese readers via the Australian Embassy's official WeChat account. Featured this year was children's author and illustrator Graeme Base, whose vibrant picture books and elegant fables are loved by children across China. Base first visited the country as part of *Australian Writers Week* in 2016, and has since written two books inspired by his travel within China: *Dragon Moon* and *The Tree.*

The Australian Embassy also supports the work of master translator Professor Li Yao and his colleagues at Australian Studies Centres (ASC) across China. Their work is the driving force behind the translation of Australian literature into Chinese.

The Australian Studies Centre of Inner Mongolia Normal University is particularly prolific and ambitious. In February this year, it released *The Australian Indigenous Children's Literature Chinese Translation Series*, published by Qingdao Publishing House. This is the first collection of children's books by and about Indigenous Australians to be translated into Chinese, a significant milestone.

The books in this series have been translated by young scholars including Hongyu Jiang, translator of Melissa Lucashenko's *Killing Darcy*, and Rina Su and Yajing Xu, translators of Bruce Pascoe's *Sea Horse*. The translation of *Deadly Unna?* by Phillip Gwynne, was translated by Wuyun Gaowa of the Inner Mongolia Normal University's Australian Studies Centre.

The experience of working with Australian books introduced these scholars not only to new words and expressions but also to the great diversity of Indigenous cultures. Their efforts to bring this knowledge to share with young readers across China is an invaluable contribution to our two countries' relationship and understanding.

With travel currently so curtailed, literature exchange has perhaps never been more important as a means to provide a bridge between cultures and to forge stronger understanding between Australia and China. We hope this column brings even greater awareness to the important work of translators in both countries.

The English-Chinese Translation of Melissa Lucashenko's *Killing Darcy*

HONGYU JIANG
Inner Mongolia Normal University, China

Abstract
The most challenging aspect of the translation of Melissa Lucashenko's novel *Killing Darcy* is the author's unique style. In this paper, I begin with an overview of the author and the storyline, followed by a brief analysis of the text from the perspective of postcolonialism. I then discuss the specific approaches adopted in the translation of the novel to transfer the messages, by endeavouring to maintain the style of the original text. Taking into consideration the differences between English and Chinese languages and cultures, as well as certain requirements concerning the translation of children's literature imposed by the National Press and Publication Administration of China, some parts are under translated, while other parts are over translated in the Chinese version. Nevertheless, the key aspect of my translation is the communication between the two cultures.

Introduction

As translation is a means of communication, with regard to the communicative theory, perhaps a commonly acknowledged observation is that every act of communication constitutes three dimensions: Speaker (or author), Message, and Audience. The tripartite mode stresses the necessity for the translator to have a perception of the role of each party among the three, since "the more we can know about the original author, the actual message produced by that author, and the original audience, the better acquainted we will be with that particular act of communication" (Gordon). Peter Newmark also states in *Approaches to Translation* that the translator's first task is to understand the text, often to analyse, or at least make some generalisations about the text before selecting an appropriate translation method (20). A translator should figure out some practical problems, namely, the intention of the text, the intention of the translator, the reader and the setting of the text, the quality of the writing and the authority of the text. Therefore, in this article, I begin with an overview of the author and the story, and a brief analysis of the text from the perspective of postcolonialism. I then focus on the author's style and the specific approaches adopted in the translation of the novel to transfer the source text messages, while aiming to capture the style of the original text for a specific target audience.

An overview of the author and the storyline

Melissa Lucashenko is an acclaimed Aboriginal writer of Goorie and European ancestry, a human rights activist and supporter of First Nation writing. Following her 1997 debut novel *Steam Pigs*, Lucashenko has published widely and has received numerous literary awards. In 2013, Lucashenko's fifth novel, *Mullumbimby*, won the prestigious Deloitte Fiction Book Award. The same novel won the Victorian Premier's Literary Award for Indigenous Writing in 2014, and was longlisted for the International Dublin Literary Award in 2015. *Too Much Lip* is her sixth novel which won the Miles Franklin Award in 2019 and was shortlisted for the Stella Prize in the same year. *Killing Darcy*, a novel

written for teenagers, is Lucashenko's second. The novel won the Aurora Prize of the Royal Blind Society, was a finalist for the 1998 Aurealis Award for best young-adult novel; and was longlisted for the1998 James Tiptree Jr Memorial Award.

The story opens with Filomena (Fil) Menzies coming to Aonbar, her father's horse-riding school, to spend her summer holiday with her father Jon and her 14-year-old half-brother Cameron (Cam). Falling off the horse Angel, she discovers the ruins of an old house hidden in the bush, where she finds an old camera with the capacity to show pictures of the past, one of which displays the scene of the death of an Aboriginal kid. Fil and Cam are shocked to see the pictures and wonder whether Hew Costello, Jon's great grandfather, killed the Aboriginal kid. Meanwhile, Darcy Mango, a young Koori on parole, is looking for his mob in northern New South Wales. Darcy becomes acquainted with the Menzies family and impresses Jon with his horse training skills that land him a job at Aonbar. Darcy is the only person able to shed light on the past and it becomes his fate to solve the mystery of the Aboriginal child's death. With assistance from Granny Lil, an Aboriginal elder, Darcy returns to the past, discovering that Hew was the dead kid's father. By coincidence, Granny Lil uncovers evidence that Darcy is also a descendant of Hew Costello, which brings Darcy closer to the family and gives him a sense of belonging. The clash between the "whitefella" and "blackfella" cultures permeates the story. However, as the story evolves, the misunderstanding between the two cultures thaws and tolerance grows into acceptance.

A postcolonial analysis of the text

Before I began working on the translation, I endeavoured to interpret the novel from the perspective of postcolonialism. Newmark asserts that a translator requires a knowledge of literary and non-literary textual criticism, since they have to assess the quality of a text before deciding how to interpret and then translate it (5). Book reviews and transcripts of interviews with the author have provided ample opportunities for the translator to gain an in-depth understanding of the author's identity, life story and writing style, which in turn helps the translator to better understand the message of the text. In a 2019 interview with Jing Han, Lucashenko explained her decision to become a writer, by stating that writing Aboriginal fiction in the pre-native title era felt like screaming out to mainstream Australia and the world "Over here! We exist! We exist!". The author noted:

> "My single focus in my earlier books has been: we're a living culture, we have not died, we have not become extinct, we exist in every part of Australia. Even though we don't look or sound or think the way you think Aboriginal people should, that doesn't mean we aren't here going about Aboriginal lives, that has been my main thrust"
>
> (Lucashenko 5)

Her characters are equally empowered by beauty, humour, land and love, "[…] because all of those things we had before the white men came to this country. We had rich and satisfying lives. That's what I want my readers to take away, to understand our humanity" (5).

Lucashenko's works are highly political. The White-Black relationship discourse permeates the narrative, moving from conflict to reconciliation, thus reinforcing the aftermath of colonization whereby contemporary people are confronted with historical challenges.

> "What all post-colonialist critics emphatically state, however, is that European colonialism did occur, that the British Empire was at the center of this colonialism, that the conquerors not only dominated the physical land but also the hegemony or ideology of the colonized people, and the effects of these colonizations are many and still felt today".
>
> (Bressler 202)

Lucashenko attempts to convey such messages in the novel. Issues such as land disputes, the White supremacy, divergent attitudes towards history, especially the history of colonization, are explored and addressed. The author implies that in the post-colonial period, the old sins of colonization cast long shadows which to this day are still clouding the life of Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal people in Australia. The novel also addresses issues such as displacement, incarceration, abuse, alcoholism, racism, poverty and marginalisation, introduced through colonization.

According to the theory of postcolonialism, a person living and writing in a colonized culture must ask three questions:

> Who am I? How did I develop into the person I am? and To what country or countries or to what cultures am I forever linked? In asking the first question, the colonized author is connecting himself or herself to historical roots. By asking the second question, the author is admitting a tension between these historical roots and the new culture or hegemony imposed on the writer by the conquerors. By asking the third question, the writer confronts the fact that he or she is both an individual and a social construct created and shaped primarily by the dominant culture.
>
> (Bressler 204)

Darcy, the protagonist of the novel, attempts to answer the questions by looking for his relations in "Federation", the fictional town where the story is set. Ignorant about the colonial history, Cam and Fil cannot understand why Darcy does so in a town rather than in the bush. The Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal characters argue over land matters on several occasions. In Chapter Eight, when Cam and Fil question why Darcy fainted when Goddard tried to take a picture of him using the mysterious camera while nothing happened to them when they took pictures of Jon or each other. Darcy smiles and says that it's only natural since he belongs here, "I belong here. You fellas are just bloody migloo ring-ins. I can't work out how you got involved at all..." Fil has to keep her temper, "Whaddya mean, we don't belong here? It's our house, our place." It is evident that she takes it for granted that it's their place. She continues, "Do you reckon you've got more of a right to be here than us because you've got black skin"? (Lucashenko 112)

When Darcy states that it is true although it has nothing to do with his skin, stumped for any better response, she just says angrily, "Rubbish!" Darcy knows that "some of his ancestors still lived out there, hunting, fishing, dancing, sleeping, singing, living, fighting" (Lucashenko 110):

> Darcy regarded her for a minute. He was losing patience. Living with whitefellas, whaddya expect? Ah, fuck her. "Who that gum tree?" he asked her harshly, pointing twice. "Who that mountain?" Fil screwed her face up.

> What was he talking about? "Where's your grandmother live? How you sing 'im this country?" Darcy swung round to Cam. "Where's the Men's Dreamin'? But you wouldn't know, eh, cos you just a fucken kid..." He spat the word. Silly white kids playing at Business.
>
> (Lucashenko 112-13)

Darcy is indignant with the white kids, who take it for granted that "it is my place" without thinking how the land is acquired since they are taught that Australia used to be "Terra Nullius" — "land belonging to no one". It is just like the case of the camera. When Granny asks Fil why she picks it up, she replies that she doesn't know. She just takes it. Under Granny's interrogation, she feels for the first time that perhaps she has no right to take the camera at all. Then the following exchange serves as a reproach of the European colonization:

> "What made you go in the house? How did you find it"? Here Filomena found herself on safer ground. "I was out riding, horse-riding, and I fell off. I took a shortcut, and I saw the house. I just wanted to look around, I suppose." Fil didn't mention wanting to find stuff to sell. Somehow she didn't want to mention that. "Just wanted to look around." Lil echoed savagely, tapping ash. "Never mind where you are. Never mind about where you might be steppin".
>
> (Lucashenko 116)

Fil's discovery and appropriation of the camera resembles the process of European colonization. The European colonizers usually embarked on an expedition or a voyage, followed by the discovery of new places with things they coveted, which they subsequently "picked up." They repeated the process of "I came, I saw, I conquered." Then Granny Lil tells the children how the white men took over the land when they first arrived:

> "When the migloos first come here, there was an old man, a wise old man. They were bringing in their cattle, and their convicts and cutting the cedar. Taking over. Fighting over land. And these blackfellas they make an –" she searched for the word "—an envoy. Went and seen 'em, and said—you white man, you take the plains alone. Took their Business up there, too, to the cliff. See, they wanted to share. No good. White man took everything. They woulda been better off fighting from the word go".
>
> (Lucashenko 117)

The camera serves as a link between the past and the present, revealing the "murder" in the family, which alludes to the colonial past of Australia and the White guilt. Hew is a metonym for "White Australia," therefore, Cam and Fil, as the descendants of Hew, represent today's white Australians:

> Cameron, shamed, was silent. He'd never thought too much about that side of the past. To him, history was goldfields, and "explorers." Sometimes he gave some passing thought to Aboriginal languages or Central Australian tribes. And of course he knew that the continent was taken by force, but,

> well, it was never stated that way, was it? Not to your face. Not about your own home. And not by an Aborigine.
>
> (Lucashenko 123)

Confronted by an Aboriginal talking about the White guilt, Cam feels ashamed since that history of colonization is suddenly tangible and relevant to him. Cam's response can also be seen to bear traces of absolution (James 10). As for Fil, she eventually gives the camera back to Granny Lil, "ashamed that it had taken her so long to realize the camera didn't really belong to her at all" (Lucashenko 219). This gesture symbolises that the colonizers finally realise that they should hand over things that don't belong to them.

> By tracing their transition from skepticism to acceptance as they come to learn about the spirit world and about ritual communication between spirits and humans, Lucashenko proposes that westerners such as Cam and Fil can, to some degree, understand Aboriginal belief-systems, provided that they are open to cultural difference and engaged in interpersonal relations with Aboriginal people.
>
> (Bradford 8)

Apart from Cam and Fil, another non-Aboriginal figure worth mentioning is Jon, the horse trainer and self-alleged social reformer. Yet as he says, he is a minor character. The mystery of the past ought to be solved between Cam, Fil and Darcy and Granny. However, he is willing to offer assistance. He empathizes with Darcy and understands his plight. He is aware of the injustice the Aboriginals suffered in the White-dominated society: "Somewhere there had to be justice, but he was buggered if he knew where to find it" (142). When Fil fails to find her own problem of white arrogance, he needs to do some "shaking up" with her, which is also crucial to ease the tension between Fil and Darcy, which implies the tension between the non-Aboriginals and Aboriginals is eased through the agency of social reformers.

Granny Lil is a figure who endeavours to retain Indigenous tradition and culture through songs, dance, story-telling and rituals. She works together with the children to solve the mystery of the murder. However, she harbours her own bias against white people initially, believing all white people "got blood on their hands". She helps Darcy go back to the past, which also enables him to find out that Hew may not be the murderer. Later, through one form of their traditional culture, story-telling, she confirms Cam's assumption that the kid was killed by a horse rather than murdered by Hew. Granny Lil also learns to reject prejudice. When Jon finally pays off the mortgage on the property, he throws a party where he declares,

> "Lord and master of all I survey. One day, kids, all this"—his hand described an arc— "will be yours." "One day it was all ours," said Granny haughtily from where she sat on a milk crate, "and maybe it will be again".
>
> (Lucashenko 216)

There is no denying that land disputes will endure if they are not properly addressed. Realising that, Jon the social reformer admits that the land used to belong to the Aboriginal people and offers to change its name into an Aboriginal one:

> "You're right, Granny," Jon said instantly, with dignity. "We should change the name, eh? To a Yanbali one?" No one could spell Aonbar's Rest anyway—he kept getting oddly addressed mail for Antlers Nest and the like. The price of whimsy.
> "Oh, that's all right." Granny waved his idea away. "Just make sure the door's always open for blackfellas, eh." She sipped carefully at her can of Bundy and Cola".
>
> (Lucashenko 216)

The dialogue indicates that it does not matter now what name is given to the land as long as it is always open to all people, white or black. Another scene also conveys a similar message. When Fil hands over the camera to her, Granny Lil just puts it down unceremoniously beside her stash of UDLs and closes the subject. The gesture signifies that she does not care who owns it as long as Fil confesses her mistake and admits that the camera does not belong to her.

At last, we come to Darcy. The author endows Darcy with a quality of hybridity. Biologically, he is a descendant of Hew Costello and his Aboriginal wife. Culturally, he drifts among and lives with non-Aboriginal people, hence becoming acquainted with the White culture, while maintaining his own cultural background. The development of his relationship with Cam and Fil suggests, despite the occasional quarrels and fights, the possibility of harmonious coexistence of different races. With better acquaintance and mutual understanding, their relationship has undergone a process of transformation and hybridity, which is explicitly demonstrated at the novel's dénouement when Granny Lil announces her discovery of the truth of the child's identity and death. It turns out that he was one of the twins born to Hew Costello and his Aboriginal wife, and he was killed by a horse which Hew Costello then shot. The sorrowful mother and her remaining son returned to her people. Moreover, Darcy was a descendant of the Agadja nation, and therefore related to the Menzies family through Hew Costello. Traced through the descendants' joint efforts, a relationship between a white man and a black woman in the colonial era is consequently transformed into new relationships based on respect and understanding in contemporary Australia. At the close of the novel, in the early morning, Jon, Fil, Cam and Darcy ride their horses to the beach.

Through dialogue and especially through the exchange of English and Aboriginal words, cultural exchange is achieved and manifested. Cam tells Darcy that Picasso, Jon's horse, is just like Aonbar, a magic horse in an Irish myth that could gallop over land or sea, which is also the name of his father's farm whereas Darcy gives Cam an Aboriginal word "Yarraman", meaning "horse". Another exchange occurs when Fil answers Cam's question "You OK?", which means if she recovers from her argument with their father. She said, "Yea. As OK as a bloody migloo ring-in' ll ever be," looking straight at Darcy (Lucashenko 227). As Bradford notes, her glance and her ironic self-description acknowledge the primacy of Aboriginal culture and her sense of herself as living "on Aboriginal land" (Lucashenko 10).

Lucashenko proposes that if Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal people are to break free from the weight of the colonial past and its lingering influence, they need to explore new modes of engagement based on the recognition and valuing of difference and on relationships of reciprocity so that the balance of social and spiritual ecology can be restored. The author solves all the conflicts in the novel by creating a Utopia-like farm which covers an area of forty acres nestling in the hills between Federation and the coast. It is "the home of the brave and the land of the free" (Lucashenko 81), where

Aboriginal people and non-Aboriginal people rely on each other and live in harmony like a family.

Translation approaches and examples

Lucashenko's identity enables her to create a hybrid text, "incorporating an interplay of Aboriginal and western concepts, forms and narrative strategies" (Bradford 4). The integration of cultures is also revealed through Lucashenko's use of language in the novel. The use of English has always been an issue with writers and "the choice of language goes hand in hand with indigenous attitudes to the role and the function of literature itself in the society" (Ashcroft, Griffiths and Tiffin 116). The fact that she floats between two cultures endows her with a unique voice. After interviewing Lucashenko, Susan Chenery noted that she has "taken the risk of alienating the reader with a dialogue that is slang, rough, partly indigenous, deceptively unsophisticated, rather than formal English". Lucashenko said that what may sound different to others is quite natural to her:

> "It is the voice I talk to myself in. It is my internal voice. To me it is written in very light Aboriginal English. I have been surprised when people have said that the language is really different for them because to me it is almost mainstream English."

Such a style helps to convey the message in the story. One of the historical processes represented in *Killing Darcy* is the violence of colonialism and the destruction of language competency. Confronted with hostility and facing a sea of troubles, Darcy's first impulse is to wave his fists rather than express his ideas about the issue. After staying with the Menzies family for some time, he realizes that "some things you just couldn't fist away with brownish-yellow knuckles that read L-O-V-E and H-A-T-E in prison ink; some things needed them whitefella's words, but their words were what ya never had" (Lucashenko 95). However, the language used by Lucashenko to describe the world that her characters inhabit is very much alive. Lucashenko breathes life into the language belonging to this place by means of adding phonetic spellings, Aboriginal English and Bundjalung words to the novel. The lexical spectrum in the story is wide—from learned terms, allusions, standard English words used by Jon to mixture of standard English and the youth slang of Cam and Fil to Aboriginal English by Granny Fil and Darcy. The translation of the lexicon of Jon, Cam and Fil is not that challenging, yet the translation of Aboriginal English requires much deliberation.

A guiding principle for the translator is that they should aim to retain as much as possible the central messages and the style of the source text. Darcy and Granny Lil's language is interspersed with Bundjalung, which, for Lucashenko herself, is a tangible link to country and to her own Goori history and culture. In postcolonial writing, the abrogation of authenticity and essence often takes place when "the postcolonial writing abrogates the privileged centrality of 'English' by using language to signify difference while employing a sameness which allows it to be understood" (Ashcroft, Griffiths and Tiffin 50). Although a glossary of Aboriginal terms is attached to the novel, some terms fail to enter the list. Moreover, some words in Standard Australian English sound the same in Aboriginal English dialects, but the meaning can be very different, for example business, elder and law. In addition, it is rather difficult for the translator to find the exact equivalence in the target language (TL) due to the uniqueness of the source language and culture. Such a style poses challenges not only to readers, but also to the

translator. Confronted with such challenging issues, the translator managed to accomplish the translation by adopting various approaches. The following are several approaches to translating such words.

Omission

The TL readers constitute a key factor that the translator cannot afford to overlook. Since *Killing Darcy* is a young adult novel, its Chinese translation is aimed at children under 14 years old. The National Press and Publication Administration of China requires that no obscenity appear in the target texts. As such, offensive words in the source text should be omitted in the process of translation. Furthermore, scenes with sexual associations should be either entirely omitted or dealt with vaguely.

The example below is an excerpt from my translation of chapter four, in which Jon is accidentally wounded by a horse. He tells the kids what happened and curses:

> "Bloody green arsehole of a stripper at Hendre let a rein go when I was putting a cupper on. The horse was frightened and kicked. That didn't get me, 'cos I rolled out of the way, but then the fucking thing stood on my leg…"
>
> (Lucashenko 54)

In the original version, I translated this section as:

> 在亨德拉，当时我在系牵鞍兜带，他妈的一个新手混蛋松开了缰绳。那匹马惊了，开始乱踢。那倒没伤着我，因为我滚开了。但是那匹马他妈的踩在了我腿上...

The final version reads:

> 在亨德拉，我当时在系牵鞍兜带，一个新手松开了缰绳，那匹马惊了，开始乱踢，那倒没伤着我，因为我滚开了，但是那匹马踩在了我腿上...

Words such as "bloody", "arsehole" and "f**king" (underlined sections in my original translation) are omitted in my final translation to avoid obscenities and vulgarity in literary works aimed for children.

Softening

The use of particular swear words may enhance the style and tone of writing. Omitting such words may change the way the target reader perceives the text. The translator needs to carefully negotiate the terms to avoid altering too much the style and tone of the text. For example, in chapter one, after a fight with his schoolmate, Cam decides to go home instead of attending the woodwork class, "Fuck the year's last woodwork class." Here the swear word is used as a verb, expressing Cam's impatience and anger. Originally, I translated the sentence into: "还有今年最后一节木工课，去他妈的吧！" In the published version, it was softened to "还有今年最后一节木工课，去他的吧！" By taking this approach, I softened the offensive term while preserving the original sense.

Transliteration

This method is employed to translate some distinctive Aboriginal terms such as bora and womba. In the "Glossary of Terms" accompanying the novel, bora is defined as a sacred Aboriginal meeting place where Business is conducted. Since there is no exact equivalent in the Chinese culture, the translator rendered this word as 博拉(bo la) , which sounds approximately like bora in Chinese. For further clarification, a footnote is added: 博拉（bora），原住民举办宗教仪式的圣地. When the word womba is used for the first time by Granny Lil, Fil does not understand it; as such, I transliterated it as 乌木巴 (wu mu ba), and I attached an explanatory footnote: 原住民语言音译，意为"疯狂，发疯了". Fil asks Darcy, "who twirled his index finger beside his head. Crazy. Womba meant crazy. Crazy for money, Granny must mean" (175). I translated the quoted part into "达西用食指在头部转了转：疯了，'乌木巴'的意思是疯了，奶奶一定想说，他为金钱而疯狂"。

The technique of selective lexical fidelity which leaves some words untranslated in the text is a more widely used device for conveying the sense of cultural distinctiveness (Ashcroft, Griffiths and Tiffin 63). Rather than leaving words untranslated, I opted for transliteration for the purpose of maintaining the distinctiveness of the source culture. This way, TL readers may understand the Aboriginal cultures better by getting acquainted with such terms.

Dynamic equivalence

As mentioned above, some words in Standard Australian English sound the same in Aboriginal English dialects, but the meaning can be very different. Thus, I apply the strategy of dynamic equivalence to my translation, as exemplified below. The word Business is first used by Darcy when he talks with Cam about the history when the Murris left for the hills:

> Darcy ignored her. "When the Murris took off to the hills, them old ones, they took their Business up there with them" …
> "I don't understand what you mean," said Cameron. "What business?" He had absurd image of Aborigines dressed in top hats, serving behind counters.
> "Ceremonies, dances, Corroboree." Darcy explained impatiently. "Men's Business. Women's Business. Religion".
>
> (Lucashenko 122)

In the text, the letter "b" in Cam's "business" is in lower case while Darcy's "Business" is capitalized since they mean different things. Darcy's "Business" denotes religion, yet it is used together with the word "religion". In order to distinguish it from religion, I translated it into "事务" with a footnote (i.e. "①" in the textual example below): 生意，（business），也有事务的意思。这里指原住民的各种宗教仪式等. This section is translated as follows:

> 达西没理她，继续说道："当穆瑞人上山时，那些老人，把他们的宗教事务也带去了。……
> 我不懂你的意思，"凯姆说，"什么生意①？"他脑海中出现的是原住民们戴着高帽，在柜台后面招揽生意的场景。

“仪式、舞蹈、夜间狂欢祭祀。”达西不耐烦地解释道，“男人的事务、女人的事务、宗教。”

In this case, the word business appears several times with mainly two meanings, yet I translated them into “宗教事务”, “生意”, “事务” to uncover the misunderstanding and obstacles between the Aboriginal boy and the white boy. The dynamic equivalence is sought so that the translations remain true to the original message but do not strictly adhere to a word-for-word rendition, which could create confusion in the target language. Meanwhile, this approach also highlights the cultural differences between Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal people.

Conclusion

For the translator, a preliminary interpretation of the source text combined with an understanding of the author’s work and the target readership are of paramount importance. To remain faithful to the source text, the translator adopts various methods to transfer the central messages and the author’s style, especially the unique lexical features to the TL text. However, due to the differences in languages and cultures as well as certain restrictions around the translation of children’s literature in China, various sections of the source text are approached differently. Nevertheless, what counts most is how the translator achieves the communication between cultures. The selection and translation of Lucashenko’s book gives young readers in China a glimpse into the lives of Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal people in Australia. The translator is confident that Chinese readers will be fascinated with the story set in Australia where various cultures clash and converge at the same time.

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Analysis of the Chinese Translation of *Seahorse* by Bruce Pascoe from a *Skopos* Theory Perspective

RINA SU
Inner Mongolia Normal University, China

Abstract

In this article, I apply the basic rules of *Skopos* theory to develop a theoretical framework to analyze the translation of Bruce Pascoe's novel *Seahorse.* The analysis is conducted at lexical, syntactic and stylistic levels. Lexically, the applications of reduplicated words and interjections are discussed to illustrate the changes needed to address children's aesthetic interests. At the syntactic level, the translations of passive sentences and attributive clauses are handled by employing strategies of conversion and division to fit with the Chinese expressive system. In terms of style, the figurative language and onomatopoeia in translation aim at conforming to the characteristics of children's literature and meeting the cognitive ability of the target readers.

Introduction

Children's literature is one of the earliest and most important forms of literature that connects young people with the outside world. Such literary works not only broaden their horizon, but also help them enhance their outlook on life and values. With the frequent exchange of domestic and foreign culture, China has witnessed a proliferation of children's literature in translation. However, Australian children's literature and related research into the translation of such works are still far from being fully explored in China. In order to give young readers in China a glimpse of Indigenous Australian children's literature, a series of ten Indigenous Australian fiction works have been recently translated by teachers from Inner Mongolia Normal University into both Chinese and Mongolian language and published in February 2020. In this article, I will analyze the translation of one of these works, *Seahorse* written by Bruce Pascoe, from the perspective of *Skopos* theory.

Bruce Pascoe is an award-winning Indigenous Australian author of Bunurong and Tasmanian heritage. His works include literary fiction, non-fiction, poetry, essays and children's literature. Pascoe is best known for his non-fiction work *Dark Emu: Black Seeds: Agriculture or Accident?* Pascoe is the recipient of many awards and accolades, including the 1999 Australian Literature Award (with David Foster), the 2013 Prime Minister's Literary Award for Young Adult Fiction; and the 2020 Eve Pownall Award for *Young Dark Emu: A Truer History.* Pascoe works to preserve the Wathaurong language through the Wathaurong Aboriginal Co-operative and was nominated Person of the Year at the 2018 National Dreamtime Awards.

Seahorse, published in 2015 by Magabala Books, is Bruce Pascoe's latest children's novel. In this accomplished and exciting adventure story set on the southern coast of Australia, Pascoe depicts a spectacular, secluded spot named Seahorse Bay where Jack's family escape whenever they can. The family spend idyllic days exploring the waters of the bay, diving, fishing and cooking up feasts on the beach. Jack, the

protagonist, is a twelve-year-old boy full of curiosity and spirit of adventure. Tanya, Jack's younger sister, is an eight-year-old courageous girl, as curious towards the sea as her brother. Vince, Jack's father, is an Indigenous man who regards difficulties as nothing but challenges. Carla, Jack's mother, is more attuned to the tranquility and warmth of fishing, rather than the coldness and adventure of snorkeling. The steady supply of everyday food relies on her extraordinary ability to catch crayfish. The story unravels as Jack and Vince prepare to take Tanya to undertake her first snorkeling adventure. It is Jack who runs into a stainless deck cleat under the sea. The cleat, as a token, unveils the mysterious life of a sunken ship that Jack later names *Seahorse.* The appearance of the ship takes a mysterious bloke spying on them at the table, and a drug ring emerges following his arrest. Fortunately, Jack's family acquires the ownership of Seahorse after a short investigation (Pascoe 2015).

In addition to the interesting storyline and vivid characters, the novel features unique stylistic elements of children's literary works, such as figurative and familiar language; and vivid and picturesque descriptions. In order to maintain the original linguistic, stylistic and content characteristic of *Seahorse*, and to avoid a rigid translation of the source text, I take into account the cognitive capabilities and reading habits of the target readers. As such, the translation strategies employed conform within the framework of *Skopos* theory.

Overview of *Skopos* theory

Skopos theory drew a shift in the translation paradigm from linguistically oriented concepts to a functionally and socio-culturally oriented framework. Christiane Nord notes "functionalist means focusing on function or functions of the text and translation" (1). In the theoretical framework of *Skopos*, translation means making a text in the target context for the target purpose and target recipient in the target language. The task of the translator is to select appropriate translation strategies based on the original text to create a translation that meets the expectations of the target audience. The theory shakes the central position of the original text and frees the translator from the shackles of traditional theories, thus opening up an alternative perspective for translation research and practice.

According to *Skopos* theory, translation is guided by three principles. First, the *Skopos* rule, which states that when expressing the connotation of literary works, translators should take into account the intention of the original author and the context of the target language. Second, the coherence rule proposes that the target text "must be interpretable as coherent with the target text receiver's situation" (Reiss and Vermeer 113). In addition:

> Translators should fully consider the cultural background and social environment of the target text receiver and create a text that is meaningful to the receivers, that is, to maximize the semantic coherence, readability and acceptability of the target text, so that the receiver can understand its meaning, and only in this way can information exchange be successful.
>
> (Bian 91)

Third, the fidelity rule refers to the inter-lingual coherence between the target and the source text, that is, the translation should be faithful to the original text. However, the degree and form of faithfulness are determined by the purpose of the translation and the translator's understanding of the original text. Among the three rules

of *Skopos* theory, coherence rule and fidelity rule are subordinate to the *Skopos* rule, and the coherence between inter-lingual and intra-lingual should serve the purpose of translation. Therefore, based on *Skopos* theory, my translation strategies place the target reader at the center of the translation process.

Skopos is considered one of the most useful approaches to the translation practice. It provides a useful framework for the translation of children's literature. Since the target audience consists of young readers, translators need to recognize that "children's reading ability is greatly different from adult readers because of their special age, psychology and personality" (Tong 126) and adjust their translation strategies accordingly. Translation of children's literature should achieve two aims: ensure the readability of the text in the cultural environment of the target language; and convey the characteristics of the source culture. As such, the translator should decide how much to retain and to what extent to change the original text according to *Skopos* theory. For example, the use of reiterative, onomatopoetic words, interjections, and figurative language in translation will cater for young readers' aesthetic and cognitive levels. Strategies of conversion and division are applied, in accordance with both coherence and fidelity rules. In addition, passive voice and attributive sentences are adjusted to conform to the reading habits of young readers in China.

The application of *Skopos* theory to the translation of *Seahorse*

The vocabulary of the source text is vivid and simple. I therefore attempted to replicate it by adopting the principle of faithfulness in order to meet the needs of the target readers, namely children. My translation aims to express the general idea of the fiction faithfully and smoothly in order to capture the true intention of the original text.

At the syntactic level, the source text features dialogue and simple sentences, which I endeavour to reproduce, through the principle of coherence, to capture the fluency of the original text. The strategies of conversion and division help me tackle the translation of English passive voices and attributive clauses, to ensure my translation suits the reading habits of the target readers. At the stylistic level, I adopt the *Skopos* principle to deliver the figurative language and onomatopoeia that would effectively spark children's reading interests.

The application of reduplicated words

The examples below illustrate my strategy to translate by using reduplicated words to imitate the tone that young people may use to make them feel intimate.

Example 1

> He was looking into small caves for crayfish when he saw these two great bulging eyes and these creepy tentacles - the thing started siding out of the cave with the weirdest walk you've ever seen.
>
> (Pascoe 16)

> 他正在小洞穴里寻找龙虾时，突然看到两只巨大的鼓鼓的眼睛和令人毛骨悚然的触须，然后这只章鱼从洞里踩着杰克见过的最诡异的步伐鬼鬼祟祟地从洞里踱步出来。

Here, I render "siding out of the cave" as "鬼鬼祟祟地从洞里踱步出来". By reduplicating the words "鬼鬼祟祟" with the literary meaning of sneaky, I aim to vividly depict the image of the octopus hiding in the small cave and Jack's astonishment and excitement when he sees the little creature for the first time in the sea.

Example 2

> He was relieved to see it still there, looking back at him in the pop-eyed way of seahorse – as if it had had a terrible fright.
>
> (Pascoe 42)

> 当看到海马还在那里时，他松了一口气。那只海马也用海马特有的圆鼓鼓的眼睛盯着杰克，像是受到了惊吓。

In this example, I aim to accurately convey the emotional information in the source text by rendering "pop-eyed" as "圆鼓鼓的". My translation embodies the beauty of the rhythm of children's literature by duplicating the Chinese word 鼓 to capture Jack's fondness of the little seahorse.

Example 3

> He nearly laughed into his snorkel watching her wrestling with the knife, the abalone and the curling seaweed while struggling to stay below the surface.
>
> (Pascoe 20)

> 当坦尼娅再水下挣扎着与小刀、鲍鱼、和弯弯曲曲的海藻斗争时，杰克在一旁看着，在水下强忍笑意，差一点就要在呼吸器里笑出声来。

In the example above, my translation features many reduplicated words to enhance both the sense of rhythm and the readability of the work to children. As such, I render "curling" as "弯弯曲曲" instead of "弯曲" to emphasize the shape of the seaweed and visualize the scene where little Tanya struggles with the seaweed.

The application of interjections

Children are easily fascinated by things that are novel and unique to them. The use of interjections in translation serves the purpose of conveying the protagonists' emotions in the source text, as exemplified below.

Example 4

> Jack could smell the garlic and lemon juice and he picked pieces straight out of the pan with his fingers. Delicious.
>
> (Pascoe 24)

很快，大蒜和柠檬汁的香味儿就飘进了杰克的鼻子里，他用手直接从锅里拿起鲍鱼片就往嘴里塞。啊！真是太美味了！

In this example, the use of the interjection“啊！真是太美味了！” in the target text not only produces the same phonetic effect as the source text, but also expresses Jack's happiness and satisfaction of enjoying delicious seafood, which resonate with readers' emotions.

Example 5

"And you just left it."
"I was drowning," Tanya shrieked.

(Pascoe 23)

“可是你把它丢在那里不管了啊”
“因为我当时呛水了啊！”坦尼娅尖叫道。

The coherence rule states that the content of the target text should be easy for readers to understand and accept. Interjection has the function of strengthening the tone and enhancing the momentum of language. I added the interjection "啊" at the end of this sentence to echo Tanya's anxiety when Jack complains about losing his knife.

The translation of passive sentences

The passive voice is commonly used in the source text, while in Chinese preference is given to the active voice. As such, I convert passive sentences into various patterns to conform to the Chinese syntax. The passive "the way I'd been taught" becomes "也有人这样教我" . In the example below, I follow the *Skopos* rule to convert the passive voice into active voice through the use of the verb “教” which means "teach".

Example 6

I just wish that was the way I'd been taught but it wasn't.

(Pascoe 51)

真希望小时候也有人这样教我啊。

The translation of attributive clauses

In English, attributive clauses are usually introduced by relative pronouns to explain or modify the antecedents. A comparative study of English and Chinese attributive structures indicates that an English sentence may be followed by an unlimited number of attributive clauses following the word being modified, while a Chinese sentence allows for a limited amount of words preceding the word being modified. Hence, when translating the English attributive clauses, I use combination, division and mixture as my translation strategies.

Example 7

> They took it in turns to breathe from the air tank and soon they were in the area where Jack thought he'd seen something.
>
> (Pascoe 34)

> 他俩轮流从氧气罐里吸氧，很快就到了杰克口中的"案发地"。

Guided by Skopos to achieve the goal of the target text, in this particular example I translate "the area where Jack thought he'd seen something" as "杰克口中的 '案发地'", a phrase that is more accessible to young readers.

Example 8

> They were streamlined chrome-coloured fish that whisked away in a flight pattern like fighter planes.
>
> (Pascoe 15)

> 这种鱼形似流线，色如铬黄，像战斗机一般在水中飞疾而过。

In this case, the English restrictive attributive clause is divided into a simple sentence. Through combination, the complex sentence in the source text is converted into a Chinese simple sentence. The attributive clause here is translated into "像战斗机一般在水中飞疾而过"，which fully explains the meaning of the original sentence.

The translation of simile

The corresponding Chinese words for the English "like" or "as" are "好像" or "宛如". The use of simile in children's literature can effectively help to increase the readability of the text. The source text also contains many instances of simile that provide vivid images to young readers. When translating this rhetorical device, I retain those sentences in order to achieve equivalence with the source text.

Example 9

> Seahorse Bay is protected from the open sea by a protective reef and skirted by a crescent of golden sand. Like a photo from a travel brochure.
>
> (Pascoe 1)

> 海马湾，一个被珊瑚礁守护着，被一片新月形金色沙滩环抱着的美丽海湾。景色处处都像旅游手册里的照片。

The fidelity rule requires that the target text be faithful to the source text in terms of syntactic structure, rhetorical devices and style. In the example above, the author compares the beautiful scenery of the Seahorse Bay to "a photo from a travel brochure", which not only directly translates the original simile, but also makes it easier for young readers to understand the text.

Example 10

> Giant ribbons of kelp stream out like long flags with every wave and then go limp before rising up in the stream of water as the wave recedes.
>
> (Pascoe 11)

> 巨大的褐藻像长长的旗子，随着波浪的起伏时升时落，时高时低。

In this sentence, the author compares the giant kelp to long flags, which vividly depicts the size and movement of the kelp. The principle of fidelity allows me to retain the simile in the original text. To capture cultural differences, translators are able to choose appropriate translation strategies to render realistic and appealing texts that are well received by readers.

The translation of onomatopoeia

Onomatopoeia achieves rhetorical effects through pronunciation. Onomatopoeic words can stimulate the imagination of young readers and create immersive experiences for them. My strategy of adding onomatopoeic words improves the quality of the translation, as exemplified below.

Example 11

> The pot was boiling away on the fire and Vince plopped two good-sized crays into the boiling water.
>
> (Pascoe 24)

> 锅里的水在火上咕嘟咕嘟地冒着热气，文斯把两只个头超大的龙虾扑通扑通地放进锅里。

In this example, I translated “boiling away on the fire” as “在火上咕嘟咕嘟地冒着热气”; and “plopped two good-sized crays into the boiling water” as “扑通扑通地放进锅里. My translation, which vividly describes the sound and image in the source text, captures a more intuitive feeling that allows children to better understand the meaning of the source text.

Example 12

> Jack heard a ping and realized that Carla’s phone had just received reception.
>
> (Pascoe 90)

> 正在这时，杰克听到“嘟”的一声，他知道卡拉的手机终于有信号了。

In the process of translation, I follow the coherence rule to translate the word “ping” as “嘟”, which simulates the sound of a phone that receives reception. The use of onomatopoeia distinctly reproduces the sound and image of the source text and gives the reader the impression of being on the scene.

Conclusion

Through the practice of translating *Seahorse* and the analysis of the translation from lexical, syntactical and stylistic perspectives, I conclude that *Skopos* theory has a certain guiding significance for the translation of children's literature. Translators should pay attention to the features of children's literature and ensure the vividness and visualization of the storytelling. It is also imperative for translators to maintain the style of the original language, while taking target readers' cognitive capability and reading habits into account to avoid a rigid translation. Despite the fact that Australian and Chinese cultures are different, young readers in both cultures share similar characteristics and understanding of literature. It is hoped that other Australian children's works could be translated, read and enjoyed by young readers in China; and studied by Chinese scholars.

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Analysis of Translation of *Mrs. Whitlam* from an Ecological Perspective

YAJING XU
Inner Mongolia Normal University, China

Abstract
Mrs. Whitlam, a novel written by Bruce Pascoe and published in 2016, depicts the relationship between a horse named Mrs. Margaret 'Maggie' Whitlam and a young girl, Marnie. With its thrilling storyline, the novel addresses the issues of identity, belonging, racism, Aboriginal histories, family, and horses. In this paper, I analyze the translation from English to Chinese of *Mrs. Whitlam* through the lens of Eco-translatology, an emerging eco-paradigm for Translation Studies. Through a case study that features a linguistic dimension, a cultural dimension and a communicative dimension in Translation as Adaptation and Selection (TAS), this paper explores suitable ways to translate children's literature.

Introduction

Mrs. Whitlam, a novel written by Bruce Pascoe and published in 2016, depicts the relationship between a horse named Mrs. Margaret 'Maggie' Whitlam and a young girl, Marnie. The style and language choices, along with the flowing narrative, convey a thrilling storyline and address the issues of identity, belonging, racism, Aboriginal histories, family, and horses. Through the use of first-person and past tense, the author elaborately conveys the thoughts and emotions of the protagonist, Marnie, in a complex way. While Marnie is a fictional figure, the storyline portraying alienation and reconciliation may be familiar to children who first experience a new environment. This story may strike a chord with younger audiences, due to its familiar plot. In addition to being entertaining, such literary works enlighten and cultivate children's minds. With the expansion of globalization and cultural exchanges, many Chinese children's literary works began to be known overseas; at the same time, many literary works translated from other languages have been made available to young readers in China in recent years. Australian children's literature with its distinctive features always sparks children's reading interest, despite the linguistic and cultural differences. In order to introduce more Australian literature to young readers in China, the Center for Australian Studies at Inner Mongolia Normal University has commissioned a series of translation works of Australian children's literature. *Mrs. Whitlam* along with nine other Australian Indigenous children's fiction works have been translated into Chinese and made a unique contribution by introducing Indigenous history and culture to Chinese readers of all ages. At the same time, the publication of the translation series in the last two years has attracted scholarly attention to Australian children's literature in China. However, research into this field remains limited.

Great differences exist between adult's literature and children's literature in terms of language and plots; as such translation requirements are different. In addition, the number of research studies into the translation of children's literature to assist the translation practice is very small compared to that in the translation of adult literature. Klingberg points out that a certain deviation from the original text is often found in the practice of translating children's literature. He argues that translators should attempt to

make few changes to the source text and keep the integrity of the original text as much as possible. Oittinen pays great attention to the relationship between text and illustration (which is different from adult literature) when translating children's literature. Based on the above-mentioned studies, this paper aims to apply the theory of eco-translatology proposed by Chinese scholar Hu Gengshen to analyze the translation of *Mrs. Whitlam* from the perspective of three-dimensional transformation – namely linguistic dimension, cultural dimension and communicative dimension – to explore a more idiomatic and appropriate way of translating literature for children and young adults.

A brief overview of eco-translatology

In 2001, Hu Gengshen proposed eco-translatology as a new perspective in Translation Studies that covers two fields – translatology and ecology. Ecological perspectives focus on the relationship between the translator and the external environment related to translation and emphasize the connection between translation ecology and the translator's adaptation. The translation ecological environment specifically refers to "the world constituted by the original text, source language, and target language, namely, the interconnected and interactive whole of language, communication, culture, society, author, reader and consigner" (Hu, *An Approach to Translation* 13).

Translators play a central role and occupy a dominant position in the "translation process" and "translation operation stage" (Hu, *Eco-Translatology* 87). On the one hand, translators should adapt to the multi-factor ecological environment; on the other, as the translator is also a member of the ecological environment, he/she has the autonomy to choose, and the translation is the result of such choices. In other words, "the environment chooses the target text, and the environment restricts the target text," namely "the relationship between the translator, the translation version and the translation strategy" (Xu 33). In the translation production operation stage, "the translator has been able to reflect or implement the choice of the target text on behalf of the translation ecological environment" (Wei 124). As such, the translator's selection process includes the equivalence strategy in the linguistic environment and the adaptation strategy in the non-linguistic ecological environment.

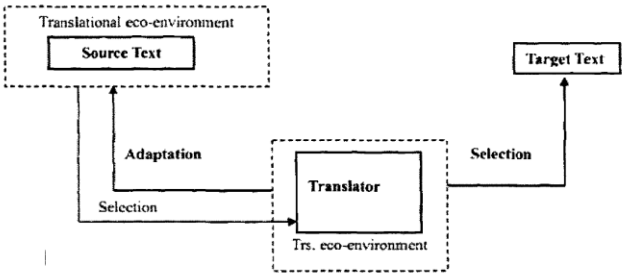

Figure 1. Two stages of adaptation and selection in the translation process (Hu, *An Approach to Translation* 222)

Translation can be defined as follows:

> A selection activity of the translator's adaptation to fit the translational eco-environment; […] the process of translating is a production of target text by 'natural' selection employing the translator's adaptation to the eco-environment and translator's selection of both the degree of the adaptation

> and decisions about the form of the final target text in terms of the Darwinian principle of natural selection.
>
> (Hu, *An Approach to Translation* 219)

Language, culture, and communication have always been the focus of Translation Studies and usually represent the perspectives from which transformations are made in the translation process. Translators tend to choose appropriate source texts according to different situations and sequences of language, culture, and communication. Although the language, culture, and communication are the key elements in the translation process, other factors need to be considered, such as the author's social background and the target readership.

The translation of *Mrs. Whitlam* – a three-dimensional perspective

The two-stage adaptation and selection model proposed by Hu (fig. 1) emphasizes language, culture and communication for the translation process. The diagram below details the aspects that underpin the translation of *Mrs. Whitlam*.

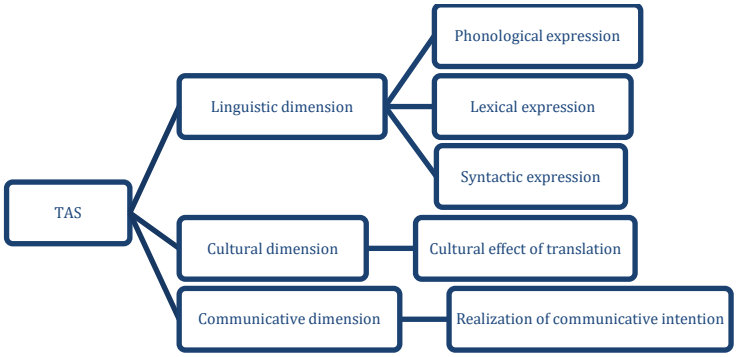

Figure 2. Summary of three aspects of Translation as Adaption and Selection (TAS) adapted from Hu (*An Approach to Translation*)

Transformation from the linguistic dimension

The linguistic dimension transformation refers to the translator's adaptive selection and transformation of the language forms required at different linguistic levels and in different linguistic aspects. The section below describes the phonological, lexical, and syntactic levels.

Phonological expression

Transformation at the phonological level requires the translator to consider the characteristics of children's literature, in particular its distinct phonological features, which are in line with children's thinking characteristics and with adults' needs to read such works to children (Xu 13). Therefore, the translator of children's literature should consider "the ability to arouse in the reader the same feeling, thoughts and associations experienced by readers of the source text" (Nikolajeva 28). To fulfill this requirement, the translator should attempt to reproduce the distinctive sound to satisfy the target children's phonological aesthetic appreciation.

Onomatopoeia is a distinctive feature in children's literature. While the imitation of vocal sound may not always carry substantial meaning, it stimulates the imagination of the target readers, especially children with acoustic sensitivities. The

examples below illustrate the translation strategies employed to capture onomatopoeia in the target language:

Example 1

> This time Maggie was in stride and understood the game. She arched her regal neck and made sure her feet came down on the road like clattering claps of thunder. It wasn't the *clip-clop, clip-clop*, like the nice horses in storybooks. It was the *club-clap club-clap clubbidy-clappity club-clap* like the mighty warrior horse she was. It must have sounded like the detonations of bombs and the boys took off like scared rabbits.
>
> (Pascoe 19)

> 这一次，马吉泰然自若，明白了游戏规则。她弓起自己高贵的脖子，确定马蹄落地时会发出像雷鸣的声响。她不像故事书中的马，落地发出咯噔咯噔的马蹄声，而是像是一匹强大的战马，发出啪啦啪啦，砰砰砰砰地声响。这听起来简直像炸弹爆炸一样，这些坏家伙们像受了惊的兔子一样跑了。

In this example, I opted for "咯噔咯噔" and "啪啦啪啦，砰砰砰砰" to depict the sharp contrast sound between Mrs. Margaret 'Maggie' Whitlam, a female Clydesdale and other horses featured in this story. This "mighty warrior horse" makes a powerful footstep sound different from the sound existing in the memories of Chinese children who are more familiar with a common horse than this "heavy fairy horse". Through such contrast, the vivid picture might be clear for young readers. Maggie's mighty image has naturally come into existence.

Example 2

> I heard his footsteps crunch across the gravel and soon I could hear the broom at work behind the feed shed.
>
> (Pascoe 25)

> 我听到他踩在沙砾上嘎吱嘎吱的脚步声，很快就能听到饲料棚后面的扫帚扫地的沙沙声。

In this example, I use two typical Chinese onomatopoeic words, 嘎吱嘎吱 and 沙沙, to help young readers visualize the footsteps and the sweeping; and to capture the meaning and form a vivid picture in their mind.

Lexical level

In children's literature, nicknames with sometimes negative connotations may pose problems for both the translator and the reader. Translating nicknames requires a deep understanding of the source text. *Mrs. Whitlam* is the story of an Indigenous girl from a low-income family living in an environment filled with conflicts and clashes between the rich and the poor. Nicknames can reflect such conflicts and struggles, as the examples below suggest.

Example 3

> Stinky Stevenson he was called, ever since he filled his pants in primary school. My brothers reminded him of it every time I told them he'd been teasing me. 'Hey, Stinky, how heavy are ya jocks brah?' they'd call out to him in front of his mates.
>
> (Pascoe 17)

> 他有个绰号叫臭气鬼，上小学的时候，他很胖，裤子被绷得紧紧的，大家都这么叫他。每次我告诉我的兄弟们史蒂文森又在取笑我，他们就会提醒他，“嘿，臭小子，你这个四肢发达的家伙到底有多重？” 甚至会在他的同伴面前这样叫他。

Stevenson is a naughty boy who always teases and even bullies Marnie. "Stinky" is the nickname given by other children to describe his characteristics and appearance. Marnie is from a low-income family, lovingly brought up by her parents and protected by her brothers. In the example above, "stinky" appears twice: the former is translated as "臭气鬼" to show Stevenson's nickname and the latter as "臭小子" to capture Marnie's brothers' threatening tone.

Example 4

> I trotted away smugly but not before I heard Stinky yell out, 'Carthorse, carthorse, dark horse, darky's horse.'
>
> (Pascoe 18)

> 我洋洋得意地骑马绝尘而去，但还是听到臭气鬼在那里大叫：“笨马，丑马，黑鬼子马。”

In this example, "臭气鬼" Stevenson uses three different nicknames – carthorse, dark horse and darky's horse – to scold Maggie, the nighty Clydesdale horse. "Carthorse" is not necessarily a derogatory term, but the context suggests that Stevenson uses it to describe a heavy horse as a carthorse. Such specialized horse-related terminology is beyond Chinese children's comprehension. To address this, I employ more understandable phrases such as 笨马，丑马，黑鬼子马 to make the text more accessible to young readers and help them understand the plot.

Four-character phrases are frequently used in Chinese, and range from literary works to daily conversation. Appropriate use of four-character phrases makes the translation more readable with concise, expressive, and educational text. In English to Chinese translation of children's literature, four-character idioms convey the source text in a more meaningful way and are most appropriate in the translational eco-environment for young readers in China.

Example 5

> My stomach gave a surge as I imagined tying a saddlebag to those rings and riding along the river to swim her. And having a barbecue afterwards. I

> couldn't believe it. It was a dream. An incredible dream with me, Marnie Clark, on a horse — and the whole world to ride it in.
>
> (Pascoe 14)

> 我想象着在那些环上系上个马鞍包，然后骑着她去河里游泳，顿时激情澎湃。然后再来个烧烤。哦，我简直不敢相信。这只是个梦吧。简直是难以置信的梦，玛尔妮•克拉克，居然骑着马——骑着它就好像得到了全世界。

The example above describes Marnie's exciting feeling and wild imagination after she received the gift of her dreams – a perfect horse and a whole set of equestrian equipment. I translated the words "her stomach gave a surge" and "incredible" as "激情澎湃" and "难以置信" to depict her feelings.

Example 6

> It felt like I was being pulled under. I took another mouthful of water and coughed and choked. The water bucketed along as it crossed the sandbar into the sea and there was no hope of swimming anywhere.
>
> (Pascoe 61)

> 沉重的身体仿佛被拖着，拽着到河底。我又被灌了一大口水，呛在嗓子眼里，忍不住开始咳嗽。这里是入海口，河水穿过沙洲流入大海，水流湍急，这个地方根本没办法游泳。

In chapter 12, where this paragraph appears, Marnie saves a boy who is about to drown in the sea. The surrounding environment, especially the fast-moving seawater, makes it challenging for her to save the boy. In the source text, the common word "bucket" hinders the understanding because the real meaning is far away from the basic meaning "水桶" with which Chinese readers may be more familiar. The word "bucket" in this sentence is a verb with the meaning of "bump along", so it is translated as "水流湍急" to reproduce the meaning and create a visual representation for the reader.

Syntactic level

One of the conspicuous differences between English and Chinese is the syntax. Hypotaxis and parataxis are always discussed in the comparison of the two languages. The former focuses on the grammatical arrangement of the text, while the latter emphasizes the inner logic of the sentence (Ma 112). In English to Chinese translation, reconstructing sentence patterns is always used to adjust to the idiomatic expression in Chinese.

Example 7

> You should be proud to have a horse named after that lady — she was a wonderful woman, her old man wasn't a bad bloke either, even if he was Prime Minister. Did a bit for black people too. More than most of them!
>
> (Pascoe 14)

> 你应该为有一匹以那位女士的名字命名的马感到骄傲——她是一个很棒的女人，她的父亲也不是一个坏家伙，即使他曾经是首相，但也为黑人做了些事情，比大多数的当官的做得都多！

There are three sentences in the source text there, however in my translation I opted for a long sentence to better capture Marnie's vivid imagination of what her mother, a less educated but insightful Indigenous woman, would say if she wanted to change the horse's name.

Example 8

> She read every word: car accidents, deaths, famous divorces, unlikely marriages, discoveries of half alligator-half humans in the North American Everglades, political and world news. The only thing she wouldn't read was the business page. What's the good of reading about money when you got none? Like talkin' about pancakes when the kitchen cupboards got nothin' but dead cockroaches and starving mice. She talked like that, my mum.
>
> (Pascoe 15)

> 她会读完报纸上的每一个字：车祸、死亡、备受瞩目的离婚、看似不可能的婚姻、北美湿地发现的半鳄鱼半人类、政治和世界新闻诸如此类，唯一不想看的就是商业版。当你没有钱的时候读钱有什么好处？就好像厨房的碗柜里除了死蟑螂和饥饿的老鼠什么也没有的时候去谈论煎饼，没有任何意义。我妈妈，她总是会说这么有道理的话。

Example 8 is also a vivid description of Marnie's mother, a far-sighted housewife. The paragraph in the source text consists of five sentences while the target text contains four. I therefore combined the first two sentences to make a sharp contrast within one sentence to impress readers deeply; and I changed the word order in the last sentence, "She talked like that, my mum" into "我妈妈，她总是会说这么有道理的话" to show that the daughter is proud of her mother.

Transformation from the cultural dimension

Culture is another crucial aspect of translation and can influence or even constrain translation to a certain degree (Munday 127). The purpose of translation is to render a source text into a target language, but also to introduce a foreign culture to the domestic readers. Literary translation can keep the style of original language and culture better, but in some cases, lack of language equivalence may hinder the readers' understanding of the original context. In such cases, literary translation accompanied by annotation would be a suitable choice. Such a combination of translation methods is also in line with Hu's suggestion to "not only pay attention to the cultural transformation of the source-text language, but also to adapt the entire cultural system […] to which the language belongs and, in the translation process, to pay attention to the transmission of the connotation of bilingual culture" (*An Approach to Translation* 136).

Example 9

> ‘I heard that,’ Aunty said as she walked onto the verandah. ‘It’s eleven o’clock in the morning!’ ‘No, it’s not, it’s the eleventh hour.’ The wizened and buckled little man winked at me.
>
> (Pascoe 52)

> “听到了，”阿姨边走边说。“现在才早上十一点！”
> “不，不是，这可是最后关键一刻了*。” 这个满脸皱纹的矮个男人向我眨了眨眼。

This conversation takes place between Aunty Veronica and Uncle Binny in chapter 10. Uncle Binny is a humorous older adult who likes to make jokes with his wife, Aunty Veronica. In this conversation, Aunty uses “eleven o’clock” while Uncle uses “the eleventh hour” intentionally because the latter is a biblical allusion and has a totally different meaning. The biblical allusion is commonly used in various literary works. To make such references more accessible to young readers in China, I added the following literary translation and annotation in the footnote:

> *the eleventh hour：这句成语出自圣经的《马太福音》。在古时候，犹太人将白昼分为 12 个小时。有个阔人想雇几个人到他的园子里去干活，他从早上五点就开始雇人，雇到最后一个人时已经是夜里很晚了。干完活后付工钱，结果大早上来的和夜里来的都一视同仁地得到了一枚银币，弄的一大早就开始干活的人极为不满，早知如此，还不如夜里十一点钟来呢，因为只要不超过十二点，都能得到同样的报酬。很像中国的一句谚语:来的早不如来的巧。
>
> Back-translation: This idiom comes from the Gospel of Matthew in the Bible. In ancient times, Jews divided daylight into 12 hours. A rich man wanted to hire some men to work in his garden. He had been hiring since five o’clock in the morning, and it was late at night when the last man was hired. Those who came early in the morning and those who came at night were equally rewarded with a silver coin. Those who had begun their work early in the morning were very dissatisfied. They might as well have come at eleven o’clock, for they would have been paid equally if they had not gone past twelve. Much like a Chinese proverb: It is better to come coincidentally than to come early.

Example 10

> I unsaddled her beneath a great banksia, which bowed down low into the bowl of a sand dune and made a perfect picnic grove.
>
> (Pascoe 47)

> 我把马吉牵到一棵山龙眼树*下卸下了马鞍。

The translation of proper nouns of plants and animals may be dealt with in different ways. Here, I choose "山龙眼树" with a footnote annotation, to render the translation of Banksia, a unique plant which can be found in Australia.

> *Banksia 是澳洲著名的代表性植物之一，仅在澳洲大陆自然生长。其品种有近 80 个，颜色有黄、橙、红、粉、褐、灰、白色等很多种。
>
> Back-translation: Banksia is one of the famous representative plants in Australia, which only grows naturally in the Mainland of Australia. It has nearly 80 breeds and the colors are yellow, orange, red, pink, brown, gray, white and so on.

Transformation from the communicative dimension

Communicative dimension refers to ways in which communicative intention of the original text has been conveyed or achieved in the target language. According to Zhang (1998), there are two types of intentions: overt and covert. Overt intentions are those that are clearly presented without the reader's speculation, while covert intentions refer to implications that are hidden behind the original text. Two examples that capture such intentions are presented below.

Example 11

> I knew I was going to have to let go of the baby and the thought of the mother's eyes froze my heart. I was going under, pulled down by the turbulence, the dead weight of the baby and my own exhaustion when I felt something beside me.
>
> (Pascoe 61)
>
> 我知道可能得放手了，否则我们都无法生还，可一想到那位母亲心急如焚的眼神，我就无法做出这样的决定。此时我正在一点一点往下沉，周围的湍流，孩子的重量和自己的精疲力竭，所有这一切仿佛变成了一只巨大的手将我拖下河底，此时我能感觉得到有什么东西正在靠近我。

The underlined words in this example constitute an overt intention, as it captures the anxiety in the mother's eyes. As such, I translated the terms as "那位母亲心急如焚的眼神" to help the young readers gain a better understanding of the mother's feelings.

Conclusion

Based on the eco-translatology proposed by Hu, in this paper I analyze the translation practice from three dimensions – linguistic, cultural, and communicative. In my translation of this novel, I used different translation methods to adapt to the translational eco-environment, hoping that young readers in China gain a better understanding of the source culture.

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Interview with Stephen J. Epstein, Korean and Indonesian Literary Translator

LIDYA PAWESTRI AYUNINGTYAS
State Polytechnic of Jakarta

Stephen J. Epstein is an Associate Professor in the School of Languages and Cultures at Victoria University of Wellington, where he directs the Asian Languages and Cultures Programme. He studied at Harvard and UC Berkeley in Classics and has published widely on contemporary Korean culture and society. Stephen has translated Korean and Indonesian fiction, including the novels *Contradictions* by Yang Gui-ja (Cornell University Press, 2005), *Who Ate Up All the Shinga?* by Park Wan-suh (Columbia University Press, 2009), *The Long Road* by Kim In-suk (MerwinAsia, 2010), and *Telegram* by Putu Wijaya (Lontar Foundation, 2011). More recently, he translated Intan Paramaditha's short story collection *Apple and Knife* which was published in 2018 by Brow Books in Australia and Harvill Secker in the UK. He has also translated Intan's choose-your-own-adventure novel, *The Wandering*, published by Harvill Secker/Penguin Random House in 2020, which received both a PEN Translates Award from English PEN and a PEN/Heim Translation Fund Grant from PEN America. This interview was conducted online by exchanging emails in August and September 2020.

Lidya Pawestri Ayuningtyas (LPA): You translate short stories and novels from Korean and Indonesian into English. How did you become a translator of Korean and Indonesian fiction?

Stephen J. Epstein (SJE): My doctorate is in Greek and Latin literature, but I'd originally planned to major in East Asian Languages and Civilisations as an undergraduate, so my academic career has wound up coming full circle. The common thread has been an abiding interest in language and literature. While I was in grad school at Berkeley, students mobilised to have a course offered on Korean literature in translation for the first time. Since I had a lot of Korean-American friends, my interest was immediately piqued. The course itself was great. Everyone was very engaged, and the readings were fascinating.

Issues of translation came up regularly, and they really intrigued me since classical philology itself involves fine-grained analysis of words in context. Even though we were reading wonderful material, the translations themselves were uneven. Korean literature in English has developed enormously in recent years, but back then, in 1986, much of it hadn't been translated by native English speakers, and was clunky, sometimes not even grammatical. I thought, well, even if I never master Korean, I can produce more readable translations than most for the texts we had. I threw myself into study Korean and then made a few trips there before spending a year at Yonsei University in 1989-90 on a FLAS (Foreign Language and Area Studies) Fellowship for an intensive Korean language program between my PhD coursework and my dissertation. I published my first short story translation that year in the *Korea Journal*.

After my program finished, I had two months before returning to grad school and went to Malaysia and Indonesia. I'd also started studying Bahasa Melayu and found the language very compelling. Indonesia immediately enthralled me. Over the following decade, I visited Indonesia whenever I could and began reading a lot of Indonesian short stories. My Korean experience made me keen to work with Indonesian as well, although it was almost a decade before I made my first translation attempts. In my academic work generally, I focus much more on Korea, so translating Indonesian literature has been very much a labour of love.

LPA: Yes, in addition to being a translator, you are also a researcher and university professor. How do you manage your time?

SJE: Ha, good question. I don't often consciously think about "time management" beyond working out vague mental schedules of what I need to do. What helps everything hang together is that my central hobby (along with music) is studying languages. The creative aspect of translation projects means that they don't feel like work, and I happily slot them into evening relaxation. Research and academic writing require an entirely different level of concentration.

As I live close to campus, it's easy to move back and forth, so I get to be with my family a lot and make it a point to enjoy Wellington's beauty by jogging, hiking or cycling on a daily basis, which keeps me grounded. I've spent a lot of time amidst the pandemic listening to street interviews in various languages on YouTube, as they appeal to my linguistic and anthropological interests and satisfy some of the wanderlust that's currently squelched.

LPA: How do you decide which short stories or novels to translate?

SJE: It's often a matter of serendipity, especially with short stories. I might come across an intriguing piece or be asked to contribute to a project. With novels, I've chosen well-known texts or authors I've particularly liked, and in the Korean case, local connections have played a role: two of the novels I've translated have largely been set in Australia. And come to think of it, part of *The Wandering* is set in Sydney as well. But nothing in New Zealand yet.

LPA: What are the biggest differences in translating from Korean and Indonesian into English?

SJE: I think the biggest difference is that Indonesian sentences are generally shorter and clearer, and I usually can reach a working draft on the first pass. I've sometimes felt that you need to put sentences together in bringing an Indonesian text into English otherwise many authors would wind up sounding Hemingway-ish, when they're not meant to. Korean literature tends to longer sentences than English, so I often go in the opposite direction of breaking them up. Korean is grammatically and syntactically different enough from English that even getting a passage to sound idiomatic while capturing the original is often a challenge. And that's before you start to think about polishing for literary quality.

That said, I think the stylistic variation between different writers in each language is at least as great as the differences between the two languages. I'm musing out loud here, but over the last couple of decades I've had the impression that literary style in both has converged somewhat in the direction of English, with Korean becoming more concise and Indonesian sentences growing slightly in length. I don't want to say that this is a direct result of English influence but there may be a move towards a subconscious global standard with increasing cross-fertilization, even as many authors in both languages are becoming more experimental than ever before. Hmm. This deserves a study—maybe some already exist?

LPA: *Contradictions* by Yang Gui-ja and *Who Ate Up All the Shinga?* by Park Wan-suh were co-translated with Kim Mi Young and Yu Young-nan respectively. How did the collaborations work in practice?

SJE: Yes, in the 2000s, the Literature Translation Institute of Korea was keen to support teams bringing together an inbound and an outbound translator. The first thing to note about collaborating with Mi Young, though, is that she's my spouse and we recently celebrated our 20th anniversary. (Certainly makes meeting up to work easier!) She had never done any literary translation before we met, but as a high school English teacher in Korea with an MA in Applied Linguistics, she was keen. We've tried a few methods to see what works best. On our first project, a short story by Park Wan-suh, we sat together and went through the text sentence by sentence. When we started on *Contradictions* in the early 2000s, she did the first draft and then I'd edit and polish but we shifted over the course of the novel as we found that that was less efficient than having me start and then take her input into account.

The percentage of our relative contributions has shifted over the years, which probably reflects my own deepening experience with both the Korean language and literary translation more generally. We currently have an unpublished manuscript of a novel whose translation carries both of our names, but the text was very straightforward. I'd consult with her on questions here and there, and she read the whole against the original, but I'd say about 90% of this project would sit with me.

Translating with Young-nan differed for many reasons, not least because she was already a prominent translator in her own right. We'd long wanted to collaborate on a project, as we'd been friends for several years given our shared interests. Young-nan did a first draft, and sent me chapters one at a time, which I'd edit, and we went back and forth a few times, trying to reach an English text that we felt read well. I deliberately avoided the original at this stage so that I could be free of its influence and edit more creatively. Occasionally I'd ask for a phrase or sentence or two if I had specific queries. Only after the third or maybe even the fourth round did I read the original closely against our own text.

In retrospect, this method was great as I came up with renderings that I wouldn't have if the source text had been imprinted in my head. When I finally read the original, I had a high sense of anticipation, and it was fun to see how it matched my own sense of what might be there. Sometimes I found that I'd moved further away from the original than I'd needed to, and in others the original sparked possibilities I'd not considered. Our translation of *Who Ate Up All the Shinga?* remains one of the projects in my career I'm proudest of.

LPA: From your conversation with Intan Paramaditha on Asian American Writers' Workshop website (2020), your first longer translation work from Indonesian is Putu Wijaya's novel *Telegram,* why did you choose that novel to translate?

SJE: The library at UC Berkeley had an edition of Putu's short stories with a facing translation produced by Ellen Rafferty. I loved the imagination and critical eye in his fiction, and the facing translation helped me build up my vocab and reading speed in my early stages of studying Indonesian. I must have worked through that volume four or five times over the years. I eventually wanted to try my hand with an Indonesian novel, and John McGlynn of the Lontar Foundation pointed me to *Telegram*, one of Putu's earliest publications. I was really taken with how the way its narrative constantly jerks the rug out from underneath the reader, but finishing the translation took me almost a decade, with other projects getting in the way.

LPA: Can you tell us about the translation process with Intan Paramaditha's fiction? What are the challenges in translating *Apple and Knife,* and *The Wandering* particularly with regards to its structure*?*

SJE: Your earlier question raises the issue of what makes a co-translation. My work with Intan is extremely collaborative and although she is not a native speaker, her English is terrific, and that is usually her medium for academic writing. To a certain extent, she could be considered a co-translator of her own work. In this case, my method has been first to produce a rough draft that captures the meaning of the original. I then do edits without reference to the original where I treat it as a self-standing English text. After I get the draft reasonably polished, I send it to Intan with questions, comments and alternative possibilities for her point of view. In working with her, I've been inclined to be more free and adventurous than in other translation work as she can readily tell me whether something works for her or not. I don't have to worry as much about the original text itself determining the translation when the author herself can be the arbiter.

On our projects we've also had much more extensive editorial input from others than with any Korean texts I've translated. We have been very fortunate to work with experienced and talented writer/translators such as Elizabeth Bryer, the editor for *Apple and Knife*, and Tiffany Tsao. We'd worked with Tiffany when we first published an excerpt from *The Wandering* in *Asymptote,* and she gave the full text a thorough read and offered several great ideas. I really enjoy being edited, even if I ultimately don't take a suggestion. It's always interesting to get others' points of view and consider alternatives that may work better for different readers.

Some people have assumed that the choose-your-own-adventure structure of *The Wandering* made it more difficult than other texts to translate, but I'm not sure that is the case. I translated it by working straight through and ignoring the branching options the first time --which, incidentally, I've come to think is the most profitable way to read the novel as it forces you to hold multiple threads in your head simultaneously. Later, in my editing stages, I made it a point to go back and work through each thread individually just to make sure that I'd harmonised everything well.

LPA: Would you like to co-translate Indonesian fiction in the future as you've done with Korean?

SJE: Probably not, other than that I'd be delighted to continue working with Intan whenever possible.

LPA: Can you tell us about any upcoming translation projects from Korean and/or Indonesian?

SJE: I'm concentrating on other academic projects at the moment related to Korean popular culture and society and don't have any new translations immediately planned. I'll be keen to work with Intan when her next novel is finished, although given how busy she is, I'm not expecting that to happen too quickly. I also hope to see the unpublished Korean novel manuscript mentioned above into print, but the situation is complicated. A small publishing house has already expressed interest, but the agent and author want to reach a broader audience. When they find a press that suits them, I'll then do a full revision, which will have the benefit of quite a lot of aging time, but we'll see….

LPA: I have heard that ideally translators should learn and understand translation theory. Do you agree?

SJE: Every piece of knowledge and understanding that we acquire can help us become better translators. Ideally, sure, but a must? No. I'd say that theory helps you explain

and justify your choices more readily and may push you in directions you would not have opted for previously, but people translate successfully all the time without a background in theory.

LPA: Do you have any advice for emerging Korean and Indonesian literary translators?

SJE: In my academic work as well, I'm much more a fan of solid empirical studies than theoretical excursuses. I'd encourage those who are interested to dive in head first and get a sense of what a challenging but fun endeavour it is. Only by practicing do you develop strategies for dealing with the difficulties that translation regularly tosses up. Read as much as you can in the target language you work in. If you discover that the field is for you, make contacts with other translators and organisations that support literary translation. More networks exist than ever before, both language specific and for literary translators more generally. For some languages, such as Korean, whose star has certainly risen in the world in recent years, publication has become more complex as agents now play a much bigger role than a decade ago, but there are also more opportunities and a far larger audience globally than there once was.

LPA: Finally, as you have a doctorate in Classics and translate from Korean and Indonesian, how many languages do you know, and which language(s) are you most familiar with?

SJE: I always find this question impossible to answer, because understandings of what "knowing" a language means can differ so radically. Ultimately, English is the only language I command at the level I'd like to, and I'm still learning new words or etymologies in my native tongue on an almost daily basis. I wouldn't feel competent to translate literature into any language besides English.

My abilities in the four standard skills—speaking, listening, reading, and writing—differ significantly among the languages I've studied. As an obvious example, I devoted several years of my life to Ancient Greek and Latin, but I've never had a conversation in either. The languages I feel comfortable holding an extended conversation in are French, Spanish, Korean and Indonesian, and at various points in my life I'd have said the same but at a lower level for Nepali, Mandarin, Bislama and German. I've also worked hard on a half dozen other languages as an avid traveller, often leveraging off of others that I know (e.g. with the Romance family), and probably made it up to an A2/B1 level in them at my best. As I've often said, the issue isn't learning languages so much as retaining them. Active production degrades much, much more quickly than passive reception. Finally, and let this be something of a speech act, this year, because of the regions I'd most like to visit again when we can travel once more, I've been sinking a lot of effort into improving my Japanese and Russian.

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Review of Emiliano Monge's *Among the Lost* (trans. Frank Wynne)

ANTHONY PYM
The University of Melbourne

Monge, Emiliano. *Among the Lost*, translated from Spanish by Frank Wynne. Scribe, 2018.

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Leonardo Bruni famously complained, in the 1405 preface to his translation of Plutarch, that "authors always get the praise for what is good in a translation, and translators get the blame for what is wrong". Not so here: this is a great translation of a not-so-great novel; the translator merits sincere praise. Indeed, Frank Wynne offers an object lesson on how to solve at least one major technical problem.

The subject matter is grim and important: as would-be migrants cross Mexico in their attempts to reach the United States, they are captured, robbed, violated and enslaved by human traffickers. In a winding multi-voice narrative that covers a single day, we learn how trafficking works, the reasons behind it and the power relations it creates, liberally enlivened with love and longing between the worst of star-crossed lovers.

The author, Emiliano Monge, is a Mexican journalist whom some of us recognize as a writer of critical opinion pieces in *El País*, one of Spain's major newspapers. When journalism can no longer tell the story, or when human trafficking is no longer news because it has become a regular social and economic practice, the literary takes over, seeking a deeper understanding. The literary here comes from the poetic creation of an oneiric landscape where voices interweave, as of ghosts or near ghosts, interspersed with fragments from Dante's *Inferno*, since the story would also be a descent into hell. The journalistic is also present, however, since passages in italics come verbatim from testimonies of migrants, referenced back to a string of organisations including Amnesty International. That multi-layered plan is stunning and successful. At their best, the voices recall something of Juan Rulfo's *El llano en llamas* (variously rendered as *The Burning Plain* or *The Plain in Flames*), from the little I know of Mexican literature. But Rulfo's were short pieces, poems in prose. This book comprises 345 pages in the English translation, and it feels very long.

I sort of had to read it. Emiliano Monge came to the Melbourne Writers Festival in 2019 and I was his interpreter on stage. This is an excellent book for such a public event, on stage, where one hears an eloquent author talk about the literary plan and the iniquities that are real but not in our news. As an interpreter, I discovered I did not know the names of criminal organisations in El Salvador, since they are definitely not in our news – Emiliano helped me out with that one (an interpreter into English is being checked on all sides). There were many questions, and a discussion: the text as event thus calls attention, creates knowledge and concern. It allows literature to still operate a vital form of public communication about the world, meeting and surpassing

journalism in this case. This particular text as event was also supported by the English PEN's Writers in Translation program, one suspects precisely because of those values. The event was in English and Spanish, with translation making the exchange public.

Much of that is to the credit of the translator Frank Wynne, whose words were being cited and whose work was on sale at the event. The title "Among the Lost" is his – the Spanish "tierras arrasadas" might otherwise be "ravaged lands" or "devastated lands", which is what brought in the Rulfo reference for me, or even "scorched earth", if one were looking for military tactics. The translator's title is more decidedly focused on the people, on Dante, on suffering, which is what the literary event was and should be about. With reason the author trusted the translator, in this and many other instances.

One of the main problems in the novel comes from the names, and herein lies the object lesson. In keeping with the thematics of death, the main characters are called Epitafio, Cementeria, Estela, Sepelio, and so on – all Spanish nouns that have to do with death: Epitaph, Cemetery, Tombstone, Burial, respectively. In his short preface, Frank Wynne notes that some of these names will be reasonably transparent to a reader who has no Spanish (Epitafio, Cementeria) while others are not (Estela, Sepelio – did you recognize them?). What to do? This is a classical translation problem that most literary translators are faced with at one time or another. One solution for all names? Different solutions for different degrees of opacity? There is no universal rule, no wholly right decision, and perhaps no entirely wrong decision either. In this case, the translator called the toss: "In the end, I elected not to translate those names by which characters address one another, feeling more would be lost than gained" (Wynne 2018: ii-iii). It is a classical trade off: the transcribed names situate the narrative in Spanish and convey a sense of unreality, hopefully providing information and readerly motivation to degrees that outweigh the risk of incomprehension. This can be done here because the worlds of Spanish and English overlap considerably, despite the artificial divisions of theory: English readers will mostly decode an occasional *hijo de puta*, recognize where El Paraíso is supposed to be, and might even identify a Llano de Silencio when the term is placed in sentences where a geographical plain would be expected. The trade-off works, to the translator's credit.

That preface, though, could be misleading; Wynne is smarter than that. There are actually several solutions at work here: transcription, as noted, but then there are also names entirely in English, those of the narrated love songs between HewholovesEstela and ShewhoadoresEpitafio. Then minor characters are similarly named after their narrative functions: Hewhoisdeafofmind, Theblindwomanofthedesert. Further, of course, there is the preface itself, which explains the names and constitutes yet another solution. In seeking a trade-off between the comprehension and motivation, Wynne shows that there are actually several ways in which both values can be achieved at once. The idea that translators have to choose one way or the other is very poor theory.

So what went wrong? As I say, I had to read this one, on the bus, as I do. After the first 50 pages or so, when the fireworks of Dante and the verbatim accounts had died down, the thing became hard going. The comprehension was there but the motivation flagged. You know a text is failing you when you fall asleep and miss your stop! Not without a noble heritage, also Mexican: I remember Carlos Fuentes' *Cambio de piel* (Change of skin) and *Cristóbal Nonato* (Christopher Unborn) both having the same remarkable effect on me in another land. It is part of a formalist aesthetic that refuses the cheap tricks of European realism, that resolutely will not allow the reader to

identify with and care about characters: one can identify the names, but not as people. That aesthetic works in short forms where language is enough to create and maintain a world (Rulfo made me want to learn Spanish), but not at length. And there was little that Frank Wynne could really do about that.

Conveying Emotion in the Poetry of Norman Erikson Pasaribu: Review of Tiffany Tsao's Translation of *Sergius Seeks Bacchus*

JANE AHLSTRAND
University of New England

Pasaribu, Norman Erikson. *Sergius Seeks Bacchus*. Translated by Tiffany Tsao. Giramondo Publishing, 2019.

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Members of the LGBT community occupy an extremely precarious position in Indonesia's post-authoritarian social-political landscape. As a nation historically built on family values, hegemonic heteronormativity continues to suppress the true cultural, religious, ethnic, and indeed, sexual and gender diversity of Indonesia. Identifying as a gay, ethnic Batak Christian, the poet, Norman Erikson Pasaribu lives as a triple minority in Majority Muslim, Java-centric, heteronormative Indonesia. In *Sergius Mencari Bacchus* (Sergius Seeks Bacchus), Pasaribu presents a series of heart-felt poems, and a very human account of the impact of living under conditions of extreme prejudice. Tiffany Tsao's English translation of his compilation of Indonesian poetry represents an important literary contribution to international understandings of the struggle of members of Indonesia's LGBT community. Tsao's translation thus becomes a direct line between Pasaribu and the wider English-speaking international community, as he expresses the human impact of multiple, often intersecting layers of oppression from society, church and most sadly, the intimate realm of the family.

The most outstanding aspect of Tsao's translation is the preservation of Pasaribu's strong sense of emotion. Where confrontational forms of resistance from such a stigmatized position would place him at risk of violence, Pasaribu instead activates personal affect, whimsy and humour as his weapon to touch and move readers. Through her thoughtful choice of words, Tsao successfully conjures the deep emotions and poeticism that Pasaribu conveyed in his original Indonesian work; in particular, highlighting an acute sense of loneliness derived from lifelong social rejection and isolation. I found myself shedding tears after reading only the first few lines of the first poem in the book, which is a credit to both Pasaribu and Tsao. Comparing the English with the original translation, I discovered that on many occasions Tsao's word choice differed slightly from the original Indonesian version. Where a literal translation, I expect, would fail to capture this underlying expression of affect, Tsao's literary translation infused the poetry with the intense emotion and aching loneliness that echoes throughout each of Pasaribu's poems. The poem titled "He and the Tree" (*Ia dan Pohon),* conjures feelings of guilt, regret, loneliness and hope experienced by a gay man reflecting on his life. The opening line reads:

At high noon he sought forgiveness from the solitary tree

Siang itu ia meminta maaf kepada satu-satunya pohon

In Tsao's translation, the event occurs at "high noon," which enhances the perceived emotional intensity, by emphasizing the point at which the sun is highest in the sky, and most glaring. Pasaribu's original only refers to *siang,* which can take place anytime between 10 and 2 pm in Indonesia, when the sunlight heats and illuminates the earth. Within this setting, Tsao's representational choice of "seeking forgiveness", rather than apologizing as indicated in the original expression, *meminta maaf,* emphasizes the protagonist's feelings of guilt. Furthermore, While Pasaribu describes the "one and only" tree (*satu-satunya pohon)* as the target of the apology, Tsao's refers to "the solitary tree", which accentuates his feelings of extreme loneliness and isolation.

Tsao's augmentation of loneliness is also evident in *Curriculum Vitae 2015,* which, in ironic contrast to the title, summarizes a young gay man's painful treatment by his family and community from childhood to the present day, rather than his work history. In part 12 of the poem, Pasaribu mentions the protagonist's success in gaining acceptance into the best high school in the city, only to follow with news of his social rejection. The original line reads *Sahabatnya di SMP menjauhinya, w*hich Tsao translates as, "His only friend from middle school started avoiding him". While Pasaribu refers to "his friend", Tsao refers to "his only friend", which marks the acute sense of social isolation experienced by the protagonist.

While *Curriculum Vitae 2015* presents ruminations on loneliness and social rejection, Pasaribu also conveys a contrasting feeling of hope, realized with Christian themes of salvation and acceptance, which also became a common thread woven throughout many of his poems. In the final stanza, he describes a hypothetical future involving marriage and children, as well as social and biblical acceptance of his descendants within heteronormative, church-sanctioned norms:

> Your descendants will fill the Earth so that whenever anyone is walking alone in the dark they will hear from every window on every building on both sides of the street, voices reaching out, 'Salam!" "Salam!" "Salam!"
>
> *Buah-buah kalian akan memenuhi Bumi ini, sehingga kelak ketika seseorang berjalan sendiran dari tiap jendela di tiap bangunan di tiap tepi jalan terdengar, "Salam!" "Salam!" "Salam!"*

While Pasaribu simply refers to those who "walk alone", here, Tsao demonstrates her skill as a literary translator through the added reference to darkness, by denoting those who are "walking alone in the dark". In so doing, not only does Tsao manage to conjure painful feelings of loneliness by playing upon a metaphor of light and dark, she successfully ignites Pasaribu's underlying expression of desire for acceptance by God, who is commonly associated with light. Indeed, in the previous line, Pasaribu portrays the protagonist's desire to marry his partner before God, and alludes to the Holy Trinity, or perhaps a "third gender".

While Tsao's translations consistently reflected Pasaribu's emotive message, and his desire to illustrate the compatibility of his sexuality with Christian values, I was surprised by her translation of one aspect of the poem, *Purgatorio,* which pulses with Christian themes of sin and punishment. Where Pasaribu makes an obvious biblical reference, Tsao apparently omits it in preference for a more abstract, secular interpretation:

As was promised by the knowledge in the trees
He was following directions, taking cues

Sesuai dengan anugerah Pohon Pengetahuan,
Ia hanya mengikuti petunjuk dan isyarat

Here, Pasaribu clearly refers to the tree of knowledge (*Pohon Pengetahuan)* from the book of Genesis, whereas Tsao chooses the more abstract form, "the knowledge in the trees". I can only speculate upon her choice, which she may have made in order to leave the reference open to interpretation by a broader, secular audience, while maintaining a tree metaphor that permeated many of Pasaribu's poems.

As a final comment, I would like to draw attention to Tsao's decision not to translate the word, *banci.* This pejorative term is used to refer to a man who dresses or behaves effeminately, but semantically contains a range of meanings including "faggot", or "sissy". When used against a gay man from someone from outside the gay community, the term is highly discriminative. In his first poem, *Erratum*, Pasaribu conjures childhood memories of the realization of his sexuality, and the pain of rejection by family. Here we encounter the first use of the word, *banci* used against the protagonist by his father in the line

Don't ever come back, Banci

Jangan kembali lagi, Banci

By maintaining the original word in the reflective poem, Tsao conveys the intensity of the father's cruelty against his own son. Translating this word into English would lose the emotive impact of the original, as it derives its meaning from a historical cultural setting. The word appears again in the similarly reflective poem, *Curriculum Vitae 2015*. In this case, it is used against the protagonist again by the father, as well as the local Batak community, indicating rejection at both the familial and community level.

One Sunday morning, his father took him and his brothers to jog and play soccer on a badminton court nearby. *You banci!* His father screamed in front of everyone.

Suatu Minggu ayahnya mengajak ia dan adik-adiknya lari pagi dan bermain sepabola di lapangan bulutangkis dekat rumah mereka. Ayahnya meneriaki ia "banci" di depan orang-orang.

Not long after he graduated from college, he discovered the rest of the Batak community called him 'si banci' behind his back

Tak lama setelah lulus kuliah ia mengetahui bahwa di belakangnya warga Batak di lingkungan menyebut ia "banci."

Overall, Tiffany Tsao has demonstrated a great deal of sensitivity in her translation of Norman Pasaribu's poetry, which has enabled her to uphold the emotional impact of his work and convey it to a new audience. While Pasaribu's original

Indonesian language poetry may have a limited readership, it is hoped that the English language translation assists in raising awareness of the struggle of Indonesia's gay community, while making international connections with members of LGBT communities and its allies across the world.

Trauma in Translation:
Review of Nino Haratischvili's *The Eighth Life (for Brilka)*

JOACHIM REDNER

Haratischvili, Nino. *The Eighth Life (for Brilka)*, translated by Charlotte Collins and Ruth Martin. Scribe, 2020.

The Eighth Life (for Brilka) by Nino Haratischvili has attracted favourable attention worldwide. The 2014 German original was a bestseller and the 2018 English translation was long-listed for the International Booker Prize. Reviewers have, however, expressed uncertainty about the genre. Should it be read as a realistic historical novel like *War and Peace*? Or is it family romance with fairy-tale elements: divine but cursed hot chocolate, strange co-incidences, ghosts who comfort the bereaved?

We follow six generations of a Georgian family line, the Jashis and their friends, the Eristavis, through the tumultuous Red Century. The Jashis suffer but survive because they are *nomenclatura*; the non-conformist Eristavis do not. The narrative is largely realistic; but the magical elements are also important. They register the uncanny effects of multiple traumatic experiences in these two families. This mixture of realism and fantasy is found in much Russian literature, from Gogol to Bulgakov, and ghost stories have become prominent again since 1990 in Russia, where the victims of the Stalinist era still haunt popular consciousness. And Haratischvili has other obvious sources: German Romantic and Expressionist tales and Caucasian folk myth – used to explore the irrational drives that she sees at work in human history.

The Eighth Life also has features of fictionalized memoir with autobiographical overtones: "I owe these lines to a century that cheated and deceived everyone. I owe these lines to an enduring betrayal that settled over my family like a curse ... to my sister... to my great grandmother... to an infinite number of fallen tears...to myself, a woman who left home to find herself and gradually lost herself instead..." This plaintive voice with its elevated liturgical tone could be expressing the author's own regret about the suffering of her forbears and her *mea culpa* about abandoning her homeland – for, like her narrator, Haratischvili left Georgia to make a new life in Germany. But the comparison ends there, as even a little knowledge about the author and her country's history should show.

Nino Haratischvili was born in the Georgian SSR in 1983. She migrated to Germany with her parents in 1995 and is now a successful dramatist and novelist in Hamburg. Like other Soviet States, Georgia has experienced revolution, political terror and war, followed by civil war after the collapse of communism. Georgian totalitarianism had unique features, however, partly due to its early experiment with social democracy. Unlike the democratic reformists of Russia's February 1917 Revolution, the democratic Government lasted three years in Georgia. After the Bolshevik takeover in 1921, separatists went into exile, fuelling underground dissent. And these aspirations resurfaced after 1990. Georgian democrats hoped for peaceful independence, but after civil war in 1991-93 many Georgians, like others from the former Eastern Bloc, decided to emigrate to the West.

There is no reason to think Haratischvili shares her narrator's sense of guilt. The "personal" voice we hear, testifying to family suffering, is reminiscent of the persona in memory texts. But the traumas are imagined, not pieced together from painful fragments of family memory. The autobiographical address is a literary convention here, a clever story-teller's device, well adapted to Haratischvili's novelistic purposes. It creates a sense of intimacy, allowing the narrator to draw her young "listener", Brilka (and us) close while she tells her tale of suffering under totalitarianism, from a predominantly female point of view.

In the 1930s Georgian women were particularly vulnerable to the predatory behaviour of one of the major malefactors of the Stalinist era, Lavrenti Beria. While his main task as head of the NKVD in Transcaucasia was purging rival party leaders, punishing dissenting artists and uncovering subversive plots by social democrats in exile, his sexual activities also left a trail of destruction. Known only as the Little Big Man in the book, his main victim is Christine Jashi, half-sister to Stasia, the matriarch of the Jashi line. Christine is an enchanting beauty. When Beria enters her life at a masked ball on New Year's Eve 1927, we are told: "A little door opened. It was a door beyond time and beyond fate, beyond all laws. The world of ghosts awoke for a moment, the moon took on a greenish pallor ... Confusion broke out ... but there was time enough for something black to crawl out." His desire flares, fixes on the princess and her fate is sealed.

We are suddenly in the realm of fairy-tale. Well, it's masquerade: "Witches and queens...were laughing and drinking champagne" and there is a touch of humour: "With his polished, bald head and his *pince-nez*", Beria really didn't need a costume. Haratischvili clearly intends to evoke Beria's evil presence here, but it comes across as melodramatic, even farcical. The imagery is lurid, the rhythm portentous, reminding us that as Stalin's lackey, Beria will oversee the Gulag. But in the novel we see only the cunning, ruthless seducer – the mass murderer is off-stage. This is understandable: the major perpetrators of terror have remained largely unimaginable. Haratischvili gives us the minor perpetrators instead, showing us the impact of militaristic discipline, ideological blindness and ruthless careerism – all promoted by the Soviet system – on the lives and love relationships of relatively normal characters.

Stasia Jashi's life, for example, is shaped by her marriage to a Czarist soldier who changes sides and becomes a Red Guard after the Revolution. After requisitioning food from starving peasants, he is guilt-stricken, withdraws emotionally from her and gives himself wholly to the Army. For their daughter Kitty, it is the naïve idealism of her childhood lover, the pacifist Andro Eristavi that is decisive. He is conscripted, sent to Crimea and deserts. Kitty is tortured by NKVD operatives who believe she knows Andro's whereabouts. Meanwhile, her brother, Kostya, a naval officer becomes a hero during the 900 day siege of Leningrad. He knows nothing of Kitty's ordeal and blames her for loving Andro. She is eventually forced into exile. Kostya develops into a domineering patriarch who pushes his daughter and granddaughters into rebellion and self-harm. Paternal love, patriotism and ideological cruelty are inextricably combined in his character.

Yet all the women live passionately, the desire for love and freedom linking them across the generations. The novel ends with a hymn of devotion to Brilka and Niza's fervent hope that together they can finally leave their traumatic past behind. Is this likely? Haratischvili wisely leaves her readers to decide.

It should be evident even from this brief account that the translators faced a host of difficulties: a post-modern mélange of genres and styles, broken chronologies, detailed descriptions of sexual violence, vicious interrogation, starvation and war. Collins and Martin have risen to the challenge admirably – carrying us quickly and competently through this immensely complicated family narrative and vividly recreating the voice of a gifted storyteller from whom we hope to hear much more.

Review of José Luis de Juan's *Napoleon's Beekeeper* (trans. Elizabeth Bryer)

JORGE SALAVERT

de Juan, José Luis. *Napoleon's Beekeeper.* Translated by Elizabeth Bryer. Giramondo, 2020.

———. *El apicultor de Bonaparte.* Minúscula, 2017.

No other 19th-century politico-military figure was as significant for European history as Bonaparte. His banishment to Elba is the historical context for this nouvelle, which was first published in 1996, and re-released in 2017 through an independent Barcelona publisher, Minúscula.

The protagonist is an Elba beekeeper, Andrea Pasolini, an extraordinarily educated man whose library includes books on philosophy, the classics and, naturally, apiculture. Why should an apiculturist be so concerned and involved in Napoleon's arrival in Elba? The story reveals that the two men already share a connection. Many years before, Pasolini had written to Napoleon, and despite receiving no reply, Corsican honey is sent to him in a jar of fine Bohemian crystal bearing the imperial seal. Thus, de Juan creates the imaginary link on which credible historical fiction needs to be built:

> He started foraging in the backrooms of booksellers located in Pisa, Luca and Florence, getting hold of the tiniest booklets with some special titbit about the First Consul, the most intimate detail, the most secret. […] Pasolini sounded out Napoleonic specialists, wearied his eyes reading dull memoirs and court chatter, wrote to beekeepers from Versailles and Paris. A few had heard of N.'s interest in bees but couldn't contribute anything more than a tale or two of dubious authenticity.
>
> (23)

When told that the Emperor would like him to be his guide in a tour of the island's beehives, Pasolini envisages a momentous role for himself in Bonaparte's foreseeable resurgence. The Emperor may have lost a battle, but defeat is not as yet part of his vocabulary. Troubled by the imminent imperial visit, the beekeeper frets and worries; he has been receiving missives from his former teacher in Pisa, Father Anselmo, who wants Pasolini to help him make Napoleon the first Emperor of Italy:

> Now is the time to revive the Holy Empire, this is Italy's chance. And for this we need an emperor. A true emperor to lead an army of Tuscans and Milanese, of Venetians and Romans, of peasants from Naples and Calabria.
>
> (75)

Both an apiculturist and a thinker, Pasolini has long studied the behaviour of bees and has found a remarkable similitude between the insects' social structure and the military strategy involved in how they handle the defence of their hives. In short chapters that alternately narrate the progress of events for both Pasolini and Napoleon

on Elba, the author renders a lively portrait of the beekeeper as a man who becomes immersed in a political intrigue against his wishes. For his part, Napoleon is depicted as a taciturn figure, a statesman thwarted by developments beyond his control.

Will the lives of these two men meet in what might be a momentous resurgence of an overly ambitious pan-European aspiration? José Luis de Juan offers the reader a convincing fiction about power and ambition, exploiting the figure of the Emperor for his own literary purposes.

Bryer's translation replicates both the subtle literariness of the original and its austere quality. In some instances, the English text improves the original: for instance, the 'Porto Azzurro' of the Spanish becomes 'Porto Longone' in the translation, for this was the actual name of the harbour town at the time. Still, some oddities and infelicities can be found, perhaps due to a rushed reading of the source language text. On page 52, the Spanish *erupciones volcánicas* is rendered as "volcanic interruptions", an error the editor should have definitely picked up; and the Spanish *modistillas* (i.e., apprentice seamstresses) is rather incongruously translated as "modish young women" on page 61. But these are minor flaws in what is a delightful and commendable novella.

Translating Yasmina Reza's *Dans la luge d'Arthur Schopenhauer* for the Stage

HÉLÈNE JACCOMARD
The University of Western Australia

The two monologues presented here cover the last quarter of the 10,000-word play by Yasmina Reza, *Dans la luge d'Arthur Schopenhauer* [*On Arthur Schopenhauer's Sledge*]. This is the only play by the internationally renowned French playwright not translated into English until now. It is an odd, static, quasi-antidramatic work. It doesn't even contain dialogues but is instead made up of eight monologues. The play gives a voice to two depressed, sarcastic characters, as well as a deranged psychiatrist, and a self-contented man, peculiar in his glorification of a sexless life and rabid capitalism. The title of the play, although intriguing with the juxtaposition of a sledge with a well-known philosopher of pessimism, suggests high-brow topics rather than conjuring up a comedy. Yet the play only touches lightly on Schopenhauer, Spinoza or even Levinas (as barely alluded to, in the mention of faces in the last monologue here). Perhaps due to the challenges it presents for actors who have to memorize passages of more than two thousand words (2,400 for the longest), *Dans la luge d'Arthur Schopenhauer* was only performed twice at its creation in 2006, in Angers and Paris, and again in 2019 for the opening of a new theatre, *La Scala de Paris.* Reception was lukewarm in 2006, and slightly more enthusiastic in its more recent incarnation. Perhaps *La Scala*'s bifrontal stage allowed the audience to engage more with the characters.

The reticent response and limited stage life might explain why no English-speaking director, actor, or publisher – not even Reza's British agent[1] – as yet have felt an urge to have it translated into English, unlike Reza's other ten plays, all comedies which have been met with huge and long-lasting acclaim (for example *Art* or *God of Carnage*). Nevertheless, *Dans la luge d'Arthur Schopenhauer* is not a minor work: with its dark humour and monologic structure, it deals with the topical issue of mental illness and its impact on loved ones, exploring whether philosophy and other socially-sanctioned pursuits can help live a good life.

I selected this play because I believe that it would enhance and complement English-speaking audience's deeper understanding of Reza's works. As a native French speaker, I joined forces with Dr Vivienne Glance, a monolingual English-speaking writer, actor and playwright, to translate collaboratively excerpts from the play. Dr Glance contributed her experience in the transcreation of non-English-speaking poets and playwrights (Jaccomard & Glance).

Out of the full translation, we choose to present the last two monologues of the play because they represent the apex of the play's themes and imaginative power. In the first, Ariel laments the lack of communication with, and his enduring love for, his wife, whilst in the second, the unnamed psychiatrist's monologue is a parody of psychoanalytical discourse, an undercurrent in Reza's dramatic universe (see for instance *Art*'s light mocking of Yvan's psychoanalyst). These monologues have the added advantage of exposing Reza's writing range and tone. They enable us to demonstrate the interplay between micro decisions and macro strategy regarding translation issues aiming at achieving a balance between familiarity and shock effect.

[1] Wylie Agency has given us permission to use the translation for academic purposes or non-commercial performances, and are "not aware that the author is in a position to pursue an additional conversation with respect to publication of the translation at this time" (Private communication, 5 April 2019).

At first sight Reza's style appears easy to transfer into English. Yet it is not without challenges for the translator going, in order of difficulty, from pragmatics and lexis, to, remarkably, punctuation. Firstly, at the pragmatic level of discourse, the challenge was minimal, as long as we made sure that the resulting translation would be speakable on the stage. It was relatively straightforward to render Reza's comical aphorisms as they required minimal cognitive effort for the audience to understand, for instance "nobody is born reasonable and nobody dies reasonable" (personne ne naît raisonnable et personne ne meurt raisonnable, *Luge* 72), or "Does a morality without gut reactions exist?" (Est-ce qu'il existe une moralité sans nerfs ?, *Luge* 82).

Secondly, the lexical transfer presented some difficulties due to Reza's precision and inventiveness. Regarding the first point we carried out exhaustive searches to ensure we fully understood the play's meaning and register, connotations and denotations; and we conducted lexical searches in English to achieve a similar effect in the target text. We did at times settle for a minor loss in register ("immediately" for "d'emblée"; "hopes are so heart wrenching" for "Que toute espérance est déchirante", *Luge* 70). Regarding Reza's inventiveness and lexical imagination, we chose to preserve in translation the many unusual associations of words, for instance "a flexing of the soul" for "flexion de l'âme", or "bags of melancholia" for "sacs de mélancolie" (*Luge* 87). The surprise experienced by the source audience when hearing such inventive collocations would thus be similarly felt by the target audience, as per Eugene Nida's "equivalence of effect", i.e. "dynamic equivalence" (166). If at times the translation adds some effects, like assonance and alliteration (i.e. "nuked nakedness", "off-white woollies" "beaten black and blue"), this was dictated by the well-known process of compensation (Vinay and Darbelnet 171-175), a form of displacement of an effect elsewhere in the text as a way to keep the general tone of the source text. We were more inventive in these particular expressions due to being less so in others. Moreover, such effects add to the "aural nature of [drama] reception" (Tarantini 60).

The most difficult decision we had to make was whether to reproduce the monologues' long, unfinished phrases and numerous nominal sentences, all running into each other without punctuation, or separated by commas instead of full stops or semi-colons. The resulting breathless rhythm is meant to mirror the characters' anxiety, and to capture how their emotions and nerves overwhelm their reason and intellect. As an attempt to represent mental chaos as a self-defeating strategy and an expression of "chaotic fallacy" (Boak 217), the monologues constantly drift from one thought to another granting no apparent logic to the characters' ruminations and meditations (see for instance the passage from "all those couples" to "*MATFLUT Funerals* flyer" in the parallel text below). This style inflicts shocks and surprises and, at times, keeps us in suspense as to whether something sinister might happen – however nothing, sinister or otherwise, ever happens throughout the play.

Despite the different conventions in punctuation between English and French, we decided to reproduce Reza's peculiar punctuation configuration in order to give the English-speaking audience an opportunity to experience its full effect, the same kind of discomfort French audiences would feel when exposed to the characters' agitation, obsessiveness and distress. Actors have to be able to speak their lines and be readily understood. In some sections, our translation might not fully abide by this central tenet because of a higher purpose: to retain the text's effects due to its unique language and punctuation use. At times, the play imposed a tempo that would be difficult to render on stage in any language, and we wanted to preserve a constraint which informs the

source text. So our translation ends up oscillating between domestication and foreignization: domestication of lexical and pragmatic aspects, but foreignization so as to keep the all-important breathing pattern of the play by way of its unusual punctuation.

A playwright of Reza's reputation deserves to be served by a translation that might be difficult to say aloud, but will always be "playable and stageable" (Windle 156). As Susan Bassnett wrote, theatre cannot simply be translated as prose: "it is read as something incomplete, rather than as a fully rounded unit, since it is only in performance that the full potential of the text is realized" (128-129). While our translation leaves room for a theatre director to adapt the script according to their vision of the play, such vision will inevitably be informed by our translation.

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Dans la Luge d'Arthur Schopenhauer
Ariel Chipman à Nadine Chipman
By Yasmina Reza

Le soir du trente et un décembre Nadine, je t'ai dit que je n'avais pas envie de sortir, d'aller fêter chez nos amis la nouvelle année, je t'ai dit que je voulais rester seul et pleurer, tu as trouvé l'excuse ridicule, tu n'as pas cru un instant à la réalité de la phrase, tu l'as prise pour une de ces formules destinées à saper ton enthousiasme, j'aurais pu, as-tu dit, me contenter d'exprimer une non-envie de sortir ou de voir des gens, je n'avais aucun besoin d'aller chercher la solitude et les pleurs comme alternative désirable, une telle phrase se retournant d'emblée contre toi contre notre vie et non contre la soirée de fin d'année chez nos amis, l'envie de rester seul et de pleurer consacrant la défaite de l'autre, son impuissance, sa nullité, tu m'as dit en avoir assez de ces jérémiades, en contradiction complète avec mes soi-disant valeurs, mon soi-disant enseignement, tu t'es saisie du *Bulletin de la Société française de philosophie* qui trainait et tu t'es mise à me frapper.

Un homme dit à sa femme qu'il a envie d'être seul et de pleurer, et se retrouve aussitôt battu comme plâtre, me suis-je dit, tandis que tu me frappais de façon si violemment désespérée.

Un homme qui se présente comme ayant envie de pleurer devrait, sinon attirer la compassion au moins inspirer un genre d'inquiétude, mais non, le voilà roué de coups avec le *Bulletin de la Société française de philosophie* dans lequel se trouve le compte rendu de sa conférence «Que toute espérance est déchirante», que tu avais toi-même Nadine considéré comme ma publication la plus personnelle, une violence donc destinée aussi bien à mon corps qu'à mon esprit, la transformation du *Bulletin* en rouleau à pâtisserie ne signifiant pas

Last two monologues
Ariel Chipman to Nadine Chipman
Translated by Hélène Jaccomard and Dr Vivienne Glance

On the night of the thirty-first December Nadine, I told you I did not feel like going out, going to a friends' place to celebrate the New Year, I told you I wanted to stay on my own to weep, you found the excuse ridiculous, you never believed for a moment in the reality of this sentence, you thought it was one of those utterances meant to undermine your enthusiasm, I could have, you said, contented myself to express a non-desire to go out or see people, I did not need to bring up solitude and weeping as a desirable alternative, such a sentence immediately turning against you, against our life instead of against a New Year's party at our friends', the desire to remain on my own and weep sanctioning the other's defeat, her powerlessness, her worthlessness, you told me you had enough of my bellyaching, in total contradiction with my so-called values, my so-called teaching, you got hold of the *Bulletin of the French Society of Philosophy* lying around and started to thrash me with it.

No sooner a man tells his wife he wants to be on his own and weep than he finds himself beaten black and blue, I thought to myself, whilst you were battering me with a violent despair.

A man who says he feels like crying should, if not attract compassion at least fill you with a kind of concern, but no, here he is, taking a pummelling with the *Bulletin of the French Society of Philosophy* the very issue containing the review of his own talk 'Hopes are so heart wrenching', a talk you yourself Nadine considered my most personal, a violence therefore aimed both at my body and my mind, the transformation of the *Bulletin* into a rolling pin meaning nothing but you are nothing else than a

autre chose que tu n'es qu'une merde qui fait le paon devant les institutions et gâche la vie de sa femme, va au diable avec tes travaux soi-disant philosophiques, va au diable avec tes vapeurs, va au diable, crève, mais laisse-moi être heureuse moi Nadine Chipman dans mon décolleté, mes boucles d'oreilles, mon maquillage du nouvel an, laisse-moi courir vers un possible avenir, et tout à coup tu as cessé de frapper car tu as senti que ta coiffure pouvait s'en ressentir et l'ensemble de ta construction, et tu as dit en te rafistolant, pleure maintenant tu as une vraie raison, j'ai admiré en passant ton sang-froid, tu as pris ton sac et ton manteau et je me suis senti comme un petit garçon que sa mère ne va pas attendre, nous nous sommes trainés, enfin je me suis trainé derrière toi à ce nouvel an, pensant à toutes les fois où on se traine en silence, obligé par Dieu sait quoi, à tous ces couples qui se trainent jour après jour, de date en date, dans les saisons, les rencontres, les divertissements, devant nos amis tu t'es montrée atrocement heureuse, tu es passée d'une année à l'autre en riant, sans aucune anxiété, comment peut-on enjamber le temps sans anxiété, tu riais comme ces personnages grisonnants et surliftés sur le dépliant de la *MATFLUT Obsèques* que nous avons reçu ce matin, l'as-tu vu Nadine, ivres de joie dans une herbe grasse, riant au nez de la mort, ne faisant que rire de photo en photo au fur et à mesure des services complémentaires, salon funéraire, gravure de stèle, entre parenthèses je ne vois aucun hasard dans le fait que la MATFLUT m'envoie ce prospectus maintenant, prospectus absolument spinozien, clarté, clarté, clarté, vitalité, les clients de la mort émerveillés par un plafond blanc, riant sur le court de tennis, humant l'air du large, dans leur laine écrue, je pense à Roger Cohen seul dans son capharnaüm, assis en cravate sur son lit défait, qui tremble devant la mort entre

piece of shit displaying your feathers in front of the establishment and ruining your wife's life, go to hell with your so-called philosophical works, go to hell with your hot flushes, go to hell, snuff it, but let me be happy me Nadine Chipman in my low neckline, my earrings, my New Year's makeup, let me run towards a possible future and all of a sudden you stopped thrashing me as you realized your hairdo could be damaged and the whole of your construction, and as you were fixing things you said, you have a good reason to cry now, in passing I admired your coolness, you took your handbag and coat and I felt like a small boy whose mother is not going to wait for him, we dragged ourselves, or rather I dragged myself behind you to this New Year, thinking of all the times we drag ourselves in silence, forced by God knows what, of all those couples who drag themselves day after day, event after event, season after season, meetings, entertainment, in front of our friends you displayed an atrocious happiness, you went from one year to the next laughing, without any anguish, how can one straddle over time without anguish, you were laughing like those greying and hyper-facelifted characters in the *MATFLUT Funerals* flyer we got this morning, did you see it Nadine, drunk with joy, in lush green grass, laughing at death, doing nothing but laughing from photo to photo as extra services were added, funeral room, tombstone engraving, between you and me I do not see any coincidence in the fact that MATFLUT sent me their prospectus now, a wholly Spinozian prospectus, clarity, clarity, clarity, vitality, clients of death wonderstruck by a white ceiling, laughing on the tennis court, inhaling the open sea air in their off-white woollies, I am thinking of Roger Cohen alone among his bric-à-brac, sitting with a tie on his unmade bed, who fears death between his TV and his Jewish

sa télé et ses reliques juives, alternant télé, délire téléphonique et incantations, ne cherchant plus à y voir clair, au contraire, au contraire, personne ne nait raisonnable et personne ne meurt raisonnable, en rentrant de notre soirée souviens-toi nous avons dû déplacer un sapin de Noël qui trainait dans le caniveau, je me suis souvenu des sapins descendus et jetés avec soulagement pendant des années, j' ai pensé nous n'en avons plus heureusement, tous les ans cet embarras stupide, et j'ai eu pitié de l'arbre tiré sur le trottoir, exposé dans le froid, sans épines, à la merci des égoutiers, une nudité sèche, irradiée, à la maison tu avais encore de cette humeur émoustillée et pimpante, tu as pris grand soin de la maintenir contre vents et marées, te déshabillant contre vents et marées, te démaquillant contre vents et marées, te couchant près d'un homme inerte et gelé sans y accorder la moindre importance, ouvrant une revue pour y lire un article sur la déforestation et la disparition des grands singes, tout ça me suis-je dit en raison de notre épouvantable proximité, nous sommes épouvantablement présents l'un a l'autre dans ce lit où autrefois il fallait lutter pour ne pas se perdre, mais quoi de plus pitoyable me suis-je dit, que d'espérer une consolation, d'autant que je suis, paraît-il, l'homme le plus difficile à consoler, un homme particulièrement raide, je veux dire physiquement, particulièrement crispé quand survient le moindre geste amical, la consolation d'un être par un autre empruntant parait-il aussi le chemin du corps, accepter une caresse, se blottir, ces choses d'enfant, j'en serais incapable, de sorte que l'autre se trouve intimidé, puis rejeté, puis indifférent, espérer une consolation dans ces conditions est une idiotie sans bornes, par quel tour de passe-passe un cerveau espère ce qu'il est incapable de recevoir, un cerveau qui pendant trente ans, servilement et comme un perroquet, a

paraphernalia, alternating TV, phone deliriums and incantations, without trying to see things clearly, on the contrary, on the contrary, nobody is born reasonable and nobody dies reasonable, when we came back from our party do you remember we had to move a Christmas tree lying down in the gutter, I remembered the pine trees brought down and thrown away with relief year after year, I thought luckily we do not have them anymore, every year this stupid embarrassment, and I felt pity for the tree dragged on the pavement, exposed to cold without its needles, at the mercy of garbage men, a dry, nuked nakedness, at home you still had this mood, exhilarated and dashing, you took great pains to keep it come hell or high water, getting undressed come hell or high water, removing your makeup come hell or high water, lying down next to an inert and frozen man without batting an eyelid, opening a magazine to read an article on deforestation and endangered apes, all this I told myself because of our frightful proximity, we are frightfully present to each other in this bed where formerly we struggled not to lose each other, but what's more pitiful I told myself than expecting consolation, seeing that I am, it seems, the most difficult man to console, a particularly stiff man, I mean physically, particularly uptight whenever the smallest friendly gesture is proffered, consolation of one being by another travelling also down the path of the body, it seems, I am incapable of accepting a caress, snuggling up, these childlike things, so that the other feels intimidated, then rejected, then indifferent, hoping for consolation in these circumstances is boundless idiocy, what delusional brain hopes for what it is incapable of receiving, a brain which for thirty years, slavishly and like a parrot, consolidated a temple where nobody is in raptures, in tears, at a loss, a brain seemingly steeled against weakness, one lets oneself be

consolidé un temple ou personne ne délire, ne pleure, ne s'égare, un cerveau soi-disant blindé contre la faiblesse, on se laisse embobiner par les maîtres, on prospère dans des labyrinthes croyant qu'il s'agit de félicité de l'esprit, jusqu'au jour où tout à coup plus rien ne tient, un petit homme git dans une solitude lugubre, aux côtés d'une femme indifférente qui démarre l'année en dévorant un article sur l'extinction des grands singes, elle s'intéresse aux primates désormais, c'est logique me suis-je dit, moi je veux être bercé comme l'orphelin bonobo sur la photo avec maman Mamidoule sa mère de substitution, berce-moi Nadine, sois douce, sois bienveillante, sois maman Mamidoule, je m'efforce de redresser mon corps pour qu'il penche vers le tien, pourvu que tu déchiffres ce mouvement obscur, cette orientation d'angle infime, tu t'intéresses au sort de la planète et je te donne raison, les forêts, les animaux, oui, les forêts et les animaux je veux bien, la vie de la pensée était une erreur, des balles perdues, on s'est rangé du côté des érudits pour notre malheur, Nadine, voudrais-tu bien jeter un seul regard sur la bête jonchée à tes côtés.

conned by masters, one prospers in mazes believing this is bliss for the mind, until one day all of a sudden nothing holds together anymore, a little man lying in bleak solitude, alongside an indifferent wife who starts the new year by lapping up an article on the extinction of apes, from that point on she takes an interest in primates, it stands to reason I thought to myself, I'd like to be rocked like the orphan bonobo on the front page with mummy Mamidoule its substitute mother, rock me Nadine, be gentle, be benevolent, be mummy Mamidoule, I strive to lift myself up and lean towards your body, if you could only decipher this obscure move, this degree of the minute angle, you care about the fate of the planet and I agree with you, forests, animals, yes, forests and animals I get it, the life of the mind was a mistake, strayed bullets, we placed ourselves on the side of erudition that is our misfortune, Nadine, would you care to glance at the beast laying by your side.

La psychiatre aux trois autres

Je marchais sur un trottoir, plutôt étroit, devant moi une femme avançait avec difficulté. Lentement, un peu en zigzaguant, de sorte qu'il m'était impossible de la doubler.

La femme, de dos, paraissait âgée, et il n'y avait rien d'anormal dans sa difficulté de progresser, je veux dire elle ne pouvait pas faire autrement que de marcher lentement et en zigzaguant.

Je dois quand même ajouter qu'elle portait des sacs de chaque côté, tout en étant elle-même volumineuse, et quand même, ai-je pensé, quand les gens portent des sacs, ils devraient savoir qu'ils portent des sacs, cette femme a le droit de marcher dans la rue en portant

The Psychiatrist speaking to Nadine, Ariel and Serge

I was walking on a rather narrow pavement, ahead of me a woman was advancing with difficulty. Slowly, zigzagging slightly so that it was impossible for me to overtake her.

The woman judging from her back seemed elderly, and there was nothing unusual about her having difficulty in walking, I mean she could not do more than walk slowly and zigzagging.

I must add all the same that she was carrying bags on each side whilst being herself quite large, and all the same, I thought, when people are carrying bags, they should know they are carrying bags, this woman is allowed to

des sacs, je le sais, toutefois on pourrait imaginer une manière de porter des sacs qui ne soit pas envahissante, lorsqu'on porte des sacs des deux côtés qui vous élargissent, on devrait se montrer gêné et en tirer les conséquences.

Cette femme n'était pas du tout gênée et vous allez me dire que c'est un effet du hasard mais lorsque je tentais de la dépasser par la gauche, elle allait à gauche, et inversement à droite lorsque j'allais à droite, ce sur plusieurs mètres, de sorte qu'il m'a été extrêmement difficile de penser qu'elle ne le faisait pas exprès.

L'âge n'excuse pas tout. On ne me fera pas rentrer dans cette stupidité du privilège de l'âge, sous prétexte qu'ils n'ont plus d'horizon, qu'est-ce qu'on voit, des gens imbus de leur fatalité qui prennent un malin plaisir à vous freiner.

J'ai donc, chemin faisant, sur ces quelques mètres, développé une exaspération, une haine pour cette passante, une envie de la taper, de la faire gicler sur le bas-côté, qui m'a effrayée et que je condamne bien sûr, mais qui en même temps me parait légitime, et c'est ce que je voudrais comprendre, au fond, pourquoi, pourquoi je ne peux me départir d'un sentiment de justesse, et oui, de légitimité intérieure, si vous m'autorisez cette expression, comme si l'empire des nerfs, si décrié, avait néanmoins sa raison d'être, je veux dire sa raison morale, comme si mon droit de marcher sur le trottoir, à mon rythme, n'était pas moins impérieux, du point de vue moral j'entends, que son droit à elle d'occuper le trottoir en dépit de son incapacité motrice, aggravée par le port de sacs des deux côtés.

Si je sais que je ne peux pas marcher sur un trottoir sans entraver la circulation des autres piétons, la moindre des choses me semble-t-il, la moindre des choses, je veux dire des politesses, des délicatesses, est de me retourner dès que j'entends des pas derrière moi, de me

walk in the street whilst carrying bags, this I know, however one could figure out a way of carrying bags that would not be invasive, when one carries bags on each side that makes one larger, one should show embarrassment and draw the right conclusions.

This woman was not embarrassed in the least and you can tell me it was pure chance but when I was attempting to overtake her on the left, she would go on the left, and conversely the right whenever I was bearing right, for several metres, so that it was extremely difficult for me to think that she was not doing it on purpose.

Old age is no excuse for everything. Nobody will make me accept the stupid argument of old age privilege, just because they have no horizons anymore, what do we witness, people full of their inevitable fate taking great delight in slowing you down.

So along the way for those several meters, I developed an exasperation, a hatred for this pedestrian, a growing urge to hit her, to shove her onto the verge, and this frightened me, and I of course condemn it, but at the same time I think it is legitimate, and this is exactly what I want to understand, all things considered, why, why cannot I divest myself of a feeling of righteousness and, yes, of internal legitimacy, if you allow me to use this expression, as if being in the grip of guts reactions which is so decried, had nonetheless its *raison d'être*, I mean its moral reason, as if my right to walk on the pavement, at my own pace, was no less imperative, from a moral point of view, I mean, than her right to occupy the pavement despite her impaired mobility made worse by carrying bags on both sides.

If I know I cannot walk on a pavement without obstructing the flow of other pedestrians, the slightest thing it seems to me, the slightest thing, I mean the slightest courtesy, consideration, is to

réduire tant que faire se peut dans une porte cochère, vous me direz que ces gens sont également sourds, alors honnêtement, que font-ils dehors, emmurés dans leur solitude, toutes vannes fermées?

Nous devrions éprouver pitié et compassion et nous n'éprouvons que haine, nous devrions être patients et nous sommes impatients, intolérants, et nous bannissons la tolérance. La moralité n'est-elle pas toujours, en quelque sorte, assouplie par les nerfs ? Est-ce qu'il existe une moralité sans nerfs ?

Une femme se lève d'un bon pied, elle sort, elle s'en va dans la journée d'un bon pied, la voilà qui file vers je ne sais quelle destination d'un pas allant, je me souviens d'un médicament dont l'indication était *manque d'allant*, quand elle se trouve soudain empêchée par le corps d'une autre, non pas un obstacle de chair mais un grincement du temps, un corps qu'elle récuse de la façon la plus catégorique, inadmissible par avance, nous ne voulons pas être solidaire de la femme aux sacs, nous voulons marcher vite, nous voulons attaquer le sol d'un pied bondissant, marcher sans aucune pitié, nous n'avons pas l'intention de nous retourner jusqu' au moment où nous nous retournons pour voir le visage, une erreur fatale, je me retourne pour voir le visage, je veux vérifier mon aversion, je veux confirmer ma froideur mais je vois tout de suite sous la frange de cheveux blancs le nez disproportionné, l'effort de vivre dans la joue pendante, je récuse la joue pendante, je récuse le nez, et les paupières, et la lèvre amère, je n'ai pas de temps à perdre avec un visage, un visage parmi des milliers d'autres que jamais je n'aurais distingué si je n'avais été exaspérée par le reste du corps, et qui maintenant me nargue, vient titiller une sensiblerie que je récuse, j'ai toujours su voyez-vous, dès mes premiers jours d'études, toujours su qu'il fallait s'armer contre la compassion, je l'ai su d'emblée,

turn around as soon as I hear steps behind me, then compress myself as much as possible into a doorway, you will say those people are deaf too, then honestly, what are they doing outdoors, walled up in their solitude, all gates closed up?

We should feel pity and compassion and we feel nothing but hatred, we should be patient and we are impatient, tolerant and we banish tolerance. Is morality not always undermined, so to speak, by gut reactions? Does a morality without gut reactions exist?

A woman gets out of bed on the right side, she goes out, she starts her day in a good mood, there she is scuttling off somewhere eagerly, that reminds me of a medicine that is meant for *deficiency of eagerness*, when suddenly she is barred by another woman's body, not an obstacle made of flesh but by a grinding of time, a body she disallows most categorically, inadmissible from the start, we do not want to show solidarity with the woman with the bags, we want to walk briskly, we want to hit the ground with a spring in our step, walk without pity, we have no intention of turning around until we do turn around to see her face, a deadly mistake, I turn around to see her face, I turn around to see her face, I want to check my aversion, I want to confirm my coldness but I can see immediately under the fringe of white hair the disproportionate nose, the struggle for life in the drooping cheek, I disallow the drooping cheek, I disallow the nose, and the eyelids, and the bitter lips, I do not have time to lose on a face, a face amongst a thousand others I would never have noticed if I had not been exasperated by the rest of the body, and which now taunts me, comes to tickle a sensitivity I disallow, I have always known you see, from my first days at university, always known that you had to arm yourself against compassion, I have known straightaway, in medicine and the

en médecine et ailleurs, il faut s'armer contre toute inclinaison, contre la compassion, contre la tendresse, je ne prononce même pas l'autre nom, le nom vénéré du monde contre lequel, je suis catégorique, il faut s'armer jusqu'aux dents, non contente d'avoir entravé mon passage, la femme aux sacs vient persécuter mon esprit, la petite coiffure ondulée et aplatie qui couvre le front, m'entrainant dans un élan contraire, le petit crêpage blanc d'un densité anormale qui semble comme posé entre les tempes générant un amollissement que je réprouve, je ne veux pas être happée par un visage, toute la vie nous sommes happés par des visages, nous tombons dans le gouffre des visages, pour peu que je marche dans la rue, un beau matin, de ce pas allant et belliqueux, qui constitue l'essence même de la marche, pour ne pas dire de la félicité, je tombe sur une femme sortie pour briser mon élan, munie de deux sacs latéraux, comme si sa seule lenteur, son seul cheminement hébété ne suffisait pas, un obstacle qui me force au contact et à l'impatience, mais qui ne serait qu'une vicissitude sans dimension humaine, aussitôt oubliée, si par une erreur fatale je ne m'étais retournée.

La femme aux sacs a les joues d'une enfant fâchée, un gonflement qui me désobéit, un mufle qui me désobéit, pourquoi faut-il qu'au détour d'un trottoir, un visage de bête essoufflée vienne m'encombrer, au nom de quelle vertu dois-je subir la tyrannie d'une pitié imprévue, de dos comme de face cette femme me harcèle, de dos comme de face elle me persécute, pour un peu je lui présenterais mes excuses, je caresserais la joue pendante, je porterais les sacs, rien que d'y penser voyez-vous, j'ai senti remonter la barbarie, la violence que j' affirme légitime, qu'est-ce qu'elle a dans ses sacs, qu'est-ce qu'elle y a mis pour ployer avec cette insistance, vous ne m'enlèverez pas de l'idée qu'il y a une

rest, you must arm yourself against any inclination, any compassion, any tenderness, I do not even utter the other word, the word venerated in the world against which, I am adamant, you must arm yourself to the teeth, not only is she happy to obstruct me, but the woman with the bags comes to persecute my mind, with her wavy and flat hairdo covering her forehead, dragging me in the opposite direction, the lightly teased white hair abnormally dense looking as if it is placed between the temples producing a softening I disallow, I do not want to be sucked into a face, all our life we are sucked into faces, we fall into the abyss of faces, no sooner do I walk down the street, on a fine day, with that eager and bellicose step, which is the essence of walking, if not to say the essence of bliss, than I come across a woman intent on breaking my momentum, equipped with two lateral bags, as if her mere slowness, her mere dazed progress was not enough, an obstacle which forces me to make contact and get impatient, but which would be just a vicissitude with no human dimension, quickly forgotten, if but for a fatal mistake I had not turned around.

The woman with the bags has the cheeks of an offended little girl, a puffing out that disobeys me, a muzzle that disobeys me, why is it that, around the corner, the face of a breathless creature comes to burden me, which virtue requires I endure the tyranny of unexpected pity, whether behind or in front this woman harasses me, whether behind or in front she persecutes me, I could almost apologize to her, I could almost stroke her drooping cheek, I could almost carry the bags, only think of it you see, I felt barbarism, violence rise again, I consider it legitimate violence, what is she carrying in her bags, what did she put in there to be so insistently weighed down, you will not change my mind

forme d'impudeur à se montrer harnachée et ployante, et à moitié paralysée, en plein trottoir, comme si de rien n'était, comme si elle n'avait pas besoin d'aide, une attitude amère, une accusation muette jetée à la face du monde, deux galettes de cheveux blancs couvrent les oreilles, des galettes en choux qu'on faisait aux petites filles d'autrefois, il y a dans l'assemblage de cette coiffure et du nez proéminent un ratage que je reconnais, un ratage familier, sous l'abat-jour de cheveux, du nez, des plis, de la lèvre fâchée, s'échappent une volée de revenants, gens d'autres rues, d'autres temps, d'autres pays, pliés de la même façon, inutilement arrangés, en jupe d'enfance, portant, la vie durant, une disgrâce qu'on s'efforce d'atténuer avec des brosses, de peignes, des épingles, le petit attirail qui nous suit, empêche le désordre et la folie, il a toujours fallu encadrer le visage, plus le visage était ingrat plus il fallait l'encadrer, on faisait des gonflements, des ondulations, sans aucun lien avec le nez et la solitude du regard, ça ne pouvait être qu'un ratage, un beau jour vous marchez dans la rue d'un pas allant et vous êtes happée par un visage, toute la vie nous sommes happés par des visages, nous nous y jetons, tête baissée, dans quel espoir pouvez-vous me le dire, aucun lieu n'est aussi infranchissable, ce qu'on imagine proche n'est pas proche, d'ailleurs j' ai toujours abominé le mot *prochain*, cet épouvantable mot, je ne l'emploie jamais, un mot d'une écœurante bienveillance, que je récuse, dès que le mot *prochain* apparait dans une phrase, la phrase est nulle, nous n'avons aucun prochain, cette femme n'est pas mon prochain, pas plus de face que de dos, bien que de face on puisse être saisi par une impression de parenté, qui ne tient qu'au crêpage de cheveux et a un certain assortiment du nez et de la bouche, bref à rien, bien que de face, je veux dire une face apparue fugitivement,

about the fact that there is a kind of shamelessness in showing oneself so harnessed and weighed down, half paralysed, in the middle of the pavement, as if nothing was happening, as if she did not need help, a bitter attitude, a silent accusation tossed out to the world, two pancakes of white hair cover her ears, plaited pancakes which in the past used to be done to little girls, there is in this conflation of hairdo and prominent nose a failure I recognize, a familiar wreckage, under a lampshade of hair, there escapes from the nose, the folds, the crossed lips a volley of phantoms, people in other streets, other times, other countries, bent over in the same way, uselessly attired, a childhood skirt, showing throughout their lives an ungainliness one strives to soften with brushes, combs, pins, small paraphernalia that follows us, preventing untidiness and madness, it was always necessary to frame the face, the uglier the face the stronger the need to frame it, one would do a swelling here, a waviness there, making no connection between the nose and the solitude in the eyes, it could only be a failure, one fine day you are walking along the street eagerly and you are sucked up by faces, our whole life we are sucked up by faces, we dive into them, head bowed, and in the hope of can you tell me what, there is no place so unbridgeable, what we imagine to be fellowship is not fellowship, besides I have always loathed the term *fellow man*, an appalling term, I never use it, a term with a sickening benevolence, which I disallow, as soon as the term *fellow man* appears in a sentence, the sentence is annulled, we have no *fellow men*, this woman is not my fellow, whether from the front or the back, even though from the front one may be seized by a feeling of kinship, which comes from nothing more than the teased hair and a certain combination of nose and mouth, in short which comes from nothing, although from the front, I mean a front glanced at

nous nous retournions et nous soyons déjà ailleurs, c'est un retournement mineur, qui n'engage pas le corps, bien que de face disais-je, alors que nous sommes déjà loin, il faille lutter contre une flexion de l'âme, survenue malgré soi, un regret violent dont l'objet reste flou, regret de quoi je voudrais savoir, et pourquoi, alors que nous sommes déjà loin, faut-il lutter contre les joues gonflées, le cou disparu dans la voussure et le manteau, le petit enclos humain qui oscille et vous sourit, un sourire qu'il n'aurait jamais fallu voir, un sourire épuisé, timide, honteux, et qui oblige à répondre le cœur brisé, alors je m'arrête devant la vitrine du magasin de chaussures devant lequel toujours je m'arrête, dans cette vitrine il y a de quoi me faire changer radicalement d'humeur, je crois voyez-vous à la frivolité, heureusement que nous avons la frivolité, la frivolité nous sauve, je suis étonnée que vous ne compreniez pas cette supériorité que nous avons d'être sauvées par la frivolité, je veux dire littéralement sauvées par la frivolité, le jour où la frivolité nous abandonne nous mourons, une fois un homme m'a dit, à propos d'une robe que j'avais repérée, la robe peut attendre, peut attendre quoi ai-je rétorqué, que le corps soit inhabillable, que j'encombre la rue à mon tour, trainant en zigzaguant les sacs de mélancolie, la robe ne peut pas attendre, dites-moi une seule chose qui puisse attendre, ni les choses ni les êtres, la robe s'étiole et se fane sur le cintre, et notre vie s'étiole quand nous attendons, n'importe quoi je veux dire, un simple geste, qu'une porte s'ouvre, le soir, le matin, la chose dont je ne veux même pas prononcer le nom, notre vie s'étiole, c'est pourquoi je m'arrête devant la vitrine du magasin de chaussures où je vois aussitôt les signes de l'hiver, le noir, le gris, des bottes et des escarpins fermés, plus trace de mules ni de sandales alors que nous sommes en septembre, les fabricants régentent nos

fleetingly, we turn around and we are already elsewhere, it is a minor turning around not involving the body, although from the front as I was saying, when we are already far away, we need to fight against a flexing of the soul, happening against our will, a violent regret whose object remains blurred, regret of what I would like to know, and why, when we are already far away, do we need to fight against the swollen cheeks, the neck disappearing into the stoop and the coat, the little oscillating human enclosure smiles at you, a smile that should never have been seen, an exhausted smile, shy, shameful and forcing you to respond with a broken heart, then I stop in front of the window of a shoe shop where I always stop, in this window there is enough to shift my moods radically, I believe you see in frivolity, luckily we have frivolity, frivolity saves us, I am surprised you do not understand the superiority we women have in that we can be saved by frivolity, I mean literally saved by frivolity, the day frivolity abandons us we die, once a man told me about a dress I had spotted, the dress can wait, can wait for what I retorted that the body is no longer able to be dressed, that I too block the way, zigzagging as I drag bags of melancholia, the dress cannot wait, tell me one single thing that can wait, neither things nor beings, the dress wilts and withers away on its hanger, and our life withers whilst we are waiting, for anything I mean, for a mere gesture, a door opening, the evening, the morning, the thing I cannot even say out loud, our life withers, this is the reason why I stop in front of the window of the shoe shop where I immediately see signs of winter, black, grey, boots and closed shoes, no sign of mules or sandals anymore when it is only September, manufacturers control our lives and drive us to despair, because predictable things drive us to despair you see, and as I am reflecting on manufacturers who drive us to despair I

vies et nous désespèrent, car nous désespèrent les choses prévisibles voyez-vous, et tout en pensant aux fabricants qui nous désespèrent j' ai pensé elle va me rattraper, ces gens arrivent au même endroit que vous, ils vous rattrapent, tout le monde vous rattrape, ça n'existe pas être en avant voyez-vous, personne n'est en avant, ni jeunes, ni vieux, ni personne, nous arrivons au même endroit, au bout du compte, devant les chaussures d'hiver, les chaussures sombres, les bottes, les rangées sombres, en la voyant s'approcher en oscillant de la vitrine j' ai pensé un jour elle s'amusait sur le trottoir, elle dessinait une marelle, elle poussait le palet à cloche-pied, elle sautait les cases, elle sautait les cases dans sa jupe gonflée...

thought she is going to catch up, these people get to the same spot as you, they catch up, everyone catches up with you, there is no being ahead you see, nobody is ahead, neither young, nor old, not anybody, we all come to the same place, at the end of the day, in front of winter shoes, dark shoes, boots, dark displays, when I saw her rocking and getting closer to the window I thought there was a time when she was playing on the pavement, chalking a hopscotch grid, hopping to push the stone, jumping the cells, jumping the cells with her skirt billowing…

Interpretation and Translation of Poems and Songs in Vladimir Vertlib's Play *ÜBERALL NIRGENDS lauert die Zukunft*

JULIE WINTER
Western Washington University

The experience of being uprooted from one's homeland lies at the heart of the play *ÜBERALL NIRGENDS lauert die Zukunft* (*The Future Lurks Everywhere and Nowhere*) by the Austrian author Vladimir Vertlib. Written in 2016 and performed in several locations in Austria and Germany in the same year, this play (not yet published in German) deals with issues concerning recent migration to Germany and Austria, with past traumatic experiences of the Holocaust, and with questions of individual and collective guilt. Vertlib uses poetry and song throughout the play to emphasize two main points: 1) that all national and/or ethnic groups have suffered similar losses (this drama deals with the loss of one's home); and 2) the realization that one does not suffer alone can help to lessen the pain of loss. The translating choices I made were informed by my understanding of these points and my desire to convey the transnational tensions in the play, while retaining the lyrical form and what Boase-Beier calls the "poetic effects" (256). In this paper, I highlight the similarities between the losses and transformations that occur in the process of immigration, and those that necessarily occur when one attempts to bring a text from one language and cultural milieu into another. There is the potential in both instances to create a synthesis which is meaningful and powerful in its own right.

In reflecting on how I translated the lyrical items, two related considerations come to mind: first, because I was translating for the stage, I believed that the content of the lyrical items should be clear and accessible to an audience that would hear the poems and songs only once. Second, I was even more attentive than usual to the sound of the poems and songs in English, again because of the fact that I was translating a play, meant to be performed on stage. Interestingly, in Bly's "Eight Stages of Translation", the step describing how the translator listens to the sound of the translation comes rather late in the process, as number six (83-85), although the steps may not be discrete and may merge into one another (68). In the process of translating Vertlib's play, the sound (and accessibility) of the items went hand in hand for me with the earlier step number three, that of making the best possible English version (Bly 73-75).[1]

In addition to the salience of the sound of the items, Bly's step three, that is, the attempt to make the translation as good as it can be in English (73-75), was my chief concern. A best possible English version would be my notion of a "direct translation" (Gutt 254, Smith 109-110, Newton 23). Smith explains that direct translation strives for

[1] Newton (25) offers the following helpful summary of Robert Bly's eight stages to translating poetry:
(1) writing out a literal version to attend to meaning asking "What does the poem mean?"
(2) unpacking the meaning
(3) making the poem "the best it can be in English"
(4) adjusting the diction to a modern spoken register (American in Bly's case)
(5) assuring these changes fit the original "mood"
(6) paying attention to the sound (Bly recommends learning by heart)
(7) asking a native speaker to assess the results
(8) drafting final adjustments.

"complete interpretive resemblance in relevant respects", that is, all the linguistic features of the source text that make up the communicative clues have to be reproduced in the target language, as well as the context of the original item (110). A direct translation "should create the impression of reading the receptor language in the source context" (111). This is no easy task—and it rests on translators' interpretations of the source items, that is, how they interpret the style clues given by the author.

Boase-Beier explains that translators attempt to understand the author's "mind style", which she defines as the linguistic style of a piece of literary writing that reveals a certain cognitive state (253). How translators read the style clues is highly individual, and when translating, they try to recreate the "state of mind from the style of the text" (255). Thus, we have to look at the individual reader/translator to evaluate the translation. First, according to Boase-Beier, the reader assumes the author had an intention in writing the piece. In the case of Vertlib's play, I assumed the author had a message about migration and old wounds from the Holocaust he wanted to convey (after all, this is what the rest of the play is about). Thus, he chose poems with linguistic features that conveyed this message. Furthermore, two key poems chosen by Vertlib make special use of metaphor and ambiguity to emphasize the feelings of injury and loss experienced by the protagonists in the play. But Vertlib did not write the songs and poems himself, so I have the challenging task of interpreting the various authors' intentions and Vertlib's intention as to the function of the lyrical items in the larger context of the play. Next, the translator engages in a more intense examination of the poetic effects, such as metaphors employed and ambiguities, keeping in mind the various possibilities in meaning.[2] Finally, the reader/translator has to interpret these items of style used by the author(s) and reconstruct them based on this interpretation (255-257). It is easy to see that much rests on the interpretation—"the reader adapts the reconstruction to his or her own view of the world" (263). For this reason, Holmes calls poetry translation a "distortion" and translators themselves are condemned as "traitors" (9).

Summary of Vertlib's play

In the play, one of the main protagonists, David, a Holocaust survivor currently living in Israel, returns to an unnamed city in Germany or Austria, with the intention of finding the displaced persons' camp where, after the Second World War, his lover Hanna had died of starvation. He had promised her that he would bring her bones home to Palestine when peace is restored there, and he comes back to the city as a very old man to fulfill this promise. When David arrives, he is confused because he finds refugee settlement quarters at the site where he and Hanna had waited for placement after the war. He encounters refugees from Iraq, Syria, and Afghanistan and begins to talk with them about their similar situations, and we hear the voice of Hanna reciting lyrical lines at various points throughout David's interactions with the refugees. To elaborate and summarize, we see three main transnational situations in Vertlib's drama:

1) David, a Jew, currently living in Israel, is a Holocaust survivor and must interact with descendants of the people who persecuted him and tortured and killed Jews, his first love Hanna being among the victims.

[2] Holmes emphasizes that the form of the poem itself is already a signal of the ambiguities to come: "when we read verse…the form itself serves as a signal to us that our minds should remain open to ambiguities at every rank" (9).

2) David also encounters the newly arrived refugees from the Middle East, and he feels he must defend Israel's treatment of Arabs, and his own actions, in this context.
3) The refugees must deal with the hatred and aggression of the Germans and/or Austrians they now live with, as they struggle to rebuild their lives in a foreign country.

Two key poems of the play

Two poems used in the play were written by Ina Ricarda Kolck-Thudt, a participant in a writing seminar Vertlib conducted at the University of Vienna in 2014.[3] At the end of Scene 3, "Group Image", we find the first of these poems, called "Abschweifen". In the left column are the original lines in German, and in the right I give possible literal translations (Vertlib capitalized all letters of the poems in his play, as did Kolck-Thudt in her original versions):

ABSCHWEIFEN	to lose one's tail/digress/wander
OHNE TIER	without animal
ZU SEIN	to be
ABER WIE	but like
DIE EIDECHSEN	the lizards
HINTER SICH LASSEN	leave behind
KÖNNEN WAS	what (they) can
LEICHT WIRD	(do) easily becomes
ZUM VERHÄNGNIS	the downfall
IM HINTERKOPF	in the back of the mind

My final translation:

TO LOSE A TAIL
BUT NOT BE
AN ANIMAL

BUT LIKE
LIZARDS CAN
LEAVE BEHIND
WHAT'S EASILY DONE
BECOMES THE UNDOING
IN THE BACK OF THE MIND

In a moment of sadness and reflection, the Holocaust survivor David recites the first lines of this poem to himself, and later the complete poem is recited by the voice of Hanna. In the transnational context of the play, the meaning of the difficult lines becomes clearer. David returns to the country that victimized him to try to find Hanna's remains. The time he spent in the concentration camps, and in the displaced persons camp, forms the central trauma in his life. The interconnectedness of the characters is addressed with this poem as well. Both David and the refugees have painful traumas—

[3] Both poems were published in *Zwischenwelt*, pp. 37-38.

the agonizing experience of being torn from their homes and the lives they had—that they would like to be able to shed, or transcend, as easily as the lizard sheds its tail. This poem conveys the idea that leaving behind, or shedding, a part of one's life, a haunting traumatic event, in order to start over, is a difficult process. Unfortunately, humans who try to leave part of themselves, their experience, their history, behind, are not able to simply do this and move on because the traumatic event remains stuck in the back of their minds and always holds them back in some way.

The one- and two-word lines and the confusing syntax make the poem ambiguous and convey alienation. Boase-Beier stresses that "ambiguity in the text may demand that the reader keep two possible interpretations in mind" (256). There are two main ambiguities we must deal with in this poem: that of the meaning of the first word and the problem of the ontological nature of the poem. By this I mean that "wird" in the seventh line can go in either an upward or downward direction, the result being that we think of both "was leicht wird" [what is easily done/becomes easy] and "wird zum Verhängnis" [becomes the downfall]. Finally, there is a flow in the poem we do not want to miss—while the lines do not rhyme, there is assonance (the *ei* sound in "abschweifen", "sein", "Eidechsen", and "leicht"). This assonance and the structure of the poem create the overall sound and rhythm that I wanted to recreate in the English version.

The first word of the poem is crucial because the poem's meaning and relevance to the transnational context rest on this word. "Abschweifen" means to digress from a topic, or to wander or stray. "Ab" in German means "off" and "schweifen" means "wander", "ramble", "curve", or "roam". My first instinct was to use the sense of digress from a topic, but I could immediately see that this wouldn't work because the next lines ("ohne Tier/zu sein") don't make sense in this context. The second stanza then reinforces the position that "abschweifen" here must have another meaning. The root word of the compound is "schweif", which means "tail", as in the tail of an animal, and it comes from Old High German "sweifen", meaning to swing or go in a wide curve. "Sweifen" as a verb describes the movement of an animal's tail and also the metaphorical sense of digressing, curving away, from a topic. In this poem, however, we must stick with the sense of an animal's "tail" because the lines express a desire to be able to lose one's tail like lizards do when they are threatened or in danger, a phenomenon known as "tail dropping". A native speaker of German, however, would also get the sense of straying from a topic when seeing or hearing this word, and the moment of confusion or ambiguity would be unsettling.

David's and the refugees' "tale", i.e. their own individual story (t-a-l-e), is radically disrupted. Some people can reconstruct a personal narrative that restores their sense of identity in a new culture, others have more difficulty. They grieve that loss so intensely that they can't find a new "tale" to psychologically re-integrate. By going with a literal translation, i.e. "To lose a *tail*", I stayed true to the German line, and when I realized that *tail* and *tale* are homophones, and remembered that the audience would hear, not see, the word, I knew that I had managed to retain some of the sense of alienation and ambiguity of the original. The poem is a metaphor for the process of reintegrating one's personality in a foreign culture, and for the work of the translator, who must maintain the essence of the original but also leave some part of it behind in the process of creating a new whole in English.

It is possible that I did not find such an elegant solution to the problem of the "wird" described above. I chose to make both meanings explicit in the poem, thus erasing some of the ambiguity. This was justified, I believed, because the audience

would be able to quickly grasp poem's meaning. I also liked the rhythm and repetition my lines produced: "what's easily done/becomes the undoing". A possible revision of the poem might be as follows:

TO LOSE A TAIL
AND NOT BE
AN ANIMAL

BUT LIKE
LIZARDS
LEAVING BEHIND
EASILY CAN
BECOME THE UNDOING
IN THE BACK OF THE MIND

I changed the "but" in the second line to "and" to avoid repetition with the opening "but" in the first line of the second stanza, and I moved the "can" in the second line of the second stanza to the fourth line, pairing it with "easily" and perhaps retaining more of the openness of meaning of the original poem. I do like this new version in that it feels and sounds smoother and somewhat less explicit than my first version. This more economical version also strikes me as putting the assonance of the *l* sound ("lose", "like", "lizards", "leaving") front and center, which I find pleasing and in line with the vowel assonance of the original.

The second poem, called "Vom Schweigen sprechen" is in Scene 10, "Hanna's Wish":

DAS SCHWEIGE SPRECHEN	the silent speaking/speech
IST NICHT IMMER EINES	is not always one (thing)
DAS SICH NICHT TRAUT	that does not trust itself/dare
MIT EINSPRUCH	with objection/protest
DEM KEINEN SPRECHEN	to no speech
ZUM TROTZ	despite
ES STIMMT OFT SEHR	it often agrees/makes itself heard strongly
ABER SELTEN ZU	but seldom
DEN ANDEREN STIMMEN	to/with the other voices
DIE LAUTEN :[4]	that sound

My final translation:

SILENT SPEAKING
IS NOT ALWAYS SOMETHING
THAT DOES NOT DARE
TO OBJECT
DESPITE
NOT TALKING
IT OFTEN STRONGLY

[4] The original poem that appeared in *Zwischenwelt* ends with a colon.

BUT SELDOM AGREES
WITH THE OTHER VOICES
THAT SOUND:

The voice of Hanna recites these lines at the beginning of Scene 10 where David begins to dig in the area that was to be a garden to find her bones. Ibrahim and other refugees join him and ask what he is looking for. He explains that he wants to take Hanna's bones to Palestine, although he admits that the condition, that there be peace in the land, has not been fulfilled. He realizes he is mainly doing this for himself, as he is quite old and knows he does not have a lot of time left to live. David also appears to come to an understanding of his own guilt in the lack of peace between Jews and Arabs; up to this point, he saw himself as a victim and not an aggressor. He says of his guilt (addressing Ibrahim in Scene 10):

> DAVID. But when I arrived in Israel ... I fought and killed, drove Arabs out of their homes and villages and towns. I did not want to be killed a THIRD time. They would have killed us. YOU all would have killed us! But there is no right in wrong, no forgetting, and guilt cannot be shared. Maybe it's my punishment that I'm still alive.

Ibrahim and other refugees offer to help David find the bones, as a gift from the current generation of refugees to the older one. A symbolic reconciliation takes place between enemies with this gesture of help. Hanna encourages David to let go of his desire to atone and to only be responsible for his own guilt, not that of all the people.

In this context, the poem can be viewed as applicable to ethnic groups that have long been enemies (they are silent victims), but that share the experience of loss of home and of part of themselves; the last four lines indicate a passive acceptance of one's personal guilt in their long-standing adversarial interaction. A kind of unity can emerge when individuals come to the quiet realization of what they have contributed to the battle. Yet the poem can also be interpreted as strongly advocating silent resistance in general as a way to bring about change. The loudly protesting far right characters in the play form a contrast then to this sort of quiet, passive protest against the ongoing animosities held by the native inhabitants against the newcomers.

We can connect this interpretation to Vertlib's desire to have antagonistic groups come together through individual awareness (Fiero 4; Assmann 151-52). That is, individuals must come to an understanding of their own roles in the battle and must let go of past grievances and resentments. Through this gradual process, the collective memory gradually changes, and reconciliation can take place.

As in the first poem, I had to shed something of the original in order to create an effective, workable whole in English, and again, there are ambiguities that are challenging to bring over into the English version. The main ambiguity is the line "es stimmt oft sehr" that can either mean "it often agrees strongly" or "it makes itself heard strongly". If it is the former, there is a riddle: how can something often strongly but then (in the next line) seldom agree with the other voices? If we change this line to "it often makes itself heard strongly", then we might understand that silent speech still makes itself heard, although it does not agree with the other voices. This does indeed make more sense, but does it clarify the poem too much, thus closing off the ambiguity that is so compelling in the original? The last line ("die lauten") must also be mentioned here because it has two possible interpretations: it could be a relative clause, meaning

"that sound", and referring back to the other voices. Or it could mean that silent speech makes itself heard but rarely agrees with the other voices, "the loud ones" (an adjectival phrase). However, if the latter were true, we would expect to see the dative case (after "agree with"), and the final line would be "den lauten". The colon at the very end of the poem suggests that something is to come, which I believe lends weight to translating this phrase as a relative clause ("the voices that sound or say the following"). Still, I am not completely satisfied with my translation; were the play to be republished in English, I would consider revising it.

Songs in the play

Scene 7, "Songs, Pictures, Band Brothers", contains several songs that underscore the transnational character of the work. In this scene, the refugees assemble in front of their quarters, getting ready for a political event. The mayor will address the refugees and the native population about a recent attack on the refugee home, and dignitaries are also expected to be present. Viktor, the social worker in charge of this group of refugees, wants to use the occasion to make himself and the refugees look good. Viktor, always aware of the politics of the situation, instructs the refugees not to recite the poem they originally chose by the famous Persian poet Rumi, "Song of the Reed", but to instead sing a German folk song. The song the refugees choose has a strongly nationalistic theme, and Viktor quickly rejects that song as well and suggests a kitschy hit that begins "Boy, come home soon…" It's a comical scene, yet one that reflects political sensitivities and realities. It would not do for the refugees to recite one of *their* poets—they must instead choose a *German* theme, yet not one that is *too* German.

The German translation of Rumi's "The Song of the Reed" that the refugees first choose to sing is metrical and rhymed, whereas many English translations I consulted are in free verse. I do not know Persian and did not want to appropriate one of the English versions, factors which led me to do a free English translation of the German lines. I used the numerous English translations to make sure I didn't stray too far from the original meaning of the poem (Gamard), although I do not claim to present an accurate rendering. I decided that sacrificing complete fidelity and accuracy to Rumi was allowed in this situation because the audience would most likely not be able to pick up on many of the original qualities of the poem. The main thing is for them to understand that the refugees are reciting a revered Persian poet and to get a sense of the pain Rumi describes, a pain of separation also felt by the refugees upon leaving their homes:

> Listen to the reed flute, how it tells its tale,
> Laments the pain of separation:
> "Ever since I was cut from my native cane thicket,
> Men and women cry to my wails.
> I look for hearts, shattered by separation,
> To sing of the suffering of being apart."

In translating from German, rather from Persian, I am carrying out a form of relay translation, a practice often looked down upon or even considered taboo, yet one that is quite common (Washbourne 608-09). The topic of relay translation is beyond the scope of this paper, but it is worth noting that the function of the poems and songs in Vertlib's play, and the fact that the lines would be spoken from a stage, gave me the freedom to make translating decisions I might otherwise not have normally made.

Turning to the other songs in this scene, I decided to leave the first one in German, that is, the one the refugees attempt to sing before Viktor rejects it for being too nationalistic. I felt that leaving it in German most effectively conveys its *German* folk song quality. It is sung slowly, and the word "Land" meaning one's "native land" or "country" is emphasized and should be clear in English. By leaving it in German, the lines suffer no loss, but interestingly, there may be some loss experienced by the English-speaking audience. However, it does not go on very long as Viktor quickly cuts the refugees off: "Kein schöner Land in dieser Zeit, als hier das unsre weit und breit, wo wir uns finden wohl unter Linden zur Abendzeit. . ." Viktor rejects this song and tells the refugees to sing something more politically neutral, and he chooses a folk song about a wandering young man. I decided that this one should be translated into English to make it clear that the lyrics are not political, and the point would not be lost that this is a harmless song. Still, I wanted the *German* character of the song to come through and thus left the word for "boy" as "Junge" in the first two lines:

Junge, come back home soon, come again back home.
Junge, do not go forth, never forth to roam.
I'm sick with worry, worry for you.
Think of tomorrow, think of me too.
Come home soon, boy. . .

Leaving just one word in German might not be an effective tactic because it could confuse an audience with no knowledge of German. The song would be played as it is in German, and it could be easily recognizable as folksy and somewhat kitschy, and thus no other cues would be necessary. However, "Junge", with two syllables, allows the song to be sung with the German melody, and I am inclined to retain it.

The scene then continues with serious themes: David, the Holocaust survivor, and Ibrahim and his daughter Samar reveal parts of their stories about being expelled from their homelands and also touch on the violence in Palestine between Arabs and Jews. Their stories are remarkably similar to David's and demonstrate the extreme persecution that all the characters have endured. At the end of this scene, the voice of Hanna recites lines that continue the Rumi poem at the beginning; thus, the fates of the groups are connected in this poem that describes the pain of separation from one's home and loved ones. Having Hanna pick up on the theme of sorrow caused by loss of homeland, so poignantly expressed here, connects the older and younger generations of refugees, the Jew with the Arab, the European and the Middle Eastern:

In misery our days have flown,
Accompanied by pangs of grief.
But as the days go by, let them go in peace,
Only you should stay,[5] you who are so pure!
The sea never sates the fish alone,[6]
The day is long when you have no bread.
The raw cannot understand the ripe,
And so my word must come to an end.

[5] This line reflects the English translations I consulted more closely than it does the German version in the play.
[6] "Alone" should come after "sea," but I left it at the end to retain the rhyme with "flown." Moving it would make the line read: "The sea alone never sates the fish."

Framing Scene 7 with a Rumi verse at the beginning and at the end highlights and reinforces Vertlib's themes of universal loss and suffering among peoples.

Conclusion

The poems and songs Vertlib included in *ÜBERALL NIRGENDS lauert die Zukunft* underscore the author's central message of loss and transformation in the immigrant experience, and each item has unique features and/or ambiguities that I wanted to convey. The tail shedding metaphor in the first poem—used to illustrate the loss immigrants experience and also their ability to put this behind them and start a new life—applies as well to the translation process: it is impossible for everything to be brought along; some things must always be left behind in order to give life to the work in another language. Simon Patton perceptively describes the difficulty of capturing all the nuances of poetry in a translation and notes that "there are no clear-cut guidelines about how poetry is being made in a particular poem, and it is up to the translator to discover as many of them as possible, with the understanding that there will be elements that defy either detection or translation" (139). Translators who enjoy the challenge of translating poetry will continue to attempt to create a new form, one that can survive—and even thrive—on its own in a new setting.

Lines from Rumi as they appear in Vertlib's play

Hör auf der Flöte Rohr – wie es erzählt,
Und wie es klagt vom Trennungsschmerz gequält.
Seit man mich aus der Heimat Röhricht schnitt,
Weint alle Welt bei meinen Tönen mit.
Ich such ein Herz, vom Trennungsleid zerschlagen,
Um von der Trennung Leiden ihm zu sagen.

In Leid sind unsr'e Tage hingeflogen,
Und mit den Tagen Klagen mitgezogen.
Doch zieh'n die Tage, lass sie zieh'n in Ruh, Wenn Du nur bleibst, der Einen reinster Du!

Der Fisch nur wird vom Meere niemals satt, Lang wird der Tag dem, der kein Tagbrot hat. Der Rohe kann den Reifen nicht versteh'n,
So soll mein Wort denn kurz zu Ende geh'n.

Folk Song from Scene 7

Junge, komm bald wieder, bald wieder nach Haus'.
Junge, fahr nie wieder, nie wieder hinaus.
Ich mach mir Sorgen, Sorgen um dich.
Denk auch an morgen, denk auch an mich.
Junge, komm bald wieder...

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A New Translation with Commentary of Alberto Moravia's "Romolo and Remo"

MISHA HARDWICK

Umberto Eco once remarked about the screen legend Totò, whose quotes and gestures have become a part of Italian slang: "How can two peoples ever come to understand each other when one of them is ignorant of Totò?" Alberto Moravia might be a similar case. If remembered at all in the English-speaking world, it's largely through screen adaptations of his work, some of the more famous being Godard's *Contempt* and Bertolucci's *The Conformist*. But he was once a perennial nominee for the Nobel Prize, and is still recognized within Italy as one of the central figures of modern literature. Naturally it's his literary writing on which, at bottom, his reputation rests. But Moravia's body of work also included a lifetime of journalism for the *Corriere della Sera*, the founding of *Nuovi Argomenti*, one of the premier literary journals in Italy, and a stint in the European Parliament under the banner of the Italian Communist Party. Even on a social level, as the husband of Elsa Morante through the forties and fifties, partner of Dacia Mariani through the sixties and seventies, and career-long friend and collaborator of Pier Paolo Pasolini, the full dimensions of Moravia's influence on the Italian cultural ferment are difficult to overstate. This imbalance in fortune across cultural frontiers happens to many writers for many reasons, some of which are justified, some of which are accidental. Some of his key novels are still available in English, thanks largely to the salvaging mission of New York Review Books, and Moravia hangs on.

But a small renaissance of anglophone interest in Italian literature has been spearheaded in recent years by the American writer Jhumpa Lahiri. Lahiri, having won the Pulitzer Prize in English, now writes almost solely in Italian. Her ambassadorship for the country's literature, to this point largely vocal and symbolic, in recent months became editorship, and produced an important object in May this year: *The Penguin Book of Italian Short Stories.* In this English language anthology she clears a special place for Moravia, describing his collection *Racconti romani* (1954) as "a cornerstone of the twentieth-century Italian short story tradition" (Lahiri, xvii). The fact that a full translation of this collection has never appeared in English is evidence of Moravia's ill-favour on the international scale. Angus Davidson's partial translation, which appeared in the 1950s, is out of print and didn't include the story featured here. Time will tell what effect *The Penguin Book* will have on the fortunes of the forty featured authors. It may be that Moravia will remain an Italian's Italian, one of those symbols of perplexity that consign us to the differences which, as Eco saw it in the case of Totò, sometimes feel more species-to-species than culture-to-culture. In any case, it's possible to view the stories of this collection like a little organ chart (admittedly far from comprehensive) of a certain kind of post-war Italian consciousness.

The drama of so many of the *Racconti romani* turns on a central character's inability to come to terms with forces beyond their control. These forces, in the meantime, drag them further into problems, failure and self-betrayal. For Remo, the protagonist in this story, penniless starvation is the first of these forces. But, as he works through his plan to scrounge a meal off an equally-destitute friend, the subtler forces that are Moravia's more natural subject begin to emerge — that is, the internalized expectations of behaviour that regulate us and prevent us from pursuing what we need,

even as we're dying of hunger. In other words, the always partially failing struggle to adapt the interior to the exterior.

This drama could be thought of, in a way, as a drama of translation: outer to inner and vice versa. Moravia, who considered himself an inheritor of Dostoevsky's existentialism, found realist aesthetics limited and philosophically contradictory: "For Tolstoy, a tree is a tree" (qtd. in Carratoni). Scholars in recent decades have targeted a similar naïveté in Western traditions of translation, the prevailing ethic of which has been summarized as "faithfulness" by Vermeer (Lefevere 18) and "invisibility" by Venuti (1). When Susan Bassnett talks of "the absurdity of any concept of sameness between texts," (26) her phrase could be used as a gloss of Moravia's comment about Tolstoy. But, that said, Moravia's work doesn't invite a translator to slash away freely in the hope of approximating something turbulent and interior; among the qualities which make his writing compelling in the *Racconti* are the lean, precise details and realist atmosphere, qualities which seem to call for more literal treatment. So what balance does the translator strike? For me, always an uneasy one, always practice-led and hard to consolidate with reference to clear principles. And always underpinned by a sensation of adoring deviance, a sensation captured nicely by Bassnett's concept of translation as "collusion" (26). If the language of literature exists only insofar as its field of association is limitless, how could any single method of translation ever consistently succeed? Like the post-war underworld of Moravia's stories, there is something about translation which calls for double-dealing and, for me at least, flies in the face of premeditated theory: "When we collude with something, we go along with it, we agree with it, but only to a certain point" (Bassnett 26).

I don't think of Bassnett's "certain point" as actually very certain, conscious or consistent (is a tree ever really a tree?). But, at the risk of oversimplification, it might be helpful to take as an example the different ways in which Moravia, professed existentialist, levers between exterior narration and interior response. I suggested above that this levering could be thought of as a drama of translation; in a sense, two stories form which, diverging and overlapping, create wakes of displacement. There are times when these effects are fairly straightforward. Moments of divergence are often cruel: "Romolo era forse piú affamato di me e io, in fondo, ci avevo gusto" [Romolo was perhaps hungrier than I was and, at bottom, I was savouring it] (323).[1] Moments of overlap are often candid and compassionate: "Questa volta tacque, limitandosi a sorridere: un sorriso proprio straziante, che mi fece pietá" [This time he was silent, limiting himself to a smile: an agonizing smile, and my heart went out to him] (323). But crux moments when this divergence and overlap are almost simultaneous present the biggest challenge to the translator. Here Moravia's language takes on more complex syntax, and the mood is less reducible: "sentivo che facevo una gran cattiva azione; peró, quasi quasi, mi faceva piacere di compierla" [I felt I was carrying out a terrible action; but it would've been difficult to say that I wasn't enjoying carrying it out] (323).

Looking over my translation of this last sentence, which is far from literal, the sensation of collusion runs high. In other places I paid special attention not to iron out modal verb phrases like "avrei voluto rispondergli" [I'd have liked to respond] (321) or "non potei fare a meno di pensare" [I couldn't help but think] (324). Moravia's syntax is always carefully restricting what Remo views as possible and it's important to preserve the enfolded phrasing so as not to lose any impression of opportunities opening and closing in his mind. But, in the above example, where guilt and pleasure derive

[1] All translations from or into Italian are by the writer unless otherwise stated.

from the same source, it's one tiny repeat phrase "quasi quasi" [almost almost] which renders the whole sense of uncertain wavering between contradictory states. The most sensible and conservative approach would probably have been to use a single "almost" and settle for a flatter meaning — "and I was almost enjoying carrying it out". But I felt an extra degree of ambivalence in the original and the need to preserve it. In this case, I imported one of those modal verb phrases — "but it would've been difficult to say that I wasn't enjoying carrying it out" — in the attempt to produce something that Moravia himself might plausibly have written. I admit that the strongest compromise may have been beyond me and it's consoling to mention the colloquial eloquence of Moravia's *quasi quasi* which, sadly, I wasn't able to convey in my translation.

These challenges stem largely from the fact that Moravia is a writer who generates complex meaning with plain words. This kind of writing first invites the translator then betrays them, and in Moravia's attitude to what he called the "linguaggio 'basso'" ["low" language] (*Racconti romani,* v) of the *Racconti* are hints of this same deception: "when you use dialect for the first time, you have something like a sense of liberation, but then dialect becomes an even worse limitation on the language: you realize that in language you can express much more" (vi). His existentialist's intuition of the vanishing horizons of language, and the fallacy of equivalence, self to world and word to word, is as binding for the "translator" as for the "writer".

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Romolo e Remo
By Alberto Moravia

L’urgenza della fame non si può paragonare a quella degli altri bisogni. Provatevi a dire ad alta voce: “Mi serve un paio di scarpe... mi serve un pettine... mi serve un fazzoletto,” tacete un momento per rifiatare, e poi dite: “Mi serve un pranzo,” e sentirete subito la differenza. Per qualsiasi cosa potete pensarci su, cercare,scegliere, magari rinunciarci, ma il momento che confessate a voi stesso che vi serve un pranzo, non avete più tempo da perdere. Dovete trovare il pranzo, se no morite di fame. Il cinque ottobre di quest'anno, a mezzogiorno, a piazza Colonna, sedetti sulla ringhiera della fontana e dissi a me stesso: “Mi serve un pranzo.” Da terra dove, durante questa riflessione, volgevo gli occhi, levai gli sguardi al traffico del Corso e lo vidi tutto annebbiato e tremolante: non mangiavo da più di un giorno e, si sa, la prima cosa che succede quando si ha fame è di vedere le cose affamate, cioè vacillanti e deboli come se fossero esse stesse, appunto, ad aver fame. Poi pensai che dovevo trovare questo pranzo, e pensai che se aspettavo ancora non avrei più avuto la forza neppure di pensarci, e cominciai a riflettere sulla maniera di trovarlo al più presto. Purtroppo, quando si ha fretta non si pensa nulla di buono. Le idee che mi venivano in mente non erano idee ma sogni: “Salgo in un tram... borseggio un tale... scappo”; oppure: “Entro in un negozio, vado alla cassa, afferro il morto... scappo.” Mi venne quasi il panico e pensai: “Perduto per perduto, tanto vale che mi faccia arrestare per oltraggio alla forza pubblica... in questura una minestra me la danno sempre.” In quel momento un ragazzo, accanto a me, ne chiamò un altro: “Romolo.” Allora, a quel grido, mi

Romolo and Remo
By Alberto Moravia
Translated by Misha Hardwick

The urgency of hunger can’t be compared to any other need. Try to say aloud: “I need a pair of shoes... I need a comb... I need a tissue,” then be silent for a moment, take a breath and say: “I need a meal.” You’ll feel the difference. With anything else you can think it over, look around, decide, you can even go without, but the moment you confess to yourself that you need a meal, you can’t waste any time. You need to find that meal or die of hunger. On the fifth of October this year, at noon in piazza Colonna, I sat on the fountain banister and I said to myself: “I need a meal.” I’d been gazing at the ground as this thought came to me and, raising my eyes to the traffic of the boulevard, it was foggy and trembling: I hadn’t eaten for more than a day and it’s well known that the first thing to happen when you’re hungry is that things look famished, that is, staggering and weak as if they themselves, no less, were starving. It occurred to me that I needed to find this lunch, that if I waited any longer I wouldn’t have the strength to even think about it, and I began planning a way to find it as soon as possible. Unfortunately, when time’s against you, your thoughts are useless. The ideas that came to mind were less ideas than dreams: “I get on a tram... I pickpocket a guy... I slip away,” or: “I go in a shop, approach the till, grab the cash... I slip away.” I felt panic start to rise in me and I thought: “If it’s come to that, I may as well get arrested insulting an officer... at the station they always give me some stew.” Just then a man beside me called out someone’s name: “Romolo.” At that shout I remembered another Romolo who’d served with me in the army. In those days I’d suffered the weakness of telling him a few lies: that in my village I was well-

ricordai di un altro Romolo che era stato con me sotto le armi. Avevo avuto, allora, la debolezza di raccontargli qualche bugia: che al paese ero benestante mentre non sono nato in alcun paese bensì presso Roma, a Prima Porta. Ma, adesso, quella debolezza mi faceva comodo. Romolo aveva aperto una trattoria dalle parti del Pantheon. Ci sarei andato e avrei mangiato il pranzo di cui avevo bisogno. Poi, al momento del conto, avrei tirato fuori l'amicizia, il servizio militare fatto insieme, i ricordi... Insomma, Romolo non mi avrebbe fatto arrestare.

Per prima cosa andai alla vetrina di un negozio e mi guardai in uno specchio. Per combinazione, mi ero fatto la barba quella mattina con il rasoio e il sapone del padrone di casa, un usciere di tribunale che mi affittava un sottoscala. La camicia, senza essere proprio pulita, non era indecente: soltanto quattro giorni che la portavo. Il vestito, poi, grigio spinato, era come nuovo: me l'aveva dato una buona signora il cui marito era stato mio capitano in guerra. La cravatta, invece, era sfilacciata, una cravatta rossa che avrà avuto dieci anni. Rialzai il colletto e rifeci il nodo in modo che la cravatta, adesso, aveva una parte lunghissima e una parte corta. Nascosi la parte corta sotto quella lunga e abbottonai la giacca fino al petto. Come mi mossi dallo specchio, forse per lo sforzo di attenzione con cui mi ero guardato, la testa mi girò e andai a sbattere contro una guardia ferma sull'angolo del marciapiede. "Guarda dove vai," disse, "che sei ubriaco?" Avrei voluto rispondergli : "Sì, ubriaco di appetito." Con passo vacillante mi diressi verso il Pantheon.

Sapevo l'indirizzo, ma quando lo trovai non ci credevo. Era una porticina in fondo a un vicolo cieco, a due passi da quattro o cinque pattumiere colme. L'insegna color sangue di bue portava scritto: 'Trattoria, cucina casalinga'; la

to-do, when in fact I wasn't born in any village but in Rome, in Prima Porta. Now, though, this weakness suited me nicely. Romolo had opened a *trattoria* in the same neighbourhood as the Pantheon. I would go there and get the lunch I needed. Then, when the moment for the bill arrived, I'd bring out the friendship, the military service, the memories... In short, Romolo wouldn't have me arrested.

First thing, I went to a shop window and looked at myself in a mirror. By chance, I'd had a shave that morning with the razor and soap belonging to my landlord, an usher at the law courts who rented me a basement. My shirt, without being properly clean, wasn't indecent: I'd only worn it for four days. My grey twill suit was like new, given to me by a nice woman whose husband had been my captain in the war. My tie was frayed though, a red tie which I must have owned for ten years. I turned my collar up and redid the knot, but one end came out enormous and the other hung short. I tucked the short end behind the long one and fastened my jacket to the breast button. As I turned from the mirror, maybe from the effort of staring at myself with such close attention, my head started spinning and I bumped against an officer standing at the corner of the footpath. "Watch where you're going," he said, "What're you, drunk?" "Yes, drunk with hunger," I'd have liked to respond. With faltering steps, I started for the Pantheon.

I knew the address but, when I found it, I couldn't believe my eyes. It was a little door at the end of a blind alley, a few steps from four or five teeming garbage bins. The ox-blood sign read: "Trattoria, Home Cooking." The window, also painted red, contained, in grand total, an apple. I say an apple and

vetrina anch'essa dipinta di rosso conteneva in tutto e per tutto una mela. Dico una mela e non scherzo. Cominciai a capire, ma ormai ero lanciato ed entrai. Una volta dentro, capii tutto e la fame per un momento mi si raddoppiò di smarrimento. Però mi feci coraggio e andai a sedermi a uno qualsiasi dei quattro o cinque tavoli, nella stanzuccia deserta e in penombra.

Una stoffetta sporca, dietro il banco, nascondeva la porta che dava sulla cucina. Picchiai con il pugno sul tavolo: "Cameriere!" Subito ci fu un movimento in cucina, la stoffetta si alzò, apparve e scomparve una faccia in cui riconobbi l'amico Romolo. Aspettai un momento, picchiai di nuovo. Questa volta lui si precipitò di fuori abbottonandosi in fretta una giacca bianca tutta sfrittellata e sformata. Mi venne incontro con un "comandi" premuroso, pieno di speranza, che mi strinse il cuore. Ma ormai ero nel ballo e bisognava ballare. Dissi: "Vorrei mangiare." Lui incominciò a spolverare il tavolo con uno straccio, poi si fermò e disse guardandomi: "Ma tu sei Remo..."

"Ah, mi riconosci," feci, con un sorriso.

"E come se ti riconosco... non eravamo insieme sotto le armi? Non ci chiamavano Romolo e Remo e la Lupa per via di quella ragazza che corteggiavamo insieme?" Insomma: i ricordi. Si vedeva che lui tirava fuori i ricordi non perché mi fosse affezionato ma perché ero un cliente. Anzi, visto che nella trattoria non c'era nessuno, *il* cliente. Di clienti doveva averne pochi e anche i ricordi potevano servire a farmi buona accoglienza.

Mi diede alla fine una manata sulla spalla: "Vecchio Remo," poi si voltò verso la cucina e chiamò: "Loreta." La stoffa si alzò e apparve una donnetta corpulenta, in grembiale, con la faccia scontenta e diffidente. Lui disse, indicandomi: "Questo è Remo di cui ti ho tanto parlato." Lei mi fece un mezzo

I'm not joking. Things began to dawn on me but, since I'd come that far, I went in. Once inside, everything was clear, and for a moment my hunger doubled with the disappointment. But I pulled myself together and went to sit at one of the four or five tables in the half light of the deserted little room.

Some dirty fabric behind the bar covered the door to the kitchen. I struck the table with my fist: "Waiter!" There was immediate movement in the kitchen, the fabric was raised and, seeing a face appear and disappear, I recognized my friend Romolo. I waited a moment, then struck the table again. This time he rushed out, hurriedly buttoning a worn and shapeless white jacket. He came up to me: "At your service," and that phrase, considerate, full of hope, sent a pang to my heart. But by now I was at the dance, and I had to dance. I said: "I'd like something to eat." He began dusting the table with a rag, then he stopped and, observing me, said: "But you're Remo..."

"Oh, then you recognize me," I said with a smile.

"How could I not... weren't we comrades-in-arms? Didn't they call us Romolo, Remo and the wolf after that girl we were both chasing?" In short: the memories. It was clear that he was wheeling out those memories not from affection for me but because I was a customer. In fact, seeing as there was no one in the house, *the* customer. He must have had very few, and these memories could serve a good end in making me feel welcome.

He gave me a final slap on the shoulder: "Old Remo." Then he turned toward the kitchen and called: "Loreta." The fabric was raised, revealing the wary, unhappy face of a chubby little woman in an apron. He pointed to me: "It's Remo who I've spoken so much about." She gave me a half smile and a

sorriso e un gesto di saluto; dietro di lei si affacciavano i figli, un maschietto e una bambina. Romolo continuò: “Bravo, bravo… proprio bravo.” Ripeteva: “Bravo” come un pappagallo: era chiaro che aspettava che ordinassi il pranzo. Dissi: “Romolo, sono di passaggio a Roma… faccio il viaggiatore di commercio... siccome devo mangiare in qualche luogo, ho pensato: ‘Perché non andrei a mangiare dall'amico Romolo?’”

“Bravo” disse lui, “allora che facciamo di buono: spaghetti?”

“Si capisce.”

“Spaghetti al burro e parmigiano...ci vuole meno a farli e sono più leggeri... e poi che facciamo? Una buona bistecca? Due fettine di vitella? Una bella lombatina? Una scaloppina al burro?”

Erano tutte cose semplici, avrei potuto cucinarle da me, su un fornello a spirito. Dissi, per crudeltà: “Abbacchio... ne hai abbacchio?”

“Quanto mi rincresce... lo facciamo per la sera.”

“E va bene... allora un filetto con l'uovo sopra... alla Bismarck.”

“Alla Bismarck, sicuro... con patate?”

“Con insalata.”

“Sì, con insalata... e un litro, asciutto, no?”

“Asciutto.”

Ripetendo: “Asciutto,” se ne andò in cucina e mi lasciò solo al tavolino. La testa continuava a girarmi dalla debolezza, sentivo che facevo una gran cattiva azione; però, quasi quasi, mi faceva piacere di compierla. La fame rende crudeli: Romolo era forse più affamato di me e io, in fondo, ci avevo gusto. Intanto, in cucina, tutta la famiglia confabulava: udivo lui che parlava a bassa voce, pressante, ansioso; la moglie che rispondeva, malcontenta. Finalmente, la stoffa si rialzò e i due figli scapparono fuori, dirigendosi in fretta verso l'uscita. Capii che Romolo, forse,

gesture of hello; behind her the children appeared, a young boy and girl. Romolo continued: “Bravo, bravo... really.” He repeated “Bravo” like a parrot: it was clear that he was waiting for me to order. I said: “Romolo, I’m in transit through Rome... as a salesman, I travel... since I had to eat some place, I thought: ‘Why not go eat at my friend Romolo’s?’”

“Bravo” he said, “So what’ll we do for you: spaghetti?”

“Naturally.”

“Spaghetti with butter and parmesan... it’s out quick from the kitchen, and it’s lighter... what then? A nice steak? A couple of slices of veal? There’s beautiful sirloin? Or a cutlet in butter?”

It was all simple stuff that I could’ve cooked at home on a spirit burner. I said, out of cruelty: “Lamb... do you have lamb?”

“It hurts me to say... but we do it for the evenings.”

“Well, alright... then a fillet steak with an egg on top... á la Bismarck.”

“Á la Bismarck, certainly... with potatoes?”

“With salad.”

“Yes, with salad... And a litre of wine? Dry?”

“Dry.”

Repeating: “Dry,” he went to the kitchen, leaving me alone at the table. My head was still spinning from weakness. I felt I was carrying out a terrible action, but I was very nearly enjoying carrying it out. Hunger makes you cruel: Romolo was perhaps hungrier than I was and, at bottom, I was savouring it. Meanwhile, in the kitchen, the whole family came together conspiratorially: I heard him speak under his breath, urgent and anxious; the wife responding discontentedly. At last the fabric was raised and the two children ran out toward the exit. It occurred to me that Romolo, quite possibly, had not so much as a slice of bread in his trattoria. As the

non aveva in trattoria neppure il pane. Nel momento che la stoffa si rialzò, intravvidi la moglie che, ritta davanti il fornello, rianimava con la ventola il fuoco quasi spento. Lui, poi, uscì dalla cucina e venne a sedersi davanti a me, al tavolino.

Veniva a tenermi compagnia per guadagnar tempo e permettere ai figli di tornare con la spesa. Sempre per crudeltà, domandai: "Ti sei fatto un localetto proprio carino... beh, come va?"

Lui rispose, abbassando il capo: "Bene, va bene... si capisce c'è la crisi... oggi, poi, è lunedì... ma di solito, qui non si circola."

"Ti sei messo a posto, eh."

Mi guardò prima di rispondere. Aveva la faccia grassa, tonda, proprio da oste, ma pallida, disperata e con la barba lunga. Disse: "Anche tu ti sei messo a posto." Risposi, negligente: "Non posso lamentarmi... le mie cento, centocinquantamila lire al mese le faccio sempre... lavoro duro, però."

"Mai come il nostro."

"Eh, che sarà... voialtri osti state sul velluto: la gente può fare a meno di tutto ma mangiare deve... scommetto che ci hai anche i soldi da parte."

Questa volta tacque, limitandosi a sorridere: un sorriso proprio straziante che mi fece pieta. Disse finalmente, come rammentandosi: "Vecchio Remo... ti ricordi di quando eravamo insieme a Gaeta?" Insomma voleva i ricordi perché si vergognava di mentire e anche perché, forse, quello era stato il momento migliore della sua vita. Questa volta mi fece troppa compassione e lo accontentai dicendogli che ricordavo. Subito si rianimò e prese a parlare, dandomi ogni tanto delle manate sulle spalle, perfino ridendo. Rientrò il maschietto reggendo con le due mani, in punta di piedi, come se fosse stato il Santissimo, un litro colmo. Romolo mi versò da bere e versò anche a se stesso, appena l'ebbi invitato. Col vino diventò ancor più

fabric lifted again, I glimpsed his wife at the stove, reviving the weak flame with a fan. Then he came out of the kitchen and took a seat opposite me at the table.

He kept me company, buying time until the kids came back with the shopping. Again out of cruelty, I asked him: "You've got yourself a cosy little place… And so how're things?"

He answered, lowering his head: "Well, it's going well... of course there's the crisis... today, as well, it's a Monday... but usually you can't move in here."

"You've set yourself up, eh."

He gave me a look before responding. He had the fat, round face of a restaurant-owner, only pale and desperate, with a long beard. He said: "You too, you've set yourself up." I answered nonchalantly: "I can't complain... my hundred, hundred and fifty thousand *lire* come in each month... tough work, though."

"Nothing like ours."

"Eh, can't fight fate... you restaurant people are on the easy wicket: people can do without everything, but they have to eat... I bet you've even got a bit put away."

This time he was silent, limiting himself to a smile: an agonizing smile, and my heart went out to him. Finally he said, as if imploring me: "Old Remo... you remember when we were together in Gaeta?" In short, he turned to memories because he was ashamed to lie and because, perhaps, that had been the best moment of his life. This time compassion got the better of me and, to oblige him, I said I remembered. Immediately he perked up and began talking, giving me a clap on the shoulder every now and then, even laughing. The boy re-entered on tip toe; in his two hands, carried like a sacrament, was a brimming litre of wine. Romolo poured me a drink and, when I offered, served himself without hesitation. With the wine he became even

loquace, si vede che anche lui era digiuno. Così chiacchierando e bevendo, passarono un venti minuti, e poi, come in sogno, vidi rientrare anche la bambina. Poverina: reggeva con le braccine, contro il petto, un fagotto in cui c'era un po' di tutto: il pacchetto giallo della bistecca, l'involtino di carta di giornale dell'uovo, lo sfilatino avvolto in velina marrone, il burro e il formaggio chiusi in carta oliata, il mazzo verde dell'insalata e, così mi parve, anche la bottiglietta dell'olio. Andò dritta alla cucina, seria, contenta; e Romolo, mentre passava, si spostò sulla seggiola in modo da nasconderla. Quindi si versò da bere e ricominciò coi ricordi. Intanto, in cucina, sentivo che la madre diceva non so che alla figlia, e la figlia si scusava, rispondendo piano: "Non ha voluto darmene di meno." Insomma: miseria, completa, assoluta, quasi quasi peggio della mia.

Ma avevo fame e, quando la bambina mi portò il piatto degli spaghetti, mi ci buttai sopra senza rimorso; anzi, la sensazione di sbafare alle spalle di gente povera quanto me, mi diede maggiore appetito. Romolo mi guardava mangiare quasi con individia, e non potei fare a meno di pensare che anche lui, quegli spaghetti, doveva permetterseli di rado. "Vuoi provarli?" proposi. Scosse la testa come per rifiutare, ma io ne presi una forchettata e gliela cacciai in bocca. Disse: "Sono buoni, non c'è che dire," come parlando a se stesso.

Dopo gli spaghetti, la bambina mi portò il filetto con l'uovo sopra e l'insalata, e Romolo, forse vergognandosi di stare a contarmi i bocconi, tornò in cucina. Mangiai solo, e, mangiando, mi accorsi che ero quasi ubbriaco dal mangiare. Eh, quanto è bello mangiare quando si ha fame. Mi cacciavo in bocca un pezzo di pane, ci versavo sopra un sorso di vino, masticavo, inghiottivo. Erano anni che non mangiavo tanto di gusto.

more talkative; it was clear he also had an empty stomach. Chatting and drinking, we spent a good twenty minutes until, as if in a dream, I saw the little girl re-enter. The poor thing: bundled on her chest, in the clamp of her tiny arms, was a bit of everything: the yellow steak packet, a roll of newspaper around the eggs, bread in brown tissue, butter and cheese in grease paper, the bundle of green salad. I thought I even saw a small bottle of oil. She went straight to the kitchen, content and serious, and Romolo switched chairs as she passed to block my view. So we poured our drinks and he began again with the memories. In the kitchen I heard the mother say something to her daughter, and the girl excuse herself, answering softly: "They wouldn't give me any less." In short, poverty, total and absolute, maybe even worse than my own.

But I was hungry and, when the girl brought me the dish of spaghetti, I fell to eating without remorse; in fact, the sensation that I was scrounging off people as poor as me actually heightened my appetite. Romolo watched in envy as I ate and I couldn't help but think that, for him as much as for me, a dish of spaghetti like this must have been a rare thing. "You want to try some?" I asked. He shook his head as if to refuse, but I took a forkful and forced it into his mouth. "Tasty, no denying," he said, as if talking to himself.

After the spaghetti, the little girl brought me the fillet with an egg on top and some salad. Romolo, maybe ashamed to sit and count my mouthfuls, went back to the kitchen. I ate alone and, eating, I realized that I was almost drunk from such eating. Isn't it a beautiful thing to eat when you're hungry? I'd lob a piece of bread into my mouth, pour a gulp of wine down after it, chew, swallow. It was years since I'd eaten with such relish.

La bambina mi portò la frutta e io volli anche un pezzo di parmigiano da mangiare con la pera. Finito che ebbi di mangiare, mi sdraiai sulla seggiola, uno stecchino in bocca e tutta la famiglia uscì dalla cucina e venne a mettersi in piedi davanti a me, guardandomi come un oggetto prezioso. Romolo, forse per via che aveva bevuto, adesso era allegro e raccontava non so che avventura di donne di quando eravamo sotto le armi. Invece la moglie, il viso unto e sporco di una ditata di polvere di carbone, era proprio triste. Guardai i bambini: erano pallidi, denutriti, gli occhi più grandi della testa. Mi venne ad un tratto compassione e insieme rimorso. Tanto più che la moglie disse: "Eh, di clienti come lei, ce ne vorrebbero almeno quattro o cinque a pasto... allora sì che potremmo respirare."

"Perché?" domandai facendo l'ingenuo "non viene gente?"

"Qualcuno viene," disse lei, "soprattutto la sera... ma povera gente: portano il cartoccio, ordinano il vino, poca roba, un quarto, una foglietta... la mattina, poi, manco accendo il fuoco, tanto non viene nessuno."

Non so perché queste parole diedero sui nervi a Romolo. Disse: "Aho, piantala con questo piagnisteo... mi porti iettatura."

La moglie rispose subito: "La iettatura la porti tu a noi... sei tu lo iettatore... tra me che sgobbo e mi affanno e tu che non fai niente e passi il tempo a ricordarti di quando eri soldato, lo iettatore chi è?"

Tutto questo se lo dicevano mentre io, mezzo intontito dal benessere, pensavo alla migliore maniera per cavarmela nella faccenda del conto. Poi, provvidenziale, ci fu uno scatto da parte di Romolo: alzò la mano e diede uno schiaffo alla moglie. Lei non esitò: corse alla cucina, ne riuscì con un coltello lungo e affilato, di quelli che servono ad affettare il prosciutto. Gridava: "Ti

The girl brought me the fruit and I asked for a piece of parmesan to go with the pear. Once I'd eaten everything, I lay back in the chair with a toothpick in my mouth, and the whole family came out from the kitchen and stood in front of me to watch, as if I were a precious object. Romolo, maybe because he'd been drinking, was now in high spirits and telling some story about women from our time in the army. His wife on the other hand, her face as soiled and greasy as a fingerprint, was seriously unhappy. I looked at the children: they were pale, undernourished, their eyes bigger than their heads. Compassion gripped me suddenly and, with it, remorse. Even more so when his wife said: "Oh, it's guests like you, we'd just want four or five a service... then yes, we could breathe easier."

"Why?" I asked, feigning innocence, "people aren't coming?"

"There are some," she said, "mainly the evenings... but poor people: they bring food in paper bags, order wine, small stuff, a quarter-litre, a half... then the mornings, I don't even light the stove since no one comes."

I couldn't say why but these words got on Romolo's nerves. "Ey, cut out that whining... you'll jinx me."

His wife responded immediately: "You're the one, you're our jinx... it's you who's the jinx... between me slaving and wasting away and you not lifting a finger, spending all your time remembering how you were a soldier, who here's the jinx?"

As they said all this I wondered, half-deranged from so much well-being, about the best way to pull off the matter of the bill. Then, on cue, Romolo had an outburst: he raised his hand and gave his wife a slap. She didn't hesitate: she ran to the kitchen and came out with a long, sharp knife, the kind used to slice prosciutto. "I'll kill you," she screamed and ran at him with the raised knife.

ammazzo," e gli corse incontro, il coltello alzato. Lui, atterrito, scappò per la trattoria, rovesciando i tavoli e le seggiole. La bambina intanto era scoppiata in pianto; il maschietto era andato anche lui in cucina e adesso brandiva un mattarello, non so se per difendere la madre o il padre. Capii che il momento era questo o mai più. Mi alzai, dicendo: "Calma, che diamine... calma, calma;" e ripetendo: "Calma, calma" mi ritrovai fuori della trattoria, nel vicolo. Affrettai il passo, scantonai; a piazza del Pantheon ripresi il passo normale e mi avviai verso il Corso.

Terrified, he bolted around the *trattoria*, bundling through tables and chairs. Meanwhile, the girl had broken out in tears; the boy had been to the kitchen himself and was holding up a rolling-pin, I'm not sure whether in defence of his mother or his father. I realized that the moment was now or never. I stood up and said: "Calm down, for God's sake... calm down," and repeating "calm, calm," I found myself out in the alley. I quickened my step and slipped away; at Piazza Pantheon I slowed to a walking pace and headed for the boulevard.

From the original:
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Selected Classic Poetry and the Translation of *Shijing*

LI WANG
The University of Sydney

The *Shijing*, or the *Classic of Poetry*, consists of 305 poems collected in China over five hundred years from the early Western Zhou Dynasty to the middle of the Spring and Autumn Period (c.1100-600 BCE). Two of these poems, "Xiangshu" (On a Rat) and "Jianjia" (Reeds), have been selected for translation in this work. In reviewing the *Shijing*, I noticed that several interpretations for both poems were possible; I have therefore analyzed the contextual issues in the selected poems, and offered my own translations, drawing the reader's attention to two new potential readings to allow further access to the originals.

Introduction to *Shijing*

The word "poetry" in Chinese can be translated as "shi" (poetry) or "shige" (poetry and songs). The poems collected in the *Shijing* were written by ancient Chinese people from all walks of life, from the aristocracy to commoners; they were also lyrics sung by the Chinese before or after they were compiled into book form in about 600 BCE. The text then offers a comprehensive look at ancient Chinese social life, and at people's perspectives and inner feelings, truly reflecting Chinese history, culture, philosophical and aesthetic values, during the time of the Zhou Dynasty's high point and the decline. For about five hundred years, Chinese people used the *Shijing* for expressing aspirations or concerns, for rituals, petitions or satirizing and admonishing people in the royal court, and for entertainment or memorial services. The text was an important part of the ritual and musical culture of ancient China, circulating in the feudal states of the Zhou Dynasty as a highly significant instrument for enlightenment ("Shijing"). Hence, *Shijing* can also be interpreted as the *Book, or Classic, of Songs* (Minford and Lau 69).

The collected lyrics were referred to as "Poetry" in the Pre-Qin period (2,100-221 BCE), and are the first recorded form of poetry in China. There were 311 works in the earliest version, including six pieces without content apart from separate titles, called "Shengshi" (Sheng Poetry). In the Western Han Dynasty (206 BCE-25), *Shijing* was revered as one of the "Six Classics" of Chinese ("Liujing"). Classical Chinese philosophers acknowledged that poetry, songs and music expressed people's aspirations and conciliated people's temperament ("Shijing"). As is written in the *The Morals of Confucius: A Chinese Philosopher* (1691), music has been "greatly esteemed and much used in China" and what is published in the *Shijing* was "composed in Verse" so that the "Purity of Manners, and Practice of Virtue" might be sung by all (qtd. in Minford and Lau 69). Hence, with its metaphors, poetical figures and musical quality, *Shijing* played an important role in cultivating the ancient Chinese virtues and spirits. This is consistent with the opinions of sinologists across the ages (Minford and Lau 69).

As a rich source of the Chinese language from fifteen different ancient states, or later "regions", *Shijing*'s rhyme schemes and phonology have also been studied as a learned discourse since the Qin Dynasty. It was suggested by David Hawkes (1923-2009) that *Shijing* was the "ancestry of Chinese poetry" together with *Chuci* (Chu Poetry) and that:

> In the ancient poetry of China, we may, indeed, find clues to the dual origin of all poetry: the expression of men's feelings as social beings and the expression of their feelings as isolated individual souls.
>
> (238)

Finally, Classical Chinese poetry was considered by religious studies scholar John Turner (1909-1971) to be "the high artistic peak of the most literary, the most artistic, the longest-established civilization that exists" which is "distinguished by its aesthetic values in sense, form and sound" (Xu 20-21).

Contextualization of the poetry for translation

The 305 poems in *Shijing* are in three categories: "Feng", "Ya" and "Song". The "Feng" also has the general title "Guo Feng", meaning the states' lyrics/poetry, and includes 160 works from fifteen states. The "Ya", meaning the elegant, or the proper and standard lyrics/poetry used in the imperial court, includes 105 works that were generally sung for festivals, banquets and the entertainment of guests. The "Song", which refers to odes/hymns to the ancestry and lyrics to sacrifice songs, includes 40 works, in soothing styles for dancing, that were sung in temples or ancestral temples.

The two poems here are selected from "Guo Feng", which I interpret as "State Poetry". The 160 poems of the "Guo Feng" reflect the Chinese philosophical and aesthetic values of ancestry-worship, nature, virtue, love, peace, harmony, justice and anti-war, anti-predatory and anti-exploitation spirits. These works were also subtitled separately with the names of the fifteen ancient states, which roughly correspond to present-day Shaanxi, Shanxi, Henan, Hebei, Shandong, and Northern Hubei in China.

"Xiangshu" (On a Rat) was collected from the ancient Yong State, located in today's Henan Province, China. The poem was historically recorded as the first work in the general collection of the first classic poetry in ancient China. It is generally considered the most straightforward, explicit and resentful of the 305 works in *Shijing*, and was even judged "rampant" by Han Confucianists ("Shijing"). There are five poems on rats in *Shijing*; in four of them, rats are described as ugly, cunning and villainous, and are directly reprimanded or driven away. In the poem "Xiangshu", however, a rat/rats was/were compared with (a) human being/s who was/were believed to be even worse than (a) rat/s. While there is little evidence as to why, and as to who the poet and the "incumbent/s" were, the poem clearly satirizes a certain vileness and shamelessness of (a) mean person/s, expressing contempt against them.

"Jianjia" (Reeds) was collected from the ancient Qin State, which is located in today's Gansu Province, China. Like with "Xiangshu", the author is unknown. The work starts with an artistic conception, painting a scene with reeds, water, and a figure pursued by the protagonist. The pursuit is determined and persistent, while the way is tortuous and long, and the object always appears far away or on the other side of the water. Historically, interpretations of this poem have involved multiple scenarios. What the protagonist pursues could represent the culture and rites of the Zhou Dynasty during the decline, or purely certain ideals in the poet's mind, or a hermit, as described in some classical Chinese literature during the time of change. Philosophically, water is often considered the original source of everything in the world and is seen to bring people's integrity. In classical Chinese literature, sages were supposed to live by a river or water.

The object pursued in the poem could also be a beauty or even a lover. It was not unusual for classical Chinese literati to use the genre of love poetry to express their pursuit of spiritual "beauty" or "ideals". Taking the poem "Li Sao" (Sorrow of

Departure) by Qu Yuan (c.340-278 BCE) as an example, in the verse – "I am worried that lavender is fading through the winter, I am afraid my beauty is dying" (Chen 1-31) – both the "lavender" and "beauty" symbolize noble persons and noble ideals in Qu Yuan's mind. Writers around the world have long used similar symbolism, such as the images of Virgil, Beatrice and Banner, standing in for the relentless pursuit of reason, spiritual love, faith and ideals, in Dante's *Divine Comedy* (c. 1265-1321) ("Dante Alighieri"). My understanding of the important role of the symbolic in "Jianjia" explains my focus in this commentary on the possibility of diverse interpretations and influences my overall approach to translation.

Challenges and translation strategies

To convey the philosophical and aesthetical values of the original in English, I followed the principle of faithfulness to the original in sense, form and style, as recommended by influential translators, such as Alexander Fraser Tytler (1747-1813), Yan Fu (1854-1921) and Lin Yutang (1895-1976). Tytler specifically emphasized that a translation should fully represent the ideas and style of the original (Peng 138-155). Central to my approach was an understanding that these aspects are interrelated; my attention to diction choices, syntax and patterns – as I will come to shortly – was not only about conveying the style of classical Chinese poetry but also about seeing form as reflective of cultural and aesthetic values.

At the same time, however, I treated translation as a compromising art. According to David Hawkes, the "first thing to be lost when Chinese poetry is translated is not some subtle nuance of the meaning but the poetic form" (238). Hawkes also says, however, that if we look beyond the superficialities of this lost form, we will see in ancient poetry the very "spirit of Chinese poetry – the Chinese poet's way of looking at the world, his vocabulary of images, and the various assumptions that he makes" (238).

My application of the principle of faithfulness to the original, in sense, form and style, began with the titles. Where relevant, I used both pinyin (the phonetic transcription) and an English note or title, to avoid losing the history of the original, since the meaning of the titles and categories varied with time and place. For example, I used the pinyin "Yong Feng" together with "Yong Poetry" and "Qin Feng" with "Qin Poetry" to translate the subtitles under "Guo Feng".

In terms of the poems themselves, a particular challenge was maintaining faithfulness to the original style without sacrificing readability for contemporary readers. In this regard, I considered the language difference between Chinese and English and particularly the "oral, anonymous nature" (Hawkes 238) of *Shijing*. Chinese belongs to the Sino-Tibetan family and it is a root-isolating language without additional components attached to each single character to indicate the gender, form, tense and so on. It is different from English, which belongs to the Indo-European family, and particularly from archaic English, which is a typically inflected language. To accommodate the difference of the two languages and the needs and expectations of readers, I decided to use modern English in the translation. This decision is in line with the style of the *Shijing*; although each individual poem can be distinguished by its specific features, and similes and metaphors abound, most use standard expression and oral or simple language.

In "Xiangshu", for example, instead of the old-fashioned "Lo" to translate the Chinese character, "xiang" (look/see/view/observe/behold), I used "See". I also referred to the work of Ezra Pound (1885-1972), as an innovator in modern English

poetry, and his translation of the poem "Shi-shu" (Rats) (130), which is similar in style to "Xiangshu". There, Pound used simple, straightforward and colloquial English, with expressions such as, "three years, no pay", "we're about ready to move away" (130-131). I adopted a similar approach where appropriate, using simple expressions like, "See, a rat has its skin", instead of the more literal: "A rat is viewed with skin".

Despite simple, oral expression, the works of the *Shijing* follow the typical style of ancient Chinese poetry with its "immediacy of imagery and pervasive music quality" (Wang 71). In my translation of "Xiangshu", I therefore endeavoured to replicate the rhymed verses and beats – with lines such as "The man has no morality", "Why shouldn't he die quickly?" – so that the style balanced the solemn and serious tone and conveyed both the toughness and gentleness of the original.

Different from "Xiangshu" in sense and style, the poem "Jianjia" is descriptive, implicit and reserved, with simple, natural and vivid language. With a desolate and solitary atmosphere, the poem uses similes, metaphors and symbolistic rhetoric to reflect Chinese philosophy and present aesthetic values. Here too, I translated the archaic and oral Chinese into simple and oral English, but with relevant adjustments to the number and, in particular, the gender of nouns and pronouns, due to language difference. To avoid unnecessary misinterpretation, for example, I used "She" instead of "It" to refer to the unidentified figure.

Like most of the poems in *Shijing*, "Jianjia" is "siyanshi" (four-word poetry): each line generally contains four Chinese characters in rhymes. This "unmistakable formulaic language" (Wang 71) is regularly composed and varied with relevant rhyme schemes. To convey the original effect, I have created similar patterns for each verse in my translation, although these may not exactly match the four-word pattern, as you can see in lines such as, "Reeds wave luxuriant" and "Dews are glazed rime". Furthermore, in the three rhymed stanzas of "Jianjia", each stanza consists of eight lines, with four characters each line for seven lines, and five characters for the last line, with the rhyming variation in verses, such as, -a-a-b-a, -c-a-c-a, -d-d-b-d, -c-d-c-d, -e-d-b-c and -c-f-c-c. Although I am unable to replicate the original, due to the language difference, I have tried to convey the style by creating a similar rhyme pattern. For example, to convey the musical effect of the first verse with the rhyming variation of "-a-a-b-a, -c-a-c-a", I created the rhyming pattern "-a-a-b-c, ~c~c-b-c" ….

Following the typical Chinese rhetorical device, the poetic mood of both poems gradually increases through the three consecutive stanzas, and the "fu" (a statement), then "bi" (a comparison) and finally "xing" (a reflection to release the most meaningful sense) are applied, presenting the artistic conception. I have paid attention to create similar effects and imagery in my English translation. Due to the limited space, I refer readers to the translation itself to experience the poetry.

Conclusion

Language is part of culture, as claimed by Aristotle. With cultural difference comes a difference in expression, which is embodied in poetry and poetry translation. Classical Chinese poetry pursues an artistic conception which can be seen as hazy, implicit and reserved in its beauty, rather than black and white. Moreover, many Chinese characters have multiple meanings and the language is highly context-based (Wang 62-63). As such, by following the principle of faithfulness to the original in form, sense and style, I present two new translations which do not intend to be definitive. Rather, I hope to add to existing translations to allow readers another angle of these classic works, written by Chinese people about three thousand years ago.

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诗经
鄘风
相鼠

作者：佚名

相鼠有皮，
人而无仪！
人而无仪，
不死何为？

相鼠有齿，
人而无止！
人而无止，
不死何俟？

相鼠有体，
人而无礼！
人而无礼，
胡不遄死？

Shijing: Classic of Poetry
Yong Feng: Yong Poetry
Xiangshu: On a Rat

Author: Anonymous
Translated by Li Wang

See, a rat has its skin,
A man has no decency!
The man has no decency,
Why is the man living?

See, a rat has its teeth,
A man has no shame!
The man has no shame,
Why isn’t the man dying?

See, a rat has its body,
A man has no morality!
The man has no morality,
Why shouldn’t he die quickly?

秦风
蒹葭
作者：佚名

蒹葭苍苍，
白露为霜。
所谓伊人，
在水一方。
溯洄从之，
道阻且长。
溯游从之，
宛在水中央。

蒹葭萋萋，
白露未晞。
所谓伊人，
在水之湄。
溯洄从之，
道阻且跻。
溯游从之，
宛在水中坻。

Qin Feng: Qin Poetry
Jianjia: Reeds

Author: Anonymous
Translated by Li Wang

Reeds verdant swaying,
Dews are frosty gleam.
The person I’ve missed,
Is beyond this river.
Upstream I search,
The way’s long and crooked.
Downstream I seek,
She appears in the water.

Reeds swing lush,
Dews are crystal fresh.
The person in my vision,
Is at the water edge.
Upstream I look for,
The way’s rugged and steep.
Downstream I trace,
She appears on a ledge.

蒹葭采采， 白露未已。 所谓伊人， 在水之涘。 溯洄从之， 道阻且右。 溯游从之， 宛在水中沚.	Reeds wave luxuriant, Dews are glazed rime. The person in my mind, Is at the waterside. Upstream I pursue, The way’s tortuous and curved. Downstream I follow, She appears at an islet.

Translation of Dionysia Mousoura-Tsoukala's "New Year's Day Expectations"

DENISE ANAGNOSTOU

The Greek diaspora of Australia is a vibrant, expansive community, whose expression of their experiences in literature provides a unique perspective on life in a place far away from their ancestral lands. One prominent contributor to the Greek-Australian literary canon is Dionysia Mousoura-Tsoukala, one of several strong female voices reflecting on issues including identity, family and the representation of women (Garivaldis 288). Born on the island of Zakynthos, Mousoura-Tsoukala immigrated to Australia in 1967 and has contributed to the Greek community of Melbourne through her teaching, translating and writing ever since (Tsokalidou). In her story "New Year's Day Expectations", published in 2014, she describes a memory of her youth, narrating the lead-up to family celebrations that she recalls with humour and warmth.

One of the elements that I believed needed to be accurately replicated in the English translation of this text was its tone. Mousoura-Tsoukala writes here in the first person, obviously narrating a memory, and in a style which gives the impression that the story is being told orally to the reader. In order to replicate this personal connection between writer and reader, I had to ensure that my word and style choices conveyed a similar intimacy to the source text (ST). This was achieved in the translation of the moments where the author almost addresses the reader directly. In her description of what most parents worried about providing for their children, she mentions "παπούτσια χωρίς τρύπιες σόλες και πέταλα, ναι, καλά ακούσατε", rendered into the target text (TT) as "shoes whose soles had no holes and horseshoes- yes, that's right". I translated the final part of the sentence, which directly translates from Greek as "yes, you heard right", as an interjection to the description, emphasizing Mousoura-Tsoukala's interaction with her readers in the story.

While it is true that Mousoura-Tsoukala manages to create quite a vivid image for readers, she does not frequently make use of powerful adjectives to do so. I therefore had to focus on keeping the same level of descriptive language in the TT. My interpretation was that the narration was not structured to persuade the audience of any particular argument; the ST aims to present a positive childhood memory, rather than the struggles of life following years of war. She does point out that many of what we consider essential items today were, at the time, "απρόσιτα κι αδιανόητα συν ανύπαρκτα", which I translated as "inaccessible and unimaginable and even non-existent" to match the weight of the adjectives in Greek. Mousoura-Tsoukala also noted that she and her cousins would not dream of gifts or other "μεγαλεία" (literally meaning "grandeurs" or "splendours") for New Year's Day. Here, I opted to use the word "luxuries", which carried a slightly less emotive connotation in English, therefore not changing what I felt her intent to be. This story does not try to evoke pity for whatever circumstances families like hers were in, but to provide readers with contextual information about the great anticipation of New Year's Day from a child's perspective.

Another significant element of the text that required specific attention was the use of dialect words. On a few occasions in the ST, Mousoura-Tsoukala includes words from her local island dialect, the meaning of which may or may not be obvious to Greek readers, depending on where they originate from. Each inclusion required individual evaluation of whether to incorporate the original dialect word in the TT: is its inclusion in the otherwise English text important in showcasing the story's unique setting (Baker

15), or would its inclusion and therefore an explanation of its meaning make the flow of the narrative cumbersome? In one case, the dialect word plays quite a role in the subsequent action of the plot. Mousoura-Tsoukala explains that she and her cousins were excitedly waiting for the New Year's Day treat of "μπικίρι" or "κατσάμπα", which I did select to include and write phonetically in English as "bikiri" or "katsamba", as this item acts as a symbol of ensuing celebration throughout the rest of the text, and is referred to with this same dialect word each time. The structure of the ST also meant that an explanation of its meaning in standard Greek, "τα χειμωνιάτικα πεπόνια" (winter melons), followed in the subsequent paragraph, so I was able to maintain this same momentum in the TT of the introduction of an unusual word, followed by its contextualization. However, in another case, the ST includes the dialect word for kitchen, "μαγερείο", immediately followed by the standard Greek word "κουζίνα" in brackets. Here, I selected to omit the dialect word; since it did not appear again as a significant, recurring image and the text did not provide additional contextual information, there was no reason to interrupt the flow of the TT with superfluous vocabulary.

As with most translations, this ST did present questions of how much information to add to explain Greek cultural phenomena to unfamiliar readers. For this text, I decided to only add minor contextual information to make cultural details explicit to the reader if the reader would otherwise potentially miss out on a significant aspect of the narrative, which would be clear to source language readers (Munday 92, 133). For example, Mousoura-Tsoukala makes reference to the "λειτουργία στη Χρυσοπηγή της Μποχάλης, όπου εφημέρευε ο παπάκης μου" (literally "the service at Chrysopigi in Bochali, where my dad was on duty"). In the TT, this was translated as "the service… at the Chrysopigi *church* in Bochali, where my dad was *the priest* on duty" (emphasis added). The implication in the ST that she is talking about a church is very clear to Greek readers, but I felt it needed to be slightly clarified in English. Overall, I believed that any other addition would be unjustified, and would take away from decisions Mousoura-Tsoukala made about how much detail about cultural practices she wanted to provide.

I am thankful for the opportunity to interact with such a heartfelt example of storytelling from a Greek-Australian author. I hope that my translation has managed to convey the engaging nature of the tone and narrative of the source text to a new set of readers.

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Πρωτοχρονιάτικες Προσδοκίες
By Dionysia Mousoura-Tsoukala

Κείνα τα όμορφα και ξέγνοιαστα παιδικά και νεανικά χρόνια, δεν είχαμε μεγάλες απαιτήσεις όχι μόνο από τους γονείς μας αλλά κι από τη ζωή την ίδια! Ζούσαμε απλά, χωρίς να περιμένουμε τίποτα από κανέναν.

Ήταν γιατί, πλούσιος θεωρείτο κάποιος αν στην αποθήκη του είχε το σιτάρι και το λάδι της χρονιάς του κι αν μπορούσε να εξασφαλίσει τα βασικά στη φαμελιά του, όπως, καινούργια παπούτσια για τα Χριστούγεννα, που πολλές φορές βάφονταν άσπρα, ώστε να φοριούνται και το καλοκαίρι και με ρούχα που περνούσαν από το μεγαλύτερο παιδί στο μικρότερο.

Πώς να έχεις απαιτήσεις, όταν μέριμνα των περισσότερων γονιών ήταν ένα πιάτο φαΐ στο τραπέζι, ρούχα με όχι πολλά μπαλώματα και παπούτσια χωρίς τρύπιες σόλες και πέταλα, ναι, καλά ακούσατε, πέταλα στην πόντα μπροστά και στα τακούνια για να μην φθείρονται εύκολα;

Πολλά από τα σημερινά «βασικά κι απολύτως αναγκαία» ήταν απρόσιτα κι αδιανόητα συν ανύπαρκτα, για την πλειοψηφία των παιδιών και νέων λίγο μετά τον Β' Παγκόσμιο Πόλεμο και τον Αδελφοσπαραγμό που ακολούθησε με τον Εμφύλιο.

Φυσικά ούτε να ονειρευτούμε τολμούσαμε Πρωτοχρονιάτικα δώρα και άλλα... μεγαλεία! Ο μποναμάς μας ήταν καμιά δραχμή ή καμιά λιχουδιά αφού, είπαμε, όλα δύσκολα!

Κείνη την Πρωτοχρονιά, όμως, πρέπει να ήταν λίγο πριν το 1950, εμείς τα ξαδελφάκια περιμέναμε πώς και πώς την Πρωτοχρονιά, γιατί η νόνα η Αντριάνα, αλλά και ο νόνος ο Κωνσταντής, μας είχαν υποσχεθεί το μπικίρι ή κατσάμπα που... λιμπιζόμαστε

New Year's Day Expectations
By Dionysia Mousoura-Tsoukala
Translated by Denise Anagnostou

During those beautiful and carefree years of our childhood and our youth, we didn't have great demands, not just of our parents, but of life itself! We simply lived, without expecting anything from anyone.

That was because a person was considered rich if they had their year's supply of wheat and oil in their stores, and if they could ensure the basics for their family, such as new shoes for Christmas, which would often get dyed white, so they could also be worn in summer, and worn with clothes that would get passed down from the older child to the younger one.

How could you have demands, when most parents' concern was a plate of food on the table, clothes with not too many patches, and shoes whose soles had no holes and horseshoes- yes, that's right, horseshoes at the toe in front and at the heels so they wouldn't get easily ruined?

Many of today's "basic and absolutely necessary" items were inaccessible and unimaginable and even non-existent for the majority of children and young people, just after World War Two and the brutal fratricide that followed with the Civil War.

Of course, we didn't dare to even dream of New Year's presents and other… luxuries! Our little New Year's gift was a drachma or so, or some kind of edible treat, since, as we said, everything was difficult!

That New Year's, however, it must have been just before 1950, we cousins were excitedly waiting for New Year's Day, because my grandmother Andriana, and grandfather Konstandis too, had promised us the "bikiri" or "katsamba"… which we craved for months in anticipation of them cutting it

για μήνες, να το κόψουν ανήμερα όπου μας περίμενε όλους να φάμε εκεί το αυγολέμονο!

Μπικίρι ή κατσάμπα λέγαμε τα χειμωνιάτικα πεπόνια, όπου συνήθως κρέμονταν από τα καδρόνια της οροφής στο μαγερείο, (κουζίνα), από το καλοκαίρι και τα τρώγαμε στις... επίσημες μέρες!

Αφού τελείωσε η λειτουργία στη Χρυσοπηγή της Μπόχαλης, όπου εφημέρευε ο παπάκης μου, πήραμε όλοι το δρόμο για το Μπανάτο, εμείς οι κοπέλες μπροστά κι ο παπάς με την παπαδιά να ακολουθούν, γιατί είχαν εναλλάξ αγκαλιά τον αδελφό μου, που ήταν πολύ μικρός, για να αντέξει τόσο δρόμο.

Όλο το δρόμο μιλούσαμε για το ωραίο αυγολέμονο με τη γαλοπούλα που θα είχε φτιάξει η νόνα, αλλά προ παντός για το μπικίρι που επί τέλους θα απολαμβάναμε!!!

Ολόκληρη ιεροτελεστία να κατέβει από κει που κρεμόταν... κι εμάς να τρέχουν τα σάλια από την προσδοκία της όμορφης γεύσης!

Δεν θυμάμαι ποιος ανέβηκε τη σκάλα. Θυμάμαι μόνο τα όχι χαρούμενα επιφωνήματα διαπιστώνοντας πως... άνθρακας ο θησαυρός, αφού τα τρωκτικά με μεγάλη τέχνη είχαν αδειάσει το περιεχόμενο κι είχε μείνει το εξωτερικό ανέπαφο να κρέμεται κι έτσι όπως ήταν δεμένο σταυρωτά να μην υποψιάζεσαι πως είναι άδειο... Όμως, ουδέν κακόν αμιγές καλού. Το γέλιο και το καλαμπούρι που επακολούθησε δεν περιγράφεται. Μαζεύτηκαν οι γειτόνοι από τα ξεφωνητά μας και το γλέντι κράτησε μέχρι αργά, με το άδειο μπικίρι να είναι η ατραξιόν της ημέρας...

on that day, when they would be expecting us all there to eat our egg and lemon soup!

"Bikiri" or "katsamba" was what we called honey-dew melons, which would usually get hung from the beams in the kitchen ceiling since the summer and which we would eat on… special days!

When the service finished at the Chrysopigi church in Bochali, where my dad was the priest on duty, we all headed for Banato, we girls at the front and the priest and his wife behind, because they took turns holding my brother, who was very young, so he could handle such a long journey.

The whole way we would talk about the beautiful egg and lemon soup with the turkey that my grandmother would have made, but mostly we would talk about the melon that we would finally get to enjoy!

Taking it down from where it hung was a whole ritual… and our mouths would water in anticipation of its beautiful taste!

I don't remember who went up the ladder. I only remember the not-so-happy exclamations at the discovery that… it was fool's gold, since rodents had artfully emptied out its contents, while the untouched outside remained hanging, and as it was cross-tied up there, you would not suspect that it was empty… However, every cloud has a silver lining. The laughter and the joking that followed is indescribable. The neighbours gathered because of our screams and the party went on until late, the empty melon being the highlight of the day…

"Prophecy without Oracle": A Deep Existential and Religious Poem by S. S. Harkianakis

EFROSINI DELIGIANNI
University of New South Wales (UNSW)

«Το ποίημα συλλέγεται με χούφτες τρεμάμενες
όπως τα δάκρυα στο μαντήλι
...
το μαργαριτάρι από πληγωμένο κοχύλι»

"The poem is collected with trembling palms,
same as the tears on the handkerchief.
...
the pearl from a wounded seashell"[1]

Stylianos Harkianakis, the author of "Prophecy without Oracle", is more than a noted poet of the Greek diaspora. He is also a distinguished academic and, above all else, the Archbishop and Primate of the Greek Orthodox Church in Australia. His varied, yet intersecting interests blend in his deep existential and religious poetry. Manos Loukakis, a Cretan philologist and the editor of Harkianakis' anthology "Ο βαθμός της εκπλήξεως" [The degree of surprise], writes in the introduction of his edited volume:

> *Ο ιερωμένος και ο ποιητής όταν συνεμφανίζονται, δεν πλησιάζουν απλώς. Ταυτίζονται. Και ταυτίζονται εν αίματι και αδιαιρέτως, εφ' όσον πριν ακόμη ανέβει στον άμβωνα ο κληρικός και πριν πιάσει το χαρτί και το μολύβι να γράψει ποίημα ο ποιητής, ποιητής και κληρικός είναι ένα και το αυτό ψυχικό ανεξήγητο του ανθρώπου.*
>
> The clergyman and the poet, when they show up together, they do not simply come close. They become one. They unite undividedly in blood, since before the priest even steps on the pulpit, and before the poet grabs the paper and the pen to write a poem, poet and clergyman are essentially one and the same inexplicable mystery of the human soul.
>
> (Harkianakis, *In Foreign Land* 10)

Harkianakis is a prolific writer. He has published twenty-eight collections of poetry in Greek. Out of his numerous accolades and awards, I will restrict myself to only two of the most prestigious ones: the Herder Prize for his contribution to European culture (1973) and the Academy of Athens Prize for Poetry (1980). Harkianakis' dedication to his poetry does however come with pain and anguish, of the kind all writers are eerily familiar with, as the epigraph to this review clearly shows. Costas Montis, the great Greek Cypriot poet, writes to him, in one of the letters which they exchanged: "you hide a tragic, dramatic note whose hydrants you persistently try to close but a careful reader can certainly trace it" ("The Cypriot experience of Archbishop Poet Stylianos Harkianakis").

[1] (Harkianakis, *In Foreign Land* 204). All translations are mine, unless otherwise indicated.

In "Prophecy without Oracle", the poet talks about the perennial issues that haunt Greece, his motherland. It is the word 'drachma', the country's old currency before the introduction of the euro, that betrays the specific reference of the word "τόπος" [land]. Otherwise, it could be about any other land plagued by similar troubles. The poet/prophet decrees that everything needs to be razed to the ground and be rebuilt.

The title is also very intriguing. The prophet has no oracle, no shrine dedicated to him; he seems to be treated as, or at least to consider himself, an outcast. Money and shallow pursuits have replaced moral values and spirituality in his land: fasting has been replaced by dieting, repentance by retreat, optimism by boastfulness, incense by narcotics, prayer by fatalism.

My overall goal in translation was to feel the pulse of the poem and transfer its intent, style, tone and context to the target language via a process of transcreation. I was guided in part by my fascination with Stylistics,[2] a study of linguistic style which lies at the interface of language and literature, and in part by a deep understanding of Harkianakis' oeuvre as a whole. Cultural transference was facilitated by the fact that any culture-bound information is rather accessible to an English audience, or can be easily inferred via context.[3]

Following my educational background then in Linguistics, the language of the poem itself was my first point of departure: What lexical items are being chosen instead of any potential alternatives? Which recurring linguistic patterns can I identify? Are there any figures of speech in the poem?

To give a specific example, the repetition of the negator "*δεν*" [not] six times in a short poem of nineteen lines sets the tone for all that is constantly failing and needs to change in the author's home country. It seems far from a coincidence that "not" is the first word in the Seferis quote that immediately precedes it. Harkianakis though has to offer his own explanation for his country's insurmountable challenges, which is stated in the final stanza and is thus foregrounded; a number of substitutions need to take place for a new era to rise: dieting has to give way to fasting, fatalism to prayer and so on and so forth. The juxtaposition of these seemingly opposite words, and the fact that a parallel grammatical structure is used in all four antithetical pairs, highlights their importance in the poem's analysis. It was this stark opposition that coloured my own interpretation and dictated the appropriate English word for the Greek equivalent. In the case of "ναρκωτικά" for example, I decided that the most suitable English translation was not "drugs" but "narcotics": a general and all-encompassing term which refers to any substance that dulls the senses and relieves pain.

Beyond the lexical level, I familiarized myself with the life of Harkianakis and his other poems to get a broader picture of his work. The poet's deep concern and agony over his fellow humans are also echoed in his other poems, which show high sensitivity and a deep sorrow for humanity:

Μιὰ ζωὴ γράφοντας ἢ μιλώντας
δὲν φιλοδόξησε τίποτε ἄλλο
παρὰ νὰ δείξει ποῦ εἶναι πληγωμένος

A whole life writing or talking

[2] Translation from a stylistics perspective has been largely explored in Translation Studies (see e.g. Jean Boase-Beier 2014 inter alia).

[3] Contextual information in footnotes could also be used to avoid ambiguity e.g. for culture-specific words like *drachma* and *Ephialtes*.

He did not aspire for anything else
Other than showing where is he hurt

(Harkianakis, *In Foreign Land* 55*)*

His words are interweaved with trauma and grief, not only for his own personal hurts, but also for the hurts of everyone around him. We see the agony of a man who serves God's will to offer hope, solace and relief from pain. In 1992, in his poem "Γλώσσα ελληνική" [Greek language] he concludes with the stanza:

Η γλώσσα τούτη είναι κυμαινόμενη ψυχή
μικρού λαού με σταθερό πεπρωμένο
που έζησε την κάθε μέρα σαν μελλοθάνατος
αγωνίζεται να διδάξει
τους εγγύς και τους μακράν
πως υψίστη αποστολή ήταν πάντα το όραμα
όχι το πρόγραμμα.

(Harkianakis, *The Degree of Surprise* 213)

The poem tells us that the Greek language, the author's native tongue, is the "wavering soul" of its people, of "a small country with unquivering destiny". Harkianakis believes that Greece, which has always faced all sorts of threats and "lived every single day as if on death row", is now fighting to teach everyone, either close or far away, about "the vision" rather than "the programme", that is a spiritual and inspired form of living rather than a scheduled and predictable life. According to Nikoloudi-Souri, Harkianakis' poetry "is conceived in the whirlpool of worldly affairs, and points to values which confirm the concerns of the priest to console, to be of assistance, to understand his fellow humans, to overcome the stereotypes and restore order", the famous 'golden mean', which lies at the very core of Greek civilization.

A thorough stylistic and contextual analysis of Harkianakis' poems offers a deep understanding of the author's literary universe and guides the translation process. In Harkianakis' poetry we see the multiple identities of a complex personality that cannot be easily pinned down: a priest of the highest order, a renowned academic, a Greek of the diaspora, a visionary. The input of each aspect of his personality is what makes his poetry so distinguished and unique; it is the perspective of a leader at the forefront of society.

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ΧΡΗΣΜΟΣ ΧΩΡΙΣ ΜΑΝΤΕΙΟ
By S.S. Harkianakis

Δεν θα τολμούσα να μιλήσω για προσευχές, κι όμως κάποτε σφάζουν ένα αρνί για τις θυσίες.
Γ.Σεφέρης

Ο τόπος αυτός δεν λυτρώνεται
χωρίς ένα πάνδημο καθαρμό
των πολιτών από τα γεννοφάσκια.
Η αλλαγή των κομμάτων στην Κυβέρνηση
η υποτίμηση της δραχμής με προπαγάνδα
και ό,τι άλλα καλλυντικά διεθνούς χρήσεως
δεν κατορθώνουν πια να παραπλανήσουν.
Ο τόπος αυτός δεν λυτρώνεται
αν δεν συλλαβίσει από την αρχή την Αλφαβήτα
στο φαί, το περπάτημα, το χαμόγελο
λειτουργίες πρωτόγονες που βουλίαξαν στη νύχτα
του Εφιάλτη για το κατά κεφαλήν εθνικό εισόδημα.
Ο τόπος αυτός δεν λυτρώνεται
αν δεν μάθει χονδρικά να ξεχωρίζει:
την νηστεία από την δίαιτα
την μετάνοια απ' την υπαναχώρηση
την αισιοδοξία από τον κομπασμό
το λιβάνι απ' τα ναρκωτικά
την προσευχή απ' την μοιρολατρεία.

Sydney-Ashfield, 14-1-83

PROPHESY WITHOUT ORACLE
By S.S. Harkianakis
Translated by Efrosini Deligianni

I would not dare talk about prayers, and yet, sometimes they slaughter a lamb for the sacrifices.
G. Seferis

This land cannot be salvaged
without a universal purification
of the citizens since birth.
The change of parties in the Government
drachma devaluation by propaganda
and any other ornaments of international use
can no longer beguile.

This land cannot be salvaged
if it cannot sound out the alphabet from scratch
in eating, walking, smiling
primeval functions which sank in the night
of Ephialtes for the gross national income per capita.

This land cannot be salvaged
if it cannot roughly learn to set apart:
fasting from diet
repentance from retreat
optimism from boastfulness
incense from narcotics
prayer from fatalism.

Sydney-Ashfield, 14-1-83

The Fatalities of Fatalism: Translating S.S. Charkianakis' Poem 'Chrismos Choris Manteio'

CHRISSAFINA BATTALIS

I consider myself very fortunate to have had the opportunity and occasion to deepen my appreciation of the work of S.S. Charkianakis (1935-2019), better known as Archbishop Stylianos of Australia (1975-2019). Charkianakis was born in Rethymon, Crete and studied at the Orthodox Theological School of Chalki in Constantinople, the University of Athens and the University of Bonn, Germany. The author's prolific writings and poems concern matters relating to the human condition and spirituality, and were often inspired by his own life experiences. As a primate of the Greek Orthodox Church in Australia, these works hold importance for the Greek community and Orthodox Christians not only in Australia but worldwide. As an Orthodox Christian myself, I have found that the theologian's poetic works resonate with me.

From the outset, I felt that the title, Χρησμός Χωρίς Μαντείο, played an important part in the establishment of the poem's themes relating to a lost humanity and the ultimate solution in rediscovering faith and spirituality. Written in Sydney in 1983 – 8 years after his election as Archbishop of Australia in 1975 – the poem reflects the poet's musings on his motherland Greece and its estrangement from its spiritual roots. I spent a long time debating how to best translate the title's three words and finally decided upon: *Prophecy Without A Portal*. The word "Χρησμός" is from the root of "χράω" which means "to declare" and can be understood as a prophecy or an oracle, in other words, a divine message. The word "Μαντείο" can be directly translated as "oracle": a divine priest, priestess or place acting as a medium by which divine advice or prophecies can be sought. I decided to take some poetic license with my translation of this word, choosing "portal" to show that there is no medium or opening by which this prophecy can be declared. I felt that a *prophecy without a portal* was a tragedy. An undelivered message. A message that exists and that is waiting to be born, but does not have the opening to do so. I also wanted to use alliteration in the poem's title as I believed it sounded more beautiful and rhythmic.

The poem's first line is repeated another two times within the poem, at the beginning of the third and fourth stanza. As a repeated line, it holds significance and I carefully considered how best to translate it. The word "λυτρώνεται" means to ransom, redeem or release. I chose "redeem" to best indicate how the "τόπος" or "place" (Greece), was in dire need of atonement; having gone down the wrong path, this place, like mankind, now needed to be saved. Knowing the Archbishop's faith and position in a high spiritual office within the Orthodox Church, I felt that the word "redeemed" best fit the text's connotation of sin, error or evil, and reflected more broadly onto the individual human need for redemption.

In my translation of the first stanza, I endeavoured to include poetic techniques such as alliteration and rhythm (techniques in the original source text) which can be seen in the lines "pandemic to purify" and "citizens out of their swaddling clothes". Again, my choice of "purify" was a way of linking to the idea of needing salvation and of making something not just physically but spiritually clean in order to move forward and progress in a positive manner. After much deliberation, I translated the word "γεννοφάσκια" quite literally as "swaddling clothes", with "γεννο" relating to birth and "φάσκια" relating to swathes or strips of fabric used to tightly wrap and swaddle infants.

I chose this phrase as I felt it figuratively reflected not only the helplessness of the Greek citizens but their entrapment. It showed how the citizens, though adult, were backward in their thinking, indicating how the purification needed to go back to the early stages of development. Written shortly after Greece's entrance into the European Economic Community in 1981, the poem questions the Greek government's desire to join the EU and bolster its economic interests.

In the second stanza, I crafted my translation to include further alliteration and assonance in line with the source text. Phrases such as "deprecation of the drachma", "universal usage" and "achieve in deceiving" reflect my decision whilst also maintaining and enhancing the original meaning. I chose to translate "καλλυντικά" as "cosmetics" as I felt it held symbolic significance in its connection to materialism as well as to false appearances. Whilst superficially the truth can be covered up, it can never be extinguished and will always prevail, thus lies, propaganda and appearances, can "no longer achieve in deceiving".

In the third stanza, I chose to personify "Nightmare" as an evil and ruthless figure that was responsible for the breakdown of the *place*. Controlling the *night* and the dark deeds that occur under the cover of its darkness, Nightmare is also motivated by greed, causing destruction and decay in the name of "per capita national earnings". Archbishop Stylianos in his 2003 Christmas Message referred to "materialism and greed" as "cunning devices and vain ambitions" and the world today as a "world of decay and apostasy". His poem reflects his views of how the Evil One assaults the world of today and brings darkness upon it in the name of worldly glory and organized interests, leading it far from the Church and what is good and sanctifying. The poet's solution to this mess is ultimately a spiritual one, laid out in the final fourth stanza of his poem.

In the fourth stanza, the poet makes six clear comparisons and conveys to the reader that the way to redemption can be easily found by being able to *discriminate* between the following: fasting from dieting; repentance from retraction; optimism from arrogance; incense from drugs; prayer from fatalism. The Archbishop's Orthodox influence can be seen in these final words as he points out where the *place* and *citizens* have missed the mark: in matters of the Orthodox faith such as νηστεία (fasting), μετάνοια (repentance) and προσευχή (prayer). For each concept mentioned, he provides the opposing, worldly replacement. Instead of Orthodox fasting which practises denial and discipline, the Archbishop's poem states that the worldly equivalent is "δίαιτα" (dieting), a practise of restricting food usually motivated by current trends or self-centred ideas about body image. Interestingly he mentions that we need to learn to discriminate "το λιβάνη απ'τα ναρκωτικά" which I chose to translate literally as "incense from drugs". Again, the poet's Orthodox influence is seen here in his inclusion of incense; an item he would have used countless times himself whilst serving, to bless the people praying. However, instead of this plant-derived scented material, he intimates that evil in the world has led people to prefer ναρκωτικά (drugs): substances that promise happiness, contentment and serenity, which in reality are deadly illusions.

I found the translation experience highly enjoyable due to my love of the Greek language, poetic techniques, etymology and this poem's depth of meaning. In my approach to the translation, I took into account the context of the author and endeavoured to translate as poetically and rhythmically as possible his insights into the world's adoption of fatalism over prayer to God.

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ΧΡΗΣΜΟΣ ΧΩΡΙΣ ΜΑΝΤΕΙΟ
By S.S. Harkianakis

Δεν θα τολμούσα να μιλήσω για προσευχές, κι όμως κάποτε σφάζουν ένα αρνί για τις θυσίες.
Γ.Σίφέσης

Ο τόπος αυτός δεν λυτρώνεται
χωρίς ένα πάνδημο καθαρμό
των πολιτών από τα γεννοφάσκια.
Η αλλαγή των κομμάτων στην Κυβέρνηση
η υποτίμηση της δραχμής με προπαγάνδα
και ό,τι άλλα καλλυντικά διεθνούς χρήσεως
δεν κατορθώνουν πια να παραπλανήσουν.
Ο τόπος αυτός δεν λυτρώνεται
αν δεν συλλαβίσει από την αρχή την Αλφαβήτα
στο φαί, το περπάτημα, το χαμόγελο
λειτουργίες πρωτόγονες που βουλίαξαν στη νύχτα
του Εφιάλτη για το κατά κεφαλήν εθνικό εισόδημα.
Ο τόπος αυτός δεν λυτρώνεται
αν δεν μάθει χονδρικά να ξεχωρίζει:
την νηστεία από την δίαιτα
την μετάνοια απ' την υπαναχώρηση
την αισιοδοξία από τον κομπασμό
το λιβάνι απ' τα ναρκωτικά
την προσευχή απ' την μοιρολατρεία.

Sydney-Ashfield, 14-1-83

PROPHECY WITHOUT A PORTAL
By S.S. Harkianakis
Translated by Chrissafina Battalis

I would not have dared to speak of prayers, and yet sometimes they slaughter a lamb for the sacrifices.
G. Seferis

This place cannot be redeemed
without a pandemic purification
of the citizens from their infancy.
The changing of political parties in Government
the devaluation of the drachma through propaganda
and whatever other cosmetics of universal usage
no longer achieve in deceiving.

This place cannot be redeemed
if it does not sound out the Alphabet from the beginning
in its food, its walk, its smile,
these fundamental functions that sank in Nightmare's night
for the sake of per capita national earnings.
This place cannot be redeemed
if it does not learn to roughly discern:
fasting from dieting
repentance from retraction
optimism from arrogance
incense from drugs
prayer from fatalism.

Sydney-Ashfield, 14-1-83

CONTRIBUTORS

Jane Ahlstrand is a lecturer in Indonesian Studies at the University of New England. She specializes in Critical Discourse Analysis, and is particularly interested in the mutually constitutive relationship between language, power and the social context. She completed her PhD at the University of Queensland in 2019. Her recent work focuses on the interrelationship between gender, media discourse and relations of power in Indonesia's democratic era.

Denise Anagnostou is a teacher and translator based in Melbourne, Australia. After completing her Bachelor of Arts and Honours in Modern Greek, she went on to further explore the use and context of Greek in Australia with a Master of Teaching and a Master of Translating and Interpreting, and now manages to combine her skills in several fields. A passionate advocate for language learning, she aims to continue to make contributions in her fields of expertise.

Lidya Pawestri Ayuningtyas is a lecturer in English for Business and Professional Communication (formerly English Translation) program at State Polytechnic of Jakarta and a freelance English to Indonesian translator. She is also a member of the Association of Indonesian Translators. She has an MA in TESOL from University College London and has written short stories, a novel, and essays which have been published in various print and online media.

Chrissafina Battalis was born in Melbourne's Dandenong region but grew up in sunny Perth where she ended up studying Arts and Education at the University of Western Australia. She is a third-generation Greek Australian with all her grandparents hailing from the Dodecanese Islands, namely Kastellorizo and Rhodes. For the past 8 years, she has been working in High Schools in both Perth and London, teaching predominantly English and Literature but also Art, Media and Philosophy.

Efrosini Deligianni is a lecturer in Greek Studies and Linguistics at UNSW. She has received her PhD from Lancaster University in the United Kingdom for her research on Greek language change. Among her other research interests are sociolinguistic variation, pragmatics and intercultural communication. She is currently involved in the Greek-Australian Archive, and a research project in collaboration with Macquarie University, which focuses on the Greek-Australian language variety. She has always had a deep-rooted interest in historiography, translation and creative writing.

Over the last 5 years **Misha Hardwick** has lived between Melbourne, Berlin and Naples, working various jobs while translating, teaching and making documentary films. Since returning to Melbourne as a result of the pandemic, he is training to become a qualified language teacher.

Hélène Jaccomard is a Professor of French contemporary literature and translation studies at the University of Western Australia. Her first book on Yasmina Reza, *Les fruits de la passion: le théâtre de Yasmina Reza* (Bern: Peter Lang, 2013) has been followed by about twelve refereed articles on Reza's most-acclaimed plays, *Art* and *Dieu du carnage*. Jaccomard's latest monograph, *Yasmina Reza et le bonheur. Théâtre*

et Romans, covers Reza's complete works, including plays, novels and autobiography, and will appear in 2021 (Lille, Septentrion).

Hongyu Jiang is currently a full-time lecturer at Inner Mongolia Normal University, teaching "Advanced English", "English and American Literature" and "English Reading", etc. As a member of INMU Australian Studies Centre, her research interest includes Australian children's literature and eco-literature. She is the Chinese translator of *Killing Darcy* by the 2019 Miles Franklin award-winner Mellissa Lucashenko, which was published by Qingdao Publishing House in 2020. She is also co-translator of *Report on the Development of Ethnic Education in China* (2017) (from Chinese to English) and co-translator and co-editor of *Handbook on Australian Education*.

Anthony Pym is Distinguished Professor of Translation and Intercultural Studies at Rovira i Virgili University in Spain; Professor Extraordinary at Stellenbosch University in South Africa; Fellow of the Catalan Institution for Research and Advanced Studies from 2010 to 2015; Visiting Researcher at the Middlebury Institute of International Studies at Monterey from 2008 to 2016; Walter Benjamin Visiting Professor at the University of Vienna in 2015; President of the European Society for Translation Studies from 2010 to 2016.

Joachim Redner is a Melbourne-based professional translator of literary and scholarly texts. He co-translated with Robert Savage *The Specter of Capital* by Joseph Vogl (Stanford University Press, 2015). He has translated literary memoirs by former East German writers who experienced life under communist rule. He is currently working on German writers who deal with the Great War and has a particular interest in the novellas of Alfred Döblin.

Jorge Salavert is a Canberra-based translator. His latest publication is a Catalan translation of Ouyang Yu's *Diary of a Naked Official* (*Diari íntim d'un editor*, published by Lletra Impresa).

Patricia Smith is the Counsellor for Public Affairs at Australian Embassy, Beijing.

Rina Su is a lecturer and the chair of English Department of the School of Foreign Languages, Inner Mongolia Normal University. She holds an MA in English Language and Literature. Her research interests include ESL teaching methodology, English literature and translation. She has participated in over twenty research projects. Rina has published academic papers and four translated works, including two books.

Li Wang has been engaged in teaching and research in education, culture, literature and language for the University of Sydney, University of Technology Sydney and Charles Darwin University over the last decades. Li also worked for the Higher Education of the People's Bank of China, being an Associate Professor since 1994 and then a Visiting Professor for Shanghai University. Her recent academic book is *Culture Pedagogy: Teaching Chinese Culture in Australia*. She is also the author for "Mu Dan and His Poem 'Hymn'" and "Reminiscing about Antiquity at Red Cliff ('Chibi Huaigu') by Su Shi" with *The AALITRA Review*.

Julie Winter holds a PhD from Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois and is Senior Instructor in German at Western Washington University in Bellingham, Washington. Her translations of poetry, songs, and short works of literary nonfiction have appeared in magazines such as *Asymptote* and *Ezra*, and she has published four book translations of memoirs having to do with the National Socialist period in German history. She is currently working on an article about an early translation of Goethe's *Faust* into English.

Yajing Xu is a translator and teacher at the College of Foreign Languages, Inner Mongolia Normal University and a research fellow at the Australian Study Center, China. She teaches English to Chinese translation and Australian children's literature. and translator. Key publications include three translated books, two of which on Australian Indigenous literature; and over ten papers on translation studies. She has held several research programs in translation and Australian children's literature.

Adam Zulawnik is an Academy of Korean Studies Postdoctoral Research Fellow at the Monash School of Languages, Literatures, Cultures and Linguistics. His research interests include translation theory, Korean/Japanese Studies, East Asia relations, history, politics, and language. Adam was part of the founding Korean Studies team at the University of Melbourne as well as a Monash University team continually working to expand a Korean Studies nexus in Australia through funding from the Academy of Korean Studies (AKS).