The AALITRA Review

A JOURNAL OF LITERARY TRANSLATION

No. 7, November 2013

AALITRA

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A JOURNAL OF LITERARY TRANSLATION

Number 7, November 2013

Published by
MONASH UNIVERSITY

Two Moons Over Europe: Translating Haruki Murakami's *1Q84*

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Abstract

This article relates the experiences of several European translators of Haruki Murakami's novel, *1Q84,* discussing difficulties they encountered in the text and different solutions they chose. These are in turn compared to the solutions chosen in the English translation, which was published later than many European versions. How, for example, should the translator handle such issues as the use of narrative present or fluctuations between the first and third person of the narrator? How to express in alphabetic languages the author's creative manipulation of the Japanese writing system? The article also discusses the issue of mistakes, including both those appearing in the original text and those made inadvertently by translators, as well as editorial cuts in the English translation and the reasons behind them. Finally it relates translators' personal experiences and reflections, which may have influenced the choices made in their versions of *1Q84*.

In the world of contemporary international fiction, few literary events are as big as the release of a new novel by Haruki Murakami. Murakami's books are instant bestsellers not only in Japan, but around the world, from the US to Korea and from Norway to Brazil. Indeed, with each new Murakami book a guaranteed hit around the world, translations of the latest book are commissioned as soon as it is made known that a new work is on the way.

The international Murakami phenomenon reached one of its milestones with the appearance of his novel *1Q84* in 2009. Though it has received mixed reviews, *1Q84* sold well in every market in the world; in Japan alone, over a million copies were printed in the first twelve days (a record which was broken in April 2013 by Murakami's most recent novel, *Colorless Tsukuru Tazaki and His Years of Pilgrimage*). The first two volumes of *1Q84* came out in Japanese in the spring of 2009, with the third volume following a year later, in 2010. Translation rights were quickly sold for twenty-six European languages, including English, as well as for Chinese (separately for the PRC and Taiwan), Korean and Hebrew, among others. The same pattern was repeated in spring 2013, following the publication of *Tsukuru Tazaki*, of which one million copies were printed within the first week. Bidding wars for the foreign copyright started less than a month after the book's appearance.[1]

Solely in terms of length, *1Q84* presents a considerable challenge to the translator. The book began to appear in various foreign-language editions almost immediately, led by the Korean (the cost of the rights apparently setting a new record), which came out after just four months in August 2009.2 Elsewhere, translations of the first two volumes came out in 2010. By autumn 2011, when the English edition was released, translations of Books 1 and 2 had already appeared in most European languages, and all three books of the trilogy had appeared in Dutch, German,

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1 For details on the bidding war in Korea see Dennis Abrams, "The Fight Is On".

2 As of early 2012, that number has reached twenty-five, including Bulgarian, Catalan, Czech, Danish, Dutch, English, Estonian, French, Galician, German, Greek, Hungarian, Italian, Latvian, Lithuanian, Norwegian, Polish, Portuguese, Romanian, Russian, Serbian, Slovenian, Spanish, Swedish, Turkish and Ukrainian. This is according to information given on the website of Curtis Brown, the agency representing Murakami in Europe.

Swedish and Polish editions, often to great fanfare. During the month leading up to publication in Germany, for example, one page from the novel was released on the publisher's website every day. In Denmark and France, publishers put countdowns of the days remaining until publication on their websites. In Poland, selected pages were released on the internet, and a YouTube advertisement announced the date of approaching publication. Italy and Spain also came up with YouTube "trailers" announcing the appearance of the book. Perhaps none of these was equal to the hype preceding the appearance of the English translation, which, among other things, featured a trailer on YouTube. One fragment of the book was printed in The New Yorker a few weeks in advance of the book's release by Knopf in October 2011, and short passages were offered to impatient readers on Murakami's Facebook page every few days, along with quotes from different ranking lists judging Murakami's chances of winning the Nobel Prize that year.

The extraordinary sales that reliably greet each new Murakami work have had interesting effects on translation practices. This article explores the experience of several European translators of *1Q84*, as relayed to us in questionnaire responses and email communication. It describes how they shared approaches in dealing with some specific and – from the translator's point of view – particularly problematic, textual techniques used in the original. It also compares the solutions used by some of the European translators with those used in the English-language translation.

Is shorter better?

The near-simultaneous appearance of so many different translations of Murakami's work, and the great commotion surrounding its various releases, distinguishes the publication history of *1Q84* from that of all earlier Murakami books, and creates a unique situation in which to evaluate the circulation of the Murakami brand in the world.

The first two books of *1Q84* consist of twenty-four chapters, each in alternation telling stories of Aomame, a thirty-year-old woman, and Tengo, a twenty-nine-year-old man. (The structure of Book 3 is very different, since it has thirty-one chapters, consists of three alternating narratives, and is slower-paced.[3]) We learn that they met at school in 1964, when they were both ten, and now, twenty years later in 1984, they start searching for each other, having realized that they had loved each other as children. In the process of this search, they enter a parallel world, in which everything else is almost the same as this world, one visible difference being that there are two moons in the sky. In her puzzlement, Aomame christens this parallel world "the world of the year *1Q84*", where "Q" stands for the English term "question mark". Hence the book's title, an obvious reference to Orwell's classic. Later, it turns out that the parallel world is the world of a novel that Tengo is writing, so it becomes the story of a novel within a novel, the former influencing the latter. The novel deals in depth with such issues as violence towards women and children, as well as the emergence of new religious sects, themes that were only briefly mentioned in Murakami's earlier works.

If we look at the production of the book, many European editions followed the Japanese example, releasing Books 1 and 2 first, with Book 3 appearing after a delay. Even the British edition, which appeared more or less simultaneously with the American, was divided into two parts: Books 1 and 2 came out first, and the third volume followed about a week later. However, in the US, the American publisher, Knopf, decided to publish all three books of *1Q84* as a single volume, in a joint translation by Jay Rubin (Books 1 and 2) and Philip Gabriel (Book 3). For that reason, abridgements were made, particularly in Book 3, where many of those parts that were meant to remind the reader of what had happened in Books 1 and 2 were simply eliminated, apparently with Murakami's approval (Rubin and Gabriel).

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3 It is worth noting here that in one of the interviews after the publication of the book Murakami said that he knew Book 3 had to be a book "with no movement". This does not mean that nothing happens in the last volume of the novel, but the action markedly slows down as the characters spend a lot of time thinking and reflecting (Matsuie 41).

Similar situations have occurred before. As is well known, considerable editorial changes were made in the English translation of *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle*. The publication of the German translation, which was based not on the original Japanese but on the abridged English-language translation of the novel, was followed by an extended controversy, summarized in Jay Rubin's biography, *Haruki Murakami and the Music of Words*. At issue was whether, given the cuts in the English translation – cuts approved by the author, it should be said – German readers actually read the "real" book, or whether all they got was a German translation of the English. Rubin quotes an eminent German scholar of Japanese literature, Irmela Hijiya-Kirschnereit, as saying about Murakami that "by promoting the translation of the English version of his works into other languages, he himself comes to embody that English-language-centered cultural imperialism that we continue to deplore and resist" (Rubin 309).

Whatever we might think about this criticism, a fundamental question emerges: to what degree is the English version of a Murakami novel a translation, and to what degree is it a reworking of the Japanese original on different editorial principles? Is it fair to say that the French, say, or Russian translation – done without any additional editorial input in the form of extensive cuts – is more "faithful" to the original than the English? Or is the English to be regarded as having undergone a further level of editing, and being therefore somehow more "polished"? In other words, what happens to the idea of a novel, or of the "original" as an "integral text" when it comes to Murakami? It should be noted here that Murakami himself incorporated many of the cuts made in the American version of *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle* into the Japanese pocket edition (*bunkobon*) that was published later (Rubin 307).

Jacques Westerhoven, the Dutch translator, believes that *1Q84* was a challenge to translate because of its repetitions:

> There is so much overlap in the first two volumes. Several times, almost identical information reaches us from two different sources, so I had to be careful to provide it in different styles – depending, of course, on who delivers the information in that particular part of the text. If I had been Murakami's editor, I would have tried to persuade him to eliminate the redundant passages, but as a translator you have no choice but to follow the text, warts and all. After all, you're not the author. You can't just start tinkering with a text because you happen to think you can improve it.

It is important to note here that some of the repetitions alluded to by Westerhoven have in fact been cut in the English translation. For instance, a page-long description of the ostracism and trauma Aomame suffered in primary school because of her religious practices is summarized in English simply as "the harsh days of her childhood" (639). It is true that we learn more about those "harsh days" in other places, from comments made by Tengo and by Aomame's teacher, but there are details in the omitted passage that do not appear and are not referenced elsewhere:

> When she woke up in the morning, getting dressed for school was a struggle. Often she was so stressed that she would have diarrhoea, or sometimes would vomit. There were also times when she ran a fever, got headaches, or her limbs would go numb. But she didn't miss even one day of school. Had she, she would probably have wanted to miss many – and if that had continued, she would never have gone back to school again. That would have meant defeat at the hands of her classmates and teachers.
>
> (Our translation)[4]

4 The Japanese original reads as follows: 朝目を覚まし、学校に行くために服を着替えるのが苦痛だった。緊張のためによく下痢をしたし、ときどき吐いた。熱を出すこともあったし、頭痛や手足の痺れを感じることもあった。それでも一日も学校を休まなかった。もし一日休めば、そのまま何日も休みたくなるはずだ。そんなことが続けば、二度と学校には行かなくなるだろう。それは同級生や教師に自分が負けることを意味する。(Murakami, *Book 3*, 90)

Readers of the novel will know that Murakami frequently makes reference to the similarities in the childhood experiences of Aomame and Tengo: both are unloved by their parents, rejected by their classmates in school, but possessed of strong characters that enable them to overcome these difficulties. The absence of the foregoing description from the English version, however, prevents the Anglophone reader from finding further reinforcement of this theme, since – unlike the reader of the Japanese text (or other unabridged versions of the novel) – he or she has no way to make the connection to Tengo's suffering similar physical ailments (which in fact *are* described in the English translation):

> For better or worse, though, Tengo was born with a robust constitution. Even if he had a fever or a stomachache or felt nauseous, he always walked the entire long route with his father, never once falling down or fainting, and never complaining.
>
> (90)

This would seem to be an instance of something that is not "lost" in translation, but is, rather, deliberately eliminated. Yet it is done with the author's blessing, so one presumes that Murakami himself, upon further consideration, saw no harm done to his story.

Murakami is, of course, not the only author whose work has ended up being abridged and changed in English translation in order to better match the tastes of the "English-speaking reader" (itself a somewhat ill-defined notion). The case of Milan Kundera's *The Joke*, which ended up with five different English translations, is a famous case in point. About the first translation by David Hamblyn and Oliver Stallybrass, published in 1969, Kundera wrote: "I remember my amazement when I received the book in Prague; I didn't recognize it at all: the novel was entirely reconstructed; divided into a different number of parts, with chapters shortened or simply omitted" (vii). These words were part of the author's preface to the fifth version, published in 1992 and subtitled, "Definitive version fully revised by the author". However, in her article on translations of Kundera's work, Michelle Woods explains how these foreign-language translations have in fact ended up influencing the "original", as Kundera kept reworking the novel, apparently influenced by the English and French translations, which in turn had an impact on the later English versions. Woods says that Kundera tried to make the book "more palatable to Western audiences", which, ironically, is precisely what he had accused his translators of doing in the first place (205).

Another attempt to make a book more palatable to the English-speaking audience occurred during the editing process of Natsuko Kirino's novel, *Grotesque*, translated by Rebecca Copeland. In an article detailing the production of the translation, Copeland tells the following story:

> From the outset the editor was tasked with shortening the book. Minor characters were eliminated and scenes were cut, all in an effort to streamline the novel. I hated to see the deletions, having spent time with the characters that were cut. But I also understood that a novel like *Grotesque* would task most American readers. […] The last chapter of the book, the final nine pages in the English, was hardest hit. The editors felt the ending – more a coda than chapter – was confusing. It added a new dimension to the narrator's persona that seemed unsupported by the earlier chapters. And it began developing an ancillary character, the narrator's nephew, who embarks on prostitution himself. The editors eliminated this section – just as they had eliminated sections earlier in the book – and created a brisker, almost elliptic conclusion.
>
> (Copeland, 14)

According to Copeland, Kirino was informed of the proposed cuts and agreed to most of them, except the last chapter. Initially the editors had wanted to cut the chapter altogether. But Kirino would not allow it. Nor could she understand their objections to the chapter. To her, it was the crux of the novel, where all the variant threads came together.

Negotiations followed, and a copromise was reached, which included some of the author's suggestions for abridgement.[5]

Is it, then, mostly the economic considerations or literary arguments that lie behind the decisions made by the American publishers? The same kind of cuts are rarely seen in European markets.

Murakami International

Many critics have commented that Murakami's work translates unusually well into other languages, which may explain part of his popularity. Murakami himself admitted in an interview years ago that he was mindful of how his work would translate into foreign languages:

> I want to express myself in a common language, not in a sensibility that can be articulated only in Japanese. What I mean is, I use the language, eliminating from it Japanese-style emotionality, and I try to make sure that the text is suited to translation.
>
> (Kanemaru 21; our translation)

This approach has been extremely successful. Murakami's popularity has given rise to a global "team" of translators who specialize in translating his books; they work in all the world's major languages, and in quite a few less widely spoken ones as well – the total is over forty, and rising. In 2006, a gathering of sixteen "Murakami-ists", including the present authors (Murakami's translators into Polish and Danish respectively), met in Tokyo at a meeting sponsored by the Japan Foundation to discuss their experiences and the reception of Murakami novels in their respective countries.6 A number have kept in touch. While translating *1Q84*, we had the idea that it might be interesting to contact the other translators and find out what problems they were encountering in their work on the text.

In August 2011, we contacted several people and in the end collected eight responses (including our own) from translators ready to share their experiences.[7] Below we introduce the viewpoints of different translators and the problems that arose during their work on the novel. It is our hope that the discussion here will make it possible to see Murakami from a broader perspective, through the eyes of his most earnest and thorough readers – his translators, who, in contrast with literary critics, get to see the work intimately from within and have to digest and interpret every single word.

The translators responded to a number of questions, but the one that produced the most interesting answers was: What difficulties did you encounter in your translation? One feature of the book several people mentioned in this context was the question of how to handle the changes of person in the narration, occurring even within the same paragraph. As readers of the original will know, the novel is narrated in the third person, but the author often seamlessly switches to internal monologue written in the first person, which is quite natural in Japanese, where personal pronouns are often omitted and the subject is not stated, since it is usually understood. Not that Murakami omits his pronouns; in fact, he is often accused of using them too often, which gives his works a "foreign" flavour.[8] The Polish translator, Anna Zielinska-Elliott, said that it was a real challenge to translate that particular aspect of the novel into Polish. This issue surfaced mostly in

5 Email communication, 13 May 2012.

6 The papers given at that meeting were collected and published in a volume edited by Motoyuki Shibata et al.

7 The respondents were: Vibeke Emond (Swedish), Ursula Gräfe (German), Mette Holm (Danish), Tomáš Jurkovič (Czech), Ika Kaminka (Norwegian), Dmitry Kovalenin (Russian), Hélène Morita (French), Jacques Westerhoven (Dutch) and Anna Zielinska-Elliott (Polish). Email correspondence was in English, with the exception of Hélène Morita's survey response, which was in French.

8 See the following passage: 青豆は短くきっぱりと首を振る。いや、考えすぎてはいけない。天吾はいつか公園に戻ってくると信じ、ここでじっと待ち続けるしか私には選択肢がない。私にはここを離れることはできないし、この公園が今のところ、私と彼を結びつけるただひとつの接点なのだから。(Murakami, *Book 3*, 36).

the Aomame chapters. Every now and then she was forced to add phrases similar to "she thought" or "she told herself", because otherwise it became unclear who the subject was. The same method was used in the French, German, Danish and Norwegian translations. The Russian translator, Dmitry Kovalenin, came up with a novel solution: he used second person, as if Aomame's internal monologue was a dialogue between her and her alter ego.

The American translators solved this problem by adding "she thought", etc. every now and then, but they also put the protagonist's thoughts in such passages in italics, which creates a visual difference not present in the original text. As a result a passage may look like this:

> Aomame gave a short, decisive shake of her head. She shouldn't over-think things. *The only choice I have,* she thought, *is to believe that Tengo will return to this playground, and wait here patiently until he does. I can't leave – this is the only point of contact between him and me.*
>
> (609)[9]

Tomáš Jurkovič, the Czech translator, stressing the absence of the first-person narrator, added that it may be caused by the fact that "Murakami tries to be more 'open' with readers and that he 'explains' a lot more things than he did in his former novels". Ika Kaminka, working in Norwegian, agreed that it was a difficult task to handle the fluctuating third- and first-person narration in the translation, because it meant switching from indirect to direct speech:

> It is a challenge to solve these shifts elegantly in translation, and especially difficult in the cases when the character suddenly seems to "think out loud" the kind of thoughts no one would actually think aloud. At times it feels almost like a form of ventriloquism, as if the character gives voice to the omniscient narrator, but in his or her own first person.

Another unusual feature of the novel is that in Book 3 the Aomame narrative is written almost entirely in the present tense. The narrative present is used frequently in Japanese, and Murakami often uses it in his writing – for example, in *Umibe no Kafka* (*Kafka on the Shore*) and in *Aftādāku* (*After Dark*) – but in this case, one third of the third volume is written entirely in the present tense. When Zielinska-Elliott was working on her translation of Book 3, the first two volumes of *1Q84* were already out in Poland. As she started translating the first of Book 3's Aomame chapters, she noticed the present tense everywhere and experienced what bordered on a panic attack, thinking it might have been used in a similar way in Books 1 and 2, and that she simply hadn't noticed. After building up the courage to check, she discovered to her relief that the consistent present-tense use was a device applied only in the last volume.

Although surprising at first, this technique grows on the reader and gives this part of the novel a distinctive feel. Zielinska-Elliott was not alone in going with the present in her translation: Holm, Kaminka and Kovalenin also decided to stick with the present tense in their translations. Kaminka stressed the necessity of doing so, because by the end of Book 3, when Tengo and Ao-

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9 Here is the same passage in three language versions:
GERMAN: Aomame schüttelte kurz und entscheiden den Kopf. Sie durfte nicht zu viel grübeln. Ich habe keine andere Wahl, *dachte sie*, als hier auszuharren und daran zu glauben, dass er zurückkommt. Ich sitze hier fest. Der Park ist der einzige Berührungspunkt zwischen ihm und mir. (*Buch 3*, 31; our italics)
FRENCH: Aomamé eut un bref et énergique mouvement de la tēte. Ça suffit, *se dit-elle*. Je ne dois pas trop réfléchir. Je n'ai pas d'autre choix que de croire que Tengo, un jour, reviendra sur le toboggan. Je dois continuer à l'attendre. Je ne peux m'éloigner d'ici. Car le seul point de rencontre que nous relie, lui et moi, aujourd'hui, c'est ce jardin. (*Livre 3*, 32; our italics)
RUSSIAN: Аомамэ резко трясет головой. Только не заморачивайся, велит она себе. Тебе остается лишь верить, что Тэнго появится здесь еще раз, а значит, надо сидеть и ждать. К тому же, пока и тебе [you] самой никуда отсюда не деться; а этот парк — единственное место, где ваши с Тэнго реальности снова пересеклись. (*Kniga 3*, 28)

mame finally meet, his reality – up to that point consistently written in the past tense – suddenly also shifts into the present tense. Putting all the Aomame chapters in the past would make that transition invisible. For his part, Kovalenin said:

> Of course, to translate them [those chapters] in the present tense was a must, because there we're dealing with the effect of a "slow motion camera," when there's no past or future, only pure existence on the verge of life and death.

Westerhoven agreed with him, saying:

> Most certainly did I keep the Aomame chapters in the present tense! I can't imagine doing anything else. I thought it was a stroke of narrative genius of Murakami's to write those chapters in the present, actually. It not only provides variation, but it gives a sense of urgency to those sections.

However, the English, French, Swedish and German translators of Book 3 decided instead to use the more natural-sounding past tense for these chapters. Philip Gabriel, the translator of Book 3 into English, said in an October 2011 interview in *The Atlantic* that, "After the first pass, the editor and I of course made some revisions, deciding, for example, to put most of the internal monologue in italics, and to put some passages that were in present tense into past" (Hoyt 915). One such passage reads:

> That afternoon she worked out on the stationary bike and the bench press. Aomame enjoyed the moderate workout, her first in a while. Afterward she showered, then made dinner while listening to an FM station. In the evening she checked the TV news (though not a single item caught her interest). After the sun had set she went out to the balcony to watch the playground, with her usual blanket, binoculars, and pistol. And her shiny brand-new bat.
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> (617)[10]

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10 Here is the same passage in the original and in four different language versions:
その日の午後はサイクリング・マシンと、ベンチ型の器具を使って運動をする。それらを与えてくれる適度な負荷を、青豆が久方ぶりに楽しむ。そのあとシャワーを浴びて汗を流す。FM放送を聴きながら簡単な料理をつくる。夕方のテレビのニュースをチェックする（彼女の関心を引くニュースはひとつもない）。そして日が落ちるとベランダに出て公園を監視する。薄い膝掛けと双眼鏡と拳銃。美しく光る新品の金属バット。(Murakami, *Book 3*, 50)
DUTCH: Die middag probeert ze de hometrainer en de oefenbank uit. Voor het eerst in lange tijd geniet ze weer van een behoorlijke hoeveelheid lichamelijke oefening en van de vermoeidheid die je daarna voelt. Daarna neemt ze een douche en wast het zweet van haar lijf. Ze maakt een eenvoudige maaltijd klaar terwijl ze naar de FM luistert. Ze kijkt voor de zekerheid ook naar het avondjournaal (er is geen nieuws dat har interesseert). En als de zon ondergaat, verhuist ze naar het balkon om de wacht te houden over de speeltuin. Met een dunne deken over haar knieën, en haar verrekijker, en haar pistool. En haar mooie, glinsterende, nieuwe metalen knuppel. (*Boek drie*, 44)
FRENCH: L'après-midi de ce même jour, elle s'entraîna sur ses deux appareils, le vélo et le banc de musculation. Elle prit plaisir à cette petite séance. Cela faisait longtemps qu'elle n'avait pas pu pratiquer ces exercices. Puis elle se doucha pour se débarrasser de sa sueur. Elle se prépara un dîner frugal en écoutant une émission de musique sur la bande FM. Elle regarda le journal télévisé du soir (aucune information ne l'intéressa). Enfin, lorsque le soleil se coucha, elle sortit sur le balcon et surveilla le jardin. Avec une couverture légère, ses jumelles et son pistolet. Et sa batte métallique neuve aux reflets étincepants. (*Livre 3*, 44)
GERMAN: An diesem nachmittag trainierte Aomame mit ihren neuen Geräten. Nach der langen Zeit genoss sie es, sich einmal wieder richtig zu verausgaben. Anschließend spülte sie sich unter der Dusche den Schweiß ab. Sie schaltete einen UKW-Sender ein und bereitete sich zu seinen Klängen eine leichte Mahlzeit zu. Anschließend sah sie sich die Abendnachrichten an (es war nichts dabei, was sie interessiert hätte). Als der Tag zur Neige ging, setzte sie sich auf den Balkon, um den Park zu beobachten. Mit einer leichten Decke, dem Fernglas und der Pistole. Und dem schönen, glänzenden Metallschläger. (*Buch 3*, 44)
DANISH: Om eftermiddagen træner hun på motionscyklen og bænken. Det er længe siden, og hun nyder det i fulde drag. Bagefter skyller hun sveden bort under bruseren. Hun laver et let måltid mad, mens hun lytter til FM i radioen. Om aftenen ser hun nyheder i fjernsynet (men ikke en eneste af dem vækker hendes interesse). Da solen går ned, sætter hun sig ud på altanen for at holde øje med parken. Hun har et let tæppe over knæene og medbringer kikkert

When Holm asked Haruki Murakami directly about the importance of maintaining the same tense in translation, he said that his use of the present tense was spontaneous and instinctive, adding that it was up to each translator to choose the tense that worked best in his or her language.

This is an issue of considerable current relevance, since more books written in English appear to be using present tense narration nowadays (one of the more obvious examples might be Susanne Collins's *Hunger Games*), and the absence of a consensus among translators as to whether to maintain the temporal immediacy of the present is striking, and not without narrative consequences. In his 1991 translation of Murakami's 1985 novel, *Sekai no owari to hādo-boirudo wandārando* (*Hard-Boiled Wonderland and the End of the World*), Alfred Birnbaum relied on tense structure to reproduce the effect of the novel's two alternating plots. In Japanese, Murakami created a clear distinction between them by using two different first-person pronouns, *boku* and *watashi*, an option obviously not available in English. To maintain this difference in style, Birnbaum decided to translate the *watashi* narrative entirely in the present tense, while the *boku* narrative was written in the past tense. This solution works on a different plane than the original, to be sure, but it succeeds nonetheless in reminding the reader of the fundamental disjunction of the two plots.

It seems that many translators feel that present tense just doesn't work the same way in their languages as it works in Japanese. The following excerpt, from a 2011 novel by Swedish author Kerstin Ekman, offers an intriguing commentary on this problem through the views ascribed to the novel's protagonist, a translator:

> The present was a tense she disliked. Banned it in fact, calling it the angst tense. [...] "Well, the present is impossible in translations," she said. "Especially English ones. Anglo Saxon writers shy away from it." [...]Lillemor wanted the past tense, probably since you've put things behind you and are in control of them in a narrative form as solid as cast iron.
>
> (Ekman 13)[11]

One wonders whether perhaps Ekman (or her protagonist), is not in fact correct, and that indeed English *is* often fearful of using the present tense. To test this, let us rewrite the passage from Book 3 of *1Q84* cited just above:

> That afternoon she works out on the stationary bike and the bench press. Aomame enjoys the moderate workout, her first in a while. Afterward she showers, then makes dinner while listening to an FM station. In the evening she checks the TV news (though not a single item catches her interest). After the sun sets she goes out to the balcony to watch the playground, with her usual blanket, binoculars, and pistol. And her shiny brand-new bat.

What is different here? Is there more angst expressed? Is one inherently led to wonder, what will happen next? Wherever one comes down on this question, there is no doubt that the two passages, one in the past and one in the present, read quite differently.

As could have been expected, the question of difficulties encountered by different translators produced a variety of answers related to particular characteristics of each language, and yet it turned out that several people struggled with similar issues having to do with certain techniques used by Murakami. Hélène Morita, the French translator, did not think Murakami harder or easier to translate than other Japanese writers. For her, the difficulty with translating the novel into French lay in the fact that:

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og pistol. Og det nye, smukt skinnende aluminiumsbat. (*Bog 3*, 40)

11 This passage was kindly translated for this article by Linda Schenck, Ekman's English-language translator.

> French hates ambiguity. We are forced to determine, to specify. Sometimes it requires linguistic acrobatics in order to create sentences that would be acceptable in French, while at the same time avoid becoming too specific, unlike the original.

One other problem mentioned by a few translators was how to handle the speech of the character Fukaeri, a dyslexic teenage girl. The narrator tells us that "Her style of speaking had some distinguishing characteristics: sentences shorn of embellishment, a chronic shortage of inflection, a limited vocabulary (or at least what seemed like a limited vocabulary)" (44). Later he also mentions that Fukaeri used no punctuation, meaning that at the end of her sentences one could not hear periods or question marks. In the original, her lines are often written using the phonetic alphabets (*hiragana* and *katakana*), with very few Chinese characters (*kanji*). This is extremely effective in conveying Fukaeri's dyslexia in Japanese, because it makes the reader realize that reading and writing Chinese characters must be very difficult for her. The problem lies in how to convey this in translation.

Zielinska-Elliott considered changing the spelling of words and using a "simplified" spelling, that might be represented in English by the example of writing "nite" instead of "night", but she rejected this idea, because she felt that it would make Fukaeri appear stupid, which she most definitely is not. In the end she decided to write all of Fukaeri's speech exclusively in lowercase letters (even at the beginning of a sentence), and to use no punctuation marks (even at the end of a sentence). It was not an ideal solution, but it seemed the best of those she considered. When she told Holm about it, Holm said she liked the idea and would do the same in the Danish version. Kaminka also did it in the Norwegian translation. Vibeke Emond, the Swedish translator, decided to divide all words into syllables using hyphens in order to stress the monotony of Fukaeri's diction. Morita says that in her translation of Fukaeri's lines, she pushed the limits of what the French language can take. She continued:

> It amused and interested me to make her speak at the same time like a child and like a foreigner in a language, which is not to be written [or: read?] but heard. I wonder if the readers will hear it?

She also added an ellipsis after each of Fukaeri's lines.

The Russian translator, Kovalenin, decided to make Fukaeri's lines yet more visually different. He wrote them exclusively in italics and used hyphens between the words. He also tried to express the unusual character of her speech by altering her lines slightly. For example when she says: "[You] teach math" ("Sūgaku o oshiete iru"), he opted for *Ty-ob'iasniaesh'-tsifry*, which can be translated as: *You-explain-numbers*. The English-speaking Fukaeri, on the other hand, doesn't talk in a way that is visually different on the page. It's the content and the tone of her lines that makes her sound a little unusual and sometimes simple.[12]

12 Compare different translations of the same passage (the first conversation between Fukaeri and Tengo):
「あなたのこと知っている」、やがてふかえりは小さな声でそう言った。
「僕を知っている?」と天吾は言った。
「スウガクをおしえている」
天吾は肯いた。「たしかに」
「二回きいたことがある」
「僕の講演を?」
「そう」 (Murakami, Book 1, 84)
POLISH:
– znam pana – powiedziała po chwili cichym głosem.
– Znasz mnie? – powtórzył Tengo.
– uczy pan matematyki
Tengo przytaknął. – To prawda.
– dwa razy słyszałam
– Moje wykłady?
– uhm (74)

When asked about the greatest difficulties she faced in working on *1Q84*, Gräfe chose to talk about the mistakes she made in her German translation:

> Like many people, I like factual research a lot, so it has happened that I have translated into fact something that should have been left as fiction. In *1Q84*, for example, I was so influenced by the similarities between the cult appearing in the story and Jehovah's Witnesses, that I named the fictitious group in the novel "Jehovah's Witnesses," which Haruki Murakami explicitly had not intended. [It is] something I felt really bad about.

Making an embarrassing mistake is of course every translator's nightmare. Not all editors are willing to make corrections in new editions, although it would seem that in the age of electronic typesetting, this should not be difficult.

Another problem faced by translators is what to do if there is a factual mistake in the text. One assumes that the author might have done it on purpose, and it is the character who is mistaken, not the writer. Would readers understand this, though? Or would they instead assume that it was the author's mistake? Or, worst of all, the translator's mistake? One often feels the

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SWEDISH:
Till slut sa hon med låg röst: "Jag kän-ner till dig."
"Känner du till mig?" sa Tengo.
"Du un-der-vis-ar i ma-te-ma-tik."
Tengo nickade. "Det stämmer."
"Jag har lys-snat två gång-er."
"På mina lektioner?"
"Ja." (72)
RUSSIAN:
– Я-тебя-знаю.
– Ты меня знаешь? – переспросил Тэнго.
– Ты-объясняешь-цифры.
– Верно, – кивнул Тэнго.
– Я-два-раза-слушала.
– Мои лекции?
– Да. (*Kniga 1*, 77)
FRENCH:
«Je sais des choses sur toi…, dit-elle enfin d'une petite voix.
– Sur moi?
– Tu enseignes les maths…»
Tengo acquiesça.
«C'est exact.
– Je suis venue deux fois…
– À mes cours?
Oui…» (*Livre 1*, 85)
GERMAN:
«Ich kenne Sie», sagte sie kurz darauf mit leiser Stimme.
«Du kennst mich?», fragte Tengo.
«Sie lehren Mathematik.»
Tengo nickte. «Genau.»
«Ich habe zweimal zugehört.»
«Meinem Mathematikunterricht?»
«Ja.» (*Buch 1 & 2*, 83)
ENGLISH:
"I know you," she murmured at last.
"You know me?" Tengo said.
"You teach math."
He nodded. "I do."
"I heard you twice."
"My lectures?"
"Yes." (44)

need to add a footnote in such cases, preferably upon consultation with the author. This is what Zielinska-Elliott chose to do when translating the story told by Tamaru about the Latin epigram carved over the door in the house of Carl Gustav Jung, when she realized that both the meaning of the sentence and the supposed location of the carving as described in the book were wrong. First of all, the sentence is carved above the door of Jung's house in Küsnacht, *not* the famous "Tower" in Bollingen, as it says in *1Q84*. Second, the translation of the sentence as it appears in Japanese is incorrect. The line reads: *Vocatus atque non vocatus Deus aderit*. This is a motto taken by Jung from Erasmus, which translates into English, "Whether called or not, God will be present". However, according to Tamaru it says: 冷たくても、冷たくなくても、神はここにいる ("Whether cold or not, God will be here") (Murakami, *Book 3*, 871). The mistake seems to arise from confusion between the English words "called" and "cold", which sound nearly the same when pronounced in Japanese transcription.

In this case, the difficulty for the translator was compounded by the fact that the sentence is also used as a title of Chapter 25 in Book 3. After some thought – and after consulting Murakami's Tokyo office – Zielinska-Elliott decided to add a footnote that observes, "Tamaru is mistaken", and explains the confusion.[13] Westerhoven, the Dutch translator, believes that Book 3 is "among other things, a meditation on divinity", and says that this passage "links up seamlessly with Aomame's musings on the nature of God in Chapter 14". He included a footnote in his version, suggesting that Tamaru must have misunderstood the quotation (but let stand the inaccuracy that the carving is found at Bollingen). Emond, the Swedish translator, and Kovalenin, the Russian translator, also decided to clarify the misunderstanding. However, the German, Danish, Norwegian, French and American translators chose not to include a footnote (publishers being notoriously loath to allow footnotes to mar the ostensibly perfect "mirror surface" of a translation), leaving readers to puzzle the discrepancy out for themselves.

Among the difficulties, Zielinska-Elliott mentioned her hesitation over how to translate one word in one of her favorite scenes in Chapter 5 of Book 1 (the same scene was also praised by Kovalenin). This is the scene where Aomame, having committed a murder, decides to relieve her stress, and goes to a hotel bar in order to pick up a middle-aged man for sex. After some small talk, Aomame suddenly turns to the man and, after announcing that she wants to ask him a personal question, she says something that can be literally translated as: "Is your *o-chinchin* on the big side?" (*Anata no ochinchin wa ōkii hō?*). Zielinska-Elliott wasn't sure how to translate this word.

> It means "penis," but it's a word predominantly used by children and mothers when talking to their children about their "wee-wees" or in other situations requiring a euphemistic term. Here, however, we have a thirty-year-old straight-talking woman talking to a man who is over fifty. Jay Rubin told me that he was going to use "cock," but all the Polish equivalents of "cock" were crude and lacked that infantile or neutral angle. So I decided to do a survey among Japanese female friends, asking whether they, their husbands or sons would use the word *o-chinchin*.

Zielinska-Elliott explains further the outcome of this rather intimate survey:

> The answers were pretty much unanimous: they would only use it when talking to a small boy. This confirmed my belief that I needed a somewhat childish-sounding word. I started asking Polish friends, and it turns out to be a topic on which many

13 Erasmus, in his *Adagia* (1232-2.3.32), a collection of proverbs and adages, was in turn quoting Thucydides, *History of the Peloponnesian War* I, ch. 118: "For which purpose it was by the Lacedaemonians themselves decreed that the peace was broken and that the Athenians had done unjustly; [3] and also having sent to Delphi and enquired of Apollo whether they should have the better in the war or not, they received, as it is reported, this answer: 'That if they warred with their whole power, they should have victory and that himself would be on their side, both called and uncalled'."

> people feel very strongly. Polish has a lot of words for penis, but most of them are either very crude or overly scientific. Several of those conversations took place in restaurants, and I would notice slightly panicked expressions on the faces of waiters as we were excitedly crying out: "You can't use *wee-wee*! Have you lost your mind?!" "Do you think *dick* is better?! It's not better!" In the end I made up a word, which was a diminutive of a term similar in connotation to the English "cock."

Holm also decided to go with a childish Danish word *tissemand*, used by mothers when talking to their little boys, which seems to be similar to the way *o-chinchin* is often used. The French translation also opted for a childish word, *zizi*, while the German and Dutch version chose words more similar to the English "cock" (*Schwanz* and *pik*) respectively. The Russian translator decided to pick the neutral "penis" (пенис).

Some observations on Murakami and Europe

To conclude, it is worth mentioning a few points concerning references to and quotes from different European and Japanese works included in *1Q84*, as well as some personal experiences related by the translators.

1Q84 includes a considerable number of quotes from other works. There is a long fragment of the *Tale of Heike*, a passage from a story by Hyakken Uchida (which is not identified as such in the book), almost a whole chapter from Chekhov's *Sakhalin*, a long passage from Isak Denisen's *Out of Africa* and a passage from Jung. Most translators used existing translations in their own languages, or produced their own, except for Kovalenin, who felt that the "official translation" of the *Tale of Heike* was too difficult to read because it was written in a "very heavy, almost unbearable language inappropriate for a modern book". He continued:

> So I had to rewrite it all the way down, remembering that it actually is an ancient manuscript, but, at the same time, is something that should easily impress a modern person like Fukaeri, Tengo, you or me.

Chekhov's book, however, has not been translated into all the European languages, so translators had to think of different solutions, unless they wanted to use the English version. For example, Kaminka and Holm, not wanting to translate Chekhov from English and/or Japanese, each found a Russian translator, whom they asked to render the passage directly from Russian.

Kovalenin offered an interesting story relating to this passage. Once, when interviewing Murakami, he invited him to Russia. Murakami asked where he should go, and Kovalenin suggested visiting his home island of Sakhalin, saying that Russian and Japanese elements were mingled in its history.

> So in a couple of years he invited me to his office and asked me to be his guide during his trip to Sakhalin [in 2003]. Off we went, and on the way to the island, on the plane and on the ferry, Murakami was reading Chekhov's *Sakhalin Island*. While we were there and visiting local museums, I translated for him all the stories about the Gilyak people he mentioned in his novel later on.
>
> Isn't it ironic? A translator tells his author a story, which the author transfers into a world bestseller, and then the translator turns it back into his reality in his own tongue… Now I'm thinking of it as one of the coolest adventures I have ever experienced in my life, next to my son's birth. So, to me personally, *this all is a proof* of the novel's philosophy: we really *do* change the world with the stories we're telling people around us.

As for the personal involvement of individual translators, nobody believes anymore (if anybody ever truly did) that the translator is simply a conduit transforming one language into

another without putting any subjective elements into the process. Starting in the 1970s with the development of polysystem theory by Itamar Even-Zohar, the focus of many translation theories moved from the translated text to the question of the translator's role. There is wide recognition that many forces are at play during the translation process; some the translator is aware of, while others are not immediately traceable to any particular source. As Lawrence Venuti writes:

> In contemporary translation theory […] language is constitutive of thought and meaning a site of multiple determinations, so that translation is readily seen as investing the foreign-language text with a domestic significance.
>
> (Venuti 468)

In other words, the translator's own cultural experiences colour and influence the way he or she approaches the text. Douglas Robinson suggests that we should understand translation in terms of "history of religion (spirit-channeling), the operation of ideology (norm channeling), cognitive science (the channeling of action potentials), and economics (the channeling of invisible hands)". He continues:

> [T]ranslation is seen as "governed" not by a single unitary mind, but rather by a loose and rather chaotic collection of competing forces that somehow, despite their lack of rationalist organization, nevertheless manage to bring about coherent action.
>
> (Robinson 194)

These observations are borne out by the experiences of a number of Murakami's European translators, which nicely underscore how very many different cultural, linguistic and personal elements came together to result in the different language versions of *1Q84*. For instance, Gräfe shared her own personal story when talking about the translator living in the world of the book he or she is translating:

> My family does not really notice [it] so much; rather it is I who starts connecting them to the characters with whom I spend so much time. Tony Takitani's father, for example, reminds me of my own father ([aged] 91), who also used to have an immense collection of records. In the Second World War, he spent five years as a prisoner of war in America and England. He was a musician and until I was twelve years old he made a living singing and playing the piano and the guitar in clubs for the American military and coffeehouses. Coincidentally, we both like the song *It's Only a Paper Moon*, which is important in *1Q84*. So I had him play it for me many times lately, especially after I turned in the translation of Book 3.

Other translators also referred to personal associations of this kind. Holm found the hothouse with flowers and butterflies in *1Q84* reminiscent of a glasshouse filled with birds, something that appears in one of her favorite novels, *The Werewolf*, by Aksel Sandemose. Jurkovič felt sure that Czech readers would be surprised by the many references to the composer Janáček, because when the river Vltava (German: Moldau) was mentioned in Murakami's *Sputnik Sweetheart*, Czech readers suspected that the translator had simply inserted the reference himself.

Recalling Murakami's earlier statement about writing with an ear to translation, it seems fitting to end with another statement from Holm, who talked about how, for her, translating from Japanese is like living in a world of many languages:

> I have the Japanese text – and then the dictionaries (mostly Japanese/English – and lately more and more Japanese/German). There are no direct dictionaries to Danish. […] But to sum it up – to translate Murakami is for me like bathing in a cacophony of languages, seeking help and inspiration everywhere. Sometimes I don't understand

> how my head can contain so many languages (Japanese, Norwegian, Swedish/German/French/English and a little bit of Dutch this time) and transform them into one consistent flow of Danish.

Though Murakami most likely meant translation into English when he spoke about making his work suited to translation, it is clear that he inspires associations and connections in many other languages besides.

As mentioned above, Murakami's newest book, *Tsukuru Tazaki*, is already a runaway bestseller in Japan and will again be translated simultaneously into multiple languages. We can expect that, as with *1Q84*, questions of the authority of an English-language version, the relationship of different translated texts to the Japanese original, and the relationships among different Murakami translators, will once more come to the surface, emphasizing the degree to which, unlike almost any other living author, Murakami's fiction constitutes a complex international literary event, at once linguistically sprawling and temporally compressed. The case of *1Q84* gives us a glimpse of "transnation-translation" as a model of future practice, a new mode of work, not only for specialists in Murakami, but translators working with other languages as well.

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The Mirror and the Image: Translating the Translator

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Abstract

Literary translation is often regarded as a derivative process involving copying the source text to produce a target text which is a poor reflection of its source. Translating is deemed to involve very little creativity on the part of the translator compared to the original act of authoring. Yet, translators such as Felstiner can feel that translation has emulated the original creative process so closely that the demarcation line between the two processes has become blurred to the point of suggesting the illusion that the author translated the translator.

This article explores the relationships between the authoring and translating processes, on the one hand, and the source text and the target text, on the other, using the metaphor of the mirror as an exploratory tool. The constraints, in terms of both content and form, under which the author and the translator must operate are not dissimilar. The processes show remarkable similarities too in terms of the resources used (language, culture), the progression from the invisible author's intention to its "derivative" representation as a text (source / target), and the multiplicity of possible readings, including some the author may be unaware of. Far from being a poor copy of the source text resulting from the translator's attempt to reflect it, the target text is one possible representation of the author's intention. Both the author and the translator end up as reflecting mirrors capturing this invisible intention to turn it into a visible image: the text offered to the reader.

The bibliography on all aspects of translation has become overwhelming in just a matter of years. Yet, in spite of the fact that Translation Studies is now normally accepted as an academic label for what has clearly become a very specialized subject, it is still commonly believed that translation is little more than the process of looking up words in a reasonably comprehensive dictionary. The worrying thing is that this belief is still common even in academic circles – whatever might be thought of Translation Studies as a discipline in its own right. This is not the case, of course, in the growing number of departments specifically dealing with translation at undergraduate or postgraduate level, but it certainly is in traditional literary departments, where an original text is usually held to embody a set of values which will only be debased by any attempt to translate it into another language. Or rather, the original text itself will not be debased because it will continue to exist, but the translation will only be a poor reflection of an original masterpiece, a reflection which has come into being as the result of the purely mechanical task of turning over the pages of a book which gives in one language the "translation" of a word which had been written as a component of another language. Moreover, the translation is the humble work of someone who can "copy" but not "create". The result of this attitude is that "an article in an obscure theoretical journal can be ranked as superior to a translation of a work by Pushkin or Dante" (Bassnett 173).

Yet, paradoxically, it is a well-known fact that translation is practically as old as speech and that, since human beings began to speak, the need for translation, written or oral, has been strongly felt not only because of the need to know what people who speak a different language are saying, but also because it has been a human instinct to mistrust people who speak in a way we do not understand. One only has to remember that the word "barbarian" and its cognate in other languages (French "barbare", Spanish "bárbaro", etc.) ultimately comes from the ancient Greek βάρβαρος, initially meaning "foreigner" but, via "somebody who speaks in an unintelligible

way", gradually acquiring its meaning of "uncultured, brutish". The negative connotations are clear in St Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians: "Therefore if I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh a barbarian, and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me" (Corinthians 1:14; King James Version). The uneasiness felt as a result of being in the company of a person whose language we do not understand and who does not understand our language – communication, therefore, not being possible – is also a familiar feeling. St Augustine referred to this in a well-known passage of his *De civitate Dei*:

> For when men cannot communicate their thoughts to each other, simply because of difference of language, all the similarity of their common human nature is of no avail to unite them in fellowship. So true is this that a man would be more cheerful with his dog for company than with a foreigner.
>
> (St Augustine 861)

It has become a truism to state that civilization has only been possible because of translation, an activity which has increased over the years. We only have to think of the enormous amount of translations published every year, beginning with the multilingual publications of international organizations such as the United Nations or the European Union, and ending with the editions in different languages of the winners of literary prizes. Translators themselves have certainly gained in "visibility" since 1995, when Lawrence Venuti published his well-known book on the subject; it is now very unusual not to see the translator's name mentioned, sometimes even on the front cover, and this increased interest in the personality of the translator has brought with it a new focus of attention. Translation specialists now try to resort to the so-called Think-Aloud-Protocol, which is an attempt to describe the processes that go on in the translator's mind as the final version of the target text takes shape. In other words, translation as process rather than product is seen as the best way to achieve a proper understanding of what translation means. However, this seems to involve a rather complex problem in that it cannot be easy – perhaps it is not even possible – to establish a meaningful distinction between the mental processes of the translator and those of the author. Inevitably, the mental processes that lead to a final text, source or target, involve two crucial aspects which apply both to the writer of a source text and to the writer who will write the target text: one is the constraints which condition their work; the other is the degree of creativity that must go into their respective jobs. The problem is to try and define the precise meaning of these two concepts and, moreover, how equally or how differently they apply to both author and translator. In the introduction to their co-edited book on literary translation, Jean Boase-Beier and Michael Holman point out this difficulty:

> There are two assumptions that people commonly make when they speak of translation in contrast to original writing. One is that the translator is subject to constraints which do not apply to the original author. The other is that the act of translation is by nature less creative than the act of writing an original work. Things are not quite so simple, however. The nature of creativity is in itself a very complex matter […]. In the absence of suitable tools for measuring creativity, the assumption of differences between original writing and translation is often based on little more than an intuition that translation is derivative in a way original writing is not.
>
> (Boase-Beier and Holman 1-2)

But for one thing, surely translation can also be seen as the final version of a text which went through a similar process when the writer was *creating* it first and when the translator was also *creating* it later. In a sense, the original writer had to begin by translating his/her thoughts and feelings into words, and almost certainly this meant rethinking and rewriting many sentences, varying the choice of words; a process which is obvious in those cases where more than one draft exists, or where we have only one draft, but with corrections and amendments added by the

author. In fact, there are cases where more than one version is publicly available because after publishing a first edition, the author published one or more editions incorporating a number of changes. A good example is Washington Irving and his *Tales of the Alhambra*, published in 1832 as a collection of thirty-one tales and legends, and published again as *The Alhambra* in 1851 as a collection of forty-one tales. "Most tales were rewritten, and only ten of them seem to have been reproduced with no changes with respect to the first edition" (Merino 93). Moreover, in many cases it is well known that the author is only satisfied after having written four or five drafts; Günter Grass is a good example (Coromines i Calders 17). An experienced translator, Suzanne Levine, has referred in very precise terms to this process of struggling in order to reach what both author and translator leave as a "final" version:

> I observed that the dilemma of one word versus another was not a problem unique to translation. The original writer constantly chooses words and phrases, compelled by intuitions and reasons that often have more to do with language than with his own intentions […]. The original is one of many possible versions.
>
> (Levine xiii)

That last sentence is another way of saying that the original text is still open to variants, and I shall come back to this question shortly. For the time being, let us remind ourselves that, whatever version the translator has to translate (usually the author's final draft), the first stage will be a very close reading of the source text, so close that the translator will inevitably become aware of things like connotations or ambiguities that the author him/herself probably never noticed. Good writers, however, are very conscious of the subtleties of language, and this explains why Jorge Luis Borges is supposed to have said to his translator "Don't translate what I've written but what I wanted to say" (in Pontiero 305); or why Umberto Eco should mention that sometimes, when looking at a foreign translation of one of his works, he realizes that his original text has "potentialities of interpretation" (*potenzialità interpretative*) of which he himself had been unaware (Eco 15); or why, since 1978, every time Günter Grass publishes a new work (or revises an old one), he arranges a meeting with his translators in order to discuss the original text and its potential translation problems (Coromines i Calders 21-22). On the translators' side, Suzanne Levine has devoted a whole book to a description of what is entailed in working with the author of a text to be translated: a kind of symbiosis is established between author and translator in the course of discussing the source text and its possible translation. Another experienced translator, Peter Bush, has written about the various drafts he prepares, adding that he usually sends his final draft to the author (Bush 27-28).

Translation specialists – above all, those who are translators themselves – coincide in seeing an original text as one of the "many possible versions" mentioned by Levine and the translated text as one of the many rewritings that might have been reached by the writer of the source text:

> "Translation", then, is one of the many forms in which works of literature are "rewritten", one of the many "rewritings". In our day and age, these "rewritings" are at least as influential in ensuring the survival of a work of literature as the originals, the "writings" themselves.
>
> (Bassnett and Lefevere 10)

As a matter of fact, it is not only professional translators who feel no doubt about the intimate relationship between original and translation; authors who are also translators know very well the difficulties of trying to establish a source text and a target text on clearly differentiated levels. Carol Maier has concluded that, for a number of reasons, "the effect of translation has been probed more deeply by creative writers who are also translators" (Maier 10), and one need only refer to the well-known views of Octavio Paz in this regard:

> Traducción y creación son operaciones gemelas. Por una parte [...], la traducción es indistinguible muchas veces de la creación; por otra, hay un incesante reflujo entre las dos, una continua y mutua fecundación.
>
> (Paz 23)

> [Translation and creation are twin undertakings. One the one hand […], translation is often indistinguishable from creation; on the other, there is a constant ebb and flow between both, and an endless and mutual fertilization.]

While it is true that a translated text may be "indistinguishable" from its original, it is also fair to accept that the translation automatically gives the author of the source text an *alter ego*, another personality reflected in a text which, paradoxically enough, is different while remaining the same. Cécile Cloutier (203) was right in saying that to be translated means "être multiple, s'échapper de soi-même, couler de sa propre personnalité, devenir la source de possibles inconscients" [to be many people at once, to escape from oneself, to slip out of one's personality, to become the source of possible subconscious processes], but this is characteristic not only of the translation but also of the original text – which brings us back to Levine's "many possible versions". As for the translator, he or she has no option but to adapt and modify aspects of the source text which simply belong to a different system of coordinates; however, the presence of the author of the original discourse is still felt to the point, in extreme cases, of hindering or even preventing any adaptation or modification (Tricás 517).

So, any translation is inevitably one possible interpretation of the original text, but this fact, together with the "endless and mutual fertilization" that Octavio Paz established between source text and target text, means that, rather than being interchangeable, one of the texts leads to a better understanding of the other. George Steiner is to be taken perfectly seriously when, commenting on good translations, such as Jean Starr Untermeyer's English translation of Hermann Broch's *The Death of Virgil*, he says that the translated text becomes "in many ways indispensable to the original" (Steiner 337).

It would clearly be an oversimplification to describe the relationship between a source text and its corresponding target text in terms of a metaphor which evokes the original writing as a mirror and the translation as the image reflected in it. But is this because such a metaphor would invert the terms of reference? Is the translation to be seen as a mirror that reflects the original text? Surely we are dealing here with something much more complex than that; something, perhaps, like two images reflecting each other, although this is not easy for many reasons. To begin with, both the original writer and the translator work with the same tools, namely language and all its expressive resources: "[t]hey process the same raw material, words" (Pattison 91). But then, how possible is it to translate meaning? Strictly speaking, how possible is it to *express* meaning? In a well-known essay on the possibilities of translation, José Ortega y Gasset refers to this problem as follows:

> el hombre, cuando se pone a hablar lo hace *porque* cree que va a poder decir lo que piensa. Pues bien; esto es ilusorio. El lenguaje no da para tanto. Dice, poco más o menos, una parte de lo que pensamos y pone una valla infranqueable a la transfusión del resto.
>
> (Ortega y Gasset 143)

> [when man begins to talk, he does it *because* he believes that he will be able to say what he thinks. However, this is a deception. Language does not go that far. It says, more or less, part of what we think and presents an insurmountable barrier to the rest.]

Ortega y Gasset was very familiar with the German philosophers and linguists who expressed this view one century earlier. Among them, Wilhelm von Humboldt noted that words are only a poor reflection of thought, that by the same word people do not necessarily understand exactly the same thing, and that, although words are but a poor reflection of concepts, concepts cannot avoid being transmitted by means of words:

> The *word* is the individual shaping of the concept, and if the latter wants to leave this shape, it can only find itself again in other words. Yet the soul must continually try to make itself independent of the domain of language, for the word, after all, is a *constraint* upon its ever more capacious inner sensitivity, and often threatens to stifle the most individual nuances thereof by a nature that in sounds is more material, and in meaning too general.
>
> (Humboldt 92)

It has often been said, at least since Humboldt, that different languages can be seen as a collection of synonyms, but we also know that there is no such thing as perfect synonyms in any language, and so it follows that there cannot be perfect synonyms across languages. Much the same can be said in respect of cultures: since a given language reflects a given culture, two different cultures could also be seen as "synonymous", in the sense that they may be very similar, but never exactly the same. We can accept that language and culture go together, and that translation implies translating both language and culture, but we cannot ignore one of the two components to the extent of saying that "[t]ranslating means translating cultures, not languages" (Ivir 35).

Let us, then, state that, primarily, we translate from one language into another, knowing that occasionally, but inevitably, we shall have to add or subtract information because of different grammatical structures, different cultural connotations, or simply because of the usual polysemy of words, rarely, if ever, replicated by words in another language. Interestingly, the polysemy or connotations of words may not pose any problem when it is a matter of choosing the target text word which shares the denotational meaning of a given word in the source text, but the connotational meaning – which works at a subconscious level with readers of the original text – will be lost and exchanged for a new one. To give just one example, as a result of the usual phenomenon of totally different etyma finally converging into one and the same form, the Spanish word "romero" means both "rosemary" and "pilgrim". Which of the two English words is to be used in a translation will be made clear by the context in which "romero" appears; what will not be possible is to find an English word which in itself (i.e. out of context) can mean either "rosemary" or "pilgrim".

Although polysemy and connotations may pose a practically insoluble problem, the translator, as we know, is a "specialized" reader who has to begin by making sure that he/she has perfectly understood the original text without missing any of its connotations – connotations of which, as we know, the author may not have been aware. Yet sooner or later the translator, because he/she is also a writer, will write something the connotations of which he/she will not be aware of. How, then, can the reader of a translation be sure that "meaning" has been accurately translated? The misgivings in respect of language itself, as expressed by writers such as Humboldt and Ortega y Gasset, together with the possibilities – or lack of them – of correct understanding, have been summed up by Anthony Pym in a philosophical approach to translation:

> No text can give all the information necessary for its complete rendition; all texts are thus to some extent open to competing interpretations. The question then becomes how, and with what degree of confidence, one can presume to have understood that which is to be translated.
>
> (Pym 27-28)

But, once we accept the (unconscious) difficulties the original writer may have had in expressing him/herself properly, the more or less conscious difficulties the translator may have had both in understanding the source text and in translating it, and the same problems of understanding that we have to postulate for readers of both source text and target text, we end up in a vicious circle or with a subject which would have to be discussed as part of the philosophy of language.

In view of my analysis thus far, I would suggest that there seems to be little doubt about the fact that both original writers and translators go through very similar, if not identical, mental processes in their search for the written production of a finished work. And it should be added that statements in respect of translations acting as a complement to a source text, or in respect of the elusiveness of meaning, have become usual among translation specialists (cf. Cloutier and Levine, above). Lawrence Venuti has also spoken about the constraints that condition the work of both author and translator:

> Both foreign text and translation are derivative: both consist of diverse linguistic and cultural materials that neither the foreign writer nor the translator originates, and that destabilize the work of signification, inevitably exceeding and possibly conflicting with their intentions. As a result, a foreign text is the site of many semantic possibilities that are fixed only provisionally in any one translation.
>
> (Venuti 17)

The semantic "destabilization" of the written text will ultimately put the translator in a greater dilemma than is the case with the original author because of the insoluble problems of connotations and polysemy already mentioned. Simply the choice of words is an example of the instability of the translated text because, as we know, two different translators may come up with two different, but valid, translations. Enrico De Angelis, discussing the problems of literary translation, has put this characteristic in very precise terms:

> E cosí abbiamo già due problemi. Il primo è che la traduzione varia a seconda dell'interpretazione, mentre l'originale resta identico pur prestandosi a più interpretazioni. Insomma l'originale varia restando lo stesso, mentre la traduzione varia variando. Il secondo è che di fatto la traduzione può variare perché i sistemi di partenza e di arrivo non sono gli stessi.
>
> (De Angelis 165)

> [And so we come across two problems. The first is that the translation varies depending on the interpretation, while the original remains the same, although allowing of more interpretations. In short, the original varies while remaining identical, but the translation varies by varying. The second is that, in fact, the translation can vary because the departure systems and the arrival systems are not the same.]

In fact, it is precisely because "the translation can vary" that it is to be seen as one more variant of the source text. A striking example of the extent to which a translation may end up as simply another (final) version of the original text is to be found in John Felstiner's translation of Pablo Neruda's *En las Alturas de Machu Picchu*. After long and detailed research into Neruda's life and work, and after having written his translation, Felstiner wrote a whole book trying to explain the translator's struggle to convey the intended impact of the original text. It is fascinating to read how the translator had become so totally immersed in his work that in the end he no longer felt sure which was the image and which was the mirror; in other words, which was the original and which was the translation. Reading the source text aloud to himself, he concluded: "I am astonished to find that somehow it now sounds like an uncannily good translation of my own poem" (Felstiner 199).

It is obvious that Felstiner knew which was the original and which was the translation, but we can easily understand that, since he was so immersed in both the source text and the target text, there must have been times when a conscious effort was needed to establish which "version" had come first. What is clear is that the translator had to think very hard, and for a long time, before finalizing his version. And it should be noted that if we do not know exactly what mental processes take place in the translator's mind until he/she makes a final decision, the same lack of knowledge applies to the mental processes that take place in the writer's mind until a final version is reached – a "final" version which, in actual fact, may eventually turn out to be "temporary". In both cases, all we really know is the finished product; something which, after all, reinforces the similarities between writer and translator.

If to translate is never to say the *same* thing but, in Umberto Eco's words, to say "almost" the same thing (*Dire quasi la stessa cosa*), surely this applies to both source text and target text because, just as the translation says "almost" the same thing as the original, the original says "almost" the same thing as the translation. Source text and target text complement each other. Individually, they are two final versions of the same thought; together, they are a sort of initial draft and final version. Both of them mirror and image. And the image is no less than the reflection of two writers who have become one.

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Translation as Transfeeling: An Interview with Douglas Robinson

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Professor Douglas Robinson is a world-renowned writer, translator and translation theorist. He has published widely on various aspects of human communication and social interaction and has translated Finnish, German, Russian and some Chinese works into English. He is currently Dean of the Arts Faculty at Hong Kong Baptist University. On 22 September 2012, Professor Robinson gave a presentation at the 2012 International Symposium on Comparative Studies of English and Chinese and Translation Studies. His talk, entitled "On Mencius, the Four Shoots (*sì duān*四端) and the Ecologies of Translation", aroused great interest among the delegates. Professor Robinson was kind enough to participate in an interview, transcribed below, covering a range of topics including translation theories in general and Chinese translation discourses in particular.

I. The use of Translation Studies and translation theories

Jianghua Qin (JQ): Some people believe that translation theories are not useful and they cannot guide practice; what do you think about this idea?

Douglas Robinson (DR): Well, I think that translation theory should always be informed by practice, and I think that practice is always at least unconsciously informed by theory. Many people learn to do various kinds of translation tasks professionally without any kind of training, but in the process of being trained, they are learning at least unconscious theory. And I also think that practice can become too narrow: you can get locked into the things you've done in the past, and come to believe that that is translation. When you do technical translation, you come to believe that style isn't important – only accuracy matters. When you do advertising translation, you come to believe that only style matters – accuracy isn't important. Translation theorists can and should shed light on larger contexts than any one practitioner is likely to have experienced. Some of my theoretical writing is probably not very useful to translators, but my very first book on translation, *The Translator's Turn*, was intended to be useful for translators and was read that way. I heard from many people who hated theory that they love my book, and I'm pleased with that.

JQ: Recently, there have been heated discussions about the usefulness of Translation Studies and translation theories among academics in China. But I think previous scholars have always been talking about the matter. I don't know why people are still debating about it.

DR: The thing is that theory is often difficult; to understand it you have to have read a lot of other theories. So if you're a practising translator, you pick up a book of theory and it's difficult, then you're going to say that it is useless because it's too difficult, takes too much time to learn the language well enough to be able to read it – so in that sense it's true, it really is useless for them. But for their teachers, perhaps, who read the theory and then find ways of presenting the theory to them in class it can be very useful.

JQ: I remember the French philosopher Paul Ricoeur, quoting Davidson, said something like this: translation is theoretically difficult but practically easy.

DR: Yeah, yeah, or even theoretically impossible. Some people have claimed that it is impossible, but practitioners are doing it all the time.

II. Chinese philosophy and eco-translatology

JQ: Nowadays, most translation theories are Eurocentric. What kind of role can Chinese philosophy or Chinese scholars play in global translation discourse?

DR: The easiest answer to that is Chinese philosophy can't play any role at all, because it's not a person. Chinese people who know something about Chinese philosophy should be more active getting to know it and applying it to various disciplines. Westerners who know something about Chinese philosophy, like me, should be as well. I mean, there is no reason I have to be applying it to translation theory, but I do find it interesting to try and do so. I'm living in Hong Kong now, and I'm surrounded by Chinese scholars, so it seems to be a natural thing to do Sinocentric Translation Studies while I'm here. Not all my recent work on translation is Sinocentric – I just finished an article on Schleiermacher, from Germany – but the talk I gave today was on Mencius, a Chinese. When I first began to learn about Chinese scholarship was in early 1998, on my first trip to Asia. I came to Hong Kong and I was surprised about how much Chinese scholars knew about Western translation theory; then I came back again in 2008, and even more in this decade in between we've seen an explosion of Western translation theory in China. And it was very flattering to me, because people here knew my work. But it also bothers me a bit: where is the Chinese thinking about translation? Why all this reliance on the West? My second wife is Russian. Russia and the PRC have so many similarities. Whenever my wife has been in the PRC, she has seen a lot of similarities between the Soviet Union and the PRC, especially after the fall of the Soviet Union, and Russia has become capitalist and China has become economically capitalist and so on. Many similarities. But in Russia, the attitude tends to be that "we do everything and nobody else does anything". All the important discoveries were made by Russians, all the important scholarly authorities in any field are Russian. Russian translation scholarship tends to borrow from the West without quoting, as if the ideas they were borrowing were originally Russian. In China it's the opposite. There's a huge respect for foreign authorities. I think it's a very interesting difference. But I also think that in the last few years there is a movement in China to start relying less on the West for ideas.

JQ: A couple of Chinese scholars are thinking critically about western theory and they are trying to establish some kind of Chinese-culture-based or Chinese-philosophy-based translation theory. But it's just getting started.

DR: It is very much in the beginning. My talk today was partly about Professor Hu Gengshen. He claims that his eco-translatology[1] is based on Chinese philosophy but my impression is that it is not.

JQ: I think it's based more on social Darwinism.

DR: Yeah. It is really textual Darwinism, rather than social Darwinism. It is not even about group dynamics. It's about the text choosing the translator and the translator choosing the text. That's a very textual orientation.

JQ: What is the biggest weakness of Professor Hu's model?

DR: That it relies so heavily on Darwin and so little on ancient Confucian and Daoist thought. I think that if you're more attentive to Confucius, Mencius, Laozi and Zhuangzi, they are much more ecological than Darwin. They are much more grounded in social ecologies than Darwin. And so he makes this claim that he is drawing heavily on ancient Chinese thought but he is not and he really should be.

JQ: Recently, I'm interested in looking at translation from the perspective of the Confucian

1 Eco-translatology is an emerging paradigm that looks at Translation Studies from an ecological perspective. It regards the scene of translation as a holistic ecosystem, and interprets translation activities in terms of ecological principles of eco-holism and the Darwinian idea of adaptation and selection. Its core concepts include: "Translation as Eco-balance", "Translation as Textual Transplant", and "Translation as Adaptation and Selection". [JQ]

concept of *bao* (报), in combination with ideas from western sociology and anthropology, such as the idea of "reciprocity". Do you have any opinions about it? Or any suggestions?

DR: Martha P.Y. Cheung from Hong Kong Baptist University has been working on *tuishou* (推手) as a model for translation, which is very reciprocal. If someone pushes, the other person pushes back. It's very reciprocal, counterbalancing. I think it is a really interesting attempt to think translation through a Chinese model, I mean, this is martial arts as well as mythical practice. This is the sort of work that is needed.

JQ: Could you tell us something more about Mencius's "four shoots" (四端)? How do you find it is useful when talking about translation?

DR: First I talk about *ren* (仁), as shared feeling, or fellow feeling or transfeeling, feeling someone else's feelings. It's a kind of reciprocity of feeling, of *xin* (心), right? It's been translated into "benevolence" or "humanity" in English, but it's really about feeling. It's about… eh…

JQ: About body-knowing (体知)?

DR: Yeah, it's a bodily experience. I think it's a shared phenomenology, collective phenomenology, shared experience. I don't think benevolence as a translation for *ren* is completely wrong, it's just misleading, because it means the desire to be nice to people in English. And for Mencius that's secondary. The primary thing is feeling the group's feeling. If you're feeling what everybody's feeling, you're going to be nice to them. Being nice to people is not the primary meaning. I talked about *ren* as a guide to feeling the desired relationship between the source author and target reader. I gave the example of translating a badly written text for a conference, and thinking about the audience in the session; the man who hired me was going to a conference in Poland and he wrote this bad thing in Finnish. I realized that if he presented the text as badly as he had written it, he would lose face. So I claim that what I was doing in improving his text was transfeeling and translating his face. Translating so as to help him save face with that audience. That's *ren*.

Yi (义) is usually translated as rightness, as appropriateness, and suitability, and specifically suitability in a specific context, in a specific group. I used that to talk about the difficulty of projecting oneself into a group that one does not belong to. So in the first example I'm translating an academic's work for another academic, but what happens if I accept a job that requires that I write like a doctor, a technician, or a lawyer? How do I project myself into another group? *Yi* in Mencius is about conforming to the norms of groups. Finding your way into a group, and feeling enough at home there to behave in an appropriate way in that group.

JQ: In Chinese philosophy, *yi* is defined as appropriateness, "义者，宜也。"

DR: Yeah. So that's how I used *yi*. For example if I'm translating a medical text, I'm essentially pretending that I'm a doctor, right? How do I act like a doctor, right? Again, I think it's a part of transfeeling. It's feeling the group's feelings. Using those transfeelings in order to feel like a true, valid and authentic member of that group and behave in a way that would be acceptable to the group.

JQ: How about *li* (礼)?

DR: *Li* is also about group norms. What I did there was basically about the issue of control. If you are, for example, Professor Hu, and you're trying to create the movement of eco-translatology, do you lay down the rules? Do you say what you must do in order to be a member of the group? That seems not very ecological. One of the basic rules of Daoist and Confucian thought, for Laozi, is *wuwei* (无为), right? Let things be. In Mencius, *wu zhuzhang* (勿助长): don't help it grow, just let it grow. So those can be taken as rules. Don't do this, don't push, don't organize, don't do the things that Professor Hu is doing. You could take the *li* of eco-translatology to say, let things alone, let things develop the way they are developing. But there is interesting tension between "let things alone" as a practice and "let things alone" as a rule. Either way you're going to be in trouble. If you turn *wuwei* into a rule, in a sense, you're contradicting it, right? If *wuwei* becomes *li*, that's a problem. I don't know Daoist thought as well as Confucian thought, but I know that one of the complaints Daoists had

about Confucians was that they were rule-bound. Confucian thinkers have often been criticized for being too conservative, too concerned with the right way of doing things, paying too little attention to the emergence of things out of conditions. But I think Confucius and Mencius really are attentive to these things, it's just difficult to rule a society based on the thought of philosophers. What happens when you take a philosophical approach as the basis for social regulation is that you tend to simplify it and turn it into rules. That leads to some un- or perhaps even anti-Confucian practices in ancient China, or even still today. Some cultural critics claim that some of the problems China has now are the results of three thousand years of rules.

JQ: Laozi's criticism about Confucianism is that when we've lost *dao* (道), we have *ren*, when we've lost *ren*, we have *yi,* when we've lost *yi,* we have *li* . He values the original *dao.*

DR: Yeah, exactly. Stay with *dao*. And I think in a way he is right. I think in a way Confucius and Mencius would agree with him. Ultimately, the way of the sages is the way, right? The way the truly wise men act, that's reality, that's the way you should follow. The work with *ren* is really what attracted me to Mencius, much more than to Laozi, because I'm a somatic theorist, I suppose. Because I've devoted the last twenty-five years of my life to understanding the role feeling plays in social life, and *ren* draws on that. Laozi and Zhuangzi don't do as much with feeling.

JQ: Could you talk more specifically about the relationship of *li* to translation?

DR: Well, in today's talk, I skipped over *li* very quickly, because I was running out of time. But my basic approach is to talk less about translation and more about Translation Studies and the organization of a new approach to Translation Studies, like eco-translatology. But in many ways, *yi* and *li* are at their core the same in Mencius. They are both about adapting to groups, I think. Mencius did not really do much with *li*; he is really interested in *ren* and *yi*. Generally speaking, he talks about *li* when his disciples come to him and say that "Master, you've been criticized for doing this or that against *li*". And he always comes up with some kind of explanation that allows him to weasel out of the accusation. So I explore what that means. Is he a weasel? An opportunist? What's going on there? I think the answer is that he is very attentive to the differences between groups. That groups are different, some groups will drag you down toward animal behaviour, other groups will pull you up. And it is very important for groups to follow *li* in a way that leads you up rather than being pulled down. And that can be taken as important in the training of translators also. But I didn't do much with that in the talk.

JQ: We're looking forward to your further explorations on that.

DR: Ultimately, you're not going to get much value from *li*, because Mencius is not really interested in it. He probably had some radical ideas about *li*, but he didn't want to voice them. He was a radical, Utopian thinker. And he must have been torn, I'm guessing, between his desire to rethink *li* and his desire to maintain social order.

JQ: How about *zhi* (智), wisdom?

DR: He doesn't have much to say about it. In fact, two mentions of *zhi* in Mencius are negative. He says, by quoting a saying, that it's very fine to have *zhi*, but it's better to have *shi* (勢), "propensity". So the wisdom, or cleverness as it has often been translated, is not enough. You have to be attentive to the situation. Certainly, wisdom in the abstract is not enough. Everything has to be situated. That's how I read *shi*.

JQ: So translation has to be situated, right?

DR: Exactly. What I did with that in the talk also was to talk about Translation Studies. Western philosophy is directed toward wisdom. A philosopher is someone who loves wisdom. And wisdom in western philosophy tends to be defined as something possessed by the philosopher. You become a philosopher, you possess wisdom. Wisdom is something you are expected to articulate. But in Mencius, it's not that at all. You don't articulate wisdom. It's a sort of living your life, a part of the *dao*. That's why I think he has so little to say about it. It's part of being a sage.

JQ: In Chinese, we call it "知行合一", the unity of knowing and doing, or integration of knowledge and action.

DR: Yeah, exactly. Wisdom is how wise men act, and a wise man is a sage. *Junzi*, right? The "exemplary person". Even though the contemporary academic version of wisdom is something like an international reputation, Mencius would recommend that we not work to build a reputation, not try to be the smartest, not try to get credit for what you do, but rather: be a learner. Being a learner, that's wisdom. Be situated in whatever situation you find yourself in, learn from it in ways that are *ren* and *yi*. As you move through the four shoots and end up with wisdom, the wisdom you end up with is learning and ethical growth.

JQ: Is it related to translator training?

DR: No, that's going to take us further away. Wisdom is not important in translator training; skill is more important than wisdom. But to the extent that translators are human beings, and therefore we think about them and our profession holistically, broadly, ecologically, skill is not really enough.

JQ: So you place more emphasis on *ren*?

DR: Right, that's the main thing. *Ren* and *yi*.

JQ: Many people believe that Chinese philosophy is not systematic so it's really hard to apply it to Translation Studies.

DR: Yeah, but there is a system. There is a movement. *Qi* (气), *xin*, *ren, yi*, *li*, *zhi*, there is a flow of life and energy through these things and Mencius treats these things as energies that train our bodies and are visible in our bodies. He says that you can see by looking at a man's eyes and by looking at the straightness of his back, what kind of disposition he has, because these things shape our bodies, they train our bodies. I suppose I disagree a little bit with the notion that the great Chinese philosophers are unsystematic. It is just that their system is so free-flowing, it can flow in any direction. That really is a system, it's just a different kind of system. A system that is more organic and ecological than the kind of rigid, mechanistic systems that are typical in Western thinkers.

JQ: That's a very good point. When people say Chinese philosophy is not very systematic, they are using Western philosophy as a standard.

DR: Yeah, what you mean by saying it's not systematic, or even that it's not philosophical, is that it's not Western.

JQ: What do you think of the relationship between philosophy and Translation Studies in general? Is there a philosophy of translation?

DR: Well, I'm a theorist, not a trained philosopher, so I tend to think of philosophy as fundamentally theory. I don't really see a difference between philosophy and theory. So to this extent, when I'm thinking about translation theory, it is also about philosophy. When philosophers are thinking about translation, what they do is fundamentally about translation theory. So, when Schleiermacher, Heidegger, Gadamer, or Derrida, some of the greatest philosophers in the last 200 years in the West, write about translation, they are theorizing translation.

JQ: Some scholars believe that, when philosophers talk about translation, they use it as a topic to explore philosophical problems. When translation theorists talk about philosophy, they usually just need some authority to back up their theory.

DR: I suppose. I've seen that argument, but I guess that argument doesn't fit into the sense of what I do. The basic situation is that there are complexities. When I read philosophy, sociology, psychology, I find those complexities interesting and I develop them into books and articles. I'm not sure that I'm borrowing the authority of a philosopher – I guess I have not an entirely positive attitude towards submission to an authority in philosophy. I tend to respect an authority not because he is an authority; I tend to respect people who have good ideas. And I use these ideas, and change them to suit my purposes. I think there might be good reasons to distinguish philosophy and theory, but they seem like the same thing to me.

III. Translation and Chinese culture "going out"

JQ: At present, many people are talking about Chinese culture "going out", because they are worried about the cultural deficit. So, they are making great efforts to render classical or contemporary Chinese works into foreign languages, especially English, so as to achieve balance in cultural trade and reconstruct the cultural image and national identity of China. Do you have any comment on that?

DR: Yeah, it won't work. People do not get interested in cultural products because they are available. Just the fact of translating Chinese classics or Chinese contemporary literature, or whatever, that does not make people in the West interested in those things. What makes people interested in China in the West is China's power, economic power. And as people in the West increasingly become aware that China may some time in the future rule the world – maybe not, but there is that possibility, right? – they sit up and say "Oh, maybe we should learn more about China". So it's not a particularly idealistic view of the cultural deficit, but I do believe that mostly it's a power deficit. As that power deficit is gradually adjusted, as China becomes rich and buys up the world – I believe China owns 20% of US debt – as China becomes economically powerful, militarily powerful, it will become more interesting, attractive to the West, and culturally as well.

JQ: Chinese people are worried about that we are just economically powerful. We want to be culturally powerful too, so the government spends a lot of money on translation.

DR: I think it will ultimately pay off, as China's economic power continues to rise. It will happen. The fact that these translations are available will be a good thing, although they are done in China without much of a sense for their audience. But Americans I know are more interested in Chinese languages. There is a boom in studying Chinese in American universities, even in high schools. More and more Americans are becoming aware of Chinese literature, Chinese music, Chinese cinema, because of the sense that China is the next possible superpower. And there is always a lag time. America was a military and economic superpower long before it was a cultural superpower. I think we needed twenty-thirty years. So it may take a while for China's cultural reputation to catch up. But I think in the end it's going to happen.

JQ: There is a kind of misunderstanding in China that when Chinese works are translated into English, they will become soft power immediately.

DR: Yeah, that's not going to happen. Well, think about pop music, what makes a pop song popular. Obviously, it has to have a certain sound to it, but globally pop music is about the same. It doesn't matter what country it is from, pop music is pop music. Why is American pop music better known around the world than Chinese pop music? It's not because it's better music; it's because America has that reputation. Nowadays, of course, Cantopop in Hong Kong is very big in China, and increasingly in the West as well, but it's a long, slow process. Hong Kong martial arts movies became popular in the West at some point. You have people like Quentin Tarantino making *Kill Bill*, which is a kind of homage to Shaw Brothers Hong Kong martial arts movies. That sort of thing is beginning to happen, people are becoming aware of it. Japanese culture is also becoming popular. Anime and Manga are popular in the US. So Americans, who have been so America-centric, are becoming aware of cultural traditions in Asia, China, Japan especially, and to some extent Korea, but it's going to take a long time before it really happens.

IV. The future orientation of Translation Studies

JQ: In your new book published last year, you said something about the sway in translation, could you tell us more about the concept of sway?

DR: It's a broad term that I introduced just to mean that things push us in a certain direction. I was talking about *The Translator's Turn* today with someone, and she was asking did I really say that translators are free to translate any way they want to. My answer was that translators are freer than

people think, but never totally free. Part of the problem in doing whatever you want is that we are not totally in control – we never have totally free choice. We can make a few choices in many cases but the freedom to make these choices is also under the sway of the unconscious, the inclination of ideology and so on. Sway is an inwardly felt pressure, to act in a certain way, from the unconscious, from ideology, from culture, and so on.

***JQ*:** Is it some kind of bias or prejudice?

DR: What I do in the beginning of the book is to say that sway can be perceived in a positive way when your translation is perceived as correct, politically or even just semantically correct, by members of your group – that would be the sway of what we call *norms*. But if someone from outside your group sees that you translated in a certain way because your group pushed you unconsciously or ideologically to translate in that way, that would be the sway that we call *bias*. Norms versus bias. Both are sway; the difference lies not in how they work, or even in how they feel when they're working on you, but in people's perspective on them. Translation norms govern behaviour within a group; people from outside the group call that bias, and therefore an error. I give the example of the Septuagint rendering of Isaiah 7:14's *almah* "young girl/woman"; the 1970 New English Bible correctly but controversially renders the key phrase as "a young woman is with child". But the third century BCE translators of the Septuagint rendered *almah* as *parthenos* "virgin", and so unwittingly laid a significant part of the mythological groundwork for Christianity. To non-Christians, if you translate *almah* as "virgin", that is some kind of an error. That's the difference between norms for the in-group member and bias for the out-group member. Norm and bias would form a kind of group-dynamic-based tension that allows me to deal with sway.

JQ: Is sway in some way related or similar to *habitus*?

DR: Yeah, in a way, although *habitus*, as Bourdieu understands it, is... I haven't thought about *habitus* as sway, because he thinks about it as differentiation, different ways of doing things, which do organize our lives and that constitute some sort of sway. Yes, that's right.

JQ: Nowadays, we have an explosion of translation theories. And we experienced the cultural turn in Translation Studies and the translation turn in Cultural Studies. What do you think Translation Studies will be like after the heyday of the so-called cultural turn? In other words, what is the future orientation of Translation Studies, in your opinion?

DR: For about ten years now people have been talking about the sociological turn. So firstly, there was the linguistic turn, and then there was the cultural turn, and now there is the sociological or social turn. That's been around since 2000, although Anthony Pym has been, I mean he is trained as a sociologist and he's always done sociological studies in translation. Pym is very big now, because the field has caught up with him. In the 1990s, he was considered strange, but now he is big, highly respected. But also a sociological approach encourages ethnographic research, to study how medical interpreters work in hospitals, how court interpreters work in a court of law. Studying the actual sociology of translation by doing empirical research, I think that's a very important kind of sociological work. Also work on the internet, you know, the really interesting discussions of Web 2.0, the interactive web, the use of blogs and blog comments to generate translations – this is often called crowd-subbing. You have a blog, the blog circle is discussing some video, the video is in one language, some commentators say they can't understand the video, and so a bunch of people in the blog comments begin to supply subtitles, and gradually they develop a subtitled version of the video and post that to the web. That's part of the sociological turn, I think, the study of Web 2.0.

JQ: In China, if you speak a foreign language, your friends or colleagues may ask you to translate for them as a favour. But this kind of gift-giving, favour-doing translation cannot be explained by traditional translation theories, because there is no ideology, or manipulation, or anything like that.

DR: Right. But people are beginning to theorize it. There is a Spanish translation theorist in Manchester, Luis Pérez-González, who has been working on these things, and Bonnie McDougall

has a book out last year called *Translation Zones in Modern China*, talking about translation as gift-exchange. I reviewed the book for *Modern Chinese Literature*. You can also find my review on the internet.

JQ: I wrote a review too.

DR: Oh, really? What do you think of the book?

JQ: Well, I think it's an interesting book, but there is some hearsay in it, not very theoretical. And the author tells us that her approach is Sinocentric, but I think the theories she used are still Eurocentric. I guess we don't need a so-and-so centric approach, if it is translation-centric, it's OK. We don't need the binary opposition.

DR: No, we don't, but we do tend to be centred, situated somewhere. The fact that I'm an American tends to make me Western-centric, or Eurocentric, but the fact that I'm living in Hong Kong also encourages me to see things with China at the center. So, my situatedness in these two different worlds has affected the way I write. I think it's difficult and ultimately not all that important to try to propel yourself out of your situatedness. The big thing is, instead of complaining that translation theory is Eurocentric, Chinese people should get out there and do their own Sinocentric translation theory. Wherever they are situated, that's where they start working and generating their own interesting ideas.

JQ: McDougall criticized the postcolonial approach to Chinese Translation Studies. I disagree. You said in *Translation and Empire* that if there are power relations, then postcolonial theories are applicable.

DR: Yeah, if there are power differentials, and clearly there are, so …

JQ: What's your view on the book?

DR: I wanted to like the book because I met her at a conference several years ago, where she gave this talk that was a kind of preparation for the book. It was very interesting but it did feel to me there was too much memoir, not enough theory. It was useful and interesting information, it's nice to know that.

JQ: Maybe it's good to explain her own experience, but it lacks universality.

DR: Right, but it's not exactly about universality. I just like to have more of a sense of complexity at work. Her book was just "this happened, that happened, and this was what somebody else told me happened". It was just events. I'm not interested in pure narrative history, in what happened. I like to talk about it in a larger context. Howard Goldblatt in fact invited me to write the review. He gave a lecture at Lingnan University, we gave him dinner afterwards. We talked about it then, and he asked me to review the book.

V. Advice for translation scholars and students

JQ: We really admire your broad vision on Translation Studies. How could you manage to do that? Do you have any suggestions for young Chinese scholars and students who are engaged in Translation Studies?

DR: Work hard, think a lot, keep learning.

JQ: The reason why I come up with that question is because I want to know how you've achieved so much in theory, and in practice as well. You've translated German, Finnish…

DR: And Russian.

JQ: Russian! And Chinese?

DR: Well, I have done some translation from *Mencius*, I mean, for my book. My advice for them is "Be a learner". It's based on my own experience. I never really set out to achieve things, I set out to learn things. I'm interested in things, I want to understand them. And I love articulating, I love writing. I love doing translations, though I don't have enough time to do translation now because

I'm so busy. I'm cutting back on translation, but still it's a guilty pleasure of mine. And when an old client asks me to do a translation, I always try to squeeze it in because I love doing it so much. And the addiction that keeps driving me to write new books, even though I don't have much time for that either, is just an addiction to learning. I want to understand how things work. I suppose you can't really just decide to be a learner, but I do think it's important that students think about it, if possible, try to cultivate that desire in themselves to be learners.

JQ: Thank you for giving advice for our students. I think you're a philosopher. Philosophy means the love of wisdom.

DR: Love of wisdom, yeah. But actually, I suppose my advice about Mencius's *zhi* (智) is again coming out of my own attitude. I don't think of myself as wise, and I don't think of myself as aspiring to wisdom, I'm a learner and I love learning. As soon as I've finished writing a book, it's no longer that interesting to me. I've already done it, I move on to the next thing, right?

JQ: You are also Confucian. You know, Roger T. Ames translated *ren* (人) as human-becoming, not as human-being. You're always in progress. You're not a finished product.

DR: Well, his PhD student James Behuniak whom I've quoted has a book called *Mencius on Becoming Human*, so that's where he got that. I really like Behuniak's book a lot.

JQ: One last question. Most of the translation theories are Eurocentric, but you're using Mencius' ideas to explore translation problems. Do you ever get worried about getting marginalized in Translation Studies by adopting a Sinocentric approach?

DR: No, I'm not worried about that. I'm always marginalized.

JQ: But I think you're mainstream.

DR: Certainly in China I'm seen as mainstream, but in the West I'm always marginalized. One of the nicest things anyone ever said about my book is that I'm a scout. I'm not going with the group, I'm way off over here and exploring various possibilities, and these possibilities always seem strange.

JQ: But you value groups.

DR: I do value groups in my theorizing, but in my actual work, I'm often away from groups.

JQ: So you're guided by your interest?

DR: Yeah. If something interests me, like spirit-channelling, I write a book about spirit-channelling. People ask me how that has anything to do with translation. *Translation and Taboo* was another odd book. You know, there are two big-name American translation scholars, Lawrence Venuti and Douglas Robinson. Venuti is really the mainstream. He is the American translation scholar that everybody around the world reads. His modification of Schleiermacher, in terms of domestication and foreignization, basically has set the research agendas for PhD students everywhere in the world, EVERYWHERE. People are doing what Venuti says they should do. They're studying foreignization, in comparison with domestication. It's very easy to do. You pick any translation, source text, target text, and compare the two, it turns out to be foreignization and domestication. It's easy, right? That's mainstream. What I do, I think, is harder to adapt to a PhD dissertation.

JQ: Are you in any way influenced by Jacques Derrida?

DR: Yeah, very much.

JQ: That explains everything.

DR: Yeah, I've heard that. Zhu Lin from Nankai University in Tianjin, who wrote her PhD dissertation on my translation theories, she told me that the general Chinese image of me is as a deconstructionist, that that's the kind of translation theory that I do. She asked me if I thought that was true. I said, well, that's true, partly. But I'm not just interested in deconstructing, I'm also interested in reconstructing. So, that became the theme of her dissertation, that I'm interested in reconstruction as well as deconstruction. And certainly my somatics and perfomativity are focused on reconstruction rather than just deconstruction. So I have a positive agenda as well as a negative one.

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Vasyl Sokil's *Recollections and Reflections*

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There have been few writers better placed to offer reminiscences of Soviet Ukraine from its beginning to its end than Vasyl Sokil. His long life, 1905-2001, spanned almost the entire twentieth century, and seventy-four of those years were spent in the USSR, mostly in the city of Kharkiv, which for many years was the Ukrainian capital. His writing career began in the mid-1920s and continued almost until his death in Sydney, a few months short of his ninety-seventh birthday, in October 2001.

He was born in the village of Husarka, in the region of Zaporizhzhie, and received his schooling in Katerynoslav, now Dnipropetrovsk. His father was a village schoolteacher who took care to instil in his children a strong national Ukrainian awareness, which did much to shape Vasyl's outlook and career. He was bilingual in Ukrainian and Russian, not only in the sense of being able to converse with equal fluency in both languages; he was also able to produce successful works of literature in both. His short masterpiece, *A Night so Long*, was written and first published in Ukrainian, but when he decided to publish a somewhat revised version in Russian (*Sobach´i radosti* [A Dog's Delights]), he had no need of a translator. His first loyalty, however, was to Ukraine, its literature and its culture, and therefore Ukrainian was the language in which he preferred to write. The volume of memoirs from which these excerpts are taken, *Recollections and Reflections*, was published only in Ukrainian. Like *A Night so Long*, it received the highest praise from reviewers in the Ukrainian and Russian diaspora (e.g. Zernova).

In earliest youth Sokil felt himself in tune with the revolutionary mood which had swept the Russian Empire in 1917. However, the party which best suited his political leanings was not the ruling Bolshevik Party but an opposition group which styled itself the Ukrainian Communist Party and placed more emphasis on national (Ukrainian) interests. In the autumn of 1925, as a twenty-year-old candidate member of that party, he was arrested, along with many other members. In a remarkable turn of events, the twenty-odd imprisoned members declared a hunger strike, wrote to the Executive Committee of the Communist International in Moscow to protest against their treatment, and successfully obtained their release (*Recollections* 44). The Ukrainian Communist Party was then absorbed into the All-Union Communist Party (Bolshevik), with the result that Sokil now found himself a candidate member – never promoted to full member – of the ruling Party, but in 1933 was stripped of this membership when the Party was purged of dubious elements. Soon deeply disaffected, and later appalled by the consequences of Soviet policy, Sokil shunned close involvement in political activity and largely avoided further trouble until that regime was in its declining years.

His first attempt at higher education was an aborted degree in mining engineering, which would have made of him an underground mining surveyor, well equipped and qualified for the many coal pits of the Don Basin. Finding this specialization not to his liking, he abandoned those studies and returned to university only in the late 1920s, to study literature at the University of Kharkiv, graduating in 1932.

His career as writer began in the early 1920s, with short stories, humorous sketches, verse and freelance local journalism. His work appeared in the periodical press of Kharkiv and Dnipropetrovsk, but since writing and publication was not always possible or profitable, he earned his living as a schoolteacher. Later, he combined writing with work in Ukrainian radio and the theatre, which became his livelihood for a time in the early years of World War II; at the outbreak

of war he was employed by a musical comedy theatre troupe which was evacuated to Kazakhstan. When the Germans were driven out of Kharkiv, he returned, and was then conscripted as a private, though nearing the age of forty, into the Soviet Army. His year in uniform is the subject of Chapter 29 of *Recollections and Reflections* (below).

Though personally unscathed by the war, Sokil now found his family dispersed and reduced in number. His father, who had not fled the German advance but lived for a time under occupation, was arrested when the Soviets returned and soon perished in a Stalinist prison or camp in the 1940s (*Recollections* 221). In addition, a brother and a sister, as well as his brother-in-law, were now in the West, and communication with them became fraught with difficulty when they settled in the USA. It would be over thirty years before he saw them again.

With the end of hostilities he was demobilized and returned to journalism in Kharkiv, while maintaining an interest in drama. Three of his plays were staged and three operatic works performed, based on his librettos. He was eventually admitted to the prestigious Writers' Union in 1960, but this did not mean that all his works would necessarily have an easy passage; three later plays and a film-script were denied performance for "failing to meet ideological requirements".

In 1979 he left the USSR with his wife to live in New York, where he was able to re-establish contact with his brother and sister, and to publish freely in the American Ukrainian-language press. Seven years later, in 1986, drawn by his son's success as a film-maker in Australia, he and his wife settled in Sydney, which was to be their last home. In the last period of his life, his years in the USA and Australia, he published over two hundred articles on socio-political and literary matters in émigré Ukrainian periodicals.

Only two short works by Vasyl Sokil have appeared to date in English translation: "A Night so Long" and "Windows Facing Westward", both published in the volume *And Then There was Glasnost*. Both were politically unacceptable for publication in the USSR, and were first published abroad after the author had emigrated, though written earlier. "A Night so Long" is a powerful allegorical satire narrated in the first person by Barzum, an elderly setter-spaniel gifted with acute powers of observation and more humanity than most of the humans among whom he lives. Barzum is protective and patronizing towards his feckless master, a struggling and put-upon Soviet writer of modest artistic ability (in Barzum's opinion), given to drink and ineffectual gestures of protest. Barzum's canine acquaintances have close parallels in the world of Soviet humans, and his adventures echo or adumbrate the events in which his master is involved, including his eventual arrest. Freedom of expression, or in Barzum's terms, the right of every dog to bark in its own voice, emerges as a central theme. The night of the title stands for both Barzum's sleepless night of cheerless reflection on life, and what Sokil now saw as the seven-decade night of Soviet rule.

The volume *Recollections and Reflections* has not appeared in English translation. It includes the two chapters published below, which tell of his life and that of his country in the last year of the war and the period immediately following it.

Chapter 29 "Soldier of the Reserve" is an extended vignette of the kind in which Sokil's memoirs abound, describing his experience of the Soviet Army in 1944-45 with an ironic distance that is immediately apparent. His scant respect for military authority and procedures, echoing that of the Good Soldier Švejk, would have ensured banishment from the ranks of Soviet writers, had he not been banished already. (Expulsion from the Union of Ukrainian Writers came in 1979, as punishment for leaving the USSR.) The military "arts" he was required to "master" include donning his uniform, assembling and firing a mortar, and felling and sawing timber, which – he learns – is being traded on the black market. To expose this illicit trade, he is warned, would be "sabotage", and in the meantime his duty as sentry is to guard the logs against enemy action. More by good luck than design, he escapes drafts to the front, where, as he reminds us, the fighting was intense and casualties heavy as the Wehrmacht fell back towards Poland and its home territory. The operations of the NKVD/MVD (Sokil uses the title KGB, which dates from a later period) and the counter-espionage agency SMERSH on territory recently held by the Germans made "liberation" a doubtful blessing for many. It was axiomatic that those who had

stayed in such areas, including Sokil's father, must have collaborated with the occupiers, so had to "atone for their guilt". (*Recollections* 178)

Chapter 33 "Never to be forgotten" takes as its title an official slogan much used by Soviet officialdom as a call to keep alive the memory of the fallen and the crimes of the Nazis. Sokil co-opts it for an account of the aftermath of war and describes aspects of Soviet life which could not be aired in public, being ideologically unsuitable as long as the Soviet system remained in place. Sokil comments on the tightly controlled treatment of the war in the press and public media: the censorship imposed a heavy blanket of silence on the subject of former prisoners-of-war, who were punished for having been captured, on the large number of war invalids, for whom no provision was made, and on the never-ending search for anybody tainted by rumours of collaboration. A regime which was obsessively suspicious of its own citizens saw treason or potential treason everywhere, and punished potential and imaginary treason with the same ferocity as real treason. Potential traitors included anybody who, by force of circumstances, had seen something of life outside the Soviet Union, like Mykhailo Bakaiev who fought alongside the partisans in Italy and was hailed there as a hero, only to be condemned to the coal mines of the Donbass, where he lost the use of his legs. This chapter constitutes an impassioned plea to commemorate the many victims of injustice in this period, those whom the Soviet press forgot or neglected. In its indignation and the power of its indictment of Soviet policy and contempt for ordinary citizens who had suffered in the cause of victory, some passages recall another literary monument to the victims, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *GULAG Archipelago.*

There is much more to *Recollections and Reflections* than the events of the years 1944 to 1964. The author's memories reach back to a time before the outbreak of World War I and the revolution of 1917. They cover the disruption and dislocation of the Civil War, Stalin's campaign of forced industrialization and the collectivization of agriculture, the catastrophic famines of the early 1920s and '30s, the changing state of literature and the arts as these were brought more and more firmly under Party control, and much else. However, the chapters offered below in abridged form will serve as an introduction to his autobiographical prose and some of the themes with which he deals.

Sokil is a highly skilled writer whose narrative prose is fluent and unpretentious, without the kind of literary artifice that in any way draws attention to itself. The translation attempts to reproduce its easy flow, often colloquial, tinged with irony when he writes of the hated Soviet institutions, giving way to unalloyed rancour when he describes the effects of their policies on ordinary people. Particularly in Chapter 33, other voices carry the narrative forward, most notably in the story of Mykhailo Bakaiev, in which there is much imitation of speech, in yet other voices, as well as dialogue. All these voices, subtly differentiated in the original need to be differentiated also, as far as this is possible, in the translation.

To see these excerpts in context, it should be borne in mind that at the beginning of Chapter 29 the author and his wife have returned to Kharkiv from Central Asia in early 1944, following the German withdrawal from the city.

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29. СОЛДАТ ЗАПАСНОГО ПОЛКУ

Війна тривала, і такі "старики", як я, виявилися потрібними для перемоги. І негайно. Одержав повістку, щоб завтра з'явився на призовному пункті. Попрощавшись, побіг на дев'яту годину ранку. Процедура тривала не більш десяти хвилин, хоч чекати довелося години три. Медкомісія визнала здатним до військової служби. Голова лікар побажав: "Будь здоров, живий вертайся, старик!" Я не вважав себе старим, але серед призовної молоді справді виділявся. Так мене стариком в армії й називали. Іноді поштиво — "папаша".

Хоч я всяко заспокоював дружину, однак, вона побігла слідом за мною і, коли нас виводили з призовного пункту, весь час ішла поруч колони, щоб дізнатися, куди поведуть. Я сам гадав, що посадять у потяг і кудись далі повезуть. Але спокійно пройшли повз вокзал і стали підніматися на Холодну гору. Привели до казарм колишньої школи червоних старшин. Значить, буду покищо поблизу. Дружина повернулася додому, обіцявши завтра прийти сюди, до воріт**.**

Далі відбувалася звичайна операція зовнішнього перетворення цивільного "старика" на молоденького солдата. Постриженого, в обмундируванні, у великих черевиках з обмотками (чомусь для нас уже не вистачило чобіт), — в такому вигляді мене дружина й не впізнала. Новини тим часом були такі: мене зачислили курсантом у школу ПТР (протитанкових рушниць). З цього слід було робити висновок, що на фронт відразу не пошлють, а навчатимуть і, може, й чин якийсь дадуть. У військовому білеті значилося — солдат, рядовий у запасі. А освіта вища. Мабуть, подумали, — який може бути солдат-рядовий з вищою

Chapter 29 Soldier of the Reserve

The war dragged on, and even men of my age were needed, it turned out, for victory. And needed urgently. I received notice that I was to present myself the very next day at the recruiting office. I bade my farewells and hastened to be there at nine in the morning. The procedure took no more than ten minutes, although I had to wait for about three hours. The medical commission declared me fit for service. The head doctor said to me, "Stay healthy and come back alive, old fellow!" I did not think of myself as old, but next to the young men of call-up age I stood out. And so in the army I came to be known as an "old fellow", or respectfully as "dad".

I did my best to calm my wife's fears, but she ran after me and as they marched us out of the recruiting office she stayed beside the column to try and find out where we were being taken. I guessed that they would lead us to a train and take us to some distant destination, but we marched past the station and started taking the road up to Cold Hill. They took us to the barracks of the former Red Commanders' Training School, which meant that for the moment we would not be far away. My wife returned home, having promised to come to the gate the next day.

There followed the routine procedure of making a young soldier out of an elderly civilian, at least in appearance. My wife did not recognize me in my new guise: close cropped, in uniform, with large shoes and puttees (for some reason there were not enough boots for us). In the meantime, I had this news for her: I was being sent on a course at the ATR (anti-tank rifle) school, which meant that I was not to be sent directly to the front but would receive training, and perhaps even be awarded some rank. My

освітою, — треба його навчити ще й іншим наукам, наприклад, як носити на плечах оту важкенну рушницю та як з неї стріляти і головне — влучати в танк.

Навчання йшло успішно. За якийсь тиждень привчився миттю раннім ранком схоплюватися з нарів (я на другому поверсі спав), за положені хвилини вдягатися до пояса, без сорочки вибігати у загальний туалет, потім ставати в шеренгу і як фізкультзарядку пробігати туди й назад кілометрів зо два. Приємно було відчувати, що ти справді ще не такий старик, а біжиш як молоде лоша, не відстаєш від хлопчаків. Вивчання збройної техніки не становило жодних труднощів, згодом мене вже і в дивізійній газеті відзначили як відмінного курсанта.

Одного разу у вільну хвилину курсант цей стояв біля огорожі з колючого дроту понад вулицею, чекаючи на дружину. Повз мене пройшов майор, я як дисциплінований курсант відкозиряв йому, він спинився, придивився, а тоді як вигукне: "Сокіл, що ти тут робиш?!" Відповідаю, чи не бачиш сам, товаришу майоре? Придивляюсь, хто це такий, що мене знає... І впізнаю: "Сашко! Здоров!" Розпитує мене, а я його.

Виявилося, що цей майор — редактор дивізійної газети Олександр Бейлінов, дніпропетровець, письменник, земляк, давній знайомий.

Його стараннями я став нештатним кореспондентом газети "Боевые резервы" II-ої стрілецької запасної дивізії. Відразу ж дістав неофіційні привілеї: дозволялось іноді на цілий день не відвідувати заняття в школі, а вільно ходити і збирати інформації про дивізійні будні. Майже в кожній газеті друкувалися мої нариси, репортажі, навіть оповідання, вірші (українською мовою), фейлетони на дозволені теми. В ці дні, у вересні 1944 року і з'явився на світ поруч зі мною Остап Антапка, віршовані гуморески якого, казали, користувались успіхом у солдатів.

pay book said "private soldier, reserve", but I had higher education. Perhaps somebody had wondered what sort of soldier I would make with my higher education, and thought that I should be taught some new skills, for example, how to carry one of those heavy anti-tank rifles on my shoulders, fire it, and above all, hit a tank with it.

The training went well. Within a week I'd mastered the art of leaping from my bunk (I had the upper bunk) and getting dressed to the waist within the few minutes allowed, running shirtless to the latrines, then forming up in ranks and running two kilometres as physical training. It was pleasing to feel that I was not so old after all, and could run like a colt and keep up with the young men. Weapons training presented no difficulties, and before long the divisional newspaper singled me out as an outstanding trainee.

Once in an idle moment that trainee was standing at the barbed wire fence by the street, waiting for his wife. A major walked past and the trainee saluted, like the good soldier he was. The major stopped, looked at me, and exclaimed, "Sokil! What are you doing here?!" "See for yourself, Comrade Major," I replied, looking at him and wondering who this could be who knew my name. Then I recognized him, "Sasha! How are you?" And we started exchanging news.

It emerged that this major was the editor of the divisional newspaper, Oleksandr Beilinov, a writer, and my old friend from Dnipropetrovsk.

Thanks to his efforts I became a freelance correspondent for *Combat Reserve*, the newspaper of the Second Reserve Rifle Division. This immediately conferred unofficial privileges: sometimes I was permitted not to attend classes for a whole day, and could wander at will gathering material on the day-to-day life of the division. Almost every issue contained my reports, sketches, short stories, verses (in Ukrainian), and satires on permitted topics. At that time, September 1944, Ostap Antapka began to appear in the paper alongside me, and the soldiers seemed to enjoy his humorous contributions.[1]

Командування 364-го полку, певне не без підказки редактора, вирішило не робити з мене снайпера ПТР і перевело рядовим солдатом у мінометну роту. Формально числився в тій роті, виконував усі положені солдатові функції, — бігав на зарядку, виходив на стрільби з важких мінометів, носив на спині ствол міномета, або ще важчу плиту його. Все це — на здоров'я і на гартування. А більшість часу з дозволу командира роти звільнявся від щоденних занять для редакційних доручень.

Наш полк, як і вся дивізія, були, так би мовити, перевалкою людей, перепідготовкою військовиків і відсиланням їх на фронт. І наша рота весь час оновлювалася, склад її постійно змінювався. В ній мало було юних призовників, — прибували вилікувані у шпиталях, уже воєнні бувальці. Цікаві особи, які багато чого вміли розповісти, веселого і сумного,— для мене стали чудовим матеріялом.

[...]

Взимку до нас стали прибувати "новобранці" моїх літ. Це були ті, що лишалися в окупації. Молодих відразу без особливої підготовки з ходу кинули на фронт, на найвідповідальніші ділянки, де вони тисячами гинули, спокутуючи начеплену на них провину. А людей старшого віку, як мені дехто з них казав, довго перевіряли, мовляв, чи не стали вони німецькими шпигунами, щоб пробратися до лав радянської армії. Серед них я зустрів колишніх голів колгоспів, працівників радгоспів, учителів, бібліотекарів, клюбних працівників. Органи СМЕРШу активно працювали і в нашому полку: не раз вихоплювали то одного то другого на перевірку, — і більше до полку вони не повертались.

Очевидно, через якийсь час командир роти прийшов до висновку, що я успішно оволодів мінометною справою, і мене кинули на опанування нового виду військової справи: на заготівлю деревини. Кілометрів за десять-п'ятнадцять від нашого розташу-

The regimental command of the 364th Regiment, prompted no doubt by the editor, decided not to make an anti-tank gunner of me and instead transferred me as a private soldier to a mortar company. Formally speaking I belonged to that company and carried out all my duties: physical training, firing practice with heavy mortars, and carrying the mortar barrel, or the base-plate, which was even heavier. But most of the time, with the company commander's permission, I was excused daily training to do my editorial work.

Our regiment, in fact our whole division, was as it were a staging post, retraining men and dispatching them to the front. And our company was permanently in a state of renewal, its complement ever changing. There were few young recruits in it; most of the men came to us from hospital, having had wounds treated, as seasoned soldiers. They included some interesting characters, with a fund of stories to tell, both merry and sad, who provided me with wonderful material.

[...]

That winter we began to receive "new recruits" of my age, those who had stayed behind under German occupation. The young were drafted at once, with no special training, to the most critical sectors of the front, where they perished in their thousands, atoning for their guilt. The older men, as one of them told me, underwent a long period of vetting to make sure they had not become spies whose task was to penetrate the ranks of the Soviet Army. Among them I met former chairmen of collective farms, state-farm workers, teachers, librarians and others. SMERSH operated busily in our regiment as well. Often they would take a man for investigation, and he would not return.

After a while the company commander evidently concluded that I had successfully mastered the business of mortars, and sent me to acquire a new form of military skill: logging. Ten or fifteen kilometres from our base stood a large forest, and our team of twenty-odd men was dispatched there with axes and saws, though of course we kept our rifles with us constantly. That month a fierce winter

вання стояли великі ліси і туди нашу команду душ двадцять відрядили з сокирами та пилками. Певна річ, рушниць ми не випускали з рук. Того місяця настала люта, завірюшна зима, теплішого одягу нам не видали, а жити довелося в нашвидку нами ж зроблених з гілля куренях. Як не дивно, не мерзли, ніхто за весь місяць не кашлянув — не чхнув, — співали пісень і давали кубометри деревини. Куди вони, наши заготівлі йшли, нам не велено було знати, а якщо знати, то мовчати. Норми виробітку були жорстокі. Умови, певна річ, були кращі концтаборових, однак, невиконання норми загрожувало відправкою на фронт у маршові роти. В кінці робочого дня, який тривав з семи ранку і до смерку, старшина команди прибував з ближнього села, де в теплій хаті у вдовички приємно відпочивав, міряв наші кубометри, гримав, якщо хтось не додав пару колод, і повертався до теплої хати, наказавши нам сторожувати матеріяли "військово стратегічного значення". А потім, коли ми заглиблювались у густий ліс, звалюючи дуби, по заготовлені нами кубометри приїжджали вантажні машини, поміж яких виразно позначалися цілком цивільні екіпажі. Заготовлений нами "військового значення" матеріял старшина нашої команди продавав "наліво".

Коли нашу команду на якийсь час змінили і ми повернулись на базу, я про це розповів редакторові газети. Він злякався і мене налякав, попередивши, щоб мовчав — і ні слова більш! Я, бач, наївний, думав викрити злочинців. Та ще у воєнний час. Диверсія! А виявляється, командирові полку та замполіту також треба жити. Старшина нашої команди знав, що робив.

Опанувавши технику повалки лісу та розпиловки його в штабелі, я чекав, куди мене ще кинуть. Знайшлося місце. Ще далі за десять кілометрів був сосновий ліс і нам була норма не тільки звалити певну кількість стовбурів, але й розпиляти їх на дошки. Поставили такий-сякий тартак і почали пиляти. Що не напиляємо — на ранок ні дошки. Думаємо, — на фронт забирають, радіємо, що й ми куємо, власне, пиляємо перемогу. Одного разу не

of blizzards set in; we had not been issued with any warm clothing, and had to live in hastily constructed bivouacs of branches. Strange to say, we did not freeze; in that whole month nobody coughed or sneezed; we sang songs and felled trees. Where our timber went we were not permitted to know, and those who did know had to keep quiet. The procurement quotas were harsh. Conditions were better than those in concentration camps, but failure to meet the quotas carried the threat of dispatch to the line with a draft of reinforcements. At the end of the working day, which lasted from seven in the morning until dark, a sergeant would come out from the nearby village, where he could relax in comfort in the warm home of a local widow, measure the cubic metres of felled timber, bawl at anyone who was a log or two short of the quota, and return to his warm house, ordering us to keep a guard on our material of "strategic military importance". As we worked further into the dense forest, felling oaks, trucks would come to collect the logs, and we could clearly see that they were crewed by men in civilian clothes. Our sergeant was selling our "strategic material" under the table.

When our team was relieved for a while and we returned to base, I told the editor of our newspaper about it. He took fright and scared me by warning me to say nothing: not a word to anybody! I was naive, you see, to think I should expose criminal activity. And in wartime, at that. To do so was sabotage! And the regimental commander and his political officer also had to make a living. Our sergeant knew what he was doing.

Having mastered the art of felling, sawing and stacking timber, I waited to see where they would send me next. A place was found. Ten kilometres further away was a pine forest, where we had to fell our quota of trees and saw the trunks into planks. We set up a rough-and-ready sawmill and started sawing. However much we sawed, in the morning there were no planks to be seen. We thought they were being collected for the front, and rejoiced that we too were doing our bit for victory. One day while we were at work two trucks appeared and out climbed some bigwigs who looked like spivs. They took the sergeant aside and exchanged a

ранком, а під час нашої праці з'являється дві машини, виходять з них торговельного типу тузи, відводять набік старшину, про щось домовляються, потім дають команду вантажити дошки на машину, ми справно, можна сказати, з бойовим ентузіязмом (для фронту! для перемоги! смерть фашизму!) тягнемо дошки на машини. Старшина задоволений, — записав нам перевиконання норми. І на вечерю видав подвійну порцію м'яса.

Моє становище було дуже непевне. Формально був я солдатом мінометної роти, а фактично кореспондентом дивізійної газети. Як солдата запасного полку мене давно і не раз уже могли відрядити у маршові роти, але як працівника газети повинні були затримати. Весь час я відчував себе у підвішеному стані. Коли готувалася чергова партія на фронт, в числі інших і мене відповідно переодягають: дають нову шинелю, чоботи, дві пари білизни, ще дещо. Повідомляють, що завтра посадка в ешелон. Ранком команда шикується, я стою в шерензі, от зараз пролунає команда "смирно, шагом марш!" Тут підходить якийсь лейтенантик, вигукує моє прізвище — і я виходжу з шеренги. Колона маршовиків прямує на вокзал сідати в ешелон, а я повертаюся до казарми, скидаю з себе чудовий новісінький (жаль, що не сфотографувався) одяг, переодягаюсь у старе шмаття, приміряю старі черевики, мучуся з ненависними обмотками і йду на своє верхнє ліжко в казармі.

Траплялося, що редактор буквально в останню хвилину дізнавався про відправку мене в чергову маршову роту. А в роті про мою "броню" ніхто не знав, бо в цей час помінялося командування в роті.

Така ситуація за час моєї служби в запасному триста шістдесят четвертому полку виникала тричі. Один раз я вже був у вагоні, попрощався з дружиною, яка дивним чином про це дізналася і за стільки кілометрів прибігла, — як знову ж зняли мене з ешелону.

Весною ми продовжували працювати на оборону в лісах. Команди "лісовиків"

few words, then ordered us to load the planks onto the trucks. We set about loading them with a will, even fighting spirit, one might say (Give your best for the front! Onward to victory! Death to Fascism!). The sergeant was pleased: he recorded the quotas as having been exceeded, and issued double rations of meat for our dinner.

My position was very uncertain. Officially I was soldier in a mortar company, but in fact I was a correspondent for the divisional newspaper. As a soldier in the reserve I could have been sent forward long ago, and several times, with a draft company, but as a journalist they had to keep me on. I felt as if I was constantly in limbo. When the next party was being assembled for the front, I was among those issued a fresh uniform: I received a new greatcoat, new boots and two sets of underwear, among other things. We were told that we would entrain the next day. In the morning we formed up and I took my place in the ranks; the order came, "Attention! Forward march!" And at that moment a little lieutenant came up and called my name, and I stepped out of the ranks. The column marched off to the station to entrain, while I returned to barracks, took off my splendid new uniform (what a shame I didn't have a photograph taken!), put my shabby old clothes and shoes on, wrestling with those hated puttees, and retired to my upper bunk.

It emerged that at the very last moment the editor had heard that I had been put on a draft, and nobody knew of my protected status because there had been a change of company commanders.

This happened three times during my career in the 364th Regiment. Once I had already boarded the train and said goodbye to my wife, who had learned by a miracle of my departure and run all the way to see me, when again I was taken off the train.

In spring we resumed our "defence work" in the forest. The teams of "lumberjacks" changed once a week, so in between I was at the disposal of the editor. I not only wrote for the paper, I also took my turn at producing it, while sitting in the divisional radio station at night,

мінялися щотижня, — тоді я звільнявся і переходив під опіку редактора, і не тільки писав для газети, але й чергував на випуску газети, ночами сидів на радіостанції дивізії, записував фронтові зведення, іноді навіть секретну інформацію. Мені довіряли, однак, у штат редакції не зараховували. Безпартійний солдат лишався нештатним кореспондентом.

Через певний час командир роти відкликав мене з редакції і знову відрядив у ліс. А в лісі, де ми заготовляли штабелі деревини, як на справжній війні запроваджено було нічне вартування. Ворожі агенти, бачте, могли покрасти заготовлений ліс. Одної травневої ночі я саме був у наряді. Тільки смеркло, як я вже стояв на високій галявині з гвинтівкою напоготові. Навколо були штабелі дров, які я зобов'язаний охороняти від ворожих диверсій. Ніч випала темна, зорі на небі рясно блищали, я мимоволі замріявся, дивлячись у небо...

В цю хвилю над лісом спалахнула тремтлива заграва. Ніби десь далеко здіймалися полум'яні фонтани. О, так і є, — почулися вибухи, глухі, далекі, безперервні, і небо пронизали гострі стріли прожекторів. Так це ж над Харковом! Лиш на мить стрельнула думка: звідки такий бій над моїм містом? І тут же радісне полегшення, — адже цього дня чекали давно!

Він прийшов. День перемоги. 9 травня 1945 року.

До пізньої ночі палало небо. Мені зручно було спостерігати з високої лісової галявини святкові вогні і чути вибухи, що долунювали з далекої відстані глухо, важко, поважно.

Закінчилася війна. А в нашому полку й далі тривали заняття. "Старики" почали готуватися до повернення додому. Незабаром прочитали сповіщення про порядок демобілізації. Солдати мого віку підпадали під першу чергу. На щастя, не встигли мені надати якогось чину, так і лишився після річної служби рядовим солдатом. Правда, тепер уже навчений.

noting down the reports from the front, including sometimes secret information. Although I was trusted, I was not taken onto the editorial staff. As a non-Party soldier I remained a freelance correspondent.

After some time the company commander summoned me from the editorial office and sent me back to the forest. There, while we prepared stacks of timber, night-time sentry duty had been introduced, as in a real war. After all, enemy agents might come and steal our logs. One May night I was on watch myself. Just after nightfall I was standing in an elevated forest clearing with my rifle at the ready. Around me stood stacks of logs, which I had to protect against enemy sabotage. The night was dark, with many stars twinkling, and as I looked up at them I fell into an involuntary reverie.

At that moment a glowing light began to flicker over the forest. Fountains of fire seemed to be rising into the sky somewhere far off. And so they were; I could hear distant, muffled, continuous explosions, and the sky was pierced by the sharp arrows of searchlights. So was that over Kharkiv? For a fleeting moment I wondered why such a battle should be raging above my city. Then with joyful relief I realized: it was the day we had waited so long for.

It had come. The day of victory. The ninth of May 1945.

The sky was ablaze late into the night. In my high forest clearing I was well placed to watch the festive bonfires and hear the blasts rolling dully upward from the far distance, heavily, solemnly.

The war was over. But in our regiment training exercises continued. The "old fellows" began preparing to return home. Soon an announcement came of the schedule of demobilization. Soldiers of my age were in the first group. Fortunately I had not been promoted to any higher rank; at the end of my year of service I was still a private, though now a trained one. If I had had as much as one stripe on my epaulettes, I would have been retained for longer.

Коли б одержав бодай одну нашивку на погони, затримали б надовше.

В серпні солдат мінометної роти 364-го запасного полку II-ої стрілецької дивізії (за сумісництвом кореспондент дивізійної газети "Боевые резервы"), не дочекавшись нового одягу, у вилинялих штанях та гімнастерці, у стоптаних черевиках й обмотках, з похідною сумкою за плечима та потріпаною шинелькою на руці вийшов з воріт казарми.

* * *

Кінчилася військова служба. Пора переходити до миру й спокою, — так думалося.

[…]

In August that soldier of the Mortar Company of the 364th Reserve Regiment, Second Rifle Division (and correspondent of Combat Reserve, the divisional newspaper), walked out of the barrack gates, not waiting for new clothes, in faded trousers and battledress blouse, patched shoes and puttees, with his kitbag on his shoulder and tattered greatcoat on his arm.

* * *

My army service was over. It was time to make the transition to peace and tranquillity, or so I thought.

[…]

33. «НІЩО НЕ ЗАБУТО, НІХТО НЕ ЗАБУТИЙ»

День перемоги дійсно був всенароднім святом. Кінець страшній війні! Солдати повертаються додому! З музикою, радістю, великими надіями. Я знаю цю нечувану радість, бо сам повертався і бачив інших, що поверталися з війни. Одні з орденами й медалями на всі груди, інші з скромною медалькою «За перемогу». Дехто з багатющими трофеями, нахапаними в хатах переможеного народу, — інші з напівпорожнім наплечним мішком, але раді живими повернутись додому.

[…]

* * *

Ще довгий час поверталися солдати з війни. Поверталися з військових шпиталів. Скалічені, хворі, і не раз через це без хати й сім'ї. Небагато знайшлося таких жінок, що прийняли до себе чоловіка-каліку: Про них у газетах писалось як про героїнь. А більш доводилося таврувати бездушних егоїсток, що виганяли з хат безногих переможців.

Chapter 33 "Never to be forgotten ..."

Victory Day was indeed a nationwide holiday. A terrible war was over. The soldiers could return home, with fanfares, rejoicing, and high hopes. I remember the untrammelled joy of that day, because I myself returned, and saw others returning from the war. Some with medals and ribbons right across their chests, others with just the modest little Victory medal. Some with rich booty from the homes of the vanquished enemy, others with half-empty rucksacks, but glad to have reached home alive.

[…]

* * *

For a long time the soldiers kept coming back from the war. They came from military hospitals, maimed, sick, and consequently often homeless and without families. Wives who would take back a crippled husband were few. Those who did were feted as heroines in the newspapers. But more were branded as heartless and selfish for locking out the limbless conquerors.

Скільки їх було на вулицях, базарах! На милицях, на саморобних тачечках з «ручним мотором» (руками відштовхувалися від асфальту), з ціпками в руках, які служили крім основного ще й зброєю в боротьбі за існування. Ходили вони серед людей, виставляли напоказ своє каліцтво, голосно висловлювали обурення і злість на всіх і все: «За що кров проливали?!» Тепер довелося просити милостиню: «Христа ради подайте орденоносцю — герою війни...» З ранку до вечора вагонами приміських потягів, які привозили робітників на працю та перекупок на базар, ходили численні «самодіяльні ансамблі», дуети й одиночки — виконавці жалісливих пісень, здебільшого ними ж про себе складених, — іноді це були справді зворушливі розповіді про нещасну долю людини, яка життя своє зберегла на війні, а по війні все втратила. Нічого нема, — ні хати, ні сім'ї, ні праці, ні здоров'я. І гідність людську втрачати доводиться, принижуватися до милостині. Розчулені слухачі витягали з кошиків, з кишень «подаяніє»... Сліпі та безрукі герої війни гірко заробляли свій хліб насущний.

Переважна більшість калік не стримувала свого обурення і висловлювала ненависть до здорових і благодушних, ніби через них вони стали жебраками та п'яницями. Ці аґресивні інваліди війни не стояли з простягнутою рукою, а підходили до котрогось «паразита пузатого» і, замахуючись ціпком або милицею, вимагали грошей. Рідко хто наважувався не дати, — могли й скалічити.

У поведінці калік-інвалідів війни виявилося в сконцентрованому вигляді загальне розчарування людей, які покладали надії на краще, бодай на малі зміни в суспільній системі після війни. Скільки вона горя і страждань завдала! Водночас скільки доброти, щирости, жертвенности виявлялося людьми в часи тяжких випробувань. Вірили, чекали, сподівалися, що по війні стане легше дихати, вільніше слово можна буде сказати. Адже перемогли найбільшого ворога — фашизм. Радіймо, з відкритим серцем і душею жиймо!

Ніяких змін на краще не прийшло.

They thronged the streets and market places, on crutches and home-made "arm-powered" trolleys (so-called because that was how they pushed themselves along), with sticks not only for support, but also as weapons in the struggle for survival. They would display their disfigurements and loudly proclaim their anger and bitterness for all to hear: "What did we shed our blood for?!" Now they were reduced to begging: "In God's name! Spare something for a medal-winning war hero!" In the suburban trains bringing people to work and to the market, amateur musical ensembles, duos, and soloists played all day long—mostly mournful songs about themselves. Some of the songs made quite touching stories, about the unhappy lot of a soldier who had come through the war only to lose everything after it. He had nothing—no home, no family, no job, and his health was ruined. In addition he had to lose his human dignity and stoop to beggary. The audience, their hearts touched, would shake out their tribute from their purses and pockets... It was not easy for the blind and limbless to earn their daily bread.

Most of the cripples did nothing to conceal their anger, and vented their loathing for the hale and hearty as if they were the ones who had made beggars and drunkards of them. The more aggressive of them did not merely stand with hand outstretched, but would go right up to some "fat bloodsucker", (as they would say), and brandish a stick or a crutch while demanding money. Few dared to refuse—they were quite capable of inflicting serious injuries.

The behaviour of the war cripples expressed in concentrated form the widespread disillusionment of those who had hoped for some improvement, for even slight changes in the social system once the war was over. The war had brought more than enough grief and suffering. At the same time, people had demonstrated endless kindness, generosity, and self-sacrifice in adversity. They had believed and expected that after the war it would be easier to breathe and to speak freely. After all, the main enemy, Fascism, had been beaten. Let us rejoice and open our hearts freely, was the thought.

Справжньої всенародньої радости вистачило лише на два-три перші дні Перемоги, коли всі як одна сім'я, без чинів і рангів обнімалися, танцювали на майданах, вулицях, співали, сміялися щасливі як ніколи. Швидко свято скінчилося. Усе ввійшло у звичайну колію буднів.

[…]

Тим часом державний і партійний апарат міцнів і набирав величі. Відновлювались і посилювались старі, випробувані методи керівництва, з'являлись і нові, вдосконаленіші форми тримання людей у відповідних рямцях. Публікувалися нові правила, закони, розпорядження відносно трудової дисципліни, громадської поведінки тощо. Бюрократична спо руда починала все дужче давити на груди, яким так хотілося легше дихнути.

Незабаром каліки-інваліди війни стали для влади небезпечними баламутами спокою. Адже їм нема чого було боятись, бо їм нічого більше втрачати, вони всього позбавлені і бачать,— нема надій на краще. То за що боролись? Ради чого воювали? Щоб інші багатіли? Вони краще будь-кого знали, скільки вагонів німецьких трофеїв їхні командири відправили собі додому. Вони краще всіх відчули на собі «славу і пошану» за свої ратні подвиги.

«Ось, вони, — казали, — мої брязкальця на грудях, а що я за це маю? Будь ласка, продам, беріть на вибір. Усі продаю. Тільки одну, правда, медаль збережу. За відвагу. Щоб знали, що маю відвагу зараз сказати те, про що інші «герої Совєтського Союзу» бояться сказати. Як сиділи паразити на нашій шиї, так і зараз умощуються ... А безногі, безрукі не доб'ються від чиновника помочі. Живу голодний, бездомний: Кому яке до мене діло! Та хай вона така влада вогнем горить!»

В один, як то кажуть, прекрасний день у Харкові не стало жодного каліки-інваліда, — героя вітчизняної війни, переможця фашистів. Усіх бездомних забрали.

There were no changes for the better.

The real nationwide rejoicing, when all were like one family, and all embraced without regard for rank or station and danced in the squares and streets, singing and laughing as happily as never before, lasted only two or three days after Victory. The holiday spirit soon wore off and life returned to normal.

[…]

Meanwhile the state and Party apparatus was growing in strength and power. The same old, tried and tested methods of rule were being restored and reinforced, and new, improved ways of keeping the people within established limits were appearing. New rules, laws and regulations were issued concerning labour discipline and civic conduct. The whole bureaucratic edifice began to press down increasingly heavily on those who yearned to breathe more freely.

Soon the war cripples came to be regarded by the authorities as dangerous trouble-makers. After all, they had nothing to fear, for they had nothing else to lose. They had lost everything and could see that there was no hope of anything better. What had they fought for? In the name of what? On behalf of others? So that others could get rich? They knew better than anyone how many carriages full of German booty their officers had sent home. They more than anybody had experienced for themselves the "glory and respect" their martial deeds had earned them.

"See these baubles jangling on my chest?" they would say. "What good do they do me? I'll sell them to you. Take your pick. I'll sell the lot. Except for one: 'For Valour'. To show them I've got the guts to say what other 'Heroes of the Soviet Union' are too scared to say: we had these parasites on our backs then, and they're making themselves comfortable now... The bureaucrats won't lift a finger to help the armless and legless. If I'm hungry and homeless who gives a damn? So I hope this regime rots!"

Suddenly, one fine day, all the crippled heroes of the Great Patriotic War, the victors in

Кажуть, їм дали «хату». Ніхто їх більше не бачив.

Значить, одвоювали. Кому вони потрібні?

Принагідно скажу, інваліди вітчизняної війни (не з тих, що баламутили спокій начальства) і досі не мають необхідної і достатньої допомоги від держави. В газетах трапляються дописи про нелюдські умови їхнього життя. Що це не поодинокі випадки, а загальне явище, свідчать офіційні постанови місцевих організацій про поліпшення обслуговування інвалідів. Фактично, нічого не міняється. Врешті проблема сама собою зникає: так чи інак каліки вмирали. Для цього влада створила їм найкращі умови.

* * *

Поверталися з війни живі, неушкоджені; поверталися скалічені, нещасні; поверталися з нагородами і з особистими трофеями. Щастило повернутись і з славою.

Не поверталися тільки з полону ... Довго їх не бачили, не знали, що з ними. Траплялися поодинокі випадки, про які лише згодом люди довідувались. Але щоб повернення з німецького полону солдатів чи офіцерів радянської армії після тяжких поневірянь у неволі набрало форми радісної події, — не кажу, всенароднього свята визволення батьків, братів, —та про це й мови не могло бути! Адже полонений — зрадник. Таким він проголошений державним указом з тої хвилини, коли цей солдат беззбройної армії разом з сотнями тисяч був на поталу ворогові кинутий Верховним командуванням на чолі з Вождем— найславетнішим воєначальником.

[...]

Про тяжку долю сотень тисяч полонених та вигнанців з України в німецьку неволю ми лише крайком вуха чули, а про справжню трагедію їхню дізналися лише тут, у вільному світі.

the war against Fascism, disappeared from the streets of Kharkiv. All the homeless had been rounded up.

It was said that they been given a “home”. They were never seen again.

They had fought their war to the end and were no longer needed.

Here be it said that those disabled in the war (aside from those who made trouble for the authorities) still lack adequate, essential support from the state. Letters sometimes appear in the press about the sub-human conditions they live in. Official decisions by local authorities on improving services to the disabled show that these are not isolated cases, but a general phenomenon. In practice nothing changes. In the end it is a problem which resolves itself: one way or another the cripples die off. And the regime did its best to speed them on their way.

* * *

Some returned from the war alive and unscathed; others maimed and wretched; some returned with medals and trophies, some even with fame and glory.

Only the prisoners-of-war did not return... For a long time nobody saw anything of them, or knew anything of their fate. It occasionally happened that people learned something about them later. But there was never any question of the return from German captivity of the officers and men of the Soviet Army, after all their trials and tribulations, being a joyful event, much less a national holiday marking the liberation of fathers and brothers. After all, a POW was a traitor. He had been declared one by government decree as soon as the first soldier of that defenceless army was left at the mercy of the enemy, with hundreds of thousands of others, by the Supreme Command headed by the Great Leader, the Generalissimus.

[…]

Of the harsh lot of the hundreds of thousands of POWs, and of those deported from Ukraine for slavery in Germany we heard but

Правда, мені випала доля зустрітися з одним полоненим ще в Харкові. Десь на початку 60-х років дружина сказала, що у них працює сторожем чоловік, який потребує поради і допомоги від мене як літератора, бо вже зневірився, що може сам чогось домогтися. Незабаром я пішов, і за лаштунками сцени познайомився з цим, здавалося, звичайним скаржником, яких так багато зустрічав на своєму житті. На стільці поблизу кабінки помічника режисера сидів невиразного віку чоловік у теплій не по сезону «стьоганці» і такими ж ватяними «чунями» на ногах. Назвався Бакаєв Михайло.

Питаю, в чому справа, які клопоти. Каже, — інвалід, ноги у мене дуже хворі, а живу у вогкому підвалі, скільки не пишу, скільки не ходжу, ніхто мене й слухати не хоче, — кажуть, багато таких, ставай на чергу ... Кажу, я давно стою ... Тільки, бач, ноги не стоять ...» Розпитую, — що за інвалід, — певне, з війни?

Ми вдвох просиділи всю «Веселу вдову», і Михайло Бакаєв розповів дуже невеселу історію.

«Було мені шістнадцять років, як почалася війна. Жили ми в Криму, я був єдиний син у батьків, мали невелику плантацію тютюну ...»

[…]

«По натурі бідовий хлопчина, — оповідав далі Михайло, — я в перші ж місяці пішов добровольцем на фронт проти фашистів. Не вдалось як слід повоювати, під Дніпропетровськом попав у полон. Довго розказувати, як і куди мене кидало, врешті опинився у таборі полонених в північній Італії. У полон мене взяли не німці, а італійці. Умови були терпимі, — казали, що німці жорстокіші до руських ... Думав, переживу в такому таборі. Тим паче полонені почали гуртуватися за національністю, і швидко у мене з'явилося чимало друзів, земляків-татар. Таборове начальство не заперечувало проти створення таких земляцтв. Були руські, українські,

little, and learned of the true extent of this tragedy only later, in the free world.

However, I did meet one former POW in Kharkiv. In the early '60s my wife told me about the watchman at the theatre where she worked, who would like my advice and help, as I was a journalist and he no longer believed that he could achieve anything by his own efforts. Before long I went to meet him, in the wings of the theatre. At first he seemed much like all the other petitioners I had come across in my time as a journalist. Sitting near the assistant director's room, he looked a man of indeterminate age, wearing a thick, unseasonable padded jacket, and felt boots. His name was Mykhailo Bakaiev.

I asked what he wanted. He replied, "I'm disabled. My legs give me a lot of trouble. I live in a damp basement, and however many letters I write, however many offices I call at, nobody takes any notice. They just say: 'There are lots of you; wait your turn.' I say: 'I've been waiting a long time, but with my legs I can't even stand in the queue.'" I asked if he had been wounded in the war.

As we sat through the whole of "The Merry Widow", Mykhailo Bakaiev told me a tale which was anything but merry.

"I was sixteen when the war began. We lived in the Crimea. I was the only son, and my parents had a little tobacco plot ..."

[…]

"I was a bit of a daredevil by nature," Mykhailo went on. "I volunteered for the front in the first month of the war, but I didn't have a chance to do much fighting as I was taken prisoner near Dnipropetrovsk. It'd take too long to tell you all my travels, but I ended up in a POW camp in southern Italy. I was captured by the Italians, not the Germans. Conditions were bearable—I heard the Germans treated the Russians worse... I thought I'd sit it out in that camp. The prisoners formed groups according to nationality and I soon had quite a few friends, Tartars from the Crimea like me. The camp authorities didn't oppose the formation

грузинські. Одного разу скликали всіх нас, татар, і сповістили, що провадиться набір до татарського батальйону ... Як почув я, до чого мене примушують, — вирішив тікати з табору. Кілька днів готувався: розвідував місцевість (нас водили з табору на роботи в гори), прислухався до чуток про партизанів у гірських лісах, запасав сухі харчі, старався бути слухняним перед начальством. Словом, — утік. Так пощастило, що, відбігши кілометрів десять гірськими стежками на південь (ноги мав міцні і прудкі), натрапив на мале сільце, де й зустрівся з італійськими партизанами.»

Він трохи помовчав і додав: «Про це я вперше вам розказую. Раніш краще було мовчати. А коли вже й можна було признатися, — ніхто не вірив у мою партизанку, документів ніяких. Але що вам я розказую, повірте, все це правда. Не стану вихвалятися геройством, воно може й було, але чого тільки не траплялося.

Останні два роки я був членом однієї сімейної партизанської організації. Так, так, був такий загін, що складався з батька і сімох синів. Я був восьмим. Батько так мене й називав: восьмий син. Про цю сім'ю колись докладніш розповім, зараз не хочу, важко згадувати ... В одному бою ми з батьком лишилися живими. Семеро синів, моїх побратимів, загинуло ... Потім, кажуть, як війна скінчилась, про їхне геройство писали італійські газети.»

Немовби вгадуючи моє запитання, Михайло Бакаев квапливо заговорив: «Ні, я не був героєм та ще таким, щоб про це в газетах писати. І ви, будь ласка, не пишіть ніде про це. Не був я ні героєм, ні взагалі людиною, вартою доброго слова. Я був усього-на-всього полонений»...

«Скінчилася війна — повів він далі. — Ми на волі! Додому, додому! До рідного краю! Батьківщина кличе! Понаїхало до нашого табору (тоді ми знову опинилися в таборі) багато представників командування радянської армії, промовляють, агітують, мобілізують. Та навіщо ця агітація, — я з радістю і відкритою душею рвуся на бать-

of these national groups. There were Russians, Ukrainians and Georgians. Once they summoned all the Tartars and announced that they were recruiting for a Tartar battalion... When I heard what I might have to do I decided to escape. I made preparations for several days: I spied out the lie of the land (in the daytime they took us out to work in the mountains), listened to tales of partisans in the mountain forests, saved up some dry scraps of food, and tried to be on my best behaviour. In short, I escaped. As it happened, when I'd covered about ten kilometres by mountain paths to the South (I had good strong legs then), I came across a little village, where I met some Italian partisans ..."

He paused for moment, then went on, "You're the first person I've told about this. It was safer to keep quiet before. And when it became possible to admit it—nobody would believe I'd been a partisan, as I had no papers to prove it. But what I'm telling you is perfectly true. I won't say I did anything heroic. All sorts of things happened—good and bad.

For the last two years I was a member of a family partisan detachment. The unit consisted of a father and his seven sons. I was the eighth. That's what the father called me: his eighth son. Some day I'll tell you about that family in more detail. At the moment I don't want to—the memories are too painful. In one battle all seven sons, my half-brothers, were killed. Their father and I were the only ones left alive... After the war I heard that the Italian papers wrote about them and their heroism."

As if anticipating my question, Mykhailo Bakaiev hurriedly went on: "No, I wasn't that heroic myself, to be written about in the papers. And I don't want you to write anything about that. I was no hero, nor even worth a kind word as a person. I was just a POW ..."

"The war ended," he went on. "We were free! Free to go home! The homeland was calling us back! Lots of representatives of the Soviet Army command came to our camp (we were back in a camp by then) and addressed us, agitating and urging us to go. We didn't need any urging. I wanted nothing more than to go home. I'd suffered for my homeland in captivity and

ківщину, за неї страждав у полоні і кров проливав у партизанці.

Пам'ятаю радянський пароплав у порту Неаполя, розквітчаний прапорами, гримить оркестра, линуть наші рідні переможні марші, — свято нечуване, небачене, — ми повертаємося на рідну батьківщину! Переповнений репатріянтами пароплав повільно, важко відчалює від італійського берега. Прощавай, кажу, мила моя Італіє! За три роки близькою ти мені зробилася. Аріведерчі! — гукаю. Хтось помахує рукою з берега. Може, мій партизанський батько? ... Прощай, прощай батьку! Справді, ти ставився до мене як до рідного сина. Ніколи тебе не забуду. Дай Боже побачитися ще!...»

«Італійські береги зникли, на пароплаві нашому все примовкло, принишкло. Невже кінчилося свято? ... Ні, думаю, ще ж будуть зустрічати. З оркестрами, квітами, урочистими промовами ...»

Передихнув Михайло і повів далі:

«Не було музики ... І квітів та промов вітальних не було. Пізнім вечором, наче вовком скрадаючись, тихо причалив наш пароплав до запасного пірсу одеського порту. Наказали стати в шеренги і невеликими групами сходити з пароплава на землю. На рідну землю, яку хотілося поцілувати, — нарешті я з тобою, батьківщино! Не дали схилитися до землі і поцілувати її. На березі чекали нас озброєні конвоїри, які оточили з усіх боків і погнали до відкритих «теплушок» поїзда.

Спинився наш поїзд десь серед дня на невідомому полустанку, як я впізнав, у Донбасі. Посадили на вантажні військові машини і... Довго розказувати ... Усіх нас, «героїв вітчизняної війни» кинули на відбудову донбасівських шахт. На роботу з таборів водили під конвоєм. Як злочинців. Так нам і казали, — спокутуйте свої злочини. Які? Що були в полоні? Я спочатку забунтував: який полон? Я втік з нього, воював партизаном, за батьківщину воював! Посмікаються, — наливай, наливай, тобто, бреши, бреши ... Краще помовчи, щоб на Колиму не потрапив.

shed my blood for it as a partisan.

I remember that Soviet steamer in the port of Naples, all decked with flags. There was a band playing our victory marches. It was a red-letter day that we could never have imagined: we were going home! The ship cast off slowly and heavily, packed with returnees, and steamed away from the Italian coast. Farewell, I said, my beloved Italy! Over three years I'd grown to love it. Arrivederci! I called out. Somebody waved from the shore. Perhaps it was my partisan 'father'... Farewell, farewell, father! You really did treat me like your own son. I'll never forget you. God grant we meet again!

"The Italian coast faded from view, and silence fell on board. Were the celebrations really over?... No, I thought. The welcoming celebrations are still to come—the bands, the flowers, the solemn speeches..."

Mykhailo took a deep breath, then went on: "There was no music. Our ship berthed late one evening, stealing in like a wolf, at a reserve wharf in Odessa. We were ordered to form up in rows and disembark in small groups. We wanted to kneel down and kiss the ground—at last we were home! We weren't allowed to. There was an armed escort waiting for us on the dockside, and they surrounded us and herded us into freight cars.

"Our train stopped at one point during the day at some unmarked halt, in the Donbass, as I found out. We were loaded into army trucks and... It's a long story... All of us, 'Heroes of the Patriotic War' that we were, were sent to rebuild the Donbass mines. We were led out from our camps to work under armed guard. Like criminals. They even told us, 'You've got to pay for your crimes.' What crimes? For being POWs? At first I protested: prisoner? I'd escaped, I'd been a partisan, I'd fought for my country! They just laughed: "Go on! Pull the other one!... Better keep quiet in case they send you to Kolyma!"[2] But it was just as bad as Kolyma where we were. I was literally flung into a pit full of water. We had to pump out the flooded mines. We were told the Fascists had flooded them as they retreated. But I think it could have

пив! А воно й тут не краще Колими. Мене буквально кинули в яму. В яму, повну води. Ми викачували воду з затоплених шахт. Казали, що фашисти відступаючи затопили їх. Тільки я думаю, мабуть, навпаки, — щоб фашистам не дістався вугіль, наші залили їх водою. Може, й правильно, але нам казали, що цю шкоду наробили німці, яким ото ми, значить, у полоні служили, а тепер розплачуйтесь за це».

«Десять літ на кількох затоплених шахтах я працював по коліна в воді. Цілий день плескалися. Насоси слабенькі, шланги діряві, — таке, хоч відрами вихлюпуй ... Отам я й захворів. Здоров'я мав міцне, не загинув, тільки ноги ... Бач, і підвестися важко ... Через те, що вже й ходити по-людськи не міг, звільнили мене. Правда, це вже сталося після Сталіна.

При Хрущові, спасибі, почалася реабілітація. Тільки нащо вона мені, коли ноги не ходять? А доводиться ходити по всяких собезах, райкомах, комісіях, доказувати, що ти інвалід труда. Якого, питають, труда? Кажу, — хіба то не труд та ще й каторжний? — А то ви, сміються, — самі заробили його ... Кажу, я вже відбув кару і маю право, щоб мені помогли. Багато не прошу, — дайте інвалідну коляску, якусь пенсію і квартиру, — живу у вогкому підвалі, синок малий, і ногам усе гірше й гірше. Кажуть, пишіть заяву. Тільки не на все зразу. Або на пенсію, або на квартиру. А колясок нема, на всіх не наберемося, самі змайструйте, — кажуть, — усі інваліди так роблять, збирають, клепають, ладнають, — і їдьте, будь здоров! ... Бачу, знущаються з мене. Без кінця пишу заяви, а вони в них губляться, — і ні звуку! Як об стінку горохом. Спасибі, оце взяли на роботу сторожем. Невеликий ніби й клопіт, — після вистави обійти, перевірити чи замкнені всі двері, сісти тут біля телефону на випадок пожежі — дзвони. Але не те, що ходити — сидіти мука, — болять, ниють, жили викручують. Мені б хоч якісь ліки, щоб полегшало. Та куди там! Вам грязі потрібні, кажуть. Гаразд, кажу, скільки років у воді пробув, згоден і на грязі, аби помогли. Тільки хто ж мені дасть путівку? Знаю, є

been the other way round: our side had flooded them to make sure the Germans didn't get any coal out of them. Whoever it was, they told us the sabotage was the work of the Germans, and as we'd been working for them in captivity, we had to pay for it.

"For ten years I worked in flooded mines, up to my knees in water, sloshing about all day long. We had feeble pumps and the hoses had holes in them. We might as well have used buckets... That's where I got sick. My health was good, I survived, but my legs... As you see, I can hardly stand. I was released because I couldn't walk properly any more. But that was after Stalin had gone.

"Under Khrushchev the rehabilitations started, and thank God they did. But what good was rehabilitation to me if I couldn't walk? And I had to traipse round the social security offices, the local authorities, and all sorts of commissions, to prove I was disabled at work. 'Work?' they said, 'What kind of work?' I said, 'What I was doing was hard labour!' They just laughed and said, 'Serves you right then!' I said I'd served my sentence and was entitled to assistance. I wasn't asking much, I said, a wheelchair, a pension, and a flat to live in. I told them I lived in a damp basement, I had a young son, and my legs were getting worse all the time. They said, 'Put in an application. But for one thing at a time. Either an invalidity pension, or a flat. And we haven't got any wheelchairs. We can't do everything. Make your own. That's what all cripples do: collect the materials, knock 'em together, and Bob's your uncle!' I could see they were laughing at me. I keep writing applications, and they keep losing them, and I get no answer! It's like banging your head against a wall. I'm lucky they took me on here as a watchman. You wouldn't think there was much to it, just looking round after a show, seeing that all the doors are locked, and sitting by the phone, in case there's a fire or something to report. But it's not just walking; sitting's agony too. My legs ache as if somebody was pulling the veins out of them. If I only had some sort of medication to ease the pain. Fat chance of that! 'What you need is mud therapy,' they tell me. 'Fine,' I say. 'Even after all the years I've spent in water, I'll settle for mud if it helps. But where

Одеса і Мацеста. І у нас у Криму є грязі ...

Я стримався розпитувати про батьків, — напевне, їх у Криму вже не було. Того 1944 року, коли він відважно воював у лавах бійців італійського опору, його батьків везли в невільницькому потязі в казахстанську неволю.

Я взявся чим міг допомогти Михайлові. Написав статтю про нього, її надрукували, викресливши все про Італію, лишивши тільки звертання до відповідних організацій поміняти квартиру сім'ї інваліда праці (я настояв на такому формулюванні), дати йому можливість придбати коляску і розглянути питання про надання пенсії бодай по інвалідності, бо все ніяк не хотіли зарахувати в трудовий стаж його каторгу на донбасівських шахтах. На жаль, поміч моя виявилася дуже обмеженою: лише через три місяці після опублікування статті йому нарешті пощастило придбати інвалідську коляску на велосипедних колесах з ручною передачею. Михайло і цьому був радий. Потім, — не знаю з чиєю поміччю, — через рік у його підвалі зробили ремонт ...

Здається, 1964 року до Харкова прибула італійська делеґація організації ветеранів війни. Зайшли до театру музкомедії і побажали побачитися з Михайлом Бакаєвим. Дружина моя розповідала, що це в театрі викликало велике збудження, а в дирекції переполох. Як це іноземці прийшли без попередження і без погодження з відповідними органами? Що за люди і що їм потрібно від колишнього нічного сторожа? (Нещодавно він змушений був відмовитися від непосильної роботи). Забігали, заметушилися, зачали дзвонити куди слід .:.

Врешті делеґати втолкували, що вони за дорученням італійського уряду приїхали до Харкова, щоб вручити Михайлові Бакаєву державний орден за його заслуги в роки війни в лавах італійського опору! Грім серед ясного неба! Де Бакаєв? Розшукати Бакаєва? Що далі робити? Куди вести делеґатів? У підвал? Ні в якому разі! — лунає команда з обкому партії. Надати Бакаєву квартиру! Перевезти негайно! Яка ганьба, — герой ві-

are my fare and board going to come from?' I know there are places in Odessa, and Matsesta, and even in the Crimea, where I come from..."

I refrained from asking about his parents. Most likely they were no longer living in the Crimea. In the same year when he was fighting bravely in the ranks of the Italian resistance, 1944, his parents would have been taken by prison train to a camp in Kazakhstan.[3]

I undertook to do what I could to help Mykhailo. I wrote an article about him. It was published after all mention of Italy had been deleted, leaving only an appeal to the appropriate bodies to find a better flat for a work-disabled person (I insisted on this formulation) and his family, to make it possible for him to acquire a wheelchair, and to consider the question of providing him with at least an invalid pension, since nothing would induce them to count his forced labour in the Donbass mines as part of his pensionable working career. Unfortunately my help brought only severely limited results: three months after publication of the article he at last succeeded in getting a hand-propelled wheelchair on bicycle wheels. Mykhailo was glad even of this. Then, a year later—thanks to whose help I don't know—his basement was redecorated.

In about 1964 a delegation from an Italian war veterans' organization visited Kharkiv. They called at the theatre and asked to see Mykhailo Bakaiev. My wife told me that this caused great agitation at the theatre, and panic among the management. How had these foreigners turned up without warning and without prior agreement with the appropriate authorities? Who were they, and what did they want with a former night watchman? (He had recently had to resign, as the work was too much for him). An unholy fuss began, with frantic phone-calls for guidance.

At last the delegates got across their purpose: they had come to Kharkiv with a mission from the Italian government, to present an Italian state medal to Mykhailo Bakaiev for his services during the war in the ranks of the Italian resistance! This came like a bolt from the blue! Where was Bakaiev? Find him? Then

тчизняної війни живе у підвалі! Хто винен? Знайти! А покищо негайно розшукати товариша Бакаєва і привезти його до театру. Тут йому будуть вручати високу урядову нагороду від італійського народу!

Тепер уже пролунали вітальні і врочисті промови навіть від державних організацій. А італійці розповіли про те, як довго вони розшукували Михайла Бакаєва, сіньйора Мікі Черві, відомого під цим ім'ям славетного героя італійського опору, і нарешті дізналися, де він ... Ось він сидить на сцені, зніяковілий, розгублений, і всі дивляться на нього наче вперше побачили. То ж так і є: вперше перед ними справжній Михайло Бакаєв, про якого ніхто нічого не знав. А тепер почули, що його вся прогресивна Італія славить як восьмого сина легендарного керівника партизанської групи Черві, батька сімох синів, полеглих у бою з фашистами і разом з восьмим сином приймаком Мікою проголошених національними героями Італії.

В найгуманнішій країні передового соціялізму він пройшов каторжний шлях у залитих водою штреках вугільних шахт, втратив ноги, — більше того, втратив право називатися людиною, був позбавлений будь-яких надій на елементарні умови життя, фактично приречений до загибелі. І раптом — буквально почав воскресати. Молодіти став. Коли я вперше з ним зустрівся, це був старий дід, пригноблений, скривджений. А йому в ті дні було всього тридцять два роки. А після приїзду італійців його не впізнати. Що людині потрібно? Зовсім мало для того, щоб почуватися нормальною людиною в суспільстві. Дали йому інвалідське авто (безкоштовно, а може італійці заплатили), за один день оформили пенсію і переселили з вогкого підвалу до новозбудованої квартири.

Приємний збіг обставин: поселився Михайло Бакаєв з дружиною й сином у сусідньому з нами будинку. Ми потім майже щодня бачилися з ним і раділи його доброму настрою. Казав, що одержав путівку лікуватися грязями в Мацесті. Ніколи в житті не був на курортах ...

what? Where were the delegates to be taken? To his basement room? Not at any price! came the order from the regional committee of the Party. Bakaiev must be given a new flat! He must be moved at once! A hero of the Great Patriotic War living in a basement! The shame of it! Who was to blame? Find the culprit! In the meantime find Comrade Bakaiev immediately and bring him to the theatre, so he can get his high government award there from the Italian people!

Now we heard solemn speeches of welcome even from official bodies. And the Italians told everybody how long they had been looking for Mykhailo Bakaiev, Signore Mica Cervi, as they had known him, the famous hero of the Italian resistance, and had at last discovered where he was ... There he sat on the stage, looking confused and embarrassed, and everybody stared at him as if they had never seen him before. For the first time they were seeing the real Mykhailo Bakaiev, the one nobody had ever suspected. Now they had discovered that all progressive Italians hailed him as the eighth son of the legendary partisan leader Cervi, whose seven sons had been killed in action fighting the Fascists. And the seven brothers, along with the adopted son Mica, had been proclaimed national heroes in Italy.

In the most humane country of progressive socialism he had travelled the road of forced labour in flooded mineshafts and lost the use of his legs. Furthermore, he had lost the right to be called a human being, been deprived of all hope of achieving the most basic living conditions, and virtually condemned to death. And suddenly he had literally been restored to life! He had started to look younger. When I first met him, he was a cowed old man with a grudge. At the time he was only thirty-two. But after the Italian visit he was unrecognisable. How much does a man need? Very little. Just the feeling that he is a normal member of society. He was given an invalid carriage (for nothing, or perhaps the Italians paid); in the space of one day a full pension was approved and he was moved from his damp basement to a brand new flat.

By a happy coincidence, Mykhailo Bakaiev and his wife and son were resettled

Цілий місяць то в тій, то в тій газеті, — не тільки обласного, але й республіканського маштабу можна було прочитати про цю подію.

Заголовок звучав урочисто:

«Ніщо не забуто, ніхто не забутий!»

* * *

У вихорі війни, справді, чимало губилося славних подій та імен людей, з ними зв'язаних. З мотивів патріотичних журналісти, письменники по війні розшукували матеріяли і документи, живих учасників та свідків великих і малих подвигів на теренах окупованих німцями. Багатьом безіменним звитяжцям було повернено належне ім'я і почесне місце. Немало викрито було й самозванців, на чужих подвигах звеличуваних як герої партизанського руху.

Для тих, хто лишався в окупації при німцях, життєво необхідно було виправдатися, що вони робили в ті дні. Для органів, які одними з перших приходили у звільнені від гітлерівців райони, кожен, хто лишався в окупації, вважався зрадником. Точнісінько, як і ті, що були в полоні. Навіть нещасні хлопці й дівчата, насильно вивезені в Німеччину. Всі вони, хоч і не вчиняли чогось антирадянського, — одним фактом перебування поза сферою партійно-радянського впливу розцінювались як потенціальні зрадники. І певне була в цьому, як то кажуть, залізна логіка.

Досі ж бо на голову, на душу, на свідомість кожного радянського громадянина засобами преси, радіо, телебачення, літератури, кіно, театру, школи невпинно, постійно місяцями, роками, десятиліттями давила махина єдино дозволеної пропаґанди про найкращу в світі країну, а війна все порушила, — мільйони людей опинилися в іншому світі, перед їхніми очима розкрилося нове, небачене, нечуване, — і досі заборонене. Найнебезпечнішою річчю для радвлади зробилося саме те, що люди на кілька років звільнилися від пропаґандистського гніту і

in the building next to ours. Subsequently we saw him almost every day, and it was a pleasure to see him in a brighter mood. He told us that he had been given a pass for a mud-cure in the Georgian spa resort of Matsesta. He had never been to such a place in his life...

For a whole month his case figured in the papers, not only those of our region, but of the whole Ukraine. And the proud headline ran:

"Never to be forgotten!"

* * *

In the whirlwind of war many glorious events were lost from memory, along with the names of those connected with them. After the war, from patriotic motives, many journalists and writers sought out materials and documents, as well as eye-witnesses to exploits great and small in occupied territory. Many nameless heroes had their rightful names and places of honour restored to them. And at the same time numerous impostors were exposed, who had found fame as heroes of the partisan movement on the basis of other people's exploits.

All who had lived under German occupation urgently needed to be able to explain their actions during that period. To the security organs, who were among the first to enter territory liberated from the Germans, anybody who had stayed behind was a traitor, just like the prisoners-of-war, and even the unfortunate young men and women forcibly expatriated to Germany. Although they had done nothing anti-Soviet, all of them were seen as potential traitors, merely because they had lived outside the sphere of influence of the Soviet Communist Party. No doubt there was in this a certain "iron logic", as the saying goes.

After all, until this time all Soviet citizens had for months, years, and decades felt the might of the only permitted propaganda, for the best country in the world, pressing down upon their minds, their souls, their consciousness, via the press, the radio, books, the theatre, and the schools. And the war had disrupted everything: millions of people found themselves in another world, confronted with things hitherto

почули інше, правдивіше, розумніше і людяніше. Для закритого суспільства, яким був і є радянський лад, найменші форми пізнання іншого, в даному разі, бодай зовні кращого світу, були і досі є не тільки недозволеними, але й сурово караними.

В зв'язку з цим такі, здавалося, благородні слова: «ніщо не забуто» набували зловіщого змісту. Людям не забуто, що вони лишалися в окупації. Не забудеться перебування в полоні. Ніхто не забутий, — всі на прйміті. Кожному не раз нагадають про «зраду та злочини» перед державою. Не забудуть і минулого, згадають колишні провини ...

То ж не дивно, що закінчення війни принесло мільйонам людей не радість визволення, а жахи і муки неволі. Органи СМЕРШу вихром котилися по щойно звільненій Україні, винних чи невинних забирали і без суду й слідства (ніколи цим займатись!) — в тюрми, в концтабори, на каторгу! Молодь зганяли в штрафні батальйони і кидали на смерть. Радянський лад відновлювали рішуче й безкомпромісово: «Ми вам тепер покажемо! Покажем зовсім не те, що ви побачили! Забудете навік усе ненаше, що побачили! Ми вас навчимо любити батьківщину! Про закордон і заїкатися перестанете! Будете строїти світле комуністичне майбутнє! І не писнете!»

Одними з перших у містах відновлювались органи державної безпеки. Наскільки їхня діяльність вважалася першорядно важливою, свідчить те, що відділи КГБ розмістилися по всіх міських районах, за прикладом 30-х років, коли так само наводили лад, радянський лад, на кожній вулиці, в кожній хаті.

А як небезпечно було мати зв'язки з закордоном! По війні відразу був опублікований державний указ про заборону одружуватися з іноземцями. Контроль за листуванням посилився і доходив до нахабних, неприхованих форм перлюстрації. Не раз я одержував листи з неохайно переклеєними конвертами з замазаними датами відсилки, щоб приховати довготривалий перегляд та

unknown and unheard of, and forbidden. For Soviet rule the most dangerous thing was the mere fact that for a few years some people had escaped from the dead weight of propaganda and experienced something different, more just, more rational, more humane. To a closed society such as the Soviet system, the slightest awareness of another, apparently better world—in this case, only superficially better—was and remained not merely impermissible, but severely punishable.

In this context the seemingly noble words "Never to be forgotten" took on a sinister meaning. It would not be forgotten that some had lived under occupation and others had been prisoners-of-war. Nobody would be forgotten; all were marked down. Each would be repeatedly reminded of his "treason" and "crimes against the state". The past would not be forgotten, and past transgressions would be recalled...

It was not surprising therefore that the end of the war meant to millions of people not the joy of liberation, but the horrors and torments of slavery. The SMERSH units swept like a tornado through newly-liberated Ukraine, gathering innocent and guilty alike, without trial or even investigation (there was no time for that!), into prison, concentration camp, or forced labour. The young were forced into punishment battalions and flung into battle, to their deaths. Soviet power was restored firmly and uncompromisingly: "Now we'll show you! You'll see something different from what you've seen lately! You'll forget all that foreign nonsense for good! We'll teach you to love your homeland! You'll never even mention those foreign countries again! You're going to build the radiant Communist future! Without a squeak of protest!"

The state security organs were among the first to be re-established in the liberated towns. The fact that KGB units were set up in every district, on the model of the 1930s, when order—Soviet order—was being consolidated in every street, in every house, demonstrates the vital importance that was attached to their work.

копіювання тексту підозрілих листів. Деякі листи зовсім не доставлялися, — лишалися в кагебівському досье. Справді, — щоб ніщо не було забуто! Щоб ніхто не був забутий!

[...]

Не забуто було й те, що батько, який по нещастю лишився при німцях, був арештований каральним органом сьомого листопада 1943 р. (подарунок на Жовтневі свята), був арештований каральним органом і замучений у тюрмі. Лише на початку 1950 року вдалося добитися вістей про його долю ... 27 лютого 1950 року видано було мені свідоцтво. Офіційний документ свідчив (записано, звичайно, російською мовою) : «Гр. Сокол Иван Васильевич умер 23 июля тысяча девятьсот сорок пятого года. Причина смерти — ослабление сердечной деятельности в возрасте 78 лет.»

Одна канцелярська деталь у цій довідці насторожує: чи це правдива довідка? Зазначено, що «відповідний запис у книзі записів актів громадянського стану зроблено 27 лютого 1950 року». Тобто, в день видачі мені цього свідоцтва. Виходить, до цієї дати ніякого запису про смерть ніде не було зроблено і тільки після моїх довгорічних вимог поставлена цілком довільна дата.

Марно, неможливо дошукатися істини. Нема жодного сумніву, що ніякої провини перед батьківщиною, перед своїм народом батько не мав. Розправа над ним вчинена на підставі наклепів людців, які таким «стукацтвом» прагнули врятувати себе. Батько, невтомний трудівник на ниві народньої освіти, вихователь багатьох тисяч чесних патріотів, був замучений нелюдами в тюремній камері дніпропетровської в'язниці.

І ми, сини й дочки своїх батьків, кажемо: «Ніщо нами не забуто.» Не можуть бути забутими великі й малі біди, що спадали на нас у різні часи і в різних формах лише за те, що у всій своїй діяльності виявляли любов і відданість Україні. Нам це ніколи не прощалося, при кожній нагоді нагадувалось, які ми небезпечні. Нам, дійсно, ніщо й

Having contacts abroad was the most dangerous thing imaginable! Straight after the war a state decree was issued prohibiting marriage to foreigners. Monitoring of correspondence was intensified until it reached the most brazen and undisguised forms of censorship. I frequently received letters in carelessly resealed envelopes, with the date of writing smudged to conceal a lengthy perusal and copying of suspicious mail. Some letters didn't arrive at all; they remained in a KGB file. Never to be forgotten indeed!

[…]

Nor was it forgotten that my father, who had had the misfortune to stay behind under the Germans, was arrested by the punitive organs on 7 November 1943 (a treat on the anniversary of the Revolution) and tortured in prison. Only in early 1950 did we succeed in obtaining any information about him. On 27 February 1950 I was given an official document (written, of course, in Russian) saying: "Citizen Ivan Vasilevich Sokil died on 23 July 1945, at the age of 78. Cause of death: heart failure."

One minor bureaucratic detail in this document gave rise to doubt as to its authenticity. It was stated that "the corresponding entry in the registry of the civil status of citizens was made on 27 February 1950," that is, on the day the certificate was issued to me. In other words, until that date there was no record of his death anywhere, and only a completely arbitrary date was given after my persistent inquiries.

It would be futile to try to get at the truth. There is no doubt that my father had never done anything against his country. His punishment was based on slanderous denunciations by people anxious to save their own skins. My father, who had worked tirelessly as an educator and reared many thousands of honest patriots, was tortured to death by sub-human monsters in the cells of Dnipropetrovsk prison.

And it is we, our parents' sons and daughters, who now say in our turn that this is never to be forgotten. The misfortunes, great and small, which befell us at various times and in various forms, merely because everything we

ніколи не забувалося.

Ніщо й нами не може бути забутим. Повік не забудемо і не простимо, що батько наш у темній камері вмирав самотньо, без прощання з дітьми, без останнього слова, без благословення, без похорону...

І нема могил, — ні батька, ні матері.

Ніщо не забуто, ніхто не забутий...

did demonstrated our love and devotion to Ukraine, cannot be forgotten. This was never forgiven us. At every opportunity we were reminded how dangerous we were. Nothing we did was ever forgotten.

Nor can we forget anything. We shall never forget and never forgive the fact that our father died alone in a dark cell, denied a farewell to his children, denied the last rites, denied a funeral...

And neither Father nor Mother has any grave.

Never can this be forgotten.

Notes on the translation

Proper names in the text are given in a simplified form of Library of Congress transliteration, omitting the soft sign. In the bibliographical references, the soft sign is preserved and indicated by the conventional prime /′/.

1. Ostap Antapka: a *nom de plume* used by Vasyl Sokil for some of his press contributions. At a later date he published under the name Makar Duda.

2. Kolyma: region of far north-eastern Siberia where penal labour camps held large numbers of prisoners throughout the decades of Stalin's rule.

3. In May 1944 the Tartars of the Crimea were deported *en masse*, mostly to Uzbekistan and Kazakhstan, on suspicion of having collaborated with the Germans.

Translating the Poems of Maria Luise Weissmann

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I cannot recall exactly when I came across the poems of Maria Luise Weissmann for the first time. I was searching websites for poems in German that would complement verse of my own on certain themes (the seasons, the saints, love, the life and work of artists), and some of hers struck me as relevant to my aims. However, I was soon reading and translating her poems for themselves, without regard for my own ends. I had become fascinated with this little-known poet who died in her thirtieth year and whose body of work has left me wondering what she might have achieved had she lived longer.

The facts I have of her life are few, and garnered from a posthumous collection of her verse: She was born in Schweinfurt am Main in 1899; her father, a teacher, and mother encouraged her intellectually; and the family's move to Nuremberg during World War I broadened her horizons; it was there that her first attempts at poetry were published, under the pseudonym M. Wels. She later settled in Munich, occupying various secretarial posts, and in 1922 married Heinrich F. S. Bachmair, who published her four collections of verse as well as her translations of Paul Verlaine and Blaise Cendrars. She died of an infection resulting from angina in 1929 (Weissmann 102-3).

In translating the work of this little-known poet, I found myself drawing upon my knowledge of poems by two of her contemporaries as help. Right away, I found many resemblances to Rilke. Her "The Gorilla", for instance, like his "The Panther", describes the plight of a caged beast in a zoo, using the suitably confined form of the sonnet to do so. Yet Weissmann's gorilla rails against his condition in a way that is almost human and so connects us more fully to a species closer to our own, admittedly, than Rilke's panther. Weissmann's sympathy with her subject reaches a climax in her tenth line, when she abruptly truncates her iambic pentameter and in so doing suggests the way that the frustrated beast suddenly, surprisingly launches into a cry of protest at his entrapment. Though Weissmann's gorilla, like Rilke's panther, tends to roam his cell in a daze, his occasional heroic defiance distinguishes him from that other victim.

With this poem, as with most of the others by Weissmann, who primarily wrote in fixed forms, I was aided by the fact that I had a certain structure within which to work, given that rhyme and meter, for me, impose convenient parameters wherein I can navigate and limit myself to certain choices. And, although the finished translation will of course sound different from the original, I tend to work from the premise that it too should look and sound like a sonnet if the original was one: this is the least I can do to honour the original poet's intentions, I believe.

I was also aided by the fact that, with exceptions, Weissmann's lines, more so than Rilke's, tend toward being intact syntactical units – whole sentences, ideally, but at the least, whole clauses. In this, she made me think of Trakl, several of whose poems I had translated previously, and her "Abend in Frühherbst" in this grouping definitely reminds me of certain verses of his that trace the imperceptible changing of the seasons. And then, as is always the case with German, there are cognates that help in rhyming. *Land* and *Strand* in the selection here from Weissmann's group "Robinson" provide a case in point. More taxing is the common German coupling of *Baum* and *Traum* in "Auszug der Tiere", which I have had to subvert with the

use of *reverie* for *dream* (so as to provide a rhyme for *tree*). Finding appropriate rhymes indeed poses challenges, for though I determine the poem's structure before I begin translating, I tend not to plot out specific rhyme words I think I will need, instead leaving myself open to delightful surprises, the result being that sometimes (when I have to go back and start all over again) I wish I had been more systematic. However, when I do jot down rhymes beforehand, it often happens that the words that end the original lines will not work at the ends of my own!

A good bit of trial and error, then, was involved in order for me to couch these translations in the same structures that Weissmann used. But I hope that the result is a broadening of an audience for a poet who deserves further recognition. And perhaps, too, it will lead to other translators' interpretations of her work, as well as to scholars' investigations of her life and oeuvre. Like her gorilla's cry, like the cry of her own poems against the darkness of her early death, then, let these translations serve as a call for more attention to the poetry of Maria Luise Weissmann.

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Der Gorilla

Er atmet ihre Schwüle längst nicht mehr,
Doch lastet seinem Nacken immer noch der Traum der großen Seen
Und läßt ihn tief zum Sand gebückt und schwer
Im Takt zur Wiederkehr der Eisenstäbe gehn.
Er möchte wohl der Glanz der Papageien sein,
Das Duften der Reseden und der Walzerklang,
Doch bricht kein Strahl den trüben Spiegel seines Auges ein:
Die Hand trägt still gefaltet den beträumten Gang
Dem fremden Leuchten still und fremd vorbei.
Manchmal, im Schrei,
Der fernher trifft, fühlt er sich jäh dem Schlund
Des Schlafes steil emporgereckt entragen
Und knirschend seiner Stirne aufgewandtes Rund
An steingewölbte Firmamente schlagen.

The Gorilla

It's been a while since he breathed his sultry breeze,
Though his neck still bows with dreams of great seas, and then
He's left in the sand once more, down on his knees,
Or sent right back to the iron bars again.
He would gladly have, for his own, the parrot's blaze,
The scents of mignonettes, the waltz's sound;
Yet no beam breaks the mirror of his eyes' dim glaze:
His hand bears the silent crease of his dream-dazed round
Past the strange lights that silently, strangely, pass on by.
At times, in his cry,
Which strikes from afar, he feels wrenched somehow
From the maw of sleep; and, erect as a monument,
He wrinkles the dome of his upturned brow
And hammers away at the stone-arched firmament.

Robinson findet sich am Strand der Insel

Und dies war alles, was er fand, erwacht:
Es lag ein Leib, voll Schmerz, an einem Strand.
Hin floß ein Meer in hyazinthne Nacht,
Aufbrach in Blau ein unergründlich Land.

Der Wind lief schnell, die spitzen Möwen stießen
Auf Beute rings, und heisre Affen schrien.
Die roten riesenhaften Falter ließen
Klirrende Flügel streifen über ihn,

Er lag, ein Leib voll Schmerz, gehüllt in Feuer,
Er hob die Hand in Liebe über sich
- Getös der Welt ringsum scholl ungeheuer -
Er sagte streng, begrenzend, wissend:
ICH.

Robinson Finds Himself on the Island Beach

And this was all he found when he woke: the sight
Of a body lying in pain upon a strand.
Before him flowed a sea in a hyacinth night;
Behind, in broken blues, an endless land.

The wind ran fast; the sharp-beaked seagulls poked
Around for prey; and husky monkeys screamed.
The wings of giant red moths whirred and stroked
His chill flesh in a warm frenzy as they dreamed.

He lay, a body in pain, enveloped in fire.
In love he lifted his hand up high—
The roar of the world all round cried out like a choir—
And said incisively, harshly, knowingly: *I.*

Aber öffne…

Aber öffne nur die Türe,
Aber tritt nur auf die Schwelle,
Hebe kaum den Blick und spüre
Schon die ungeheure Helle,
Schon den Glanz der leeren Räume,
Die wie Wiese rasch erblühten,
Schon den Tanz der schweren Träume,
Die sich hoben, die erglühten…
Zärtliche beschwingte Welle,
Sieh, kein Lufthauch, der nicht rühre -
Aber tritt nur auf die Schwelle,
Aber öffne nur die Türe!

Just Open…

Just open up the door;
Just step onto the sill;
Just lift your eyes a bit more
And see the bright rays spill
In vast and gleaming streams
That, like the fields, now flow
And dance in heavy dreams
That rise and glimmer, glow…
No softly-surging thrill
(wind-borne) you're not meant for:
Just step onto the sill;
Just open up the door!

Jugend des Propheten

Ich liebte Linnen und die sanften Seiden
Strich meine Hand mit Lust. ER flüsterte:
"Das harte Fell des Hirsches wird dich kleiden."

Ich saß beim Mahle und mein Blick war Schein
Des gelben Weins. Er sagte laut und hell:
"Die bittre Wurzel wird dir Speise sein."

Mein Schloß war fest… Und als ich mich gerettet
Noch zu der höchsten Zinne, rief Er dort:
"O guter Schlaf, auf Dorn und Stein gebettet!"

Ich lag bei ihr. In ihrer Brüste Bucht
Träumt ich den Heimat-Traum. Er hat gewußt,
Ich würde einsam gehen und verflucht.

So brach ich auf. Denn daß ich ihm geglaubt,
Zwang mich sein unbesiegbar sichres Wissen.
Groß hing sein Lächeln über meinem Haupt.

A Prophet's Youth

I loved linens and stretched my hands with joy
Toward gentle silks. *He* whispered:
"A stag's hard hide will clothe *you*, boy."

I sat at table and couldn't help but stare
At the golden wine. He said to me, loud and clear:
"The bitter root, my friend, will be *your* fare."

My castle keep was hard, and when I fled
Up to the highest battlement, he called:
"O what a good sleep, with thorn and stone your bed!"

I lay with a lass, and, cradled at her breast,
I dreamed the dream of home. He already knew
I'd roam alone and cursed and never rest.

So I broke down. For I believed what he said.
His unassailable knowledge mastered me.
His certain smile loomed great above my head.

Auszug der Tiere

Es waren eingekreist die ahnungslosen
Verirrten Tiere eh sie sich versahn
Von Wand und Wand. Ganz fern im Grenzenlosen
Zog noch von Himmel eine blasse Bahn.

In einer Nacht war Mond in ihren Träumen.
Sie brachen auf, gezogen in das fahle
Trügende Licht. Und wie ins Laub von Bäumen
Stiegen sie ins Geäst der Kathedrale.

Und stiegen träumend fort bis in das letzte
Gezweig der Giebel und erwachten kaum
Als sich ihr Fuß hinaus ins Leere setzte:
Sie fanden sich verstiegen in dem Raum,

Der Erde nicht und der nicht Himmel hieß,
Ganz heimatlos. Sie starrten in des Lichts
Ziehenden Strahl bis sie der Blick verließ
Und sie versteinten, irren Angesichts.

The Procession of the Animals

Before the clueless beasts could say how or why,
They found themselves surrounded, wall to wall.
And yet quite far away in the boundless sky,
A train still moves, as pallid as a pall.

One night the moon was in their reveries.
Drawn into and borne by its pale light, they broke down.
As if they were climbing into thickly-leaved trees,
They rose into the cathedral's woven crown.

And dreaming, they climbed until they reached the last
Gable's branches and were hardly awake
When their feet came to rest in emptiness, held fast
Within a space they could not escape or mistake

For heaven, much less the earth. And now they were quite
Without a home. They stared into that zone
Of blinding light till it left them lost in night.
And, faces crazed, they turned to stone.

Abend im Frühherbst

Weit ausgegossen liegt das breite Land.
Der Himmel taucht den Scheitel noch ins Licht,
Doch seitlich hebt gelassen eine Hand
Die dunkle Maske Nacht ihm ins Gesicht.

Viel fette Lämmer weiden auf der Flur,
In Gärten steht das Kraut in seiner Fülle,
Herbstwälder ziehn als eine goldne Spur,
Am Baum die Frucht glänzt prall in ihrer Hülle.

Es ist der letzte dieser kurzen Tage:
All Ding steht reif und rund und unbewegt
Schwebend in sich gebannt wie eine Waage,
Die Tod und Leben gleichgewichtig trägt.

An Evening in Early Autumn

It spreads out far and wide, the spacious land.
The sky still laves the mountain peaks in light,
Yet from one side, it calmly lifts a hand
To its face to make the darkling mask of night.

Fat lambs now graze upon the meadow grass.
The gardens teem with herbs in ample quantity.
Like tracks of gold, the woods of autumn pass;
Firm fruit gleams in its rind upon the tree.

It is the very last of these brief days.
All things stand ripe and round and silent there,
Adrift, bewitched, and poised on scales that raise
Both life and death aloft in thinnest air.

Uralt…

Schweig, mein Geliebter; Mund auf Mund
Wurden wir groß, wurden wir alt
In einem nie gestillten Bund,
Alt wie der uralte Wald.

Alt wie der Mond, mein Lichtgesicht,
Bist du am Himmel tausend Jahr
O schmale Sichel aufgericht,
Der ich die Ernte war.

Alt wie das Meer, die dunkle Saat,
Nach dir gereift, sehnsüchtige Flut,
Steigt zwischen uns den ewigen Pfad
Dunkel das ewige Blut.

Ancient…

Be calm, my love. Your lips to mine,
We aged as we never dreamed we could.
In one never-stilled bond, we grew tall and fine
And old as the ancient wood.

Old as the moon, my face of light;
And you, slender scythe, for ages, you
Have stood erect in heaven's night
Reaping me ever anew.

From the old, dark seed, old as the sea,
It rises in ripened and fiery flood
Between us, on through eternity:
The dark, eternal blood.

Mai Hing's "Poetic Hong Kong"

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浪漫香江　　作者：米卿	**Poetic Hong Kong**
浪漫香江常罩霧 街旁計測染污隆	Poetic Hong Kong hazes over all the time, Pollution chases roadside sensors on the climb.
途人面掩揉睛痛 碳氣車排咳嗽窮	With hidden cheeks, some passersby rub eyes in pain, In smoke of wheels and pipes, they even cough again.
破地錘樁揚土石 興樓築市佈屏風	Here breaking ground and piling heighten mud and stones; There building towns of towers widens windless zones.
微塵粒子冬南下 茗具窗台白雪篷	In winter, heading south, fine dust and dirt will blow, To turn all windowsills and teapots white as snow.

The original Chinese poem depicts Hong Kong's pollution issue in an aesthetic manner. Through the use of a classical form, the writer Mai Hing describes every detail of this modern issue in one of the most crowded cities in the world. From car emissions, to construction, to home decoration, the work strives to provide a full picture of the hustle and bustle of city life – a mixture of excitement, romance and irony. Words that describe natural and physical phenomena such as *wu* (霧) ("fog"), *tanqi* (碳氣) ("greenhouse gas"), *weichen lizi* (微塵粒子) ("dust particles") are used to create space for the imagination. In particular, through the use of *baixue feng* (白雪篷) ("white snow covers") to describe a place where it never snows, the writer expresses a fantasy about the "dust" in her private space. She hopes that her use of the traditional format will be well received by modern readers, as "new wine in an old bottle" (personal communication).

I aimed to reproduce the work by attending to the three areas of "semantic beauty", "phonological beauty" and "formal beauty" proposed by the Chinese translator of poetry, Xu Yuanchong, in the 1980s. Of these three criteria, semantic beauty is the most important and I am assisted in achieving this through personal consultation with the writer, whom I know, and the fact that I also grew up in Hong Kong. One manifestation of a faithful translation is that almost all the things in the original text are reproduced. It is hoped that through mediation and adjustment of imagery, the translation can evoke the same dynamics, dilemmas and ironies of urban life expressed in the original work. To achieve formal and phonological beauty, the translation is in iambic hexameter (six metrical feet) and employs the rhyme scheme aabbccdd, in order to emulate the original seven-character, eight-line poem with its strict tonal pattern of level and oblique tones and rhyme scheme (every even line ending with a rhyme word from the class *dong*). Furthermore, rhyming and alliteration are also found within the lines such as "hazes" and "chases", "towns of towers", "dust and dirt" and one parallel structure is created to imitate the original. I met great challenges in rendering the Chinese seven-character form, due primarily to the brevity and telegraphic nature of the Chinese language, which allows the depiction of so many images and ambiguities. The picture provided by the original text is a rich and wide-ranging one, reflecting the high price any modern city has to pay for economic development.

I discuss below the various techniques I used in my translation.[1]

In the title and first line of the Chinese original, Hong Kong is literally described as *langman* (浪漫) ("romantic"), but "poetic" is used in the translation to refer to its common characterization as the "Oriental Pearl". The city has the picturesque Victoria Harbour which, together with an array of buildings around the coastline, is covered with mist for most seasons of the year. The choice of "poetic" also compensates for the use of the commonly-known name of "Hong Kong", *Xianggang* (香港, "fragrant port"), instead of a literal translation of the word used in the source text, namely *Xiangjiang* (香江, "Fragrant

[1] Special thanks to Dr Omid Azadibougar and Dr Simon Patton for valuable advice on the English translation.

River"), a poetic name which refers to Hong Kong's origins as a fishing village.

To achieve an ironic contrast with the first line that lays out the "poetic" beauty of Hong Kong, the word "pollution" is placed at the beginning of the second line, launching the description of this problem in this line and in those that follow. The choice of "chase" has two implications. On the one hand, it expresses the active and aggressive nature of pollution, which not only causes the sensors to climb, but also roams the city like a predatory animal. On the other, it implies that in the busy city, people are earnestly "chasing" money and comfort, which ultimately creates environmental problems for them.

In lines three and four, some meanings are added or modified to produce a lively street scene. They are "cheeks" (vs. *mian* 面, "face"), "some" passersby (vs. *turen* 途人, "passersby", without any quantifier), "smoke" (vs. *tanqi* 碳氣, "greenhouse gas"), "wheels and pipes" (vs. *chepai* 車排, "car emission"). Without rendering the parallel form of the original text, these two lines evoke its spirit by reconstructing a more comprehensible and vivid image with exactly the same objects.

Special efforts are made in lines five and six to reproduce the parallel structure of the original text. Both lines contain gerund structures and carry verbs with the suffix *-en*: "heighten" and "widen" respectively. The use of these two words naturally increases the space and horizon of this picture, which, along with the addition of "here" and "there" at the beginning of the respective lines, indicates that this is not a single scene but a general urban problem. Alliteration is produced in phrases such as "towns of towers" and "widens windless (zones)".

More is done to add poetic atmosphere in the final two lines of the translation. As the writer's place is the only private space she can enjoy in the midst of pollution, every effort is made to make it better for her. "Windowsills" is a replacement of "bay window", which is a semi-technical term used in the building industry. "White as snow" is a lyrical phrase used in Oscar Wilde's work *Requiescat* and "dust and dirt" is musical with alliteration – line seven refers to dust particles coming on the southerly wind from Mainland China, situated to the north of Hong Kong.

On the whole, I sought to create room for readers to imagine. They may wonder how pollution "chases" roadside sensors, what a "roadside sensor" in Hong Kong looks like, why a "windless zone" is there, and how many "towers" there are in a "town". They may also hear the noise of "breaking ground and piling" and see the "white snow" on teapots.

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