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Imagery
in
Translation

Практикум по
художественному переводу

English <=* Russian

*Одобрено Союзом переводчиков России в качестве
учебного пособия для студентов по специальности
«Перевод и переводоведение»*

Санкт-Петербург
Издательство «Союз»
2003

Редактор английского текста *Пол Уильяме*.

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К 14 Imagery in Translation. Практикум по художественному переводу. / Учебное пособие. На английском языке. - СПб.: Издательство «Союз», 2003, - 320 с. (Изучаем иностранные языки)

ISBN 5-64033-150-5

Пособие предназначено для совершенствования навыков литературного перевода и сопоставительного анализа на материале английской, американской и русской художественной литературы. Материал распределен по разделам в соответствии с основными жанрами художественной литературы: поэзия, проза, драма и фольклор. В качестве образцов используются произведения классической и современной литературы, опубликованные и архивные переводы, а также литературные редакции фольклорных текстов на английском и русском языках. Особое внимание уделяется переводу русской литературы на английский язык в условиях различия отечественной и зарубежной школ художественного перевода.

Пособие адресуется в первую очередь студентам филологических специальностей, изучающим иностранные языки, литературу, перевод и переводоведение, и может быть интересно литературоведам, лингвистам, переводчикам, а также всем, кто занимается или интересуется художественным переводом.

ББК 81.2Англ-7

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ISBN 5-94033-150-5

оформление обложки, 2003

PREFACE

I have designed this book as a manual for practising in literary translation from English into Russian and from Russian into English. It includes texts of English, American and Russian poetry, prose and drama provided with tasks for comparison and translation. Besides, it presents pieces of Celtic and Native American folklore in English and Siberian folklore in Russian, which appears to be interesting material for comparative reading and translation. It is a practical manual, yet it includes introduction into the theory of translation, as well as some general ideas about basic principles of translating poetry, prose, drama and folklore.

To make the manual more useful and comprehensible for students in literary translation I have structured it according to the traditional classification into the sections of poetry, prose, drama and folklore. Although not without a common ground, each of them suggests translation problems of its own and involves special translation techniques. The order of the succession is more or less subjective; one can choose any section to start with. I have started with poetry because it seems more evident as the translation task with its steady textual principles and obvious correlation between form and content.

The selection of literary works reflects the consideration of the difference between not only literary but also translation traditions in English and Russian cultures. The Russian school of literary translation is probably more creative whereas the English tradition tends towards semantic rather than functional transfer, which is, in its way, more literal. Anyhow, this is a matter of tendencies rather than sets, though at times the controversy may appear quite hot.

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Each section of the manual includes introductory notes with some comments on the author, his major literary principles and works and with some helpful hints for a translator of the selected pieces. Most often tasks for comparison present more than one translation of the original and are supplied with exercises, recommendations and questions about problems to be solved. Usually translation tasks include a text shorter and easier than in a comparison task. Exercises for translation may differ from exercises for comparison.

To work with the manual, one will need elementary knowledge and skills in the theory and practice of translation as well as some experience in stylistics and comparative reading of English and Russian literature. It is recommended that the students should read more about the authors under consideration.

The list of literary sources of selected texts is not complete, for the author of the manual has accumulated some of the material owing to translator archives or some other unpublished sources, personal archive included. In some sections I have used my own translations, on various reasons: to demonstrate a difference or to show a direction or to fill in the gap when the text is interesting but there is no translation at hand.

It is my hope that this manual will provide a useful view of the dimensions of literary translation, a helpful guide for translation practices and will add something of value to the knowledge and skills of the students of translation.

This textbook has come to life due to many people who contributed either to its content, or structure, or last but not least gave moral support to the author.

I highly appreciate the professionalism of Paul Williams, the editor of the English text in this manual. I also wish to thank all my colleagues, and in particular, professors L. O. Gurvich, President of the Union of Translators of Russia (Moscow), and V. V. Kabakchi (St. Petersburg), whose helpful hints and critical reading of the book appeared very productive. I am very

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grateful to St. Petersburg Branch of the UTR presided by P. S. Bruk for the professional and moral **support** as well as for the help in collecting the material and **working out the** design of the manual. My special thanks are **also** to **the students** of St. Petersburg State University, **St. Petersburg Institute of External Economic Relations, Economics and Law and Nevsky Institute of Language and Culture** who were very **creative and tolerant** while I imposed this material on **them as a pilot programme**. Finally yet importantly, I acknowledge my **particular debt to the** late Professor E. G. Etkind whose lectures, **books and** recommendations provided the corner stone for developing of my views and skills in the theory and practice of literary translation.

T. A. Kazakova

INTRODUCTION

There can be no argument that the translator of literary texts should achieve a close relationship between the theory and practice of translation. For one thing, the choice of the principles of translation may not be purely intuitive because the translator necessarily takes into account such matters as the aim of the translation, the temporal and geographic gap between the creation of source text and possible readers of the target text, the cultural distance between the original author and the reader of the translation, the kind of reader the target text is intended for, etc. Each aspect poses a problem for consideration and solution in the course of translating. One of the eternal problems is the choice of the method of translation.

To distinguish between such methods of translation as *literal*, *literary* and *poetic* is necessary in examining the way of translating literature. Literal translation is obviously justified when there is a need to observe the rules of the source language and to present them in their integrity to the target culture. It is a quite reasonable approach when we translate for philological purposes, e.g., ancient epic texts or very unusual texts remote from the target culture. It is quite legitimate when translating most literary texts. Yet even such scholarly texts as those from the field of linguistics may not always be translated literally. I witnessed such a communicative conflict when the Russian linguist-term «*номинация*» was literally translated as "nomination" in a Russian lecture to an American audience (Princeton University). It required some time and bilingual discussion before the Russian scholar and the audience came to a sort of consensus using the term of "*naming*", which, in its turn, usually corresponds to the Russian «*именование*» and does not fully coincide with the Russian term «*номинация*». Literal translation is

definitely, not the best method to translate most literary works for the wider public. All attempts to pursue this approach inevitably come up against the obvious fact that the literary functions of words do not coincide in the source and target languages. Apart from polysemy, words compatible and comparable in meaning evoke different, if not incompatible, aesthetic and emotional associations and thus have quite different associative force in the source and target languages. The Russian word «*белогвардеец*» can easily be translated literally as "a white guard" in many instances, but not when it is used ironically or with some associative purpose. Translating an ironical passage from *The Master and Margarita*, Diana Burgin and Katherine Tiernan O'Connor gave a literal substitute for Bulgakov's text:

«Какие-то странные мысли хлынули в голову заболевшему поэту... «Что он сделал? Я не постигаю;.. Что-нибудь особенное есть в этих словах: «Буря мглою...»? Не понимаю! Повезло! Повезло! - вдруг ядовито заключил Рюхин. - Стрелял, стрелял в него этот *белогвардеец* и раздробил бедро и обеспечил бессмертие...»

Strange thoughts poured into the stricken poet's head. "What did he do? I don't get it... What's so special about the words: 'Storm with mist the heavens covers...'? I don't understand!... He was lucky, lucky, that's all!" Ryukhin concluded with sudden venom. "He was shot, shot by that *white guard*, who smashed his hip and guaranteed his immortality..."

Something familiar to every Russian from childhood - the line of poetry and death in a duel - is immediately associated with the name of Pushkin, while the word «*белогвардеец*» used by Ryukhin is no less suggestive of the primitive proletarian writers of the 1920s-1930s. Yet this word does not prompt an average English reader to make the association with Pushkin. The translated text becomes enigmatic and remote, which, presumably, made its translators supply the reader with a kind of commentary:

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"Ryukhin, a second-rate Soviet poet, broods about why Pushkin got famous ('Storm with mist' is a line from a famous poem by Pushkin, much loved by Bulgakov). Ryukhin is of such primitive culture that he refers to the man who killed Pushkin in a duel in 1837 as a *white guard*, a contemporary term of abuse, meaning those who fought on the side of the monarchy during the Russian Civil War." One might doubt whether this commentary makes the English text any more comprehensible, or the author's sarcasm about the "proletarian flair for enemies" at least easier to appreciate. Probably, the translation would have acquired more associative power if a different quotation from Pushkin were used, one more familiar to the English reader (perhaps just the title *Eugene Onegin*) and the circumstances of the notorious duel were elucidated in the text (just the name of d'Anthes or the word "duel").

The term "literary translation" is somewhat vague. In Russian, it is usually opposed to the term «информативный, или документальный перевод» and describes translation as aiming predominantly at the target language rules rather than the source language ones. The Russian term «литературный перевод» would be fitting to define the method in general. This method is definitely a necessary and important instrument for different cultural traditions to communicate and should apply to translating social and political writing or fiction, while the term "poetic translation" as a variety of literary translation is associated with translating poetry and presupposes some inevitable liberties in the choice of the target language substitutes for the source language elements. However, we should differentiate between the ideas and principles of *literary* and *poetic* methods of translation.

The term *poetic translation* may be considered to apply to a particular type of translating in which not only linguistic and literary rules but also creative competition and imagery matter. On the other hand, by *literary translation* we normally mean just that the target language rules are observed in preference to the source language rules in slavish copy. *Poetic translation* involves

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an unpredictable area of transformations in the probable projection of the source text onto the target language through the perception of the translator. Some transformations of this kind are not determined by interlinguistic relationship but by cultural even personal preferences on the part of the translator. Thus in poetic translation the source text acquires probable rather than causal character. Multiple probabilities are a particular feature of poetic translation, while another important feature is irreversibility. From this point of view, poetic translation is what is sometimes described as "artistic translation," though the term "artistic" is too general to apply to textual material. What is to be discussed and practised in this book is concerned with the method, or, rather, art of poetic translation understood in the meaning of the Russian term «художественный перевод».

There is always some debatable polarity in any poetic translation. On the one hand, it has to preserve the authenticity of the original, that is to say, its *foreignness* in the target language, while on the other part, it must be meaningful to the target culture in both form and idiom and thus acquire *naturalness*. This polarity in various terms, has been considered in many works on translation. One of the most famous registers of the dual principle of translation was produced by Theodore Savory who fixed a number of oppositions in the list of requirements for a correct translation.¹

The necessity of keeping both targets in view at the same time was firmly indicated by the Czech linguist Jifi Levy,² also discussed and reformulated by many others. In the Russian tradition many terms have been used to name this quality, one of the best devised was A. V. Fyodorov's «полноценность пере

¹ T. Savory, *The Art of Translation* (London: Cape, 1957). T. Savory considers translation as a way of overcoming barriers in literary communication and puts forward a list of contradictory positions and principles in the form of oppositions.

² Иржи Левый. Искусство перевода. - М.: Прогресс, 1974.

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(**"translation of full value"**)³ Ultimately, the task might seem **impossible due to the nature of the conflict between two cultures languages, and to the subjective character of the translating rument (*errare humanum est*)**. From this point of view, any **slation is inevitably a failure**. Yet there are always victories **achievements in seeking a way to transform a foreign picture le world into something both** new and comprehensible for the **et culture**. In **this** respect, the ultimate task of translation is **evable, to a certain extent**. This needle-narrow pass between impossible and the achievable represents the core of poetic slation. We may consider it from the point of view of functions **er** than constants. The most important function of poetic slation is that of *intercultural* communication.

Formulated in basic terms, the intercultural task of poetic islation may be expressed as follows: to translate a literary k from a language **to** another language means to lose as lit- is possible **of its** original cultural authenticity while preserv- as much **as** possible of its intercultural value. In the other •ds, **the** aim is to reconstruct the *imagery* of the source text i system into the target culture by means of the target lan- ge and literary traditions. New readers should make efforts ippreciate a foreign system of imagery but the difficulty must dominate the translated text lest it should become dull and alien be target culture — so that the text in the target language should <e sense and bring aesthetic and emotional pleasure to the target ler.

Such **terms as** "pleasure" and "dull" involve the idea of the **ational component in poetic** translation while the notion of nse" appeals **to the** rational assessment. Normally, these two jor aspects of the poetic translation process co-operate, and *modus vivendi* is based on their natural relationship. Presum- y, translation techniques used to deal with literary works nec-

³ А. В. Федоров. Основы общей теории перевода. - М.: Высшая ша, 1968.

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essarily include both reason and intuition, rational and emotional appreciation of the comparative qualities of the original text and its reconstruction in the target language. Generations of translators from ancient times to the present day have developed and perfected many useful techniques that can be traced both in the translated texts and in translators' pronouncements about literary translation in general and about their own experience in particular. The unique school and tradition of literary (poetic) translation that has formed in Russia and impressive achievements in other countries over the last three centuries provide rich and broad data for both exploration and direct usage by new generations of translators and philologists. It is especially interesting to compare different national traditions and their attitudes when they compete in the same direction, i.e., in translating from Russian into English.

Rules and requirements constitute the practical aspect of translation activity, while its theoretical basis involves many fields of knowledge such as psychology, informatics, linguistics, hermeneutics, logic, etc. Of special interest is the impact of ideas of symmetry, isomorphism, game and probability on the general theory of translation and on the theory of poetic translation in particular. Considered in terms of heuristic and game, translation reveals such aspects as game strategies, preferences, drives, roles, random decisions, etc. One of the productive directions of research in the theory of poetic translation may be investigation into the nature of translator's preferences in selecting substitute linguistic units and stylistic means of reconstructing the source imagery of a poem or a piece of prose. When translating Shakespeare's "*yellow leaves*" (sonnet 73) Marshak uses the epithet «багряный» instead of «желтый» and reconstructs the simile "*eyes are nothing like the sun*" (sonnet 130) as «ее глаза на *звезды* не похожи», he seemingly takes liberties; yet there is some logic behind these liberties which need to be identified and defined not as something arbitrary but in respect to the system of imagery as a whole.

Usually the category of *text* has appeared in the centre of most theoretical conceptions of poetic translation. They speak about source and target texts even more often than of source and target languages. Yet of late, the conceptual structure of this category in linguistics and in translation studies has undergone considerable changes. Meanwhile, much depends upon this concept in the solution of such basic problem of translation as the adequacy, or "correctness" of the relationship between the source and target texts. What is to be considered "wrong" or "correct" if we do not translate the source text literally, that is, as a set of words? Numerous transformations that reveal themselves in the target text when compared with the source only prove that the translator measures the text not in words but in something else. This something is defined in many such terms as "meaning", or "sense", or "contents", or "idea", or "imagery", etc. All of them have the same drawback, and that is their vagueness, an uncertainty that does not allow them to be measured in palpable and countable units.

Linguists are skilful in seeking new terms. Thus, a new concept has arisen of *intertextuality* as a special feature of imaginative (and not only) literature.⁴ The term implies that the reader (translator as well) translates or decodes the text in a process of personal semiosis, that is, using a different set of systems to that which the author of the text did or some other reader may do. Then it may be easy to understand the process of translation as intersemiotic and interpersonal at the same time. From this point of view, the reader is not a consumer of the text but its co-producer. The idea is as old as Zen philosophy, yet it is as productive nowadays. To put it in concrete terms, the text is nothing but a set of graphic symbols on a sheet of paper until it is filled in with sense and imagery, emotions and values by its reader-author. We can only poetically translate what we reconstruct about the text, that is, its potential semiotic function in the target culture.

This type of semiosis, in fact, the translator's semiosis,

¹ Susan Bassnett, *Translation Studies*. London - New York, Routledge, 1996

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may be considered as an heuristic process of sorting out probabilities. Unlike the average reader's semiosis, the translate sorting of substitutes is complicated by a great number of considerations such as the difference between the source target languages, potential readers' expectations, cultural incompatibility, personal preferences, and the like. Yet, primarily, translator's semiosis is bound by the necessity of reconstructing the source system of imagery as a whole and not as a chain of independent substitutes, which means that the resulting tersemiotic complex must be a piece of literary art according to the criteria of the target language, literature and reader.

The translator may play different games with such an tersemiotic complex. Sometimes he appears *a keen rival* to author, carried away by the idea of creating a text in the target language equal in its imaginative power to the source text, though different in linguistic, literary and cultural qualities. A brilliant example of such a type was the Russian poet and translator Vasily Zhukovsky (1783-1852) whose views on translation were those of poetic rivalry. According to the *Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics*, "it would be difficult to draw a line between his original and translated works as he often used the latter for his most intimate personal outpourings, frequently improving on the original"⁵. Such rivalry took place in the history of many European literatures and contributed to the development of interliterary communication. The main principle of such translation is the reconstruction of the source system of imagery as observed by the translator rather than its precise translation in the target language. This way is creative as well as not leading and applicable only to situations where the target literature (and culture at large) has not yet assimilated the basic features of the source one. There is an everlasting discussion how to classify such a principle of translating, *imitation*

⁵ *Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics*, edited by Alex Pringle. Princeton University Press, 1990.

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tation. Anyway, it comes up to the reader's expectations if it is in **due time when** moods and concepts of the reading public **ready to perceive** new literary ideas and refreshing imagery it **known in their** national literature. A familiar example, probably **brilliant than the** Zhukovsky phenomenon, yet altogether less, is Ivan Bunin's Russian translation of Longfellow's *Song of the Wold* (1896). The Russian words that Bunin found for the and wild imagery half borrowed from Indian myths by Longfellow and half altogether romantic fell upon the abundant soil of an neo-romanticism with its taste for exotic myths, names and ideas and accorded with the main tendency of Russian Silver Age literature.

Another role, no less popular among translators of literature is that of *ardent scholar* and *cultural purist*. The role of the strict and scrupulous reconstruction of the subtlest details of the source text in the target language. One of the first advocates of the integrity of the literary form and its content in the process of poetic translation was Pavel Katenin whose role in the development of Russian literature and in critical review of translation was great in the early nineteenth century⁶. The name of the scholar translator was Valery Bryusov whose main principle in translating poetry was to make the reader feel the distance in time and between the translated text and himself and thus to introduce a higher cultural level into the process of poetic communication. Bryusov, who mostly translated Ancient Greek, Latin and other authors remote in time, set certain standards for the quality of translation that later would help to form the recognised national school of poetic translation in the 20th century Russia. One of the most important standards was Bryusov's requirement of the *method* of poetic translation⁷, which he saw as the right

⁶П. А. Катенин. Размышления и разборы. - М.: Искусство, 1981, -189.

⁷ В. Брюсов. Фиалки в тигеле / Перевод - средство взаимного сближения народов. - М.: Прогресс, 1987.

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choice of the decisive components of a poetic form that needed to be translated first and foremost.

Another translator of this type was Nikolai Gumilyov who, following Bryusov, wrote in his article on poetic translation, «...переводчик поэта должен быть сам поэтом, а кроме того, внимательным исследователем и проникновенным критиком»⁸. The most important contribution of Gumilyov's into the development of poetic translation in Russia was his requirement to be precise in translation of the source verse's metre, rhyming pattern and other formal components of the text, for «у каждого метра есть своя душа, свои особенности и задачи.» His brief but brilliant outline of the characteristic features of different metric patterns may even nowadays serve as useful instruction for a novice translator of poetry:

«Ямб, как бы спускающийся по ступеням..., свободен, ясен, тверд и прекрасно передает человеческую речь, напряженность человеческой воли. Хорей, поднимающийся, крылатый, всегда взволнован и то растроган, то смешлив; его область - пение. Дактиль, опираясь на первый ударяемый слог и качая два неударяемые, как пальма свою верхушку, мощен, торжественен, говорит о стихиях в их покое, о деяниях богов и героев. Анапест, его противоположность, стремителен, порывист, это стихии в движении, напряжение человеческой страсти. И амфибрахий, их синтез, баюкающий и прозрачный, говорит о покое божественно-легкого и мудрого бытия».

There is yet another role which translators come to rather often - that of the *enlightener*. According to its principles, it is the translator himself who is to decide what and how to translate for the benefit of readers. He does not aspire to rival the translated author, nor is he too scrupulous about the details of the source text; he would rather play a certain game of inevitability, for the

Н. Гумилев. Письма о русской поэзии. - Пп, 1923.

sake of the reader. That would mean dropping something in one place and adding in another, omitting one thing and improving another - and thus creating a passable system of imagery that would please the reader. Russia produced a line of such enlightener translators. One of the most curious of the kind was Irinarkh Vvedensky, the purveyor of the "Russian Dickens" to the public in the mid-19th century. Whatever his drawbacks as translator might be, he created what he intended, "a Russian Dickens under the Russian sky," which turned out to play an important role not only in the further undying interest of Russian readers and translators in Dickens but also in the development of interest in the social and psychological novel in Russian literature. Thus, his enlightening role proved truly fruitful, though his early translations were later surpassed by more scrupulous and talented versions. One of the brightest figures in this category of translators was, undoubtedly, Samuel Marshak whose translation of Shakespearean sonnets and other English classics, with all its "enlightening liberties," represented a milestone not only in the history of translation in Russia but also in Russian literature and philology.

Careful inspection of the results of all such translator's preferences and methods reveals an obvious fact: translations close to or especially far from the source text are usually failures. There should then, be some golden mean that will provide balance in a translator's endeavours. What suits best the development of the literary process and interliterary communication may be considered such a measurement. If a translation functions well at a certain time in a certain place, it is true and well made. As soon as it ceases to function fruitfully in any respect, it will inevitably be replaced by some other version. From this simplistic point of view, there is no looking for identity in translation but for this or that degree of similarity required by the joint preferences of a national language, literature, culture and mentality.

Any comparison of the national traditions in translation proves the basic role of such preferences. For example, for an average and even well informed reader the "foreignness" of the

English language in a translation may prove a far worse failure than lack of similarity in form and function. This linguistic preference readily accepts the usage of free verse to translate a Russian traditional metre, provided all grammatical and lexical norms are observed. Another reader would rather reconcile himself to some linguistic strangeness in the text than consent to failure in reconstruction of the original form. No less diverse is the attitude towards the similarity in the subject matter of a text. According to some American literary critics and translators, the subject matter of a literary work is implied in the connotations of words, those semantics are duly and carefully reconstructed in the target language, while the metre and rhyme considered mere formal ornamentation and as such may be disregarded if difficult to reconstruct.

In many English translations of Russian literary works we may come across a chain of transformations that follow the trend of de-emphasizing Russian emotive implications. For example, Russian *Машенька* и *Машка* more often than not rendered in English either as just *Masha* or as somewhat vaguer *Little Masha*. Meanwhile, these forms of the name often prove to be socially and psychologically meaningful denoting different levels of relationship and attitudes without any vast descriptions. Presumably, it would not be too difficult to find some fictional substitutes in English for what is expressed through suffixes in Russian: like *darling Masha* for *Машенька* to construct the tender or ameliorative implication of the Russian form or *that Masha (you Masha)* for *Mashka* to express a pejorative attitude.

Since any serious approach to poetic translation deals with its intercultural function, it is inevitable to have to identify so basic problems that challenge the translator when he faces the difference between Russian and English (British or American) cultures. Different forms of names and ways of addressing people, however important and meaningful, lie only on the surface of a sea of such problems. Dealing with poetry, the translator

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led at the gap between the Russian traditional metric system and English tradition of free verse that, effectively, has re-;d metre and rhyme in modern poetry. This has formed a in readers' expectation; unlike in Russia, serious poetry mly associated nowadays with free verse while rhyme is ture of popular song. This differentiation causes some ten- in perceiving quite serious Russian poetry 20th century :ranslating it into English. The reverse is also interesting: lussian reader, *vers libre* sounds (or, rather, looks) some- marginal, at least, considered not in the category of the r" poetry. Besides, certain peculiarities of Russian phonet- nd syntax require more definite forms of expression in ry than a simple flow of words not bound by any syntactic i. Yet another problem is the incompatibility of associa-; that connect words with cultural, historical and psycho-;al preferences and symbols more or less evident and com-ensible to one national mentality and alien, if perceivable, to another.

In prose, things do not get easier. Here we come across lfference in the ways and principles of manifesting a pic- of the world in words. A literary picture of the world may ide hidden but quite well known quotations from famous trical, literary, political or religious sources that, even if liar and recognizable to the translator, the child of two ires, will require commentary or other guidance to be per- sd by the foreign reader. The measurements of sentiment, our or philosophy in depicting ideas and imagery very rare- lincide between the cultures; what sounds bright and amus- o one may become dull and clumsy to another in any cor- translation. Thus, Babel's usage of the Odessa Jewish di- t loses almost all its expressive flavour in translation: a ilar phrase «я имею сказать вам пару слов» turns into leutral and dull "I have a couple words to say." However, wrong to do as some translators have and to substitute a st dialect for a source dialect, for their stylistic and cultural

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functions are more often than not incompatible. The personag- es lose their national identity and sound rather strange under their foreign names and cultural ways.

Drama presents difficulties of its own: here the factors of time and accent become decisive and subtle stylistic details turn out to be psychologically important. This may ruin the dramatic effect when overlooked in translation. Thus, an extra dimension is added to the written text, and that is its performability. What seems quite passable in the text of a novel, may sound too long (or too short), too literary (or too colloquial), too foreign (or too local) on the stage or screen. For instance, in choosing a substitute for the English expression *You are crazy!* one may consider such possibilities as, *Вы (ты) спятил (и)! Вы с ума сошли! Да ты просто псих! Ненормальный (сумасшедший, чокнутый)! Это настоящее безумие!* - etc. Any of them may suit an appropriate context but with the stage direction "sharply" the words in bold type are preferable.

Prose folklore, such as fairy tales, requires special translation due to its strong fixed phrase component. Formulas of fairy time and space, names of popular personages are very close to idioms in their set structures. One can use such formulas outside a fairy tale, and they will preserve both their sense and fairy-tale flavour indicating the presence of a fantastic element in the thing described. In Russian, the formulas *за тридевять земель* or *долго ли, коротко ли* not only denote imaginary space or time in a fairy tale but are often used as headlines or ironical remarks in the mass media. Thus they represent highly expressive and multifunctional idioms, while their usual English counterparts *in a kingdom faraway, sooner or later* lack the necessary idiomatic expressiveness. The very topography of the fairy-tale world differs in the various national traditions; the Russian *дремучий лес*, though substituted by the English *dark forest*, does not coincide with it idiomatically, as it includes such components as *непроходимый, непознаваемый, воображаемый, древний* and also *опасный, наводящий дрему-* none of which

is inherent in the English "dark forest." It is not for nothing that Russian fantasy writers readily use the idiom in its many meanings, while J. R. R. Tolkien felt the need to invent special names for his dangerous fairy-tale spaces, like *Dead Marshes* or *Mirkwood*.

To sum up the views on the theory of poetic translation, we must concede that while the problems of translating poetry have been more thoroughly studied, many of them still require research and closer examination. In general, there is an obvious need for systematic study of drama translation where no serious theory yet exists besides very few serious works and comments on theatrical translation and fewer still on cinematic translation. Works on folklore translation are so few that they can be counted on the fingers of one hand. This is the field where the national character of the text is the strongest while the principles and traditions of translation are the weakest, something that results in numerous aberrations in the choice of substitutes and in the general misinterpretation of the source mythical world, its chronology, topology and inhabitants.

This brief review of the problems that the translator encounters when dealing with the overt and covert obstacles involved in the creative process of trying to counterpoise the means of expression in two languages makes it obvious that these problems are still innumerable. For some this is grounds for proclaiming the fundamental untranslatability of subtle and intricate literary texts and calling on people to read them in the original. Nevertheless, a great amount of data has been accumulated in both the theory and practice of all kinds of poetic translation.

SECTION I: TRANSLATING POETRY

POETRY TRANSLATION TECHNIQUES

So many problems of translating poetry have been discussed for centuries that one should just follow some of the good useful or bad and tricky recommendations of predecessors. One of the best, to my mind, is that provided by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, which asserts, "... the life blood of translation is this — that a good poem shall not be turned into a bad one." Presumably, we know what a good poem is and how it differs from a bad one.

Whatever the versification system, each poem is unique. It has an individual flavour and, even within a most conservative traditional metric pattern, is marked by a rhythm, pitch and inflection of its own. It is a pointless exercise to pursue absolute fidelity to the original, but it is necessary at least to attempt to preserve as much as possible of the source's principle of poetic arrangement and imagery. English translators usually pursue a middle course, balancing "between formal demands and semantic accuracy" (said Stanley Kunitz, in *Translating Poetry*), with an evident bias towards the latter. The Russian school of poetry translation demands both, being probably even more concerned about the formal accuracy. So what may we take for safe landmarks on the perilous path of poetry translation?

Ideas of how to approach of **poetic translation** have varied in Russia, but not greatly, from **the beginning of** the nineteenth century up to the present day. **The main concept that formed the basic principle of poetic translation can be found in the works of Katenin who wrote about Gnedich's translation of**

the *Iliad* in 1822: «У великих авторов форма не есть вещь произвольная, которую можно переменить, не вреда духу сочинения; связь их неразрывна, и искажение одного необходимо ведет за собою утрату другого. Древние греки писали экзаметром; вопрос, как их переводить, решен: обязанность сохранить в переводе сей классический размер»¹. One of the most prolific and brilliant translators Russia has produced, Vasily Zhukovsky, was quite certain about the principles of poetic translation: «Стихотворцев надлежит, по моему мнению, переводить стихами: прозаический перевод стихов всегда есть самый неверный и далекий от оригинала. Одна из главных прелестей поэзии состоит в гармонии; в прозе она или исчезает или не может быть передана тою гармониею, которая свойственна поэзии»². Considering a translator's "duties," Zhukovsky emphasized the impression that the translated text must produce on the reader: according to him, it had to be as close to that of the original as possible. The effect of similar if not identical harmony is a matter of not only the subject but also the form of the text or, rather, the unity of both.

When a translator is to translate a poem, he may put it into one of two main categories according to its form. One is so-called "free verse," or *vers libre*; the other is classically structured poetry, that is, verse based on regular metre, rhyme and stanza pattern. However, it is evident that the impact a free verse poem's of on the reader differs greatly from that of traditional poetic harmony. It appeals to different points of perception: while a traditional poem speaks more to *the* emotions, *vers libre* tends to appeal to *the* reason rather than to *the* heart. *Vers libre* has properties of its own, which makes the reader seek other things in such a text than he would in a sonnet. Besides, *vers libre* itself requires sophisticated decisions and techniques in translation.

If you start with a *vers libre* poem, it may seem easy to

¹ П. А. Катенин. Размышления и разборы, с. 188-189.

² В. А. Жуковский. О переводах вообще и в особенности о переводах стихов / В. А. Жуковский. Эстетика и критика. - М.: Искусство, 1985, с. 283.

translate: just you need to put word after word in the proper order, as you do when translating any piece of prose. Since the turn of the 20th century English poetry (in Britain and USA) has predominantly developed in the direction of *vers libre*, which means no rhyme, irregular number of syllables, and purely phrasal stresses. The only restriction is the comparatively short line. For some time, you feel at ease with such a task. However, gradually this feeling gives way to hopeless embarrassment: some lines become much shorter than the corresponding lines in the original, while others turn out much, much longer, stretched by the demands of the target language and/or your want of skills. For example, choosing the course of literal rendering, we try to translate something as easy as a few lines of a poem by Ellen Chances:

The touch of skin to
skin. Cheek upon
cheek, breath into
breath, gaze into gaze.

The result is quick and disastrous:

Прикосновение кожи
к коже. Щека к щеке,
дыханье в дыханье,
взгляд во взгляд.

What sounds natural and melodic in English has become stumbling, faltering and clumsy in Russian as a result of such literal "faithfulness." More than that, it has become senseless, for the sense of the poem is in its clarity. Let us try another way, then:

Прикосновение тела
к телу. Единение
щек, единенье
дыханья,
единение взглядов.

—

—

In this version, the Russian lines have become longer, the syntactical and semantic structures different. Altogether, in such a version the Russian text sounds more natural and creates an image similar to that of the original. Is it a great sin of a translator? Vladimir Nabokov in his essay *The Art of Translation* mentioned three such mortal sins:

1. "obvious errors due to ignorance or misguided knowledge"
2. "leaving out tricky passages"
3. "transforming the original formula according to his own taste."

It is easy to guess that the first two sins "seem petty" in comparison with the third. Following Nabokov's advice, you may adopt a motto *Do not try to improve the author being translated!* Yet, you should not distort or forget anything either. This dichotomy seems a deadlock until you find some narrow pass between the poles.

Thus even with *vers libre* one has to transform the original formula of the imaginary world, otherwise the poem would sound rotten in the target language, breaking the rules of good taste for the sake of primitive emotional perceptibility. The main matter of translating *vers libre* will be conveyed in syntax, though obeying the rules of euphony in the target language is also important (in our example, the [k-k] joints of the first variant simply kill any idea of a lyrical poem).

Much more complicated is the matter of translating a traditionally structured poem. You must take into consideration not only the vast variety of metres, types of rhyme and forms of stanza, not to mention the individuality of their combination in a particular source poem, but also the highly probable difference in the way they function in the two languages. What a pure iambic pentameter can mean to English perception may not correspond to how and what it means to a Russian reader, and vice versa. Some translators lament the lack of rhyming resources in English

when it comes to translating the strong, pure rhymes of, say, Mandelstam. Presumably, this is what makes James Greene, the translator of Mandelstam's poetry into English, modestly admit have mostly had to *eschew* rhyme (but not half-rhyme, inter rhymes or assonance)... *total* "faithfulness", were it possible the "same" metre, rhyme-scheme, pattern of sounds, number of syllables, line-length, etc., etc. — would be an absurdity." Just — an absurdity. To found your translation on this cornerstone you will find it natural to use trochee instead of iambus, two instead of four, and to change the number of lines. Moreover, since rhyme is merely a nuisance, away with it! Then, as it happens, Anna Akhmatova turns from a solemn rhythmical and melodious voice into clumsy, incomprehensible prose (in the event of a literal translation by the diligent Judith Henschemeier). You may call it "adaptation", "version", "imitation", etc.

The Russian tradition of poetry translation has developed the opposite point of view on how to represent English verse in Russian. Its basic principles are solid (yet, surprisingly, quite achievable): since the instructions of Valery Bryusov and Nikolai Gumilyov, an English poem in Russian translation should meet the three requirements: equivalent metre, rhyme and line pattern. Comparing this with the quotation from James Greene above, you can see the difference that lies in one particular term: instead of the "same" we use the word "equivalent," which may not necessarily be "the same" in body, but the same in function. In other words, of value is not formal but *functional equivalence*. Anyway, you cannot expect a valuable translation to substitute for a poem when the body has three arms instead of two, and, probably, only one eye. What Bryusov called "the method of transition" is the selection by the translator of the most important features in the source poem, those that determine its system of imagery; it may be the metric pattern or rhyme, alliteration or syntactic structure, a key word or a stylistic device. The proper choice of the method of translation allows the translator to reconstruct the most important components of the source poem in the target language.

e. **Certainly, one** cannot expect that every formal detail of source **text is** translatable but the task is to define which of may **be neglected with** the least negative effects.

To **put into** words the main difference between Russian and ish traditions of poetry translation, we may concede that Rus-translators often fall into the sin of "making the foreign poet d better in Russian," while their British/American counter-may feel a.t ease in making him (or her) not sound at all by il throwing off the original versification pattern, as too rigid, the sake of a new order." Which is probably no less a sin. results are dubious: in Russia, non-English speakers (read-read, know and love a whole host of British/American poets, >r as well as major, while to the average American reader the es of major 20th — century Russian poets are at best obscure actually known only to the university public.

Some poets are renowned in the English-speaking USA, :xample, not for their poetry as translated into English but ;r for their tragic fates — like Marina Tsvetaeva or Osip delsham. Quoting Susan Miron from her review on *Tsvetae-y* Viktoria Schweitzer, "Outside the former Soviet Union, ina Tsvetaeva (1892-1941) is far better known today for her ide by hanging than for her poetry." This is due to translation certain extent. Tsvetaeva without her dashing rhymes, ner-j but well-arranged metre, and alliterative links between key ds, the unsurpassed play on sounds, which makes the very t of her poetry and gives a clue to the associative and imagi-¹ content, is a mere Jane Doe or some other decent poetic lan with no voice of her own. The purely semantic principle anslation is definitely inadequate in the case of Tsvetaeva.

There is a possible productive way for the theory of trans->n and translators of poetry, the *comparative generative prosit* may serve as the basis for the theory of poetic translation will allow predicting the variety of actual prosodic parallels veen English and Russian systems of versification or reoncting the basic model by its variants. There are some approach-

es to such a theory in the studies of prosody from both general and national positions'. The concept of kernel rhythmic struc-tures and their direct and indirect connection with the cognitive and emotional processes is very important in understanding, in-terpreting and translating poetry². Anyhow, when translating po-etry, we should consider the form as more than a surface or liter-ary decoration. In fact, in true poetry, it is as integral a part of its content and imagery as is its syntactic structure or stylistic devic-es. To undertake a comparative study of the national peculiarities of the relationship between the prosodic form and contents in Russian and English literary traditions will definitely contribute to the theory of poetic translation. Yet a translator can make his own observations in the practical work on translating poetry from this point of view. For example, if a poet, classical or modern, uses the iambic tetrameter, it is only sensible on the part of the translator to consider the possible semantic, aesthetic and psy-chological functions of that verse form.

There is yet another obstacle for a translator of poetry, the one of cultural symbols, that is, words that have wide and impor-tant associative force in the source culture but are obscure, if at all comprehensible, for the culture of translation. When working in prose, such symbols may be commented upon, transformed by means of description, or replaced by some synonymous phrase. However, the verse space is limited, and one cannot enlarge the number of units in a line where each word needs weigh heavy. Actually, one of "national features," this phenomenon is untrans-

¹ M. Halle. On meter and prosody // Progress in linguistics. - Mouton, 1970; M. Halle, S. Keyser. English stress: its form, its growth and its role in verse. - N.Y., 1971; М. Лотман. Генеративный подход в метрических шту-диях // Русская филология. Вып. IV. 1975; М. А. Краснопрова. Основы реконструктивного моделирования стихосложения. - СПб., 2000.

² Andrey Bely addressed to the close relationship between rhythm, metre and meaning in poetry in his famous book "Ритм как диалектика и 'Медный Всадник'. Исследование." (1929). Following many Russian scholars Bely indicated different types of such relationship, which may be useful for the translator.

latable in poetry; yet translators somehow manage to reconstruct even such "thorns" in the flesh of a poetic text. The rule is, you may omit an illusion or two, if untranslatable, but you should detect them in the source text so as not to misinterpret by a wrong substitution. The main problem about them is that they carry a strong emotive charge for the native readers of the source text and lack it in the perception of the readers in the target language when distorted, or misinterpreted. The famous poem by Mandelshtam *Мы живем, под собою не чуя страны* does not directly name Stalin but introduces him through the easily recognizable descriptive phrases:

А где хватит па полразговорца, Там
припомнят кремлевского горца.

«*Кремлевский горец*» turns into a vague "the mountain man of the Kremlin" in the translation of Richard Dauenhauer (though it would perhaps have been more appropriate to use *the Kremlin Highlander* or *the Highlander in the Kremlin* or the *Caucasian in the Kremlin* because it also implies some national idea while *Highlander* is almost exclusively associated with Scotland), and the translator feels it necessary to supply the poem with a commentary where the name is mentioned: "When this poem fell into the hands of *Stalin's* secret police, Mandelshtam was arrested..." This poem became a symbol of anti-Stalinist resistance for generations of Russian intelligentsia, and every word in it has an association with this or that political figure or feature of those hard times. Another example of misinterpretation of a symbol in this poem is the line *Тараканьи смеются усища* translated as *His moustache laughs like a pair of cockroaches*. Meanwhile, the word «*тараканьи*» refers to the one Cockroach (also «*Тараканище*» from the famous poem of Chukovsky), the dreadful notorious Stalin himself, and definitely not to "a pair." Thus interpreted, the image lacks its nightmarish metaphorical quality and becomes a mere simile with a mildly comical effect.

To sum up, when translating a poem we are dealing not only with the surface contents of it conveyed through the semantics of words but with a cluster of interacting components, from metre and rhyme to cultural symbolism, where every subtle detail contributes to the imagery of the whole text. Alter the metre, abandon the rhyme, or neglect the cultural symbol - and the result is a text that differs from the original in its basic qualities. Some translators try to justify such transformations with reference to the target reader's interests or preferences but the argument lacks cogency as, more often than not, it reflects the interests and preferences of the translator himself. The cogent argument should be the one that results in better understanding of the unique achievements of the source poetry.

This section includes classic as well as modern poets with samples of translation for comparison. Each unit begins with introductory notes containing some biographical data, comments on the works of the poet and on the particular problems of translating them. Tasks for translation are supplied with directions and recommendations for the translator.

POETRY UNIT 1: TRANSLATING WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE INTO RUSSIAN

Introductory Notes

William Shakespeare was and is the most mysterious author of the brilliant Elizabethan age in English literature. From lifetime to the present day his name, the dates of his birth and death, and the very authorship of this or that work attributed to him have been disputed. Some scholars stand firmly on the Stratford position and say that the great Shakespeare was born and died in Stratford-on-Avon (1564-1616), did not have any university education, spent a few years in London as a second-rate actor in the Globe Theatre, during which time he managed to write the dramatic works in the history of European literature and a surfeit of the most delightful poems.

Some would still dispute this tradition and say that Shakespeare was the greatest mystification of the time perpetrated by a group of aristocratic poets. They would mention a variety of names, from Robert Devereux, the Earl of Essex (1566-1601) to Christopher Marlowe, the Earl of Rutland (1576-1612), and bring arguments for the co-authorship of Elizabeth Sidney, Countess of Warwick, in the works that go under the name of Shakespeare¹. This line of argument may be quite strong when applied to the works of great poets, adventurers, explorers and rebels. Suffice it to mention a few names, like Sir Philip Sidney, Christopher Marlowe,

¹ И. Гилилов. Игра об Уильяме Шекспире, или Тайна Великого Шекспира. - М.: Международные отношения, 2000; Марина Литвинова. Шекспирская воительница, потрясающая копьем / Столпотворение, 2001, № 1; М. Д. Литвинова. Задачи, стоящие перед переводчиками, в свете последних открытий в шекспироведении / Вторые Федоровские чтения. Уни-верситетское переводоведение. Выпуск 2. - СПбГУ, 2001.

Ben Johnson, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others who liked to play both with life and death, with art and poetry, as well as with time and space.

Whoever their real author was, Shakespeare's *Sonnets* occupy a place apart among his works. It was for them that Shakespeare was called "mellifluous and honey tongued" by his contemporaries, though, later, rejected and sharply criticised by John Dryden and George Stephens in the 18th century only to be resurrected in the age of Romanticism.

First published in 1609 as a complete sequence of 154 sonnets, nowadays, in terms of the number of researches and popularity among readers, the *Sonnets* are second only to *Hamlet*. Some features of Shakespeare's poetry make him sound quite unusual for his time. His style was more direct and natural than that of many of his contemporaries, who paid tribute to bookish stylistic devices and conventional imagery. The best of Shakespeare's sonnets are filled with a sense of reality.

The basis of his imagery, like in most poems of the English Renaissance, was comparison. According to the aesthetics of the era, a subject should not be named directly, or even described; it should be expressed through some likeness between it and any other subject thus making a conceit to be guessed. Shakespeare was particularly skilful at that and especially resourceful in inventing ever new similes and metaphors. Some of them were quite high-flown, others were almost prosaic. Death and life, the sun and the moon, Time and Love, the friend and the beloved, all of these eternal topics would appear in his sonnets in a diversity of forms, motions, colours and relations. The inner world of his lyrical hero is affectionate, bright and somewhat sad. He plays with the reader; he asks questions to puzzle him and gives tricky answers to obscure the obvious. Many hints, allusions and enigmatic formulas have remained quite a mystery to the present day. A thoughtful reader may find his own answers to the mystery of Shakespeare's sonnets, as have many of his translators.

Shakespeare's sonnets usually follow the classical English pattern (less sophisticated than its Italian counterpart): 14 lines of

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iambic pentameter arranged in three quatrains and a concluding couplet. Deviations from the standard form are rare. What is special about his sonnet is its paradoxical development. According to the sonnet rules, a sonnet should be devoted to a chosen theme, which had to be formulated in the very first line, while the rest of the poem was a path through to the conclusion. Shakespeare audaciously broke the rules, making his thoughts run in contradictory manner, and his concluding couplets are very often unexpected.

Considered as a whole, Shakespeare's sonnets remind one of a romance in poetic letters; we can find certain cycles in them devoted to one and the same topic, written in a particular mood, or concerned with one image.

The history of translation of these sonnets into Russian is very long and complicated. The sonnets were not translated into Russian before the 19th century, the best translations were done in the 20th century. The most famous and widely published translations are the work of Samuel Marshak (1930s), who translated the complete set of all 154 sonnets. Boris Pasternak tackled only four of them but his translations are, as always with him, quite individual, subjective and expressive. One of the latest (but not the least) Russian translators of Shakespeare is Sergey Stepanov, a writer, poet and translator from St. Petersburg, who has researched the chronology of the Shakespearean sonnets. Stepanov, an ardent supporter of the Rutlandian version of the Shakespeare mystery, has done much to identify the part of Elizabeth Sidney, Duchess of Rutland, in the sonnets².

The sonnet under consideration is known as Sonnet 73 (the true chronology is questionable, though). It is one of the best and, probably, most lyrical of the cycle. The poet creates a cosmic landscape in words comparing his life first to the late autumn, then to the fading light of sunset, and at last to the failing fire. The final couplet of the sonnet is a paradox in itself, while it also

³ С. Степанов. "Жалоба влюбленной" - шифр к порядку Шекспировых Сонетов // Перевод и межкультурная коммуникация. - СПб.: ИВЭ-СЭП, 2002.

contradicts the theme of the poem. Death is there, but there also love. Between this death and this love, stand two human soul alone in that vast and cold universe, fragile and yet capable < resisting the power of it.

The three Russian translations we include here view the poem as if from different positions, thus providing different versions of it. You may try to detect the translator's position with regard to the original poem in each version. The one by Marsh* is marked as it were by a well-arranged cosmic view, wise and unhurried. Human, visible and almost palpable is the realm translated by Pasternak. Tragedy and irony dominate in Stepanov's version through the choice of words and nervous prosody. In the *Task for Comparison* we shall come back to all these and other differences to compare and evaluate them.

A general problem for translating the Sonnets is the archaic diction: one has to decide whether to follow the elevated style in Russian or to use contemporary style with only subtle high-flown components. The first approach will make the text sound solemn and remote in time (as we can observe in Marshak's translation), while the second admits that Shakespeare himself was much ahead of his time in both poetic diction and imagery, and is not archaic at all (in Pasternak's and Stepanov's versions we can find the second principle in action).

Chosen as the task for translation, Sonnet 102 is more transparent, if such a description is appropriate to Shakespeare's poetry at all. Its imagery is not very sophisticated, though again marked by irony. Translating it, one may come across such problems as the poetic name *Philomel* for the nightingale, which further enhances the difficulty with the feminine gender of the image in English, whereas *соловей* is masculine in Russian. Neither is it easy to transfer the array of such key words in the sonnet as *lay hymns, song, pipe, music* altogether into Russian. Difficulty may be caused by such archaic forms as *doth and burthens*, and not only by the forms but also by their functions, too. We have to decide whether to translate them in a way that reflects the poet

Практикум по художественному переводу

tion of the early 17th century or to present them in contemporary Russian as turns of phrase natural and not especially poetic Shakespeare's time. As to the basic metaphor of the text, it is y important to balance between such terms as *merchandize* 1 *sing*, and to retain the parallel between *doth publish every ere* and *burthens every bough*.

sk for comparison:

nnet 73

SONNET 73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold When
yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang Upon those
boughs which shake against the cold, Bare ruin'd
choirs, where late the sweet birds sang. In me thou
see'st the twilight of such day As after sunset fadeth in
the west; Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest. In me thou
see'st the glowing of such fire, That on the ashes of his
youth doth lie, As the death-bed whereon it must
expire, Consumed with that which it was nourisht by.

This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

ревод Б. Пастернака:

То время года видишь ты во мне.
Кгда из листьев редко где какой,
Дрожа, желтеет в веток голизне,
А птичий свист везде сменил покой...
Во мне ты видишь бледный край небес,
Где от заката памятка одна,
И, постепенно взявши перевес,

Imagery in Translation

Их опечатывает темнота.
Во мне ты видишь то сгоранье пня,
Когда зола, что пламенем была,
Становится могилою огня,
А то, что грело, изошло дотла,
И это видя, помни: нет цены
Свиданьям, дни которых сочтены.

Перевод С. Маршака:

То время года видишь ты во мне,
Когда один-другой багряный лист
От холода трепещет в вышине —
На хорах, где умолк веселый свист.

Во мне ты видишь тот вечерний час,
Когда поблек на западе закат И купол
неба, отнятый у нас, Подобьем смерти
— сумраком обьят.

Во мне ты видишь блеск того огня,
Который гаснет в пепле прошлых дней,
И то, что жизнью было для меня,
Могилою становится моей.

Ты видишь все. Но близостью конца
Теснее наши связаны сердца!

Перевод С. Степанова:

Во мне такую пору видишь взором,
Когда листвы закончились пиры,
Почти сметенной холода напором, На
голых хорах смолкли птиц хоры.

Во мне ты видишь сумерки такие,
Когда закат уже почти угас,

И ночь, как смерть, кладет свои слепые
Печати, запечатывая глаз.

Ты видишь головню на пепелище, Что
теплится в золе минувших дней, Чья
некогда живительная пища Теперь ложится
саваном над ней.

Ты видишь все и все ты понимаешь — И
любишь крепче то, что потеряешь.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Read more about William Shakespeare and his sonnets.
- Read about the sonnet, its history, structure, forms and role in English poetry. Compare this poetic form with other kinds of verse.
- Read this sonnet attentively, make sure that you can understand every word and sentence structure in it. Mark the key words of the sonnet and their links with the other words.
- Analyse the grammar of the sonnet, mark archaic forms and vocabulary.
- Define and analyse the pattern of the verse: the type of poetic form, rhythm, metre, rhyme scheme.
- Experiment with the text: change its versification pattern (i. e., cut off a foot from every line and make it sound an iambic tetrameter). Note the difference in rhythm and expressive power.
- Reconstruct the logical structure of the sonnet and its major concepts.
- Reconstruct the imagery of the sonnet and the stylistic means used to create the images.
- Think of some possible Russian parallels, either in form or in contents.
- Translate the sonnet word for word. Think of Russian equivalents for the archaic forms and vocabulary. Decide whether they should be as archaic in Russian.

- Think over the concepts of the sonnet and try to connect them in Russian in the form of a coherent text.
- Create the preliminary scheme of rhymes in Russian, i. e. collect important words which would make a rhyming basis for the Russian substitute of the sonnet.
- Fill in the lines within the rhyming frame with words as close to the source text as possible. Try to save the stylistic devices of the source text.
- Decide which words and structures seem too heavy or dull in Russian. Try to make the Russian text easier: omit some words, change the type of stylistic devices, etc.
- Read the resulting text aloud to make sure it echoes the rhythmic impression of the source text.
- Compare your text with those of other translators.
- Comment upon the difference in translation principles.

Discuss the results.

Task for translation:

Sonnet 102

SONNET 102

My love is strenghten'd, though more weak in seeming; I love
not less, though less the show appear: That love is
merchandized whose rich esteeming The owner's tongue doth
publish every where. Our love was new and then but in the
spring When I was wont to greet it with my lays, As
Philomel in summer's front doth sing And stops her pipe in
growth of riper days: 'Not that the summer is less pleasant
now Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night, But
that wild music burthens every bough And sweets grown
common lose their dear delight. Therefore like her I
sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

— — —

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Read the sonnet aloud to feel its rhythmic and phonic anity.
- Study the words and syntactic structures of the text to make sure that the logic and content of it are clear to you. Identify the key words and their function in the sonnet.
- Study the imagery of the text and stylistic means used to create the imaginative world. Identify the units that may cause problems for translation.
- Think of how to transform the word *Philomel*. Does the pronoun *her* have a special meaning in this text?
- Study the metric pattern of the text to detect both weak and strong positions in their connection with the content and imagery of the sonnet.
- Study the rhyme scheme of the sonnet; consider the words that make rhyming pairs as meaningful units to explore their function in the text.
- Reconstruct the metric scheme and rhyming of the sonnet in Russian; choose pairs of rhyming words as close in meaning to the source text as possible.
- Complete the lines with Russian words according to the logic and emotive development of the text within the frame of the metric pattern of the sonnet.
- Read your Russian text aloud to check how it sounds.
- Complete the translated text and discuss the translated versions of the sonnet.

*POETRY UNIT2:
TRANSLATING JOHN KEATS
INTO RUSSIAN*

Introductory Notes

John Keats (1795-1821) was supposed to become an apothecary but abandoned the profession for the sake of poetry. From 1816 he devoted his life purely to writing. Keats was close to such poets as Leigh Hunt and Haydon, and met with Shelley, Hazlitt and Wordsworth whose poetry and views particularly influenced him. One of his favourite writers was Shakespeare whom he highly praised for the utmost openness and unselfishness in poetry and whose sonnets were a model for the novice poet. Keats was always happy with friends, who loved him and his poetry and did much to support and defend him from sharp and undeserved criticism. Fragile and weak, he fell seriously ill with tuberculosis in the winter of 1819. It became clear that he would not live out another winter in London. In 1820 Shelley invited him to live with his family in Italy. Keats went there, but he did not join Shelley, settling in Rome, his health in a very poor state. There, in Rome he died in February 1821.

Like many other English poets, he started with Ancient Greek and Roman mythology, classical literature and allegoric ways of formulating the idea of the beautiful. However, this turned out not to be enough for longer poems. He came to nature and undertook a journey round the Lake District, Scotland and Northern Ireland In 1816-1817. For him it was like a pilgrimage to places of sacred beauty. The mountainous landscape of those places awoke his imagination and was a step towards his poetic ideal, the union of the Picturesque and the Sublime. His imagination thus stirred, in December 1817 he moved to Hampstead and set-

tied in what is now known as the Keats Memorial House. There he met Fanny Brawne with whom he fell deeply in love and who became his fiancée. He had only two more years of life at his disposal, though he could not have known it then.

What can a poet do within such a short period of creative activity? John Keats did so much. He wrote a quantity of lyrics and longer poems that placed his name among the immortals. The most productive period for his poetry was 1818, and he himself referred to it as the Great Year. It was in 1818 that he wrote, consecutively, "The Eve of St. Agnes," "The Eve of St. Mark," "Hyperion," "Lamia," and his major odes such as the "Ode to Psyche," the "Ode to a Nightingale," the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and "To Autumn." For a young man as he was, the style of these pieces was powerful like the brush of a great painter. It is incredible to find such a diversity of colours, forms and shades of human feelings and nature in Keats's major works. The wind, the grass, the roof of the house, the colour of the path in autumn, the form of a flower in the vase, the voice of a village girl, the sound of the cart wheel, all these details together make his poetry rings out like a mighty symphony arranged in words and metre.

His favourite poetic forms included the sonnet. He was the first of the Romantic poets to rediscover the form that was considered superfluous, naive and too platonic for serious poetry. Byron treated Keats's sonnets with contemptuous superiority as "trifles" but came to revise his own attitude later, after Keats's early death.

In his best sonnets Keats's diction is simple, the tone is natural for he found the beautiful everywhere, even in such "trifling" matters as the voice of a grasshopper or the sand on the seashore. He might start with a detail, as he did in the sonnet "On Visiting the Tomb of Burns":

The town, the churchyard, and the setting sun, The
clouds, the trees, the rounded hills all seem,
Though beautiful, cold — strange — as in a dream,
I dreamed long ago, now new begun.

Then those details will stir the poet's fantasy and take him away to the realm of beauty. However, he could also start with a philosophic maxim, as in the sonnet selected here for comparison, which would uncoil its sophisticated structure in lovely iambic tails.

In Russia, the poetry of John Keats was not accepted as readily and easily as that of Byron's. Though one of the greatest poets of English Romanticism, to Russian readers he remained for a long time in the shadow as it were of Byron, Shelley and Wordsworth. Some critics try to explain this as being to his extreme "Englishness" that is almost impossible to translate. So, he came into being in Russian translation and literary studies² only in the 20th century when his poetry found brilliant and ardent readers and interpreters such as Marshak, Pasternak, Sukharev, and others. While Marshak and Pasternak belong to the first half of the 20th century, Sergey Sukharev is our contemporary, a talented poet and translator from St. Petersburg, who has done much research on John Keats and poetry and is the first to translate and publish the complete set of Keats's sonnets (1998) in Russian.

The task for comparison includes one of the most popular of Keats's sonnets in Russia, *On the Grasshopper and the Cricket*. The three Russian versions of the sonnet differ considerably to reveal the translators' personalities, their poetic and translation principles and skills³. Of special interest is the choice of words for the opening line, the key phrase for the whole text. We now

¹ In the Russian press his name was first mentioned as early as 1811 (in the magazine "Вестник Европы"), and the very form of his name in Russian had still not become fixed: "Джон Кее" or "Кее". The first Russian poetic version (the sonnet *To My Brothers*) was published in 1895. Since the 1970s, John Keats has become quite popular in Russia, not least thanks to brilliant translations of Sergey Sukharev:

² Н. Я. Дьяконова. Ките и его современники. - М.: Наука, 1973; же. Английский романтизм. - М.: Наука, 1978; С. Л. Сухарев. Ките и его сонеты. - Джон Ките. Сонеты. В переводе Сергея Сухарева. - СПб., 1998; Г. Г. Подольская. Джон Ките в России. - Астрахань: Изд-во АГПИ, 1999.

³ М. Новикова. Ките - Маршак - Пастернак / Мастерство перевода. - М.: Сов. Писатель, 1971.

Compare the three sentences in Russian to see the difference in style, manner and rhythm of the three Russian Keatses.

Free stanzas as a pattern for a poem, alongside with the ; and longer narrative poems, were very popular among poets of Romanticism. They allowed freedom of metre, rhyme and order of ideas **and** images. Our task for translation features the *Stan- in a Drear-nighted December*, a charming poem, rather playful in rhythm, which makes it sound more lively though the topic of verbal imagery are rather sad. The poem has not been a hit with translators. Probably the main problem is in its metric and rhymic arrangement, especially that of the rhyming scheme when the three stanzas are linked by one rhyme, which puts the last line of every stanza in the strongest position and creates an inner musicality.

Task for comparison:

in the Grasshopper and the Cricket

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
This is the Grasshopper's — he takes the lead
In summer luxury, — he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun
He rests **at** ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

Перевод С. Маршака:

Вовеки не замрет, не прекратится
Поэзия земли. Когда в листве, От
зноя ослабев, умолкнут птицы, Мы
слышим голос в скошенной траве
Кузнечика. Спешит он насладиться
Своим участием в летнем торжестве,
То зазвенит, то снова притаится И
помолчит минуту или две.

Поэзия земли не знает смерти. Пришла
зима, в полях метет метель, Но вы покою
мертвому не верьте: Трещит сверчок,
забившись где-то в щель.

И в ласковом тепле нагретых печек Нам
кажется — в траве звенит кузнечик.

Перевод Б. Пастернака:

В свой час своя поэзия в природе: Когда в
зените день и жар томит Притихших птиц
— чей голосок звенит Вдоль изгородей
скошенных угодий? Кузнечик — вот
виновник тех мелодий, Певун и лодырь,
потерявший стыд, Пока и сам, по горло
пеньем сыт, Не свалится последним в
хороводе. В свой час во всем поэзия своя:
Зимой, морозной ночью молчаливой
Пронзительны за печкой переливы
Сверчка во славу теплого жилья. И,
словно летом, кажется сквозь дрему, Что
слышишь треск кузнечика знакомый.

Перевод С. Сухарева:

Поэзии земли не молкнет лад:
Не слышно среди скошенных лугов
Сомлевших в зное птичьих голосов,
Зато вовсю гремит поверх оград
Кузнечик. Обессилев от рулад,
Он сыщет под былинкой вольный кров,
Передохнет — и вновь трещать готов,
Раздольем лета верховодить рад.

Поэзия земли не знает плена:
Безмолвием сковала мир зима, Но где-
то там, за печкой, неизменно Сверчок в
тепле стрекочет без ума, И кажется —
звенит самозабвенно — Все та же
трель кузнечика с холма.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Read about John Keats and his poetry. Read some other poems by John Keats to appreciate the peculiarities of his diction.
- Read the poem thoroughly and study its vocabulary, style and imagery.
- Analyse the poetic pattern of the sonnet, its rhyming scheme and metre.
- Reconstruct the logic of the text and compare it with its imagery.
- Compare this sonnet with the one by Shakespeare (Poetry Unit 1). Comment upon the difference.
- Think of the impression produced by the poem. Does it coincide with or contradict the surface content?

Imagery in Translation

- Pick out the key-words of the text and analyse their symbolic value. Which of them may be difficult to reconstruct in translation and why?
- Study the possibilities of Russian vocabulary to provide equivalents to the source text.
- Translate the poem word for word paying special attention to the key-words and those intended for rhyme.
- Reconstruct the rhyming scheme and choose the rhyming words for the whole text.
- Fill in the lines within the rhyming frame with due weight to retain the metric pattern of the poem in Russian.
- Look through the choice of words and stylistic devices to ensure they meet the requirements of sense and style in Russian.
- Read the text aloud to see if it is compatible with the source rhythm in Russian.
- Compare your version with the other translations.
- Discuss the results.

Task for translation:

Stanzas in a Drear-nighted December

I

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity: The
north cannot undo them With a
sleety whistle through them, Nor
frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

II

In a drear-nighted December, Too
happy, happy brook,

Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look; But
with a sweet forgetting They stay
their crystal fretting, Never, never
petting
About the frozen time.

III

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy! But
were there ever any
Writh'd not at passed joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it, Nor
numbered sense to steel it,
Was never said in rhyme.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Study the logic and emotive features of the poem to discover down the key words of the text.
- Study the imagery and stylistic devices used to create it.
- Study the metre and rhyming scheme of the poem and their functions.
- Reconstruct the intrastanza based on the rhyming last lines of all three stanzas and think of its associative force.
- Play with the source text changing its metric or rhyming features to see how it influences the perception of the stanzas.
- Reconstruct the rhyme scheme of the text in Russian with words as close in meaning to the source rhyming words as possible.
- Complete the lines with Russian words following the metric pattern of the source text.

— ; — — —

- How will you cope with the metric difference between the line of words *too happy, happy tree* and its Russian counter parts like *такое счастливое (беспечное, беззаботное) дерево!*
- What other translation problems can you detect in the text?
- Complete the draft of your Russian text and read it aloud to hear how it sounds.
- Complete the translation and compare its imagery, logic and emotive values with the source text.
- Discuss the results and compare different versions of the translation.

POETRY UNIT 3: TRANSLATING PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY INTO RUSSIAN

Introductory Notes

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) was born into a noble family in Sussex and went to University College, Oxford. From his early youth and throughout his life, his behaviour was marked by extreme eccentricity. He was a rebel by nature and in his poetic vision of life. He was expelled from Oxford for circulating his own pamphlet, *The Necessity of Atheism*, in 1811. Then he eloped to Scotland with 16-year-old Harriet Westbrook and they married in Edinburgh in August 1811. Three years of nomadic existence followed, and in 1814 the marriage broke down despite the birth of two children. Later, he married Mary Godwin who would also become a famous writer and with whom he lived to the end of his life. In 1818 they went abroad and spent most of their time in Italy where they made friends with Byron. That period was both the most productive and unhappy in Shelley's life; his little daughter died at Venice; then his favourite son William died at Rome, and Mary Shelley suffered a nervous breakdown.

Yet the period of time from the summer of 1819 saw the peak of Shelley's creative activity. He completed his long poem *Prometheus Unbound* and wrote *The Mask of Anarchy*, *Ode to the West Wind*, such lyric pieces as *To a Skylark*, *The Cloud*; he also completed his drama *The Cenci*. In 1821 he wrote *Adonais* in memory of John Keats and his untimely death.

In August 1822 Shelley drowned, together with his friend Edward Williams and a boatboy, under very strange circumstances, on a return trip from visiting Byron and Leigh Hunt in Livorno in his small *Ariel*. In keeping with Italian law, his body was

burned on the shore, but his heart was returned to England later buried in Poets' Corner Westminster Abbey.

Apart from being an outstanding poet and dramatist, Shelley was also a gifted translator. He translated prominent authors from Greek (Plato and Homer), Latin (Spinoza), Spanish (Cervantes), German (Goethe), Italian (Dante) and some other languages. He was also considered one of the most profound writers of his age; his *Defence of Poetry* is recognised as one of the greatest documents in the history of English criticism. In this book Shelley makes a distinction between imaginative and mechanical thinking and underlies that only imaginative thinking, that is, a combination of reason with imagination, is truly creative, while mechanical thinking is prosaically analytical. From his paradoxical point of view, Plato and Bacon are creative thinkers and, thus, poets.

Among the English Romantics, Shelley had the reputation of being an undoubtedly major figure, a poet of volcanic energy, aspirations and hope for a better world.

His lyric poetry was always very melodic and full of emotion, though sometimes rather sad. The piece in the task for comparison, *To — (One word is too often profaned!)*, is a free stanza form, written in 1821, supposedly to Emilia Viviani, daughter of the Governor of Pisa, a very talented girl with whom Shelley was in Platonic love. Emilia inspired Shelley to a series of poems, the finest of them and the greatest of his personal lyrics was *Epythion* ("soul within the soul," in Greek), a torrent of romantic love poetry unmatched in English, where he describes the ideal love as everburning "inconsumable" flame in which bodies and spirits blend in one. *One word*, a much smaller piece, opens another side of ideal love, its cosmic character that ranges from human beings to planets and space.

Shelley's poetry was not often translated into Russian in the 19th century. Konstantin Balmont was the first Russian poet to translate the complete poems of Shelley; his views on poetic translation were very idiosyncratic. He proclaimed Russian "a second tongue", in comparison with English, and, translating, enlarging

Практикум по художественному переводу

original text, adding feet, lines, or even stanzas. In any event, version of this poem was very melodic and unusual, though far from the source metre and melody. Boris Pasternak chose poem for translation, evidently attracted by the particular combination of diction and imagery in it, both wrapped in the master-verse. Perhaps, like Keats, Shelley is hyper-English in his mode of expression, which makes his poetry quite a challenge for a translator.

The task for translation features Shelley's masterpiece of a metrical poem, *Ozymandias*, written in 1817. The image of the poem is based on a famous description of the statue of Ramses II by Diodorus Siculus: "... It is not merely for its size that this statue merits approbation, but it is also marvellous by reason of its artistic quality and excellent because of the nature of the stone... The inscription upon it runs: 'King of Kings am I, Ozymandias. If anyone would know how great I am and where I lie, let him surmise one of my works.' " The poem has been translated into Russian many times. Famous, though not quite perfect were translations by Balmont, Minsky, Chumachenko, and others. The statue is not directly named by a word in Shelley's poem, but only through the metonymic features as *legs of stone*, *visage*, *pedestal*, *wreck*, which sound clumsy in the Russian syntax; so in translation this named object is interpreted as *статуя*, *исполин*, *истукан*, *мятник*, *руина*, *мавзолей* — all the words being rather long and too exact for the poetic image in Shelley's world.

ask for comparison:

"One word is too often profaned"

TO —

1

One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it, One
feeling too falsely disdained <

Imagery in Translation

For thee to disdain it, One
hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And Pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not The
worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not:
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

Перевод К. Бальмонта:

Слишком часто заветное слово людьми осквернялось,
Я его не хочу повторять, Слишком часто
заветное чувство презреньем встречалось,
Ты его не должна презирать. И слова
сострадания, что с уст твоих нежных сорвались,
Никому я отдать не хочу, И за счастье надежд,
что с отчаяньем горьким смешалось,
Я всей жизнью своей заплачу.

Нет того в моем сердце, что в мире любовью зовется,
Но молитвы отвергнешь ли ты? Неудержно
вкруг солнца воздушное облачко вьется,
Упадает роса на цветы, Полночь ждет,
чтобы снова зари загорелось око,
И отвергнешь ли ты, о мой друг, Это
чувство святое, что манит куда-то далеко,
Прочь от наших томительных мук?

Перевод Б. Пастернака:

К...

Опошлено слово одно И стало
рутиной. Над искренностью давно
Смеются в гостиной. Надежда и
самообман — Два сходных недуга.
Единственный мир без румян —
Участие друга.

Любви я в ответ не прошу,
Но тем беззаветней По-
прежнему произношу Обет
многолетний. Так бабочку
тянет в костер И полночь к
рассвету, И так заставляет
простор Кружиться
планету.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Read about Percy Bysshe Shelley and his poetry.
- Read the poem, analyse its imagery and mood. Mark the stylistic devices used in the text.
- Identify key-words in the text and note their role in the imagery and logic of the poem.
- Reconstruct the verse pattern of the text: its rhythm, metre, rhyme scheme and form of stanzas. Think of how it may be connected with the imagery and mood of the poem.
- What impression does this poem produce on the reader? Would you classify this text among more emotional or more logical poetry?

• What other words may be put in line with *the worship, the desire, the feeling, the devotion, love*? What connects them in one group? What is different about them?

• Try to change this text into a sonnet. See if the results influence the character and mood of the poem.

• Translate this poem word for word into Russian. See what grammar transformations are necessary to make the text sound more "poetic" in Russian.

• Make your own decisions about what **to** retain and what to omit in translation of this poem.

• Reconstruct the rhyming frame of **the text** to place the most important words in the strongest positions connected by rhymes.

• Fill in the lines within the rhyme scheme with the rest of words to save the source metre.

• Work carefully on the grammar and vocabulary equivalents and transform the source units if and when necessary.

• Read the result aloud to see if the rhythmic pattern of the translation is similar to that of the source poem.

• Compare your version with the other translations of the same poem. Comment upon the difference.

• Discuss the results.

Task for translation:

Ozymandias

OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveller from an antique land Who said: Two
vast and trunkless legs of stone Stand in the desert.
Near them, on the sand, Half sunk, a shattered visage
lies, whose frown, And wrinkled lip, and sneer of
cold command, Tell that its sculptor well those
passions read Which yet survive, stamped on these
lifeless things, The hand that mocked them, and the
heart **that** fed;

And on the pedestal these words appear: "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" Nothing beside remains. Round the decay Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare, The lone and level sands stretch far away.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Study the contents and imagery of the sonnet.
- Find out the meaning of the name *Ozymandias* and its Russian counterparts.
- Study the metre and rhyme scheme of the text to determine the most important positions for words in it.
- Experiment with the text: render it in prose to change the rhythm and analyse the results.
- Translate the text word for word to preserve as much of the source vocabulary and syntactic structure as possible.
- Reconstruct the metre and rhyme scheme of the sonnet in Russian; select the words for the rhyming pairs.
- Complete the lines with words and arrange the syntactic structure of the Russian text.
- Read the resulting text aloud to compare its sound to the source text.
- Complete the translation and discuss the results.
- Look for some more versions of the sonnet in translation. Compare your own text with them and comment on the difference.

POETRY UNIT4: TRANSLATING EMILY DICKINSON INTO RUSSIAN

Introductory Notes

Emily Elizabeth Dickinson (1830-1886), a great American poet, wrote about 2,000 poems, only seven of which are known to have been published during her lifetime. She gradually withdrew from public life into her inner world, eventually, in her forties, refusing to leave her home and only maintaining contact with some people by correspondence. After her death, her poems were found, assembled in packets. Unfortunately, her sister unbound the packets, and thus the real chronology and connection between the texts were lost forever. The only true argument for the order of her poems for the editors has always been the table of changes in her hand-writing, worked out by Thomas H. Johnson, the editor of a 1955 selection. These changes were established on the basis of her personal letters, dated and addressed to famous people.

Emily Dickinson came from a distinguished family: her grandfather had founded Amherst College, and her father was a lawyer and State Congressman. Emily herself was renowned for her wit and lively and sociable household — until her mid-twenties. From that time on she became a recluse. Speculation has it that the reason was unrequited love.

What is important to us, though, is her poetry. This did not come to light until after her death. The first selection of her poems was published posthumous in 1890, arranged and edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and T. W. Higginson. Eventually, other editions, more carefully edited and selected, and volumes of letters appeared, making her a legendary figure in the history of American literature, and

the small town of Amherst, Massachusetts, became the place of literary and tourist pilgrimage.

Emily Dickinson was not an amateur; she knew herself to be a true poet and she did not need contemporary endorsement. Like most good poets, she expressed herself more frequently through metaphor than simile, and her metaphors first make the reader pause at their strangeness — and then agree to their justness. Her metaphors range from visual details like "gazing grain," "the steeples swam in amethyst," to shocking "zero at the bone," and very often reach the point of irony based on a contrast (*Auto-da-fe* and judgement / Are nothing to the bee; / His separation from his rose / To him seems misery.) or of paradox in "Parting is all we know of heaven / And all we need of hell."

Emily Dickinson had the power and perception of a great poet, and some of her lines make you feel "zero at the bone" when her common metre and regular rhymes dash with the grimness and dramatic shifts of her images and tones, while her imagination seems truly metaphysical. That paradoxical combination of the unorthodoxy of her thought and imagery with the accuracy of metre and expression let her transform her personal experience into universal truth. Her works present very sophisticated themes — a mystic apprehension of the natural world, fame, death and immortality.

Small and significant the subjects of her interest might seem, like a bobolink singing or a certain slant of light in the sunset, or a ball of yarn, she manages to raise these commonplace details of the world to the transcendent heights of the rebellious soul and powerful mind of a philosopher and — a poet. In her own words, "a Poet... distils amazing sense from ordinary Meanings — and Attar so immense from the familiar species that perished by the Door..."

The honour of having discovered Emily Dickinson for the Russian reader belongs to Vera Markova, who was the first to translate a collection of her poems, while a few other translators had only picked a poem or two in the 1960s and 1970s. Another translated collection of her poetry was produced by Elga Linetskaya, a

prominent poet, translator and writer from St. Petersburg, who confessed that she had been translating Emily Dickinson all her life but never published a line of her translations because she was satisfied with the results. Linetskaya inspired her disciples to translate Emily Dickinson, and now the Russian reader has a very conscientiously translated collection of Dickinson poetry.

The poem under consideration for comparison, *The sky is low*, was apparently written in 1866 and was included into the first edition of her poems (1890). The world of Emily Dickinson: her Nature, is almost alive and human. You can feel the mood of the character of the cloud, the miserable state of the flake of snow in the gloomy wind and the tired Nature in her lowest spirits. I have added my own translation to those of Vera Markova and Elga Linetskaya to illustrate the difference in manners of transferring the verse and the distance between visions of the source text and their Russian substitutes. The three translations differ from each other and from the source text, each in its own way.

The poem chosen for translation is, primarily, an exercise in the choice of words. The straight and exact manner of naming things is not always possible in Russian, if we are to preserve the direct meaning of the word. For example, the short word *mean* means «местность, поросшая вереском» in Russian, which does not fit any poem, especially a short one like this.

Task for comparison:

The sky is low — the Clouds are mean

The sky is low — the Clouds are mean.
A Travelling Flake of Snow Across a
Barn or through a Rut Debates if it will
go —

A Narrow Wind complains all Day How
some one treated him.

Nature, **like us** is sometimes caught
Without her Diadem.

Ввод В. Марковой:

Небо неизменно — Туча жадна —
Мерзлые хлопья — на марше —
Через сарай — поперек колеи —
Спорят —• куда же дальше.

Мелочный Ветер — в обиде на всех —
Плачется — нелюдимый. Природу — как
нас — можно застать Без праздничной
Диадемы.

Ввод Э. Липецкой:

Нависло Небо, Тучи хмуры,
И, съжившись в комок,
Не знает Снег, скользнуть ли в Желоб,
Присесть ли на Конек.

А Ветер про свои обиды Все
ноет, ноет нудно... Как нас,
Природу в затрапезе Застать
совсем нетрудно.

Ввод Т. Казаковой:

На небе — нищebroдство туч.
Как будто сиротинка, Не знает,
где ей ляжет путь, И мечется
снежинка.

И ветер ноет целый день
На жалобные темы — Вот
так природу застаешь
Порой без диадемы.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Read about Emily Dickinson and her poetry. Read some other poems by her.

- Read the poem attentively and study the meanings of the words and their symbolic value.

- Study the rhythm, metre and rhyme scheme of the poem. What impression does the sound and intonation of the text produce on the reader?

- Study the stylistic devices used to create the imagery of the poem.

- Identify the key-words of the text and play with them; try to use synonyms or direct meanings.

- What words of the text can we omit or transform? How will the text change with those transformations?

- How would you imagine the character of the poet from this text?

- Comment upon the images and moods of the poem.

- Change the poem into prose and analyse the difference.

- Translate the poem word for word. Bear in mind all possible lexical and grammatical variants.

- Reconstruct the system of stylistic devices in accordance with Russian stylistic norms.

- Arrange a pattern of rhymes for the Russian text.

- Fill in the lines with fitting words within the rhyming frame. Watch possible and necessary changes in the vocabulary, grammar and style of the text.

- Read the result aloud to see if it produces a similar rhythmic effect to that of the source text.

- Compare the results with the other translation versions and comment upon them.

Task for translation: /

never saw a moor

I never saw a moor;
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God, Now
visited in heaven; Yet certain
am I of the spot As if the chart
were given.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Study the poem, its contents, imagery and metric pattern.
- Translate the poem word for word; identify the most important words that are found in the strong rhythmic positions.
- Study such words as *moor*, *heather*, *heaven*, *chart*. What Russian substitutes are possible for them? Consider their comparative expressive value and associative force.
- Reconstruct the rhyme scheme of the text in Russian; select rhyming words as close to the source pairs as possible.
- Complete the lines with words and arrange them syntactically to retain the logic and metre of the source text.
- Read the results aloud to hear how the text sounds in comparison with the source text.
- Complete the translation and check its emotive power.
- Discuss the results.
- Look for some other translations of the poem and comment on them.

*POETRY UNIT 5:
TRANSLATING ROBERT FROST
INTO RUSSIAN*

Introductory Notes

The American **Robert Lee Frost** (1874-1963), is one of the most popular and prominent poets of the 20th century. His first volumes of poetry, *A Boy's Will* and *North of Boston*, appeared in England. Upon his return to New England in 1915 he settled in New Hampshire and lived the life of a poet and a farmer. He came to him after his collection of poems *New Hampshire* (1911) which brought him his first Pulitzer Prize and was followed by twenty other volumes. The 1940s were especially productive, and he published seven books of poetry within a decade. On the surface his life may seem monotonous, uneventful like any other farmer's existence with its seasonal cycles, agricultural concerns; quiet evenings when all the family gather either on the porch round the fireplace, far from the noise and bustle of big cities, even the least attentive reader will easily feel the dramatic tension and affectionate fire in his poetic lines.

Frost is one of those poets whose works first attract a reader through their apparent simplicity and colloquial diction only to puzzle him later with the depth and sophisticated, almost metaphysical logic of the verse. American and European readers admired him for the blend of colloquial and traditional. In England he was considered a late Romantic, maybe, the last of his line, while for Americans he is definitely a realist, truthful to the smallest details of reality where the grass is green, and the sky blue, and the man lives his own way. Yet beneath the common lore and wisdom lay a more troubled, rebellious spirit, and the feeling of harmony became more complicated and less comprehensible. Frost wrote quite a few short poems with traditional

ification, but his major contribution was the so called *blank verse*, traditional for English drama, which he "inherited" — and modernised — from as far back as Shakespeare. His most famous poems were written this way, including "The Death of the Hired Man" (1914), "Birches" (1916), "Directive" (1947), and many others.

The predominant imagery in his poems is based on nature; there are trees, farms, pastures, forests, the sky, the snow, the rain, the sun. Yet the image of nature is not the only content of his poetry. It is much more philosophical and contains a lot of allusions to the great poetry of the past, as well as to contemporary events and problems.

Quite frequently the cosmos itself appears in his magic lines in the form of mysterious white spaces and endless paths beyond the horizon. Those cosmic images may turn out to be very far from the warmth of human life:

And yet with neither love nor hate,
Those stars like some snow-white
Minerva's snow-white marble eyes
Without the gift of sight.

Sometimes his vast landscape is invested with Demons, spirals and spells that bring something dark and dangerous into the peaceful world, some evil, agony, danger and death. That darkness, loneliness, storms and -winds bring us back to those ancient times and times that existed "before the age of the fern." This dangerous and passionate Frost lives side by side with the peaceful farmer whose major concern is to complete the harvest in time.

Frost has been translated into Russian by many poets and poets since 1962 when he visited our country. To cite a famous poet and translator, Viktor Toporov, "Frost was translated by those who should not have translated him,"¹ which means that in many cases some of the magic power of Frost's verse has been lost in Russian. The poem under discussion, "Fire and Ice" (1920), has been translated at least ten times. The first translation was

¹ Роберт Фрост. Неизбранная дорога. - СПб.: Кристалл, 2000.

made by M. Zenkevich in 1936. It is one of those poems that have a dual, if not more sophisticated, structure. You can find everything in this laconic text with a clear-cut metre, regular rhyme and almost traditional metaphors. Some say that this poem reveals "his troubled and at times destructive spirit," some look for expression of a vision of the coming catastrophe, some claim to feel the irony which shows itself in many Frost's poems.

The other poem by Frost included here for translation comes from one of his best collections, *New Hampshire* (1923), when he experimented with the so-called "gnomic poetry," that is, poetic maxims where lyrics and philosophy join to produce an image of both ethical and emotive power. The main translation problem with such poetry is to combine the laconism of the language with the simplicity of the imagery wrapped in a clear form. In *Nothing Gold Can Stay* the consecutive pairs of rhymes connect words that are miniature maxims in themselves, which makes the task for translation still more complicated to reconstruct this function in the target text in Russian. To compare, in the translation by G. Krushkov the rhymes are not quite adequate, for example, the first intra-maxim *gold — hold* is represented in Russian by *лучи — золотист*, which has less associative power than the source rhyme. Translating the poem, you should keep it in mind that the initial pattern of the poem included three stanzas, eight lines each. The resultant version numbers only eight lines altogether, but it is much more rich and expressive.

Task for comparison:

Fire and Ice

FIRE AND ICE

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate

To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

Перевод М. Зенкевича:

ОГОНЬ И ЛЕД

Кто говорит, мир от огня
Погибнет, кто от льда.
А что касается меня,
Я за огонь стою всегда.
Но если дважды гибель ждет
Наш мир земной, — ну что ж,
Тогда для разрушенья лед
Хорош,
И тоже подойдет.

Перевод В. Васильева:

ОГОНЬ И ЛЕД

Как мир погибнет? От огня Или
от льда гибель ждет?
Сомнений нету у меня: Огонь
опаснее, чем лед. Но если
мировой пожар Земной наш не
погубит шар, То даст достаточно
нам льда Холодная вражда.

Перевод И. Каиш киа:

ОГОНЬ И ЛЕД

Одни огня пророчат пасть.
Другие льда покров. Я ко всему
готов.

Поскольку мне знакома страсть, Я
предпочту в огне пропасть. Но
если миру суждено Два раза
смерть принять, То ненависти лед
давно Мне довелось узнать. И, в
сущности, не все ль равно, Как
пропадать.

Перевод С. Степанова:

ОГОНЬ И ЛЕД

Твердят, мол, сгинет мир в огне Или
во льду. По опыту, пожалуй, мне
Приятней погибать в огне.

Но если дважды на роду
Написано нам погибать, Я
силу и во зле найду —
Уничтожать Дано и льду.

Перевод Т. Казаковой:

ЛЕД И ПЛАМЯ

Кто ждет, что мир погубит пламя,
Кто ждет — что лед.
Мы так снедаемы страстями,
Что я поставил бы на пламя.
Но если дважды гибель ждет,
То ненависть — все та же страсть,
Хотя в ней не огонь, а лед,
Но как напасть
И он сойдет.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Read about Robert Frost and his poetry. Read some other poems by Frost and compare them with this one.
- Read the poem thoroughly and study the meanings of the words to reconstruct their symbolic value.
- Study the metric pattern of the poem, its rhymes and phonetic arrangement
- Study the stylistic devices and imagery of the poem.
- Which words may or may not be omitted in the text?
- Comment upon the mood and poetic logic of the poem. What does it make you think about?
- Transform the text into prose and analyse the difference between the impression it produces.
- Think of any parallel to the poem with a similar or same concept.
- Translate the poem word for word with special attention to alternative lexical and grammatical equivalents.
- Reconstruct the rhyme scheme of the poem in Russian.
- Fill in the lines with suitable words within the rhyming scheme.
- Check the stylistic equivalence of the translation to the source text.
- Work on the metric and rhythmic equivalence.
- Read the result aloud to make sure that the Russian text produces the proper rhythmic effect and creates a similar mood.
- Compare your version with the other translation variants and comment on them.

ask for translation:

Nothing Gold Can Stay

NOTHING GOLD CAN STAY

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.

Her early leaf's a flower, But
only so an hour. Then leaf
subsides to leaf. So Eden
sank to grief, So dawn goes
down to day. Nothing gold
can stay.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Study the form of the poem, its metre and rhyme scheme.
- Compare the words in the rhymed pairs to assess their enhanced expressive value. Try to make "a text within a text" based on the rhymes.
- Study the style and imagery of the poem to reproduce them in Russian. Which of the image patterns may be a problem for translation? Why?
- What equivalents can you find for *Eden*? Which of them will fit the text in Russian?
- Think over the meaning of the word *gold* in the context of the poem to decide on its Russian equivalent.
- Translate the text word for word and consider the amount of poetic information lost.
- Select and arrange rhyming words in Russian to make a frame for the text.
- Complete the lines with words according to the metric pattern reproducing as much of the source logic and imagery as possible.
- Compare the result with the source text from the emotive point of view.
- Read both texts aloud to compare the way they sound.
- Complete the translation and discuss the result.
- Look for other translation versions of the poem and comment on them.

POETRY UNIT 6: TRANSLATING T. S. ELIOT INTO RUSSIAN

Introductory Notes

Thomas Stearns Eliot (1888-1965) belongs to the same generation of poets as Robert Frost, though both his life and poetry differ greatly from others. T. S. Eliot graduated from one of the best American universities, Harvard, in 1910 and moved to Europe. He continued his education at the Sorbonne (Paris) and Merton College, Oxford. In 1927 he became a British subject and a member of the Anglican Church. He lived all his life in London where, eventually, he joined Catholic Church. Eliot established himself as a major figure in English literature in the 1920s. The Nobel Prize (1948) was awarded to him for progressive experiment in modern poetry, though Eliot was not just a poet but also an outstanding playwright, essayist and critic.

His first published poem, which brought him immediate success, was *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* (1915), a piece of lyric poetry, irony and philosophy, impregnated with allusions, overt and covert quotations, and a keen sense of time. It was followed by his major poems *The Waste Land* and *The Hollow Men* and many others, which struck a new note in modern poetry, satirical, allusive, cosmopolitan, at times really lyric and elegiac. In 1925 he became a director of the famous publishing house, Faber and Faber, where he published a series of modern poets who represented the mainstream of the modern movement in poetry (W. H. Auden, G. Barker, E. Pound, etc.). From that time on he was regarded as a figure of great cultural authority. His mature poems, *The Journey of the Magi* (1927), *Ash-Wednesday* (1930) and especially *Four Quartets* (1935-42), reflect his pilgrimage in the world of spiritual values. He describes himself as "classical in

literature, royalist in politics, and Anglo-Catholic in religion (1927).

Beginning with the 1930s Eliot turned to drama and wrote several verse and prose plays, *Sweeney Agonistes* (1932), *Murder in the Cathedral* (1935), *The Cocktail Party* (1950) and number of others. His book of verse for children, *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, became a classic. Among his most influential critical works may be mentioned *The Sacred Wood: Essays in Poetry and Criticism* (1920), *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* (1948), *Poetry and Drama* (1951), *On Poetry, Poets* (1957) and others.

Two poems should be commented upon in more detail; characteristic not only of Eliot but also of major poetry generally in the twentieth century. The first of them, *The Waste Land* (1922) consists of five sections, "The Burial of the Dead," "A Game of Chess," "The Fire Sermon," "Death by Water" and "What the Thunder Said", supplemented by Eliot's own "Notes", which explain his multi-cultural allusions and sources of imagery, "the Greek legend" and Frazer's *The Golden Bough* among them. The second (and practically, the last serious piece of poetry Eliot produced), *Four Quartets*, was started as early as in 1935 but published as a whole only in 1943. It includes "Burnt Norton," "East Coker," "The Dry Salvages," and "Little Gidding." The four quartets represent the four seasons and the four elements, the four places and the four fundamentals of Christian faith, and probably more. In this poem Eliot is concerned with time past and time present, with despair and vision, with faith and reason.

Journey of the Magi (1927) was written as a Christmas poem but it is far more serious than just a story about the Magi and the Nativity. It is a poem about how difficult the way to re-Christian values is, how alien it may seem to many, how trifling the important tokens of the truth may look. The poem has been translated by many Russian poets. It is written in free verse and based on a certain syntactic rhythm. The first lines in quotation marks belong to Anglican Bishop Lancelot Andrews (1555-1626)

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"the three trees," "the white horse," "hands dicing for pieces of silver," and other details are allusions to the Gospels and other parts of the Bible. It is a challenge to the translator into Russian, first, due to the principal difference in functions of *vers libre* in English and Russian poetry and, second, due to many allusions to a religious and cultural character that are not so evident to a Russian reader. At the same time, the task is very creative as the translator is made to experience the potential of Russian syntax to form new means of poetic expression. The main achievement in this area might be the reconstruction of the rhythmic effect of the original text by means of Russian syntax varying from the abrupt and tense rhythm of the dynamic development of the imagery to the wide and flowing pattern of poetic contemplation or prophetic vision.

The poem for translation (*The Hollow Men*) includes many literary and cultural allusions and is marked by both irony and sorrow. The poem differs from *The Magi* as it is based on the contrast between the tragic theme and very lively, almost dancing rhythm. The basis of its imagery is the idea of a disguise, a mask that separates man from man, soul from soul, and man from himself.

Task for comparison:

Imagery of the Magi

JOURNEY OF THE MAGI

"A cold coming we had of it, Just the worst
time of the year For a journey, and such a long
journey: The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter." And the camels
galled, sore-footed, refractory, Lying down in
the melting snow. There were times we
regretted The summer palaces on slopes, the
terraces,

Imagery in Translation

And the silken girls bringing sherbet.
Then the camel men cursing and grumbling
And running away, and wanting their liquor and women,
And the night-fires going out, and the lack of shelters,
And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly
And the villages dirty and charging high prices:
A hard time we had of it.
At the end we preferred to travel at night,
Sleeping in snatches,
With the voices singing in our ears, saying
That this was all folly.

Then at dawn we came down to a temperate valley,
Wet, below the snow line, smelling of vegetation;
With a running stream and a water-mill beating the darkness,
And three trees on the low sky,
And the old white horse galloped away in the meadow.
Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over the lintel,
Six hands at an open door dicing for pieces of silver,
And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.
But there was no information, and so we continued
And arrived at evening, not a moment too soon
Finding the place; it was (you may say) satisfactory.
All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we led all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With all alien people clutching their gods.
I should be glad of another death.

Перевод А. Сергеева:

ПАЛОМНИЧЕСТВО ВОЛХВОВ

«В холод же мы пошли,
В худшее время года
Для путешествия; да еще такого:
Дороги — каша, и ветер в лицо,
Самая глушь зимы.»
И верблюды посбили ноги и спины
И упрямо ложились в тающий снег.
Мы иногда тосковали
По летним дворцам на склонах, террасам
И шелковым девам с блюдом шербета.
Проводники и погонщики бранились, ворчали,
Сбегали и требовали вина и женщин,
И костры угасали, и всем шатров не хватало,
И враждебность в больших городах, и неласковость в малых,
И грязь в деревнях, и непомерные цены:
В трудное время пошли мы.
В конце мы решили идти всю ночь,
Спали урывками,
И голоса напевали нам в уши,
Что все это безрассудство.
И вот на заре пришли мы к спокойной долине,
Где из-под мокрого снега остро пахла трава,
И бежала река, и на ней мельница билась о тьму,
И под низким небом три дерева,
И белая кляча ускакала от нас на лугу.
И пришли мы в корчму с виноградной лозой над дверью,
Там шестеро кости бросали ради сребреников,
Толкая ногами мехи из-под выпитого вина.
Но никто ничего не знал, и снова мы вышли
И прибыли вечером, ни на минуту не раньше,
Чем было надо; и это, пожалуй, неплохо.

Давно это, помнится, было,
Но я и теперь пошел бы, только спросил бы,
Это спросил бы,
Это: ради чего нас послали в путь,
Ради Рожденья или Смерти? Конечно, **там было** Рожде!
Мы сами свидетели. Я и до этого видел **рождение и сме]**
Но считал, что они не схожи; это же **Рождество**
Было горькою мукой для нас, словно **Смерть**, наша сме]
Мы вернулись домой, в наши царства,
Но не вернули себе покоя в старых владеньях,
Где люди ныне чужие вцепились **в своих богов.**
И вот я мечтаю о новой смерти.

Перевод Нины Берберовой:

«Ледяные ночи — наше шествие.
Холодней ночей не бывает в году. Долог
был путь, наш путь в непогоду, В ветер, в
буран, по темным дорогам. В самое
сердце зимы.» Злые верблюды отшибли
копыта, Упрямо ложились в тающий снег.
Мы жалели о днях солнечного лета, О
дворцах, садах, теплых ступенях, О
ласковых девах, несущих шербет.
Погонщики ругались, ворчали, уходили,
Требовали женщин, вина. Гасли наши
костры. Куда было деться? Города были
грозны, села враждебны, Деревни грязны
и вороваты. Трудно нам было. И под
конец Мы стали двигаться и днем, и
ночью, Спали урывками, и сквозь
дремоту Слушали: гудят кругом голоса,
Говорят, что это безумие.
И вот на рассвете мы сошли в долину
Сырую, теплую, где пахло весной.

Практикум по художественному переводу

Там прыгал ручей, стучала мельница, На фоне
низкого неба стояли три дерева, И куда-то
проскакал старый белый конь. Мы вошли в
трактир, завитый виноградом, Шестеро кости
метали, и пусты Были мехи, что валялись тут
же. Никто ничего не знал. Мы тогда
Продолжали наш путь и к ночи явились. (Как
говорится: все были рады).

Это было давным-давно, но я помню.
Я опять пошел бы той же дорогой,
Но решив сначала вот этот вопрос,
Да, вот этот вопрос: вело нас по свету
В Смерть или в Рождение? Там было Рождение,
Я думал, что они не похожи. Рождение то
Стало страшною, горькою смертью для нас.
Нашей смертью.
И вот мы вернулись к себе, в наши Царства,
Но здесь нам нет места средь старых законов,
Меж чуждых людей, что цепляются за своих богов.
Я хотел бы умереть вторично.

>евод Тамары Казаковой:

ПАЛОМНИЧЕСТВО ВОЛХВОВ

«Мы пришли туда в холод,
Злей поры невозможно представить
Для столь дальней дороги:
Непогода и слякоть —
Беснованье зимы.»
В грязь упрямо ложились верблюды:
Ноги сбиты и спины натерты.
Мы порой сожалели
О летних дворцах и террасах,

Imagery in Translation

О прелестях дев и шербете.
Кляня все на свете сбегали погонщики —
Что за жизнь без вина и без женщин;
И костры, и стоянки в пустыне, :
И враждебные грады и веси,
Несуразно высокие цены:
Натерпелись всего.
Под конец мы решили идти по ночам,
На ходу засыпая,
И внутренний голос твердил нам,
Что наш путь безрассуден. *

И вот на заре мы спустились в долину,
Напоенную ароматами трав;
Мельница била крыльями тьму над потоком,
И три дерева под насупленным небом,
И белая лошадь на окраине луга.
И вот подошли мы к увитой лозою корчме,
Где шестеро кости метали на деньги
И пинали пустые мехи.
Ничего не узнав, мы отправились дальше
И в назначенный срок оказались на месте:
Так все кончилось вроде бы благополучно.
Давно это, помнится, было,
Но я в памяти снова шел по этой дороге, пытаясь понять,
Вот что понять,
Вот что: к чему нас привел этот путь,
К Рождеству или Смерти? Рождение доподлинно было,
Свидетели есть, нет сомненья. Я видел рождение и смерть,
Но прежде считал, что они не похожи; а это Рождение стало
Жестоким мученьем для нас, нашей Смерти подобным.
Мы вернулись к своим очагам, в свои царства,
Но отныне не знаем покоя среди старых обрядов,
Среди чуждых народов, верных старым богам.
Лучше б мне умереть.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Read more about T. S. Eliot and his poetry.
- Read the whole text of this poem.
- Find a *Reader's Guide to T. S. Eliot* and read about this poem and its allusions.
- Try to find the parallels between the Biblical Journey of the Magi and the story as it is told in this poem. Emphasise similarities and differences.
- What images point the reader to the Biblical source?
- Mark the stylistic devices that make this text sound *solemn; ironical; historical; modern; oriental*.
- Study the vocabulary and syntax of the text.
- Reconstruct the rhythmic pattern of the text as free verse; mark the pauses that do not coincide with normal syntactic order.
- Read the text aloud according to your reconstruction to restore the logical stresses and pauses. Watch the intonation and its connection with the content and emotional background.
- Translate the text word for word. See what words and syntactic structures seem inappropriate in Russian as *Britishisms*.
- Be aware of the difference between the English Biblical style and the Russian Orthodox Church vocabulary and manner of expression. Mark those units in English, which are quotations and should retain a certain stylistic value.
- Compare this literal translation with the rhythmic pattern you have reconstructed in the source text. Are any components of intonation broken or deformed?
- Restore the necessary logical stresses and pauses.
- See which lines become much longer than those in the original text and try to shorten them in Russian in order to reproduce the rhythmic pattern of the verse.
- Try to reproduce the stylistic devices of the source text in Russian. When the result seems inappropriate, make use of stylistic transformations.

- Find proper stylistic equivalents to those words and structures that should sound solemn or ironical **and** may be classified as key-words.
- Edit your translation and discuss **the results**.
- Compare your version **with those made by professionals**

Task for translation:

The Hollow Men

THE HOLLOW MEN

(an excerpt)

A penny for the Old

I

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar

Shape without form, shade without **colour**,
Paralysed force, gesture **without motion**;

Those who have crossed
With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom
Remember us — if at all — not as lost
Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men
The stuffed men.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Study any *Reader's Guide to Eliot* on the poem. Look for leaning of the epigraphs.
- While reading and translating the passage, note the allusion to such books and events as *The Divine Comedy* by Dante, *Heart of Darkness* by Joseph Conrad, and the traditions of the 5th jubilee in England in commemoration of the Gunpowder Plot 1605.
- Read the poem aloud and study its rhythmic and phonetic principles. Note the impression they produce alongside with the literal text.
- Study the choice of words and the syntax of the poem in emotive and associative functions.
- Note the key words of the poem and look for their equivalents in Russian. Think over adequate substitutes for such words as *stuffed, dried*.
- Study the imagery of the poem created by a special arrangement of words in their poetic function.
- Translate the poem word for word and assess the result in the point of view of poetic impression.
- Arrange the literally translated text according to requirements of rhythm, slant and irregular rhymes, and the lineage of the source text.
- Read the text aloud to feel its rhythmic power.
- Complete the translation and discuss the result.
- Look for other translation versions of the poem and comment on them.

POETRY UNIT 7: TRANSLATING FYODOR TUTCHEV INTO ENGLISH

Introductory Notes

The life of Fyodor Ivanovich Tutchëv (1803-1873) may not seem poetical or romantic to a superficial observer. He was a career diplomat and spent many years abroad, mostly in Germany. His first wife belonged to the German nobility and was very beautiful. When she died rather young, he suffered an agony of depression but later married another German. His daughter was a *dame de court* in St. Petersburg. When back in Russia, a married man and about fifty, he embarked on a pathetic liaison with *Elena Denis'yeva*, which lasted until her death in 1864. Lyrical pieces devoted to her were among the best in his poetic legacy.

Yet he was a true poet, and a great one. He wrote in Russian, as well as in French and German. His translations of German poetry were numerous. His own poetry was full of thought, philosophic ideas and cosmic images. When in Germany, Tutchëv enjoyed a personal friendship with Friedrich Schelling, an outstanding German philosopher and scholar. Schellingian attitudes and his philosophical pantheism often reveal themselves in Tutchëv's imagery and diction. However, one should not take Tutchëv as "a mere philosopher in verse"; his poetic visions were also passionate, full of deep emotion and strong feeling of nature. In his poems nature may "breathe," "sleep," "smile," it has a language of its own:

Не то, что мните вы, природа: Не слепок,
не бездушный лик — В ней есть душа, в
ней есть свобода, В ней есть любовь, в
ней есть язык.

Nature is not what you just see: A
copy, or a senseless view — It has a
soul and liberty, It loves and hates, it
speaks to you.

{Translated by T. Kazakova}

In the 1830s Tutchев established his place in Russian literature as an outstanding, powerful lyricist. His early poems were highly praised by Pushkin and Zhukovsky and later admired by Turgenev, Nekrasov and Tolstoy. Politically he was rather conservative, with Slavophil leanings and "sentimental fondness for Tsarism."

With few exceptions, his lyrics are among the greatest poetry ever written in Russia. As early as the first half of 19 century, his poetry, alongside that of Baratynsky, foreshadowed the *fin de siecle* renaissance, the "Silver Age" of Russian poetry, with its symbolic power, rhythmic and metric liberties and its deep concern with spirituality. One of the most sophisticated poets and philosophers of the Silver Age, Vladimir Solovyov, wrote an article about Tutchев's poetry where he discussed his main themes and motifs, such as chaos, love, cosmos, the search for one's own soul, and others¹. Valery Brusov called his poetry "perfect." Leo Tolstoy, a rather unpoetic man by nature, marked one of his poems with the Russian letter "Г" (standing for «Глубина» — "depth, profundity").

The poem chosen in the task for comparison, *Silentium!*, was apparently written in 1830 and first published in *Molva* in 1833. The tenth, quite enigmatic, line of this poem has become one of the most frequently cited and discussed: «Мысль изреченная есть ложь». A few translations of this poem exist; the three given below are most interesting from the point of view of both their likenesses and their differences.

¹ Владимир Соловьев. Поэзия Ф. И. Тютчева/ В. Соловьев. Чтения о богочеловечестве. Статьи. - СПб.: Худ. литература, 1994.

The poem chosen as the task **for** translation, *Поэзии* one of the most famous works by Tutchев. Its **form** places it among the lyrical miniatures, or so called "**gnomic** poetry," of which Tutchев was very fond due to the nature **of** his talent **and** to education and life experience, as well as **his close** relations with German poetic tradition.

Task for comparison:

Silentium!

SILENTIUM!

Молчи, скрывайся и таи И чувства
и мечты свои — Пускай в
душевной глубине Встают и
заходят оне Безмолвно, как звезды
в ночи, — Любуйся ими — и
молчи.

Как сердцу высказать себя?
Другому как понять тебя? Поймет
ли он, чем ты живешь? Мысль
изреченная есть ложь. Взрывая,
возмутишь ключи, — Питайся ими
— и молчи.

Лишь жить в себе самом умей —
Есть целый мир в душе твоей
Таинственно-волшебных дум;
Их оглушит наружный шум,
Дневные разгонят лучи, —
Внимай их пенью — и молчи!..

Практикум по художественному переводу

translation by Vladimir Nabokov:

Speak not, lie hidden and-conceal The way
you dream, the things you feel. Deep in your
spirit let them rise Akin to stars in crystal
skies That set before the night is blurred:
Delight in them — and speak no word.

How can a heart expression find? How
should another know your mind? Will he
discern what quickens you? A thought once
uttered is untrue. Dimmed is the
fountainhead when stirred: Drink at the
source — and speak no word.

Live in your inner self alone. Within your
soul a world has grown, The magic of veiled
thoughts that might Be blinded by the outer
light, Drowned in the noise of day,
unheard... Take in their song — and speak
no word.

translation by Francis Cornford:

Be silent, hide yourself and let Your dreams
and longings rise and set In the recesses of
your heart; Your dearest treasures, held
apart, Your stars, that in the deep of night
Entrance your spirit with delight.

How can the heart expression find, Or
one man read another's mind, Another
know what you live by? A thought
when spoken is a lie. And if you stir,
you cloud the well. Feed on your
dreams, and so be still.

Imagery in Translation

Live in yourself. There is a whole
Deep world of being in your soul —
Of thought on strange enchanted thought,
And blinded by the daylight glare,
Their song would cease. Oh, hush! Oh, hear!

Translated by Irina Zheleznova:

Seal thou thy lips, to none apart
The thoughts and dreams that fill thy heart.
There they'll flare up, there sink and die
As do the stars up in the sky
When o'er the earth night's shadows creep...
Take joy in them — and silent keep.

No secret of the soul begot
With others canst thou share, for what
Are thoughts, once voiced, but common lies.
Churn up a stream, and silt will rise
And darken it... Drink, drink thou deep
Of waters clear — and silent keep.

Live in the world of self— thy soul
Contains of magic thought a whole Bright
universe... The noise of day And daylight
are its foes... Easy To banish these; if joy
thou'd reap, Hear thy heart's song — and
silent keep!

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Read more about Fyodor Tutchetv and more of his poetry.
- Compare this poem with other poetical works by Tutchetv.
- Analyse the metrical and rhythmical pattern of the poem,

its stanza pattern and the rhyme scheme.

Практикум по художественному переводу

- Analyse the stylistic features of the Russian text to reconstruct its imagery.
- Identify symbolic elements in the poem and determine their role in the general impression produced by the text.
- Leo Tolstoy rated this poem among the best Russian poetry of his choice and marked it with the note «Глубина!» If you agree with him, give your own reasons.
- In what way does this poem differ from the English poetic tradition?
- Translate this poem into English word for word.
- Reconstruct a metrical-rhythmical basis for the English version of the text.
- Choose rhymes for the English version.
- Connect the translated text, the metrical basis and the rhyme scheme into one whole text.
- Analyse the results, identifying the losses or extra elements, if any, in the translated text.
- Work on polishing the style of the English version.
- Compare your translation with the three English variants. Make comments.

Task for translation:

Поэзия

ПОЭЗИЯ

Среди громов, среди огней, Среди
клокочущих страстей, В стихийном,
пламенном раздоре, Она с небес
слетает к нам — Небесная — к
земным сынам, С лазурной
ясностью во взоре, И на бунтующее
море Льет примирительный елей.

Imagery in Translation

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Study the rhythm, metre, stanza and **rhyme** patterns in the poem as well as their expressive functions **in the text**.
- Study the choice of words in **the poem and comment** on their logical and emotive value in **the text**. *
- Identify the syntactic character of **the sentence and** comment on its function in the creation of the **poetic maxim**.
- Study the epithets in the poem and comment on their expressive power.
- Study the structure of the antithesis **in the poem** and comment upon its role in the imagery and poetic **thought**.
- Reconstruct the main stylistic device of **the poem** and comment upon the structure and function of **the metaphor**.
- Experiment with the text: change **the rhyme** scheme, replace lines, words and stylistic units. **Compare the result** with the original poem and comment upon the difference.
- Translate the text word for word into English **and** analyse the result.
- Reconstruct the rhyme scheme of **the source text** in Russian and complete the lines according to the original stanza metre.
- Consider the ways of reproducing the stylistic components of the Russian poem in English and see if any changes and transformations are inevitable or desirable,
- Complete the translated text and read it **aloud** to compare how of the poem sounds in English and in Russian.
- Discuss the results and **comment on your preferences** in the choice of words and transformations of **the source** stylistic units.

*POETRY TEXT8:
TRANSLATING MARINA
TSVETAYEVA INTO ENGLISH*

Introductory Notes

Some poets are, as it were, singled out by Fate which places them in such circumstances that their lives become equal to their poetry while poetry becomes their lives. **Marina Ivanovna Tsvetayeva** (1892-1941) was one of that elect. Her whole life, from early childhood to her tragic end, was unusual and far from commonplace. This applies to her family, her education, traveling round Europe with her father when a child, her early marriage to Sergey Efron, her family life, her friendships, her emigration and **return**, her relationship with her own children, and her very death, by suicide. If words might embrace such fatal circumstances, those words would be *passion, poetry and tragedy*. Almost everything in her life was in one way or another passion, poetry and tragedy. Passion, poetry and tragedy describe her love, life, creative activity, friendship and hatred, everything. Passion, poetry and tragedy mark her poems, each of them individually — and all of them together.

Let us listen to David McDuff, an ardent translator of Tsvetayeva's poetry: "Tsvetayeva is not an easy poet to translate into any **language**. The Russianness of her poetic style is something that defies transposition into another linguistic and cultural idiom. Her poems are rooted in the rhythms and patterns of Russian speech, yet they go beyond that speech toward a cosmic language of their own....

Like Reiner Maria Rilke, a poet with whom she felt a lifelong **bond** and sympathy, although they never met, Tsvetayeva strove constantly beyond the limits of the 'real' world... She heard, quite literally, the music of the spheres. This is not to say that

there is anything abstract or wanly ethereal about her poems — they sing out of the flesh and blood of the poet, out of her lived life. But their essential movement is all in a rush towards another world.

"The rhymes and rhythms of Tsvetayeva's poems serve a dual function: they are her main compositional device, and they play an emblematic, even a symbolic role.

I believe it is necessary for any translator of Tsvetayeva's poetry to make at least some attempt to reproduce the formal and structural attributes of her poems, even though it is an attempt that is forever doomed to failure. Not to try is, it seems to me, to ignore the very heart, the central meaning of Tsvetayeva's work."

The poem under consideration, *Мой день беспутен и нелеп*, was written in 1918, in the hard times after October Revolution, 1917, when the entire world seemed to have turned upside down. Tsvetayeva's personal tragedy in those times was deeper still: she did not know whether her husband was alive or not; she was starving and lost one of her two little daughters to starvation. It was a period of chaos and uncertainty.

While analysing and comparing, think of the role of rhyme, stanza pattern and metre in the Russian text. When translated in *verse libre*, this poem is transformed accordingly, and its expressive and emotive values become something else. For example, when we compare the variants *dissolute* and *dissipated* for the Russian *беспутен*, we can detect incoherence even on the verbal level: both English words refer to the idea of immoral behaviour, which would correspond to the Russian *разгульный, распутный*, whereas Tsvetayeva uses the word *беспутный* in its primary meaning according to the Russian Dictionary, that is, *бестолковый, неразумный, лишенный смысла*, which should equal either *confusion* or *mess* in English. Thus, the very first line misleads the English reader; it would be more appropriate to begin with something like *My day goes in a silly mess*.

Chosen for the task of translation, the poem *Моим стихам, написанным так рано* is one of those prophecies that appear

from time to time in the poetry of the select, the most poetic poets. Tsvetayeva was 20 years old when she wrote it, but it is as deep, wise and perfect as any mature poem of hers, whatever the shortcomings of the form. Everything said in it has come true. The task may appear complicated by the difference between Russian and English grammar, as well as such imagery as *святители, филлиам, черти* that seems archaic in English nowadays.

Task for comparison:

Мой день беспутен и нелеп

* * *

Мой день беспутен и нелеп: У
нищего прошу на хлеб,
Богатому даю на бедность,

В иголку продаваю — луч,
Грабителью вручаю — ключ,
Белилами румяню бледность.

Мне нищий хлеба не дает,
Богатый денег не берет, Луч не
вдевается в иголку,

Грабитель входит без ключа, А
дура плачет в три ручья — Над
днем без славы и без толку.

Translated by Angela Livingstone and Elaine Feinstein:

My day is dissolute, absurd,
I ask the beggar for the bread,
I give the rich man poor man's coins,

I thread a needle with a ray,
I trust the burglar with a key,
I rouge my pallid skin with bleach.

The beggar doesn't give me bread, the rich
man doesn't take my coins, the sunbeam
won't go through the needle, the burglar
enters without a key, and now this fool
dissolve in tears over the senseless,
gloryless day.

Translated by David McDuff:

My day is dissipated, mad.
I ask the beggar for the bread,
I give the rich man pauper's pennies.

With light I thread my needle's eye, I give
the burglar my door's key, With white I
rouge my face's paleness.

The beggar will not give a thing,
The rich man spurns my offering,
The light will not go through the needle.

The thief gets in without the key,
The idiot woman weeps her three
Streams over a day absurd, ignoble.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Read more about Marina Tsvetayeva and her poetic works.
- Study the metre, rhyme and phonics of the poem and compare their functions with what is done in English translation. Which expressive functions of the form have been reconstructed and which lost?
- Study the choice of words and compare them with the English substitutes; see which English words do not compensate for the intersemiotic distance between the two languages.
- Study the imagery of the poem and stylistic devices used to convey it.

- Compare the stylistic features of the source text with those of the translated versions.
- Comment upon the grammatical problems of translating of the poem and the ways the translators have solved them.
- Read the translated texts aloud to see which of them sounds more expressive in English and closer to the nervous rhythm of the Russian poem.
- Try to translate the poem on your own and comment upon the results.

Task for translation:

Моим стихам, написанным так рано

* * * *

Моим стихам, написанным так рано,
Что и не знала я, что я — поэт,
Сорвавшимся, как брызги из фонтана,
Как искры из ракет. Ворвавшимся, как
маленькие черти, В святилище, где сон
и фимиам, Моим стихам о юности и
смерти — Нечитанным стихам! —

Разбросанным в пыли по магазинам
(Где их никто не брал и не берет!),
Моим стихам, как драгоценным винам,
Настанет свой черед.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Study the rhythm, metre and rhyme scheme of the text in their expressive functions.
- Study the choice of words and their poetic functions in the text.

- Study the syntax of the poem and comment on its expressive functions.
- Study the imagery of the poem and comment on the stylistic devices used to convey the poetic task.
- Experiment with the Russian text changing its metre, rhyme, vocabulary and stylistic features. Consider the results.
- Formulate the basic objective for translation of this poem and follow the principles.
- Translate the Russian text into English word for word. Consider the result.
- Reconstruct the rhyme scheme of every stanza in English using words as close to the original rhyming pairs as possible.
- Complete the lines so as to preserve the main words, stylistic units and syntactic structures of the poem in English.
- Read the resulting text aloud to compare its sound with the source text.
- Complete the translation and discuss the results.

POETRY UNIT 9: TRANSLATING OSIP MANDELSHTAM INTO ENGLISH

Introductory Notes

The dates of **Osip** Emilyevich **Mandelshtam's** life (1891-1938) speak for themselves; his poetic youth was influenced by the "brilliant and damned" Silver Age of Russian poetry; his prime was heavily burdened by the Soviet-era dogmatism in literature and public life; his last days were spent and his life was lost in Stalin's concentration camps in Siberia.

He was a poet, a writer, a translator.

His first poems were published as early as in 1907, in the *Tenishev College* magazine, but his real literary debut took place in 1910 when *Apollon* published his five poems. His first book of poetry appeared in 1913 under the title *Kamen'* (The Rock), which was, later, reprinted several times. The last lifetime publication of his poetry occurred in 1928, though he was writing poetry and prose till his untimely end.

His literary legacy includes more than 600 poems, apart from translations and prose. His poetic language is full of "flesh and blood," sometimes it seems an independent living being, while the scale of imagery within the same poem may unite the smallest details of the environs with the vast spaces of the universe, the "here and now" with the eternity. In his article *Слово и культура*, he gives a strikingly deep and expressive definition of poetry:

«Стихотворение живо внутренним образом, тем звучащим слепком формы, который предваряет уже написанное стихотворение. Ни одного слова еще нет, а стихотво-

Imagery in Translation

рение уже звучит. Это звучит его внутренний образ, э его осязает слух поэта¹.»

This poet's testimony is more precious still because it borne out by many other definitions given by poets of what \ call "poetry."

Kamen' may provide many examples to prove this idea, also contains many echoes of Tutchchev's poetry, which Mandelstam venerated highly and cherished deeply. He uses Tutchchev's images, develops his topics, and plays with his symbols. One of the poems in this collection is called (after Tutchchev) *Silentium*

Она еще не родилась,
Она и музыка и слово, И
потому всего живого
Ненарушаемая связь.

(She is not yet born, She is music and
word in one, She unites everything that's
alive Unbreakably. Перевод мой — Т.
К.)

The major poetic theme and symbol in Tutchchev's poetry, the cosmos, was also close and dear to Mandelshtam. It can be found in the poems of Mandelshtam's first collection, in its imagery, poetic diction and rhythmic patterns — that is, in Mandelshtam's own unforgettable language. The poem under discussion is one of such "cosmic scenes," a miniature cosmos: the world seen within a room and directed both to the vastness of the universe at dawn and to the intimacy of the breakfast.

The poem chosen as the task for translation, *Возьми память из моих ладоней*, is a sample of "blank verse," that is, unrhymed iambic pentameter. While translating, we should take into consideration that in English poetic tradition blank verse is

¹ Осип Мандельштам. Слово и культура / Осип Мандельштам. "Сохрани мою речь". - М.: ШКОЛА - ПРЕСС, 1994.

mostly used for verse drama or for longer poetry of a narrative or reflective nature and is associated with such dramatists as Shakespeare, Fletcher and Marlowe; later it was used for longer poems by such poets as Milton, Byron and Keats. Lyric poetry in blank verse has been rather rare. Great poets of the 20th century did it, but not very often, and alongside their free verse forms; blank verse is evidently considered archaic and unpopular among contemporary poets.

In the Russian poetic tradition blank verse was also mostly used for verse drama and narrative poems like Pushkin's *Mozart i Salieri*. It was customary among the Silver Age poets, though, to experiment with old forms: almost all major poets at the turn of the century tried their hand, among other forms, at the blank verse for lyric poetry as well as for drama and longer poems. It was used in both the conservative line-structured form with constant caesura and in looser verse, sometimes close to hexameter even to *vers libre* like Blok's *Вольные мысли*.

One of his masterpieces, this small poem by Mandelstam written in traditional blank verse with a distinct caesura but assured in triplets. Its poetic nature is purely lyrical.

ask for comparison:

Невыразимая печаль

* * *

Невыразимая печаль Открыла
два огромных глаза, Цветочная
проснулась ваза И выплеснула
свой хрусталь.

Вся комната напоена Истмой —
сладкое лекарство! Такое
маленькое царство Так много
поглотила сна.

Немного красного вина,
Немного солнечного мая — И,
тоненький бисквит ломая,
Тончайших пальцев белизна.

Translated by Robert Tracy:

Two huge eyes showed A
sorrow words cannot say, The
crystal poured away As the
flower vase overflowed.

The whole room was deep In
languor — that sweet balm!
Such a tiny realm To swallow so
much sleep.

A little red wine is here A little
May sunlight — And slender
fingers, their white Breaking a
thin *petit-beurre*.

Translated by James Greene:

An inexpressible sadness
Opened two huge eyes;
The vase, woken-up,
Splashed crystal.

Flowers filled all the room With
languor — spicy syrup! Such a
little kingdom To swallow so
much sleep.

Red wine in the sunlight,
May weather — While
white fine fingers Break
the thin biscuit...

Практикум по художественному переводу

Translated by Tamara Kazakova:

Melancholy that has no name
Has opened two tremendous eyes;
Awakening, the flower vase
Has splashed a sparkle of crystal flame.

The room is saturated through
With languor — there's a sweet medicine!
So small a kingdom, it takes in
So much of sleep, and silence too.
Some more of exquisite red wine,
Some more of bright and sunny May,
Delicious biscuits on the tray, And
fingers, delicate and white.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Read more about Mandelshtam and his poetry.
- Compare this poem with his other poetry.
- Reconstruct the imagery and poetic sense of the poem.
- Identify the most important symbols in the text.
- Analyse the rhythmic pattern and rhyme scheme of the text. Trace the symbolic connection between rhyming words and the extra-informative functions the rhyme plays in this poem.
 - Mark the words and structures that are especially important and difficult for translation into English.
 - Translate the text word for word. Use comments and explanations, if necessary.
 - Reconstruct the rhyme scheme of the text and arrange rhyming pairs in English.
 - Reconstruct the rhythmic pattern of the text and fill it in with English words, combining them with the rhymes.
 - Check if all the important details and structures, symbols and images are present in the translated version of the text.

Imagery in Translation

- Correct the stylistic, lexical and grammatical nuances the translated text.
- Compare the result with the source poem.
- Compare your version with those above and comment upon the difference.

Task for translation:

Возьми на память из моих ладоней

* * *

Возьми на память из моих ладоней
Немного солнца и немного меда, Как
нам велели пчелы Персефоны.

Не отвязать неприкрепленной лодки,
Не услышать в меха обутой тени,
Не превозмочь в дремучей жизни страха.

Нам остаются только поцелуи,
Мохнатые, как маленькие пчелы,
Что умирают, вылетев из улья.

Они шуршат в прозрачных дебрях ночи,
Их родина — дремучий лес Тайгета, Их
пища — время, медуница, мята.

Возьми ж на радость дикий мой подарок —
Невзрачное сухое ожерелье
Из мертвых пчел, мед превративших в солнце.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Study the metric pattern of the poem to find its regularities and their expressive function.
- Study the stanza pattern of **the poem** and its expressive functions.

Практикум по художественному переводу

- **Study the** choice of words and their stylistic value.
- Study the syntactic structures of the poem.
- **Study the** imagery of the poem and stylistic devices used to convey it.
- Experiment with the form of the text by changing its metrical lineage, stanza form, choice of words and syntax. Consider the result.
- Translate the poem into English word for word and check the result from the functional point of view.
- Verify the metric and rhythmic similarity between the source text and your translation.
- Complete the translation, read it aloud and comment on your work.

SECTION 2: TRANSLATING PROSE

PROSE TRANSLATION TECHNIQUES

The shortest possible definition of literary prose may be the following: *prose* is the kind of literature not cast in poetical measure or rhythm, hence opposed to verse and poetry.

Yet it would be wrong to place prose in the non-rhythmical class. Prose has the rhythm of its own, based on a different principle to poetry: it is syntactic and compositional rather than metrical.

From the point of view of composition, one should measure such features as the structure and distribution of descriptions in a text; the character and comparative length of dialogues; the character and comparative length of account of events; the number of authorial digressions; etc. Even the size and number of paragraphs are rhythmically important. The variety of personal names, the proportion of verbs and nouns, and the number of adjectives also contribute to the complex rhythm of a work of literary prose. A succession of similar sentences may make the text sound monotonous; too many exclamatory sentences may result in affected rather than affective rhythm. Perhaps one of the most perfidious enemies of good prose rhythm is an unnecessary word or wordiness as such. Too many words in a text are perceived as a nuisance, produce an effect of incoherence between form and content, and may make the reader weary or irritated.

We can distinguish such types of prose rhythm as *epic*, *lyrical*, *picaresque*, *philosophical*, etc. Each of them may be measured in rhythmical dimensions. More often than not, different

types of the narrative combine within the same literary work and make its rhythm quite sophisticated.

Thus, *epic rhythm* manifests itself in extensive descriptions, a large number of characters, a variety of dialogues and monologues, a detailed account of events, and substantial authorial digressions. The characters are mostly well modelled and varied in types. The action develops unhurriedly, in details, while the plot may be rather simple or, on the contrary, intricate. Overall, such a rhythm may remind us of *a symphony* with its rises and falls and with a diversity of instruments, from a solo clarion to the complete orchestra. Translating a piece of such prose, the translator needs to use the of a techniques conductor in order not to let the orchestra run wild.

The *lyrical type* of the rhythm appears in the predominance of description and monologues over account of events and dialogues. Authorial digressions may also occur but have a lighter tone and impressionistic manner. Characters in this type are less resolute and more sensitive than those in an epic composition. We may find a musical parallel to it in a symphonic poem or a fantasy, though sometimes it may sound like the lonely voice of a flute. The subtleties of such rhythm are more important not by themselves but in parallels or contrasts in the general tense and nervous background. To translate prose based on such a rhythm one need be very sensitive to such "trifles" as the order of words or clauses in a sentence, the impressionistic value of words in a description or digression, or the comparative functions of exclamatory and other emphatic structures in both the source and target languages.

The *picaresque type* is vivid and dynamic with a lesser role allotted to descriptions. Its characteristic features are brief dialogues, swift progress of events, and rapid change of places and moods of action. The plot develops fast, sometimes reminding one of a kaleidoscopic pattern. The stylistic devices mostly used in such a narrative are plays on words, irony, antiphrasis, hyperbole, litotes and the like as effective instruments of satire and

humour. Contrast is not infrequently used to create a special effect of affection or comic irony. One of the most difficult aspect of such a text for translation lies in probable gaps between the national senses of humour or personal receptiveness of the translator to irony in words and situations. For this type of prose rhythm the choice of words as translation substitutes strong depends on the dynamics of the text; longer words in the target language may appear inappropriate if they do not fit the swing episode of the composition, while their semantic correctness will not compensate for the *retardando*.

Slowest and most sophisticated of all is the rhythm of *philosophical* piece of prose. It uses longer sentences, the logic structure of which may be quite complicated. The vocabulary such pieces is often very specific, rare words included, as well quotations in foreign languages. A piece of prose may be philosophical in different ways. It may serve as a vehicle of some philosophical teaching which is independent of the narrative itself and is set forth in a succession of logical statements. The most sophisticated kind of philosophical prose employs linguistic, rhythmic and associative resources to create or to open new value relationships and possibilities of insight.

Mention should also be made of one more type, — *poetic* prose, the most prominent sample of which is *Doctor Zhivago* by Boris Pasternak. It is based on metaphors and simile rather than on the logic of events or detailed description: «озаренная месяцем ночь была поразительна, как милосердие или дар ясного виденья», «все кругом бродило, росло и всходило на волшебных дрожжах существования», «из векового сада заплыва, во весь рост деревьев огромное, как стена большого здания трущобно-пыльное благоуханье старой зацветающей липы». The rhythmic measure in such a text may be not overt; it goes deeper into the diction, imagery and subtext. To deal with such text, the translator should be very skilful in **reconstructing** metaphors and epithets, which requires deeper **knowledge** of the source culture and greater creative efforts.

A single author may use all or several of the above types, us alternating the rhythm of the whole. An interesting example the prose rhythm of Evelyn Waugh where a reader can face a lallenge from the brilliant mixture of picaresque and lyric types or instance, *Decline and Fall* or *Brideshead Revisited*). Another fine example of a multi-layer rhythm is that of Aldous Huxley with his skilful transits from a picaresque type to lyric and further the most sophisticated philosophy, sometimes even with a tint 'epic, as in his *Counterpoint*.

It is not an easy task to assess the rhythm of a prose piece ; a type of narrative but it is possible for an attentive reader. What makes translation of creative prose even more difficult is > cultural background that may be strange or even wholly alien the target culture. This is especially true in the case of a considerable temporal or spatial distance between the source and target cultures. For example, English literature is easier to translate to Russian than Russian literature into English because Russian translating tradition can rely on a much better knowledge of English culture among Russian readers, while English translators of Russian literature face the problem of readers' inadequate acquaintance with Russian culture.

On the whole, we can explore prosaic rhythm from the point of view of translation as a kind of hierarchy where linguistic level is only a surface below which run such strata as type of narrative, architectonics, imagery, associations and cultural assumptions. This is especially true in the case of such experimental writers as William Faulkner: one cannot translate his *As I Lay Dying* without reconstructing many implied components, not least the mythological associations.

When we translate a piece of literary prose, we take into consideration its narrative type and do whatever is possible to reconcile the national traditions within this type. When those traditions coincide or do not differ greatly, it may be easy to follow the source text narrative. When the source tradition differs greatly from the target one, it is productive to pursue a middle course

between the source and target traditions in the target text. When the source tradition has no correspondence in the target culture, it is a challenge for a translator to fill the gap by creating a target text that might adequately represent the source tradition as something valuable, productive or just fascinating.

The architectonics of the prose source text needs to be fully reconstructed by a translator unless the target text is merely a form of literary digest. The succession of chapters, length of narration, descriptions and dialogues, authorial digressions, and other components should be thoroughly measured and presented in the target text without arbitrary additions or omissions, let alone any replacement.

The associations of the source text with other cultural phenomena or texts may be implicit. What is overt, however simple its translation may seem, is not always easy to represent in the target text. One such complication is a quotation in a foreign language. For instance, many prose pieces in English literature are rich in French or Latin words, phrases or formal literary quotations given without translation in the source text. French components in an English literary text are quite natural, English and French cultures being closely connected and related to each other, while Latin ingredients are a traditional feature deriving from the classical education. When such a text is translated into Russian it faces a certain cultural disparity, and the average reader of the target text, in all likelihood, will not cope with French as the average English reader will.

Another associative problem appears in connection with overt and covert quotations and allusions to sources not familiar to the target culture, or at least, not so obvious. For instance, there may be quotations from English poetry that exists in different Russian translations; in such a case the translator has the double task of recognizing the source of the quotation and identifying its translation, i.e., in supplying a note with the name of the translator chosen or the publication details. The same problem appears when a text is translated from Russian into English and includes

quotations, names, events and places strange to the target culture. This is especially true in such cases as cultural symbols, which may be of great value to the source culture and will inevitably lose that aura in translation.

Another problem that a translator may face with literary prose is cultural assumptions. A target reader belonging to a different cultural tradition may perceive an ironical or humorous source text as chaotic or dull if the target culture does not share common conceptions of irony. The same may appear true with texts of high emotional tension if the emotions are associated with phenomena strange or alien to the target culture. Much of William Faulkner is lost in Russian, just as much of Dostoevsky is in English, because of the difference in the assumption of what is good and evil, serious and funny, fundamental and slight between Russian and Anglo-American cultures.

Some *general recommendations* to follow in the tasks for comparison and translation:

- Always learn as much as possible about the author and literary tradition of the source text.
- Do not start to translate straight off with the first sentence of the text until you have read it at least twice.
- Study semantic, stylistic and rhythmic values of the names in the text so as not to pass over the chance to select the right forms for them in the target language.
- Consider not only the forms but also expressive functions of the words and sentences in the text.
- While making pre-translation analysis, identify all units of the text which may present a translation problem of a certain linguistic status.
- Consider the comparative associative force of the equivalent vocabulary units.
- Thoroughly measure the rhythmic pattern of the text on

all levels of perception, from sounding of names to general compositional structure.

- Do not forget to read aloud what you **have written in** translation to compare it with the source **rhythmic and phonic** image.
- Try to find a similar text **in the target cultural tradition** that will prove useful in your translation **efforts**.

PROSE UNIT 1:
TRANSLATING JANE AUSTEN
INTO RUSSIAN

Introductory Notes

Jane Austen (1775-1817) was born into the family of an English clergyman, the seventh of his eight children. She was educated in the main by her father, the minister of a small parish. She started her literary career by writing parodies and sketches for the amusement of the family but went on to become one of the most brilliant novelists in English literature. Her first twenty-six years were spent in the quiet of her father's house. In 1801 her father fell seriously ill and the family moved to Bath in an attempt to restore his health. After her father's death in 1805, the family eventually returned to Hampshire. This quiet, uneventful life formed one of the shrewdest writers in English literature. Jane Austen definitely had the gift of sensitive observation as well as that of quiet humour. She was very attentive to the life and manners of her time and her class. She completed and published six novels and left one unfinished when she died in 1817, as quietly and serenely as she had lived.

Literature, not the literary life, was always her intention. The only literary attitude she enjoyed was the one which kept her bent over the little sheets of paper while her sister Cassandra sewed and her mother, a lively woman, held her tongue. She was the complete artist; it was enough. Her literary development might be traced back to Defoe, Fielding, Richardson and Crabbe, although the truth is that she was unique in the art of story-telling, and came onto the scene "without ancestors and left it without progeny." The material from which she created her novels only adds to their miracle. She called it "human nature in the midland counties," By words of Ronald Blythe, her biographer and critic,

"the depths of her novels are not the chance things of casual genius, but the results of an uncommonly sane mind, a gay heart and a most dedicated and meticulous workmanship." Her prose is always stern, though sometimes joyful and epigrammatic, but it is never poetry. Yet something always remains indefinable about her.

That "something" might be the mystery of the "quiet country life" which in reality was astonishing novel-making material, including her own experience and that of her family. Her mother was related to the Duke of Chandos and Master of Balliol. There was an aunt who was married to an admiral and a cousin, the Comtesse de Feuillide, who fled from the French Revolution in which her husband was guillotined. Elizabeth de Feuillide brought with her a small son, and in a short time she married Jane's brother, Henry Austen. Henry Austen's life alone might offer a wealth of material to a novelising sister. A country parson's handsome son, at the age of twenty-six, he married a French countess, one of Marie Antoinette's ladies, and thus became stepfather to the godson of the Governor General of India. He then proceeded on a career that went from a captaincy in the Oxford militia through a spell of fashionable banking to the priesthood. Is that not a novel in itself?

Her other brothers were no less extraordinary. The eldest, James, married the Duke of Lancaster's granddaughter, and it was to his child, Anna, that Jane wrote most of her letters revealing the principles of her own art. Frank and Charles, two more brothers, were naval officers and future admirals. Frank was a friend of Admiral Nelson. Edward Austen was adopted by a rich family, educated, and sent on the grand tour. He married a baronet's daughter and became a rich heir able to support the Austen family after their father's death. Cassandra, Jane's favourite sister was a vivid and enigmatic character who loved balls, cards, wine, music, country walks, conversation, children and bad as well as good novels.

Pride and Prejudice, the third of the six novels, was published in 1813. The narrative manner of this comedy of marriage-

es and wrong judgements is elegant, prim and judicious. Colourful storytelling and vivid comment are left to the characters; the narrator's remarks are very moderate and measured. Jane Austen called her own art "a little bit (two inches wide) of ivory." This novels demonstrates how brilliant that "little bit" was. The author's remarks are skilfully wrapped in bits of "common sense," thus becoming conductors of irony and sometimes bitter satire.

For example, in the passage quoted here, the author may remark, quite in the manner of that society: "They could talk of nothing but officers; and Mr Bingley's large fortune, the mention of which gave animation to their mother, was worthless in their eyes when opposed to the regimentals of an ensign." The satirical force of the sentence is shown in the contrast between a few oppositions "a large fortune — animation," "animation — regimentals of an ensign," and "a large fortune — regimentals of ensign." The incompatibility, even incompensurability, of such parallels, drawn so imperturbably if not sympathetically, shows the art of Jane Austen as a satirist when she talks about the moral assumptions of society.

The narrative rhythm of the book is based on many contrasts: the standard of polite behaviour, that of "rightness," as opposed to the real weakness of this or that character. For example, Lydia's and Kitty's glee in officers is described as "felicity." Sometimes this discrepancy between the actions and the words that describe them is even widened. When Mrs Bennet's shrill complaints are termed as "gentle murmurs," the polite cliché introduces a standard of behaviour that Mrs Bennet does not meet.

The clue to the rhythmic patterns of the story may be found in Jane Austen's own remark about this novel: "The work is rather too light, and bright, and sparkling; it wants shade;... an essay on writing, a critique on Walter Scott, or the history of Buonaparte, or anything that would form a contrast, and bring the reader **with** increased delight to the playfulness and epigrammatism **of the general style.**"

Task for comparison:

Pride and Prejudice — *Гордость и предубеждение*

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

(from *Chapter 1, Volume 1*)

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so fixed in the minds of the surrounding families that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do not you want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing what you say. This was invitation enough."

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that a Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. **What a fine thing for girls!**"

"How so? how can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be tiresome! **You must know** that I am thinking of his marrying **e of them.**"

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design! nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very ehy that **he may fall** in love with one of them, and therefore you ist visit him-**as** soon as he comes."

"I see **no** occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or u may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still tter, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley ght like you the best of the party."

"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly *have* had my share of auty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. ben a woman has five grown up daughters, she ought to give er thinking of her own beauty."

"In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley len he comes into the neighbourhood."

"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an estab- hment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lu- > are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general u know they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it II be impossible for *us* to visit him if you do not."

"You are overscrupulous surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to ;ure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he Doses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my le Lizzy."

"I dare say you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit tter than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome Jane, **nor half so** good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always **ang her preference.**"

"**They have** none of them much to recommend them," re-

plied he; "they are all silly and ignorant like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

"Ah! you do not know what I suffer."

"But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood."

"It will be no use to us if twenty such should come since you will not visit them."

"Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all."

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three and twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. *Her* mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its so- lace was visiting and news.

Перевод И. Мариака:

ГОРДОСТЬ И ПРЕДУБЕЖДЕНИЕ

(Глава 1, Книга 1)

Все знают, что молодой человек, располагающий сред- ствами, должен подыскивать себе жену.

Как бы мало ни были известны намерения и взгляды такого человека после того, как он поселился на новом мес- те, эта истина настолько прочно овладевает умами неподале- ку живущих семейств, что на него тут же начинают смотреть как на законную добычу той или другой соседской дочки.

Практикум по художественному переводу

— Дорогой мистер Беннет, — сказала как-то раз мисс Беннет своему мужу, — слышали вы, что Незерфилд-парк наконец больше не будет пустовать?

Мистер Беннет ответил, что он этого не слышал.

— Тем не менее это так, — продолжала она. — Только что заходила миссис Лонг и сообщила мне эту новость!

Мистер Беннет промолчал.

— А хотелось бы вам знать, кто будет нашим новым соседом? — с нетерпением спросила его жена.

— Готов вас выслушать, если вам очень хочется мне об этом сказать.

Большого от него не требовалось.

— Ну так слушайте, мой дорогой, — продолжала мисс Беннет. Незерфилд, по словам миссис Лонг, снят Очень богатым молодым человеком из Северной Англии. В понеделник он приезжал туда в карете, запряженной четверкой лошадей, осмотрел поместье и пришел в такой восторг, что тут же условился обо всем с мистером Моррисом. Он переезжает к Михайлову Дню, и уже в конце будущей недели туда приедет кое-кто из его прислуги.

— А как его зовут?

— Бингли.

— Он женат или холост?

— Холост, дорогой, в том-то и дело, что холост. Молодой холостяк с доходом в четыре или пять тысяч в год! Не правда ли, удачный случай для наших девочек?

— Как так? Разве это имеет к ним отношение?

— Дорогой мистер Беннет, — ответила его жена, — сегодня вы просто невыносимы. Разумеется, вы понимаете, что я имею в виду его женитьбу на одной из них.

— Гм, таковы его планы?

— Планы! Боже мой, скажете же вы иной раз! Но ведь может вполне случиться, что он в одну из них влюбится. Поэтому, как только он приедет, вам необходимо будет нанести ему визит.

Imagery in Translation

— Я, признаюсь, не вижу к тому достаточных оснований. Поезжайте-ка вы сами с девочками. Или пошлите одних — это, возможно, будет еще лучше. Не то вдруг вздумает влюбиться в вас — ведь вы ничуть не менее щекотливы, чем любая из наших дочек.

— Вы мне льстите, дорогой. Когда-то я и в самом деле была не лишена привлекательности. Но сейчас, увы, я уже не претендую на то, чтобы слыть красавицей. Женщине которой пять взрослых дочерей, не следует много думать! собственной красоте.

— В этих обстоятельствах у женщины не часто остается столько красоты, чтобы о ней приходилось особенно много думать.

— Но, мой друг, вам непременно следует навесить мистера Бингли, как только он появится.

— Едва ли я за это возьмусь.

— Но подумайте о наших девочках. Вы только представьте себе, как хорошо одна из них будет устроена. Если увидите, сэр Уильям и леди Лукас сразу поспешат в Незерфилд. А ради чего, как вы думаете? Уже конечно, ради еви Шарлотты — вы же знаете, они не очень-то любят навещать незнакомых людей. Вы непременно должны поехать — ведь мы сами без этого никак не можем у него побывать.

— Вы чересчур щепетильны. Полагаю, мистер Биш будет рад вас увидеть. Хотите, я дам вам для него записку¹ с обещанием выдать за него замуж любую из моих дочек, которая ему больше понравится? Пожалуй, надо будет только замолвить словечко в пользу моей крошки Лиззи.

— Надеюсь, вы этого не сделаете. Лиззи ничуть не лучше других ваших дочерей. Я уверена, что она и вполтину так красива, как Джейн, и гораздо менее добродушна, чем Лидия. Но ей вы почему-то всегда оказываете предпочтение]

— Ни одна из моих дочек ничем особенно не приметлива, — ответил он. — Они столь же глупы и невежественны,

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как все другие девчонки в этом возрасте. Просто в Лиззи ножко больше толку, чем в ее сестрах.

— Мистер Беннет, как смеете вы так оскорблять вас: собственных детей? Вам доставляет удовольствие меня щить. Конечно, вам нет никакого дела до моих истерзан- нервов.

— Вы ошибаетесь, моя дорогая. Я давно привык с ними гаться. Ведь они — они старые друзья. Недаром вы мне суете о них не меньше двадцати лет.

— Ах, вы себе даже не представляете, как я страдаю.

— Надеюсь, вы все же доживете до того времени, ко- окрестностях появится множество молодых людей с до- эм не менее четырех тысяч в год.

— Даже если их будет двадцать, какой в них прок, раз \$е равно отказываетесь к ним ездить?

— Ну, если их будет двадцать, моя дорогая, тогда я, гчно, соберусь да сразу и объеду их всех подряд.

В характере мистера Беннета так затейливо сочетались юсть ума и склонность к иронии, замкнутость и взбал- 1ность, что за двадцать три года совместной жизни жена еще не сумела к нему приноровиться. Разобраться в ее фе было намного проще. Она была невежественной жен- юй с недостаточной сообразительностью и неустойчивым фоением. Когда она бывала чем-нибудь недовольна, то гала, что у нее не в порядке нервы. Целью ее жизни было ,ать дочерей замуж. Единственными ее развлечениями и визиты и новости.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Read more about Jane Austen and her works, especially *ie and Prejudice*.

' Comment on the difference between the forms of the ti- how does *Pride and Prejudice* differ from *Гордость и ^убеждение*?

Imagery in Translation

- Analyse the stylistic and conceptual features of the source text and choose the key words in it.

- Identify special features of Austen's syntax and their con nections with characters and situation.

- Identify the major components and type of rhythm in the source text, including its vocabulary, syntax, style and cultural background.

- Figure out the major concepts of the text.

- Compare the choice of words in the source and target texts and observe the difference in the range of meaning and sty listic value that may occur in translation.

- Pay attention to the words with the meaning of "proper": *truth, rightful, acknowledged, fixed, sure, fine, must*, and the like and analyse whether the tone of them changes in translation.

- How can you comment on the usage of «вы» instead of «ты» in the Russian translation as used in the conversation be tween husband and wife?

- Identify the components added and omitted in the trans lation and comment on their causes and effects.

- Evaluate the source and target texts in general.

Task for translation:

Pride and Prejudice

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

(from *Chapter 7, Volume 1*)

Mr. Bennet's property consisted almost entirely in an es- tate of two thousand a year, which, unfortunately for his daugh- ters, was entitled in default of heirs male, on distant relation; and their mother's fortune, though ample for her situation in life, could but ill supply the deficiency of his. Her father had been an attor- ney in Meryton, and had left her four thousand pounds.

She had a sister married to a Mr. Philips, who had been a clerk to their father, and succeeded him in the business, and a brother settled in London in a respectable line of trade.

The village of Longbourn was only one mile from Meryton; a most convenient distance for the young ladies, who were usually tempted thither three or four times a week to pay their duty to their aunt and to a milliner's shop just over the way. The two youngest of the family, Catherine and Lydia, were particularly frequent in these attentions; their minds were more vacant than their sisters', and when nothing better offered, a walk to Meryton was necessary to amuse their morning hours and furnish conversation for the evening; and however bare of news the country in general might be, they always contrived to learn some from their aunt. At present, indeed, they were well supplied both with news and happiness by the recent arrival of a militia regiment in the neighbourhood; it was to remain the whole winter, and Meryton was the head-quarters.

Their visits to Mrs. Philips were now productive of the most interesting intelligence. Everyday added something to their knowledge of the officers' names and connections. Their lodgings were not long a secret, and at length they began to know the officers themselves. Mr. Philips visited them all, and this opened to his nieces a source of felicity unknown before. They could talk of nothing but officers; and Mr. Bingley's large fortune, the mention of which gave animation to their mother, was worthless in their eyes when opposed to the regimentals of an ensign.

After listening one morning to their effusions on this subject, Mr. Bennet coolly observed, "From all that I can collect by your manner of talking, you must be two of the silliest girls in the country. I have suspected it some time, but I am now convinced."

Catherine was disconcerted, and made no answer; but Lydia, with perfect indifference, continued to express her admiration of Captain Carter, and her hope of seeing him in the course of the day, as he was going the next morning to London.

"I am astonished, my dear," said Mrs. Bennet, "that you should be so ready to talk about your own children silly. If I wished to think slightly of anybody's children, it should not be of my own however." —

"If my children are silly I must hope to be always sensible of it."

"Yes — but as it happens, they are all of them very clever."

"This is the only point, I flatter myself, on which we do not agree. I had hoped that our sentiments coincided in every particular, but I must so far differ from you as to think our two youngest daughters uncommonly foolish."

"My dear Mr. Bennet, you must not expect such girls to have the sense of their father and mother. When they get to our age I dare say they will not think about officers any more than we do. I remember the time when I liked a redcoat myself very well — and indeed so I do still in my heart; and if a smart young colonel, with five or six thousand a year, would want one of my girls, I shall not say nay to him; and I thought Colonel Forster looked very becoming the other night at Sir William's in his regimentals."

"Mama," cried Lydia, "my aunt says that Colonel Forster and Captain Carter do not go so often to Miss Watson's as they did when they first came; she sees them now very often standing in Clarke's library."

Mrs. Bennet was prevented replying by the entrance of the footman with a note for Miss Bennet; it came from Netherfield, and the servant waited for an answer. Mrs. Bennet's eyes sparkled with pleasure, and she was eagerly calling out, while her daughter read, "Well, Jane, who is it from? what is it about? what does he say? Well, Jane, make haste and tell us; make haste, my love."

"It is from Miss Bingley," said Jane, and then read it aloud.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Find out some more information about Jane Austen and her novels, especially this one.
 - Look through the rest of the novel so as to get a feel for the characters and their situation.
-

- Study the vocabulary, syntax and style of Text 1. Read it aloud to feel the rhythm of the text.
- Pick up names, terms and phrases that may need comments or references.
- Study every character and think of his/her speech peculiarities.
- Study some cultural background associated with Jane Austen, her time and this type of narrative in the history of English literature in contrast and comparison with Russian culture.
- Decide upon the predominant rhythmic type of the text.
- Think of some possible counterparts to this text in Russian literature. They may be Goncharov or Gogol or both at once. Note their rhythms and narrative types. Think of some golden mean.
- Ensure balance in your choice of words for translation.
- Be aware of Russian syntax when translating the source syntactical structures.
- Study speech characteristics of the personages and restore them in translation.
- Keep to the stylistic balance in the translation.
- Evaluate the author's tone in the source text in comparison with that of the personages and restore the difference in the translation.
- Use the translation of I. Marshak as a sample or a challenge to follow or reject.
- Compare the rhythmic pattern of your Russian translation with that of the source text. Read the translation aloud to assess the degree of similarity.

*PROSE UNIT2:
TRANSLATING D. H. LAWRENCE
INTO RUSSIAN*

Introductory Notes

David Herbert Lawrence (1885-1930) was born at Eastwood, Nottinghamshire, the fourth of five children of a miner and his middle-class wife. He attended Nottingham High School and Nottingham University College. His first novel, *The White Peacock*, was published in 1911, just a few weeks after the death of his mother to whom he was very close. His career as a schoolteacher was ended in 1911 when he was diagnosed as having tuberculosis.

From that time Lawrence devoted himself to writing. His greatest novels *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, were completed in 1915 and 1916 but he could not find a publisher for them. After the war Lawrence began his "savage pilgrimage" in search of more creative mode of life than industrial Western civilisation could offer. He travelled to Sicily, Ceylon, Australia and, finally, New Mexico. He returned to Europe in 1925, quite unwillingly because he hated Europe, but he had contracted malaria which, in addition to his tuberculosis, could have killed him within a year. By then he was already actively painting. In 1928 his novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, was banned; he was sued for it and his paintings were confiscated. He died in Venice in 1930 at the age of forty-four.

Lawrence spent most of his short life in writing. He produced an amazing quantity of work — novels, stories, poems, plays, essays, travel books, translations, and letters. After his death his wife Frieda wrote: "What he had seen and felt and known he gave in his writing to his fellow men... a heroic and immeasurable gift."

In New Mexico Lawrence found something that was very important to his general vision of the world; he found a name for

his dark god "as shaggy as the pine trees and horrible as the lightning." That name was Pan. The essay *Pan in America* states his position most fully; Pan figures in many of his stories not only as an abstract life force and a necessary counterbalance to the Christian ideal, but also as a terrifying supernatural presence like Dionysus or the Great God Pan, wreaking a terrible vengeance upon those who deny him. There is an amusing painting by Dorothy Brett of Lawrence upon a cross. Dancing before him is a horned and goat-footed figure who also bears the face of Lawrence. The "god theme" was also important in his novel, *The Plumed Serpent*, written and completed in Mexico.

It was in 1927 that he began to write the story called *The Man Who Was Through with the World*. Lawrence himself was such a man at times; he strongly felt the attraction of the hermit life. The story was abandoned and left unfinished, probably, because it was too close to its author. He himself wrote about it: "I think one must for the moment withdraw from the world, away towards the inner realities that are real: and return to the world later, when one is quiet and sure." For Henry the Hermit there is a choice between Scylla and Charybdis: to allow oneself to be swallowed by the world, exposing oneself to "the pollution of people," or to withdraw to the island of oneself and die the spiritual death of solipsism. One cannot tell whether Henry is going to lose his grip on life as the winter advances and die for lack of human contact, or whether the following spring will see him enter the world again, resurrected.

Task for comparison:

*The Man Who Was Through with the World — Yǔmu om
суеты*

THE MAN WHO WAS THROUGH WITH
THE WORLD

There was a man not long ago, who felt he was through with the world, so he decided to be a hermit. He had a little money, and he knew that nowadays there are no hermitages going rent-

free. So he bought a bit of wild land on a mountain-side, with a chestnut trees growing on it. He waited till spring; then went up started building himself a little cabin, with the stones from the hillside. By summer, he had got himself a nice little hut with a chimney and one little window, a table, a chair, a bed, and the smallest nunnery of things a hermit may need. Then he considered himself set up as a hermit.

His hermitage stood in a sheltered nook in the rocks of the mountain, and through the open door he looked out on the big, stately chestnut trees of the upper region. These trees, this bit of property was his legal own, but he wanted to dedicate it to somebody God, preferably.

He felt, however, a bit vague about God. In his youth he had been sent to Sunday School, but he had long been through with that. He had, as a matter of fact, even forgotten the Lord's Prayer; like the old man in the Tolstoy parable. If he tried to remember it, he mixed it up with The Lord is my Shepherd, and felt annoyed, might, of course, have fetched himself a Bible. But he was through with all that.

Because, before he was through with everything, he had read quite a lot about Brahma and Krishna and Shiva, and Buddha; Confucius and Mithras, not to mention Zeus and Aphrodite and the bunch, nor the Wotan family. So when he began to think: The Lord is my Shepherd, somehow Shiva would start dancing a Charleston on the back of his mind, and Mithras would take the bull by the horns and Mohammed would start patting the buttery flanks of Ayes and Abraham would be sitting down to a good meal off a fat ram, the grease ran down his beard. So that it was very difficult to concentrate on God with a large 'g', and the hermit had a natural reluctance to go into refinements of the great I Am, or of thatness. He wanted to get away from all that sort of things. For what else had he become a hermit?

But alas, he found it wasn't easy. If you're a hermit, you've got to concentrate. You've got to sit in the **door of your hut in** the sunshine, and concentrate on something holy. **This hermit would**

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he door of his hut in the sunshine right enough, but he couldn't i anything holy enough really to keep him concentrated. If he d some nice eastern mode of meditation, he sat cross-legged with lint lotus-like smile on his face, some dog-in-the-manger inside i growled: Oh, cut it out, Henry, Nirvana's cold egg for the likes you.

So gradually the hermit became desperate. There he was, all ged up quite perfect as a holy man, a hermit, and an anchorite, and felt like an acrobat trying to hang on to a tight wire with his eye->ws. He simply had nothing to hold on to. There wasn't a single iiness or high-and-mightiness that interested him enough to bring icentration. And a hermit with nothing to concentrate on is like a in the cream jug.

Spring changed into summer. The primroses by the little stream lere the hermit dipped his water faded and were gone, only their ge leaves spread to the hotter days. The violets flickered to a fin-.; at last not a purple spark was left. The chestnut burrs upon the >und finally had melted away, the leaves overhead had emerged d overlapped one another, to make the green roof of summer.

And the hermit was bored, and rather, and rather angry with nself and everything else. He saw nobody up there: an occasional at-boy, an occasional hunter shooting little birds went by, looking cance. The hermit nodded a salutation, but no more.

Then at intervals he went down to the village for food. The lage was four long miles away, down the steep side of the moun- n. And when you got there, you found nothing but the silence, the t, the poverty and the suspicion of a mountain hamlet. And there is very little to buy.

гевод Т. Казаковой:

УЙТИ ОТ СУЕТЫ

Это случилось не так уж давно. Почувствовал человек, о устал от жизни, и решил стать отшельником. Денег у него немного, и он знал, что в наши дни вряд ли можно снять

Imagery in Translation

в аренду приют для отшельника. И он купил на горной тер- расе клочок земли, вокруг которого росли дикие каштаны. Подождав до весны, он отправился туда и принялся за строи- тельство хижины из камней, которых вокруг было в изоби- лии. К лету у него уже был миленький маленький домик с трубой и окошком, стол, стул, кровать и набор других пред- метов, необходимых отшельнику. И он решил, что готов к уединению.

Его обитель располагалась в укромном уголке, посре- ди скал, и через открытую дверь он любовался огромными каштанами, которые раскачивались на ветру. Все это вполне законно принадлежало ему, но он хотел посвятить свое уеди- нение кому-нибудь, желательно, Господу.

Однако, Господа он представлял себе весьма смутно. Разумеется, когда-то он посещал воскресную школу, но с тех пор давно уже с этим покончил. По правде сказать, он даже молитву Господню позабыл, подобно старику из притчи Льва Толстого. Когда он пытался ее вспомнить, то сбивался на пса- лом *Господь наш Пастырь*, и это его раздражало. Конечно, можно было обзавестись Библией. Но он ведь давно покон- чил с этим.

К тому же, прежде чем он покончил со всем этим и устал от жизни, он прочел много книг о Брахме, Кришне и Шиве, о Будде, Конфуции и Митре, не говоря уже о Зевсе и Афродите или об Одине с его семейством. Поэтому, когда он с трудом припоминал *Господь наш Пастырь*, в его сознании причудливо перемешивались разные образы: Шива отплясы- вал чарльстон; Митра хватал быка за рога; Магомет ласкал пышные бедра Айши; Авраам вкушал от упитанного агнца, и жир стекал по его густой бороде. Так что трудно было со- средоточиться на Боге с большой буквы, а своим *Я* с боль- шой буквы, или Самостью, отшельнику заниматься не хоте- лось. Ему хотелось уйти от всего этого. Иначе для чего же он стал отшельником?

Вот это-то, увы, и составляло главную трудность. Если

ты стал отшельником, то надо уметь сосредоточиться. Надо сесть на пороге своей хижины в лучах заката и сосредоточиться на чем-нибудь святом. Наш отшельник прилежно сидел на пороге хижины, но никак не мог сосредоточиться на чем-нибудь достаточно святом. Когда он занимался размышлениями на приятный восточный манер, то есть медитировал, сидя со скрещенными ногами и легкой лотосоподобной улыбкой на лице, внутри него восставал какой-то чертик и твердил ему: «Брось, Генри, нирвана не для таких, как ты!»

Постепенно отшельник впадал в отчаяние. Вот он здесь, со всем необходимым, настоящий отшельник, святой человек, анахорет, и при этом чувствует себя акробатом, который пытается удержаться на туго натянутом канате. Ему просто не за что было ухватиться. Не было ничего, что он мыслил бы как святое или великое, на чем можно было бы сосредоточиться. Отшельник же, которому не на чем сосредоточиться, напоминает муху, увязшую в сметане.

. Весна сменилась летом. У ручья, из которого отшельник брал воду, расцвели и увяли примулы, подставив жаркому солнцу только громадные листья. Одна за другой исчезали фиалки, пока не осталось ни одного фиолетового огонечка. Каштановые колючки смешались с землей, а листва загустела и превратилась в настоящую крышу.

И отшельник заскучал, недовольный собой и всем на свете. Вокруг никого не было; только изредка проходил мимо козопас или забредал какой-нибудь охотник, недоуменно поглядывая на отшельника. Отшельник приветственно махал рукой, вот и все.

Время от времени он спускался в деревню за продуктами. Деревня располагалась в четырех милях ниже по крутому склону. А что можно найти в горной деревушке, кроме тишины, грязи, нищеты и подозрительности? Да и покупать там было почти нечего.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Find out more about the writer and his art of story-telling. Look through some other stories by him.
- This story is unfinished: think about its completion: accordance with the main character. Try to answer the question why Lawrence left it unfinished.
- Pick up the words and proper names which need comments or references. Make up a glossary of them. Consult dictionaries and reference books for more information. Note how traditions of the names differ in English and in Russian.
- Study the vocabulary, syntax and style of the text; decide upon the peculiarities of the diction. Compare it with the choice of words in the translation.
- Read both texts aloud to feel and compare the rhythm of them. How does the inevitable syntactical transformation influence the rhythmic image of the story in translation?

Task for translation:

Things

THINGS

They were true idealists, from New England. Several years before the war, they met and married; he a tall, keen-eyed young man from Connecticut, she a smallish, demure, Puritan-looking young woman from Massachusetts. They both had a little money; Not much, however. Still — they were free. Free!

But what is money? All one wishes to do is 'to live a full and beautiful life. In Europe, of course, right at the fountain-head of tradition.

Therefore the two idealists, who were married in New Haven, sailed at once to Paris: Paris of the old days. They had studio apartment on the Boulevard Montparnasse, **and** they **had** become real Parisians, in the old, delightful sense, not in the modern

I, vulgar. It was the shimmer of the pure impressionists, Monet *i* his followers, the world seen in terms of pure light, light) ken and unbroken. How lovely! How lovely the nights, the er, the mornings in the old streets and by the flower-stalls and : book-stalls, the afternoons up on Montmartre or in the Tuil- ies, the evenings on the boulevards!

They had both painted but not desperately. Art had not taken :m by the throat, and they did not take Art by the throat. They inted: that's all. They knew people — nice people, if possible, >ugh one had to take them mixed. And they were happy.

Yet it seems as if human beings must set their claws in *mething*. To be "free," to be "living a full and beautiful life," u must, alas, be attached to *something*. Human beings are all les seeking *something* to clutch, *something* up which to climb ivards the necessary sun. But especially the idealist. He is a le, and he needs to clutch and climb. And he despises the man ю is a *meme potato*, or turnip, or lump of wood.

Our idealists were frightfully happy, but they were all the ne reaching out for something to cotton on to. At first, Paris is enough. They explored Paris *thoroughly*. And they learned ench till they almost felt like French people, they could speak so glibly.

Still, you know, you never talk French with your *soul*. And ough it's very thrilling, at first, talking in French to clever enchmen, still, in the long run, it is not satisfying. The endless- clever *materialism* of the French leaves you cold, gives a sense barrenness and incompatibility with true New England depth. > our two idealists felt.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Decide on the main principle of translation for this text: liether you are going to keep to the source structures as close as

possible, or are going to create some particular manner of pre- senting it in Russian.

- Look for some stylistic manner in Russian literature that would be parallel to the source. You may try Bunin, Chekhov or Kuprin.

- Create your glossary finding Russian counterparts for the problematic words and names.

- When translating the text, mark the grammatical prob- lems to be solved.

- Think over the italicised words and their value in the source text. Should you italicise them in Russian?

- Point out the devices used to convey of irony in the source text and choose their Russian counterparts carefully.

- Read your Russian version aloud to feel the rhythm of it. Compare the impression produced by reading the source text aloud.

PROSE UNIT3: TRANSLATING EVELYN WAUGH INTO RUSSIAN

Introductory Notes

Evelyn Waugh (1903-1966) was born in Hampstead, the second son of Arthur Waugh, a publisher and literary critic, and brother of Alec Waugh, the popular novelist. He was educated at Oxford. He published his first novel, *Decline and Fall*, in 1928. That novel was followed by *Vile Bodies* (1930), *Black Mischief* (1932), *A Handful of Dust* (1934), and others. All those years he was extensively travelling in Europe, Africa, Central America. During World War II he was first commissioned in the Royal Marines and later transferred to the Royal Horse Guards, serving in the Middle East and in Yugoslavia. His novels, *Put Out More Flags* (1942) and *Brideshead Revisited* (1945), and his historical trilogy *Sword of Honour* (1952-1961), a brilliant and witty satire to the "good old England," were marked by the events, ideas and emotions associated with the war and the sea of changes which it caused in people's minds and modes of life. In the Preface to *Brideshead Revisited* he wrote: "It seemed then that the ancestral seats which were our chief national artistic achievement were doomed to decay and spoliation like the monasteries in the sixteenth century... Much of this book therefore is a panegyric preached over an empty coffin."

Black Mischief one of the of author's, first books was written after a winter spent in East and Central Africa. The scene of the novel is a fanciful confusion of many territories, events, and characters, mostly associated with Zanzibar. In those years it was impossible to imagine that any part of Africa should be independent of European administration. As Waugh noted thirty years

later, "history has not followed what then seemed its natural course."

Decline and Fall, his first novel, was an immediate success. The history of Paul Pennifeather, a modest Oxford student of theology, caught up, quite by chance, in a tremendous whirl of adventures, is depicted with a professional brilliance, though the writer was still quite young then. It is in this novel that Evelyn Waugh showed his peculiar sense of humour and proved himself to possess outstanding fantasy and a rich palette of linguistic techniques — irony first and foremost. Some of the characters first mentioned in *Decline and Fall* would later appear in his other novels. His critical perception of the values of contemporary English society and the decline in moral standards was embodied in fantastical characters and situations depicted with acuteness and a strange sympathy like that of a surgeon performing an unpleasant but necessary operation.

One of his main motifs is cultural legacy of the past. It is present in the conversation of personages, in quotations and allusions; it manifests itself through a diversity of artistic, literary and historical names. Waugh's cultural position is developed in a comical imitation of the ignorant speech and low-brow interests of a *nouveau riche* family as well as through the grotesque pictures and figures of the world created by the author, a world which looks like that "good old England" he both loved and mocked.

Being a brilliant novelist, Evelyn Waugh wrote a few, notable short stories spanning a broad scale of humour, sometimes soft and sad, sometimes sharp and even "black." The *Cruise* story is written as a collection of letters and post cards from a foolish and ignorant young girl, the daughter of a rich family, who lives as if floating over the surface of life, not knowing, nor ceasing to know its real values. The language of the letters imitates the colloquial jargon of society to reveal lack of education as well as lack of that noble spirituality which alone may test the true core of a personality. The character speaks for herself and thus reveals her own cultural and spiritual insolvency.

Практикум по художественному переводу

Apart from fiction, Evelyn Waugh wrote books of literaryicism, essays and religious biographies. In 1930 he was re-'ed into the Catholic Church, which was an important event in spiritual life. He was married and had six children.

;k for comparison:

use — Морское путешествие

CRUISE

S.S. Glory of Greece

Darling,

Well, the first day it was rough and I got up and felt odd in bath and the soap wouldn't work on account of salt water you and came into breakfast and there was a corking young man э said we are the only ones down may I sit here and it was ng beautifully and he had steak and onions but it was no good d to go back to bed just when he was saying there was nothing idmired so much about a girl as her being a good sailor good-s how sad.

The thing is not to have a bath and to be very slow in all vements. So next day it was Naples and we saw some Bertie rches and then that bit that got blown up in an earthquake and a ir dog killed they have a plaster cast of him goodness how sad. ia and Bertie saw some pictures we weren't allowed to see and I drew them for me afterwards and Miss P. tried to look too. I 'en4 told you about Bill and Miss P. have I? Well, Bill is rather but clean looking and I don't suppose his very old not really I an and he's had a very disillusionary life on account of his wife o he says I wont say a word against but she gave him the rasp-ry with a foreigner and that makes him hate foreigners. Miss P. ailed Miss Phillips and is lousy she wears a yachting cap and is itch. And the way she makes up to the second officer is no ones iness and its clear to the meanest intelligence he hates her but part of the rules that all the sailors have to pretend to fancy the

Imagery in Translation

passengers. Who else is there? Well a lot of old ones. Papa is having a walk with one called Lady Muriel something or other who knew uncle Ned. And there is a honeymoon couple very embarrassing. And a clergyman and a lovely pansy with a camera and white suit and So Bertie sends his love too.

Mum bought a shawl and an animal made of lava.

POST-CARD

This is a picture of Taormina. Mum bought a shawl here. V. funny because Miss P. got left as shed made chums only with second officer and he wasnt allowed ashore so when it came to getting into cars Miss P. had to pack in with a family from the industrial north.

S.S. Glory of Greece

Darling,

Hope you got P.C. from Cicily. The moral of that was not to make chums with sailors though who I've made a chum of is the purser who's different on account he leads a very cynical life with a gramophone in his cabin and as many cocktails as he likes and Welsh rabbits sometimes and I said do you pay for all these drinks but he said no that's all right.

So there are deck games they are hell. And the day before we reach Haifa there is to be a fancy dress dance. Papa is very good at the deck games especially in one called shuffle board and eats more than he does in London but I daresay its alright. You have to hire dressers for the ball from the barber I mean we do not you. Miss P. has brought her own. So I've though of a v. clever thing at least the purser suggested it and that is to wear the clothes of one of the sailors I tried his on and looked a treat. Poor Miss P. Bertie is madly unpop. he wont play any of the games and being plastered the other night too and tried to climb down a ventilator and the second officer pulled him out and the old ones at the captain's table looked *askance* at him. New word that. Literary yes? No?

So I think the pansy is writing a book he has a green fountain pen and green ink but I couldn't see what it was.

POST-CARD

This is a photograph of the Holyland and the famous sea of Galilee. It is all v. Eastern with camels. I have a lot to tell you about the ball. *Such* goings on and will write you very soon. Papa went off for the day with Lady M. and came back saying enchanting woman Knows the world.

POST-CARD

This is the Sphinx. Goodness how sad.

POST-CARD

This is temple of someone. Darling I cant wait to tell you I'm engaged to Arthur. Arthur is the one I thought was a pansy. Bertie thinks egyptian art is v. inartistic.

POST-CARD

This is Tutankhamens v. famous Tomb. Bertie says it is vulgar and is engaged to Miss P. so hes not one to speak and I call her Mabel now. G how S. Bill wont speak to Bertie Robert wont speak to me Papa and lady M. seem to have had a row there was a man with a snake in a bag also a little boy who told my fortune which was v. prosperous Mum bought a shawl.

POST-CARD

Saw this Mosque today. Robert is engaged to a new girl called something or other who is lousy.

S. S. Glory of Greece

Sweet,

This is Algiers *not* very eastern in fact full of frogs. So it as all off with Arthur I was right about him at the first but who I am engaged to is Robert which is much better for all concerned really particularly Arthur on account of what I said originally first

impressions always right. Yes? No? Robert and I drove about all day in the Botanic gardens and Goodness he was Decent. Bertie got plastered and had a row with Mabel — Miss P. again — s< thats all right too. Mum bought a shawl.

Перевод М. Лорие:

МОРСКОЕ ПУТЕШЕСТВИЕ

Пароход «Слава Эллады»

Дорогая моя!

Ну так вот в первый день была качка и мне прямо < утра как только я села в ванну стало не по себе и мыло н< мылилось п. ч. вода соленая ты ведь знаешь а потом пошел завтракать в меню было ужасно всего много даже бифштекс с луком и очень симпатичный молодой человек он сказал только мы с вами и пришли можно к вам подсесть и все шло замечательно он заказал бифштекс с луком но я сплеховала пришлось уйти к себе и опять лечь а он как раз говорил что больше всего восхищается девушками которые не боятся качю ужас как грустно.

Самое главное не принимать ванну и совсем не делать быстрых движений. Ну на следующий день был Неаполь i мы посмотрели несколько церквей для Бerti и тот город который взорвался во время землетресения и убило несчастную собаку у них там есть с нее гипсовый слепок ужас как грустно. Папа и Бerti видели какие-то картинки а нам их не показали мне их потом Билл рисовал а мисс Ф. подсматривала. Я тебе еще не писала про Билла и мисс Ф.? Ну так во Билл уже старый но очень элегантный то есть на самом деле он наверно не такой уж старый только он разочарован в жизни из-за жены он говорит что не хочет говорить о ней дурно она сбежала с каким-то иностранцем так что он теперь ненавидит иностранцев. Мисс Ф. зовут мисс Филлипс преотивная ходит в яхтменском кепи ужасная дрянь. Лезе

второму помощнику это конечно никого не касается но якому дураку ясно что он ее видеть не может просто всем)рякам полагается делать вид будто они влюблены в пасса-фок. Кто у нас есть еще? Папа пристроился к одной леди юриел дальше не помню, она знала еще моего дядю Неда. :ть одни молодожены, это очень неловко. И еще священник эчень милый педик с фотографическим аппаратом в белом стюме и несколько семейств с нашего промышленного се-ра.

Целую крепко Берти тоже.

Мама купила шаль и какую-то зверюшку из лавы.

ОТКРЫТКА

Это вид Таормины. Мама купила здесь шаль. Было ень смешно п. ч. мисс Ф. дружила только со вторым по-)щиком а его не пустили на берег и когда рассаживались > машинам мисс Ф. пришлось втиснуться вместе с одним мейством с промышленного севера.

Пароход «Слава Эллады»

Дорогая моя!

Надеюсь ты получила мою открытку из Сицилии. Мо-шь ее в том чтобы не дружить с моряками но я-то подружи-icb с кассиром это совсем другое дело п. ч. он ведет двой-'ю жизнь у него в каюте граммофон и сколько угодно кокилей а иногда и гренки с сыром и я спросила а вы за все это ттите? а он сказал нет но пусть вас это не беспокоит.

На палубе играют во всякие игры гадость ужасная. А в >следний день перед Хайфой будет маскарад. Папа здорово •рает во всякие игры особенно в шайбу и ест больше чем в эндоне но это вероятно ничего. Костюмы для бала надо брать широкат у парикмахера то есть это нам надо а у мисс Ф. есть юственный. Я придумала замечательную штуку вернее это ссир мне посоветовал чтобы одеться матросом я уже приме-ла костюм он мне идет ужасно. Бедная мисс Ф. —

Берти ни с кем не дружит в игры играть не хочет и вче-ра вечером опять нализался и пробовал спуститься вниз по вентилятору его второй помощник вытащил и все старички за капитанским столом смотрят на него *скептически*. Это новое слово. Очень литературно? Или нет?

Педик кажется пишет книгу у него зеленая вечная руч-ка и зеленые чернила но что он пишет я не разглядела.

ОТКРЫТКА

Это снимок Земли Бетованной и знаменитого Галле-лейского моря. Здесь все оч. восточное с верблюдами. Про маскарад скоро напишу это целая история насмотрелась же я. Папа уезжал на весь день с леди М. потом сказал очарова-тельная женщина знает жизнь.

Пароход «Слава Эллады»

Дорогая моя!

Ну так вот на маскарад уже к обеду надо было прийти в костюмах и когда мы входили все аплодировали. Я опозда-ла п. ч. никак не могла решить надевать шапочку или нет потом надела и получилось дивно. Но мне похлопали совсем мало и когда я огляделась то увидела штук двадцать левушек и нескольких женщин в таких же костюмах вот каким дву-личным человеком оказался этот кассир.

Пришло открытку со сфинксом.

ОТКРЫТКА

Это сфинкс. Ужас как грустно.

ОТКРЫТКА

Это храм не помню кого. Дорогая моя спешу тебе со-общить я обручилась с Артуром. Артур это тот про которого я думала что он педик. Берти находит что египетское искус-ство никакое не искусство.

ОТКРЫТКА

Это гробница Тутанхамона оч. знаменитая. Бerti говорит это пошлятина а сам обручился с мисс Ф. т. ч. не ему бы говорить я теперь называю се Мейбл. Ужас как грустно. Билл не разговаривает с Бerti. Роберт не разговаривает со мной папа и леди М. видимо поругались был один человек со змеей в мешке и еще мальчик он мне предсказал судьбу оч. счастливую. Мама купила шаль.

ОТКРЫТКА

Сегодня видела эту мечеть. Роберт обручился с новой девушкой как зовут не знаю но противная.

ОТКРЫТКА

Деточка мы в Алжире он не очень восточный тут полным полно французов. Так вот с Артуром все кончено я все-таки оказалась права а теперь я обручилась с Робертом это гораздо лучше для всех особенно для Артура из-за того о чем я тебе писала первое впечатление никогда не обманывает. Правда? Или нет? Мы с Робертом целый день катались в Ботаническом саду и он был ужас как мил. Бerti нализался и поссорился с Мейбл теперь она опять мис Ф. т. ч. тут все в порядке. Мама купила шаль.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

■ Read the whole story in English and think over its content and style.

• Read the whole translated version and think about the general impression of the text.

• Study the keywords in the source text and their stylistic value.

• Compare the source keywords with the translated version and decide if the counterparts are adequate.

• Study the translation of the source colloquialisms and! where the translator resorts to transformations. Are any other variants possible?

• Study the grammatical irregularities of the source *B* and compare them with their translation substitutes.

• Identify the narrative type of the text and the corresponding rhythmic pattern. See whether it is appropriately reproduced in translation.

• What words or phrases in the source text require the translator's comments?

• Study the losses and additions in the translation compared to the source text.

• Sum up your ideas about the translation.

• See what you would change in the translation and/or give your own variant.

Task for translation:

Decline and Fall

STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE (
from *DECLINE AND FALL*)

Paul's trial, which took place some weeks later at the C Bailey, was a bitter disappointment to the public, the news editors and the jury and counsel concerned. The arrest at the R the announcement at St. Margaret's that the wedding was postponed, Margot's flight to Corfu, the refusal of the bail, the message sent in to Paul on covered dishes from Boulestin's, had been "front page stories" every day. After all this Paul's conviction and sentence were a lame conclusion. At first he pleaded guilty on charges despite the entreaties of his counsel, but eventually was galvanised into some show of defence by the warning of the presiding judge that the law allowed punishment with the cat-nine-tails for offences of this sort. Even then things were very flat. Potts as chief witness for the prosecution was unshakeable.

/as later warmly commended by the court; no evidence, ex-)f previous good conduct, was offered by the defence; Mar-este-Chetwynde's name was not mentioned, though the judge ssing sentence remarked that "no one could be ignorant of illous insolence with which, on the very eve of arrest for this infamous of crimes, the accused had been preparing to join ame with one honoured in his country's history, and to drag l to his own pitiable depths of depravity a lady of beauty, and stainless reputation. The just censure of society," re-;ed the judge, "is accorded to those so inconstant and intem-:e that they must take their pleasure in the unholy market of anity that still sullies for the fame of our civilisation; but for raders themselves, these human vampires who prey upon the adation of their species, society has reserved the right of ruth-suppression." So Paul was sent off to prison, and the papers led the column they reserve for home events of minor impor-e with "Prison for Ex-society Bridegroom. Judge on Human ipires," and there, as far as the public were concerned, the :er ended. -

Before this happened, however, a conversation took place :h deserves the attention of all interested in the confused se-of events of which Paul had become a part. One day, while he waiting for trial, he was visited in his cell by Peter Beste-twynde.

"Hullo!" he said.

"Hullo, Paul!" said Peter. "Mamma asked me to come in to you. She wasn't to know if you are getting the food all right 's ordered for you. I hope you like it, because I chose most of [yself. I thought you wouldn't want anything very heavy."

"It's splendid," said Paul. "How's Margot?"

"Well, that's rather what I've come to tell you, Paul. Mar's gone away."

"Where to?"

"She's gone off alone to Corfu. I made her, though she

wanted to stay and see your trial. You can imagine what a time we've had with reporters and people. You don't think it awful of her, do you? And listen, there's something else. Can that policeman hear? It's this. You remember that awful old man Maltravers. Well, you've probably seen, he's Home Secretary now. He's been round to Mamma in the most impossible Oppenheim kind of way, and said that if she'd marry him he could get you out. Of course, he's obviously been reading books. But Mamma thinks it's probably true, and she wants to know how you feel about it. She rather feels the whole thing's rather her fault, really, and, short of going to prison herself, she'll do anything to help. You can't imagine Mamma in prison, can you? Well, would you rather get out now and her marry Maltravers, or wait until you do get out and marry her yourself? She was rather definite about it."

Paul thought of Professor Silenius's "In ten years she will be worn out," but he said:

"I'd rather she waited if you think she possibly can."

"I though you'd say that, Paul. I'm so glad. Mamma said: 'I won't say I don't know how I shall be able to make up to him for all this, because I think he knows I can/ Those were her words. I don't suppose you will get more than a year or so, will you?'"

"God Lord, I hope not," said Paul.

His sentence of seven years' penal servitude was rather a blow. "In ten years she will be worn out," he thought as he drove in the prison van to Blackstone Goal.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Mark the words and expressions that may need comments or references. Compile a glossary of them.
- Find some information about Evelyn Waugh and his works. Look through the contents of *Decline and Fall*.
- Measure the style of the text in terms of both stylistic devices and the choice of linguistic units.

- Study the vocabulary in the text and mark the lexical problems for translation.
 - Study the syntax of the text and its logical functions.
 - Outline the rhythmic pattern of the text.
 - Look for some Russian literary parallel to Waugh's style.
- Try Bulgakov.
- Complete the Glossary with Russian counterparts.
 - Work on the choice of words and syntactical structures in Russian.
- Check the results of translation with special attention to the appropriate reconstruction of the overt and covert irony in the source text.
- Read the Russian version aloud to feel the rhythm of the text.

*PROSE UNIT 4:
TRANSLATING/ D. SALINGER
INTO RUSSIAN*

Introductory Notes

Jerome David Salinger, an American novelist and short story writer, is world-known for his novel *The Catcher in the Rye* (1951), a modern variant of the ancient story of initiation. Its main character, Holden Caulfield, runs away from his boarding-school to New York, where he faces many challenges, dangers and problems.

American critics say that serious interest in Salinger's work was slight until *The Catcher in the Rye* "occasioned a belated deluge of critical comment." The literary world of the USA scorned him for social irresponsibility, obfuscation, and obsession with Eastern philosophy and religion. Yet the fact is that his only novel and a number of short stories made his name realised as that of a real artist.

Although Salinger has a good sense of humour, his view of life is of utmost seriousness. Most of his works, though without a comic touch, are serious, if not sad. His major story started from 1955, with *Franny* and *Zooey* presenting the Glass family saga, his most sophisticated work.

Yet *The Catcher in the Rye* made him popular. The story of an adolescent boy is an odyssey, a search and a series of adventures — a quest. The odyssey begins on a Saturday afternoon at Pencey Prep and ends at the New York Zoo on Monday afternoon; though Holden tells his story some months later in California, where he has been seeing a psychiatrist.

The central conflict of the novel is the traditional one between innocence and experience. Holden Caulfield is innocent but not altogether naive; he has some knowledge of evil though

not himself corrupted by it. More than that, he has a messianic sense, he wants to save people from sin, their own as well as the world's. But like most messiahs, he is a failure: he learns it is impossible to be a catcher in the rye, to save people from eating the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

The strongest of Holden's aversions is that to the "phony". Everybody who pretends somebody he is not is a phony to Holden. Yet he feels some sympathy towards those phonies who pretend in defence. Sometimes the boy overreacts, for the sins of evil are eternal and inescapable. By his own words, "You can never find a place that's nice and peaceful, because there's always something wrong with it. You may *think* there is, but once you get there, when you're not looking, somebody'll sneak up and write 'Fuck you' right under your nose."

This book by Salinger is often compared to the greatest American odyssey of initiation, Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*. The two books are similar in their narrative framework, and their colloquial style, in partly using the real speech and partly inventing a special language, that of adolescence.

In a way, the novel is partly autobiographical, for Holden shares the reputation of a writer in his school, and other people have recognised his literary talents and tastes. It is a striking detail that a teenager seriously admits that his favourite is not baseball but *Great Gatsby*.

For translation, Salinger's novel makes a great challenge for the translator's language, which is not easy to deal with. Salinger's ear for colloquialisms is perfect, even when he invents some or makes up functions for others. Those personal words, like *phony* or *shit*, or *I am*, or *I mean it*, or numerous collocations will cause a translator's headache. The Russian translation by Rita Rait-Kovaleva has become a classic since the sixties, yet it represents a certain translator position, tastes and preferences that may have changed since then. The text in translation becomes as if softer, more literary rather than colloquial, and somewhat less tensed.

Task for comparison:

The Catcher in the Rye* — *Над пропастью во ржи

THE CATCHER IN THE RYE

(from *Chapter 6*)

Some things are hard to remember. I'm thinking now of when Stradlater got back from his date with Jane. I mean I can't remember exactly what I was doing when I heard his goddam stupid footsteps coming down the corridor. I probably was still looking out the window, but I swear I can't remember. I was so damned worried, that's why. When I really worry about something, I don't just fool around. I even have to go to the bathroom when I worry about something. Only, I don't go. I'm too worried to go. I don't want to interrupt my worrying to go. If you knew Stradlater, you'd have been worried, too. I'd double-dated with that bastard a couple of times, and I know what I'm talking about. He was unscrupulous. He really was.

Anyway, the corridor was all linoleum and all, and you could hear his goddam footsteps coming right towards the room. I don't even remember where I was sitting when he came in — at the window, or in my chair or his. I swear I can't remember.

He came in griping about how cold it was out. Then he said, "Where the hell is everybody? It's like a goddam morgue around here." I didn't even bother to answer him. If he was so goddam stupid not to realize it was Saturday night and everybody was out or asleep or home for the weekend, I wasn't going to break my neck telling him. He started getting undressed. He didn't say one goddam word about Jane. Not one. Neither did I. I just watched him. All he did was thank me for letting him wear my hound's-tooth. He hung it up on a hanger and put it in the closet.

Then, when he was taking off his tie, he asked me if I'd written his goddam composition for him. I told him it was over on his goddam bed. He walked over and read it while he was unbuttoning his shirt. He stood there, reading it, and sort of strok-

ing his bare chest and stomach, with this very stupid expression on his face. He was always stroking his stomach or his chest. He was mad about himself.

All of a sudden, he said, "For *Chrissake*, Holden. This is about a goddam *basebaU* glove."

"So what?" I said. Cold as hell.

"Wuddaya mean *so what*? I told ya it had to be about a goddam *room* or a house or something."

"You said it had to be descriptive. What the hell's the difference if it's about a baseball glove?"

"God damn it." He was sore as hell. He was really furious. "You always do everything backasswards." He looked at me. "No wonder you're flunking the hell out of here," he said. "You don't do *one damn thing* the way you're supposed to. I mean it. Not one damn thing."

"All right, give it back to me, then," I said. I went over and pulled it right out of his goddam hand. Then I tore it up. "What the hellja do *that* for?" he said. I didn't even answer him. I just threw the pieces in the wastebasket. Then I lay down on my bed, and we both didn't say anything for a long time. He got all undressed down to his shorts, and I lay on my bed and lit a cigarette. You weren't allowed to smoke in the dorm, but you could do it late at night when everybody was asleep or out and nobody could smell the smoke. Besides, I did it to annoy Stradlater. It drove him crazy when you broke any rules. He never smoked in the dorm. It was only me. He still didn't say one single solitary word about Jane. So finally I said, "You're back pretty goddam late if she only signed out for nine-thirty. Did you make her be late signing in?"

He was sitting on the edge of his bed, cutting his goddam toenails, when I asked him that. "Coupla minutes," he said. "Who the hell signs out for nine-thirty on a Saturday night?" *God*, how I hated him.

"Did you go to New York?" I said.

"Ya crazy? How the hell could we go to New York if she only signed out for nine-thirty?"

"That's tough."

He looked up at me. "Listen," he said, "if you're gonna smoke in the room, how 'bout going down to the can and do it? *You* may be getting the hell out of here, but I have to stick around long enough to graduate."

I ignored him. I really did. I went right out smoking like a madman. All I did was sort of turn over on my side and watch him cut his damn toenails. What a school. You were always watching somebody cut their damn toenails or squeeze their pimples or something.

Перевод Р. Райт-Ковалевой:

НАД ПРОПАСТЬЮ ВО РЖИ

Бывает, что нипочем не можешь вспомнить, как все было. Я все думаю — когда же Стрэдлейтер вернулся со свидания с Джейн? Понимаете, я никак не вспомню, что я делал, когда вдруг услышал его шаги в коридоре, наглые, громкие. Наверно, я все еще смотрел в окно, но вспомнить точно не могу, хоть убей. Ужасно я волновался, потому и не могу вспомнить, как было. А уж если я волнуюсь, так это не притворство. Мне даже хочется в уборную, когда я волнуюсь. Но я не иду. Волнуюсь, оттого и не иду. Никак не перестану волноваться — и никуда не иду. Если бы вы знали Стрэдлейтера, вы бы тоже волновались. Я раза два ходил вместе с этим подлецом на свидания. Я знаю, про что говорю. "У него совести нет ни капли, ей-богу, нет."

А в коридоре у нас — сплошной линолеум, так что издали было слышно, как он, мерзавец, подходит к нашей комнате. Я даже не помню, где я сидел, когда он вошел, — в своем кресле, или у окна, или в его кресле. Честное слово, не могу вспомнить.

Практикум по художественному переводу

Он вошел и сразу стал жаловаться, какой холод. Потом спрашивает:

— Куда к черту все пропали? Ни живой души — форменный морг.

Я ему и не подумал отвечать. Если он, болван, не понимает, что в субботу вечером все ушли, или спят, или уехали к родным, чего ради мне лезть вон из кожи объяснять ему. Он стал раздеваться. А про Джейн — ни слова. Ни единого словечка. И я молчу. Только смотрю на него. Правда, он меня поблагодарил за куртку. Надел ее на плечики и повесил в шкаф.

А когда он развязывал галстук, спросил меня, написал ли я за него это дурацкое сочинение. Я сказал, что вон оно, на его собственной кровати. Он подошел и стал читать, пока расстегивал рубаху. Стоит, читает, а сам гладит себя по голой груди с самым идиотским выражением лица. Вечно он гладил себя то по груди, то по животу. Он себя просто обожал.

И вдруг говорит:

— Что за чертовщина, Холден? Тут про какую-то дурацкую рукавицу!

— Ну так что же? — спрашиваю я. Ледяным голосом.

— То есть как это — что же? Я же тебе говорил, надо описать комнату или дом, балда!

— Ты сказал, нужно какое-нибудь описание. Не все ли равно, что описывать — рукавицу или еще что?

— Эх, черт бы тебя подрал! — Он разозлился не на шутку. Просто рассвирепел. — Все ты делаешь через ж... кувырком. — Тут он посмотрел на меня. — Ничего удивительного, что тебя отсюда выкинули, — говорит. — Никогда ты ничего не сделаешь по-человечески. Никогда! Понял?

— Ладно, ладно, отдай листок! — говорю. Подошел, выхватил у него этот треклятый листок, взял и разорвал.

— Что за черт? — говорит. — Зачем ты разорвал?

Я даже ему не ответил. Бросил клочки в корзину, и все. Потом лег на кровать, и мы оба долго молчали. Он разделся, остался в трусах, а я закурил, лежа на кровати. Курить в спаль-

— —

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нях не полагается, но поздно вечером, когда одни спят, а другие ушли, никто не заметит, что пахнет дымом. И потом мне хотелось позлить Стрэдлейтера. Он из себя выходил, когда нарушали правила. Сам он никогда в спальне не курил. А я курил.

Так он и не сказал ни единого словечка про Джейн, ничего. Тогда я сам заговорил:

— Поздно же ты явился, черт побери, если ее отпустили только в девять тридцать. Она из-за тебя не опоздала, вернулась вовремя?

Он сидел на краю своей койки и стриг ногти на ногах, когда я с ним заговорил.

— Самую малость опоздала, — говорит. — А какого черта ей было отпрашиваться только на девять тридцать, да еще в субботу?

О господи, как я ненавидел его в эту минуту!

— В Нью-Йорк ездили? — спрашиваю.

— Ты спятил? Как мы могли попасть в Нью-Йорк, если она отпросилась только в девять тридцать?

— Жаль, жаль! — сказал я.

Он посмотрел на меня.

— Слушай, если тебе хочется курить, шел бы ты в уборную. Ты-то отсюда выметаешься вон, а мне торчать в школе, пока не окончу.

Я на него даже внимания не обратил, будто его и нет. Курю, как сумасшедший, и все. Только повернулся на бок и смотрю, как он стрижет свои подлые ногти. Да, ничего себе школа! Вечно при тебе то прыщи давят, то ногти на ногах стригут.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Read the whole story in English and think over its content and style.

- Read the whole story in translation and think about the general impression the text produces.

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- Study the emotional background of the source text and mark the emotional key-words and their stylistic value.
- Compare the source key-words with the translation and decide if the counterparts are adequate.
- Study the epithets in the source text and compare the choice of equivalents in the translation.
- What words or phrases in the source text require translator's comments? Is everything clear in the translation of such units? What should be clarified about the time?
- Is the colloquial manner of the source text adequately translated or slightly changed? Mark the difference.
- What is added and what is omitted in translation in comparison with the source text?
- Sum up the ideas you have about the translation and comment on it in general.
- See what you would change in the translation and/or give your own variant.

Task for translation:

The Catcher in the Rye

THE CATCHER IN THE RYE

(from *Chapter 25*)

It was Monday and all, and pretty near Christmas, and all the stores were open. So it wasn't too bad walking on Fifth Avenue. It was fairly Christmassy. All those scraggy-looking Santa Clauses were standing on corners ringing those bells, and the Salvation Army girls, the ones that don't wear any lipstick or anything, were ringing bells, too. I sort of kept looking around for those two nuns I'd met at breakfast the day before, but I didn't see them. I knew I wouldn't, because they'd told me they'd come to New York to be schoolteachers, but I kept looking for them anyway. Anyway, it was pretty Christmassy all of a sudden. A million little kids were downtown with their mothers, getting on and off buses and coming in and out of stores. I wished old Phoe-

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be was around. She's not little enough any more to go stark staring in the toy department, but she enjoys horsing around and looking at the people. The Christmas before last I took her downtown shopping with me. We had a helluva time. I think it was in Bloomingdale's. We went to the shoe department and we pretended she — old Phoebe — wanted to get a pair of those very high storm shoes, like the kind that have about a million holes to lace up. We had the poor salesman guy going crazy. Old Phoebe tried on about twenty pairs, and each time the poor guy had to lace one shoe all the way up. It was a dirty trick, but it killed old Phoebe. We finally bought a pair of moccasins and charged them. The salesman was very nice about it. I think he knew we were horsing around, because old Phoebe always starts giggling...

I know I didn't stop till I was way up in the Sixties, at the zoo and all. Then I sat down on this bench. I could hardly get my breath, and I was still sweating like a bastard. I sat there, I guess, for about an hour. Finally, what I decided I'd do, I decided I'd go away. I decided I'd never go home again and I'd never go away to another school again. I decided I'd just see old Phoebe and sort of say good-bye to her and all, and give her back her Christmas dough, and then I'd start hitchhiking my way out West. What I'd do, I figured, I'd go down to the Holland Tunnel and bum a ride, and then I'd bum another one, and another one, and another one, and in a few days I'd be somewhere out West where it was very pretty and sunny and where nobody'd know me and I'd get a job. I figured I could get a job at a filling station somewhere, putting gas and oil in people's cars. I didn't care what kind of a job it was, though. Just so people didn't know me and I didn't know anybody. I thought what I'd do was, I'd pretend I was one of those deaf-mutes. That way I wouldn't have to have any goddam stupid useless conversations with anybody...

I got excited as hell thinking about it. I really did. I knew the part about pretending I was a deaf-mute was crazy, but I liked thinking about it anyway. But I really decided to go out West and all. All I wanted to do first was say good-bye to old Phoebe. So

all of a sudden, I ran like a madman across the street — I damn near got killed doing it, if you want to know the truth — and went in this stationery store and bought a pad and pencil. I figured I'd write a note telling her where to meet me so I could say good-bye to her and give her back her Christmas dough, and then I'd take the note up to her school and get somebody in the principal's office to give it to her. But I just put the pad and pencil in my pocket and started walking fast as hell up to her school — I was too excited to write the note right in the stationery store. I walked fast because I wanted her to get the note before she went home for lunch, and I didn't have any too much time.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Read the text thoroughly to be sure of its content. Compare it to the text for comparison and see how Holden develops as a character.
- Analyse the vocabulary of the text and see which words need references and commentary. What transformation means would you use to translate such words as *Christmassy? Bloom-iigdale? Salvation Army? Holland Tunnel?*
- Analyse the energetic expressions like *hell of, like a bastard, goddam* and the like to decide about their functional substitutes in translation.
- Reconstruct the narrative type of the text and point out its major characteristics to find substitutes in translation.
- Analyse the comparative role of the alternation of shorter and longer syntactic structures in the rhythm of the text to reconstruct this rhythm in translation.
- Read the text aloud to feel the rhythm of it.
- Translate the text and edit the translation till it satisfies the features you have pointed out as above recommended.
- Read the translation aloud to compare its rhythmic value with that of the source text. _ _

*PROSE UNIT 5: TRANSLATING f. R. R. TOLKIEN INTO RUSSIAN**

Introductory Notes

John Ronald Reuel Tolkien (1892-1973) was Pembroke professor of Anglo-Saxon (1925-1945) and Merton professor of English language and literature, Oxford in 1945-1959. He was a reader in old English literature and published a number of philological studies, such as *Beowulf, the Monsters and the Critics*, and many others. Though his chief interest was in the literary and linguistic tradition of the English West Midlands, especially in *Beowulf, Ancrene Wisse* and *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, he attained to world renown among the reading public as the author of two literary works, *The Hobbit* (1937) and its sequel, the trilogy *The Lord of the Rings* (1954-1955). Posthumously, *The Silmarrillion* (1977) was published, in which the pre-history of his mythological fantasy was worked out.

In these books a Christian professor of philology unique myth lore creates by. The most striking feature of this mythological world of the Middle-earth, where hobbits, elves, dwarves and other fairy creatures live side by side with human beings and other personages, is that it never mentions any god, or a sacred one whom they would worship, whereas all mythologies have a kind of worshipping in their basis. In a peculiar way the Christian values and principles interlace with such heathen personages as elves, but the enemy is overt and he is Sauron, King of Darkness.

Tolkien's fantasy books have become most popular among the readers of the world and aroused many followers and imitators, researchers and critics. Actually, he did not only create his mythic world but also the kind of fiction, which in his book *Tree and Leaf* he himself qualified as "a fairy story" and differentiat-

ed it from "fairy tales" as such. By Tolkien, a fairy story is an attempt to create the "second world," or the alternative reality, based on the great human instrument, which is *fantasy*.

For Tolkien, the world fame began in the Sixties, the time when the superindustrialised society got afraid of its own progress, and the theory and practice of escapism came into life as vivid as it was world-wide. Tolkien's Middle-earth, his ideal of fellowship against the Enemy, his lovely characters of the Old People, dwellers of the fantastic land of the Middle-earth, seemed very attractive as a place to escape to. By Peter. S. Bingle, Tolkien's Middle-earth is "a green alternative to each day's madness here in a poisoned world."

In Tolkien's world the reader finds a diversity of places and creatures whose names may be quite unusual and sound like a spell or an echo of a dream. Most Russian translations appeared in the seventies and eighties, the first book to be translated was *The Hobbit*. The translated books have brought to life a few waves of *Russian fairy stories* and *fantasy books*, about Frodo Baggins, his friends and relatives among them.

It is not an easy task at all to translate the book with a great many strange names, poems, quotations in some non-existing languages, the etymologies that cannot be found natural in Russian, i. e., the etymological association between *hobbit* and *halfling*, which is deeply rooted in the history of the English language. Another problem is in the narrative rhythm of *the fairy story* swaying from the common and colloquial to the high-flown and mysterious, from the funny and comic to the passionate and dramatic, where each hero has his own voice and melody in the fantastic symphony of the whole.

The texts of this unit present the first part of the trilogy *Lord of the Rings*, *The Fellowship of the Ring*. Whereas the whole trilogy is a chronicle of the Great War of the Ring, which occurred in the Third Age of the Middle-earth, *The Fellowship* tells the reader about the perilous journey of Frodo Baggins, appointed the Ring-bearer by the great council, and his eight compan-

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ions set forth to return the dangerous Master of all the Rings to Mordor, the country of the Enemy, where it was to be destroyed by casting it back into the fire from which it came by the evil magic power of the Enemy. The first of the passages for discussing here depicts one of the terrible dangers that the heroes faced on their way; the second one shows an episode from the great Council of Elrond where representatives of different peoples of the Middle-earth gathered to decide the fate of the Ring and, thus, of the world of the Third Age.

Task for comparison:

A Knife in the Dark — Клинок во тьме

A KNIFE IN THE DARK (from *THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING*)

The story ended. The hobbits moved and stretched. "Look!" said Merry. "The Moon is rising: it must be getting late."

The others looked up. Even as they did so, they saw on the top of the hill something small and dark against the glimmer of the morning. It was perhaps only a large stone or jutting rock shown up by the pale light.

Sam and Merry got up and walked away from the fire. Frodo and Pippin remained seated in silence. Strider was watching the moonlight on the hill intently. All seemed quiet and still, but Frodo felt a cold dread creeping over his heart, now that Strider was no longer speaking. He huddled closer to the fire. At that moment Sam came running back from the edge of the dell.

"I don't know what it is," he said, "but I suddenly felt afraid. I wouldn't go outside this dell for any money; I felt that something was creeping up the slope."

"Did you *see* anything?" asked Frodo, springing to his feet.

"No, sir. I saw nothing, but I didn't stop to look."

"I saw something," said Merry; "or I thought I did — away westwards where the moonlight was falling on the flats beyond

the shadow of the hill-tops, I *thought* there were two or three black shapes. They seemed to be moving this way."

"Keep close to the fire, with your faces outward!" cried Strider. "Get some of the longer sticks ready in your hands!"

For a breathless time they sat there, silent and alert, with their backs turned to the wood-fire, each gazing into the shadows that encircled them. Nothing happened. There was no sound or movement in the night. Frodo stirred, feeling that he must break the silence: he longed to shout out loud.

"Hush!" whispered Strider. "What's that?" gasped Pippin at the same moment.

Over the lip of the little dell, on the side away from the hill, they felt, rather than saw, a shadow rise, one shadow or more than one. They strained their eyes, and the shadows seemed to grow. Soon there could be no doubt: three or four tall black figures were standing there on the slope, looking down on them. So black were they that they seemed like black holes in the deep shade behind them. Frodo thought that he heard a faint hiss as of venomous breath and felt a thin piercing chill. Then the shapes slowly advanced.

Terror overcame Pippin and Merry, and they threw themselves flat on the ground. Sam shrank to Frodo's side. Frodo was hardly less terrified than his companions; he was quaking as if he was bitter cold, but his terror was swallowed up in a sudden temptation to put on the Ring. The desire to do this laid hold of him, and he could think of nothing else. He did not forget the Barrow, nor the message of Gandalf; but something seemed to be compelling him to disregard all warnings, and he longed to yield. Not with the hope of escape, or of doing anything, either good or bad: he simply felt that he must take the Ring and put it on his finger, he could not speak. He felt Sam looking at him, as if he knew that his master was in some great trouble, but he could not turn towards him. He shut his eyes and struggled for a while; but resistance became unbearable, and at last he slowly drew out the chain, and slipped the Ring on the forefinger of his left hand.

Immediately, though everything else remained as before, dim and dark, the shapes became terribly clear. He was able to see beneath their black wrappings. There were five tall figures: two standing on the lip of the dell, three advancing. In their white faces burned keen and merciless eyes; under their mantles were long grey robes; upon their grey hairs were helms of silver; in their haggard hands were swords of steel. Their eyes fell on him and pierced him, as they rushed towards him. Desperate, he drew his own sword, and it seemed to him that it flickered red, as if it was a firebrand. Two of the figures halted. The third was taller than the others: his hair was long arid gleaming and on his helm was a crown. In one hand he held a long sword, and in the other a knife; both the knife and the hand that held it glowed with a pale light. He sprang forward and bore down on Frodo.

At that moment Frodo threw himself forward on the ground, and he heard himself crying aloud: *O Elbereth! Gilthoniel!* At the same time he struck at the feet of his enemy. A shrill cry rang out in the night; and he felt a pain like a dart of poisoned ice pierce his left shoulder. Even as he swooned he caught, as through a swirling mist, a glimpse of Strider leaping out of the darkness with a flaming brand of wood in either hand. With a last effort, dropping his sword, Frodo slipped the Ring from his finger and closed his right hand tight upon it.

Перевод Н. Григорьевой, В. Грушецкого:

КЛИНОК ВО ТЬМЕ

Рассказ кончился. Хоббиты зашевелились, начали потягиваться.

— Луна-то уже высоко, — заметил Мерри. — Поздно, должно быть.

Остальные тоже посмотрели вверх. На вершине холма в лунном свете отчетливо был виден не то выступ скалы, не то черный одинокий камень. Сэм с Мерри отошли от огня. Фродо и Пиппин сидели, молча глядя в костер, а Колоброд

стоял, пристально вглядываясь во что-то, привлекавшее его внимание на вершине. Фродо только взглянул на него и тут же почувствовал поднимающуюся из глубины волну страха. Он придвинулся ближе к огню. В этот момент из темноты бегом вернулся Сэм.

— Я чегой-то испугался вдруг, — задышливо выговорил он. — Там что-то есть. Я теперь ни за какие деньги не отойду никуда. Оно будто сверху наползает...

— Что ты видел? — вскочив на ноги, допытывался Фродо.

— Да ничего я, сударь, не видел и смотреть не смотрел.

— А я вот видел, — сказал, подходя, Мерри, — а может, показалось мне. Там под луной на равнине две не то три черные фигуры. По-моему, они сюда направляются.

— Станьте спиной к огню! — скомандовал Колоброд. — Приготовьте ветки, чтобы зажечь.

Затаив дыхание, хоббиты вглядывались во тьму. Долгое время ничего не происходило. Фродо больше не мог сдерживаться. Ему хотелось кричать.

— Тише! — словно почувствовав, шепнул Колоброд.

— Что там? — выдохнул Пиппин.

Поверх бровки лощины поднялась призрачная тень. Они скорее ощутили, чем увидели ее. Но вот рядом с ней встала вторая, потом третья. Теперь сомнений не было. Три высокие черные фигуры стояли на склоне, глядя на них сверху. Они были чернее ночи, словно дыры в ночной тьме. Фродо показалось, что он слышит звук дыхания, похожий на змеиный шип. У него похолодело внутри. Фигуры как-то неуловимо приблизились.

От несказанного ужаса Пиппин и Мерри бросились ничком на землю. Сэм кинулся к хозяину. А Фродо била крупная дрожь, словно от леденящего озноба. Но сквозь ужас все настойчивее поднималось в нем желание надеть Кольцо. Оно захватило его, ни о чем другом он уже не думал. Он не забыл ни Упокойща, ни письма Гэндальфа, но сейчас все это отступило, стало неважным, и осталось только желание сдать—

ся, уступить. Он не думал о спасении, не думал, плохо или хорошо то, что он собирался сделать, он просто принимал необходимость надеть Кольцо. Язык не слушался. Где-то на границе сознания он чувствовал отчаянный взгляд Сэма, но не мог даже повернуться к нему. Фродо зажмурился, потряс головой, но дальше сопротивляться не было сил. Он медленно потянул цепочку, вытащил Кольцо и надел на указательный палец левой руки.

Все осталось по-прежнему, но черные фигуры вдруг вырисовались перед ним совершенно отчетливо. Теперь он мог рассмотреть их. Пятеро. Двое стоят на кромке лощины. Трое приближаются. Безжалостные глаза горят жутким фосфорическим светом. Под плащами — серые саваны. На пепельных волосах — боевые шлемы. Иссохшие руки сжимают длинные стальные мечи. Вот их взгляды скрестились на тщедушной фигурке, и они двинулись вперед. В отчаянии Фродо вытащил свой меч и... удивился. Клинок рдел алым светом и рассыпал искры, словно головня, выхваченная из костра. Двое остановились. Третий, выше всех ростом, с короной поверх шлема, шагнул вперед. В правой руке он сжимал обнаженный меч, а в левой кинжал, испускавший мертвенное призрачное сияние. Он бросился к Фродо.

Хоббит прынул к земле, услышав собственный сдавленный крик: «О Элберет! Гилтониэль!», и ударил клинком куда-то в ногу противника. Тут же его левое плечо пронзила ледяная боль. Мир начал стремительно поворачиваться, мелькнул Колоброд с двумя пылающими факелами в руках. Выронив меч, последним осмысленным усилием Фродо дернул Кольцо с пальца и повалился на траву, крепко зажав Кольцо в правой руке.

Перевод В. Муравьева, А. Кистяковского

КЛИНОК В НОЧИ

Рассказ был кончен. Хоббиты задвигались, потягиваясь.

Практикум по художественному переводу

- Смотри-ка! - сказал Мерри. - Луна встает, должно быть уже поздно.

Все подняли глаза - и все увидели близ вершины горы черный комочек, явственный в лунном свете. Это, наверно, луна обозначила большой камень или выступ скалы.

Сумрак наливался ознобной темнотой. Сэм и Мерри поежились, встали и пошли подтащить топлива. Было как будто тихо и спокойно, но Фродо вдруг охватил цепкий ледяной страх, и он торопливо пододвинулся к огню. Откуда-то сверху прибежал Сэм.

- Вроде бы и никого, - сказал он. - Только я что-то испугался. Из лощины никуда не пойду. Подкрадываются, что ли?

—Ты кого-нибудь видел? - спросил Фродо, вскочив на ноги.

- Нет, сударь, никого не видел, даже и не смотрел.

- А я, пожалуй что, видел, - сказал Мерри. - Показались мне две или три черные тени. Как бы не сюда ползли.

- Ближе к костру, спиной к огню! - приказал Бродяжник. - Подберите жерди посуше да подлиннее!

Уселись молча и настороже, вглядываясь в немую темень. Ни шороха; Фродо мучительно захотелось крикнуть во весь голос, чтобы спастись от гнетущей тишины.

- Тише! - прошептал Бродяжник, и тут же Пин задохнулся приглушенным возгласом:

- Что это, что это там такое?

Они скорее почуяли, чем увидели, как из-за края лощины возникла тень: одна, друга, третья... Три, нет уже четыре зыбкие фигуры застыли над ними на склоне холма: черные, словно дыры в темноте. Послышался змеиный шип, дохнуло могильным холодом. Потом тени качнулись и придвинулись.

Пин и Мерри в страхе бросились ничком на траву. Сэм беспомощно осел рядом с хозяином. А Фродо охватил невыносимый, леденящий ужас... и вдруг он понял, что надо все-

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го лишь надеть Кольцо. Он не забыл Могильники, не забыл предупреждения Гэндальфа, но противиться не было сил. И язык отнялся. Сэм в испуге глядел на него снизу: хозяин в опасности, и никак ему не помочь - ну никак. Фродо закрыл глаза и попробовал устоять, одолеть... нет, не вмоготу. Он потянул цепочку, нащупал Кольцо - и медленно надел его на указательный палец левой руки.

Все осталось, как было, в расплывчатой мгле; только черные тени вдруг надвинулись и прояснились. Перед ним возникли пять высоких воинов в серых плащах: двое стояли на гребне холма, трое приближались. Запавшие их глазницы светились острыми, беспощадными взглядами, на сединах -серебряные шлемы, в руках - стальные мечи. Они снова шагнули вперед, впиваясь в него ледяными глазами. Фродо в отчаянии обнажил свой кинжал - и кинжал зарделся, словно раскаленная головня. Двое замерли. Третий был выше всех, шлем его венчала корона. В одной руке он держал длинный меч, в другой - кинжал: клинки отливали мертвенным светом. Он ринулся к Фродо.

А Фродо, упав наземь, сам не зная почему, вдруг вскричал: «О Элберет! Гилтониэль!» - и ударил кинжалом в ногу подступившего врага. Яростный вопль всколыхнул темноту, и ледяное смертоносное жало вонзилось в плечо Фродо. Теряя сознание, он увидел, как из мглы вырвался Бродяжник с двумя факелами в руках. Последним усилием Фродо сорвал Кольцо с пальца и, обронив кинжал, упал навзничь.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

• What *knife* is symbolised in the title of the chapter: Frodo's *sword* or the phantom's *knife* or both? Is it correct to use the word *кинжол* for the Russian title if the word is attributed only to Frodo's *меч*? What other word can be used as a Russian equivalent to *knife* in this context?

Практикум по художественному переводу

- Are the words *Колоброд* or *Бродяжник* fitting the name of *Strider*? How do they influence the impression of the image? Think of other Russian equivalents for *Strider* of different stylistic values.

- What other word but *Упокойце* would fit the text as an equivalent for *the Barrow*? Try a few possible substitutes and see how they change the tone of the text. In what way does *Могильники* differ from *Упокойце* — and both of them from Barrows?

- The colour words *black* and *grey* are very important for the image of the phantoms and can be considered key-words. What could make the translators vary the *grey* colour of hair into *пепельный*? Why not *серый*, *седой*, *сивый*? What about the other colours of the palette of the story: *white*, *red*, *silver*?

- Comment upon the words that were omitted by translators. Which of them were less important and can be dropped with out a loss? Which words you'd rather save in translation?

- Analyse the translation of stylistic devices, e. g. comment upon the transformation of the simile *he felt a pain like a dart of poisoned ice pierce his left shoulder* into *его левое плечо пронзила ледяная боль*. Is the impression of the image the same? Which of them is more expressive? Is the word *dart* important by itself to be saved in translation in the line with *knife* and *sword*?

- Which of sentence structures need transformation in this text?

- Look for other translations of the text and comment upon the difference.

Task for translation:

The Council of Elrond

THE COUNCIL OF ELROND (from *THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING*)

Next day Frodo woke early, feeling refreshed and well. He walked along the terraces above the loud-flowing Bruinen and watched the pale, cool sun rise above the far mountains, and shine down, slanting through the thin silver mist; the dew upon the yellow leaves was glimmering, and the woven nets of gossamer

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twinkled on every bush. Sam walked beside him, saying nothing, but sniffing the air, and looking every now **and** again with wonder in his eyes at the great heights in the East. The snow was white upon their peaks.

On a seat cut in the stone beside a **turn in the** path they came upon Gandalf and Bilbo deep in talk. "**Hullo! Good morning!**" said Bilbo. "Feel ready for the great council?"

"I feel ready for anything," answered **Frodo**. "But most of all I should like to go walking today and explore the valley. I should like to get into those pine-woods up there." He pointed away far up the side of Rivendell to the north.

"You may have a chance later," said Gandalf. "But we cannot make any plans yet. There is much to hear and decide today."

Suddenly as they were talking a single clear bell rang out. "That is the warning bell for the Council of Elrond," cried Gandalf. "Come along now! Both you and Bilbo are wanted."

Frodo and Bilbo followed the wizard quickly along the winding path back to the house; behind them, uninvited and for the moment forgotten, trotted Sam.

Gandalf led them to the porch where Frodo had found his friends the evening before. The light of the clear autumn morning was now glowing in the valley. The noise of bubbling waters came up from the foaming river-bed. Birds were singing, and a wholesome peace lay on the land. To Frodo his dangerous flight, and the rumours of the darkness growing in the world outside, already seemed only the memories of a troubled dream; but the faces that were turned to meet them as they entered were grave.

Elrond was there, and several others were seated in silence about him. Frodo saw Glorfindel and Galin; and **in a** corner alone Strider was sitting, clad in his old travel-worn clothes again. Elrond drew Frodo to a seat by his side, and presented him to the company, saying:

"Here, my friends, is the hobbit, **Frodo son of Drogo**. Few have ever come hither through greater **peril or on an errand more urgent.**"

Практикум по художественному переводу

He then pointed out and named those whom Frodo had not met before. There was a younger dwarf at Gloin's side: his son Gimli. Beside Glorfindel there were several other counsellors of Elrond's household, of whom Erestor was the chief; and with him was Galdor, an Elf from the Grey Havens who had come on an errand from Cirdan the Shipwright. There was also a strange Elf clad in green and brown, Legolas, a messenger from his father, Thranduil, the -King of the Elves of Northern Mirkwood. And seated a little apart was a tall man with a fair and noble face, dark-haired and grey-eyed, proud and stern of glance.

He was cloaked and booted as if for a journey on horseback; and indeed though his garments were rich, and his cloak was lined with fur, they were stained with long travel. He had a collar of silver in which a single white stone was set; his locks were shorn about his shoulders. On a baldric he wore a great horn tipped with silver that now was laid upon his knees. He gazed at Frodo and Bilbo with sudden wonder.

"Here," said Elrond, turning to Gandalf, "is Boromir, a man from the South. He arrived in the grey morning, and seeks for counsel. I have bidden him to be present, for here his questions will be answered."

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Read the text aloud to feel its rhythm.
- Study the vocabulary of the text and decide upon possible substitutes for such words as *Elves*, *dwarf*, *hobbit*, *wizard*.
- Analyse the structure and meaning of the proper names like *Slrider*, *Mirkwood*, *Grey Havens*, *Cirdan the Shipwright* to find functional substitutes for them in Russian.
- Work on the sounding of the proper names of the participants of the Council and look for Russian equivalents.
- Study the stylistic features of the text and look for Rus-

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sian substitutes for such figures *as few have ever come hither through greater peril*, or *his garments were stained with long travel*, and others.

- Study the syntactic structures of the characters' speech and follow them in translation as motives.
- Point out some phrases in the text that may read like an allusion and try to comment on them: for instance, *the rumours of the darkness in the world outside*; *come hither through greater peril*; etc. Translate them carefully.
- Translate the text as a whole and edit your translation, following the procedure of evaluating its comparative rhythmic pattern.
- Discuss the results.

*PROSE UNIT 6:
TRANSLATING ALEXANDER
PUSHKIN INTO ENGLISH*

Introductory Notes

Alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin (1799-1837) gave to Russian literature more than any other writer, both in form and content, as poet, dramatist, historian, critic and story-teller.

He descended from a very interesting family. On his father's part, he belonged to one of the noblest clans in Russia, whose ancestors counted more generations of nobility and gallantry than the imperial family of the Romanovs. On his mother's, he had among his great grandfathers Abraham Hannibal, an Abyssinian captive prince, who was taken to Russia by Peter the Great and was patronised and protected by the Emperor. Peter engaged him into a noble Russian family and thus programmed the future luminary of Russian literature.

From his early childhood Alexander Pushkin knew languages and read a great deal in literature and history of the world. He was educated in the most aristocratic privileged school of Lyceum where boys were taught by the best teachers in then Russia. They received proper education in classical and modern languages, literatures, world history, rhetoric and philosophy. He began to write very early, and his first poem in print appeared when he was about fifteen. He was a known poet when eighteen, graduating from the Lyceum.

Spending a couple of years at civil service, he began his professional literary career with a long folk-poem *Ruslan and Ludmila* (1820), which placed him among the writers of rank and fame. At the same time, his quick temperament and French upbringing in the family that was famous for their liberal views, let

ideas of liberty get deeply rooted in him, which made him sort of *persona non grata* in St. Petersburg. He was regularly exiled from the imperial centres, either to the southern outskirts of Russia, i.e., to Ekaterinoslav, Odessa or Kishinev, or to his family Pskov estate, *Mikhailovskoye*. Yet a few years spent in such detachment turned out to be quite productive, for he learnt much about life, people and places, which he would not have got staying in the capital among the Petersburg wit and beau nobility. He learnt to suffer and sympathise, to contemplate and compare. The most prominent fruit of that time were his *Eugene Onegin* and *Boris Godunov*.

His friendship with the active participants and organisers of 1825 December 14 uprising brought him another wave of the Court suspicions. He was pardoned and even protected by the Emperor himself, but that protection turned out to be a secret surveillance. There were some occasions when he wrote or published something that brought him in jeopardy and he was sent out to his *Boldino* estate.

In one of such minor exiles, which was later called his Boldino Autumn (1830), Pushkin wrote five stories and united them into a cycle, *The Tales of Ivan Belkin*. The style and language of the novelettes were so vivid, natural and fascinating that they immediately became the most popular reading in the society.

Later, Pushkin wrote his more serious books, among them *Dubrovsky* (1832) and *The Captain's Daughter* (1836). Critics agree that his prosaic manner is marked by special clarity and accuracy of expression. The reader may note such distinctive features of his prose as the absence of any lofty **metaphors** or epithets and a swiftly developing plot. As he himself said, "Accuracy and brevity are the prime merits of prose."

The history of English translations of Pushkin has never been energetic, first of all due to the barrier of **culture**, then to the barrier of language. Resulted may be rather **monotonous**, at times blurred impression that the English reader receives of Russian

writing; more often than not it lacks either taste or accuracy — or both. Vladimir Nabokov was one of those daring Russians who tried to re-create the real Pushkin into the virtual one who would have written his poetry and prose in English. Yet there is some subtle chemistry that changes inevitably in the process of converting the ideas from one linguistic shape into another... As soon as *Григорий Иванович* becomes *Grigori Ivanovich* he ceases to be a Russian but becomes & *foreigner*, when Lisa puts on her *sarafan* she puts on something quite exotic and *strange*, which impression is very far from that the source text produces on the Russian reader. Some means of compensation of this inevitable loss should be found.

Nor less important is the task to observe the functional value of the source syntactical structures. Pushkin skilfully plays on the emphatic possibilities of Russian syntax, for instance, using inversion to differentiate between a normal and abnormal situation. Thus, normal actions are usually presented in the direct order of words, «он был женат, он выстроил», etc. The actions that may seem strange or folly, or should sound ironical, are usually presented in the inverted order, «выстроил он, развел он, служил он». If we fail to translate these features into English, the translation will lose the slightly ironical and vividly colloquial rhythm of the source text; the translated text will sound too straight and monotonous lacking the easy, conversational manner of the Russian source.

The two translations of *THE SHOT* we use here for comparison manifest all kinds of deviations from the vocabulary, syntax and style of the source text. The first translation was performed by a Russian native speaker on behalf of the *Progress Publishers* (1974); the second one belongs to an American.

Task for comparison:

Выстрел — The Shot

ВЫСТРЕЛ

Любопытство мое сильно было возбуждено. «Вы с ним не дрались? — спросил я. — Обстоятельства, верно, вас разлучили?»

«Я с ним дрался, — отвечал Сильвио, — и вот памятник нашего поединка».

Сильвио встал и вынул из картона красную шапку с золотым галуном (то, что французы называют *bonnet de police*); он ее надел; она была прострелена на вершок ото лба.

«Вы знаете, — продолжал Сильвио, — что я служил в *** гусарском полку. Характер мой вам известен: я привык первенствовать, но смолodu это было во мне страстию. В наше время буйство было в моде: я был первым буяном по армии. Мы хвастались пьянством: я перепил славного Бурцова, воспетого Денисом Давыдовым. Дуэли в нашем полку случались поминутно: я на всех был или свидетелем, или действующим лицом. Товарищи меня обожали, а полковые командиры, поминутно сменяемые, смотрели на меня, как на необходимое зло.

Я спокойно (или беспокойно) наслаждался моею славою, как определился к нам молодой человек, богатой и знатной фамилии (не хочу назвать его). Отроду не встречал счастливца столь блистательного! Вообразите себе молодость, ум, красоту, веселость самую бешеную, храбрость самую беспечную, громкое имя, деньги, которым он не знал счета и которые никогда у него не переводились, и представьте себе, какое действие должен был он произвести между нами.

Первенство мое поколебалось. Обольщенный моею славою, он стал было искать моего дружества; но я принял его холодно, и он безо всякого сожаления от меня удалился. Я его возненавидел. Успехи его в полку и в обществе женщин приводили меня в совершенное отчаяние. Я стал искать

с ним ссоры; на эпиграммы мои он отвечал эпиграммами, которые всегда казались мне неожиданнее и острее моих и которые, конечно, невпример были веселее: он шутил, а я злобствовал. Наконец однажды на бале у польского помещика, видя его предметом внимания всех дам, и особенно самой хозяйки, бывшей со мною в связи, я сказал ему на ухо какую-то плоскую грубость. Он вспыхнул и дал мне пощечину. Мы бросились к саблям; дамы попадали в обморок; нас растащили, и в ту же ночь поехали мы драться.

Это было на рассвете. Я стоял на назначенном месте с моими тремя секундантами. С неизъяснимым нетерпением ожидал я моего противника. Весеннее солнце взошло, и жар уже напевал. Я увидел его издали. Он шел пешком, с мундиром на сабле, сопровождаемый одним секундантом. Мы пошли к нему навстречу. Он приблизился, держа фуражку, наполненную черешнями. Секунданты отмерили нам двенадцать шагов. Мне должно было стрелять первому: но волнение злобы во мне было столь сильно, что я не понадеялся на верность руки и, чтобы дать себе время остыть, уступал ему первый выстрел: противник мой не соглашался. Положили бросить жребий: первый номер достался ему, вечному любимцу счастья. Он прицелился и прострелил мне фуражку. Очередь была за мною. Жизнь его, наконец, была в моих руках; я глядел на него жадно, стараясь уловить хотя одну тень беспокойства... Он стоял под пистолетом, выбирая из фуражки спелые черешни и выплевывая косточки, которые долетали до меня. Его равнодушие взбесило меня. Что пользы мне, подумал я, лишить его жизни, когда он ею вовсе не дорожит? Злобная мысль мелькнула в уме моем. Я опустил пистолет.

«Вам, кажется, теперь не до смерти, — сказал я ему, — вы изволите завтракать; мне не хочется вам помешать...» — «Вы ничуть не мешаете мне, — возразил он, — извольте себе стрелять, а впрочем, как вам угодно; выстрел ваш остается за вами; я всегда готов к вашим услугам». Я обратился к секун-

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дантам, объявив, что нынче стрелять не намерен, и поединок тем и окончился.

Я вышел в отставку и удалился в это местечко. С тех пор не прошло ни одного дня, чтоб я не думал о мщении. Нынче час мой настал...»

Translated by Y. Nemetzky:

THE SHOT

My curiosity was strongly roused. "And you didn't fight him?" I asked. "I supposed you were parted by circumstances?"

"I did fight him," replied Silvio, "and I have here a souvenir of our duel."

He rose and extracted from a cardboard box a braided red cap with a gilt tassel (the kind that the French call a *bonnet de police*). He put it on, and I saw that there was a bullet-hole in it an inch above the forehead.

"You are aware," continued Silvio, "that I once served in the Nth Hussar regiment. And you know my disposition. I am accustomed to be first in everything; but in my youth it was a passion with me. Rowdiness was the fashion in our day, and I was the greatest fire-eater in the army. We were proud of getting drunk, and I once drank the famous Burtsov, immortalised by the poet Denis Davydov, under the table. Duels took place almost every minute in our regiment, and there was hardly one in which I was not either a second or an active participator. My comrades idolised me, while the regimental commanders, who were constantly changing, regarded me as an inevitable evil.

"I was calmly (or perhaps not so calmly!) enjoying my fame, when a wealthy youth, the scion of a distinguished line whom I will not name, joined the regiment. Never had I seen one so brilliant and so favoured by fortune! Figure to yourself youth, brains, looks, boisterous spirits, reckless courage, a resounding name, money which he expended lavishly, and which never seemed to come to an end, and try to imagine the impression he was bound

to make on us. My title of champion was shaken. Attracted by my reputation, he tried at first to cultivate my friendship, but I received his advances coldly, and he desisted without the slightest regret. I conceived a bitter hatred for him. His popularity in the regiment and among women drove me to utter desperation. I tried to pick a quarrel with him — he capped my epigrams with epigrams of his own, which always seemed to me wittier and fresher than mine, and which were certainly infinitely more amusing. He merely jested, my shafts were poisoned. At last one evening at a ball given by a Polish landowner, seeing him the cynosure of all the ladies, especially of the lady of the house, with whom I was having an affair, I uttered some words of vulgar raillery in his ear. He flushed up and struck me in the face. Our hands flew to our sword-hilts. Ladies swooned, we were forcibly parted, and we set off to fight a duel that very night.

"It was the hour of dawn. I stood at the appointed place with my three seconds. I awaited my opponent with indescribable impatience. It was spring and the sun rose early, so it was already hot. I caught sight of him from afar. He was on foot, carrying his tunic on his sword, and accompanied by a single second. We went to meet him. He approached with his cap, full of cherries, in his hand. The seconds paced out twelve steps between us. I was to shoot first, but I was so shaken with rage that I could not rely on the steadiness of my hand, and yielded the first shot to him. But this my opponent would not agree to. It was decided to draw lots — the lot fell to him, the perpetual favourite of fortune. He took aim and shot through my cap. Then it was my turn. At last his life was in my hands. I gazed keenly at him, trying to discern the slightest trace of anxiety. He faced my pistol, selecting ripe cherries out of his cap and spitting out the stones, which almost reached to where I was standing. His coolness infuriated me. What's the good of depriving him of his life, I thought, when he doesn't even value it? A fiendish thought passed through my mind. I lowered the hand holding the pistol.

"I see you are too busy to think of death," I said, "it is your

pleasure to breakfast. I do not wish to disturb you.¹ 'You don't disturb me in the least,' he retorted, 'be so good as to fire. Just as you please, however. You owe me a shot, and I shall always be at your service.' I turned to the seconds and told them I did not intend to shoot at the moment, and the duel ended at that.

"I resigned from the army and retired to this little place. Ever since, not a single day has passed without my meditating revenge. My hour has now struck..."

Translated by Bernard Guerney:

THE SHOT

My curiosity was greatly aroused.

"You didn't fight him?" I asked. "Certain circumstances probably prevented your meeting —"

"I did fight him," replied Sylvio, "and here is a memento of our duel."

He got up and took out of a cardboard box a red cap, trimmed with a gold tassel and gallon (what the French call a *bonnet depolice*) and put it on — it had been riddled with a bullet about an inch above his forehead.

"As you know," Sylvio went on, "I served in the — th Regiment of Hussars. You are aware what my character is like — I am used to being the first in all things, but when I was young this was a mania with me. In our day wildness was all the fashion; I was the wildest fellow in the army. We used to boast of our drinking ability; Burtzov, whom Denis Davidov has hymned, was in his glory then — and I drank him under the table. Hardly a moment passed in our regiment without a duel; I was either a second or a principal in all of them. My messmates deified me, while the regimental commanders — there seemed to be a different one every few minutes! — regarded me as a necessary evil.

I was enjoying my fame at my ease (or rather with unease), when a certain young man from a rich and distinguished family — I would rather not name him — joined our regiment. Never

since the day I was born, have I met so illustrious a favourite of fortune! Picture him in your imagination: youth, brains, good looks, the maddest gaiety, the most reckless bravery, a resounding name, money which he could not keep track of and of which he never ran short — and then imagine what an effect he was bound to produce among us. My supremacy was shaken. Captivated by my reputation he at first sought my friendship, but I received him coldly and, without the least regret, he became aloof to me. I grew to hate him. His successes in the regiment and in feminine society threw me into utter despair. I took to seeking quarrels with him; he responded to my epigrams which always seemed to me more spontaneous and pointed than mine, and which, of course, were incomparably more mirth-provoking; he was jesting, whereas I was being malicious. Finally — the occasion was a ball at the house of a Polish landowner — seeing him the cynosure of all the ladies, and especially of the hostess herself, with whom I had a liaison, I whispered some vulgar insult or other in his ear. He flared up and gave me a slap in the face. We dashed for our sabres; the ladies swooned away; we were dragged apart, and that same night we set out to fight a duel.

"This was at dawn. I was standing at the designated spot with my three seconds. With inexplicable impatience did I await my opponent. The spring sun had risen, and it was already growing hot. I saw him from afar. He was on foot, the coat of his uniform slung on a sabre over his shoulder, and was accompanied by but one second. We went toward him. He approached, holding his cap, which was filled with cherries. Our seconds measured off twelve paces for us. I had to fire first, but my resentment made me so agitated that I could not rely on my hand and, to give myself time to cool down, I considered the first shot to him; to this my opponent would not agree. It was decided to cast lots; the first number fell to him, the constant favourite of fortune. He took aim, and his bullet riddled my cap. It was my turn. His life, at last, was in my hands; I eyed him avidly, trying to detect even a single shadow of uneasiness. He

Imagery in Translation

stood before my pistol, picking out the ripe cherries and spitting out the stones, which flew to where I was standing. His equanimity maddened me. 'What would be the use,' it occurred to me, 'to deprive him of life when he does not treasure it in the least?' A malicious thought flashed through my mind. I lowered my pistol.

"You apparently have other things on your mind outside of death,' I said to him. 'It pleases you to be breaking your fast; I have no wish to interfere with you.'

"You are not interfering with me in the least,' he retorted. 'You may shoot, if you like; however, please yourself; you may keep back the shot — I am always at your service.'

"I turned to the seconds, informing them that I had no intention of shooting just then, and with that the duel was over.

"I resigned from the army and withdrew to this little town. Since then not a day has passed without my thinking of revenge. Now my hour has come..."

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Read all three texts thoroughly, noting differences that jump to your attention.
- Read the texts aloud to feel difference in rhythm.
- Study the difference in the vocabulary, choice of words and their comparative conceptual force. Note down the most striking differences a) between the Russian and English texts, and b) between the two English texts. Comment on the changes.
- Study the difference in syntactic structures of the texts and comment on how the changes influence the rhythm of the narrative.
- Study the style of the source text to compare it with the two translated variants. Identify connection between changes in style and shifts in mood and imagery.
- Analyse the two English texts from the point of view of

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cultural nuances developed in the translation made by the Russian native speaker and by the American one.

- Discuss the result of the comparative study.

Task for translation:

Барышня-крестьянка

БАРЫШНЯ-КРЕСТЬЯНКА

В одной из отдаленных наших губерний находилось имение Ивана Петровича Берестова. В молодости своей служил он в гвардии, вышел в отставку в начале 1797 года, уехал в свою деревню и с тех пор оттуда не выезжал. Он был женат на бедной дворянке, которая умерла в родах, в то время как он находился в отъезде в поле. Хозяйственные упражнения скоро его утешили. Он выстроил дом по собственному плану, завел у себя суконную фабрику, утроил доходы и стал почитать себя умнейшим человеком во всем околотке, в чем не прекословили ему соседи, приезжавшие к нему гостить с своими семействами и собаками. В будни ходил он в плисовой куртке, по праздникам надевал сертук из сукна домашней работы; сам записывал расход и ничего не читал, кроме Сенатских Ведомостей. Вообще его любили, хотя и почитали гордым. Не ладил с ним один Григорий Иванович Муромский, ближайший его сосед. Это был настоящий русский барин. Промотав в Москве большую часть имения своего, и на ту пору овдовев, уехал он в последнюю свою деревню, где продолжал проказничать, но уже в новом роде. Развел он английский сад, на который тратил почти все остальные доходы. Конюхи его были одеты английскими жокеями. У дочери его была мадам англичанка. Поля свои обрабатывал он по английской методе,

Но на чужой манер хлеб русский не родится, и несмотря на значительное уменьшение расходов, доходы у Григо-

Imagery in Translation

рья Ивановича не прибавлялись; он и в деревне находил способ входить в новые долги; со всем тем почитался человеком не глупым, ибо первым из помещиков своей губернии догадался заложить имение в Опекунский Совет: оборот, казавшийся в то время чрезвычайно сложным и смелым. Из людей, осуждавших его, Берестов отзывался строже всех. Ненависть к нововведениям была отличительная черта его характера. Он не мог равнодушно говорить об англomanии своего соседа и поминутно находил случай его критиковать. Показывал ли гостю свои владения, в ответ на похвалы его хозяйственным распоряжениям: «Да-с! — говорил он с лукавой усмешкою; — у меня не то, что у соседа Григорья Ивановича. Куда нам по-английски разоряться! Были бы мы по-русски хоть сыты». Сии и подобные шутки, по усердию соседей, доводимы были до сведения Григорья Ивановича с дополнением и объяснениями. Англoman выносил критику столь же нетерпеливо, как и наши журналисты. Он бесился и прозвал своего зоила медведем и провинциалом.

Таковы были сношения между сими двумя владельцами, как сын Берестова приехал к нему в деревню. Он был воспитан в *** университете и намеревался вступить в военную службу, но отец на то не соглашался. К статской службе молодой человек чувствовал себя совершенно неспособным. Они друг другу не уступали, и молодой Алексей стал жить покамест барином, отпустив усы на всякий случай.

Алексей был в самом деле молодец. Право было бы жаль, если бы его стройного стана никогда не стягивал военный мундир и если бы он, вместо того чтоб рисоваться на коне, провел свою молодость, согнувшись над канцелярскими бумагами. Смотря, как на охоте он скакал всегда первый, не разбирая дороги, соседи говорили согласно, что из него никогда не выйдет путного столоначальника. Ба-

рышни поглядывали на него, а иные и заглядывались, но Алексей мало ими занимался, а они причиной его нечувствительности полагали любовную связь...

Те из моих читателей, которые не жили в деревне, не могут себе вообразить, что за прелесть эти уездные барышни! Воспитанные на чистом воздухе, в тени своих садовых яблонь, они знание света и жизни почерпают из книжек. Для барышни звон колокольчика есть уже приключение, поездка в ближайший город полагается эпохой в жизни, и посещение гостя оставляет долгое, иногда и вечное воспоминание.

Легко вообразить, какое впечатление Алексей должен был произвести в кругу наших барышень. Он первый явился перед ними мрачным и разочарованным, первый говорил им об утраченных радостях и об увядшей своей юности; сверх того носил он черное кольцо с изображением мертвой головы. Все это было чрезвычайно ново в той губернии. Барышни сходили по нем с ума.

Но всех более заняты была им дочь англomана моего, Лиза (или Бетси, как звал ее обыкновенно Григорий Иванович). Отцы друг к другу не ездили, она Алексея еще не видала, между тем как все молодые соседки только об нем и говорили. Ей было семнадцать лет. Черные глаза оживляли ее смуглое и очень приятное лицо. Она была единственное и следственно балованное дитя. Ее резвость и поминутные проказы восхищали отца и приводили в отчаяние ее мадам, мисс Жаксон, сорокалетнюю чопорную девицу, которая белилась и сурьмила себе брови, два раза в год перечитывала Памелу, получала за то две тысячи рублей и умирала со скуки *в этой варварской России*.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Analyse the vocabulary of the text identifying stylistically marked words and think of how to transform them in English.
- Analyse the syntax of the text, paying **attention** to the rhythmic value of its basic structures and **finding Russian** equivalents to them.
- Analyse cultural allusions in the text **and choose** the form of presenting them in English.
- Think of a commentary that may be useful for an English reader as to the cultural background of the text.
- How can you translate the expression «мадам англичанка» in the context of the Muromsky family? Discuss possible variants.
- What does Berestov mean by saying «Куда нам по-английски разоряться! Были бы мы по-русски хоть сыты!»? Should a translator make this meaning explicit?
- Think of the meaning of the phrase «Отцы друг к другу не ездили»: what equivalents may reproduce it in English?

*PROSE UNIT 7:
TRANSLATING F. M. DOSTOEVSKY
INTO ENGLISH*

Introductory Notes

Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky (1821 -1881) was born in Moscow but most of his life and creative activities were associated with St. Petersburg. In 1848 he finished the Army Engineering Academy in St. Petersburg, by which time his first literary work had been published; it was his translation from French of Balzac's *Eugenie Grande*. So he resigned from the engineering department and chose the writer career.

In May 1845 appeared his first book, *The Poor People*, and was highly appreciated by the literary public.

However, his life was far from being untroubled. When quite a young man, he found himself a prisoner in the Petropavlovsk Fortress in St. Petersburg and was sentenced to the capital punishment for participation in a socialist conspiracy. He faced a firing squad when the Emperor's commutation order arrived. Instead he spent four years in servitude in Siberia. The years in prison brought him a great amount of psychological experience and a knowledge of such characters that very few writers could have expected to learn about. His subsequent life was greatly influenced by that experience. Most of his fiction, as well as essays and literary criticism were in this or that way connected with the world of crime, misery, decay and despair. Yet it was not absolutely melancholy; in those depths of misery, he managed to find characters that glared like torches or stars of their own spiritual light. Most of his personages were in search of spiritual values even if their search might seem strange, crooked and insane. —

His language is not easy to perceive even for a native speaker, let alone for translators who take their pains to transport his narrative style into other languages and cultures.

Yet probably no other Russian writer, even Leo Tolstoy himself, got such a strikingly powerful world fame as Dostoevsky did. All his works were translated and re-translated into many languages of the world. Especially venerated are his five major novels, the *quintet*, written in the years of 1866-1880: *Crime and Punishment*, *The Idiot*, *The Devils* (for *The Possessed*), *The Raw Youth*, and *The Brothers Karamazov*. *The Idiot* was regarded as "particularly Russian" and *The Devils* puzzled generations of readers as a striking prophecy of the Communist totalitarian regime that later ruled in the twentieth century Russia.

Comparatively less known, or rather, less widely discussed were his short stories. The most popular of them were *Memoirs from a Dark Cellar* (1864), also known in English translation as *Notes from the Underground*, which were considered predecessors of *Crime and Punishment* and others; another one was *The Double*.

In some paradoxical way, the task of a translator grows more difficult when translating short stories; in some cases, a word or two, a sentence or two not quite carefully translated may cause a destroying effect onto its fate in the target culture. We may watch this phenomenon on the example of Dostoevsky's *Кроткая* in translation.

Task for comparison:

Кроткая — A Gentle Spirit — The Gentle Creature

КРОТКАЯ СОН
ГОРДОСТИ

Так прошла вся зима, в каком-то ожидании чего-то. Я любил глядеть на нее украдкой, когда она сидит, бывало, за своим столиком. Она занималась работой, бельем, а по вечерам иногда читала книги, которые брала из моего шкафа.

Выбор книг в шкафу тоже должен был свидетельствовать в мою пользу. Не выходила она почти никуда. Перед сумерками, после обеда, я выводил ее каждый день гулять, и мы делали моцион; но не совершенно молча, как прежде. Я именно старался делать вид, что мы не молчим и говорим согласнo, но, как я сказал уже, сами мы оба так делали, что не распространялись. Я делал нарочно, а ей, думал я, необходимо «дать время». Конечно, странно, что мне ни разу, почти до конца зимы, не пришло в голову, что я вот исподтишка люблю смотреть на нее, а ни одного-то ее взгляда за всю зиму я не поймал на себе! Я думал, что в ней это робость. К тому же она имела вид такой робкой кротости, такого бессилия после болезни. Нет, лучше выжди и — «и она вдруг сама подойдет к тебе...»

Эта мысль восхищала меня неотразимо. Прибавлю одно, иногда я как будто нарочно разжигал себя самого и действительно доводил свой ум и дух до того, что как будто впадал на нее в обиду. И так продолжалось по несколько времени. Но ненависть моя никогда не могла созреть и укрепиться в душе моей. Да и сам я чувствовал, что как будто это только игра. Да и тогда, хоть и разорвал я брак, купив кровать и ширмы, но никогда, никогда не мог я видеть в ней преступницу. И не потому, что судил о преступлении ее легкомысленно, а потому, что имел смысл совершенно простить ее, с самого первого дня, еще прежде даже, чем купил кровать. Одним словом, это странность с моей стороны, ибо я нравственно строг. Напротив, в моих глазах она была так побеждена, была так унижена, так раздавлена, что я мучительно жалел ее иногда, хотя мне при всем этом решительно нравилась иногда идея об ее унижении. Идея этого неравенства нашего нравилась...

Мне случилось в эту зиму нарочно сделать несколько добрых поступков. Я простил два долга, я дал одной бедной женщине без всякого заклада. И жене я не сказал про это, и вовсе не для того, чтобы она узнала, сделал; но женщина сама

пришла благодарить, и чуть не на коленях. Таким образом огласилось; мне показалось, что про женщину она действительно узнала с удовольствием.

Но подвигалась весна, был уже апрель в половине, вынули двойные рамы, и солнце стало яркими пучками освещать наши молчаливые комнаты. Но пелена висела передо мною и слепила мой ум. Роковая, страшная пелена! Как это случилось, что все это вдруг упало с глаз, и я вдруг прозрел и все понял! Случай ли это был, день ли пришел такой срочный, солнечный ли луч зажег в отупевшем уме моем мысль и догадку? Нет, не мысль и не догадка были тут, а тут вдруг заиграла одна жилка, замертвевшая было жилка, затряслась и ожила и озарила всю отупевшую мою душу и бесовскую гордость мою. Я тогда точно вскочил вдруг с места. Да и случилось оно вдруг и внезапно. Это случилось перед вечером, часов в пять после обеда.

Translated by Constance Garnett:

A GENTLE SPIRIT
THE DREAM OF PRIDE

So the whole winter passed in a sort of expectation. I liked looking at her on the sly, when she was sitting at her little table. She was busy at her needlework, and sometimes in the evening she read books taken from my bookcase. The choice of books in the bookcase must have had an influence in my favour too. She hardly ever went out. Just before dusk, after dinner, I used to take her out every day for a walk. We took a constitutional, but we were not absolutely silent, as we used to be. I tried, in fact, to make a show of our not being silent, but talking harmoniously, but as I have said already, we both avoided letting ourselves go. I did it purposely, I thought it was essential to "give her time." Of course, it was strange that almost till the end of the winter it did not once strike me that, though I loved to watch **her** stealthily, I had never once, all the winter, caught **her glancing at me! I thought**

it was timidity in her. Besides, she had an air of such timid gentleness, such weakness after her illness. Yes, better to wait and — "she will come to you all at once of herself..."

That thought fascinated me beyond all words. I will add one thing; sometimes, as it were purposely, I worked myself up and brought my mind and spirit to the point of believing she had injured me. And so it went on for some time. But my anger could never be very real or violent. And I felt myself as though it were only acting. And though I had broken off our marriage by buying that bedstead and screen, I could never, never look upon her as a criminal. And not that I took a frivolous view of her crime, but because I had the sense to forgive her completely, from the very first day, even before I bought the bedstead. In fact, it is strange on my part, for I am strict in moral questions. On the contrary, in my eyes, she was so conquered, so humiliated, so crushed that sometimes I felt agonies of pity for her, though sometimes the thought of her humiliation was actually pleasing to me. The thought of our inequality pleased me...

I intentionally performed several acts of kindness that winter. I excused two debts, I gave one poor woman money without any pledge. And I said nothing to my wife about it, and I didn't do it in order that she should know; but the woman came herself to thank me, almost on her knees. And in that way it became public property; it seemed to me that she heard about the woman with pleasure.

But spring was coming, it was mid-April, we took out the double windows and the sun began lighting up our silent room with its bright beams. But there was, as it were, a veil before my eyes and a blindness over my mind. A fatal, terrible veil! How did it happen that the scales suddenly fell from my eyes, and I suddenly saw and understood? Was it a chance, or had the hour come, or did the ray of sunshine kindle a thought, a conjecture, in my dull mind? No, it was not a thought, not a conjecture. But a cord suddenly vibrated, a feeling that had long been dead was stirred and came to life, fooding all my darkened soul and devil-

ish pride with light. It was as though I had suddenly leaped up from my place. And, indeed, it happened suddenly and abruptly. It happened towards evening, at five o'clock, after dinner...

Translated by David Magarshack:

THE GENTLE CREATURE
A DREAM OF PRIDE

So the whole winter passed in a sort of expectation of something. I liked to steal a glance at her now and again when she sat at her little table. She was busy with her work, her sewing, and sometimes in the evening she would read books taken from my book-case. The choice of books in the book-case should also have spoken in my favour. She hardly ever went out. Every day after dinner, before dusk, I used to take her out for a walk. We took our constitutional, and not entirely in silence as before. At least, I did my best to pretend that we were not silent and that we were talking amicably together. But, as I have already said, we both saw to it that our talks were not too long. I did it on purpose, and as for her, I thought, it was important "to give her time." It is, I admit, strange that not once till the end of the winter did it occur to me that while I liked looking at her stealthily, I had never during all those winter months caught her looking at me! I ascribed it to her shyness. And indeed her whole appearance did convey a picture of such gentleness, such utter exhaustion after her illness. No, thought I, don't interfere with her. Better wait and — "she will come to you all of a sudden and of her own free will..."

The thought filled me with intense delight. I will add one more thing: sometimes I would, as though on purpose, so inflame my own mind that I'd in fact succeed in working myself up into a mental and emotional rage against her. And it went on like that for some time. But my hatred of her could never ripen or strike roots in my heart. And, besides, I couldn't help feeling myself that it was only a sort of game I was playing. Why, even when I

had dissolved our marriage by buying the bed and the screen, I could never for one moment look upon her as a criminal. And not because I took too light a view of her crime, but because I had the sense to forgive her completely, from the very first day, even before I purchased the bed. That, I confess, was a little odd on my part, for where morals are concerned I am very strict. On the contrary, in my eyes she was so thoroughly subdued, so thoroughly humiliated, so thoroughly crushed that I could not help feeling horribly sorry for her sometimes, though, for all that, the idea of her humiliation was at times certainly very pleasing to me. What pleased me was the idea of our inequality...

That winter I had to be responsible for a few acts of real kindness. I remitted two debts and I advanced money to one poor woman without a pledge. And I never breathed a word about it to my wife. Nor did I do it at all so that she should learn about it. But the woman herself came to thank me, and almost on her knees. In that way it became public property. I could not help thinking that she had learnt about the woman with real pleasure.

But spring was close at hand. It was mid-April. We took out our double windows and bright shafts of sunlight began lighting up our rooms. But the scales still covered my eyes and blinded my reason. Oh, those fatal, those dreadful scales! How did it all happen that the scales suddenly fell from my eyes and that I suddenly saw and understood everything? Was it chance? Did the appointed day come at last? Was it a ray of sunshine that suddenly kindled a thought or a surmise in my dull brain? No. It was neither a thought nor a surmise. It was a chord that had been mute a long time and that now came to life and began vibrating suddenly, flooding my darkened mind with light and showing up my devilish pride. I felt as though I had leapt to my feet. It all happened with such incredible suddenness. It happened towards evening, at about five o'clock, after dinner...

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Read the whole story in Russian and in translation think about the difference in the general impression the texts produce.
- Identify the key-words in the source text and as their counterparts in the translated versions. Comment on differences. Note words that may be called Dostoevsky's jor symbols, such as *душа, кроткая, нравственный, любовь, ненависть*, etc.
- Observe if anything is omitted or added in the translated versions compared to the source text. Comment on omitted components and compare the two versions of translation. How do omitted words or phrases influence the sense or mood of the text?
- Comment upon added words or phrases and compare the two translated versions. How can you explain the reasons for those additions, if any? How do they influence the sense and mood of the text?
- Pick out emphatic structures in the original text and compare them with both translated versions. Comment on their comparative stylistic value.
- How does the syntax of the source text change in translation? Does this change adversely affect interpretation of content and imaginary characters?
- Comment upon the difference between the two versions of the title.
- Which of the two translated versions is "more Dostoevsky-like" in your opinion? Give your reasons.

ask for translation:

'сего только на пять минут опоздал

ВСЕГО ТОЛЬКО НА ПЯТЬ МИНУТ ОПОЗДАЛ

(из повести «Кроткая»)

А разве нет? Разве это правдоподобно? Разве можно шзать, что это возможно? Для чего, зачем умерла эта женщина?

О, поверьте, понимаю: но для чего она умерла — ;е-таки вопрос. Испугалась любви моей, спросила себя фъезно: принять или не принять, и не вынесла вопроса, лучше умерла. Знаю, знаю, нечего голову ломать: обещаний слишком много надавала, испугалась, что сдержаться гльзя, — ясно. Тут есть несколько обстоятельств совершенно ужасных.

Потому что для чего она умерла? все-таки вопрос стоит. Вопрос стучит, у меня в мозгу стучит. Я бы и оставил ее)лько *так*, если б ей захотелось, чтоб осталось *так*. Она >му не поверила, вот что! Нет — нет, я вру, вовсе не это. росто потому, что со мной надо было честно: любить, так ;ецело любить, а не так, как любила бы купца. А так как ја была слишком целомудренна, слишком чиста, чтоб соса-ситься на такую любовь, какой надо купцу, то и не захо-ла меня обманывать. Не захотела обманывать полулюбо->ю под видом любви, или четверть-любовью. Честны мы [ень, вот что-с! Широкость ссрдца-то хотел тогда привить,)мните. Странная мысль.

Ужасно любопытно: уважала ли она меня? Я не знаю,)езирала ли она меня, или нет? Не думаю, чтоб презирала, гранно ужасно: почему мне ни разу не пришлось в голову, > всю зиму, что она меня презирает? Я в высшей степени >ш уверен в противном до самой той минуты, когда она >глядела на меня тогда с *строгим удивленьем*. С *строгим*, денно. Тут-то я сразу и понял, что она презирает меня. _

Imagery in Translation

Понял безвозвратно, навеки! Ах, пусть, пусть презирала бы, хоть всю жизнь, но — пусть бы она жила, жила! Давеча еще ходила, говорила. Совсем не понимаю, как она бросилась из окошка! И как бы мог я предположить даже за пять минут? Я позвал Лукерью. Я теперь Лукерью ни за что не отпущу, ни за что!

О, нам еще можно было сговориться. Мы только страшно отвыкли в зиму друг от друга, но разве нельзя было опять приучиться? Почему, почему мы бы не могли сойтиться и начать опять новую жизнь? Я великодушен, она тоже — вот и точка соединения! Еще бы несколько слов, два дня, не больше, и она бы все поняла.

Главное, обидно то, что все это случай — простой, варварский, косный случай. Вот обида! Пять минут, всего только пять минут опоздал! Приди я за пять минут — и мгновение пронеслось бы мимо, как облако, и ей бы никогда потом не пришлось в голову. И кончилось бы тем, что она бы вес поняла. А теперь опять пустые комнаты, опять я один. Вон маятник стучит, ему дела нет, ему ничего не жаль. Нет никого — вот беда!

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Study the source text and reconstruct its concept.
- Identify key-words and (heir functions in (he source text. Think over equivalents to them in English.
- Consider syntactic structures in the source text and their significance in the development of (he character, if you come across an untranslatable structure, decide how you can transform it while preserving its semantic function.
- Point out emphatic structures and their role in the growing emotional tension in the source text. If necessary, transform them when translating into Russian.

Практикум по художественному переводу

Translate the text and compare the result with the source text.

- Read both texts aloud to compare their rhythmic patterns.
- Assess losses and gaps in translation and think of possible ways to compensate them.
- Discuss the result.

Imagery in Translation

PROSE UNIT 8: TRANSLATING B. L. PASTERNAK INTO ENGLISH

Introductory Notes

Boris Pasternak (1890-1960) was primarily famous as a poet and translator; his translator's notes on Shakespeare showed his worth as an independent poetic personality with his own position and view on literature, poetry and art of translation.

He began his artistic career as a musician and philosopher of the "spiritual universe," which he understood as a kind of an "answer to the phenomenon of death." The fundamental assumptions of his aesthetic model were born and developed under the influences of the people whom he himself used to call his "predecessors": Alexander Blok, Alexander Skryabin, Rainer Maria Rilke and Marcel Proust. Strange though it might seem, he compared art and poetry to algebra, as in both it is important to be precise so that to operate symbolic values as if they were real. By Pasternak, the world of the spiritual universe is the only place where the spirit and soul of man can exist and where they can overcome fear of death.

Based on these principles, his poetry is highly metaphorical; he was one of the first poets in Russia to replace poetic diction by metaphor, assessing the spiritual universe in symbols, which made his works not quite easy to read. He "perceived the world in colours and lines, in scents and sounds rather than in words and concepts. Resultant interpenetrability of images, woven into a quaint pattern of the components that makes one feel in the field of strong spiritual magnetism of his poetic worlds where eternal ideas of good and evil are transformed into almost palpable images.

Практикум по художественному переводу

Such a vision of the world not only became a visiting card of his poetry but also marked his prose with unique intonation that made *Doctor Zhivago* an outstanding piece of a novel. Some say, it is difficult to read, some say, its characters and events are not well formed; some seek epic quality in it, for the theme is epic in itself, and when that not found, become disappointed. Yet the novel is a strange beast, and it lives on and makes its readers puzzled and strangely sympathetic. The life and death of doctor Yury Zhivago has become a dramatic embodiment of the joy of life before the face of death; and this joy is not the "Feast during the Plague," for its purity and intensive power make it so natural that readers cannot but sympathise, suffer and enjoy life together with Doctor Zhivago whatever the agony of the material world.

In one of his letters, Pasternak described his novel as a living being: «Доктор на сто голов выше меня и моего времени (the letter was written 10 June, 1958). Я не понимаю, как это меня угораздило. Но этого больше не будет. Такие вещи не повторяются.»

The translators of *Doctor Zhivago* into English (Max Hayward and Manya Harari, 1958) wrote about the book: "Pasternak's prose has astonishing power, subtlety and range. While always remaining simple and colloquial, it is exceptionally rich and poetic. Indeed, he makes use of sound and word association in the manner of a poet of genius. His language has a vitality which must be rare in the literature of any country and is perhaps unique in that of Russia." Obviously, the translators did not know much about Russian literature to say that, but what is worth in this evidence is their characteristics of the language. When defining it as "simple and colloquial," they sometimes fail to read beyond it, into the culture and mood of those times; thus, the language of translation becomes too neutral and superficial to reconstruct the source "subtext." For example, "the woman of power" in the passage below is presented in Russian as if wrapped in formal titles, which makes her look curiously artificial: «женщина за столом», «представительница райсовета», «председа-

Imagery in Translation

тельница», «товарищ Демина» — all of them within practically one sentence. The emphasised "female properties" make this image yet more though altogether mild grotesque.

The translators preferred to omit most of the terms as redundant and with them omitted the emotional background of the character; besides, she has lost her "female properties" to become "chairman", "delegate", "comrade" as if it were a matter of fact.

The same metamorphosis happens with her speech: it is neutralised and lacks that rough and tough manner which is so peculiar in the source text: «мы им *рога* обломает» — "we'll show them"; «мы *этим по шапке*» — "we'll get rid of them"; «некуда *рассовать* людей» — "we don't know where to put them"; etc.

Task for comparison:

Московское становище — Moscow *Bivouac*

МОСКОВСКОЕ СТАНОВИЩЕ (из романа «ДОКТОР ЖИВАГО»)

Прошедшие опрос и обыск жильцы один за другим возвращались в теплых платках и шубах в неотапливаемое помещение бывшего яичного склада, теперь *занятое домкомом*.

В одном конце комнаты стоял конторский стол и несколько стульев, которых, однако, было недостаточно, чтобы рассадить столько народу. Поэтому в придачу к ним кругом поставлены были *наподобие скамей* длинные, перевернутые вверх дном пустые ящики из-под яиц. Гора таких ящиков до потолка громоздилась в противоположном конце помещения. Там в углу были кучей сметены к стене промерзшие стружки, склеенные в комки вытекшей из битых яиц сердцевиной. В этой куче с шумом возились крысы, иногда выбегая на свободное пространство каменного пола и снова скрываясь в стружках.

Практикум по художественному переводу

Каждый раз при этом на один из ящиков с визгом вскакивала крикливая и заплывшая жиром *жилица*. Она подбирала уголок подола кокетливо оттопыренными пальчиками, дробно топотала ногами в модных дамских ботинках с высокими голенищами и намеренно хрипло, *под пьяную*, кричала.

— Оля, Оля, у тебя тут крысы бегают. У, пошла, поганая! Ай-ай-ай, понимает сволочь! Обозлилась. Аяй, по ящику ползет! Как бы под юбку не залезла. Ой боюсь, ой боюсь! Отвернитесь, господа мужчины. Виновата, я забыла, что теперь не мужчины, а товарищи граждане. — На шумевшей *бабе* был расстегнутый каракулевый сак. Под ним в три слоя *зыбким киселем* колыхались ее двойной подбородок, пышный бюст и обтянутый шелковым платьем живот. Видно, когда-то она слыла львицею среди третьеразрядных купцов и купеческих приказчиков. Щелки ее свиных глазок с припухшими веками едва открывались. Какая-то соперница замахнулась на нее в *незапамятные* времена склянкой с кислотою, но промазала, и только два-три брызга протравили на левой щеке и в левом углу рта два легких следа, по малозаметности почти *обольстительных*.

— Не ори, Храпугина. Просто работать нет возможности, — говорила женщина за столом, представительница райсовета, выбранная на собрании председательницей.

Ее еще с давних времен хорошо знали старожилы дома, и она сама их хорошо знала. Она перед началом собрания неофициально вполголоса беседовала с *теткой* Фатимой, старой дворничихой дома, когда-то с мужем и детьми *ютившейся* в грязном подвале, а теперь переселенной вдвоем с дочерью на второй этаж в две светлых комнаты.

— Ну так как же, Фатима? — спрашивала председательница.

Фатима жаловалась, что она одна не справляется с таким большим и многолюдным домом, а помощи ниоткуда, потому что *разложенной* на квартиры *повинности по уборке* двора и улицы никто не соблюдает. _ _

Imagery in Translation

— *Не тужи*, Фатима, мы им рога обломаем, будь покойна. Что за комитет? *Мыслимое* ли дело? Уголовный элемент скрывается, сомнительная *нравственность живет без пропуски*. Мы этим по шапке, а выберем другой. Я тебя в *управдомии* проведу, ты только не *брыкайся*.

Дворничиха взмолилась, чтобы председательница этого не делала, но та не стала и слушать.

Translated by Max Hayward:

MOSCOW BIVOUAC (from DOCTOR ZHIVAGO)

One by one, the tenants, muffled up in shawls and fur coats, had returned to the unheated basement which had once been a warehouse for eggs and was now used by the house committee as its board room.

An office desk and several chairs stood at one end of it. As there were not enough chairs, old empty wooden egg crates, turned upside-down, had been placed in a row to form a bench. A pile of them as high as the ceiling towered at the far end of the room. In the corner there was a heap of shavings stuck into lumps with frozen yolk which had dripped from the broken eggs. Rats bustled noisily inside the heap, making an occasional sortie into the middle of the stone floor and darting back.

Each time this happened a fat woman tenant climbed, squealing, on to a crate; daintily holding up her skirt and drumming with the heels of her fashionable boots, she shouted in a deliberately hoarse tipsy voice.

"Olya, Olya, you've got rats all over the place. Get away, you filthy brutes. Ai-ai-ai! look at them, they understand, the horrors, look at how they snap their wicked teeth. Ai-ai-ai! it's trying to climb up, it'll get under my skirt, I'm so frightened! Look the other way, gentlemen. Sorry, I forgot, you're comrade citizens nowadays, not gentlemen."

Her astrakhan cape hung open over the three quaking layers of her double chin and rich, silk-swathed bosom and stomach.

She had once been the belle of her circle of small tradesmen and shop clerks, but now her small pig eyes were hardly more than slits between her swollen eyelids. A rival had once tried to splash her with vitriol but had missed, and only a drop or two had ploughed traces, so slight as to be almost becoming, on her cheek and at the corner of her mouth.

"Stop yelling, Khrapugina. How can we get on with our work?" said the woman delegate of the Borough Soviet, who had been elected chairman and was sitting behind the desk.

The delegate had known the house and many of the lodgers all her life. Before the meeting she had had an unofficial talk with Aunt Fatima, the caretaker, who had once lived with her husband and children in a corner of the filthy basement, but who now had only her daughter with her and had been moved into two light rooms on the first floor.

"Well, Fatima, how are things going?" the delegate asked. Fatima complained that she could not cope with such a big house and so many lodgers all by herself, and that she got no help because, although each family was supposed to take it in turn to clean the stairs and the door steps, not one of them did it.

"Don't worry, Fatima, we'll show them. What kind of a house committee is this anyway? They're hopeless. Criminal elements are given shelter, people of doubtful morals stay on unregistered. We'll get rid of them and elect another. I'll make you house-manageress, only don't make a fuss."

Aunt Fatima begged to be let off, but the delegate refused to listen.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Read both texts and compare semantic and stylistic values of the italicised words.

- Analyse different forms of description, e. g., the passage «В одном конце комнаты ... ящики из-под яиц»

Imagery in Translation

- Compare the syntactic structures of the source and target texts and comment on the reasons for transformations.

- What is the associative force of the names «Храпугина» and «Фатима» in the Russian text? Compare it with the target text and comment on the difference.

- Pick out words and expressions lost in translation and comment on the reason for the losses.

- How does the rhythm of the text change when translated into English? In what manner is it connected with other changes in its vocabulary and syntax?

- Think of your own variants and / or amendments to the translation.

Task for translation:

Рябина в сахаре

РЯБИНА В САХАРЕ (из романа «ДОКТОР ЖИВАГО»)

Дни сократились. В пять часов темнело. Ближе к сумеркам Юрий Андреевич перешел тракт в том месте, где на днях Ливерий *пререкался* со Свиридом. Доктор направлялся в лагерь. Близ поляны и горки, на которой росла рябина, считавшаяся пограничной вехой лагеря, он услышал озорной задорный голос Кубарихи, своей соперницы, как он в шутку звал *лекареху-знахарку*. Его конкурентка с крикливым *подвизгиванием* выводила что-то веселое, *разухабистое*, наверное, какие-нибудь *частушки*. Ее слушали. Ее прерывали взрывы сочувственного смеха, мужского и женского. Потом все смолкло. Все, наверное, разошлись.

Тогда Кубариха запела по-другому, про себя и вполголоса, считая себя в полном одиночестве. Остерегаясь оступить в болото, Юрий Андреевич *в потемках* медленно пробирался по *стежке*, огибавшей топкую полянку перед рябиной, и остановился как вкопанный. Кубариха пела ка-

Практикум по художественному переводу

кую-то старинную русскую песню. Юрий Андреевич не знал ее. Может быть, это была ее импровизация?

Русская песня, как вода в запруде. Кажется, она остановилась и не движется. А на глубине она бесконечно вытекает из *вешняков*, и спокойствие ее поверхности обманчиво.

Всеми способами, повторениями, параллелизмами, она задерживает ход постепенно развивающегося содержания. У какого-то предела оно вдруг сразу открывается и *разом* поражает пас. Сдерживающая себя, властвующая над собою тоскующая сила выражает себя так. Это безумная попытка словами остановить время.

Кубариха наполовину пела, наполовину говорила:

Что бежал заюшка по белу свету,
По белу свету да по белу снегу.
Он бежал косой мимо рябины дерева,
Он бежал косой, рябине плакался.
У меня ль у зайца сердце робкое,
Сердце робкое, *захолончивое*,
Я робею заяц следу зверьего,
Следу зверьего, несыта волчья *черева*.
Пожалей меня, рябинов куст,
Что рябинов куст, краса рябина дерево.
Ты не дай красы своей злому *ворогу*,
Злому ворогу, злому ворону,
Ты рассыпь красны ягоды горстью по ветру,
Горстью по ветру, по белу свету, по белу снегу.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Point out names in the text and analyse the ways to translate them.
- Comment on possible transformations of the italicised words.

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Imagery in Translation

- Assess sentences which require syntactic transformations in translation.
- Analyse the stylistic devices used to create **the** image of "old Russian song" in the source text and decide which **of** them may be retained in English and which should be **transformed**.
- Divide the source text into **approximately four parts and** analyse the difference in their rhythmic patterns. **Try to** reconstruct these patterns in English.
- Translate the Russian folk song so as **to retain** imagery, rhythm and mood in English.
- Discuss the result.

*PROSE UNIT 9:
TRANSLATING ISAAC BABEL
INTO ENGLISH*

Introductory Notes

Words usually associated with **Isaac Babel** (1894-1940) are, first and foremost, those of "humour", "laughter", "irony", and the like of them. At the first Writer's Congress (1934) he said "We are deprived of only one right, the right to write badly." His speech would have sounded serious and straightforward but in fact it exposed the very essence of Babel's ironical manner of putting things into words: "Comrades, let us not fool ourselves: this is a very important right, and to take it away from us is no small thing..." Considered Morison, the English translator of Babel's works: "There must have been many among the audience who understood how serious and how terrible Babel's joke was. And there must have been some who had felt a chill at their hearts at another joke that Babel had made earlier in his address, when he spoke of himself as practising a new literary genre. This was the genre of silence."

Such were Babel's reckless jokes, fraught with danger in those times when a joke on serious matters was considered a guilt, and the joker himself "an enemy of the people."

Babel's literary and communicative jokes were renowned, but they were not made for the sake of showing his wit. He used to say about himself that he "learned from old French writers" and that his target was to express his thoughts "clearly, and not at great length," and sought the extreme laconicism of expressive means. Resultant, "ironic elegance" lay beneath the elemental simplicity of his narrative manner.

Isaac Babel was born in Odessa, in 1894. To many people, the years of his childhood and youth are associated with the dark-

est pages in the history of the Russian Empire, those of the Jewish pale of settlement, the Beilis trial in Kiev, the Black Hundreds, and the planned pogroms. However, in Odessa, the great port on the Black Sea, with its transient, mixed population, the Jewish community felt different, marked by singular robustness and vitality, for good and for bad. The lower classes, their communal residence in the suburb of Moldavanka, lived the life of their own, had their own jargon, their own humour, their own myths and heroes, their own outcasts. Babel depicted that unique world, its tongue, its rites and myths, its coarse, elaborate nicknames, with such brilliant and vivid elegance that it sometimes seems that they speak for themselves. Those draymen, dairy-fanners, traders and gangsters, they may "say little but what they say is tasty."

The language of Babel's stories of Odessa is so particular that it may seem an impossible task to translate them at all. Indeed, many brilliant sayings and jokes, many symbolic names and picturesque details are inevitably lost due to the ineffability of their local and national colouring incarnated in the very form of words and grammar, which made the unique whole that may be called the "Odessa Jargon." Those words, names, phrases, and jokes, the very clumsiness of their grammar, and the "tastiness" of their salty contents, for decades became favourites in the myth lore of Russian intellectuals, or, in a way, a symbol of the immortal humour of a sentenced man who is capable to laugh through tears at people and at himself.

The translator faces several challenges in Babel's prose. The first one is the choice of names for things and people. In Russian, Babel's personages have names like *Фроим*, *Баська*, *Венчик*, *охДвойра*. These are Odessa names, colourful and clumsy at once, Southern folk derivations from original Jewish forms of *Эфраим* *ох Дебора*, which adds special flavour to the whole atmosphere of Babel's literary world. In translation, Babel's personages have changed their names to become somebody else, just ordinary Jews with ordinary Jewish names: *Фроим Грач* turns into *Ephraim Rook*, which sounds like any other name and not

anything special. The giantess *Баська* becomes *Little Basya* («крошка Бася»), and the humour loses its salt, becomes too straightforward and superfluous.

Another problem, and more serious one, is the grammar of his stories. In some cases the translator finds a way out in seeking English solution to Babel's play on the grammar of a word or a sentence. More often than not, it is a slight phonetic instead: *'osses* instead of *horses*, *ain't*, *momma* (for *Mama*), etc. These substitutions add some colouring to the speech of the heroes, but this colouring lacks individuality, whereas in the original text, such irregular forms are both expressive and individual. But in most cases, such a play is lost. When, in Russian, Bas'ka says «У вас невыносимый ГРЯЗЬ, папаша, но я выведу этОТ ГРЯЗЬ!» she sounds Odessa and Babel due to the very deviation from the rules of grammatical gender agreement. In English, Little Basya speaks accurate grammar and sounds a diligent schoolgirl, *"Your dirt is simply unbearable, dad, but I'll get rid of all this filth:"*

Another obstacle to overcome is the phraseology of his heroes of Moldavanka, the phrases, epithets and similes, many of which have long become popular, originally coined by Babel. Such units as «*держатъ фигу в кармане*», «*что вы сидите, как старый пень*», «*пусть вас не волнует этих глупостей*» and many other spicy expressions are widely used as popular phrases, but they usually disappear in translation. Anyhow, some of such Babel's constructions have been substituted in English, even if transformed. «*Слушайте меня ушами*» has got the form of *"listen to me with all your ears,"* which sounds as funny in English. Some of the expressions based on allusion seem quite translatable, yet require a sort of comments, i. e., «*папаша Крик, старый биндюжник, слывающий между биндюжниками хулиганом*» is translated by Morison as "Papa Krik, famed among his fellow draymen as a bully." But the word "drayman" is quite neutral in English to only name the profession, while the Russian dialectal word «биндюжник» (for

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«ломовик, ломовой извозчик») implies the connotations of "rude, bully, foul-mouth" and thus, even phonetically {*bindyuzhnik*}, stands next to "bandit." Using this joke, Babel actually says, "Papa Krik was notorious as a superbully among all bully draymen."

Task for comparison:

Отец

ОТЕЦ

... В среду, пятого числа, Фроим Грач возил в порт на пароход «Каледония» пшеницу из складов общества Дрейфус. К вечеру он кончил работу и поехал домой. На повороте с Прохоровской улицы ему встретился кузнец Иван Пятирубель.

— Почтение, Грач, — сказал Иван Пятирубель, — какая-то женщина колотится до твоего помещения...

Грач поехал дальше и увидел на своем дворе женщину исполинского роста. У нее были громадные бока и щеки кирпичного цвета.

— Папаша, — сказала женщина оглушительным басом, — меня уже черти хватают со скуки. Я жду вас целый день... Знайте, что бабушка умерла в Тульчине.

Грач стоял на биндюге и смотрел на дочь во все глаза.

— Не крутись перед конями, — закричал он в отчаянии, — бери уздечку у коренника, ты мне коней побить хочешь...

Грач стоял на возу и размахивал кнутом. Баська взяла коренника за уздечку и подвела лошадей к конюшне. Она распрягла их и пошла хлопотать на кухню. Девушка повесила на веревку отцовские портянки, она вытерла песком закопченный чайник и стала разогревать сразу в чугунном котелке.

— У вас невыносимый грязь, папаша, — сказала она и

выбросила за окно прокисшие овчины, валявшиеся на полу, — но я выведу этот грязь! — прокричала Баська и подала отцу ужинать.

... Сияющий глаз заката падал в море за Пересыпью, и небо было красно, как красное число в календаре. Вся торговля прикрылась уже на Дальницкой, и налетчики поехали на глухую улицу к публичному дому Иоськи Самуэльсона. Они ехали в лаковых экипажах, разодетые, как птицы колибри, в цветных пиджаках. Глаза их были выпучены, одна нога отставлена к подножке, и в стальной протянутой руке они держали букеты, завороченные в папиросную бумагу. Отлакированные их пролетки двигались шагом, в каждом экипаже сидел один человек с букетом, и кучера, торчавшие на высоких сиденьях, были украшены бантами, как шафера на свадьбах. Старые еврейки в наколках лениво следили течение привычной этой процессии — они были ко всему равнодушны, старые еврейки, и только сыновья лавочников и корабельных мастеров завидовали королям Молдаванки.

Translated by B. G. Guernsey:

THE FATHER

... Ephraim Rook spent Wednesday the fifth carting wheat from the warehouses of Dreyfus and Co. to the S. S. *Caledonia* down in the harbour. Toward evening he finished his work and drove home. Rounding the corner from Prokhorovskaya Street he encountered Ivan Pyatirubel the blacksmith.

"My respects, Rook," said Ivan Pyatirubel. "A woman of sorts is banging on the door of your place."

Rook drove on, and saw in his courtyard a woman of gigantic height. She had enormous hips, and cheeks of a brick-red hue.

"Dad," said the woman in a deafening bass, "I'm so bored all the devils in Hell are nipping me. I've been waiting for you the whole day. Grandma, you see, has died in Tulchin."

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Rook stood there on his cart goggling at his daughter.

"Don't wriggle about in front of the 'osses," he cried in despair. "Take a-hold on the wheeler by the bridle; you want to ruin my 'Sosses?"

Rook stood on his cart and waved his whip. Little Basya took the wheeler by the bridle and led the horses off to the stable. She unharnessed them, and then went off to fuss in the kitchen. The girl hung her dad's foot-wrappings on a line, scoured the sooty teapots with sand, and started wanning hash in a cast-iron pot.

"Your dirt is unbeatable, dad," she said, and tossed through the window the sweat-soaked sheepskins that lay about on the floor. "But I'll get rid of this filth," cried Little Basya, and served her dad his supper.

... The gleaming eye of the sunset was falling into the sea beyond Peresyp, and the sky was red like a red-letter day. All the shops of Dalnytskaya had now shut, and the gangsters were driving past to Glukhaya Street, where Joe Samuelson kept his whorehouse. In lacquered carriages they drove, dressed up like birds of paradise, their jackets all colours of the rainbow. Their eyes were agog, each had a leg jutting out on the footboard, and each held in an outstretched arm of steel a bouquet wrapped in tissue-paper. Their lacquered jaunting ears moved at a walking-pace. In each carriage sat one gangster with a bouquet, and the drivers, protuberant on their high seats, were decked with bows like best men at weddings. Old Jewish women in bonnets lazily watched the accustomed procession flow past. They were indifferent to everything, those old Jewish women, and only the sons of the shopkeepers and shipwrights envied the kings of the Moldavanka.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Compare the forms of names in both texts and the semantic and emotive difference between them. Comment on such trans-

formations as *Rook* for *Грач*, *Little Basya* for *Баська*, and *Pyatirubel* for *Пятирубль*.

' Compare the translator's choice of words and their stylistic colouration with the source text. Comment on the reason for transformations. Does *cart* equal *биндюга*!

- Translating from Russian into English comment upon morphological problems of translation and their solution. Point down such forms as *колотится до твоего помещения* or '0.9.9-es.

- Comment upon syntactic transformations in the Russian translation.

- Compare the amount and quality of emotive information lost or added in translation.

- Read the two texts aloud and compare the difference in their rhythmic patterns and their role in perception.

- Think of your own amendments to the translation.

Task for translation:

Король

КОРОЛЬ

... Друзья Короля показали, что стоит голубая кровь и неугасшее еще молдаванское рыцарство. Небрежным движением руки кидали они на серебряные подносы золотые монеты, перстни, коралловые нити.

Аристократы Молдаванки, они были затянуты в малиновые жилеты, их плечи охватывали рыжие пиджаки, а на мясистых ногах лопалась кожа цвета небесной лазури. Выпрямившись во весь рост и выпячивая животы, бандиты хлопали в такт музыке, кричали «горько» и бросали невесте цветы, а она, сорокалетняя Двойра, сестра Бени Крика, изуродованная базедовой болезнью, с разросшимся зобом и вылезающими из орбит глазами, сидела на горе подушек рядом со щуплым мальчиком, купленным па деньги Эйхбаума и онемевшим от тоски. Обряд дарения подходил к концу, шамесы

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осипли, и контрабас не ладил со скрипкой. Над двориком протянулся внезапно легкий запах гари.

— Беня, — сказал папаша Крик, старый биндюжник, слывший между биндюжниками грубияном, — Беня, ты знаешь, что мне сдается? Мне сдается, что у нас горит сажа...

— Папаша, — ответил Король пьяному отцу, — пожалуйста, выпивайте и закусывайте, пусть вас не волнует этих глупостей...

И папаша Крик последовал совету сына. Он закусил и выпил. Но облачко дыма становилось все ядовитее. Где-то розовели уже края неба. И уже стрельнул в вышину узкий, как шпага, язык пламени. Гости, привстав, стали обнюхивать воздух, а бабы их взвизгнули. Налетчики переглянулись тогда друг с другом. И только Беня, ничего не замечавший, был безутешен.

— Мне нарушают праздник, — кричал он, полный отчаяния, — дорогие, прошу вас, закусывайте и выпивайте...

В это время во дворе появился тот самый молодой человек, который приходил в начале вечера.

— Король, — сказал он, — я имею сказать вам пару слов...

— Ну, говори, — ответил Король, — ты всегда имеешь в запасе пару слов...

— Король, — произнес неизвестный молодой человек и захихикал, — это прямо смешно, участок горит, как свечка...

Лавочники онемели. Налетчики усмехнулись. Шестидесятилетняя Манька, родоначальница слободских бандитов, вложив два пальца в рот, свистнула так пронзительно, что ее соседи покачнулись.

— Маня, вы не на работе, — заметил ей Беня, — холоднокровней, Маня...

Молодого человека, принесшего эту поразительную новость, все еще разбирал смех.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- **Identify** words and forms that may cause a problem **for translation**. **Study the nature** of the problem and think **of** the way of its **solution**.

- **Study the** stylistic devices of irony in the Russian text and assess the possibility of their transformation in English.

- Consider colloquialisms and their functions in the text and **think of the means of** translating.

- **Mind the** expressive functions of such phrases as *Мине нарушают праздник, пусть вас не волнует этих глупостей, я имею сказать вам пару слов*, etc. Think of English substitutions to them.

- **Study the** syntactic arrangement of the text and think over English transformations.

- **Study the** rhythmic pattern of the text and its emotive functions.

- Translate **the** text and discuss the result.

SECTION 3: TRANSLATING DRAMA

DRAMA TRANSLATION TECHNIQUES

Translating drama, we face a number of specific problems. A drama text differs from any other fiction text because it is meant not for reading but for performing; it consists of a dialogue, which is connected with the proper sound and fitness. Thus it should be assessed from the point of view of time and intelligibility for the supposed audience. The text is to *be pronounced and performed*, and this action differs from the ordinary conversation. In everyday speech we may act resolutely or shyly, confidently or thoughtfully, indifferently or affectionately — and use whichever sentence structures and accents. But when a text is meant for scenic performance, the playwright selects sentences so that they should predetermine the way of utterance. When the character is shy, he uses *shy*, uncertain, "shaky" constructions; when he is authoritative, his syntax *must be* authoritative too. When, in an English play, a personage commands *Off you go!* we need to choose between a few Russian variants, and the ultimate decision should be based not so on linguistic principles as on the mood and character judgement. In Russian, he may say: «Пошел вон!» — «Прочь отсюда!» — «Убирайся!» — «Вали отсюда!» Each of them manifests a different degree of self-confidence and, preferred by a translator, will form different characters; *Убирайся* reveals an irritated and defensive mood, while *Вали отсюда* implies a rude and aggressive personality; *Прочь отсюда* is too intellectual, and *Пошел вон* may be too archaic for a contemporary. When a personage is rude and aggressive, by the author's grace, it is dif-

difficult for a Russian spectator to perceive him as such if he uses phrases like «Прочь отсюда!» or «Убирайся!» though they may be quite equivalent from the grammatical point of view.

Timing and intonation are essential for a drama text. Too many words in a phrase necessary to restore its grammatical meaning may not have serious consequences when we translate a novel but in a play or film such a transformation will make the scenic speech incomprehensible. Very often, to translate some syntactic structures from English into Russian, one must enlarge the space of the sentence, which becomes a complication in a drama text. The English phrase (Gwendolen, from "The Importance of Being Earnest") "*If you would care to verify the incident, pray do so*" may be presented in different forms in Russian:

Если вам угодно проверить, действительно ли это событие имело место, прошу вас убедиться.

Если вам угодно это проверить — пожалуйста.

In the first variant, the semantics of the source text is translated more explicitly but the phrase becomes twice as long in Russian. The second variant compresses the spacious phrase into one word *это* and thus economises on the syntactic space. Certainly, the second variant is more convenient to use on the stage, from the phonic point of view. Yet there is another aspect, the stylistic one. Gwendolen is said to be *very polite*, which means her speech may be perceived as next to caricature, something exaggerated. With this, the first variant seems more expressive, though it takes more time to pronounce the remark and to perceive it in Russian.

To translate a drama text is to reconstruct an adequate basis for performance, which includes proper timing and audible comprehension, cultural and linguistic stereotypes to be perceived as authentic. Translated dramatic works, there sometimes reveal conflicts as follows: in a dialogue it is mentioned that this or that personage is rich or elegant, while a puzzled spectator can see the mentioned rich person wrapped in something like rags. Such a situation was actually reconstructed in the stage version of Chek-

hov's «Чайка» (*The Seagull*) as translated into English and staged at Rutgers University (USA). The collision may be based on the cultural stereotype of "*Usually Russians look shabby*."

Another aspect of the same problem is compatibility between the mood of an episode and the structure of a sentence or the choice of words. There is essential difference in syntactic rules and communicative functions of words of the same meaning between English and Russian. What sounds brief and expressive in English may appear too wordy, complex and lanky in Russian. Accordingly, what is vivid and expressive in Russian, often becomes too lofty and archaic or, on the contrary, too rude and low in English. The translator has to interpret the drama text he translates, as if he himself were a director of the performance. It is important to analyse characters, moods and relations in the play. Thus, translating, we are to have our own point of view on what and how is going on at the stage, otherwise, the text will remain rigid and alien to the audience while the play is being performed.

Another problem is the cultural gap. When we come across this or that realia in the text meant for reading, we may find the way out using comments, descriptions, or the like, that is, by using extra-text. Nothing of the kind is appropriate in a drama text meant for performance. In Chekhov's *Seagull* Arkadina has a quarrel with her son, and is so irritated that she insults him, shouting at him in Russian, «*Киевский мещанин!*» The word *meshchanin*, quite neutral in itself (town dweller or burger as opposed to an esquire, a noble man), from the point of view of its stylistic status, could be considered an insult in Russia in the times of the turn of the 20th century, when certain "low" or "mean" qualities were implied, peculiar to this social group! Using the word, Arkadina meant that her son Konstantin was much below her in social status: she was a noblewoman by birth, while he was a son of a common man, no gentleman, thus himself not a gentleman by birth, conceivably, low and mean as a personality. But the English translation gives a quite inappropriate substitute "*You are a*

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Kievan burger!" This phrase is a literal translation of the Russian words but **absolutely** wrong in the cultural context of the play because the **English** phrase lacks any emotive implications. An American **spectator** may be puzzled knowing not why it is so mean to be a **dweller** of Kiev. Probably, it might be more appropriate to use English substitutions "*You are a mere nobody!*" or "*You are not a gentleman!*"

■ When we translate a play, we distinguish whether it is a tragedy or a comedy, a modern or a classical work, a fantasy or a psychological drama. But the hardest challenge is a nationally biased play. In the comedy they use a lot of folk phrases, the *street* language, idioms and names of which are clear and comprehensible to a native speaker but inevitably lose their bright colouration in translation. The selected text is a play of Alexander Ostrovsky, an outstanding Russian playwright whose language was deeply rooted in the national character and history. He invented a lot of words and names that became popular. In a way, he may be compared with Sheridan, whose language is almost untranslatable into Russian. The characters of Ostrovsky speak the language of their own, in which even the form of a word is important to convey a lot of subtext and implicit shades of meaning. Suffice it to mention such forms as «маменька», «эка», «сердце-вещун», «заела», etc. Usually, such words and forms lose their expressive power when translated into English, and with them Ostrovsky's characters lose part of their individuality.

The problem of the "national colouring" is not only associated with drama. However, it is in this kind of text that national colouration is especially complicated because it penetrates into all components of the text: it colours the language of dialogues, contents, form, and authorial remarks. The first task that each translator faces is about what is to be saved first and foremost. Strictly speaking, the major "national" component of a play, that is, its language, is inevitably lost in any translation. Dressed in their national clothes but speaking a foreign language, the characters **appear** very unusual, even funny, on the stage. Probably,

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the way out may be found in some "fourth dimension": on the one part, the characters are dressed somewhat unusual, slightly marked with "foreignness," while in their translated speech appeared words or structures from the source language.

Linguistic means not only differ in form in different languages, they also differ greatly in their emotive power. National peculiarities in the manner of speaking are quite often untranslatable. Such may be considered Russian diminutive suffixes, which caused many typical misinterpretations in English, like *little father* for «батьюшка». But is it to become *dad*, *daddy* or *Papa*? Another problem is that of English "you" when addressing close relatives and friends. Each time the translator has to assess whether this or that relationship is close enough to translate the English *you* by «ты» or «вы». The flower girl from *Pygmalion* speaks cockney, which is imitated in written, "*Ow, eezye-oon san, is e?*" In Russian, her speech loses much of colour, and she speaks quite literary, even rather intellectual. «А, так это ваши сын?» The problem is that it makes no sense to imitate her cockney accent *phonetically*, but a translator may use some other markers of a common speech, grammar, for instance, «Ага, ваши, значица, сыночек!»

How many imitative words and structures can be used in translation not to break the impression of the whole play? There is a rule in the theory of translation which recommends to retain (or imitate) only those source units that the target language speakers can perceive as "purveyors" of important national information. Then, such details should be comprehensible to the audience, for there is no way for supplying any volume of cultural comments to a theatre pit. A widely spread situation is the English *I love you!* used very often, especially in modern stage or screen works. It would be a mistake to always translate it into Russian as *Я люблю тебя!* In Russian, the phrase is more solemn and sounds inappropriate in many common situations when you can just say something like «Держись!», «Я с тобой!», «Все хорошо!» or use gestures and mimics.

Some other national details may sound too heavy when redundant, for example, a great number of *inches*, *pints*, or *gallons*, turned into Russian «дюймы, пииты и галлоны» and poured onto a poor spectator from the stage, make him more than puzzled, they make him bored. The rule may be "Do not overdo!" It is preferable to use international measures in most cases, and only those which are specific for the particular text and make a colourful detail are to be saved in the imitated form. To such a category we may refer national currency: it would be inappropriate to translate *cents* as «копейки». Yet *a sovereign* may be comfortably replaced by «фунт» in Russian, for it sounds national enough and at the same time comprehensible, whereas «соверен» is rather enigmatic to most Russian spectators.

Probably, the most reasonable way for a translator of a drama text is to work out a balance of transformation principles; we must measure not only the text but also the character and situation to decide when to prefer a semantic equivalent — and when to reconstruct a stylistic effect or intonation.

To sum up are the following *recommendations*: ' Assess the timing and rhythm of the source play and try to reconstruct an analogous structure in the target language.

- Study the mood and temper of characters to follow them regaining their speech in translation.
- Study the style and semantics of the source text and follow the functional strategy of their reconstruction.
- Study cultural and historical details in the text and look for their reconstruction.
- Assess national colouring in the text under translation and select a proper strategy of its reconstruction.

DRAMA UNIT 1: TRANSLATING EUGENE O'NEILL INTO RUSSIAN

Introductory Notes

Eugene O'Neill (1888-1953) is a famous American dramatist. His literary lineage is associated with Norwegian playwright Henrik Ibsen and Swedish August Strindberg, whose tense symbolic, psychic dramas, sometimes with a sense of the extreme and pathological, have much in common with O'Neill's plays. It is in the art of those great Scandinavians that Eugene O'Neill found the taste to the psychological, which sometimes raises high to almost mythic tragedy, e. g. in his *Desire under the Elms* (1924), and sometimes explores the depths of the soul of a modern man in his tragic segregation from nature and himself, e. g. in the masterpiece of *Long Day's Journey into Night* (1941).

Though quite realistic, O'Neill has something in common with a later generation of dramatists of the 1950s and the 1960s, Camus, Ionesco, Albee, and others, characterised as a group by the term *Theatre of the Absurd* (below, in Unit 2, we shall come back to the term). In 1936 O'Neill was awarded the Nobel Prize.

The *Long Day's Journey* is a sombre drama, in which what is going on in action is much less important than what is going on in the souls of personages. Dedicating the play to his wife Carlot-ta, O'Neill attested it as the "play of old sorrow, written in tears and blood" and admitted it was "a sadly inappropriate gift," though full of "deep pity and understanding and forgiveness for all the four haunted Tyrones," the personages of the play.

The performance of the play at Broadway theatres and in Sweden made it world famous and opened its triumphal tour all over the world stages.

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The play is partly autobiographical, full of family relationships and reminiscences. In it, O'Neill depicts the mutual tension and complicated relationship between Mary Tyrone, a drug-addict, and her husband James Tyrone, a failure and underdog in life, an ex-actor, and their two sons, of whom Jamie is a confirmed drunkard and Edmund is a cold and melancholic intellectual. Edmund feels miserable and bitter in the atmosphere of the house where the unbearable tension has been going on without any hope in sight.

The language of the play is not very sophisticated, remarks of the personages are mostly brief and, as it were, incomplete. It issues the challenge for translation, because many short sentence structures in English become rather long in Russian due to differences between the two languages, which causes a complication for the stage performance and for the perception of speech characteristics of this or that personage. For example, let us consider Mary's remark in the passage below:

Just listen to that awful foghorn. And the bells.

Ты только послушай, как ужасно звучит сирена в тумане. А эти колокола.

It is easy to notice that the remark has become twice as long in Russian, both in space and time, which changes the impression of the mood, character and timing of the episode. The only way possible is cutting off:

Как ужасно воеет сирена. И этот колокол...

The main task of translation should be to combine the simplicity of the language with its natural flow and the right timing. The phrase *You don't want her to see you cying* may be translated in several ways:

- Ты же не хочешь, чтобы она увидела, как ты плачешь.
- Не стоит ей видеть тебя в слезах.

The first variant is grammatically correct and verbally literal but insufficient for the episode where the author's remarks say that the action goes "abruptly," "quickly," "hastily." In such a situation it is inappropriate that a man should use a long complex sentence, when it must sound short and distinct.

Translating the text, try to assess timing and mood of the situation and select proper transformation in this or that episode.

Imagery in Translation

Task for comparison:

Long Day's Journey into Night—*Долгая дорога изо дня в ночь*

Mary *{Goes slowly to the windows at right like an automaton — looking out, a blank, far-off quality in her voice.}*: Just listen to that awful foghorn. And the bells. Why is it fog makes everything sound so sad and lost, I wonder?

Edmund *{Brokenly}*: I — I can't stay here. I don't want any dinner. *{He hurries away through the front parlor. She keeps staring out the window until she hears the front door close behind him. Then she comes back and sits in her chair, the same blank look on her face.}*

Mary *(Vaguely.}*: I must go upstairs. I haven't taken enough. *{She pauses — then longingly.}* I hope, sometime, without meaning it, I will take an overdose. I never could do it deliberately. The Blessed Virgin would never forgive me, then. *{She hears Tyrone, returning and turns as he comes in, through the back parlor, with a bottle of whiskey he has just uncorked. He is fuming.}*

Tyrone *{Wrathfully}*: The padlock is all scratched. That drunken loafer has tried to pick the lock with a piece of wire, the way he's done before. *{With satisfaction, as if this was perpetual battle of wits with his elder son.}* But I've fooled him this time. It's a special padlock a professional burglar couldn't pick. *{He puts the bottle on the tray and suddenly is aware of Edmund's absence.}* Where's Edmund?

Mary *{With a vague far-away air.}*: He went out. Perhaps he's going uptown again to find Jamie. He still has some money left, I suppose, and it's burning a hole in his pocket. He said he didn't want any dinner. He doesn't seem to have any appetite these days. *(Then stubbornly.}* But it's just a summer cold. *{Tyrone stares at her and shakes his head helplessly and pours himself a big drink and drinks it. Suddenly it is too much for her and*

she breaks out and sobs.) Oh, James, I'm so frightened! {She gets up and throws her arms around him and hides her face on his shoulder — sobbingly.) I know he's going to die!

Tyrone: Don't say that! It's not true! They promised me in six months he'd be cured.

Mary: You don't believe that! I can tell when you're acting! And it will be my fault. I should never have borne him. It would have been better for his sake. I could never hurt him then. He wouldn't have had to know his mother was a dope fiend — and hate her!

Tyrone *{His voice quivering.}*: Hush, Mary, for the love of God! He loves you. He knows it was a curse put on you without your knowing or willing it. He's proud you're his mother!

Translated by T. Kazakova:

ДОЛГАЯ ДОРОГА ИЗО ДНЯ В НОЧЬ

(Действие третье)

Мэри *{Медленно, как-будто автоматически, идет к окнам направо, выглядывает в окно, с отсутствующим видом, без всякого выражения}*: Как ужасно воет сирена на маяке. А эти колокола... Почему в тумане все звучит так заунывно и тоскливо?

Эдмунд *{Подавленно}*: Я — я больше не могу. Не хочу я обедать. *{Поспешно покидает гостиную. Она смотрит в окно, пот за ним не хлопает входная дверь. Тогда она возвращается и усаживается в кресло, с тем же отсутствующим видом.}*

Мэри *{Ни к кому не обращаясь}*: Пойду наверх. Я мало приняла. *{Помолчав, с тоской.}* Надеюсь, однажды, непременно, я приму слишком большую дозу. По своей воле я

ни за что этого не сделаю. Да **простит меня тогда** пресвятая дева Мария. *{Она слышит, как идет Тайрон, и оборачивается, когда он входит через заднюю дверь гостиной с уже открытой бутылкой виски. Он в ярости.}*

Тайрон *{Гневно.}*: Замок весь в царапинах. Этот **пьяный** придурок, как всегда, пытался открыть **его** проволокой. *(С чувством глубокого удовлетворения, как будто выиграл вечную битву со своим старшим сыном.)* Но на этот раз я его обдурил. Это особый замок, его даже опытному взломщику не открыть. *(Ставит бутылку на поднос и внезапно обнаруживает, что Эдмунда в комнате нет.)* Где Эдмунд?

Мэри *(С отсутствующим видом)*: **Вышел. Наверно,** снова в город, на поиски Джеми. Сдается мне, что у него еще остались деньги и жгут ему карман. Сказал, что обедать не хочет. Похоже, что последние дни он вообще не ест. *(С внезапным упрямством.)* Это все из-за того, **что лето холодное.** *{Тайрон пристально смотрит на нее, безнадежно качает головой, наливает себе большую порцию виски и выпивает. Она не выдерживает и начинает всхлипывать.}* Ох, Джеймс, мне так страшно! *{Встает, обнимает его, уткнувшись лицом ему в плечо, плаксиво.}* Ведь он умрет!

Тайрон: Не говори так! Это неправда! Мне пообещали, что его вылечат за полгода.

Мэри: Ты и сам в это не веришь! **Я** же знаю, когда ты притворяешься! И все это моя вина. Лучше **бы** я его вообще не родила! Всем было бы лучше. Он **бы** тогда не страдал из-за меня. Ему бы не пришлось переживать за то, что его мать наркоманка, — а теперь он ненавидит меня!

Тайрон *(С дрожью в голосе)*: **Не надо, Мэри, ради Бога! Он** любит тебя. Он знает, что это **обрушилось на тебя**, как проклятие, против твоей воли. Он **гордится тобой!**

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EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Read the text and analyse the mood of the episode and relations between characters.
- **How** do the characters differ in their speech and behaviour?
- **Analyse** the difference in the emotive force of words and phrases **in** the **source** **and** target texts.
- What is **lost** and what has become explicit in translation and why?
- Read the text aloud so that you could catch the rhythmic pattern of it. Compare rhythmic features of the source and target texts.
- Comment on various means of transformation used by the translator. Which of them seem necessary and inevitable? What seems to be done at the translator's will?

Task for translation:

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT

(Act Three)

Tyrone (*Abruptly as he hears the pantry door opening.*): Hush, now! Here comes Cathleen. You don't want her to see you crying. (*She turns quickly away from him to the windows at right, hastily wiping her eyes. A moment later Cathleen appears in the back-parlor dooi'way. She is uncertain in her walk and grinning woozily.*)

Cathleen (*Starts guiltily when she sees Tyrone — with dignity*): **Dinner** is served, **Sir**. (*Raising her voice unnecessarily.*): **Dinner is served, Ma'am.** (*She forgets her dignity and addresses Tyrone with good-natured familiarity.*): So you're here, are you? **Well, well. Won't Bridger be in** a rage! I told her the Madame said **you wouldn't be** home. (*Then reading accusation in his eye.*): **Don't be looking at** me that way. **If** I've a drop taken, **I didn't**

Imagery in Translation

steal it. I was invited. (*She turns with huffy dignity and disappears through the back parlor.*)

Tyrone (*Sighs — then summoning his actor's heartiness.*): Come along, dear. Let's have our dinner. I'm hungry as a hunter.

Mary (*Comes to him — her face is composed in plaster again and her tone is remote.*): I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me, James. I couldn't possibly eat anything. My hands pain me dreadfully. I think the best thing for me is to go to bed and rest. Good night, dear. (*She kisses him mechanically and turns toward the front parlor.*)

Tyrone (*Harshly*): Up to take more of that God-damned poison, is that it? You'll be like a mad ghost before the night's over!

Mary (*Starts to walk away — blankly*): I don't know what you're talking about, James. You say such mean, bitter things when you've drunk too much. You're as bad as Jamie or Edmund. (*She moves off through the front parlor. He stands a second as if not knowing what to do. He is a sad, bewildered, broken old man. He walks wearily off through the back parlor toward the dining room.*)

CURTAIN

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Read more about Eugene O'Neill and his plays and discuss the aesthetics and visions of the time.
- Read the rest of the *Journey* to feel the context of the scene on a wider scale.
- Study the language of the characters and their manner of speech to reconstruct the rhythmic melody of each of them in the dialogue.

- Analyse the moods of characters and reconstruct the general atmosphere of the dialogue.
- Read the text aloud (do role reading) and assess the time every character takes in the scene.
- Study the vocabulary of the text to identify translation problems and ways to their solution.
- Study the syntax of the speech to be performed and identify translation problems.
- Analyse stylistic variants of the characters' speech and reconstruct them in Russian.
- Translate the text literally, read it aloud and see whether the result is performable.
- Try to follow the rhythmic pattern of each character as identified in English. Do necessary amendments to your literal translation.
- Use the experience of the comparison task.
- Discuss the result.

DRAMA UNIT 2: TRANSLATING EDWARD ALBEE INTO RUSSIAN

Introductory Notes

Edward Franklin Albee (born in 1928) is an American playwright, one of the famous dramatists of the 1950s-1960s associated with the so called *Theatre of the Absurd*. The term "absurd" is used in the meaning it was formulated in Camus's essay *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* (1942), where it was stated that the world is purposeless and indecipherable, the absurdity of which causes in man the feelings of frustration and bewilderment. According to the principles of the Theatre, the actions and dialogues of the plays are usually meaningless, senseless, contradictory. The reader — and spectator — of the plays is left bewildered and puzzled, for there may be no obvious logic in such a play, just a flow of incomprehensible dialogues, strange behaviour and lack of action. Yet, by some strange chemistry, these plays make you think and understand things better, trouble your imagination and sharpen your feelings and relations with the world and people.

The first (and most famous) play by Albee was *The Zoo Story* (1958). It was staged at the same off-Broadway theatre where early works of Eugene O'Neill had been staged 50 years ago. Even when famous and renowned, Albee disregarded commercial theatres of Broadway. He believed that they presented what the audience wanted, rather than what is new and provocative. He thought that the Broadway public "are basically lazy audiences who want mere entertainment" and demand not big plays but big stars.

Edward Albee, in his best plays, is a sharp and shrewd critic of the today's society. His absurd-looking situations and dialogues have much sense in themselves, for they turn the reality inside out and show people their own hidden and suppressed emo-

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tions, reasons and aims. The feeling of estrangement of man in the modern society has found its expression in his plays. The playwright is a skilful dramatist with a sharp feeling of the scene and tone. Some of his dialogues and remarks sound real poetry due to the shape, colouration and rhythmic value of words he has found for them.

The Zoo Story presents his wits and talent. The content seems really absurd; it tells how Peter, a gentle, well-dressed publisher and well-mannered intellectual, on a Sunday afternoon in the Central Park of New York meets a Jerry, lean and hungry, lost and lonely underdog. Peter tells Jerry that he lives in one of the fashionable "high-income" districts of New York (the East 70ths streets), with a wife, two lovely daughters and a pair of parakeets, his life full of comfort and measure.

Jerry lives alone in a small room without a soul to speak or turn to. He tells of a mixed-up childhood, always drunken parents. He emphatically asks Peter if he wants to know what happened at the Zoo, but the story never comes to the point.

The two men speak the same English language, but they fail to understand each other because they live as if in two separate worlds, incapable to share the experience of each other. The impenetrable wall of estrangement, prejudices, fears and stereotypes is being built with words. They are mostly "absurd" words, which do not say what is meant, but threaten, puzzle and irritate.

It is no easy task for translator to reconstruct this wall in the Russian language and associate it with Russian speaking habits and associations.

Task for comparison:

The Zoo Story — Про зоопарк

THE ZOO STORY

The players:

Peter:

A man in his early forties, neither fat nor gaunt, neither handsome nor homely. He wears tweeds, smokes a pipe, carries

Imagery in Translation

horn-rimmed glasses. Although he is moving into middle age, his dress and his manner would suggest a man younger.

Jerry:

A man in his late thirties, not poorly dressed, but carelessly. What was once a trim and lightly muscled body has begun to go too fat; and while he is no longer handsome, it is evident that he once was. His fall from physical grace should not suggest debauchery; he has, to come closest to it, a great weariness.

The scene:

Central Park, New York, on a Sunday afternoon in summer. There are two park benches; toward either side of the stage, they both face the audience. Behind them: foliage, trees, sky. When the curtain rises, Peter is seated on the right bench, reading a book. Jerry enters the stage from the left and crosses to the centre.

Jerry: I've been to the Zoo. *{Loudly}* Mister, I've been to the Zoo.

Peter *{looking up}*: Hm? What? I'm sorry, were you talking to me?

Jerry: I went to the Zoo, and then I walked until I came here. Have I been walking north?

Peter *{Puzzled}*: Why — I — I think so. Let me see...

Jerry *{Pointing out front}*: Is that Fifth Avenue? Peter:

Why, yes, yes, it is.

Jerry: And what is that cross street there; that one, to the right?

Peter: That? Oh, that's Seventy-fourth Street.

Jerry: And the Zoo is around Sixty-fifth Street; so, I've been walking north.

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Peter {*anxious to get back to his reading*): Yes; it would seem so.

Jerry: Good old north.

Peter {*lightly; by reflex*): Ha, ha!

Jerry {*after a slight pause*): But not due north.

Peter: I — well, no, not due north; but we — call it north. It's northerly.

{*Jerry watches as Peter, anxious to dismiss him, prepares his pipe.*}

Jerry: Well, boy; you're not going to get lung cancer, are you?

Peter: No, sir. Not from this.

Jerry: No, sir. What you'll probably get is cancer of the mouth, and then you'll have to wear one of those things Freud wore after they took one whole side of his jaw away. What do they call those things?

Peter {*uncomfortably*): A prosthesis? {*He lights his pipe.*}

Jerry: The very thing! A prosthesis. You're an educated man, aren't you? Are you a doctor?

Peter: Oh, no; no. I read about it somewhere; *Time* magazine, I think. {*He turns to his book*}.

Jerry: Well, *Time* magazine isn't for blockheads.

Peter {*looking up*): No, I suppose not.

Jerry {*after a pause*): Boy, I'm glad that's Fifth Avenue there.

Imagery in Translation

Peter {*vaguely*): Yes.

Jerry: I don't like the west side of the park much.

Peter Oh? {*Slightly weary, but interested*): Why?

Jerry {*offhandedly*): I don't know.

Peter: Oh. {*He returns to his book.*}

{*Jerry stands for a few seconds, looking at Peter, who finally looks up again, puzzled.*}

Jerry: Do you mind if we talk?

Peter {*obviously minding*): Why — no, no.

Jerry: Yes, you do; you do.

{*Peter smiles, puts his book down, taps out his pipe and puts it in his pocket.*}

Peter: Not really; I don't mind.

Jerry: Yes, you do.

Peter {*finally decided*): **No; I don't mind at all, really.**

Translated by T. Kazakova:

ПРО ЗООПАРК

Действующие лица:

Питер, Джерри

Место действия:

Центральный Парк Нью-Йорка, летний день, воскресенье. Две скамейки, справа и слева, повернуты к зрителям. Позади декорация: зелень, деревья, небо. Когда поднимается занавес, Питер сидит на скамейке справа и читает книгу. Ему

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слегка за сорок, он не слишком хорош собой, но и отнюдь не уродлив, только немного располнел. На нем твидовый костюм, очки в роговой оправе, и он курит трубку. Хотя он уже ближе к пожилому возрасту, по одежде и манерам можно принять его за человека помоложе. Он отрывается от книги, протирает очки и снова принимается за чтение. Джерри входит слева и направляется к левой скамейке. Ему нет еще сорока, одет он не то чтобы бедно, но как-то неряшливо. Когда-то он явно был стройным и мускулистым, но теперь слишком располнел и обрюзг, хотя в нем еще сохранились следы былой привлекательности. То, что он так опустился, не связано с разгульной жизнью, скорее это признаки крайнего утомления.

Джерри: Я был в зоопарке. *(Питер не обращает внимания^)* Я сказал «Я был в зоопарке». *(Громче.)* Мистер, я был в зоопарке.

Питер: *(Смотрит на него.)* М-м? Что? Прошу прощения, это вы мне?

Джерри: Я ходил в зоопарк, а потом шел пешком, пока не добрался сюда. Я что, шел на север?

Питер: *(Озадаченно.)* На север? Я — я думаю, да. Смотря как...

Джерри: *(Указывая прямо перед собой.)* Это ведь Пятая Авеню?

Питер: Да, да, конечно.

Джерри: А та, что се пересекает? Вон та, направо?

Питер: Та? А, то Семьдесят четвертая улица.

Джерри: А зоопарк находится где-то возле Шестьдесят пятой; значит, я шел на север.

Imagery in Translation

Питер: *(Ему не терпится снова углубиться в чтение.)* Да, похоже, что так.

Джерри: Старый добрый север.

Питер: *(Вежливо смеется в ответ, бездумно.)* Ха-ха!

Джерри: *(Немного спустя.)* Но это не настоящий север.

Питер: Я... Да, пожалуй, не настоящий. Но так уж мы говорим — север. Скорее, в северном направлении.

(Джерри наблюдает, как Питер, желая избавиться от него, набивает трубку.)

Джерри: Слушай, приятель, а ты не боишься, что заработаешь рак легких, а?

Питер: *(Смотрит на него, слегка оторопевший, потом улыбается.)* Нет, сэр. Во всяком случае, не от этого.

Джерри: Нет, сэр. Скорей, вы получите рак языка, и вам придется носить такую штуковину, какую носил Фрейд, когда ему удалили половину челюсти. Как это называется?

Питер: *(С неудовольствием.)* Протез? *(Он раскуривает трубку.)*

Джерри: Вот-вот! Протез. А вы образованный человек, а? Врач?

Питер: Нет, нет. Я где-то читал про это... В журнале *Тайм*, по-моему.

Джерри: Н-да, журнал *Тайм* не для кретинов.

Питер: *(Смотрит на него.)* Полагаю, что нет.

Джерри: *(Немного помолчав.)* Я так рад, приятель, что это Пятая Авеню.

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Питер: *(Без всякого выражения.)* Да.

Джерри: Западная сторона парка мне вовсе не нравится.

Питер: Вот как? *{Слегка настороженно, но с любопытством.}* Отчего же?

Джерри: *{Небрежно.}* А не знаю.

Питер: Вот как. *{Снова принимается читать.}*

(Джерри стоит некоторое время, уставившись на Питера. Тот в конце концов снова озадаченно смотрит на него.)

Джерри: Вы не против, если мы поболтаем немного?

Питер: *(Совершенно явно против.)* Ну, в общем нет.

Джерри: Против, против.

(Питер улыбается, откладывает книгу, выбивает трубку и кладет ее в карман.)

Питер: В самом деле, не против.

Джерри: Вижу, что против.

Питер: *(Решившись наконец.)* Нет, честное слово, не против.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Read the text and study the characters and situation.
- Analyse their speech: choice of words, structure of sentences, emotional background provided by authorial remarks.
- Compare the transformations made by the translator and think whether they are reasonable or not.

Imagery in Translation

- Read the source text aloud by parts to feel the rhythmic pattern and intonation. Compare them with how the text sounds in translation.

- Note the points most difficult for translation. Comment upon them.

- What do you think about the choice of the Russian pronoun for "you" in Jerry's speech: should it be «ТЫ» or «ВЫ»? Give your reasons.

- Do the Russian words «мистер» and «сэр» sound proper in the Russian text? Do they match the situation and characters?

Task for translation:

THE ZOO STORY Jerry: It's

— it's a nice day. *(Peter stares unnecessarily at the sky.)* Peter: Yes. Yes, it is; lovely. **Jerry:** I've

been to the Zoo. **Peter:** Yes, I think you said so — didn't you?

Jerry: You'll read about it in the papers tomorrow, if you don't see it on your TV tonight. You have TV, haven't you?

Peter: Why, yes, we have two; one for the children.

Jerry: You are married!

Peter *(with pleased emphasis):* **Why, certainly.**

Jerry: It isn't a law, for God's sake.

Peter: No — no, of course not.

Jerry: And you have a wife.

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Yes. **Peter** *{bewildered by the seeming lack of communication}*:

Jerry: And you have children.

Peter: Yes; two.

Jerry: Boys?

Peter: No, girls — both girls.

Jerry: But you wanted boys.

Peter: Well — naturally, every man wants a son, but...

bles? **Jerry** *{lightly mocking}*: But that's the way the cookie crum-

Peter *{annoyed}*: I wasn't going to say that.

Jerry: And you're not going to have any more kids, are you?

Peter *{a bit distantly}*: No. No more. *{Then back, and irksome}* Why did you say that? How would you know about that?

Jerry: The way you cross your legs, perhaps; something in the voice. Or maybe I'm just guessing. Is it your wife?

Peter *{furiously}*: That's none of your business! *{He pauses}* Do you understand? *{Jerry nods. Quietly.}* Well, you're right. We'll have no more children.

Jerry *{softly}*: This is the way the cookie crumbles.

Peter *{forgiving}*: Yes — I guess so.

Imagery in Translation

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Analyse the situation and think of the relationship between the two men. How is it reflected in their speech?
- Read the text aloud by parts and vary the rhythm and intonation. Are short and long sentences of the same functional value?
- Analyse lexical, syntactical and stylistic peculiarities of the conversation. Note the most difficult points for translation.
- Study idioms and slang phrases in Jerry's speech and consider different variants of their translation.
- Study elliptical sentences and their functions in the text. Think of possible Russian substitutions for them.
- Select a strategy of translation: will you follow the semantic or functional method? How would you like the Russian text to sound?
- Choose a way to reconstruct the choice of words in translation.
- Choose a way to transform the sentence structures when necessary.
- Think of the expressive role of the words about "the Zoo" in the text. How should they be presented in Russian?
- Decide on the choice of stylistic transformations in Russian according to the character and mood of the personages.
- Read your translation aloud by parts and compare its sounding with the source text.

**DRAMA UNIT3:
TRANSLATING TENNESSEE
WILLIAMS INTO RUSSIAN**

Introductory Notes

Tennessee (real name Thomas Lanier) Williams (1914-1983) was undoubtedly one of the most important and popular American playwrights. His success began with the play *The Glass Menagerie* (1945), a family drama, with a frustrated woman character who used to be a Southern *belle* and then went down and down in her life, into grimness and despair.

Tennessee Williams is a tremendous dramatist to create vivid and striking characters. He is predominantly concerned with human nature, personal relationships and emotions, especially in the moments of the crisis of personality. With all his realistic, at times, super realistic approach, he has something of a fairy-teller to use fantasy and most incredible turns and ways in his plays, sometimes falling into Gothic and macabre mood. One of his most popular plays has been *A Streetcar named Desire* (1947), which up to the present day has often been performed at many world theatres. Other famous plays are *The Rose Tattoo* (1950), *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* (1955), *The Night of the Iguana* (1962), etc.

In his plays he evidently rejects the values of the white middle-class American culture, sarcastically depicts and mocks American Puritanism and hypocrisy, makes fun of the standards of respectability. Many of his characters are of quite exotic origins and belong to special though decayed class of the society, to the declining Southern plantation culture; there are Italians and Creole whites, degenerated French aristocrats and others.

He opposes them to the rising commercial elite of the South who have assumed control of the economy and thus of the ethics of the society. In the play under consideration, *Twenty-seven Wagons Full of Cotton*, a virile Italian cotton-gin operator symboli-

Imagery in Translation

cally defeats a plantation owner and seduces his mentally retarded wife Flora. The background of the action is full of hatred and betrayal, though on the surface the characters are "good neighbours" almost on friendly terms.

The language of the play is marked with the Southern dialect, whose nasal and a-grammatic features are a challenge to a translator. The dialectal forms give the text a bright Southern colour, immediately creating the image of the "hot cotton South," associated with particular characters and relations, their traditions and skeletons in the cupboard. Translated into Russian, this dialect usually loses its colouring and becomes standard literary speech, which neutralises the characters and the very mood of the play.

Task for translation:

27 WAGONS FULL OF COTTON

Characters:

Jake Meighan, a cotton-gin owner

Flora **Meighan**, his wife

Silva Vicarro, superintendent of the Syndicate Plantation

All of the action takes place on the front porch of the Meighans' residence near Blue Mountain, Mississippi.

The front porch of the Meighans' cottage is narrow and rises into a single narrow gable. There are spindling white pillars on either side supporting the porch roof and a door of Gothic design and two Gothic windows on either side of it. The peaked door has an oval of richly stained glass, azure, crimson, emerald, and gold. At the windows are fluffy white curtains gathered coquettishly in the middle by baby-blue satin bows. The effect is not unlike a doll's house. It is early evening and there is a faint rosy dusk in the sky. Jake Meighan, a fat man of sixty, scrambles out the front door and races around the corner of the house carrying a gallon can of coal-oil. A dog barks at him. A car is heard starting and receding rapidly in the distance. A moment later Flora calls from inside the house. _____ ^ _____

Flora: Jake! I've lost m' white kid purse! (*Closer to the door*) Jake? Look 'n see 'f uh laid it on th' swing? (*She comes up to screen door.*) Jake? Look 'n see if uh left it in th' Chevy. Jake? (*She steps outside in the fading rosy dusk. She switches on the porch light and stares about, slapping at gnats attracted by the light. Locusts provide the only answering voice. Flora gives a long nasal call.*) Ja-ay-a-a-ake!

(*A cow moos in the distace with the same inflection. There is muffled explosion somewhere about half a mile away. A strange flickering glow appears, the reflection of a burst of flame. Distant voices are heard exclaiming.*)

Voices (*shrill, cackling like hens*): You heah that noise?
Yeah! Sound like a bomb went off! Oh, look! Why, it's a fire! Where's it at? You tell! Th' Syndicate Plantation! Oh, my God! Let's go!

(*Afire whistle sounds in the distance.*)

Henry! Start th' car! You all wanta go with us?
Yeah, we'll be right out! Hurry, honey!

(*A car can be heard starting up.*)

Be right there!
Well, hurry.

Voice (just across the dirt road): Missus Meighan?

Flora: Ye-ah?

Voice: Ahn't you goin' th' fire?

Flora: I wish I could but Jake's gone off in th' Chevy.

Voice: Come awn an' go with us, honey!

Flora: Oh, 1 cain't an' leave th' house wide open! Jake's gone off with th' keys. What do you all think it is on fire?

Voice: Th' Syndicate Plantation!

Flora: Th' Syndicate Plan-ta-tion? (*The car starts off and recedes.*) Oh, my Go-od! (*She climbs laboriously back up on the porch and sits on the swing which faces the front. She speaks tragically to herself.*) Nobody! Nobody! Never! Never! Nobody!

(*Locusts can be heard. A car is heard approaching and stopping at a distance back of the house. After a moment Jake ambles casually up around the side of the house.*)

Flora: Well!

Jake: Whatsamatter, Baby?

Flora: I never known a human being could be that mean an' thoughtless!

Jake: Aw, now, that's a mighty broad statement fo' you to make, Mrs. Meighan. What's the complaint this time?

Flora: Just flew out of the house without even sayin' a word!

Jake: What's so bad about that?

Flora: I told you I had a headache comin' on an' had to have a dope, there wassen a single bottle lef' in th' house an' you said, Yeah, get into yuh things V we'll drive in town right away! So 1 get into m' things an' 1 cain't find m' white kid purse. Then I remember I left it on th' front seat of th' Chevy. I come out here t' git it. Where are you? Gone off! Without a word! Then there's a big explosion! Feel my heart!

Практикум по художественному переводу

Jake: Feel my baby's heart? (*He puts a hand on her huge bosom.*)

Flora: Yeah, just you feel it, pundin' like a hammer! How'd I know what happened? You not here, just disappeared somewhere!

Jake: Shut up! (*He pushes her head roughly.*)

Flora: Jake! What did you do thai fo'?

Jake: I don't like how you holler! Holler ev'ry thing you say!

Flora: What's the matter with you?

Jake: Nothing's the matter with me.

Flora: Well, why did you go off?

Jake: I didn't go off!

Flora: You certainly did go off! Try an' tell me that you never went off when I just now seen an' heard you drivin' back in th' car? What uh you take me faw? No sense a-tail?

Jake: If you got sense you keep your big mouth shut!

Flora: Don't talk to me like that! **Jake:** Come on inside.

Flora: I won't. Selfish an' inconsiderate, that's what you are! I **told** you at supper. There's not a bottle of Coca-Cola left on **th' place**. You said, Okay, right after supper we'll drive on over to **th' White** Star drugstore an' lay in a good supply. When I come **out** of **th' house** —

Jake (*he stands in front of her and grips her neck with both hands*): **Look here! Listen to what I tell you!**

Imageryin Translation

Flora: Jake!

Jake: Shhh! Just listen, baby.

Flora: Lemme go! G'damn you, le' go my throat!

Jake: Jus' try an' concentrate on what I tell yuh!

Flora: Tell me what?

Jake: I ain't been off th' po'ch.

Flora: Huh!

Jake: I ain't ben off th' front po'ch! Not since supper! Understand that, now?

Flora: Jake, honey, you've gone out of you' mind!

Jake: Maybe so. Never you mind. Just get that straight an' keep it in your haid. I ain't been off the porch of this house since supper.

Flora: But you sure as God was off it! (*He twists her hand.*)
Ouuuu! Stop it, stop it!

Jake: Where have I been since supper?

Flora: Here, here! On th' porch! Fo' God's sake, quit that twistin'!

Jake: Where have I been?

Flora: Porch! Porch! Here!

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

• Read more about Tennessee Williams and his works. Discuss their position in literature.

Практикум по художественному переводу

- Read this play through to reconstruct the full context of the fragment.
- Study the characters and suggest the reasons of their behaviour.
- Study the vocabulary, grammar and style of the characters' speech.
- Read the text aloud to feel the rhythm of the play; mark the timing.
- Try to imagine what the characters would say if they spoke Russian.
- Transform the text into a narrative and identify the difference between the two forms.
- Analyse the vocabulary of the text to identify translation problems and ways to solve them.
- Analyse the grammar of the text to identify the translation problems and ways to solve them.
- Assess stylistic devices used in the source text that may or may not be reconstructed in Russian.
- Translate the text as a narrative form.
- Translate the text as a play and see if the source rhythmic pattern is appropriately retained in Russian.
- Discuss the result.

Imagery in Translation

DRAMA UNIT 4: TRANSLATING ALEXANDER OSTROVSKY INTO ENGLISH

Introductory Notes

Alexander Ostrovsky (1823-1886) was a son of a hereditary gentleman who had set a small private practice as a lawyer and whose close ancestors were from the clergy class. The family lived in Moscow and were what foreigners would call "a stronghold of traditional Muscovite way of life, hardly touched by Europeanization." The future playwright was brought up among the homes of wealthy merchants where things were kept up properly in the old style. The young boy developed an ear for the speech and an eye for the sight of his father's clients and their families and later got capable to raise it into a kind of natural poetic diction in his plays.

His father had an excellent library, which contributed considerably to Alexander's education, for he did not get a degree at Moscow University, though he studied law there. But by his own evidence, he spent more time at the Bolshoy Theatre (then used for drama). After the University he spent a few years at work in courts, mainly in the Commercial Court, which gave him an extensive knowledge of the seamy side of life and the ways of minor officials. But his heart was always in the theatre; he made friends with actors and started his experience as a playwright.

His first play, *The Bankrupt, or We can settle this among ourselves*, was published in 1850. The play aroused utter indignation among the merchant community of Moscow, and their complaints reached the Emperor himself who prohibited performing it.

Yet Ostrovsky went on writing, and soon his name was mentioned among the best Russian playwrights — Fonvizin, Griboedov and Gogol. His first performed play, *Don't get into some-*

one else's sledge was staged in 1853; it is a story of a merchant's daughter who falls in love with an untrustworthy gentleman, but in the end goes back to the merchant boy who really loves her. The Tsar went to see this play and approved it. Soon followed *Poverty is no Vice* and other plays.

In his plays Ostrovsky recorded and reproduced the slightest details of the traditional life, ways and customs of Moscow merchant families as well as their rich and expressive Russian Language.

Apart from using the folk speech, he also invented his own words and phrases which later became popular, for instance, *samo-dur* (an "autofool"); his similes are especially colourful and expressive, with a comic and sometimes satirical touch: «Садись, садись, Устинья Наумовна, что как пушка на колесах 'стоишь!», «А умен-то как — просто тебе *истукан* золотой». «Пришла да села, как *квашня*» — and the like.

His language was distinguished by many Russian writers. Turgenev wrote to his friend about him: «Эдаким славным, вкусным, чистым русским языком никто не писал до него!» (Nobody used such a pleasant, *tasty* and pure Russian language before him!) Maxim Gorky called him "a wizard of the Russian language."

He wrote over fifty plays: dramas, comedies, tragedies, historical plays, realistic plays, costume pieces, even fairy tales (his *Snow Maiden* was used twice as an opera libretto, by Tchaikovsky and by Rimsky-Korsakov). He even did some translations: he was working on Shakespeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra* when he died.

His most popular play, *Thunder*, appeared in 1859. The customs, characters, and the very landscape of the play are the incarnation of the Middle Russia down the Volga River, the places where Ostrovsky's ancestors originated and where he liked to travel.

The language of its characters, like in most of his plays, is, to a certain extent, untranslatable. Any English version of it inevitably loses the original "Russianness" of the choice of words,

their forms, syntax — and altogether the music of the speech; it becomes neutral and artificial, as it were, lacking natural merits and freshness of the original.

Below is cited the commentary of the English translator of the *Thunder on* how he solved the translation problem of Russian names in this play, where most of them are "names speaking for themselves", i. e., meaningful, symbolic names:

"In giving the name 'Kuligin' to this man [aelf-educated craftsman — Т. К.] Ostrovsky was no doubt thinking of a famous self-taught craftsman called Kulibin, who lived in the eighteenth century, but at the same time he makes the name symbolic of the future of the Russian people, for *kuliga* means 'a patch of forest ground cleared for cultivation.' Opposed to him are the denizens of the surrounding forest — Dikoy ('savage') and Mrs Kabanova ('the wild sow'). Christian names, too, are symbolic in this play; Saul Dikoy has a moody violent temper, like his namesake King Saul, and Mrs Kabanova is one of the 'Marthas' of this world — at least in her own estimation. So too with Barbara the 'wild' and Catherine the 'pure'; Tikhon (Greek *Tychon*) ... is a rather unusual and monastic name, probably chosen because it sounds like the Russian word for 'quiet.'

The surnames in this play however are real Russian surnames, and the overtones of meaning that they carry could not be reproduced in English. They have therefore been retained in their original form."

Task for comparison:

Гроза — Thunder

ГРОЗА

Действие первое

Явление пятое

(Входят Кабанова, Кабанов, Катерина и Варвара).

Кабанова: Если ты хочешь мать послушать, так ты, как приедешь туда, сделай так, как я тебе приказывала.

Практикум по художественному переводу

Кабанов: Да как же я могу, маменька, вас послушаться!

Кабанова: Не очень-то нынче старших уважают.

Варвара *{про себя}*: Не уважишь тебя, как же!

Кабанов: Я, кажется, маменька, из вашей воли ни на шаг.

Кабанова: Поверила бы я тебе, мой друг, кабы своими глазами не видала да своими ушами не слыхала, каково теперь стало почтение родителям от детей-то! Хоть бы то-то помнили, сколько матери болезней от детей переносят.

Кабанов: Я, маменька...

Кабанова: Если родительница что когда и обидное, по вашей гордости, скажет, так, я думаю, можно бы перенести! А! как ты думаешь?

Кабанов: Да когда же я, маменька, не переносил от вас?

Кабанова: Мать стара, глупа; ну, а вы, молодые люди, умные, не должны с нас, дураков, взыскивать.

Кабанов *{вздыхая, в сторону}*: Ах ты, Господи! *(Матери)*: Да смеем ли мы, маменька, подумать!

Кабанова: Ведь от любви родители и строги-то к вам бывают, от любви вас и бранят-то, все думают добру научить. Ну, а это нынче не нравится. И пойдут детки-то по людям славить, что мать ворчунья, что мать проходу не дает, со свету сживает. А сохрани Господи, каким-нибудь словом снохе не угодить, ну и пошел разговор, что свекровь заела совсем.

Кабанов: Нешто, маменька, кто говорит про вас?

Кабанова: Не слыхала, мой друг, не слыхала, лгать не хочу. Уж кабы я слышала, я бы с тобой, мой милый, тогда не

Imagery in Translation

так заговорила. *{Вздыхает.}* Ох, грех тяжкий! Вот долго ли согрешить-то! Разговор близкий сердцу пойдет, ну и согрешишь, рассердишься. Нет, мой друг, говори что хочешь про меня. Никому не закажешь говорить: в глаза не посмеют, так за глаза станут.

Кабанов: Да отсохни язык...

Кабанова: Полно, полно, не божись! Грех! Я уж давно вижу, что тебе жена милее матери. С тех пор, как женился, я уж от тебя прежней любви не вижу,

Кабанов: В чем же вы, маменька, это видите?

Кабанова: Да во всем, мой друг! Мать чего глазами не увидит, так у нее сердце вещун, она сердцем может чувствовать. Аль жена тебя, что ли, отводит от меня, уж не знаю.

Кабанов: Да нет, маменька! Что вы, помилуйте!

Катерина: Для меня, маменька, все одно, что родная мать, что ты, да и Тихон тебя тоже любит.

Кабанова: Ты бы, кажется, могла и помолчать, коли тебя не спрашивают. Не заступайся, матушка, не обижу небось! Ведь он мне тоже сын; ты этого не забывай! Что ты выскочила в глазах-то поюлить! Чтобы видели, что ли, как ты мужа любишь? Так знаем, знаем, в глазах-то ты это всем доказываешь.

Варвара *{про себя}*: Нашла место наставления читать.

Катерина: Ты про меня, маменька, напрасно это говоришь. Что при людях, что без людей, я все одна, ничего из себя не доказываю.

Кабанова: Да я об тебе и говорить не хотела; а так, к слову пришлось.

Практикум по художественному переводу

Катерина: Да хоть и к слову, за что ж ты меня обижаешь?

Кабанова: Эка важная птица! Уж и обиделась сейчас.

Translated by Joshua Cooper.

THUNDER

(Act One) (Enter Mrs Kabanova,
Tikhon, Catherine and Barbara)

Mrs Kabanova: If you want to be obedient to Mother, you'll do what I've been telling you when you get there.

Tikhon: Mama! How could I disobey you?

Mrs Kabanova: People haven't got much respect for their elders today.

Barbara (*To herself*): Not be respectful to you, I like that!

Tikhon: Mama! I don't think I've gone one step outside of your wishes.

Mrs Kabanova: I'd believe you, my dear, if I hadn't seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears the kind of respect that children have for their parents today! They might remember the pain that mothers undergo for their children.

Tikhon: Mama! ...

Mrs Kabanova: And if a mother ever should say anything to offend your pride, I think you young people might put up with it. What do you think, then?

Tikhon: But, Mama! when haven't I put up with you?

Mrs Kabanova: Mother's old, Mother's stupid; well then, you clever young people shouldn't be too hard on us fools. 244

Imagery in Translation

Tikhon: (*Aside, with a sigh*): Oh, Lord! (*To his mother*): But, Mama! would we dare to think such a thing?

Mrs Kabanova: You know, it's love that makes parents strict with you, love that makes them scold you. All that they think of is to teach you what's right. And that's not popular, nowadays. So off go the children, spreading it about that Mother is a grumbler, that Mother won't leave them alone, that she's bothering the life out of them. And pray God she doesn't say something that displeases her daughter-in-law, for then round goes the word that her mother-in-law has been making her life a misery.

Tikhon: Mama! Does anyone talk about you?

Mrs Kabanova: I haven't heard it, my dear, I haven't heard it; I wouldn't tell you a lie. But If I had heard it, my dear, I wouldn't be speaking to you like this. (*Sighs*): Ah, the grievous sin! It doesn't take long to fall into sin. Something is said to come close to your heart, and you sin; you become angry. Ah well, my dear, you say what you like about me. You can't prevent someone speaking; if they're afraid to say something to your face they say it behind your back...

Tikhon: May my tongue dry up...

Mrs Kabanova: Stop, stop, don't bring God into it! That's a sin. I've known for a long while now that your wife is dearer to you than your Mother. I haven't seen the old love from you, since you've got married.

Tikhon: Mama! What makes you think that?

Mrs Kabanova: Why, my dear, everything. A Mother may not see a thing with her eyes, but she has second sight in her heart, she can feel through the heart. But whether it's your wife, or what, that's taking you away from me, that I don't know.

Tikhon: No, Mama, for Goodness' sake, what are you saying!

Практикум по художественному переводу

Catherine: Mama, you're just the same to me as my own mother; yes, and Tikhon loves you too.

Mrs Kabanova: I think you might have kept quiet, since your opinion wasn't asked. Don't interfere, young woman, and I shan't offend you; you needn't worry! You know he's my son as well — and don't you forget it! What are you doing with all this parade of affection? Do you want us to see that you love your husband, or what? We know that, we know that; it's something you show off in front of everybody.

Barbara (to herself): What a place to choose for a lecture!

Catherine: It isn't fair to talk like that about me, Mama. Whether people are there or whether they aren't I'm always the same; I don't show off.

Mrs Kabanova: I hadn't meant to speak about you at all; the subject came up quite by chance.

Catherine: Even if it did, why should you say hurtful things about me?

Mrs Kabanova: Hoity-toity! Now she's offended.

EXERCISERS FOR COMPARISON

- Read both texts aloud to assess the comparative time and rhythm. Do timing and rhythm coincide in both source and target text? If not, how do they differ?

- Analyse speech characteristics of the personages and comment on their interrelations.

- Who of them takes more time speaking and why?

- How does their family position and social status influence the temporal size of their speech?

- Comment on stylistic peculiarities of the language of the text.

Imagery in Translation

- How does the translator present such words and phrases as *из вашей воли ни на шаг, родительница, по людям славить, проходу не дает, со свету сживает, сердце вещун, в глазах-то поюлить, из себя доказывать, эка важная птица?*

- Comment on translation problems caused by such forms as *маменька, нешто, небось, кабы, детки-то, альжесна тебя, что ли, отводит от меня, уж не знаю, уж и обиделась сей час*, and the like.

- Comment on the semantic and stylistic difference between the phrases *Не уважишь тебя, как же!* and *Not to be respectful to you, I like that!*

- Comment on the semantic and stylistic difference between the phrases *Да когда же я, маменька, не переносил от вас?* and *Mama! I don't think I've gone one step outside of your wishes.* Does this transformation cause any psychological deviation from the source image of Tikhon?

- Look for other syntactic and stylistic transformations and comment on their effects in the translation text.

Task for translation:

Гроза

ГРОЗА

Действие четвертое

Явление шестое.

Барыня: Что прячешься! Нечего прятаться! Видно, боишься: умирать-то не хочется! Пожить хочется! Как не хочется! видишь, какая красавица! Ха-ха-ха! Красота! А ты молишь Богу, чтоб отнял красоту-то! Красота-то ведь погибель наша! Себя погубишь, людей соблазнишь, вот тогда и радуйся красоте-то своей. Много, много народу в грех введешь! Вертопрахи на поединки выходят, шпагами колют друг друга. Весело! Старики старые, благочестивые об смерти забывают, соблазняются на красоту-то! А кто отвечать будет?

Практикум по художественному переводу

За все тебе отвечать придется. В омут лучше с красотой-то!
Да скорей, скорей!

Катерина прячется.

Куда прячешься, глупая? От Бога-то не уйдешь!

Удар грома.

Все в огне гореть будете в неугасимом! {Уходит.}

Катерина: Ах! Умираю!

Варвара: Что ты мучаешься-то, в самом деле? Стань к сторонке да помолись, легче будет.

Катерина {подходит к стене и опускается на колени, потом быстро вскакивает}: Ах! Ад! Ад! Геенна огненная!

Кабанова, Кабанов и Варвара окружают ее.

Все сердце изорвалось! Не могу я больше терпеть! Матушка! Тихон! Грешна я перед Богом и перед вами! Не я ли клялась тебе, что не взгляну ни на кого без тебя! Помнишь, помнишь! А знаешь ли, что я, беспутная, без тебя делала! В первую же ночь я ушла из дому...

Кабанов (растерявшись, в слезах, дергает ее за рукав): Не надо, не надо, не говори! Что ты! Матушка здесь!

Кабанова (строго): Ну, ну, говори, коли уж начала.

Катерина: И все-то десять ночей я гуляла... (Рыдает.)

Кабанов хочет обнять ее.

Кабанова: Брось ее! С кем?

Варвара: Врет она, она сама не знает, что говорит.

Кабанова: Молчи ты! Вот оно что! Ну, с кем же?

Imagery in Translation

Катерина: С Борисом Григорьичем.

Удар грома.

Ах! (Падает без чувств на руки мужа.)

Кабанова: Что, сынок! Куда воля-то ведет! Говорила я, так ты слушать не хотел. Вот и дождался!

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Is there any other way of translation of the word «Гроза» rather than *Thunder*? Consider the variants and their possible expressive connotations.

- Analyse conceptual and stylistic features of the source text and choose a stylistic key to them in English.

- Note some special lexical and grammatical problems for translation in this text.

- Note some intercultural problems which might require a translator's commentary to the text.

- Consider different ways for the translation of emphatic structures to reproduce the emotional tension of the source text in English.

- Read the translated text aloud to feel into its theatrical perspectives.

- Discuss the result in comparison with other translations of the text.

SECTION 4: TRANSLATING FOLKLORE

FOLKLORE TRANSLATION TECHNIQUES

A folklore text is a contradictory phenomenon: it is a written version of an oral story, whose status is consequently changed. What was meant to be reproduced in audible form has acquired the form of a graphic document, while its grammar, style and imagery are based on the oral principles and its mnemonic nature comes into conflict with itself. As soon as a folk story is registered, it becomes something new, yet retains some of its oral features. These features are very important when we come to the translation of such texts. They may be called **the folklore mnemonic formulas** and include:

- time and space markers
- names of mythical or magic fairy personages
- symbols of the sacred
- formulas of folklore logic
- verses in a folklore tale.

These features make a folklore text recognisable as such and it is necessary to reproduce them in translation. But to be adequately reproduced in another language, each of them requires special translation techniques. Thus, folklore formulas, like *Once upon a time* or *Долго ли, коротко ли*, differ from tradition to tradition, and should be translated according to their mnemonic temporal or spatial functions by drawing on the target folklore heritage, while at the same time saving some of their original form. Folklore names more often than not are dealt with by imitative techniques (*Baba-Yaga, гоблин, Кухулин*). In general, though, they deserve to be considered more carefully.

Time **and** space markers. Folklore is a form of collective memory based on the frequent repetition of the same text. Under such a principle, the text should include features convenient for reproduction. They must be simple, steady, informative and functional to be easily recalled and reproduced. Such features, recognisable to both tellers and listeners, hardened into *mnemonic formulas* that prompted how to begin a story, how to develop it, how to stir the audience, to maintain the idea of sacred knowledge, to refer to some other story, to complete the tale, and so on. Each national folk culture has developed formulas of its own. An English (Celtic) folk tale would start with a special "fairy tale time formula": *once; once upon a time; long, long ago; in the far-off times; in the days gone by, when the world was young*, etc. In such formulas the main temporal feature is the uncertainty of time and space and their belonging to some other scale of dimensions. To express this, in such formulas *once* usually occurs with the spatial marker *there* (*there once lived, once there was, there once stood, etc.*). *There* may be replaced by a particular place, e. g. a mountain, a village, or a lake. Here is a typical mnemonic pattern, in a Welsh tale about fairies:

Once upon a time, in the days gone by, there were green rings in which Tylwith Teg, the fairies, used to meet to sing and dance all night.

To translate it into Russian, we need to recall similar formulas that fulfil the same functions but may differ in their form; sometimes it is necessary to invent a formula because it may introduce a mythical feature unknown to the target folklore:

Некогда, в давние-предавние времена, волшебницы Тилвит Тег собирались вместе, водили хороводы и пели. На таких местах трава зеленела особенно ярко и образовывала круглые площадки, ведьмины кольца. The source text uses the spatial formula "green rings," which is not widely known in Russian folklore in association with fairies.

Names of mythical or magic fairy personages. Another folklore feature that goes from text to text within a national tradition is names. Fairy-tale personages are usually named according to either old mythical tradition or to a current habit of naming. The major problem for translation is the first principle, mythical tradition. Appearing in many tales and situations, an imaginative being acquires a body, a character, a string of deeds and relations. Consequently its name becomes a real word that has a referential ingenuity. When re-named *Baba-Yaga*, the Russian *Баба-Яга* loses her material background, most of linguistic and cultural connections, and in fact becomes a fiction, just a name without flesh and blood. Some translators have sensed this and tried to transform the name into some other substitute, more or less familiar to the target culture. Usually, this was *a witch*. But then the personage changed accordingly into something different; it took on the flesh and blood of an English witch, who is dressed in a black cloak, with a pointed hat and a switch in her hand. Such details as *the flying mortar* or *the honey leg* will not accord with this transformation, nor will any other special features and functions of *Баба-Яга*.

At the first sight, the Russian name *Леший* is easier to deal with in translation, for it has some semantic background connecting it with such words as «лес», «лесной», and «лесовик». But there is no true English counterpart to the image: an Elf is more subtle and fair, a boggyard more solid; neither includes the component of "forest" in the name. Therefore, we may prefer something like *Forest Spirit*, *Forest-being*, yet both names are more of a description, not as natural as a mythical name must be. If we use the technique of coining a new word, it could become a *Woodster* {*Wood* + *Monster*}, or a *Woodle* (*Wood* + *Boggle*), which may seem a bit unusual, but in its very strangeness there is a mark of the source mythical lore.

Some names are quite a challenge to a translator; such as *the Hedley Kow*, a tricky spirit in the North-East of England that may become a cow head, a pot, a stone or whatever, *Hedley* is the name of a mythic place, a spatial formula. There is a real Hedley

on the Hill inland from Newcastle upon Tyne, though in the fairy-tale it acquires a magic function of a haunted place. If we imitate the semantics of the name in Russian, it will come out something like *Корова из Хедли*, which is not quite comprehensible for a *cow* is only one of the possible shapes of the boggle in the story. The translator found an intermediary way by adding the idea of bogy to the name: *Коровий Оборотень*. Transformation takes place in the tale, and there is something of a cow in it. Yet the local touch of Hedley, the imitation of reality, is lost with such a name in Russian.

Symbols of the sacred. A symbol is an important part of the mnemonic techniques in a folklore text, and it varies from nation to nation. The translation problem may not be the symbol itself but the symbolic function as such. One and the same word may play a symbolic role in one culture and lack a symbolic power in another. Unlike such simple symbols as *a ring*, *a flower*, *a tree*, *a mountain*, and so on, there exist symbols that are known to the source culture and sound meaningless or strange to the target one, like the Russian «избушка на курьих ножках», the abode of Baba-Yaga, indeed any abode in the dark magic forest, and a symbol of supernatural, evil forces. In Russian, it is a mnemonic formula, readily recognisable as referring to the world of dark forest power, a passage to the realm of the dead. Nobody really recognises such a dread symbol in the "hut on chicken legs," which seems so very strange in English that many translators try to use something different, like "a cabin on rooster legs" or "a small hut on hen's legs," etc. It is not without reason that in English editions of Russian fairy tales one can find many strange pictures of the "hut on chicken's legs" that differ greatly from this symbol in the perception of a Russian. Thus, a Russian symbol of the gateway to the other world becomes enigmatic in English, while it loses its powerful symbolic function; actually, it is mainly perceived as a "gateway to the Russian fairy tale;" In attempts to convert the Russian formula of Baba Yaga's abode into a European symbol, "the chicken legs" usually disappear and give way to

just "a *strange* little hut." The word "strange" plays the role of a symbol in this formula. But then the Russian tale is inevitably replaced by an English fairy story.

One of the most frequent sacral features in folklore is that of ugliness: monsters, dwarves, cripples and hunchbacks, creatures with lame legs, crooked nails, hooked noses, etc. Such a creature is not necessarily evil, on the contrary, it may be rather useful and benevolent to people, but in this or that way it belongs to the world of sacral magic or is related to it. Ugliness may fulfil different functions, such as referring to or penetrating into other world, or being evil by nature, or passing through a test of initiation to be reborn, etc. In fairy tales, many heroes are transformed into some ugly disguise, such as a frog, a monster, a snake, or a fearsome animal, to be restored to a better and more handsome image in the end. This transfiguration from the ugly into the beautiful is one of the most wide spread motifs in many folklore traditions around the world.

Folklore logic and ethic formulas. A mythical or fairy-tale text often includes some particular mnemonic formulas that help to identify the story as belonging wholly or partly to the other world, with its special logic, ethics, morals and reasoning. These are such words and phrases as *«грянул он оземь и тут же обернулся серым волком,»* in which we can immediately find some contradictory logic, that of a "shape-shifter." A being that changes its shape is admittedly mythical or magic.

Another kind of a mythic logical formula is found in fairy-tale instructions like *"you will go there four times four days"* or *«пойди туда, не знаю куда, принеси то, не знаю что»*. Such formulas may represent an illogical taboo, or an order, or a spell, and in the source culture they are familiar, easily identified and used in many other contexts to impart some mythical allusion to an ordinary situation. When translated into the target language, such formulas undergo serious or subtle transformations, which influence their mnemonic status. The number of "four" is sacred among the Native Americans, and when such a formula is used, it

becomes clear that the situation deals with some supernatural phenomenon without it ever being mentioned directly. When it has to be rendered into Russian, this phrase may trouble the translator, for normally one may turn it into *«Ходу туда четырежды четыре дня»* or *«Добираться туда тебе придется шестнадцать дней»*. The former is perceived as mythical, while the latter sounds ordinary, without any association with the supernatural. Mathematically, both have one and the same reference but the language of folklore has semantics of its own, within which figures may change "their functions completely. More often than not, such cases require a translator's comment.

The other example, the one describing a task in a Russian fairy tale, leaves a narrower field for semantic manoeuvring. If we translate it literally, it gives *"go there I don't know where, and bring that I don't know what."* Such a phrase does not function as a proper formula, it lacks rhythmic arrangement and its associative power is thus very shaky. To be more productive, one can invent some play upon words, for example, *"Go wherever to bring whatever!"* Or it could be *"Go I know not where, bring I know not what."*

Verses in a folklore tale. Since a folk tale is supposedly a profane version of a sacred myth, which was usually versified in one form or another and was more of a hymn than a story. Verses are scattered all over such tales as the remnants of their mythical origin. They may fulfil different functions, but most of them mark, as it were, the connection between a story and the other world. They are verses or, rather, rhymes at the beginning and end, in a spell, in a dialogue between this world and that, and so on.

A rhyme, especially in a framing position, that is, at the beginning or end of the tale, can be absolutely separate from the content of the story. The English tale about the tricks of Hedley Kow ends with a rhyme about a cat:

Whenever the cat o' the house is black,
The lasses o' lovers will have no lack.
Kiss the black cat,
An' 'twill make ye fat;

Kiss the white ane,
'Twill make ye lean.

A cat is usually a symbol of domestic stability, of family life, but at same time it may be a symbol of devilry or witch's tricks. This rhyme is connected with the story in an oblique fashion, as if a spell of the topsy-turvy world. In translation it must sound natural, funny and easily remembered:

Когда в вашем доме живет черный кот,
Влюбленным доставит он много хлопот.
Черного погладь кота —
Одолеет полнота;
Если хочешь стройным стать —
Лучше белого погладь.

Very often lamentations in a folklore text are of a special nature and invest the text with lyricism or some narrative tension. To translate such a lamenting rhyme properly means to reconstruct its function in the text, which is mostly due to a special rhythm.

Rhyming and rhythmic elements of a folklore text may appear a problem for translation when we deal with a folklore song, be it ritual or epic, or just a piece of folk lyrics. Something happens to the text when, meant as a song or, at least, a chant to be performed to music, it is turned into sober prose in translation. Such a prose version may present the gist of the story but lacks the greater part of its emotive and expressive power. Compare the beginning of a Russian epic poem "Slovo o polku Igoreve" and its English version "The Host of Prince Igor." The Russian text is taken by Ivan Novikov's version:

Не ладно ли было бы,
Братия,
Песню нам начать Ратных
повестей Словесами
старинными —

О полку Игореве,
Игоря Святославича?

Не начаться ли песне той По
былинам нашего времени, По
замыслению ли Боянову,

Если вещий Боян Кому хотел
песнь творить, То носилася
мысль его — Летягою-векшей по
дереву, Серым волком по-земи,
Сизым орлом под облаки!

The English version comes from **the translation** by Norma Loire Goodrich, who, in turn, translated **it from the French** version by Alfred Rambaud (1876):

"How shall we begin this story, **brothers?** In new words or in old? In what fashion **shall we sing of the deeds** of Prince Igor? Shall we mimic **the verses of Boyan**, the olden bard?

Boyan was a poet *who knew how to stir the heart*] When he consented *to celebrate the deeds of a hero*, his words ran *as swift and as footless* as a field **mouse to the top of fancy's tree**. Or like *a lean, grey wolf* **he could slink, belly to the ground, across the deep ravines of poetry**] Then in our listening ears he transformed himself **into the blue and lonely eagle that soars over our heads until it has merged into the blue-grey thunderheads of autumn, that drive northward from the sea. Such was the wizardry of that poet**V

Although in prose, the English **version tries to resurrect** some of the *wizardry* of the source text, **to which end more** words and imagery (italicised) have been added, **yet no chanting aspect is reproduced in the English text. It remains a story, not a poem.**

Therefore, when translating folklore, we should keep to some *general principles*:

- Identify and study the most important mnemonic formulas of the text under translation.
 - Compare such formulas in both target and source cultures to make sure that there is at least some functional similarity between them.
- ' Try to make mythical and fairy-tale names comprehensible in their semantic and functional value to the reader of your translation.
- Do not neglect rhyme and rhythmic patterns which you come across in the source text as they may have an important function.

FOLKLORE UNIT 1: TRANSLATING BRITISH FOLK TALES INTO RUSSIAN

Introductory Notes

British folk tales. Translating a British folk tale we should not forget that recording of the tales usually gives only a pale shadow of the original narration. Beyond the recorded text are the voices, tone modulations, mimics and gestures of a storyteller, as well as the reaction of the audience: we should not forget that a folk tale is a rich performance based on an ages-old tradition; besides, the story was usually accompanied by music. In addition, it should be taken into consideration that most such stories, recorded in English, were originally narrated in one of the Celtic languages, and in a colloquial variant at that, as they were mostly told among the rural population.

The great bulk of village dwellers could neither read nor write, yet their memories were very keen and their imaginations vivid, and when they heard a story they often remembered it almost word for word to be reproduced for the rest of their lives. Those with an especial gift of memory could keep and perform hundreds of such folk tales in the old days. They were true storytellers. In this way folk tales were passed down for hundreds of years, the main points of the tale remaining unaltered, though some colourful details might migrate from tale to tale and even be borrowed from other traditions.

The world of folk tales is rich and vivid. They may be sad and jolly, fearsome and funny, full of supernatural beings and absolutely true to life. Alongside fairies, goblins and bog-garts, peasants, soldiers, fishermen, hunters, kings and shep-

herds live and act. The other world that appears in the folk tale, however fantastic, bears some resemblance to the landscape, climate and mood of the country that produced it by virtue of folk imagination and humour. This national flavour is one of the most important features of the folk tale.

To translate a folk tale not only into another language but also into another culture, sometimes, as, in our case, very far from the source one, requires some additional knowledge about the very idea of a folk or fairy tale. The roots of a fairy tale are very deep; some of its contents and personages may go back to a myth, but unlike myth, a fairy tale is pure fiction, poetic or humorous, it usually retains some very ancient content structures, types of plots, relationships and world view. Most of historians date the heyday of the folk tale to medieval times when ritual features and sacred images of gods, spirits and ancestors were slowly changed into stories where people became the main heroes, be they kings or shepherds.

The British tradition of folk tales is very rich and complicated as consisting of many sub-traditions, Scottish, Welsh, English,

Irish and many others. Of the two tales included here one comes from the North of England, the other from Wales. The northern story *{Tops or Butts?}* is typical for many European traditions; we may find its counterpart in the Russian tale *Мужик и медведь*. In a way, it is easier to translate than the

other, though we should always keep in mind that the story belongs to a different tradition, and the very name *Boggard* is less definite in its imagery than *Медведь*. When dealing with English folklore tradition, we must bear in mind that this tradition is closely connected with various kinds of apparitions, phantoms, ghosts and bogies, that is, with figures alien to the mortal world. Thus, a boggard, or goblin is closer to the Russian idea of *нежить, нелюдь*, which means that in a translated

English story we should not replace a boggard by a bear but by something like a Russian *леший, боровой, полевик, степовой*.

A typical framing formula beginning an English folk tale will include *once* and *there* as tokens of the other world's space and time. It is more or less easily translated by the similar Russian forms *жил-был, однажды, когда-то*. But a special feature of English folk tales is the exact naming of a place, like *a small farm near Kentchurch in Herefordshire*, the elements of which may be purely imaginary (not in this case, though: Kentchurch is situated about halfway between Hereford, county town of Herefordshire, and Abergavenny) but sound very much like real ones. The Russian folklore tradition avoids any exact naming of places, it is always uncertain or may include such marks as *на краю деревни, у леса, в одной деревне*, etc. Thus, when transliterated into Russian, imaginary toponyms sound very much like real places, which makes such a story sound less like a fairy tale and more like a legend or even a true story of obscure date.

The border between this and that world, that is, between cosmos and chaos, often takes the form of *the hedge*, a feature well-known in England but not in Russia. When a boggart (boggard) seeks to cross a hedge, he has to overcome a real obstacle, whereas in Russia the role of the hedge is played by a simple boundary-strip, *межа*, which is most often merely a mark on the surface of the land, or a stone on the border. If we translate *the hedge* as *живая изгородь*, in Russian it sounds too descriptive; *загородка, забор, изгородь* would be rather strange for a field, being more appropriate to a vegetable-garden. This cultural gap creates a certain shift in the comprehension of a story in translation.

Welsh folk tales are usually more romantic and include very ancient features, like spirits of lakes and mountains, family myths and relationship between human and supernatural beings. Their style is more lofty and elevated, and includes rhymes and poetic diction. To balance this, a story is well supplied with "precise" geography: every imaginary lake, mountain, village, county, let alone hero, has its own name that sounds even more Welsh than a normal one. Abundant use is made of double con-

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sonants **and unusual** letters (ll, dd and ff are separate letters in Welsh), which make such names sound very old, strange and mythical. **To** match this in Russian, we may use variants; for example, *in the parish of Treveglwys* in Russian may become *в округе Тревеглюс*, while *a cot commonly called Twty Cwm-rws* will give *хижина, известная под названием Тум-и-Кумрус*. The main hero of the Welsh tale (see *Task for Translation*) *Gronw* may be translated in different forms: *Гроно, Грону, Грон* or some other way.

Task for comparison:

Tops or Butts? — Вершки или корешки?

TOPS OR BUTTS?

There was once a farmer called Jack o'Kent who had a small **piece of** land near Kentchurch in Herefordshire; he grew enough **to support** himself and his family, though he did but poorly at **the best of** times.

One morning when he was ploughing his field he had just reached **the** end of the furrow and was turning the horse round when **he** looked up and saw a Boggard, standing with his arms folded and **feet** planted far apart and scowling down at him.

"This **is** my land" he growled. "What are you doing on it?"

The farmer was secretly very frightened, but he answered **quietly**.

"**You haven't** been here for so long, **I** was ploughing **it up** for **you, ready for this** year's crops."

"**It's mine**," answered the Boggard, scratching his shaggy chest, "**but you can work it** for me."

"**That will suit** me," said **the** farmer, gaining confidence. "Suppose **we** share it. I do the work and you give me half the crop for **my** wages."

The Boggard laid a dark, horny hand on the plough and said, "**How** are you going to share the crop?"

Jack the farmer thought a moment. "This year," he replied, "you take everything above ground and I take the roots — you have the Tops and I the Butts."

This seemed to satisfy the Boggard who agreed to come in the autumn to collect his share of the crop. The farmer watched him limber away over the ploughed field, look for the stile which he couldn't find, and blunder through the gap in the hedge.

The crop that year was turnips. When the Boggard came to claim his half of the crop he got the leaves and the weeds while Jack the farmer carted off all the fine round roots and stored them in his barn.

Перевод А. Рыбакова:

ВЕРШКИ ИЛИ КОРЕШКИ?

Жил-был когда-то фермер по имени Джек О'Кент. И была у него маленькая полоска земли возле Кектчерча, что в Херефордшире. Того, что на ней росло, только-только хватало, чтобы прокормить его и семью, так что даже в самые урожайные годы жили они бедно.

Однажды утром пахал он свое поле, дошел уже до конца борозды и только собрался поворачивать, как вдруг поднял голову и увидел Лешего. Тот стоял, сложив руки на груди, широко раздвинув ноги, и сердито глядел на фермера сверху вниз.

«Это мое поле», проворчал он. «Ты что здесь делаешь?»

В глубине души фермер очень испугался, но виду не подал и преспокойно ответил:

«Тебя здесь так давно не было, вот я и вспахал его для тебя, а ты уж сажай на нем все, что захочешь.»

«Это мое поле,» сказал Леший, почесывая волосатую грудь, «но так и быть, можешь возделывать его для меня.»

«Хорошо,» сказал фермер, немножко приободряясь. «А что, если нам поделиться? Я буду работать, а ты мне отдашь за труды половину урожая.»

Леший вцепился грязной мозолистой рукой в плуг и говорит:

«А как будем делиться?»

Джек-фермер подумал-подумал и отвечает:

«В этом году ты возьмешь все, что над землею, а я все, что под землею. Тебе — вершки, мне — корешки.»

Леший, похоже, остался доволен и согласился прийти осенью собрать свою часть урожая. Он поковылял по вспаханному полю, искал лесенку — перебраться через изгородь, но ничего не нашел и неуклюже пролез в дырку. А фермер только поглядел ему вслед.

В тот год фермер посадил репу. Когда Леший явился за своей половиной урожая, ему достались только листья да сорняки, а Джек-фермер забрал себе все чудесные, круглые корешки, отвез домой и сложил в амбаре.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Look for a Russian tale of similar content. Comment upon the difference in the language, mood and personages.

- Compare all possible formulas of time and space in the tale. Study the difference between their semantic and expressive value in English and in Russian.

- Think of other possible ways of translating these formulas. Analyse the results.

- Discuss the techniques of translating names in the story. In what way does *Boggard* differ from *Леший*? What other substitute can be used for *Boggard* in translation?

- Point out any formulas-of the other world in the story and note the way they have been translated. How is the *Boggard* described and which of his features are peculiar to a creature of the other world? Think of some other substitutes for them in Russian.

- Find out what is not quite logical in the story. Are all the

illogical formulas translated accordingly? Try to vary the conditions of the tale in translation.

- Try producing your own variant of the translation. Discuss the result.

Task for translation-I:

The Lady of Llyn y Fan Fach

THE LADY OF LLYN Y FAN FACH

(From a Welsh fairy-tale)

* * *

Yr hen wr tlwyd o'r cornel, Can
ei dad a glywod chwedl, A
chan ei dad fe glywod yntau Ac
ar ei ol mi gofiais innau.

The old grey man in the corner From
his father heard a tale, Which from his
father he had heard, And after them I
recalled.

* * *

High in a hollow in the Black Mountains of South Wales is a lonely sheet of water known as Llyn y Fan Fach. In a farm across the hills from this lake there lived at Blaensawde near Llandeusan, Carmarthenshire, a widow with her only son Gronw. When the boy was old enough to look after the cattle, he would often take them to graze in the sweet grass beside the lake.

One day, as Gronw was sitting by the water, watching the cows cropping the long grass, he was surprised to hear a soft splashing coming from the lake. He looked round and, to his astonishment, saw a young maiden sitting on the calm smooth water, combing her long tresses, the water serving as a mirror. She was the most beautiful creature that mortal eyes could behold.

Suddenly she noticed the young man standing at the margin of the lake, staring at her and holding out the crust of barley bread and cheese that was his lunch. The lady came slowly gliding across the lake towards him, yet as he went to touch her, she held back, saying,

Cras dy fara,
Nid hawdd fy nala.

Hard baked is thy bread,
'Tis hard to catch me.

With that she dived beneath the water and disappeared, leaving poor Gronw to rue his luck. For he had fallen in love with the lady of the lake.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION-1

- Consider different variants to substitute for the name of *Lady of Llyn y Fan Fach*. Which of them is more semantically correct? More expressive? How do they connect the source and target cultures?

- Study the formulas of time and space in the text and look for the most efficient substitutes. Use different techniques of translating the formulas to reach the productive results.

- Look for appropriate forms of the names in Russian. Which of the names are especially hard to translate? What substitutes can you find for *Gronw*? Argue for your choice.

- Identify special stylistic features of the text that together make its folklore flavour. What needs to be changed or to be retained in translation to both maintain the emotive background of the story and make it sound more natural in Russian?

- Consider the role of rhymes in the text. What counter parts to the opening rhyme can be found within Russian folklore tradition? Will any of them suit the text? Mind that in Welsh the verse has a true rhyme in it.

- Translate the text and discuss the result.

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Task for translation-2:

Connla and the Fairy Maiden

CONNLA AND THE FAIRY MAIDEN

Connla of the Fiery Hair was son of Conn of the Hundred Fights. One day as he stood by the side of his father on the height of Usna, he saw a maiden clad in strange attire coming towards him.

"Whence comest thou, maiden?" said Connla.

"I come from the Plains of the Ever Living," she said, "there where there is neither death nor evil. There we keep holiday allway, nor need we help from any in our joy. And in all our pleasure we have no strife. And because we have our homes in the round green hills, men call us the Hill Folk."

The king and all with him wondered much to hear a voice when they saw no one. For save Connla alone, none saw the Fairy Maiden.

"To whom art thou talking, my son?" said Conn the King.

The maiden answered, "Connla speaks to a young fair maiden, whom neither death nor old age awaits. I love Connla, and now I call him away to the Plain of Pleasure, Moy Mell, where Boadag is king for aye, nor has there been complaint or sorrow in that land since he has held the kingship. Oh, come with me, Connla of the Fiery Hair, ruddy as the dawn with thy tawny skin. A fairy crown awaits thee to grace thy comely face and royal form."

The king in fear at what the maiden said, which he heard though he could not see her, called aloud to his Druid, Coran by name.

"Oh, Coran of the many spells," he said, "and of the cunning magic, I call upon thy aid. A maiden unseen has met us, and by her power would take from me my dear son. If thou help not, he will be taken from thy king by woman's wiles and witchery."

Then Coran the Druid stood forth and chanted his spells towards the spot where the maiden's voice had been heard. And none heard her voice again, nor could Connla see her longer. Only

as she vanished before the Druid's mighty spell, she threw an apple to Connla.

For a whole month from that day Connla would take nothing, either to eat or to drink, save only from that apple. But as he ate it grew again and always kept whole. And all the while there grew within him a mighty yearning and longing after the maiden he had seen.

When the last day of the month came, Connla stood by the side of the king his father on the Plain of Arcomin, and again he saw the maiden, and she spoke to him:

"The ocean is not so strong as the waves of thy longing. Come with me in my curragh, the gleaming, straight-gliding crystal canoe. Soon we can reach Boadag's realm. If thou wilt, we can seek it and live there together in joy."

When the maiden ceased to speak, Connla of the Fiery Hair rushed from his people and sprang into the curragh, the crystal canoe. And then they all, the king and court, saw it glide away over the bright sea towards the setting sun, till eye could see it no longer, and Connla and the Fairy Maiden went their way on the sea, and were no more seen, nor did any know where they came.

{*Comments.* The tale of Connla is considered the earliest fairy tale of modern Europe. Conn the Hundred Fighter was the most powerful King in Ireland in 123-157 A. D. He was succeeded not by his eldest son Conly / Connla but by his third son Art Enear.

So Connla was either slain or disappeared during his father's lifetime. The legend is likely to have grown up within the century after Conn, that is, during the latter half of the second century. Of interest in this legend is an early Celtic conception of

the earthly Paradise, *the Isle of Youth, Tir na n-Og*. In the

Arthuriad it is represented by the *Isle of Avalon*. Parallels are found in Dante's *Divina Commedia* and the Homeric *Fortunate Isles* and his legend of the Hesperides. The fairy apple of gold

seems to be an

important symbol of the sacred in the story.)

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION-2

- Identify special formulas of time **and space** in the tale and reconstruct them in Russian with **their narrative** functions.
- Study the names in the story **and choose the way to** transform them into Russian.
- Study the sacred symbols in **the story and look for their** substitutes in Russian.
- Study the style of the tale and **identify specific** features of the syntax and vocabulary. See **what needs transforming in** Russian and choose the appropriate techniques.
- Think of how a century-old **legend should sound in** Russian to preserve its ancient flavour.
- Originally the tale was a chant, and some **of** the chanting rhythm can still be traced in the text. Try to **reconstruct the** rhythm and find an appropriate pattern in Russian.
- Translate the story and discuss **the result**.

FOLKLORE UNIT 2: TRANSLATING NATIVE AMERICAN FOLKLORE INTO RUSSIAN

Introductory Notes

Native American (Indian) folklore. The indigenous peoples of America have a very rich and special folklore tradition, with their own names, means of presenting the supernatural, sacred formulas and motives. In many ways, the Indian folk tale resembles the European, but in general it contains more archaic and tribal features.

Many Indian stories begin with the time formulas of "long, long ago" or "wheji the world was young (or new)," or "in the times before our times;" another type of the time formula is "in the days of the animal people" or "in the days of our grandfathers' grandfathers." A special motif for the time formula is "when the people had not come out yet (had not emerged from underground)." These formulas are very unusual for the European traditions of folklore but may be found in the myths and legends of the peoples of Siberia. To translate them into Russian different ways may be chosen: *в давние времена; давным-давно; во времена наших предков; в те времена, когда мир был еще юным и свежим; когда мир населяли только звери и птицы; когда человека на земле еще не было; в прежние времена;* and the like.

Very special was the idea of many worlds before this world. Many Indian peoples believed that at least three or, according to some traditions, four worlds had existed before our world, and each of them had been destroyed either by water or fire, or explosion. Thus, many Indian stories of the past begin with the formula "in the world before this world," or "in the time of the first (second, third) world" and so on. When translated, such formulas

become rather awkward in Russian: «5 мире, который существовал до нашего мира» or «во времена первого мира.» There is, though, probably a solution that preserves the idea of multiple times while not specifying any exact number: «в одном из предыдущих миров.»

Unlike many European traditions, including the Russian, American Indians have a large number of folk tales that in many features have retained the initial myths of creation, of the end, of the world, of cultural quest and totemic ancestors. The Creator of the World may be ubiquitous; with different tribes he may have different earthly forms and substitutes, such as *Coyote, Gluscap* (Great Frog), *Monobozho* (Great, or White Hare), *Hummingbird, Old Man Above, Spider Woman*, etc. What makes such tales quite unusual is the idea that *when there were no people, animals were people on the earth and could speak, hunt and marry*. Since those times, human beings have replaced them as people, but there is a widespread belief that one day *animals will come back to live in peace and friendship with people*. This *animal* motif is very strong in the stories, where one can meet such characters as *Chief White Bear, Great Father Beaver, White Buffalo Woman* or *Big Brother Wolf*.

Translating their names is a problem in some cases, for *White* may not necessarily mean *the white colour* but rather a sacred formula of belonging to the other world. Thus, *White Buffalo Woman* may change her colour to white, brown or black, while *White* is her sacred title rather than a true colour. In translation, we can find such Russian forms of her name as *Белая Бизониха, Белая Женищина-бизон, Священная Бизониха*, or even *Божественная Корова*. Even more various are the names used in translation for *Spider Woman*: *Паучиха, Матушка Паучиха, Женищина-паук, Бабушка Паучиха, Священная Паучиха*, etc.

Another special feature of Indian myths and tales is the animation of natural forces and objects such as *rocks, stones, mountains, lakes and rivers, trees and herbs, rainbow and water*,

sun and moon, stars and winds. They can move and speak, cheat and be cheated, struggle and weep, marry and give birth to children, hunt and grieve like human beings but with some supernatural power. Old Man Coyote may cry and appeal to the Creator that *Mount Sheep* fights and pursues him, while *Mountain Sheep* may *come along, cheat* Coyote, laugh and run away to *his hiding place*.

In the stories and beliefs of the southern Indians, such as the Hopi, Zuni or Navajo, mostly agricultural tribes, *Mother Corn* or *Corn Maiden* appears very often in different images. The name is also translated in different manner into Russian; she may become *Матушка Кукуруза, Кукурузная Матушка, Маисовая Дева, Дух Кукурузы, Мать-Кукуруза*, etc. Most often by the context and the guise assumed the Corn Spirit prompts this or that Russian name for the mythical personage.

Quite often in such cases the translator faces a gender problem. In an ordinary, say, geographical text, "Mountain Sheep" may be translated more or less easily, though in at least two ways: «гора Шип» and «Овечья гора»; the former sounds more English, whereas the latter is closer to the Russian tradition of naming mountains and hills. But in the context where Mountain Sheep is *a living being*, like the one who the insulted Coyote, it becomes *he, a warrior, a hunter*, and behaves very much like a man. In translation "mountain" becomes «гора», which is feminine in Russian, and it sounds quite unnatural to say «гора Шип засмеялся и убежал». It is more appropriate to choose a substitute for «гора» but of a masculine gender. It might be, for instance, something like *Овечий Пик*, though "Sheep" is probably a real surname.

Special, and different from European traditions too, are formulas of the sacred. These may include *an ability to transform*, to come back to life, change colour or size, wear some special clothes or do unusual deeds. One such formula is *to have a great medicine about oneself*. The idea of *medicine* is rather complicated, first of all due to the difference of folk traditions, and also due

to the first collectors of the Indian stories when they were registered in English in the 19th century. Back then such formulas as "medicine," "spirit," "power," "mystery" were used to somehow represent the untranslatable original words for ideas of the sacred and supernatural in the Native Americans' mythical picture of the world. For example, the Algonquin word *manitou* meant many things at once: it was a supernatural force, an unknown power or ability, a magic feature, an invisible cause of life and movement; it is usually associated with both breath and mystery. Actually, *manitou* is what makes things alive and be as they are to prove their oneness; among the living beings and in the real world *manitou* may be specially concentrated in some people (*medicine men*) or animals, birds and even lakes, mountains, herbs or other objects. Such a concentrated ability was called *orenda*. Among the supernatural beings, concentrated *manitou* makes *wakan*, supernatural forces, like water, winds or rocks. When these words were recorded in the process of myth collections, they took different forms in English (spirit, god, power, medicine, mystery, and the like).

Given this, a name like *Sweet Medicine* is very difficult to translate into Russian: *Сладкое Лекарство* is not appropriate to imply the associative power of the name of that legendary chief and shaman, an Indian cultural hero; more suitable probably would be combinations like *Великий {Вещий} Целитель {Волхв}*.

Task for comparison:

Spider Rock — Паучий Камень

SPIDER ROCK

(Navajo)

Spider Woman possessed supernatural power at the time of creation, when Navajos emerged from the third world into this fourth world.

At the time, monsters roamed the land and killed many people. Since Spider Woman loved the people, she gave power

for Monster-Slayer and Child-Born-of-Water to search for the Sun-God who was their father. When they found him, Sun-God showed them how to destroy all the monsters on land and in the water.

Because she preserved their people, Navajos established Spider Woman among their most important and honoured Deities.

She chose the top of Spider Rock for her home. It was Spider Woman who taught Navajo ancestors of long ago the art of weaving upon a loom. She told them, "My husband, Spider Man, constructed the weaving loom making the crosspoles of sky and earth cords to support the structure; the warp sticks of sun rays, lengthwise to cross the woof; the heads of rock crystal and sheet lightning, to maintain original condition of fibres. For the batten, he chose a sun halo to seal joints, and for the comb he chose a white shell to clean strands in a combing manner." Through many generations, the Navajos have always been accomplished weavers. From their elders, Navajo children heard warnings that if they did not behave themselves, Spider Woman would let down her web-ladder and carry them up to her home and devour them! The children also heard that the top of Spider Rock was white from the sun-bleached bones of Navajo children who did not brave themselves!

(Comments. Spider Rock stands over 800 feet high in Arizona's colourful Canyon de Chelly National Park of the USA. Geologists define the age of the rock as "the formation that began 230 million years ago." Windblown sand swirled and compressed with time created the spectacular red sandstone monolith. Long ago, the Navajo people named it Spider Rock. — *Voices of the Winds. Facts on File, 1989.*

Spider Woman is one of the most popular mythical heroes among the southern Indians. Her image is partly human, partly magic and partly that of an arachnid. She is usually associated with the sun, fire and mountains. Her effigy is a female doll with a black face and half-moon

eyes, though sometimes she is something like everybody's old Grandmother, *Kokjan Wughty*, a personage with grey hair and a fearsome face.)

Translated by T. Kazakova:

ПАУЧИЙ КАМЕНЬ

(навахо)

Матушка Паучиха обладала могучей сверхъестественной силой в первозданные времена, когда люди навахо из третьего мира возродились в четвертом мире.

В те времена по земле бродили чудовища и убивали людей. Они уничтожили так много народу, что Матушка Паучиха, которая любила людей навахо, наделила большой силой Победителя Чудовищ и Сына Воды, чтобы они разыскали своего отца, Духа Солнца. И они нашли его, и Дух Солнца помог им расправиться с чудовищами в воде и на суше.

Благодарные матушке Паучихе, Навахо включили ее в число самых значительных и почитаемых духов.

Она избрала в качестве дома скалу, которая получила название Паучий Камень. Еще в давние времена не кто иной как Матушка Паучиха обучила предков Навахо ткачеству. Она объяснила им: «Мой муж, Паук, изобрел ткацкий станок, соорудив его из небесных шестов и земляных жил для прочности. Из солнечных лучей он сделал основу, чтобы по ней ходил уток; из горного хрусталя и зарницы сделал держатели, чтобы ткань ложилась как можно ровнее. Он скрепил всю конструкцию солнечным ореолом, а для чесала выбрал белую раковину, чтобы как следует прочистить нити.» И вот в течение многих поколений Навахо славятся как искусные ткачи.

Старейшины внушали детям Навахо, чтобы они вели себя как следует, иначе Матушка Паучиха спустит со скалы лестницу-паутину, затянет их наверх и поглотит!

И детвора хорошо усваивала, что белая вершина Пау-

чьего Камня — это выбеленные солнцем кости непослушных детей, которые плохо себя вели!

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Study the formulas of time and space in the story. See which of them are well presented in Russian and which may be changed.
- Compare the translation of the mythical names like *Spider Woman*, *Monster-Slayer*, *Sun-God*, *Spider Rock* and others and think of possible variants for them in Russian. Discuss their comparative advantages and disadvantages.
- Study the formulas of the sacred world in the text and examine the substitutes for them in Russian. Think of possible variants.
- Compare the rhythmic patterns in the source and target texts and comment upon the similarity and difference.

Task for translation-1:

The Water Famine

THE WATER FAMINE (Penobscot)

A long, long time ago, Indians settled up the river. A Monster Frog forbade the Indians the use of water. Some died from thirst. Their Spirit Chief, Gluskabe, came to help them. He saw how sickly his people seemed. He asked them, "What is your trouble?"

"The Monster Frog is killing us with thirst. He forbids us water."

"I will make him give you water," Gluskabe replied. The people went with their Chief to see the Monster Frog. The Chief said to the Monster, "Why do you abuse our grandchildren? You

will be sorry for this treatment of our good people. I will give them water, so all will have an equal share of the water. The benefits should be shared."

Gluskabe suddenly grabbed the Monster Frog and broke his back. From thenceforth, all bullfrogs are broken-backed. Even then the Monster did not give up the water. So Gluskabe cut down a large yellow birch tree, and when it fell down, the yellow birch tree killed the Monster Frog.

The water flowed from Monster Frog. All the branches of the yellow birch tree became rivers, and all emptied into the main Penobscot River.

Now, all the Penobscot Indians were so thirsty, some even near death, that they jumped into the river to enjoy the water inside and outside. Some of them turned into fish; some turned into frogs; some turned into turtles. A few human Penobscots survived. This is the reason Penobscot inhabit the whole length of the Penobscot River and why they took for their family names all kinds of fish, turtles and other water creatures.

{Comments. Among the Indians of the Northeast Gluskabe, or Gluskap is a very popular personage, a cultural hero, transformer, trickster, sometimes even a substitute for the Creator himself. Actually, the word means a frog. Like many other mythical characters with supernatural power, such as butterfly, spider, hummingbird or rabbit, Gluskabe may change his form, size and position. Yet he is closely associated with the world of spirits and powers.

This story is an example of the "family myths," in which the mythical ancestor of a family or a group of families is shown. More often than not, these were totemic relatives, different kinds of animals, plants or other natural objects, rather than humans. Among the Penobscot, the identity of one of the original families' was connected with the water beings, as the tribe lived along the banks of the Penobscot River.)

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Study the temporal and spatial formulas in the story and look for their Russian substitutes. If any transformation is necessary, use the appropriate techniques.
- Study the names in the story and look for substitutes in Russian. If any transformation is necessary, use the appropriate techniques, like transliteration or borrowing, etc. Consider the functions of the names in the text and their position.
- Consider the symbols of the sacred, if any, and choose the best way of presenting them in Russian. Study the way they differ from the Russian folklore tradition.
- Study the folklore logic of the story and reconstruct it in translation. Identify the key words and syntactic structures of the logical background.
- Study the rhythmic pattern of the narrative and try to reconstruct it in Russian.
- Translate the text and comment upon the result.

Task for translation-2:

The Creation of the Klamath World

THE CREATION OF THE KLAMATH WORLD
(Klamath)

Long, long ago *Kemush* created the world. Morning Star called him from the ashes of the Northern Lights and told him to make the world.

At first *Kemush* made the earth flat and bare, without plants or animals. Then he made the hills and mountains, the rivers and lakes. He planted grass and camas bulbs and ferns in the valleys. On the hills and mountain slopes he set out pine trees and junipers.

Then he sent *Mushmush*, the white-tail deer, *Wan*, the red fox, and *Ketchketch*, the little grey fox, to run through the forest he had created. Up in the mountains he placed *Luk*, the grizzly

bear. High on the mountains, on the rocks and snow fields, he placed *Koil*, the mountain sheep. On Mount Shasta he placed *Grey Wolf*.

The world was all new except the crescent-shaped rock on lower Klamath Lake. On it was the lodge of Sun and Moon. When *Kemush* had finished his work, he slept in the lodge of the North Wind, on the high mountain east of Klamath Marsh.

While *Kemush* was sleeping, the Sun Halo called to him and wakened him. "Let us follow the trail of *Shel*, the sun," said the Sun Halo.

They followed the sun until they reached the edge of the dark. Then *Kemush* and his daughter, *Evening Sky*, went to the Place of the Dark, to the lodges of the spirits. The spirits were as numerous as the leaves on the trees and the stars in the Milky Way. *Kemush* and *Evening Sky* danced with the spirits of the dark, in a circle round a fire in a great pit. But when *Shel* called to the world and morning came, the spirits became dry bones. *Kemush* gathered the dry bones and put them in a sack. Then, as he followed the trail of the sun to the edge of the world, he threw away the dry bones. He threw them on the mountains, in the valleys, on the seashore.

Some of the dry bones became the people of the Chipmunks. Some became *Maisu*, the Indians. Some became *Maklak*, the Klamath Indians. Thus were people created.

Then Klamath followed the trail of *Shel*, the sun. At the top of the trail he built his lodge. He still lives in this lodge, with his daughter, *Evening Sky*. The Klamath call him Old Man of the Ancients.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION-2

- Study the framing formulas of the text and choose Russian substitutes for them. Consider the combination of tenses in the source text from the point of view of its temporal arrangement.

- Study the system of names in the text and choose appropriate techniques to translate them into Russian.
- Consider the role of double naming the heroes, when original Indian names are included in the source text, and how to reconstruct this narrative device in Russian.
- Study the formulas of the sacred and translate them as a system into Russian.
- Detect what may seem illogical in the text to identify its linguistic medium and reconstruct it in Russian.
- Note the colloquial stylistic manner of the narrative in order to create its Russian substitute.
- Translate the text and discuss the result.

FOLKLORE UNIT3: TRANSLATING RUSSIAN FOLK TALES INTO ENGLISH

Introductory Notes

Russian folk tales. There are many similarities between the English and Russian folk tale. These include the magic functions of the *dark forest* and of the *remote and distant land*. In both traditions one can come across brave princes and beautiful but enchanted maidens, evil creatures and ugly spirits, shape-shifters and helpers of different kinds, etc. But there is also difference. Whereas in the Russian fairy-tale landscape the river and field dominate alongside the forest, the English folk tale will often mention some beautiful lake or a magic knoll that may appear and disappear by turns. The magic creatures themselves are different. If the Russian *Змей Горыныч* is more or less like an English *dragon*, then such images as *Баба Яга*, *Морозко* or *Жар-птица* are specific for the Russian tradition, while *elves*, *giants* and *goblins* are typically English.

The different features go deeper than the appearance. *Baba Yaga* looks more or less national, though some of her features are pan-European, like the hooked nose, shaggy hair, relationship with the dark forest creatures and so on, and do not contradict the image of an evil hag from an English or Celtic folk tale. Yet a Russian Yaga is much more powerful than an English witch, much more dangerous and is able to cover huge distance very swiftly. She is obviously the chief of the magic World and a relative of the most terrible creatures in it. The origins of the Russian Yaga are rooted in the nation's far-off heathen past when she was one of the most important deities, the mistress of life and death, the owner and protector of fire, the lady of the Dark. Most fairy tales with her as a personage date from the very early times.

Taking into account the age of Baba Yaga, it is not correct ever to refer to her as *a witch* in translation, for the expression "a witch" in the English tradition refers to a kind of heathen priestess, a woman of spells and magic rather than to a supernatural, or sacred being. Transliteration is thus more appropriate in this case, for it reconstructs an image as exotic and unusual as it might be. When she is referred to as «ведьма» in Russian, it should be translated as *a spirit, a bogy*, if it is a description, while the substitute of "witch" or "hag" should be only used when she is being addressed. For example, the Russian phrase «Баба Яга была страшная лесная ведьма» should be translated as «*Baba Yaga was a frightful spirit of the forest.*» But when Ivan Tsarevich addresses her «Ах ты, **старая ведьма**, ты бы вперед напоила, накормила, баньку истопила да спать уложила!» it is better to use "witch" or "hag" in translation: "Hey, you, **old hag**, you'd better welcome me to eat at pleasure and to sleep at leisure!"

Another translation problem is connected with the rhymed mnemonic formulas of time and space, or symbols of the sacred. When in Russian such archaic phrases are used as «близко ли, далеко ли — долго ли, коротко ли,» or «девушка скотину поила, дрова-воду носила, тесто творила, всех кормила,» it is rather difficult to find a proper functional substitute for them. If we use a simple semantic technique, the result sounds less expressive, and the target text lacks the emotive "fairy-tale" background: "Be it close or far away, sooner or later" sounds much more logical and thus less magic. Any attempt to find a functional equivalent to the source formula faces the challenge of rhyme; and we may try using some parallel constructions to reconstruct the source rhythm in English: . "*Their way was neither long nor short, their pace was neither fast nor slow.*"

There is also a general linguistic problem that a acquires a particular twist when translating folk tales: the question of affectionate suffixes and forms of address. When a Russian fairy-tale personage addresses a man, use may be made of such forms as «добрый молодец», «стрелец-удалец», or «батюшка, царь-

батюшка» (when addressing an elder or high-ranking person). They often appear in the existing English translations as "*kind boy*" or "*good archer*"; while *батюшка* amusingly becomes "*little father*". They add a very strange emotive component to the translated text, probably, making it sound far too exotic. Meanwhile, *добрый молодец* is not "*kind boy*" or "*fine fellow*" but "a brave man," or just "a brave" (though, on its own this is used almost exclusively for American Indian warriors); and *стрелец-молodeц* is semantically equivalent to something like "*a brave ranger,*" or "*a valiant guard,*" which fits the idea of an armed man at somebody's service, a folklore hero.

When a woman is addressed, Russian folklore often uses the term «красная девица», in which «красная» does not mean "red" but "pretty, comely, beautiful". Thus, it would be wrong to transform it, as it happens in English, into "little red cheeks" or "ruddy-blushy"; more appropriate may be "*beauty*" or "*fair maiden*". Similarly, in the Russian *девица*, the suffix *-ица* is not diminutive but rather affectionate, and thus the transformation into "little maid" is semantically wrong.

In general, to translate a Russian fairy tale into English, we should consider *the following principles*:

- Note the functions of the framing and sacred formulas of time, space and magic symbols.
- Try to construct a semantic and emotional analogue to this or that fairy-tale element when it is a unique national phenomenon and has no direct counterpart in English.
- Pay careful attention to fairy-tale names and forms of address and reference when they do not coincide with the target culture traditions in order to create a form that retains as much as possible of the source features.
- Mind the rhythmic pattern of the fairy-tale narrative, its components and functions when reconstructing the text in English.

Task for comparison:

Морозко — Frost

МОРОЗКО

Жили-были старик да старуха. У старика со старухой было три дочери. Старшую дочь старуха не любила (она была ей падчерица), почасту ее журила, рано будила и всю работу на нее сваливала. Девушка скотину поила-кормила, дрова и воду в избу носила, печку топила, тесто творила, избу мела и все убирала еще до свету; но старуха и тут была недовольна и на Марфушу ворчала: «Экая ленивица, экая неряха! И голлик-то не у места, и не так-то стоит, и сорно-то в избе».

Девушка молчала и плакала; она всячески старалась мачехе уноровить и дочерям ее услужить, но сестры, глядя на мать, Марфушу во всем обижали. Старик у него было жалко старшей дочери, да не знал он, чем пособить горю. Старуха была в доме хозяйкой и он ужасно ее боялся.

Время шло да шло, девицы росли да росли, стали большими и сделались невестами. Стала мачеха думать, как бы ей избавиться от падчерицы Марфуши, ведь та выросла красавица.

Однажды старуха и говорит старику: «Ну, старик, отдадим Марфушу замуж.» А Марфуше старуха подала в блюде старых щей и сказала: «Ну, голубка, ешь да убирайся, я вдоволь на тебя нагляделась! Старик, увези Марфутку к жениху; да мотри, старый хрыч, поезжай прямой дорогой, а там сверни с дороги-то направо, на бор, — знаешь, прямо к той большой сосне, что на пригорке стоит, и тут отдай Марфутку за Морозка». Старик вытаращил глаза, перестал хлебать, а девка завывала.

«Ну, что тут нюни распустила-то! Ведь Морозко, жених-то, красавец и богач! Мотри-ка, сколько у него добра: все елки, сосны да березы в пуху: житье завидное, да и сам он богатырь!»

Imagery in Translation

Старик молча уклал пожитки, велел дочери накинуть шубняк и пустился в дорогу. Долго ли ехал, скоро ли доехал — не ведаю: скоро сказка сказывается, да не скоро дело делается. Наконец, доехали они до бору, свернул старик с дороги, поставил лошадь под большой сосной велел дочери слезать, поставил под сосной коромышку и сказал: «Сиди и жди жениха, да мотри — принимай ласковее». А после заворотил лошадь — и домой.

Девушка сидит да дрожит: озноб ее пробирает. Хотела она выть, да сил не было: одни только зубы постукивают. Вдруг слышит: невдалеке Морозко на елке потрескивает, с елки на елку поскакивает да пощелкивает. Очутился он и на той сосне, под которой девица сидит, и сверху ей говорит: «Тепло ли те, девица?» — «Тепло, тепло, батюшко Морозушко!» Морозко стал ниже спускаться, больше потрескивать и пощелкивать и спросил девушку: «Тепло ли те, девица? Тепло ли те, красная?» Девица чуть дух переводит, но еще говорит: «Тепло, Морозушко! Тепло, батюшко!» Мороз еще пуше затрепал и сильнее защелкал и девице говорит: «Тепло ли те, девица? Тепло ли те, красная? Тепло ли те, лапушка?» Девица окостенела и чуть слышно сказала: «Ой, тепло, голубчик Морозушко!» Тут Морозко сжалился, окутал девицу шубами и отогрел одеялами.

Translated by Arthur Ransome:

FROST

Once upon a time there were an old man and an old woman. Now the old woman was the old man's second wife. His first wife died, and had left him with a little daughter: Martha she was called. Then he married again, and got a cross wife, and with her two more daughters.

The old woman loved her own daughters. But poor little Martha, the eldest, she got only what the others left. The step-mother made Martha do all the work of the house. She had to

fetch the wood for the stove, and light it and keep it burning. She had to draw the water for her sisters. She had to make the clothes and wash them, and mend them. She had to cook the dinner, and clean the dishes after the others before having a bite for herself.

For all that the stepmother was never satisfied, and was for ever shouting at her: "Look, the kettle is in the wrong place"; "There is dust on the floor"; "You stupid, ugly, idle hussy." But Martha was not idle. She worked all day long, and got up before the sun. Her sisters saw how their mother treated poor Martha, and they did the same.

Her father saw everything, but he could not do anything, for the old woman was mistress at home, and he was terribly afraid of her.

Well, time went on, and the girls grew up, and it was time to marry them. So the old woman thought of a way to get rid of her stepdaughter as she was the prettiest girl in the village.

"See here, old man," says the old woman, "it is high time Martha was married and I have a bridegroom in mind for her." And the old woman put some cabbage soup, left from the day before, in a saucer, and said to Martha, "Eat this, my little pigeon, and get ready for the road, for I've got enough of you. And you, old fellow, harness the old mare to the sledge and go straight along, and then take the road to the right into the forest... you know... straight to the big fir tree that stands on a hillock, and there you will give Martha to her betrothed and leave her. He will be waiting for her, and his name is Frost."

The old man stared, opened his mouth, and stopped eating. The maid, who had heard the last words, began to cry.

"Now, what are you whimpering about?" screamed the old woman. "Frost is a rich bridegroom and a handsome one. See how much he owns. All the pines and firs are his, and the birch trees. Anyone would envy his possessions, and he himself is a very *bogatir*, a man of strength and power."

The old man said nothing in reply, packed up what was left of the black bread, told Martha to put on her sheepskin coat, set

her in the sledge and climbed in, and drove off along the white, frozen road.

The road was long, and the wind grew colder and colder, while the frozen snow blew up from under the hoofs of the mare. The tale is soon told, but it takes time to happen, and the sledge was white all over long before they turned off into the forest. In the end they came deep into the forest, and left the road, and over the deep snow through the trees to the great fir. There the old man stopped, told his daughter to get out of the sledge, set her little box under the fir, and said, "Wait here for your bridegroom, and when he comes be sure to receive him with kind words." Then he turned the mare round and drove home, with tears running from his eyes and freezing on his cheeks before they had had time to reach his beard.

The little maid sat and trembled. Suddenly, not far away, she heard Frost crackling among the fir trees. He was leaping from tree to tree, crackling as he came. He leapt at last into the great fir tree, under which the little maid was sitting. He crackled in the top of the tree, and then called down out of the topmost branches:

"Are you warm, little maid?"

"Warm, warm, little Father Frost."

Frost laughed, and came a little lower in the tree and crackled and crackled louder than before. Then he asked:

"Are you still warm, little maid? Are you warm, little red cheeks?"

The little maid could hardly speak. She was nearly dead, but she answered:

"Warm, dear Frost; warm, little father."

Frost climbed lower in the tree, and crackled louder than ever, and asked:

"Are you still warm, little maid? Are you warm, little red cheeks? Are you warm, little paws?"

The little maid was benumbed all over, but she whispered so that Frost could just hear her:

"Warm, little pigeon, warm, dear Frost."

And Frost was sorry for her, leapt down with a tremendous crackle and a scattering of frozen snow, wrapped the little maid up in rich furs, and covered her with warm blankets.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Compare the formulas of time and space in both texts and comment upon the difference. Think of your own variants.
- Compare the names in both texts. What is the difference between *Марфа*, *Марфуша*, and *Марфумка*? Is *Martha* an adequate replacement for all of these?
- What is the difference between *Морозко* and *Frost*? How does the translator transform the form of address *Морозушко*!
- Consider the way of translating such intimate forms of address as *лапушка*, *голубчик*! Is "*little red cheeks*" suitable for «*красная девица*»? What may be the cause of such strange formulas? What kind of effect do they produce? Think of your own variants.
- Point out the difference between the fairy-tale formula of *долго ли ехал, скоро ли приехал — не ведаю* and the description of the journey in the English text. Think of your own variant of transformation.
- Is the imitation word *bogatir* equal to its Russian source? Consider the explanation added, "a man of strength and power." What other means of translating it are possible?
- Identify the passages added in the English text and study their functions. Think of the reasons for them.
- Sum up your impressions and give a general account of the English translation.

Task for Translation:

Жар-птица

ЖАР-ПТИЦА

В некотором царстве, за тридевять земель, в тридесатом государстве жил-был сильный, могучий царь. У того царя был стрелец-молодец, у стрельца-молодца конь богатырский.

Раз поехал стрелец на своем богатырском коне в лес поохотиться; едет он дорогою, едет широкою — и наехал на золотое перо Жар-птицы: как огонь перо светится! Говорит ему богатырский конь:

— Не бери золотого пера; возьмешь — горе обрешь!

Раздумался стрелец, добрый молодец: поднять перо аль нет? Коли поднять да царю поднести, ведь он щедро награждает: а царская милость кому не дорога?

Не послушался стрелец своего коня, поднял перо Жар-птицы, привез и поднес царю в дар.

— Спасибо! — говорит царь. — Да уж коли ты достал перо Жар-птицы, то достань мне и самую птицу, а не доста нешь — мой меч, твоя голова с плеч!

Стрелец залился горькими слезами и пошел к своему богатырскому коню.

— О чем плачешь, хозяин?

— Царь приказал Жар-птицу добыть.

— Я ж тебе говорил: перо возьмешь — горе обрешь. Ну да не бойся, не печалься; это еще не беда, беда впереди! Ступай к царю и проси, чтоб к завтраму сто кулей белойрой пшеницы было по всему чистому полю разбросано.

Царь приказал разбросать по чистому полю сто кулей белойрой пшеницы.

На другой день на заре поехал стрелец-молодец на то поле, пустил коня по воле гулять, а сам за дерево спрятался. Вдруг зашумел лес, поднялись волны на море — летит Жар-птица; прилетела, спустилась наземь и стала клевать пшени-

цу. **Богатырский конь** подошел к Жар-птице, наступил на ее крыло копытом и крепко к земле прижал; стрелец-молодец выскочил из-за дерева, подбежал, Жар-птицу веревками связал, сел на коня и поскакал во дворец.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- **Study** the time and space formulas in the text and think of English equivalents to them.

- Consider the fairy-tale formulas of the personages: *стрелец-молодец, богатырский конь, добрый молодец*. Choose the **appropriate** translation techniques to reconstruct them in English **retaining more** of their functions.

- **Study the** functions of the sacred formulas in the text. How will **you** reconstruct in English such sayings as *перо возьмешь — горе обретишь; не достанешь — мой меч, твоя голова с плеч, and не бойся, не печалься, это еще не беда — беда впереди!*

- **Think of** English equivalents to such realia as *сто кулей белоярой пушеницы or жаловал его чином*, etc..

- **Study the rhythmic** pattern of the narrative and reconstruct it **in your translation**. Discuss the results.

FOLKLORE UNIT 4: TRANSLATING NATIVE SIBERIAN FOLKLORE INTO ENGLISH

Introductory Notes

Native Siberian folklore. It is no easy task to translate folk tales of the peoples of Siberia into English. Siberian folklore traditions differ greatly from those⁴ of European tales. For one thing, these tales include many strange names and words that are not present in many English dictionaries. In the tale «Чориль и Чольчинай» the opening formula runs as follows: «*Еще тогда, когда нивхов много было, жили на Тромифе-острове Чориль из рода Тахта и Чольчинай из рода Чильби.*» To translate it, we should find an English substitute for the nationality — *нивхи*; since it does not appear in a dictionary, it may be transliterated as *Nivkh(i)* or *Nywk(h)*. More complicated is the case of *Тромиф*: if it is transliterated as *Tromif* or *Tromyph*, this produces a non-geographical term, for no such island exists on the map; the reader may take it for a fairy-tale, imaginary place. But, this is the Nivkh word for *Sakhalin*, a proper geographical term, and a real island off the Far East coast of Russia. Probably, the method that would allow us to avoid unnecessary comments is parallel naming: "on the ***Tromif—Sakhalin*** — Island."

There are also other names and images in Siberian folklore; such supernatural beings as *Морской Старик, Соболиный Хозяин, Боко* (Болотный дух), *Какзаму-Горный человек*, and others. Variants are possible; for example, *Соболиный Хозяин* may become *Chief Sable*, or *Sable Spirit*, or *Sable Man* or *Great Sable*. Anyhow, the chosen substitute must match the context, its style and rhythm, as well as the other names and formulas.

To translate Siberian folklore texts means first of all to learn some basic ideas about their cultural peculiarities. In a Siberian

folk tale it is important to distinguish the following *poetic features*:

- 1) its archaic nature;
- 2) special names and allusions to places and rites;
- 3) the colloquial style of the narration.

The archaic roots of the Siberian folklore can be traced in many images and illogical formulas that prove the shamanist and animist nature of the fairy-tale picture of the world. In some tales ancient mythical images appear, such as the celestial brother and sister, cultural heroes, who ride a fair red horse and live in a silver abode close to the sky. Such stories may include many anachronisms like guns, paper, tobacco or iron, but their core is the myth of the sun and moon siblings.

Many of the stories deal with animal transformations, when a girl is transformed, into a hare, or a boy becomes a bear. Sometimes strange motifs appear; such as *желтая собака*. The word *желтая* does not simply mean "yellow"; it definitely has a strong symbolic power, as yellow is one of the sacred colours in Siberian folklore, and refers to the spirits of earth or, sometimes, of the sun. Anyhow, when any yellow characteristics is present in the text, it introduces there the idea of a mythical hero or rite. A yellow dog may be a guardian of the sun spirit; but it also may be a sign of a fiery revenge on those who break the law; or it may appear as a shape-shifter, a guide to some sacred place, etc. The Colour may be represented by many variants as copper, golden or brimstone — yet they will all be yellow in respect of the functions mentioned above. In translation such a feature is not easy to save, because the association between the yellow colour and its magic and mythical functions is not easily recognised by European folklore traditions, and the text in translation may seem more illogical than it really is. So in some cases it may be necessary to add either the word "yellow" to some golden or copper coloured objects, or to expand the "yellow" epithet with some additional component, for example, "a yellow (magic) dog."

Special names and allusions in Siberian folk tales may be

also a problem for translation. When a shaman says, «Я был за большим хребтом *Сумбер*,» there is no point in looking for such a ridge on a map for «*Сумбер*» exists only as a magic boundary between the middle and upper worlds in Tuvvin folklore.

A tale may begin with the naming of a **personage and place**, like this: «Давным-давно жила на свете девушка Хонхинур. Она жила на берегу *золотого* озера, на: местности *кочковатой*». The italicised words are very important symbols and should be taken as allusions to a sacred nature of the place and personage. If we translate it straight, this allusive mythical flavour may disappear: "Once upon a time there lived a girl on the russocky shore of a golden lake. Her name was Khonkhinur." Such a story may be about any girl and any place, while the reader should recognise a fairy creature in this initial formula. To provide such recognition, we should transform the names and some features: "Once there was a *maiden* called *Khonkhinur*, Jingle Bell. Her abode was on a tussocky shore of a *mysterious* golden lake." Such a formula will give much more information to the English reader; *maiden* instead of *girl*, *was* instead of *lived*, and the inclusion of the extra word *mysterious* points to the magic nature of both the girl and the lake.

The narrative style of a Siberian folk tale is usually quite colloquial. It is recognisable by such syntactic features as the order of words, omitted personal pronouns, partitions, many elliptic and exclamatory sentences, phraseological units, etc. Let us consider the beginning of a story:

«В одной деревне три брата жили — Халба, Адунга и Покчо. Два брата охотничий промысел любили, на охоту ходили. Ловушки для зверей делать умели. Стрелой белке на лету в глаз попадали. А младший за старших хоронился. Братья на охоту — соболевать. Покчо — за ними. Братья шалаш сделают, огонь разведут. Таежному Хозяину поклонятся, чтобы удача была, — и в тайгу. Покчо в шалаше сидит, кашу варит, звезды на небе считает, думает: «Вот бы **мне** столько соболей!»

The rhythm of the narrative in Russian is based on a short measure, with the stress load stronger to the end of a sentence. If translated into regular English, the folk melody will be not there:

"In a village there lived three brothers, Khalba, Adunga and Pokcho. The two elder brothers were true hunters and went hunting very often. They were skilful in making traps and snares and would shoot a squirrel in his eye. The youngest preferred to keep behind them. When the two went sable hunting, Pokcho would follow them. The two hunters would make a cabin and light a fire. They would not forget to pray to the Master of the Forest for luck before going to the taiga. And Pokcho would stay in the cabin cooking and counting stars in the sky, thinking, 'What if I had as much sable!'"

The text in translation becomes smoother, more regular, and its rhythmic pattern changes considerably. The only features that show the text to be a piece of exotic folklore are the names and such realia as "taiga." Thus the emotive value of the text is somewhat reduced. The use of the techniques of partitioning and emphasis is probably useful in such cases. Then the text may take the following form in English:

"In a village there were three brothers called Khalba, Adunga and Pokcho. The two elder brothers loved hunting, and hunting did they go. Ever so skilful in trapping and snaring. In shooting a squirrel right in his eye. The youngest brother hid himself behind them. They went sable hunting — he would go behind them. The two would make a cabin and light a fire. Would pray to the Taiga **Man** for luck. Then they would enter the Taiga. Pokcho would stay in the cabin, cooking and counting stars in the sky, thinking, 'If only I had that amount of the sable!'"

The text has become shorter and more expressive, probably more emotive due to the tension caused by the shortened sentences and emphatic structures.

Task for comparison:

Хонхинур и лисица — Khonkhinur and the Fox

ХОНХИНУР И ЛИСИЦА

Давным-давно жила на свете девушка Хонхинур. У нее было двадцать семь погремушек. Она жила на берегу золотого озера, на местности кочковатой.

Однажды к Хонхинур пришла лисица и говорит:

— Меня звали на свадьбу к Хартаган-хану, а потому дай мне, девица Хонхинур, двадцать семь твоих погремушек!

Хонхинур не дала своих погремушек лисице и сказала:

— Не дам!

Тогда лисица говорит ей:

— Я приду через три дня; если ты и тогда не дашь мне своих погремушек, я втяну в рот твое золотое озеро и растопчу своими копытами твою кочковатую землю!

И ушла.

После этого сидит Хонхинур и плачет. Летели мимо два лебедя, слышат они плач Хонхинур и спрашивают:

— Почему ты, девица Хонхинур, плачешь?

Хонхинур говорит лебедям:

— Приходила ко мне лисица, просила у меня двадцать семь моих погремушек, чтоб идти на свадьбу к Хартаган-хану. Я не дала ей своих погремушек. Тогда лисица сказала, что опять через три дня придет, и, если я и тогда свои двадцать семь погремушек не отдам, она мое золотое озеро в рот втянет, а мою кочковатую землю копытами растопчет...

Лебеди говорят Хонхинур:

— Не плачь! Если через три дня придет лисица за твоими погремушками, ты не отдавай их; а если скажет, что втянет в рот твое золотое озеро и растопчет землю копытами, ты ей скажи: «Где у тебя такой рот, чтобы выпить мое золотое озеро, и где у тебя копыта, чтобы растоптать мою кочковатую землю?» Если спросит лисица, кто тебя научил так

отвечать, ты ей не говори!

Сказали это лебеди и улетели к югу.

Через три дня приходит лисица и говорит Хонхинур:

— Ну, теперь отдавай мне свои двадцать семь погрешек, а не отдашь, втяну я в рот твое золотое озеро и растопчу копытами твою кочковатую землю!

Хонхинур говорит:

— Не отдам я тебе свои двадцать семь погрешек!

Где у тебя такой рот, чтобы выпить мое озеро, и где у тебя копыта, чтобы растоптать мою землю?

Лисица спрашивает:

— Кто тебя научил так отвечать?

Хонхинур говорит:

— Никто не учил, сама говорю!

Лисица не поверила, начала расспрашивать и допытываться:

— Кто это научил тебя так говорить?

Не выдержала Хонхинур и сказала:

— Два лебедя меня научили!

Лисица спрашивает:

— Куда эти лебеди улетели?

Девушка Хонхинур отвечает:

— К югу полетели.

— Я их проучу! — сказала лисица и побежала искать тех лебедей.

Ходила она, ходила, наконец нашла лебедей: сидят они в дупле дерева. Тут лисица их поймала и начала сильно тряпать и приговаривать:

— Зачем вы научили Хонхинур! Зачем вы подучили Хонхинур так отвечать!

Лебеди говорят:

— Пощади нас, лисица! Мы тебя на себе повезем, куда ты захочешь!

Лисица приказала:

— Везите меня за море!

Лебеди согласились. Лисица села на одного лебедя, и они полетели. Вот они долетели до Черного моря, и тот лебедь, на котором сидела лисица, стал встряхиваться. Лисица говорит:

— Не встряхивайся, не то уронишь меня в Черное море!

Лебеди отвечают:

— Не бойся, не уроним!

Долетели лебеди до середины Черного моря и сбросили лисицу в воду, а сами полетели дальше. Лисица видит — плохо дело, стала грести лапами, чуть не захлебнулась, едва-едва выкарабкалась на берег; пошла на самую высокую сопку, стала там сушить свою шкуру. Сушит и думает: «Зачем я поверила лебедям? Зачем велела им везти меня за море!..»

С тех пор лисица перестала ходить к Хонхинур, перестала грозить ей и выпрашивать у нее двадцать семь погрешек.

Translated by T. Kazakova:

KHONKHINUR AND THE FOX

Long, long ago there was a maiden called *Khonkhinur*, Jingle Bell. She had twenty-seven rattles. Her abode was on the shore of a mysterious golden lake, where the land was tussocky.

Once the Fox came to *Khonkhinur* and said, "I am invited to the nuptials of *Khartagan-khan*, so, Maiden *Khonkhinur*, you are to give me your twenty-seven rattles!"

Khonkhinur was unwilling give her rattles to the Fox and said: "No, I won't!"

The Fox said to her: "I'll come again in three days; if you do not give me your rattles even then, I'll draw your golden lake into my mouth and I'll trample your tussocky land with my hooves!" And the Fox went away.

Khonkhinur sat and wept.

Two Swans were flying by and saw *Khonkhinur* the Maiden weeping. They asked her, "Why do you weep, Maiden *Khonkhinur*?"

Khonkhinur answered, "The fox came to me, and wanted my twenty-seven rattles to go to Khartagan-khan's nuptials. I did not give her any of my rattles. Then the Fox said that she would come again in three days, and if I should not give her my twenty-seven rattles, she would draw my golden lake into her mouth, and trample my tussocky land with her hooves..."

The Swans said to Khonkhinur, "Don't cry! Should the Fox come again for-your rattles in three days, do not give them to her; should she say again that she will draw your golden lake into her mouth and trample your land with her hooves, you must ask her, "Do you have that big mouth to draw my golden lake into, and do you have any hooves to trample my tussocky land?" If the Fox asks you who has taught you to say this, do not tell her!"

At that, the Swans flew southward.

In three days, the Fox came again and said to Khonkhinur, "Now, give me your twenty-seven rattles, otherwise I'll draw your golden lake into my mouth and trample your tussocky land with my hooves!"

Khonkhinur the Maiden answered, "I will not give you my twenty-seven rattles! Do you have so big a mouth to draw my golden lake into? Do you have any hooves to trample my land?"

The Fox asked Khonkhinur the Maiden, "Who has taught you to say so?"

Khonkhinur the Maiden answered, "Nobody has! They are my own words!"

The Fox did not believe her and started asking and prying, "Who taught you to say so?"

Khonkhinur the Maiden gave in and said, "The two Swans taught me!"

The Fox asked, "Where have the Swans flown?"

Khonkhinur the Maiden said, "Southward have they flown."

"I'll teach them!" said the Fox and ran after the Swans.

And she sought until she found them at last; they sat in the hollow of a tree. There the Fox captured them and shook them bitterly, saying, "Why did you teach Khonkhinur the maiden to

say so! Why did you teach Khonkhinur the Maiden to say so!"

The Swans said, "Have mercy on us, Fox! We will take you wherever you wish!"

The Fox told them, "Carry me over the sea!"

The Swans agreed. The Fox settled herself on one of the Swans, and they flew. When flying over the Dark Sea, the Swan with the Fox on his back began to shake himself.

The Fox said, "Don't shake yourself, or you'll drop me into the Dark Sea!"

The Swans answered, "No, no, we won't drop you, don't be afraid!"

When the Swans reached over the very middle of the Dark Sea, they dropped the Fox into the water and flew away.

The Fox found herself in the water and began to paddle with her paws. She nearly drowned but managed to get to the shore. Up the highest hill she climbed to dry her fur there, thinking, "Why did I trust those Swans? Why did I tell them to carry me over the sea!..."

Since then the Fox never again came to Khonkhinur the Maiden to threaten her and demand her twenty-seven rattles.

EXERCISES FOR COMPARISON

- Compare the time and space formulas in the two texts and comment upon their peculiarities. Think of your own variants.
- Study the forms of the names in the story and comment upon the difference.
- How does the image of Khonkhinur differ in the source and target texts? Note the semantic and emotive difference.
- Identify archaic mythical features in the text and consider ways of translating them.
- Think of the possible symbolic values in the narrative. Do the symbolic features of lake, fox or sea coincide in Russian and in English?

- Identify some linguistic features of the source text that present a problem in translating. What is the solution, if any, in the target text? Think of your own variants.
- Compare the rhythmic pattern of the narrative in Russian and in English. Comment on the difference. Are any other solutions possible?

Task for translation:

Соболиные души

СОБОЛИНЫЕ ДУШИ

Раньше удэгейцев много было. От стойбища до стойбища ребяташки камнем докидывали. Дым от их костров тучей к небу поднимался. Белые лебеди, пока над стойбищем летели, от того дыма черными становились.

Жили тогда два брата, Канда и Егда. Отец простой человек был. А братья выросли такие, какими с тех пор люди не родятся. Ростом с лиственницу о семидесяти кольцах. Сильные были — где проходили, там на земле глубокие ямы оставались. Не было среди сородичей таких охотников, как Канда с Егдой. Больше всего любили братья соболиную охоту.

Соболь быстро бежит, а братья — того быстрее! Загоняют соболя в дупло. Канда у дупла станет, Егда рукой дерево валит. Закачается дерево — соболь бежит из дупла. Канда шапку наготове держит. Куда соболь денется?!

Так охотились братья. Решили самого Соболиного Хозяина поймать. Всю тайгу исходили — поймать Хозяина не могут. Всех соболей в тайге перевели. Видят — своим умом Соболиного Хозяина не добыть. Решили к Онку — Хозяину гор и лесов — пойти.

Сначала равниной шли. Красную речку повстречали — переплыли. К желтой речке вышли — тоже переплыли. Белая речка повстречалась братьям на пути. Кипит, бурлит, как кипятилок, а вода холодная, палец опустишь — льдом покры-

вается. Накидали братья в ту речку больших камней, по камням и перешли ее.

До самой высокой сопки братья дошли, стали на нее взбираться. Кончился лес, кустарник пошел. Не столько кустов в нем, сколько камней. Чем дальше идут **братья**, тем больше скалы и камни на людей походят. Совсем живые камни, глаз у них нет, а за братьями следят, вслед за ними поворачиваются.

Говорит Канда: «Ну, брат, видно до самого Хозяина дошли мы!» Видят — перед ними будто целая скала, поросшая мохом. Повернулась скала к братьям. Смотрят они: не скала это, а человек. Темный, от своей тяжести по пояс в землю уходит. Каменными глазами на братьев смотрит. От его взгляда сердце холодеет. Сам Онку перед братьями сидит. Закричал Егда: «Эй, отец, простые люди к тебе пришли! С делом к тебе пришли! Помоги нам Соболиного Хозяина поймать!»

Заговорил Онку — на соседних скалах от его голоса трещины сделались, снежные лавины с гор обрушились, земля задрожала: «Слышал я о вас. Таежные люди на вас в обиде: зачем всех соболей перевели! Соболиный Хозяин в обиде: нечего ему на земле делать. Вы соболей убивали — их души в верхний мир пастись уходили. За ними и Хозяин ушел...»

Задумались братья. Трубки закурили. Хозяину дали. Говорит Канда: «А как, отец, соболей на землю вернуть?»

Закурил трубку Онку. Из вершин сопки дым повалил, огонь к небу вскинулся, камни вверх полетели. Сидят братья ни живы ни мертвы — испугались. Вынул Хозяин гор трубку изо рта — перестали сопки дымить. Говорит: «Если на небе соболя убить — душа его на землю идет, в нового соболя входит...»

Сказал Канда: «Что ж, брат, видно нам с тобой придется в другие места идти соболевать...»

Стали братья веревку вить. Крепкую веревку свили.

Практикум по художественному переводу

Зацепил **Канда** одним концом веревку за красную скалу, другим за **черную**. **Посередине** кулаком ударил. Рассыпались скалы в **пыль**, а **веревка** цела осталась. Закинул Егда веревку на небо. Подтянули небо к земле и полезли на небо за собо-лиными душами.

Ходят **братья по** небу, охотятся, дорогу протоптали. Удэ называют ее **Буа** Гидыни, Дорога небесных людей! Ходят по ней Егда и **Канда**, соболя быют.

С тех **пор** на земле соболя не переводится.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION

- Study **the** formulas of time and space in the story, consider their **symbolic value** and possible variants of translation.
- Study **the names** of the personages and their semantic and emotive power **in** the text. Choose appropriate techniques for translation.
- Study **the** formulas of the sacred in the text and think over the **variants of translation**.
- **Study the colloquial** style of the text and look for the appropriate **techniques to reproduce** it in English.
- **Note the rhythmic** pattern of the narrative to reconstruct it in English.
- **Translate the text** and comment on the result.

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Серия «Изучаем иностранные языки»

Тамара Анатольевна Казакова

Imagery in Translation

Практикум по художественному переводу

*Учебное пособие на
английском языке*

Главный редактор *Е. В. Дмитриева*
Редактор английского текста *Пол Уильямс*
Корректор *Е. М. Шпилюк*
Компьютерная верстка *Е. В. Гиедовекан*

ЛП №000373 от 30.12.99 г.

Подписано в печать 14.01.2003 г. Формат 84х1087.12.
Гарнитура Times. Печать офсетная.
Бумага типографская. Печ. л. 10,0. Тираж 5000 экз.
Заказ № 50.

Издательство «Союз»
191023, Санкт-Петербург, а/я № 103.
E-mail: soyuz@ppp.delfa.net

Отпечатано с готовых диапозитивов в ФГУП ИПК «Лениздат»
(типография им. Володарского) Министерства Российской Федерации
по делам печати, телерадиовещания
и средств массовых коммуникаций.
191023, Санкт-Петербург, маб. р. Фонтанки, 59.