

UNIVERSITY OF JYVÄSKYLÄ

**STYLE IN THE TRANSLATION PROCESS
A DESCRIPTION OF THE TRANSLATION PROCESS
OF TWO SHORT STORIES BY CAROL SHIELDS**

A Pro Gradu Thesis

By

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STYLE IN THE TRANSLATION PROCESS

A description of the translation process of two short stories by Carol Shields

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Tutkielman tarkoituksena on kuvata Carol Shieldsin novellien *Dressing Up for the Carnival* ja *A Scarf* käännösprosessia erityisesti tekstin tyylipiirteiden ja siihen liittyvien käännösongelmien kannalta. Kääntäjän tulkinta syntyy lukemisprosessien tuloksena, joten tutkimuksessa pyritään erityisesti kuvailemaan erilaisia lukemisstrategioita, joita kääntäjä käyttää työnsä eri vaiheissa. Tekstin tulkinta, jota myös käännöstyö olennaisesti on, ymmärretään kääntäjän ja tekstin välillä toimivaksi hermeneuttiseksi dialogiksi, jossa lukeminen edistää ja syventää uusia tulkintoja.

Analyysiosia koostuu kaunokirjallisuuden käännösprosessin kuvauksesta sekä kääntäjän kielellisten valintojen kuvailusta tekstiesimerkkien avulla. Prosessikuvauksessa käännöstyön vaiheet on jaoteltu valmisteluun, lukemiseen, kirjoittamiseen, siihen, mitä lukemisen ja kirjoittamisen välillä tapahtuu sekä arviointiin. Kielelliset valinnat konkretisoivat kääntämiseen liittyviä, erityisesti tyyliä koskevia ongelmia. Ne on jaoteltu syntaksin ja leksikaalis-semanttisen tason sekä kulttuurin kääntämiseen liittyviin ongelmiin.

Alkuperäiset tekstit käännöksineen seuraavat analyysiosiota.

Tyyli on monitahoinen ja eri tavoin ymmärrettävä käsite, jonka tulkitsemista sekä kielestä ja kulttuurista toiseen siirtämistä varten kääntäjän on kyettävä ottamaan käyttöönsä erilaisia lukutapoja ja analyysiä sekä kielen pintarakenteen tasolla että laajemmin kirjallisella tasolla. Koska tyyli on monimutkainen ja hienovarainen ilmiö, sen ymmärtämiseen ja kääntämiseen vaaditaan inhimillisiä ominaisuuksia. Kääntäjä kohtaa tyyllillisiä ongelmia, jotka ilmenevät kielellisissä valinnoissa, mutta tyylin kääntäminen voi olla myös intuitiivista. Prosessissa käytettävän analyysin määrä ja laatu vaihtelevat tekstin ja kääntäjän persoonallisuuden mukaan.

Asiasanat: translation process, style analysis, reading strategies, hermeneutical approach

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I INTRODUCTION

The aim of my study is to describe the process of translating fiction giving special emphasis to stylistic factors. The core of the study is the translation of two short stories of Carol Shields's collection *Dressing Up for the Carnival*, *Dressing Up for the Carnival* and *A Scarf*. This is a subjective case study; I will try to illustrate my own translation process as an example of the translator's work by describing both the external activity of the translator and the inner mental processes as far as it is possible to observe. The translation of style is central in this study. I will try to show how a translator apprehends the concept of style and how the analysis of stylistic factors works in the translation process; when, where and how much conscious analytic examination is done.

This study could be interesting to translators and also have relevance to literary studies and Translation Studies. The translator's work is often very lonely and the translation process is in many ways invisible. An open discussion about translation can help translators by increasing consciousness of the task. Many questions lie in the background during the translation act, and they must be more or less consciously taken into account in making decisions during the process. Personal descriptive studies can also enrich the field by offering a new point of view or by sharing an experience with others.

The literary discussion of translation usually focuses on the final product, the translated text. Yet, the way in which the translator works certainly affects the result, and is therefore an important and interesting subject for research. In literary criticism, the discussion of literary interpretation has moved from the text towards the reader. For example, in reader-response theories the receiver is seen as the constructor of the text; the text itself does not exist without a reader. Translating a text brings another reader and interpreter, the translator, into the literary event. It is not insignificant how the translator interprets a text. Many translation problems are problems of reading and interpretation. Therefore, in this study special emphasis will be laid on reading in the translation process. This study could also work as a personal comment on theoretical literary discussion where the roles of the text and the reader are talked about. The translator uses different ways of reading as tools because

reading in the translation process serves primarily practical purposes, not only personal ones. I will try to describe the different reading strategies that are used in the process.

In the new and wide field of Translation Studies research on the process of translation is quite a new area of interest. So far studies have primarily been text-centered and comparative. Recently, however, the translator's role and personality have gained more attention and importance in research and the study has become more process-centered. The method of investigating the process that goes on at the external and mental level during translation has most often been an interview conducted by an external observer using the so called *Think aloud* or *Talk aloud protocols*. In this study, these methods will not be used, because the viewpoint is self-reflective: the observer is also the subject of the study. In addition to the description of the activities during the translation process I will aim at transmitting the personal experience of the translator where it seems relevant for this study without the intrusive interpretation of an external reporter. What may be lost in the objectivity will be gained by the directness and authenticity of experience.

The translator works as a mediator by helping the text meet the reader. Just as there is no text without a reader, there is no reader without a text. Because I will also try to study style, the text cannot be ignored. The process involves the text and its linguistic and stylistic analysis as far as it is necessary to the translation task. There is a demand in Translation Studies for studies focussing on whole texts rather than only on short isolated chapters for the analysis of style. I will try to meet that demand by translating and analysing whole short stories, not just parts of them. A short story works better as an object of study than the longer novel because it is compact and usually has specific stylistic features. Furthermore, Carol Shields's personal style gives a fruitful starting-point for a stylistic study.

The philosophical frame of my study is Hans-Georg Gadamer's hermeneutic theory of literature which is also behind reader-response theories. It emphasises the humanistic quality of literary studies. The reason for this is that I want to see the translator's working process in a larger setting: without such a setting the examination of one's own work is only self-reflective and easily becomes very narrow and subjective. In observing one's own mental

processes the encounter with one's own motives, attitudes and underlying philosophical ideas cannot be avoided. Hermeneutics justifies this kind of subjective study by claiming that all human experience is subjective and that the study of human sciences should begin with the observation of experiences. The practical and humanistic side of translation is understood by this approach, as well as its philosophical context. The hermeneutic literary theory sees reading as part of communication; as a meeting with "otherness" which we try to overcome by trying to understand the other (the text) with a good will. I think that this kind of attitude could also be helpful for the translator. This is because writing fiction is a very human action and in reading we can hear a human voice talking to us. As translation stands between reading and writing, translating fiction should also preserve the human touch and the voice of an individual.

This study will begin with the introduction of the theoretical background which includes the lines of study that have already been mentioned; Translation Studies, especially the process study, and translation as reading, as a hermeneutic process, and as stylistic and literary analysis will be discussed. The analysis section consists of the process description and of the analysis of the textual problems concerning the style. The process description will be divided into chapters where preparation for the task, reading, writing, mental processing and evaluation are discussed separately. Although these intermingle in reality, in a study of this type it is more logical and clear to try to deal with them one by one. In the analysis of the stylistic decisions, stylistic problems will be grouped into a few larger categories on the basis of similarity, although there is some overlapping in the problem areas.

The source texts and their translations will be presented at the end side by side to help comparison.

With this study I hope to show how many-sided and demanding the translator's working process is, and that in many parts it requires abilities that only a human being can possess: consideration, self-evaluation and insight.

II BACKGROUND

1 Translation Studies

My study belongs to the field of *Translation Studies* in its endeavour to describe the translation process. The research of translation includes so many activities and interests from various fields of study that there was finally, after a long tradition of practice, a need to unify them in a new discipline. The concept Translation Studies was first used in 1978 by André Lefevere (Bassnett 1980:1) after which there has been a growing interest in a theoretical approach towards translation. The early discussion of translation was very much text-oriented and comparative. A more recent and less studied area of interest has been the study of the process itself and the role of the translator in that process. The formation of theories in the process study is going on and there is need for experimental information about the actual translating process and also a question of how to collect and measure the information. New points of view are needed, especially the translator's (Sorvali 1996:9-13).

Many of the process studies of translation belong to the area of psycholinguistics or at least overlap with it. The basic study methods have been *Talk aloud* or *Think aloud protocols* (TAPs) that “are transcriptions of “verbalisations” of thoughts, which subjects are instructed to produce while carrying out a translation task” (Bernardini 2000). For the sake of reliability, the verbalisations and their transcriptions are done immediately after something has occurred in the process since the immediate memory has been proved to retain information better than the long-time memory (Kiraly 1995:39). The experimental conditions are highly restricted since there are so many interfering personality factors (Bernardini 2000).

Sorvali (1996:71) criticises TAPs studies because they are so restricted and give often very obvious results, which could have been attained also by external observation of the translating process. The study of the process itself is problematic because the process is in many parts unconscious and not all our thoughts and mental actions are easily verbalised; the translator does not “think aloud” naturally all the time and much of the activity becomes automatic by

experience and thus more difficult to reach. Many experienced translators find it hard to comment on their own work process (Sorvali 1996:18).

In this study I have not tried to achieve objectivity by observing an external process, nor have I kept a detailed diary of my thoughts and written down every notion immediately. Instead, I have let my mind work with the thoughts and the process. The method of distancing, letting time go on and looking back to my work has been a part of the process in this study. Self-evaluation, concerning not only the concrete results of the work, but also the translator's own working methods, abilities and attitudes also belong to the translation process, as well as in the larger process of developing in the profession.

In my translation work, purposeful temporal and mental distancing was needed because the natural distance of a separate subject and researcher (interviewed and interviewer), is missing in a self-reflective study. In a TAPs study the experimental circumstances, in contrast, are strictly controlled to reach optimal objectivity. Nevertheless, the personal, individual differences of the translators, such as the personal history and the ability to verbalise thoughts, cannot be controlled or reliably measured (Bernardini 2000, Sorvali 1996:181-183). All these interfering factors are also present in my study. I have not tried to shut them out but, instead, reveal them by intensified self-reflection. By taking personal features and emotions, as well as thoughts of the translator into consideration, a more truthful and all-inclusive picture of the process may be achieved. My purpose is also to give an example of how a translator experiences the process of translating fiction and the stylistic problems in that process, so I cannot avoid describing mental processes and even emotive factors if they affect the choices.

Since I lack the experience of translating fiction, it has been easy for me to become conscious of the problems that arise in the process. Of course my process works only as one example of translation, and I am aware of its limitations in taking into consideration the endless facts that are involved. For comparison, I will use the research material of the process description of translators presented in Sorvali's book, *Unohdettu kääntäjä* (1996). In the book, the results of the interviews of thirty translators, two of which translate fiction, are reported. Sorvali has let the translators describe their translation process in their own words, guided to some extent by thirty-nine questions. In

addition to the descriptions of the translation process, Sorvali has made translator profiles, which illustrate some features of the translators' personalities, education and working experience. She challenges Translation Studies to rely more on the freely expressed descriptions of translators' experiences of the translation process.

This is not a psycholinguistic study and therefore I will not speculate on my deeper motives for making certain decisions or try to explain my choices by analysing my own personality and competence, but rather try to give more or less conscious, linguistically based arguments for my solutions, or when it is not possible, simply state that a certain choice "sounded better". This study might not be exemplary in the way a translation *should* be done but it aims at pointing out what kind of problems a translator may encounter and how they, in this specific case, have been dealt with.

Every translator of fiction works in a subjective and personal way but basically the stages of the activities required are the same and follow in the same order from the preparation and getting familiar with the source language (SL) text through the actual process of transfer to the production of the target language (TL) text and the final evaluation – if there is anything final in the dynamic process (Sorvali 1996:10-12,112).

I hope that even this kind of a very subjective case study would bring new material for building theory and give ideas to those who do the concrete translation work. As long as the translator is human, and not a machine, the subjectivity of the process cannot be avoided; the translator has to "digest" the SL text, and the mind-processing as well as the concrete activity cannot be totally separated from the personality of the translator, even though much of the work has become automatic. At least in translating fiction, there will be no two identical TL texts if the same SL text is translated by different translators.

Not only the possibilities of linguistic variation in TL and the translator's linguistic competence determine the way the TL text looks like. The comprehension of the SL text varies also. Even the way in which we read and interpret text is deeply personal, although different types of reading strategies can be used. The research methods using TAPs are most useful in investigating the transference and evaluation phases of the translation process but not very helpful in the research on how the translator reads and interprets

texts (Fougner Ryding 2000). Reading is an essential part in the translation process and usually also its starting point.

2 Translation as reading

One of the most central procedures in the translation process is reading. The translator gets acquainted with the SL text by reading it over and over again, sometimes looking for some special features in it, getting an overall idea of the contents and the style, analysing it further or just trying to understand all the levels of the text. The translator can also read for enjoyment, but usually the reading has a very specific and practical purpose: the meanings and functions of the text have to be understood as fully as possible so that they can be transferred into another language and culture. The evaluation of the TL texts is also done by reading.

The way in which a translator reads is special in its practical and purposeful orientation; the translator usually tries to understand the writer's ideas and all the implications of the text and is an "ideal reader" in this willingness to understand (Prince cited in Alanko and Käkälä-Puumala 2001:221). Even when the translator is critical of the ideas or the language of the SL text, that cannot be shown in the translation. A co-operative and often empathetic attitude is needed, or at least it helps the translator's work.

During the translation process it is useful to adopt different ways of reading to suit the purpose and the text. That can be done intentionally or unconsciously but awareness of different *reading strategies* can help the translator get a wider perspective for the task and help improve the result by developing self-awareness.

Rosenblatt (in Oittinen 1995:63-67) has divided the reading strategies of the translator into two categories, *efferent* and *aesthetic*. Reading efferently concentrates on what is left after the reading experience; we read efferently when we want to analyse or memorise the text or parts of it. Efferent reading is information-oriented and cognitive. In the aesthetic reading strategy the reader's attention is focused totally on his/her own inner experiences during the reading process. The feelings and insight of the reader are emphasised.

Fiction is often read more aesthetically than informative texts. The readers tend to be more of one or the other type but different strategies can certainly be developed. A translator of fiction needs both strategies in different phases of the translation process. Often, in the beginning of the translation process the translator uses a more aesthetic reading strategy and after that the reading becomes more analytic, but both strategies can be varied or utilised simultaneously to some extent.

Anneli Vähäpassi's study of comprehension strategies in reading (1987:36-39) also gives concepts for the analysis of different kinds of reading needed in the translation process. Although her study concentrates on the reading strategies for educational purposes, the five levels of processing a text: *recognition*, *repetitive*, *argumentative*, *evaluative*, and *creative* reading can be used to describe the reading in translation process, as well. The two first strategies can together be called the level of surface processing. In the recognition phase reading is mechanical and the meaning of the text is not yet understood. This strategy may be used by an advanced reader when, for example, something has to be found quickly from the text. The repetitive strategy is the first step to understanding the text. The reader recognises and remembers details from the content and can find information from the text or answer questions to which the answers are easily obtainable. The three more advanced reading strategies can be called the level of deep processing. In both the argumentative and the evaluative strategy the reader can begin to speculate on the less obvious meanings of the text, understand implications and draw conclusions. In the argumentative strategy inferences are made from the text that the reader deals with; in the more advanced evaluative strategy the reader is able to compare the text to other texts he/she has read and place it in a larger context. Finally, the creative reading strategy is used when making synthesis and creating something new, for example a new text, on the basis of the act of reading. New thinking arises from the interpretation of the original text.

These types of reading develop eventually and although some of them are more basic and others more advanced, an experienced and economic reader can use all of them varying between the different levels. Vähäpassi calls an "ideal reader" someone who can employ all the five reading strategies according to the text, context and time (1987:38). I will not utilise all Vähäpassi's concepts

systematically in my analysis of reading in the translation process, but refer to them, as well as to Rosenblatt's types of reading, when it is purposeful to distinguish different reading strategies.

Another perspective to the translator's reading process is more theoretical. It does not concentrate on the actual reading strategies but on the translator's *role* as a reader in the communication process of writing and reading literature. It is interested in what kind of a reader and interpreter of the text the translator is. The background for this discussion comes from literary criticism where the interest has moved from the study of the author's biography to the text itself and later to the reader. In recent literary criticism it is argued that the reader ultimately creates the text (Alanko in Alanko and Käkälä-Puumala 2001:210,232). The reader's role is no longer seen as that of a passive recipient but as an active participant in the process of literary communication. If the reader's role is neither exaggerated to extremities nor ignored, reading can be described as a dialogue between the text and the reader. The text alone does not exist without the reader. It is argued by Koskela and Rojola (1997:103), for example, that according to this kind of *reader-reception criticism*, the text itself does not change but the subjective interpretations of different readers vary. Here again the problem of the subjectivity and objectivity of the translation task arises. The changes of a "good" or "right translation" resulting seem uncertain and accidental, depending very much on the subjective features of the translator and on the TL readers who evaluate the final product. However, reading is also controlled to some extent by the text; according to Riffaterre (as cited in Bennett 1993:85), for example, "reading literature is more like performing a musical score than like the minimal decoding of a message". The translator's "performance" intervenes in the communication process between the writer or the SL text and the TL text reader and brings there an extra interpretation. What a translator may gain by getting acquainted with the reader-response studies is a better consciousness of how we read and a deeper understanding of the translator's work in general.

My study moves in the same area of emphasis as reader-response theories, and although they do not directly give a translator any concrete tools or methods for the actual work, they help in the translator's self-reflection and understanding of his/her own work in a wider concept. Reader-response

theories have directed the attention from the text to the reader; the same tendency has also been found in Translation studies, where moving away from the text towards the translator and the translation process itself has gained growing interest (Oittinen 1995:145). Reading is an elementary part of translation work. Not only what we read, but *how* we read, has gained new attention; the interaction of the text and the reader together produce the interpretation of a text. Oittinen (1995:62) sees the translator's reading experience as a part of the TL text. How the translator reads and sees himself/herself as a reader affects the texts he/she produces.

Because of the heterogeneous and theoretical quality of the reader-response studies, I will not refer to any specific research of this field in my study, but the area deserves to be mentioned as a background factor since my study underlines the importance of reading in the translation process. Not only is the knowledge of the concrete methods which are suited especially for translation helpful; the more philosophical and general background and knowledge of literary theories and literature can make the translator's work more meaningful and improve his/her self-confidence and attitude towards the task.

The reader-response studies do not see reading as a mechanical activity which produces only one "right" interpretation of the text. This is a relief for a translator of fiction, who is always under pressure to find the best possible solutions for transferring SL expressions into TL ones, but knows that perfection can never be reached. When the translator has to ponder about his/her role as a reader, the increased consciousness may lead towards a new sense of responsibility and respect of the task. I argue that translation is not a mere craft but involves creative and evaluative thinking which demands dealing with the principal questions of the task itself, such as the moral questions of freedom and responsibility, loyalty to the text, author and readers, reliability, awareness of the cultural, historical, and political settings and linguistic and stylistic competence, which are developed by reading. A thorough knowledge of fiction and literary criticism benefits the translator.

3 Translation as a hermeneutic process

In the course of the translation process the translator has to make many choices which need a more general understanding of the translation work and of the role of the translator in it. Translating always involves emotions and attitudes towards the text and its writer and the presupposed readers. The intermediate role of the translator raises ethical questions about freedom and responsibility. The translator may try to ignore ethical and philosophical questions but they lure behind every interpretation and choice. Since they are always present in the process of translation, I cannot leave them out of my study either.

The translator does not have to be committed to any philosophical idea or structure that expresses completely his/her attitudes towards his/her work. As a translator, I have tested my own ideas against the hermeneutic study of literature, because there the literary act is seen as a communication process, a dialogue and the role of the reader and interpretation is significant. Here the hermeneutics agrees with the reader-response studies, only it is a more philosophical approach.

The modern hermeneutics represented by the German philosopher Hans-Georg Gadamer has emphasised the difference of the human sciences and the natural sciences (Korhonen in Alanko and Käkälä-Puumala 2001:28). Human sciences, including the study of literature, are not primarily formalistic and totally measurable by nature. In literary analysis a hermeneutic approach emphasises interpretation. The reader of a text is always an interpreter and the meaning of the text is gradually (but never exhaustively) revealed to the reader. Reading a text is seen as a dialogic process where the reader's understanding of the text grows cumulatively with repetitive reading. In the so called *hermeneutical circle* the background information and the presuppositions of the reader lead the interpretation to a new level of understanding which in turn results in new interpretations and a wider understanding and so forth. The process is dynamic and endless: the text always escapes further, and complete understanding is not possible (Alanko and Käkälä-Puumala 2001:28)

In his theory, Gadamer (1990:271-275) sees experience as the only objective source in literary study. The texts set the reader the task of understanding. The will to understand otherness, the voice of another, is

necessary in reading although we could never completely reach all the meanings and intentions of the author. The good will of listening and trying to understand helps the reader in interpreting a text. This is especially important in the interpretation of aesthetic texts where the difficulty of non-transparent and highly individual texts is confronted by the reader (Risser 1997:187-199). The style of the text, its poetic function that makes it literature is that “the language of poetry does not refer to something else, but is what it represents”(Risser 1997:188). Risser (1997:188) also mentions that this inseparability of the linguistic manifestation and the artistic function of a text can lead to untranslatability. Structure is sometimes so closely interwoven with meaning that it cannot be separated from it. In understanding a text hermeneutically, structural analysis is combined with devotional reading; reading with an open mind and with a will to understand (Engdahl et al. 1977:10). The hermeneutic process strives for uniting the subjective and objective; the human experience with the outer world that the text represents in the literary study.

In studying the structure of the text, the translator can achieve a deeper insight to its meanings. The translation process is also a process of interpretation: trying to understand a text and the otherness it brings with it. Oittinen (in Cooper 1988:351) points out that “a good translator does appreciate otherness of the original and the readers of the original. Translation is always an ethical task, an ethical event, involving empathy and emotions”. The translator’s task is not just to understand for his/her own purposes but to understand so deeply that the text can be revived in another language to other readers and interpreters in another culture. The translation is in between the text (or the voice of the author) and the presupposed TL readers.

The hermeneutic study of interpretation also takes into account the historical aspect, the temporal distance between the text and the reader. Likewise, the *cultural distance* is a factor that causes strangeness in a text (Mikkonen in Alanko and Käkälä-Puumala 2001:78-81). Domesticating the text; helping to overcome cultural hindrances, at least what comes to the foreign language itself, is one of the translator’s tasks. But the translator’s task is not to over-explain and domesticate the text too much and fill all its gaps that, at least in modern literature, are a central and meaningful stylistic factor.

Rather, a translation should as well as possible retain the author's original voice so that a TL reader could communicate with the text in a similar way as a reader of the SL text: without the hindrance which the foreign language causes. The translator can not, however, be responsible for all difficulties in understanding and interpretation of the TL text reader. Neither can the functional equivalence of the experiences of the readers be measured or planned ahead. The translator has to evaluate how much translating and explaining of cultural differences is needed. Some amount of strangeness can be left in the translated text even for stylistic purposes, to season the text and make it more authentic and interesting.

Hermeneutics, although not a coherent tradition, works well as the background for the studies of literature and translation. It emphasises the human side of the literal work and the communication that is the very nature of the translation process. It starts from practice and has a dynamic and progressive character, just like the translating process. It presupposes "good will" which a translator really needs but is not over-idealistic in accepting the fact that perfection can never be reached. Still, if there is no aspiration, there is no action either. If the starting point for the analysis of literature is that there is no hope for understanding otherness and no need to attempt to find the idea of the text, the translation work seems to be impossible and unnecessary. Unlike any reader, the translator needs at least some positive attitude towards the text to be able to manage the work. This does not mean that the translator cannot set questions, criticise or dislike the text. On the contrary, analysing the text and investigating its structure needs a certain unemotional distance. However, the translator has to be open-minded and not let his/her own personal prejudices or dislikes show in the product.

Hermeneutics acknowledges the subjective experience as a basic starting point in interpretation. There are problems with the subjectivity that concern the translation work. The translator's uncritical subjectivity as an interpreter leads to distortions of the original text. On the other hand, all interpretation, also translation, has its basis in reading experience, which is subjective (Oittinen 1995:64). Another problem is that the translator cannot very accurately predict the reactions and interpretations of the TL readers. This makes the translation difficult to direct. There is no such thing as an "average

reader” but many concrete linguistic decisions make the translator invent or at least vaguely presume one. During the translation process the subjective experiences of the translator are intermingled with the analytic investigation of the text’s structural features. In this study I will try to describe this dualistic nature of the translation process by trying to show that both analysis and intuition are needed. The dialogue between the text and the reader takes place in the mind of the translator during the translation process which is why I will try to verbalise the inner communication in the problematic parts of the text, although much of it remains in the unconscious mind.

2 Style in translation

This study concentrates on the stylistic choices in the process of translating fiction. It is not only the content meaning that is translated in that process, but also the references of the language used and the general atmosphere of the text that should be transmitted to the TL readers. Retaining the original style of the SL text as much as possible is an important task of the translator, who has to be able to distinguish stylistic factors of the SL text and find the closest possible equivalents for them in the TL. Stylistic problems often arise when the translator is making concrete linguistic decisions. Sensitivity to stylistic features is also needed for the coherence of the TL text. The task of translating requires stylistic analysis, which can be more or less systematic and conscious.

Snell-Hornby (1988:119) emphasises the importance of style in translation, but points out that “there are few detailed or satisfactory discussions of its role within translation theory”. The field of stylistics in the study of linguistics offers some solutions but there is still no specific theory of style for translation purposes. This is, perhaps, because it is so difficult to clearly point out where in the translation process style should be taken into consideration and how much and what kind of stylistic analysis the translator should do. I will try to illustrate that by giving an example of my translation process. Style is an important feature of fiction, which is present all the time, but which is very difficult to capture and analyse.

It is not easy to define the concept of style and to explain what a text's style consists of. The style of a fictional text can be comprehended in various ways. Literary criticism and linguistic studies have traditionally offered different ways to approach the concept. Enkvist (1973:28) claims that "it is one thing to study styles as types of linguistic variation, and a very different thing to describe the style of one particular text for a literary purpose". "Style" can be a broad and also a somewhat vague concept that is captured intuitively; the appearance of an idea, the way a meaning or a reference is expressed. Turner (1973:23) sees style as the "voice" of a person which is "more easily recognised than analysed".

In linguistic studies style is seen more concretely as variation in language; it is the linguistic choices, or the sum of such choices, that the author makes (Wales 1989:436, Enkvist 1973:16, Saukkonen 1984:9). The features of these choices can, according to stylistics, which is the linguistic study of style, be distinguished and often also measured. "Feature" is defined as "the occurrence in a text of a linguistic or stylistic category" (Leech and Short 1981:64). Linguistic categories, such as grammatical classifications, are contrastive; stylistic categories, for example personification, irony and metaphors, are more difficult to define, but they are "assumed to be describable in terms of linguistic categories" (Leech and Short 1981:64). Every text has a style which manifests itself in the language and can often be recognised in the linguistic analysis of the surface structure, usually in the lexical choices (Ingo 1982:98).

The so called "new stylistics" has striven for bringing the linguistic and the literary concept of style closer to each other (Leech and Short 1981:1), which may also give the translator of fiction a practical starting-point for his/her analysis, although Leech and Short (1981:3-4) also admit, that "no one seems to have provided a satisfactory and reliable methodology for prose style analysis" and that "stylistics, as the study of the relation between linguistic form and literary function, cannot be reduced to mechanical objectivity". For a translator, the analysis is not important for its own sake, but as a means to a better understanding of the SL text. For the translator's purposes it is often meaningful to acquire a general understanding of the style of the text and to apply more precise analysis only for those parts of the text that seem to be most problematic.

Leech and Short (1981:11) also mention that “style is a relational term”, not an exact one. In fiction, style can be individual to the author or, for example, historical or genre-specific. There are style norms and models that come from the context and from the culture against which personal, individual styles can be distinguished (Saukkonen 1984:9-10). The foregrounding of linguistic elements can be qualitative or quantitative; the difference can be in the way or in the amount a norm is violated (Leech and Short 1981:48). In this study I will try to distinguish some of the most prominent features of Carol Shields’s individual style in the translated texts and show how I tried to retain them in my translation. Prominence (Leech and Short 1981:48) is “the general name for the phenomenon of linguistic highlighting, whereby some linguistic feature stands out in some way”. My aim is not to make a complete literary or linguistic analysis of Shields’s style. I will approach these stylistic matters from the translator’s point of view by describing the problems I encountered during my translation process. To detect the author’s original style, genre-specific features should also be distinguished, but they are translated, as well.

The style of fiction often has deviant language and more personal variation than the more restricted and coherent style of informative texts, used, for example, in documents. Leech and Short (1981:48) define deviation “as the difference between the normal frequency of a feature and its frequency in the text”. Jean Boase-Beier (2000) discusses style from the translator’s point of view:

Poetic language (PL) is defined as language which deviates from standard language and is therefore of special interest to translation, which needs to take into account the nature of that deviation. Many elements of PL cannot be found in a dictionary and a machine would have to be specially programmed to encompass them, before it could successfully translate speeches, novels, advertisements, poems, all of which rely heavily upon the resources of PL. **Style** is defined as the link between a linguistic form and its meaning, in standard language this forms part of the speaker’s linguistic knowledge and it is also available from a dictionary...Of far more interest to translation studies is the sort of link characterising PL, **poetic style**...Style is a characterisable and quantifiable aspect of texts.

Poetic style, then, is a style which deviates from a more standard one by using poetic language, which often has other references than the literal meaning of words. Measuring the amount of deviation does not serve the translation

purposes, but the qualitative differences, including the originality of the author's language, are important for the translator.

In the translation process the style of a text is comprehended by reading and analysing it. The preparatory work of a translator includes the forming of a general idea of the meaning of the text and the style of the author's language. Analysis of the linguistic structure can be expanded by literary analysis whenever it is required. This overall analysis can also employ methods of literary criticism, such as analysing the themes, characters and points-of-view of a story. During the actual phase of transfer, where the most suitable expressions of TL are chosen from all the possible variants, the translator's overall interpretation of the meaning and style of the text forms the basis for his/her decisions. Oittinen (1995:86) mentions that a translator has to keep the problem of the whole and of the parts all the time in his/her mind.

I will mainly adopt the concept of style introduced in linguistic stylistics in this study, although my method is qualitative and descriptive and no measurements will be made. In the analysis part of my study I will try to describe, with concrete examples, where and how in the translation process the translator of fiction has to take style into account in making linguistic choices. Since style appears in the features of the surface structure of the language, the first task of the translator is to distinguish these features in the SL text. After that follows their transfer into another language system, and, finally, the TL text is revised for its stylistic coherence.

I will employ linguistic analysis when it is purposeful for explaining why I made certain decisions. To make the analysis more systematic, the examples will be grouped into the problems of syntactic and lexico-semantic level and the level of cultural context. Leech and Short (1981:119) distinguish three levels of organisation in language, where the stylistic variance occurs; the levels of semantics, syntax and phonology or graphology. The last level will not get as much attention in this study as the two first ones, because the two texts of Shields do not show remarkable phonological or graphological variation.

Cultural context refers to factors outside of the text, but since they also manifest themselves in the language used, the examples overlap with the lexical choices. I have, however, wanted to emphasise the cultural factors,

which seem to be “behind the language”; not in the language itself, and which cause problems for the translator. Of course, language itself is also a cultural factor. Both linguistic and stylistic categories will be employed; although my approach is basically linguistic, some literary aspects, such as themes and characters, will be taken into account when needed for explaining a choice. Textual as well as contextual factors will be used as arguments. Before that, in the process description, style will be mentioned more generally.

In my work on translation, the author’s individual stylistic features are often a priority. For Ingo (1982:5) the meaning is of primary importance; he points out that understanding comes before style. However, there are literary texts where the stylistic function, the atmosphere or emotional attitude seems to be more important than the actual informational subject matter. Sometimes this is also the case in the two short stories by Shields. Compromises between style and meaning sometimes have to be made by the translator, and not all problems of this kind can be satisfactorily solved, as will be seen in the analysis section of this study. Nida (in Nida and Taber 1982:14) gives translators some advice concerning style, “In trying to reproduce the style of the original one must beware, however, of producing something which is not functionally equivalent”. However, language of fiction can have many functions, of which the expressive and stylistic functions are very important (Leech and Short 1981:29-38). Depending on the text and context, it is sometimes more appropriate to give priority to stylistic features of an expression, and at other times to subject-matter. The translator must be very flexible and have a subtle sense of style to know what is needed in different situations and what the function of the text is.

To grasp an idea of an author’s style, preparatory reading must be done. Often during the very first reading an idea of style and an attitude towards the text is acquired. The translator may also benefit from getting acquainted with other texts by the author, and biographical information, reviews and articles on his/her work. I will mention here, in brief, some aspects of Carol Shields’s style, which also characterise the two texts that I have translated. At this point, I do not intend to do any kind of systematic analysis covering the stylistic features found in the text; that belongs to the analysis part of my study. The

purpose of this short survey is, in a few words, to give some background information for the reader.

Carol Shields has a clearly distinguishable original style. Her long and complex sentences, as well as the rich vocabulary and variation in tone and register are individual features. However, there are also many features in the two translated short stories, that are genre-specific, such as the compact structure of the stories, an impressionistic way of narration, and the strong and deep insight to the characters' inner lives (Shaw 1983:114-115), which Shields has developed to the point of mastery. A well-known and experienced translator of fiction, Eila Pennanen (as cited in Sorvali 1996:153) mentions that translating short stories is very demanding, because every detail has a purpose. In her review of Shields's newly translated novel, Mervi Kantokorpi suggests that "a patent should be obtained for Shields's transparent description of characters" (2002). She also believes that the translator's work has not been easy because of Shields's long-sentences and indirect narration, which she describes as "cruising of consciousness". In Heidi LM Jacobs's (2001) author profile of Shields her writing is said to "get to the heart of her characters' inner lives". Jacobs also characterises Shields's writing with the adjectives "emotive, evocative" and "page-turning". Examples of the originality of Shields's language will be given in the analysis section. The whole texts with their translations will give the reader a more complete idea of her style.

In this chapter I have introduced many theories from very different fields of study. The area of my study seems to be very wide, but all these viewpoints, Translation Studies, reader-response studies, hermeneutics and stylistics, come together in translating fiction. They overlap just at the point where the translator encounters the text.

Reading in the translation process is the means by which we comprehend style, which is a central factor of my study and a primary feature of fiction.. When reading is studied further, the role of the reader becomes very important. Reader-response studies provide a meaningful background for understanding both the translator's role as a reader and reading itself in the translation process. How a translator reads affects also the final product.

The starting point of the translator's work is the SL text and it ends with the finishing of the TL text. The text-based research has often forgotten the

translator, but the process-based study should not ignore neither the text nor the translator. The text and the translator enter into a communication process which is hermeneutic by nature and where the meanings and the style of the text are gradually revealed as the reading and analysing of the text deepens and strengthens the understanding of the text. Thus, the concepts introduced in this chapter overlap or fit inside each other in the way that they give a deeper and wider understanding of the translation process and of the meaning of style in translation.

III THE TRANSLATION PROCESS

In this chapter I will give a general description of my translation process of Carol Shields's two short stories. I will divide the process of translation into five main phases: preparation, reading, writing, "between reading and writing", which includes the transcription, investigation and mental processing, and evaluation. I will discuss them one by one, but in reality keeping the stages apart is not always possible, because they overlap and intermingle and do not always follow each other in the same order.

Although I will try to describe all the phases of my working process, reading is emphasised in this study. Reading is the key to the interpretation of the text and also to the understanding of the style. The reading strategies introduced in the previous chapter are useful in the analysis; they help to distinguish the various ways of reading employed at the different stages of the translation process.

The process of translating a text from a source language to a target language consists of many different actions that are executed by the translator at different physical and mental levels. The whole personality of the translator is involved in this process. These actions can be undertaken in sequence or simultaneously. The translation process is initiated, continued and completed by the translator; usually a human being. It goes on at the conscious and less conscious levels of mind. Only some stages of the process are externally visible, like the actual, physical writing process, but even then, reading and mental processing occur simultaneously.

Other people may also be needed in the process for consultation, evaluation, encouragement or concrete help. Usually the translator also needs technical devices, dictionaries, and source literature. Translation machines may handle a simple technical translation work, but even there the inspection and possible correction and evaluation of the task must be carried out by a human being. In translating fiction, the machine would only manage to find obvious equivalents and certain restricted stylistic variants for the words. It could not handle more subtle aspects of style, like those caused by deviating punctuation, cultural context or word play (which also cause difficulties for a human translator). Since the language of fiction is often metaphorical, creative and highly

individual, a literal translation would most certainly obscure the message, and the stylistic factors could not be taken into consideration properly.

The stages of the actions conducted by translators are roughly similar and happen mostly in the same order: analysis, transfer and restructuring (Ingo 1982:46, Sorvali 1996:112-114). However, many models of translation are highly simplified and often very narrow in treating all translation processes similarly; they do not see the differences of individual translators and different kinds of texts. In addition to the three stages, Sorvali (1996:18) also distinguishes the “physical” and “psychological” phases or levels of working. On the basis of the translators’ own descriptions of their translation process, she has constructed a five-stage and a seven-stage working profile (1996:117-118), which include such phases as gathering background information, reading, making a raw translation, transferring, working on the TL text, going through the text and comparing the texts. She criticises the one-way approach of the simplified models and the fact that the processes seem to be very language-bound and forget the personality of the translator (1996:19-20). The “depth dimension” is often forgotten; the inner processes that happen in the conscious and unconscious areas of the translator’s mind as well as the emotional factors. Oittinen (1988:352) mentions that “we still lack a general awareness of the translation activity”. That is true as long as the translators’ work remains unseen and is not studied and discussed.

In a self-reflective study the mental processing gets plenty of attention, but even there the deepest layers of mind cannot be reached. The process goes on even during breaks in the work. For example, the translator can wake up suddenly in the night with an idea or a solution to a problem that has been bothering him/her during the daytime. Knowing this has no relevance to the reader of the TL text. The whole translation work is externally seen through the text – if it is seen at all. But certainly the way the process is carried out affects the result. The more consciously the translator understands his/her working process and him/herself as part of it, the more analytically he can evaluate and direct his/her own activity and attitudes and control and direct them, which may lead to better results. Of course there are some individuals, “artist translators”, who can create brilliant translations from their own unconscious, artistic, creative genius; inspired works that have a value of their

own side by side with the original text. When there is not always this kind of “divine inspiration”, the translators need other tools and ways to do their work. Yet, the translating process can be creative and there is room for inspiration and enthusiasm.

Analysis is an essential part of the translator’s work but it is a tool, not a goal in itself. Everything in the text must be taken into account but need not be investigated thoroughly. Careful reading and rereading of the text is the basic method of analysis. The translator’s linguistic competence and often also intuition are important. Translators with very different personalities and approaches can succeed in their task. Translating fiction may require more stylistic sensitivity, whereas in informative texts the style usually remains the same. The personality of the translator is more involved in the translation of fiction than in the translation of informative texts (Sorvali 1996:166-167).

The translator may have to encounter very special vocabulary in both text types. Accuracy and careful preparation are naturally demanded; underestimating the text, taking the language for granted or treating the text superficially can produce mistakes that could have been avoided by a better attitude or working moral. Deeper analysis is needed in the problematic parts of the text. Problems can arise from different sources. Roughly, they can be problems of understanding the SL text or of the production of the TL text. Struggling with dilemmas and finally finding a solution can be highly motivating and satisfying. The translation work is lonely and during the process there is not much feed-back from others, but self-evaluation has to be constant.

1 Preparation

In my process description I have distinguished the phases of preparation and reading, although preparation phase includes a lot of reading. By separating these two phases I have wanted to emphasise the importance of reading, but also the many-sided quality of the preparatory work that has to be done before the actual translation may begin. Many of the translators interviewed for Sorvali’s (1996) study began their description of translation with reading, but

other preliminary activities, such as gathering background information, were also mentioned.

My first task was to choose the text. This is usually not the situation in which a translator who works for someone and has no choice finds him/herself. I did not want to translate a text that was already familiar to me, at least not in a translated version. First I called some publishers to get a text that had not yet been translated into Finnish. I offered to do free work, but it would still have been a risk for the publisher who had to pay for the rights of the book, so my request was rejected.

So, I found my texts in the book store. I selected the book quite haphazardly, in a short time and by first impression. Carol Shields's short story collection *Dressing Up for a Carnival* (2000) was among the English paperbacks in the bookshop. After reading a few lines from here and there I found the book very interesting and the language seemed challenging and fascinating. Evaluation of the texts started immediately. I also started to estimate my abilities to translate the text. A collection of short stories seemed to suit my purpose because there were stylistically different texts to choose from and I did not know yet how long a text I would translate.

My first idea was to translate the whole collection, twenty-two short stories, and use a whole year for the work. Later, that turned out to be too massive a task for my study. Once I had started the translating, a more realistic goal had to be adopted. Finally, I chose to translate two short stories where some stylistic variation could be found. I chose the two first ones which seemed to be suitably long. They were also of average difficulty. Compared to them some other short stories in the collection seemed untranslatable at first reading and would have caused overwhelming problems. Further, some of them were lexically very challenging and in one of the short stories the whole idea was based on a feature of the surface structure that could not be translated without changing the meaning radically.

I found the themes of the collection of the short stories very interesting and the language original and lively. The first, very general, impression of the style of the author was formed very quickly, as well as an emotional attitude towards the text. The more I read the more I liked the style of the author, so there were no attitude problems to tackle. I also got interested in the author and searched

information about her biography during the translation process. When I found out that two of her novels, *The Stone Diaries* (1993) and *Larry's Party* (1997), had been translated into Finnish (a third one, *The Republic of Love* (1992), was published during my translation process) I did not want to read them in Finnish, for fear of being too much influenced by them before my first drafts were finished. When I finally read them, I recognised something familiar in reading Hanna Tarkka's fluent and clever translations.

A part of the preparation for the task was to set a schedule and find a suitable rhythm for working. Since I find it easiest to concentrate in the mornings, I tried to do the more analytic reading and writing early, and in the evenings I read my drafts, read over the stories and tried to evaluate the day's work in a more comprehensive way. The work also needed a suitable place and setting. I can read anywhere, but writing with all the dictionaries, books and papers requires space, order and light. A suitable setting helps in getting inspired, and a good chair keeps the work going. A very orderly schedule could not be followed because the state of mind or external factors were not always right or satisfactory. Rather, the work proceeded in bursts of action, between which there were long seemingly passive (but often mentally productive) periods. Lots of energy was used to get the work started.

In Sorvali's (1996:129-132) study the variety of personal preferences concerning the physical and psychological settings of the translation process was great. The amount and quality of preparatory work depended on the translator's personality and on the text.

2 Reading

The actual process of translation always begins with reading. There is reading all along the process, which is usually also finished with evaluative reading. The way the translator reads changes during the work and it also affects the product.

Reading is externally quite static, but it is mentally dynamic and affects our thoughts and feelings. However the amount of energy and awareness we employ in reading varies; we can read quite mechanically without giving much

thought to the text, be totally immersed in the act of reading and feel moved by the text or read carefully and analytically with observant distance. Being able to distinguish different ways of reading and use them purposefully is essential for the translator. During one reading session the strategy may vary according to the function of the reading. The aesthetic reading strategy is often employed when the translator first gets acquainted with the SL text. At the same time, efferent reading may be used, especially with difficult parts of the text, where the reader stops to analyse the meaning. This change from one strategy to another takes place also in recognition of style. Reading the same part of text over and over again occurs especially in the phase of transfer.

As an experienced reader the translator can use all the reading strategies described by Vähäpassi, although his/her attitude would not be consciously very critical. Argumentative and evaluative reading are utilised in analysing both SL and TL texts throughout the process. The creative reading strategy helps to interpret the many levels of the SL text and give ideas of expressing the text in the target language. To be able to produce the TL text by reading and interpreting the SL text requires creative reading.

When Vähäpassi's "ideal reader" moves fluently in the hierarchy of reading strategies depending on the purpose, Rosenblatt's reader types prefer either one or the other way of reading. I consider myself more as an aesthetic reader, and during the translation process I had to develop my ways to read analytically.

For describing the kind of reading processes that I used at different phases of my work, I, however, needed more concepts, or additions to the existing ones. Since I have not invented any theories or models where these concepts would belong, I will explain them as soon as they are introduced in the text.

The reader-response studies benefited my process indirectly by laying stress on the interpretations the translator makes. I felt more free and confident, but also more responsible for my interpretations and ways of reading, when I had become aware of the reading theories. Interpretative reading continued throughout the process from the very first preliminary reading. Every reading session after that worked also for the interpretation; for the better understanding of the text. With Carol Shields's texts the strangeness of the first reading experiences, which was caused by the difficulty of her language,

was easy to overcome because the characters were so intimately described and interesting. Each reading both seemed to bring the reader closer to the text and open new viewpoints. The themes of the stories were not self-evident and revealing them required many readings. In spite of reading the texts over and over again, the short stories preserved their interest well. Also the pauses in reading, not only the repetition, developed the understanding. Distancing helped to make fresh starts with the text and probably the unconscious mind also worked during the breaks.

Although I first tried to read in a very relaxed and comprehensive way, simply to get an impression of the author's style and of the contents, I found myself translating in my mind and paying special attention to the parts that would cause difficulties. With all the breaks and disturbances, the reading of the whole book took a couple of weeks. Then I put the book down for a while to "digest" my first impressions and to choose the material for the translation. I still had to do some browsing before making the decision, after which I concentrated on reading the selected stories. The reading became "deeper", slower, more concentrated on details, and more analytic. The levels of deep processing were activated when the reading became more serious. I also began to use a dictionary. Yet, the first reading sessions were more aesthetically oriented than systematically analytic. Although my mind was already working with some linguistic problems, I still tried to interpret the general idea and style of the text. I wanted to overcome the strangeness of the texts and the difficulties that the language caused to me, and was very annoyed by the expressions I could not understand. My mind started to work with the texts also when I was not reading. There was a strong urge to get the work started.

More analytic reading began in between the writing sessions and during the phase of transfer. The texts had to be cut into smaller sections to maintain concentration. A translator does not translate word for word, but works in larger portions, so called translation units (Sorvali 1996:121-125). My translation unit was most often a sentence. For this purpose the reading was repetitive. I read a sentence over and over again to make it start to live in my mind and become thoroughly familiar and understood. I read some sentences so intensively that they started to feel like my own thoughts. Sometimes a natural equivalent was found this way, at other times the words became so

close that they started to lose their meaning, the reading sank to the level of recognition, and the text had to be distanced again. The text had to be kept at suitable distance to be able to see it clearly and analyse it. Maintaining the optimal level of awareness required a great deal of mental energy.

The state of intensity did not remain the same throughout the reading sessions. The lapses of awareness, when mistakes were likely to occur, could depend on my state of mind and energy level or on the rhythm and intensity of the text. I noticed, that seemingly easy parts could be taken for granted and the obvious difficulties got more attention. Skipping over the same parts of the text occurred easily with every reading, unless I really decided to share my attention differently at times. There were also “favourite parts” in the text which I enjoyed more than others. I also *read aloud*, both the English and Finnish texts, to hear how they sounded. The reading aloud also helped me to distance myself from the text when I had got “near-sighted” and could not see my purposes clearly any more. Sometimes I read the text aloud to other people for their comments. Then I read a longer chapter over and over again to find out how the sentence worked in a larger frame.

Analytic reading for special purposes, an efferent way of reading, was needed when I suspected that I had made certain systematic errors or wanted to give emphasis to some special feature. I also had to read the text over and over again after some intervals just to check if there were errors, if something should be changed or whether the text sounded coherent and fluent. This reading strategy was mostly used for examining the TL drafts. Almost always something could be corrected. I call *general evaluative reading* the reading of the whole text which I usually did before going to sleep when there was not enough awareness and energy to concentrate systematically on details, but the reading prepared the mind for unconscious work during the night. This worked best when there was no active translation work preceding it and the text could be observed in a more fresh way or from a new angle.

When a longer time had passed without working with the text, the translation started to live a life of its own; the translated drafts became more like static objects which could be observed than parts of a dynamic process. The merry-go-round in my head had to be stopped sometimes when the process had started to advance too fast. This was necessary for achieving fluency and

coherence in the TL text. Nearly always, the *comparative* reading with the original and translated texts side by side revealed something that could be improved. There were even things that were mistakenly left out or misunderstood. Evaluative and argumentative ways of reading were needed to correct and improve my own text repeatedly. Some translators do not read the SL and TL texts side by side any more after they have started to work with the TL text (Sorvali 1996:152). For me, it was necessary.

Every writing session had to begin with reading to recall the text or just to get orientated to the task. This kind of reading was cumulative: the beginning of the story was read more often, but the end did not get as much attention or time. This was perhaps only good because the beginnings suffered to some extent of certain stiffness, which was caused by the fear of doing something wrong. Because of that fear, the translator may want to stay very close to the structure of the original SL text, which impairs the fluency of the TL text. It was possible to read the whole texts repeatedly if the short story was not very long, like *Dressing Up for the Carnival*. Translating a novel would be different. *A Scarf* was longer so I worked with it in shorter chapters; it could be divided naturally into four parts: the book, the trip, shopping for the scarf and meeting a friend.

It was more natural for me to read the whole text through to see if the entirety “sounded good”. This kind of reading was more intuitive than the analytic kind, which I sometimes found boring or mechanical. Reading intuitively was necessary for the coherence of the style, but sometimes it was like “falling asleep” at some levels of mind, not so conscious as analytic reading. What helped on such occasions was criticism from others or noticing a mistake. After the shock of embarrassment I had to look closer at the text. Also my attitude towards my own work varied from relaxed confidence and enthusiasm to the fear that I had misunderstood the text or violated the rules of the target language by trying to retain the SL structure too slavishly.

Reading other texts in English and Finnish must have also affected the translation. While reading fiction, I became more aware of the language: idioms, fluency, new words, style – anything could give me a new hint. I began to check who had translated the book, and tried to imagine what kind of process had led to that certain text. I also noticed that I started paying more

attention to the text translations of TV-programs; I took a more analytic attitude towards them and made comparisons in my mind. I was more aware of the translations, but not necessarily in a critical way. Often I admired how well something had been translated and tried to estimate how I would have managed the task. The translation process activated my mind in a way that influenced my way of reading in other circumstances, too. I made small translation practices in my mind. When reading English or Finnish texts, even package labels, my mind started working sometimes on how they could be translated. When I heard a new idiom, I tried to memorise it, I even tried to think in English to get a closer contact to the language. The translation process was a learning process as well.

Reading for the translation project was a hermeneutic process; a dialogue with texts and a continuous attempt to understand otherness and reach a deeper interpretation. Repetition was very important. My mind could not work with all the problems, features and levels of the text simultaneously. Each reading of the SL and the TL texts brought something new. Of course, this would not continue forever; the ultimate translation cannot be reached, and there is a limit to the capacity of the mind to learn and find out new things from a text – at least the process slows down some time. The interpretation was deepened all the time, but sometimes I felt frustrated by the repeated reading and believed that I had come to a dead end. Setting the work aside for a while usually helped. Since accelerated progress was often made after a break, the unconscious mind must have been working also during the breaks.

Vähäpassi's concept of creative reading could represent the translation process in general; a new text is produced by reading and deeply understanding the source text. Whether the SL and TL texts are "same" or "different" texts, or how creative the translator's work is, will not be discussed in this study.

3 Writing

The translation process began with reading. The reading and interpreting the text had not in any way been finished when I decided to start the writing. Sorvali (1996:23-25) distinguishes two types of translators in this aspect; those

who read the whole text carefully, perhaps many times, before they start the actual translation work, and those, who work with smaller parts of the text and begin to translate almost right away without much preparation. I read the whole text first, but did not analyse it very carefully. My urge to get something concrete done set off the process of writing, although there were still unclear parts in the texts. The difficulties seemed easier to tackle one by one in the linear process of writing. I also wanted to get some solutions off my mind and see them written, which could then lead to further processing. I will discuss the problems in detail in Chapter IV on stylistic decisions.

I sat at my word processor and started to write first in a quite rapid and intuitive manner without any specific preparatory analysis. Since I started to write, I analysed the text as the work went on, first chapter by chapter and then sentence by sentence. I glanced over the chapter, read a sentence, “heard” the translation in my mind and wrote it down. The natural flow of language was interrupted by problems. Sometimes I had to read aloud to hear how the translation sounded or check words from a dictionary or an encyclopaedia.

The working halted with parts of the text that I could not understand or was uncertain of, when I had several alternatives of which to choose, or if the sentence structure had to be changed considerably. In the beginning it was a process of trial and error, because I was very eager to proceed quickly and lacked experience. I worked in a rapid and “easy” manner without pressing the problems too much, and trying to cover as much text as possible without interruption.

When I got totally stuck, I had to get up and walk around or do something else for a while, but I wanted to see the first draft printed as soon as possible. During this process I was highly inspired and concentrated and the external disturbances did not bother me very much. After writing a few chapters I read aloud the translated text to others to get their opinions, but just as much I wanted to hear the text myself. I did not ask for help for the details but I rather wanted to test if it sounded like a piece of fiction in Finnish at all. I wanted to see if it had any influence on others; whether it aroused any interest at all. I needed encouragement in the beginning and was not ready for very critical comments on an unfinished work.

In the first draft there remained some gaps, and I had written down various alternatives for some parts that needed extra attention. The problems that could not be easily solved started to live in my mind. They could turn up wherever and whenever – very often this happened when I was walking or resting. I did not hurry to correct the text right away when a solution was found but stored it in my memory and let my mind work with it. If a big problem was suddenly solved, however, that set off the writing process immediately. There was always some trouble and resistance before getting settled down to the writing work; starting it required either inspiration or will power. Usually I spent more than two hours at the computer since I had started, sometimes four or five hours without much noticing the time.

Between the writing sessions I had to read over the drafts and make corrections on the prints. I found it very difficult to evaluate and correct the text on the computer screen. The text became more concrete on the paper, an external object that had certain form and limits. A text in mind is abstract, on the screen it can be worked with but only on paper does it become “real” and stable for me. When the corrections can be seen on the paper, it is easier to come back to them later if they need more attention.

I printed about five whole versions of the first short story. With the second short story I spent more time making corrections already at my PC. One reason for this was certainly that the text was longer and I did not want to make so many error prints. There were papers all over the house. Getting used to the computer might have been another reason for printing less.

It is difficult, or impossible, to separate writing in the translation process from the mental processing or reading. There is never mere mechanical writing when the mind rests. Even in the last, quite mechanical writing process when making a clean copy, my translating continued, unintentionally. What is then the “final” version? Translation as a hermeneutic process can never reach perfection, but the writing has to stop some time. I will return to this question in the discussion about evaluation.

4 Between reading and writing

Under this somewhat vague title I have collected different miscellaneous but necessary activities during the translation process, but it also includes the nuclear part of the process where the SL is actually changed into the TL. I have not headed this chapter *transfer*, which term is used of the unknown process that happens in the “black box” of the mind of the translator when a SL expression is changed into a TL expression at a deep level (Ingo 1990:195). The reason for this is that in reality there is not only one clearly definable activity that covers all the other aspects in addition to reading and writing in the translation process. A translator is not a machine in which a certain input causes logically a proper output. Here I come to a very crucial point of my study. What is gained, especially stylistically, when the transmission of the text from one language to another is done by a human being, not a machine? What is there in the human mind that still overbears the computer in translating fiction?

In between and during the reading and writing acts there are stages or moments of mental processing: estimating, evaluating, choosing, rejecting, learning, finding out, questioning, associating, remembering, planning, and getting inspired. These work both on the cognitive and emotional levels of the mind. For example, a positive attitude towards the task and an empathetic relation to the text help the translator, but they may come naturally or be acquired purposefully. The levels of mental processing do not necessarily follow each other in any fixed order. There is also a lot of concrete investigative work which requires physical activity; the translator must consult others, find specialists, visit libraries, get acquainted with different cultures and subcultures, learn vocabulary, read dictionaries, thesauri, grammar books and texts to get background information. He/she does not only work with the language, but also with contexts, cultures and other people.

Stylistic features of the text can often be traced back to the structural factors of the language, but often we “experience” the style without consciously analysing it, on a more emotional than cognitive level. The translator can “feel” that an expression is stylistically right or wrong the same way he knows intuitively and inherently the rules of his mother tongue. The

method of working can be more or less analytic, depending to some extent on the personality of the translator. In *Unohdettu kääntäjä*, Sorvali (1996:18-25 and 56-88) lets several translators describe their working process and attitude towards their work, which shows that there is great variation in the ways of working and in the personalities of the translators.

Just as all translators and translation processes are individual, no fictional text can become the same when it is translated by different persons. In fiction, there is room for interpretations. Their difference, at least to some extent, has to be accepted as well as the fact that two languages are not identical in structure and satisfying equivalents cannot always be found. As the interpretations vary, so do the translations. The context of the translation process may also change. Cultural and temporal distance between the text, the translator and the TL readers affects the product. In the beginning of his/her task the translator must know what he/she is doing and why. Finally, the attitude of the translator as well as his/her interpretations are concretised in the linguistic choices which the translator makes on the surface level. General ideas become concrete in the translation process. I will represent examples of my linguistic choices, which illustrate closer the phase of transfer, in Chapter IV concerning stylistic decisions.

5 Evaluation

Evaluation is also an action that is continuously repeated through the whole process of translation. The final product, the TL text, is open to comparison and criticism from the outside. Throughout the translation process the work must be evaluated by the translator from different points of view. The translator can use outsiders for the evaluation from early on during the process but that does not remove his/her responsibility. Finally, the translator has to make the decisions and accept the criticism. The ability to deal with criticism well is an asset. Oittinen (in Cooper 1988:352) remarks that “far too often if a reviewer considers a translation to be ‘good’ (or ‘faithful’), only the translator’s name is mentioned, but not the translation process”. The original is seen as the only truth, the translator’s idea of the original is inferior to that.

She has also noticed that “the translator is mentioned and important only when he/she gets negative attention”.

If the translation process is seen in a very wide frame of communication, the evaluation done by critics and unknown TL readers may also be included. Since this is a descriptive study, I concentrate on the evaluation that was done during the process, which includes self-evaluation and the open commenting of other people on my work. The self-evaluation begins with the translator’s evaluation of his/her own ability to handle the task. Next comes the evaluation of the SL text. All the time the translator’s own working process and its results must be estimated and, finally, the final evaluation determines when the text can be released. Even after that the publishers or other outside readers may suggest or demand that the translator make corrections.

As stated earlier, translation is lonely work and there is relative freedom in how to organise the work or take a special attitude towards it. The freedom also brings responsibilities, for example those concerning the quantity and quality of the text. The translator has to balance between expectation and reality, dead-lines, literary aspirations and contradictory opinions about how the work should be done and what it should look like. Often the evaluation has ethical aspects; the translator must solve whether his/her actions and their results are right or wrong. The effects of choices must be pondered beforehand, if that is possible. The translator has responsibilities towards the original text (and the author), towards the publisher and the TL text readers, and also towards himself. This seems a heavy burden if perfection is expected. The norms and expectations should be set realistically.

Evaluating the text is mostly reading, which I have described earlier in this chapter. Argumentative and critical reading are also evaluative. The analysis is done on linguistic and stylistic levels, and all decisions include evaluation. The ability to evaluate is developed by reading, but also thinking itself is meaningful. Letting the text aside for a while brings necessary distance and more objectivity for the evaluation and gives the thoughts more space. In my translation process, I often read the whole text after writing it, to evaluate its coherence, but I noticed that it was easiest to find new ideas and ways of thinking after a break in the work. Towards the end of the process the rhythm

slowed down and I needed longer pauses between the readings to find new aspects of the texts .

There can be a certain limit up to which the translator can develop with the text on his/her own in a restricted time. Even before that there can be feelings of getting into a dead end, where an outside comment may be helpful. Sorvali (1996:127-128) describes how different translators decide that the work is done. The dead-line of the contract with the publisher gets closer, the translator becomes tired of the work, the translator is satisfied with the text or cannot find anything to correct anymore, the process never stops – all of these reasons somehow affected also my decision to finish the job. I personally found myself correcting the translations even after I had decided to stop working. A comment by a reader could set off the process again, but eventually the sensitivity to do this disappeared when I had to encounter new tasks. I did not take all comments or suggestions seriously. If the commentator possessed some authority or had experience in translation, I changed my text more readily, but I had to agree first with the suggestion. The translator should not live only in the vacuum of his/her own thoughts. Translation and evaluation of it can be seen as parts of a communication process in the field of literature, where each comment adds something new to the tradition.

Because my translation work was a part of a study, I had the advantage of getting professional and peer-group feedback along the process. The drafts were assessed by students and professors in Sirpa Leppänen's pro gradu seminar at the Department of English and in Tuomo Lahdelma's translation course at the Department of Literature at University of Jyväskylä. The students of literature commented more on the TL fluency and the coherence of style. Sirpa Leppänen helped especially with the interpretation of the SL expressions and gave me many valuable ideas and suggestions, some of which will be seen in Chapter IV where the stylistic decisions are discussed in detail.

From both groups, I got positive assessment on the style of my translation work, which encouraged me tremendously. It was also very useful to get detailed criticism of my linguistic choices. There were things that I had forgotten or misunderstood, and which other people helped to correct. In the discussion on my work I also got contradictory comments, for example, about

the length of the sentences in the TL text. It was very interesting to see what different preferences and interpretations there can be. After that discussion I understood more clearly that the translator him/herself must take the final responsibility of his/her decisions. I also had a rare and satisfactory chance to explain my own choices, which a translator cannot usually do in public.

At home, I had my own critic too, but I rather used his capacity to listen to my texts more than to accept comments from him. My husband worked as a representative for an “average TL reader”. I did not want to show the drafts to my close friends because their comments could have been biased, and I was also afraid that they would not be very interested in my work. The text I had produced became very personally important for me, and I could be quite sensitive about the comments I received. I felt that it was “my text”, my creation, at least as long as the process was going on. It was as if I had made a dress for someone, and all the seams were inspected carefully and commented on. An experienced translator might feel differently.

In addition to evaluating the texts, the translator evaluates the whole process and him/herself. That happens already when the translator estimates his/her ability to manage the work before accepting the task. It continues throughout the process and after finishing the task the translator may look back and see how he/she has succeeded, not only with the text, but also with the schedule and the whole process. I had to do a lot of planning of my work since I had no routines formed by experience. Often those plans were changed, and different methods had to be adopted. There were many mistakes and uneconomical side-tracks in my process. I would do many things in the working process differently now, but with a new text everything might be different, after all. The texts and contexts change, but the personality of the translator is basically the same, although learning might change that too.

To summarise the whole process of translation, its complexity and the coincidence of the phases have to be emphasised. Also style appears in all of the stages, although in different ways. Of all the phases of the translation process, writing seems to be the most easily definable one because it is a physical activity and can be observed externally, but even during that stage the less visible reading, mental processes and evaluation are going on. Reading continues throughout the whole process, but its character changes in many

ways. The ability to utilise different reading strategies in a flexible way is essential for the translator. Interpretation is acquired by repetitive reading of the texts. The stylistic features are also revealed by careful reading which is sometimes more aesthetic and at other times clearly efferent. Analysis of the text, including analysis of the style, requires reading, evaluation and mental processes which are often unconscious and impossible to describe even by the translator him/herself.

Reading usually precedes writing but these activities can also take place simultaneously; during writing the reading process goes on, when the translator reads to him/herself. Mechanical writing without reading would be writing without thinking, which does not usually happen, unless the writer does not understand the language of the text. Reading can also occur independently. Mental processing works in both reading and writing and even during the breaks in the active work. Evaluation is also intermingled with other activities, most clearly with reading.

The continuous repetition of these activities was surprising to me; a text cannot be properly produced unless it is carefully worked on. The process of another translator, or at least the translator's own experience of it, could, however, be very different from mine. Sorvali's (1996) research has shown that translators and their translation processes are different, although the phases are basically the same.

Style has to be taken into account in all of the phases of the translation process. In the phases of preparation and reading, the translator acquires an idea of the style of the text and of the original style of the author. Different ways of reading are needed for that, because stylistic features are both analysed consciously and understood intuitively.

In the process of transfer, problematic stylistic features, which manifest themselves in the surface structure of language, are more carefully analysed to find functionally suitable equivalents of SL and TL. The unproblematic features need not be specially analysed; intuition works in their transfer. The analysis in the phase of transfer employs reading, but here the translator works with two languages and makes constant comparisons between them. Transfer may occur already in the early stages of reading of the SL text, but then it is not yet very systematic. I have called the phase where most of the transfer takes

place “between reading and writing”. Writing and transfer also take place simultaneously. In the later stages of the writing phase, where the TL text is written over and over again, the analysis of style is needed for the coherence of the text. This analysis, again, employs reading and evaluation.

The functions of meaning and style are carried over from the SL into the TL, much of which happens in the unaware areas of mind. I have tried to make some of this process visible in the next chapter, where I will inspect closer some of my stylistic decisions.

IV STYLISTIC DECISIONS

In the previous chapter I surveyed my translating process quite generally on the basis of the various stages of activity which the translator pursues during that process. In this chapter I will proceed to a more detailed process analysis by describing some of the actual linguistic choices I made during the translation process. This analysis consists of examples of the linguistic decisions that I found problematic, especially from the stylistic point of view, although it was not always easy to see whether a choice was stylistically remarkable.

Whereas reading was emphasised in the process description of the previous chapter, this part of the study will concentrate on the phase of transfer, which involves also reading, writing and evaluating. Because the stages of “mind working” are not always consciously obtainable, there will not always be satisfactory explanations for my decisions. I will also try to show where this kind of difficulty arose.

The style of a text is the sum of many factors: choices are made on the structural level, sound-patterning, voice, textual and thematic level. The cultural context and the reception of the text also influence the stylistic experience of a reader. The features of style do not have to be consciously analysed by the translator, but it is important that he/she at least intuitively understands them. Leech and Short (1981:69) remark that “any practicable method of stylistic analysis must select some features for analysis and ignore others”. My analysis is not adequate to be an example of a literary analysis or a complete linguistic analysis, because I have neglected those stylistic features that have not been important for my translation. It could be called a stylistic analysis for translation purposes, and even for that, it is an exemplary one.

To be able to make decisions on the stylistic level the translator must analyse the text as a whole and also the smaller parts out of which the text is built. The general “atmosphere”; the sum of stylistic features, must be kept in mind throughout the translation process and the voice of the narrator retained, as much as it is possible in the target language. The author has made the original choices; now the translator has to choose from the different variants of the target language. Sometimes there are no equivalents for an expression, at other times the cultural context of the target language is so different that the

exact equivalents are not useful; they could sound strange or they would not be understood at all. At other times it serves the purpose to let the cultural context or features of the source language show through the translation, because it helps in creating a more authentic atmosphere. Domesticating, making the culturally strange elements of the text more familiar to the TL reader can, if done to excess, irritate a contemporary reader. Anglo-American culture is so widely spread via the media that an excess of explanations can therefore be avoided. On the other hand, our images of a culture can be very stereotyped and translation may also reinforce them unnecessarily.

In translating fiction the decisions concerning the sound quality or other stylistically important structure level features can sometimes be even more important than retaining the content literally. The translator faces problems when the text includes a large amount of idiomatic or otherwise structurally bound material or when there are puns, jokes or word plays which are tightly connected with the source language and are not directly translatable into the target language.

In this part of my study I will look more close at the concrete problems that I faced in the translation process and demonstrate how I tried to solve them. Sometimes it has been very difficult to choose between different variants, and there are also problems that I could not satisfactorily cope with. The ethic of the translator demands that nothing be left out even though there were difficulties, nor can the reader be left to choose from various choices. I had to find a solution to every problem, however unhappy I was with the result. Sometimes the original text leaves gaps for the reader to fill with his/her interpretation. It is not the translator's task to fill these gaps and add explanations even though it would make the text more understandable. That would be underestimating the reader and mistreating the original text. The translator's interpretation could also be wrong. If the cultural context of the text is very strange to the TL reader, compromises must sometimes be made. This requires tact and awareness on the part of the translator.

I have grouped the examples with others that are problematic in the same way under the titles *Problems of the syntactic level*, *Problems of the lexico-semantic level* and *Problems of the cultural context*. The lexico-semantic level is further divided into problems concerning idioms and metaphors, word-play

and proper names. In many parts these problems overlap. Since I found no remarkable stylistic prominence on the sound level I have not treated that aspect separately. I have tried to follow the punctuation of the original text as much as possible, because the rhythm of the language is an important stylistic factor. Sometimes, I have even violated the strictest punctuation rules of Finnish to be closer to the original text, which might be considered “bad translation”, but I have still tried to make the TL text sound fluent and natural. I will not give separate examples of punctuation; it is clearly observable from the texts that follow the analysis. The examples in the analysis follow each other in their original textual order.

1 Problems of the syntactic level

In this chapter I will examine closer my decisions concerning the length and complexity of the sentences and the word order in the SL and TL texts.

The length and complexity of the sentences in the short stories vary a great deal; many of Shields’s sentences tend to be very long and complex. She links sentences into long chains without conjunctions and uses many disjuncts, for example, *though, of course, apparently, in fact, actually*. They work well in English and have an important stylistic value. Since Finnish does not usually tolerate very complex sentences with many embedded subordinate clauses, and adverbials separated with commas sound sometimes too artificial in the mid-position, I have had to cut some sentences into smaller units and change the sentence order. Because of their stylistic value, I have tried to retain the complexity wherever it is possible. I have got both positive and negative feedback from the test readers. As long as there is no danger of misunderstanding the text, I have tried to follow the original structure whenever TL allows it.

Her favourite moment of the day is *this* moment, standing at the closet door, still a little dizzy from her long night of tumbled sleep, biting her lip, thinking hard, moving the busy hangers along the rod, about to make up her mind.

Hänen päivänsä mieluisin kohta on juuri *tämä* hetki, kun hän seisoo kaapin ovella, vielä hieman tokkuraisena pitkän, levottoman yönensä jälkeen, huulta purren, miettien

kovasti, liikutellen nopeasti ripustimia tangolla, valmiina päättämään.

*...juuri tämä hetki, seisomassa kaapin ovella,...

*...juuri tämä hetki, kun seisoo kaapin ovella,...

Here the clauses are chained together by separating them with commas, without any conjunction. The initial finite clause is followed by six non-finite clauses. The verb phrases in the progressive aspect give the idea of a temporary and open situation. The reader is involved in the moment. To translate the first *ing*-form which has no equivalence in Finnish I have used *kun*-conjunction, which begins a subordinate clause and after that used non-finite clauses. The Finnish relative clause also needs a subject, *hän*, although it is ellipped in the SL text. Using the third person subject makes the reader more like an external observer, which causes a slight difference in the tone of the SL and TL texts.

Little Sam is going to love his new rolling home, so roomy and rhythmic, like a dark boat sailing forward in tune with his infant breathing and the bump-dee-bump of his baby heart.

Pikku-Sam varmasti rakastuu uuteen vierivään kotiinsa, niin tilavaan ja rytmikkääseen; kuin tumma alus purjehtisi eteenpäin hänen vauvanhengityksensä ja pienokaisensydämensä bumtsibumin tahdissa.

If I had chosen to use the same case for the nouns throughout, the structure of the sentence would have become too heavy and clumsy in Finnish:

Pikku-Sam varmasti rakastuu uuteen vierivään kotiinsa, niin tilavaan ja rytmikkääseen, kuin tummaan alukseen, joka purjehtii eteenpäin...

Only four times I have cut a long sentence into two separate ones:

After the New York event, I said good-bye to the family and got on a train and travelled to Washington, staying in a Georgetown hotel which had on its top floor, reserved for me by my publisher, something called the Writer's Suite.

New Yorkin tapahtumien jälkeen sanoin perheelle näkemiin, hyppäsin junaan ja matkustin Washingtoniin, missä majoituin hotelliin Georgetownissa. Sen yläkerrasta kustantajani oli varannut minulle huoneiston, jota kutsuttiin Kirjailijan Sviitiksi.

I managed to fulfill all my obligations in a mere two hours the morning after my arrival, taking a cab to a bookstore called Politics & Prose, where I signed books for three

rather baffled-looking customers and then a few more stock copies which the staff was kind enough to produce.

Onnistuin suoriutumaan kaikista velvollisuuksistani vaivaisessa kahdessa tunnissa tuloni jälkeisenä aamuna. Menin taksilla kirjakauppaan, jonka nimi oli Politics & Prose, jossa kirjoitin nimeni kolmen melko hämmäntyneen näköisen asiakkaan kirjaan ja sitten vielä muutama varastokappaleeseen, jotka henkilökunta ystävällisesti kaivoi esille.

Here the sentences merely report in a matter-of-fact manner the actual events. There is nothing in the contents that would demand foregrounding by an accelerated rhythm. The stylistic function of the sentences is not badly violated by shortening them – I do not think that the rhythm of the text suffers very much. In Finnish so many successive relative clauses would not sound fluent and the ing-form of the other sentence does not sound grammatically right if it is translated with a sentence substitute:

*Onnistuin suoriutumaan kaikista velvollisuuksistani vaivaisessa kahdessa tunnissa tuloni jälkeisenä aamuna ottaen taksin/mennen taksilla kirjakauppaan...

Also, the sentence sounded too long translated as such although the conjunction *but* carries some information and stylistic value by contrasting the initial and final parts of the sentence:

She had never had a scarf in all her seventeen years, not unless you count the woollen mufflers she wears on the school bus, but since her senior class trip to Paris, she had been talking about the scarves that every chic Frenchwoman wears as part of her wardrobe.

Koko seitsemäntoista ikävuotensa aikana hän ei ollut omistanut huivia, jos ei oteta lukuun noita villakaulaliinoja, joita käytetään koulumatkoilla. Siitä lähtien, kun hän ylioppilasvuonnaan oli käynyt luokkaretkellä Pariisissa, hän oli puhunut huiveista, jotka kuuluivat jokaisen tyylikkään ranskattaren vaatevarastoon.

The missing *but* could have been substituted by adding *kuitenkin* in the beginning of the subsequent sentence.

We are too kind, too willing, too unwilling too, reaching out blindly with a grasping hand but not knowing how to ask for what we don't even know we want.

Olemme liian kilttejä, liian halukkaita, myös liian haluttomia. Kurkotamme sokeasti tarttuvaan käteen tietämättä kuinka pyytää sellaista, jota emme edes tiedä haluavamme.

Basically English and Finnish have the same word order: SVO. When the sentences are very long and the word order complicated, it can not always be retained in the translation. The natural flow of language must be kept in mind and the word order has to be changed if the target language demands it. Awkward target language does not serve artistic or stylistic purposes.

In the complex sentences with many clauses, the order of the clauses must sometimes be rearranged to make the translation sound fluent.

“I’d be delighted,” he always says, even though the word *leftovers* gives him, every time she says it, a little ping of injury.

“Tulen mielelläni”, hän sanoo aina, vaikka tunteeikin pienen loukkaantumisen pistoksen joka kerta, kun miniä sanoo *lämmitän jotakin*.

When it does not sound too clumsy, I have tried to be as faithful to the original text as possible, although there might be a more customary way of saying things in the target language. This might be lack of courage or linguistic competence, because I cannot always tell whether the language used by the author is her original stylistic choice or just a usual or idiomatic expression. I have tried to avoid making the text too simple or dull. The idioms will be discussed later. For example, here I have retained the order of the sentences:

A young woman, recently arrived in town and rather lonely, carries her sandwiches to work in an old violin case.

Nuori nainen, vasta kaupunkiin tullut ja melko yksinäinen, kantaa eväsvoileipänsä töihin vanhassa viulukotelossa.

Instead of:

Nuori, vasta kaupunkiin tullut nainen, joka on melko yksinäinen...

The latter strategy would perhaps have been more economical and considered “better Finnish”. Although clear and compact phrases are recommended in the more informative language usage, the language of literature accepts even great deviation from a more standard register of informative texts, where the linguistic choices are considered “unmarked”. Basically, the author determines the balance between artistic quality and readability and the translator tries to

follow this. Finally, the reader decides how the balance works; the text is evaluated by how we experience it on the cognitive and emotional level. Some readers demand challenges, others try to avoid them. We can read with understanding and empathy, with indifference or with an opposing or questioning attitude – or with alternating attitudes. The personal likings differ and so do the personal opinions of the translator; not only objective facts affect the translation. If the translator likes the text and accepts willingly the author's stylistic decisions, he is likely to stay closer to the original text even in its structure. Another reason for retaining the original structures can be the fear of changing the text too much, being a "bad translator".

It is typical for Shields to use postpositional attributive elements. They are especially frequent in *Dressing Up for the Carnival* where the author first introduces a new character to the reader very bluntly, for example by giving the name, and then starts to give more detailed information about the character. This is like looking at a photograph; a frozen moment that starts to live and grow.

Roger, aged thirty, employed by the Gas Board, is coming...

Roger, kolmekymmentä vuotta, kaasulaitoksen työntekijä, tulee...

An elliptical purse, juice-filled, curved for the palm of the human hand, his hand.

Soikea pussi, mehuntäyteinen, ihmisen käteen kaartuva, hänen käteensä.

He is man of medium height, burly, divorced, wearing an open-necked shirt, hurrying back to work after his coffee break.

Hän on keskimittainen mies, tukeva, eronnut, pukeutunut avokaulaiseen paitaan, kiiruhtamassa takaisin töihin kahvitauoltaan.

Ralph Eliot, seventeen years old, six feet tall, killingly handsome, and the best...

Ralph Eliot, seitsemäntoista vuotta, kuusi jalkaa pitkä, kuolettavan komea ja...

Elliptical sentences give a casual and momentary touch to Shields's text:

Yes! The yellow cotton skirt with the big patch pockets and a hand detail around the

hem. How fortunate to own such a skirt. And the white blouse. What a blouse! Those sleeves, that neckline with its buttoned flap, the fullness in the yoke that reminds her of the Morris dances she and her boyfriend Bruce saw at the Exhibition last year.

Kyllä! Keltainen puuvillahame, jossa on suuret paikkataskut ja käsintehty koristelu helmassa. Miten onnekasta omistaa sellainen hame. Ja valkoinen paitapusero. Mikä pusero! Nuo hihat, pääntie napituslistoineen, kaarrokkeen runsaus, josta tulee mieleen kansantanssinäytös, jota hän oli poikaystävänsä Brucen kanssa katsomassa viime vuonna.

Shields uses ellipsis for describing the stream of consciousness of a character. Reading it is like listening to someone who talks to herself. There are also gaps when things are left unexplained, as if the reader would already know the character personally, even know her thoughts. This gives an atmosphere of intimacy and familiarity.

The ellipsis does not usually cause problems for the translation. Only sometimes do the sentences grow so long and unclear that the elements have to be rearranged. In fact, this could perhaps be a problem of the lexical level.

Such a chunky rolling oblong, black and British with its wambling, bossy outsized keel.

Mikä järkälemäinen vierivä suorakulmio, musta ja keinahtelussaan brittiläinen, mahtailtava, ylisuuri alus.

Here the text is as pompous as the object described in it. To be understood, however, it could not be translated literally.

The use of the non-finite verb forms are a problem for the translator. It depends on the textual context how they can be expressed in the Finnish text; for example, using the simple present tense, sentence substitute or a relative clause for an ing-form.

All over the town people are putting on their costumes.

Kaikkialla kaupungissa ihmiset pukeutuvat asuihinsa.

...just to see her standing there is to feel a squeeze of the heart.

...pelkästään nähdä hänen seisovan siinä sykehdyttää sydäntä.

There would have been other possibilities, too:

...pelkästään nähdä hänet siinä seisomassa sykähdyttää sydäntä.
 ...pelkästään nähdä hänet seisomassa siinä...
 ...pelkästään se, että näkee hänen seisovan siinä...
 ...pelkästään se, että näkee hänet seisomassa siinä...
 ...pelkästään sen näkeminen, että hän seisoo siinä...
 ...jo pelkkä näky hänestä seisomassa siinä...

And there are still other variants. The reason for using the first one could be that it first occurred to me because it is closest to the original text. I preferred none of the other variants over the first one, so there was no need to change it. All of them were equally understandable and I could not tell which would be the most fluent or appropriate solution in the target language. Since this sentence is in the very first chapter of the first short story, I have probably wanted to stay as close to the original as possible. In the beginning there is sometimes excessive carefulness. Only later, after translating more text, have I started thinking about other possibilities of expressing the SL message.

2 Problems of the lexico-semantic level

Here I will, at first, discuss the problems of translating idioms and metaphors of the SL. Idioms are fixed, often language-specific sayings which may have strong cultural connotations. Since their meaning is not just the sum of the meaning of the words used in them (Leech and Short 1981:80), they cannot be translated literally, but an idiomatic equivalent of the TL should be found by the translator, if possible. There are not always such equivalents, which causes difficulties for the translator. Another problem for translation occurs, when there are several meanings and functions conveyed by an idiom, as will be seen in some of my examples.

Metaphors are a stylistically remarkable feature of language, which is especially used in the language of fiction. In metaphors, the language is used in an imaginary or nearly symbolic way, and the connection of the expression and its referent is closer than in a simile (Mattila 1984:50). They are similar to

idioms in the way, that in both cases language is not used in its literal meaning. Metaphors may become idiomatic when they are used generally, or they may be original to the author. Sometimes it is not easy to say whether an expression is an idiom or an original metaphor.

Other lexico-semantic features of the texts, which have caused translation problems, are word play and the use of proper names. Word-play is a stylistically important feature of a text, which causes special problems for the translator because there the meaning is strongly tied to the surface structure of language. Word-play cannot often be translated at all.

The use of proper names is a very general question of translation, which has to be solved by the translator keeping in mind the coherence of the TL. It is also a stylistic question because the choices that are made affect the cultural atmosphere and the strangeness or familiarity of the translation.

2.1 Idioms and metaphors

In English there are plenty of idioms, many unknown to a non-native speaker. An idiom may also be opaque; its meaning is not obviously revealed by the words used in it. Idioms are also very abundantly used by Carol Shields and a prominent feature of her style. Sometimes they are so unusual that it is not easy to see whether they are idioms at all or her own original metaphors. If they are the author's original language, there is no point in trying to find an equivalent idiom in Finnish; one task of the language of fiction, its poetic function, is to create new, fresh ways of saying things. The translator could spoil the freshness and richness by using old, worn-out images. In these choices the translator's creative ability and linguistic competence are tested and careful consideration is needed; the decisions can not be too far-fetched or so strange to the target language reader that their meaning or idea is not understood. An idiom of SL is best translated by a functionally equivalent idiom of TL (Ingo1990:245-247).

In some cases I had to consult my native-speaker friends, an Englishwoman and a Canadian, but sometimes what I took for an idiom was not familiar to them either. Shields's metaphors are sometimes very challenging for the

reader and there is even greater difficulty in translating their functional or artistic meaning into the target language.

First I will list what I considered to be more or less idiomatic sayings. Some of them are obvious and have a close or even literal equivalent in Finnish. They are often less problematic. I will not mention all of them but only give some examples with explanations of why I came up with a certain solution. I have chosen “easy” as well as “difficult” phrases; what has been difficult for me might not be that for somebody else. Even familiar idioms can be problematic in a certain context. The problem is often stylistic in those cases. The idioms are culturally bound and carry different connotations which also affect the style.

ALL OVER TOWN...

KAIKKIALLA KAUPUNGISSA...

This could also be expressed in a different way, for example:

Ympäri kaupunkia...

Joka puolella kaupunkia...

I chose the most obvious one for me since I do not think that this idiom carries in this context any special stylistic value, although it is in the beginning of the sentence and capitalised.

An example of translating a usual idiom of SL into a usual idiom of TL would be:

...; just to see her standing there is to feel a squeeze of the heart.

...; pelkästään nähdä hänen seisovan siinä sykähdyttää sydäntä.

Her favourite moment of the day is...

Hänen päivänsä mieluisin kohta on...

*Hänen lempikohtansa päivässä on...

The last awkward sentence would not work in Finnish. I had to stop here for a while to think about other possible expressions but could not find a better alternative.

..., moving the busy hangers along the rod,...

..., liikutellen nopeasti ripustimia tangolla,...

*..., liikuttaen kiireisiä ripustimia...

The last choice would have had too much stylistic prominence because it sounds strange in Finnish although it would probably have been understood by the reader. The personification of an inanimate object is accepted as a stylistic means. I considered using it for a while, then decided not to give it any special emphasis. In English *busy hangers* sounds more normal.

Hand detail

*Käsi yksityiskohta

Käsintehty koristelu

Here I had to choose from two meanings: either *hand* means 'handmade' or 'detailed with figures of hand'. From the context I drew the conclusion that it meant the former. Since the focalizer, the observer of the action, here is the character, no explanations "from outside" are given. The reader is supposed to know how she thinks. I also rejected the literal meaning of *detail*, *yksityiskohta*, and changed it into *koristelu* which, I think, captures the idea perfectly. I thought about this phrase as an idiomatic expression that needs not to be translated literally but functionally.

..., warming the combed crown of her hair...

This I translated quite literally:

...lämmittäen hänen hiustensa kammattua kruunua...

Any minute now he'll break out into a cha-cha-cha right here...

Minä hetkenä hyvänsä hän voi aloittaa cha-cha-chaan tässä...

Here I was not quite happy with the dull verb choice. *Aloittaa* does not sound as dynamic and sudden as *break out into*. There are dynamic verbs in Finnish, like *pyrähtää* juoksuun or *ponkaista* hyppyyn, but there is not an idiomatic one working with 'tanssi'. The meaning in the translation is sufficiently conveyed. The problem is more stylistic. Some choices I considered were:

...hän voi revetä cha-cha-chaahan...

...hän voi repäistä cha-cha-chaat...

I ended up using an expression suggested by my tutor:

...hän voi intoutua cha-cha-chaahan...

Often discussing the problems with others helps out from a dead end.

An example of a common idiom of SL that can be translated with an idiom of TL would be:

...if only he puts his mind to it.

..., jos hän vain keskittyy siihen.

There is a slight stylistic difference in:

I SKIED HAPPY MOUNTAIN and

I skied on Happy Mountain

The phrase is capitalised because it is exactly what is written on the ski passes of the Borden girls in *Dressing Up for the Carnival*. The capitalising helps to give the phrase more stylistic prominence, as does the slogan-like omitting of the preposition. This, however, cannot be made in Finnish. Retaining the original English proper noun is also problematic here because in Finnish it would get a clumsy case ending. I chose

Any of these common idioms do not capture the idea of the whole SL sentence, where there is the reference to the *infancy*. I have worked for months with this problem but no satisfactory solution has been found either by my conscious or unconscious mind. The dilemma is now passed on to the TL reader.

These very common and everyday idioms are replaced by similar idioms of the TL and no special stylistic value is aspired:

“I am no worse off than the average person,”...

“Minulla ei mene sen huonommin kuin kellä tahansa muullakaan”,...

“Hello there,”...

“Heipä hei”,...

Here is an idiom that I first translated literally but then, after getting criticism on it, tried to find a more common expression in the TL:

...; at the traffic light she strikes a pose,...

...; liikennevaloissa hän pysähtyy poseeraukseen,...

...; liikennevaloissa hän jähmettyy hetkeksi,...

Finally, I found a solution that was a little further from the SL text content:

...; liikennevaloissa hän seisahtuu näyttävästi,...

This idiom was not familiar to me either, but it could be understood from the context:

..., making it in four minutes flat.

...tehden siitä selvää neljässä minuutissa.

..., has been assigned Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*

The problem here was to decide whether the book alone can be used as an object:

..., on saanut tehtäväkseen Beckettin *Huomenna hän tulee*.

Or whether something should be added:

..., on saanut tehtäväkseen lukea Beckettin *Huomenna hän tulee*.

Both these solutions have the deficiency of lacking the Finnish case ending for accusative:

*..., on saanut tehtäväkseen Beckettin *Huomenna hän tulee*.

This could be solved by still adding a noun that takes the case form instead of the proper noun:

..., on saanut tehtäväkseen lukea Beckettin kirjan, *Huomenna hän tulee*.

Although that would have been grammatically the most proper solution, I ended up using the second choice where only one word had to be added and still the sentence does not sound very odd or wrong. The reason for this choice was the casual and impressionistic language of the author which gives the impression of spoken language or intimate thoughts and does not demand perfect accuracy of language.

For the next idiom I got some help. First, by a Canadian who affirmed that it was an idiom:

Vistas of possibility unfold like money.

Mahdollisuuksien näköalat aukeavat kuin rahatukut.

The second advice came from my tutor who suggested *rahatukut* for *money* which had caused the problem. My suggestion, *aarrearkku*, had also been better than *raha* which would have made the image unclear:

*Mahdollisuuksien näköalat aukeavat kuin raha/seteli.

The following idiom I had seen in a fashion magazine, so understanding it was not a problem but catching the “trendy” connotation:

Jeanette Foster is sporting a smart chignon.

Jeanette Foster esiintyy näppärässä nutturassa.

Here only one word had to be added to make the idiom sound right in the TL:

...that my slim novel...possessed any weight at all.

...että laihaalla romaanillani...oli mitään painoarvoa.

In this newspaper interview there is a hinted injury hidden so that an ambiguous saying had to be found:

“...is very much for the moment, though certainly not for the ages,”...

“...on kovin ajanhenkinen, joskaan ei varmasti aikaa kestävä”,...

There was an almost unexplainable difficulty with

...those cheap black cardigans they try to get away with.

Translating the idiom, as such, was not the problem but nothing seemed to fit in the whole sentence. It just did not sound right although there seemed to be several solutions:

...tuollaisen halvan, mustan villatakin, jolla/jollaisilla he yrittävät pärjätä/tulla toimeen/pärjällä/selvitä.

The three first alternatives had the same derogatory connotation. I chose *pärjätä*.

“That’s not quite her,”...

“Tuo ei ole aivan hänen näköisensä”,...

The dialogue of *A Scarf* uses feminine clichés deliciously, often ironically to the extent of creating a caricature. Here the translator has used the most common and worn-out idioms. In Finnish there are very useful affirmative endings, like *-han/-hän* to make the dialogue sound more colloquial and add “feminine touch”. Using hedges (*sort of, really, or something*), modal forms (*necessarily, certainly, definitely, obviously*), verbs referring to perception (*seem, appear, look*), emphatic verbs (*feel, believe, consider*), non-utterances (*well, oh*) and ellipsis are considered typical for specifically feminine use of language (Preisler 1986). The main character’s lack of self-confidence is expressed by her use of hedges, which are “expressions through which the speaker eschews categorical overtones and signals non-commitment” (Preisler 1986:104). The feminine features of language are quoted critically, but also used by the protagonist of the short story who does not usually identify herself with the superficial side of womanhood.

“Oh, the scarf absolutely must be suited to the person,”...

“Oi, huivinhan täytyy ehdottomasti sopia juuri oikealle henkilölle”,...

Here *juuri oikealle* replaces the definite article. A cliché would also have been:

“Oi, huivinhan täytyy olla kantajansa näköinen”,...

This is one of the points where I could have separated more courageously from the original text and still have retained the meaning and the style. A translator with more confidence could have done more independent decisions.

Almost equally suitable solutions would have worked in

..., too easily satisfied and someone who too seldom considers herself deserving.

...on aina tyytynyt liian vähään eikä useinkaan ole kokenut itseään paljon arvoiseksi.

...on aina tyytynyt liian vähään eikä ole useinkaan kokenut ansaitsevansa paljoa.

...on aina tyytynyt liian vähään ja liian harvoin kokenut ansaitsevansa jotakin.

These would have sounded too negative, they put too much emphasis on the self-esteem instead of referring to modesty:

...on aina tyytynyt liian vähään ja liian harvoin arvostanut itseään.

...on aina tyytynyt liian vähään ja liian harvoin pitänyt itseään jonkin arvoisena/
minkään arvoisena.

I chose the first alternative. The problem is not always in analysing the SL sentence although source language would be the less familiar one, but in becoming aware of the nuances and structures of the mother tongue which is built in the unconscious mind of the native speaker. A certain “blindness” may occur after repeatedly reading the alternative sentences: a rose is a rose...

Here I chose a literary translation instead of a more idiomatic one because the others sounded too mild, not as emotional:

...,a scarf that would gladden her heart.

...huivi, joka ilahduttaa hänen sydäntään. instead of

...huivi, joka ilahduttaa hänen mieltään./...huivi, josta hän ilahtuu.

In describing the scarf (or the idea of it) the narrator of *A Scarf* reaches the peak of her linguistic usage; she tries to capture the perfect idea that seems to escape her definitions. The language becomes elaborated:

The scarf became an idea; it must be brilliant and subdued at the same time, finely made, but with a secure sense of its own shape. A wisp was not what I wanted, not for Norah. Solidity, presence, was what I wanted, but in sinuous, ephemeral form.

Huivista tuli idea; sen täytyisi olla samalla kertaa lostelias ja hillitty, hyvin tehty, mutta selvästi omanlaisensa. En halunnut mitään riepua, en Norahille. Halusin lujutta, ryhtiä, mutta vaihtelevassa, ajanmukaisessa muodossa.

Most of the problems here were lexical. Just as the narrator tries to capture the very right words to describe still an abstract idea, the translator strives for the right words to cover the author's idea. They are not easy to refer from the context because they are not obvious attributes for a scarf. The sentences include idiomatic phrasal forms with uncommon words.

The next sentences are combinations of idiomatic phrases:

She performed this act instead of calling out to us crying; she solved her own nightmares and candidly exposed her original solution – which Tom and I took some comfort in but also, I confess, some amusement. I remember, with shame now, telling this story to friends, over coffee, over dinner, my brave little soldier daughter shaping her soldierly life.

Hän teki näin sen sijaan, että olisi huutanut meitä tai itkenyt; hän selvitteli omat painajaisensa ja paljasti rehellisesti omaperäisen ratkaisunsa – mistä Tom ja minä olimme jokseenkin mielissämme, mutta, täytyy tunnustaa, myös hieman huvittuneita. Häpeillen muistan kertoneeni juttua ystäväilleni kahvilla, päivällisellä, urhea pieni taistelijatytäreni, luomassa taistelijan elämäänsä.

I have retained the complexity and length of the sentences because it reminds of the flow of speech that comes naturally. Here, I think, it is a stylistic factor.

In the next three sentences I have also tried to retain the structure but lexical changes were necessary. The author uses very often adverbial phrases, especially disjuncts, in a mid-sentence position (*in fact*), which can not always be retained because they would sound artificial or too complex in the target language:

..., whatever I put around my neck takes on the configuration of a Girl Scout kerchief, the knot working its way straight to the throat, and the points sticking out rather than draping gracefully downward. I was not clever with accessories, I knew that about myself, and I was most definitely not a shopper. I had never understood, in fact, what it is that drives other women to feats of shopping perfection, but now I had a suspicion.

..., mitä tahansa laitan kaulani ympärille, se alkaa muistuttaa partiotyttöjen huivia, solmu kiertyy aina leuan alle ja kärjet pikemminkin törröttävät kuin laskeutuvat sievästi alaspäin. En ollut näppärä asusteiden kanssa, sen tiesin itsestäni, enkä missään tapauksessa mikään shoppailija. En itse asiassa ollut koskaan käsittänyt, mikä sai joidenkin naisten ostossuoritukset hipomaan täydellisyyttä, mutta nyt minulla oli siitä aavistus.

I had no power over Smith or her boyfriend or, in fact, any real part of her happiness, but I could provide something temporary and necessary: this dream of transformation, this scrap of silk.

Minulla ei ollut valtaa yliopiston tai poikaystävän suhteen, ei itse asiassa minkään todellisen hänen onneaan koskevan asian suhteen, mutta saattaisin huolehtia jostakin tilapäisestä ja tarpeellisesta: tästä muuntautumisen unelmasta, tästä silkinpalasesta.

The abundant use of clichés and worn-out idioms with the anxious and wordy search for the right expression gives us information about the main character and a hint about what her book would be like. The whole theme of not quite reaching the right thing in one's life is also manifested at the level of

language. In spite of the fluent and witty surface, the language is elaborated and somewhat clumsy in all its generosity. The language of the first-person narrator is a mixture of formal phrases with unusual words and very colloquial everyday spoken language, perhaps a reflection of her not-so-successful style as a writer. The narrator knows well the contradiction of her life: she would like to be an ambitious artist but she is also a middle-class, middle-aged housewife with mediocre talent. The translator's stylistic task here is not to "improve" the language or to smooth the contrasts. Intuition works here; analysis is needed when there is difficulty in understanding a SL sentence.

There are changes of the level of formality even in a single sentence:

In the early seventies, in the throes of love and anxious to satisfy his every demand, she had had her navel closed by a plastic surgeon because her husband complained that it smelled "off".

Seitsemänkymmentäluvun alussa, rakkaudentuskassaan, valmiina täyttämään miehensä jokaisen toiveen, hän antoi plastiikkakirurgin sulkea napansa, koska mies valitti, että se haisi "öklöltä".

Here I thought about using *kuroa napansa umpeen*, which would sound quite natural in Finnish but since the original text uses a very neutral way of saying it, I also decided to state the act with no illustrative emphasis.

The next example shows typically how the narrator's expressions can slightly "get carried away" with fluent explanations and lavish pondering, again a stylistically remarkable feature:

The complaint, apparently, had been made only once, a sour, momentary whim, but out of some need to please or punish she became a woman without a navel, left with a flattish indentation in the middle of her belly, and this navel-less state, more than anything, became her symbol of regret and anger. She spoke of erasure, how her relationship to her mother – with whom she was on bad terms anyway – had been erased along with the primal mark of connection.

Valitus oli ilmeisesti tehty vain kerran, hetkellisessä happamuuden puuskassa, mutta jokin tarve miellyttää tai rankaista teki hänestä naisen ilman napaa, naisen, jolla oli litteähkö tunnusmerkki vatsansa kekellä, ja tämä navaton tila, enemmän kuin mikään muu, muodostui hänelle katumuksen ja vihan symboliksi. Hän puhui poispyyhkiytymisestä, kuinka hänen suhteensa äitiinsä – jonka kanssa hän jo muutoinkin oli huonoissa väleissä – oli pyyhitty pois tämän ensisijaisen yhteyden merkin mukana.

Knowing that the tone of the idiom *Sounds like a hoot* can be ambiguous, it was difficult to find a corresponding expression in Finnish. The character

making the utterance had ambiguous thoughts on her friend's success: she wishes to express her congratulations but is, at the same time, jealous:

“Well done, it sounds like a hoot.”

“Hyvin tehty, jopas jotakin.”

The written form itself does not clearly express the ambiguity; only an ironic tone of voice could reveal the underlying meaning. I tried to find a closer meaning testing a close expression:

“Hyvin tehty, aika töräys.”

This choice would have been confusing to a TL reader. It is not idiomatic and the message is unclear. Next, I tried to get further from the original expression and find something that would be functionally equivalent; capable for a positive and a negative interpretation:

“Hyvin tehty, melkoinen tekele.”

“Hyvin tehty, aikamoinen tempaus.”

“Hyvin tehty, aika ihme juttu.”

“Hyvin tehty, kuulostaa hienolta.”

All these, except the last one, are ambiguous and have slight differences in their tendency to cause positive or negative interpretations. The first one is perhaps too negative and the others can have a mocking tone, but it is not obvious that there is an insult hidden. The reader's interpretation determines the tone.

2.2 Word play

The ambiguity of words is a stylistic factor in *A Scarf*; some words carry extra connotations that cause plurality of voice and make the story ironic.

The slightly pathetic narrator of the story has written a book that she herself is ashamed of because she fails to see the literary worth of it. The sudden popularity of the book confuses her. She seems to be in an undefined state of being in the middle of everything and not clearly belonging anywhere. She has acquired some publicity but finds it only embarrassing. The familiarity of her ordinary life is always present. She makes sharp observations about her situation, like an outsider, seeing the disappointments and misunderstandings of her life without having the strength, power or courage to change them. She is not capable of reaching what she really wants. She accepts her fate of being mediocre with some sadness and with sharp self-irony. For her daughter she would wish more confidence but she herself has given up; her time is up.

The name of the novel that the main narrator of the story has written, *My Thyme Is Up*, sounds strange and artificial; a title for a ridiculous novel. The book has got its name from a remarkable part of dialogue presented in it, where the story reaches its culmination point; something new is about to begin, a new life for a relationship, of which the sprouting of the thyme seeds is a symbol. The connotation to *My time is up*, based on the likeness of sound, is tied to the surface structure of language and cannot be translated into Finnish. *Timjamini versoa* only carries the literal meaning and the stylistic feature of ridiculous artificiality. *Ai, kani on tullut* would have worked if the thyme seeds had not been meaningful in the story. It is not clear for the reader whether the extra association of the name has been accidental. The main character has a strong sense of irony but she also fails unintentionally in her aspirations, something goes slightly wrong all the time.

Another problem with ambiguity is caused by the word *stuff*. When a friend talks about her writing, *jutut*, the main character thinks of kapok, *patjantäytteet*. *Juttu* or another colloquial word for a text, *matsku*, do not carry a direct connotation to a *mattress*. Here I started searching for the right word by writing two lists of words: one for the synonyms or closely associated words for a *story*, the other for the synonyms of a *mattress*. That way I came up to the word *sisältö* which somehow covers the both meanings, although not perfectly:

She talked about her “stuff,” by which she meant her writing. She made it sound like

a sack of kapok. A magazine editor had commented on how much he liked her “stuff,” and how her kind of “stuff” contained the rub of authenticity.

Hän puhui “sisällöistään”, joilla tarkoitti kirjoituksiaan. Hän sai ne kuulostamaan patjantäyteiltä. Erään aikakauslehden julkaisija oli kertonut pitävänsä hänen “sisällöistään” ja sanonut, että hänen “sisällöissään” oli autentisuutta.

Instead of *kapokkisäkeiltä* I chose *patjantäyteiltä*. I do not think that it is underestimating the reader’s capacity to understand the word but it sounds a little odd in Finnish, and the actual meaning is not changed, only made more general. There is also a cultural difference: here the mattresses have been traditionally filled with straw, kapok is perhaps not the first stuffing material that comes to the mind of a Finnish reader. Kapok has an association of something old-fashioned and natural, familiar and ordinary in American culture, but I think that is not very meaningful for the style in the short story. Being a little strange for a Finnish reader, it might acquire extra weight.

2.3 Proper names

Some decisions concerning the retaining or changing the proper names of the original text have already been discussed and these decisions also overlap with the problems of cultural context.

As a principle, I have left the original names unchanged, unless they include common names that need to be understood, as in

I SKIED HAPPY MOUNTAIN

LASKETTELIN ONNELLISELLA VUORELLA and

My Thyme Is Up

Timjamini versoa

..., something called the Writer’s Suite.

..., jota kutsuttiin Kirjailijan sviitiksi

where the understanding of the words seem to have some stylistic function by bringing additional flavour for the atmosphere or some function for the meaning.

Changing the names of persons or places(cities, streets, restaurants,etc.) even if they had special connotations, does not seem appropriate. Instead names may be translated, if they have an already established Finnish translation, like the name of a book:

...has been assigned Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*.

...on saanut tehtäväkseen lukea Beckettin *Huomenna hän tulee*.

Imagine of someone writing a play called *Death of a Saleswoman*.

Kuvittele, että joku kirjoittaa näytelmän *Kauppamatkustajattaren kuolema*.

or another well-established proper name, not specially belonging to the source culture:

Jesus Christ...- Mr. Christ, Jesus to the in-group.

Jeesus Kristus...- herra Kristus, sisäpiirille pelkkä Jeesus.

The names of magazines were not changed, they do not have a Finnish equivalence, but sometimes the Finnish case endings made them look clumsy:

... *New York Times Book Review*issä sanottiin.

Sometimes this can be avoided by adding an extra ending or translating only part of the name:

...in *Publishers Weekly*.

...*Publishers Weekly* -lehdessä.

...in a *People* magazine interview.

...*People*-lehden haastattelussa.

It won the Offenden Prize,...

Voitin Offenden-palkinnon,...

Some names have intertextual meanings, for example *Death of a Saleswoman* or *Politics & Prose* which can be left for the reader to discover.

There is one case where I have left the proper name out of the translation:

...Norah's future happiness now balanced not on acceptance at Smith...

...Norahin tulevaisuuden onni ei nyt riippunut yliopistoon pääsystä...

The name of the college or university does not say anything to an average TL reader and the meaning can thus be expressed simply with a common name, *yliopisto*. A compound name with the proper name and the explaining common name could have been used, but it would have looked clumsy and since *Smith* is an unfamiliar school to me, I do not know if naming it would add special prestige.

Sometimes, a proper name had to be added instead of using a pronoun, like in the SL text, because Finnish lacks the distinction of gender of the third person singular pronouns.

He'll draw her a plan on a sheet of paper.

Hän piirtää Wandalle kartan paperiarkille,...

Usually this affects the style only marginally, but excessive repetition or confusion with who is told about also somehow draw attention the part of the text where they occur.

3 Problems of the cultural context

I have decided to treat separately the decisions that are problematic due to cultural differences, although most of these are problems of lexico-semantic level as well. Language is also a part of culture. Here I see "culture" in a

narrower sense, consisting of other historically and socially formed habits and features of the SL and the TL society than the languages themselves, whose difference the translator obviously has to take into consideration.

A special feature of the problems of the cultural context is that there are no exact, or sometimes even near equivalents for the TL terms because they are so tied up with the SL history and culture. The translator cannot know how much the readers of the TL text know about the cultural background and setting of the SL text and has to decide when an explanation has to be added, cultural adaptation done by finding a “domestic” equivalent, how much “strangeness” can be allowed in the text by leaving something there in its original form or even if something can be left out. Here the translator also encounters questions of morality and ethics in translation. Levý (in Bassnett 1980:22) is of the opinion that “any contracting or omitting of difficult expressions in translation was immoral” and “the translator has the responsibility of finding a solution” for each dilemma.

Here I will give some examples of linguistic choices that were ‘culturally problematic’:

...that reminds her of the Morris dances she and her boyfriend Bruce saw at the Exhibition last year.

..., josta tulee mieleen kansantanssinäytös, jota hän oli poikaystävänsä Brucen kanssa katsomassa viime vuonna.

Morris dances could be called historical dances as well as folk dances but there is no need to explain the historical background of the dances here because the dance itself is not essential to the story. The knowledge of the historical and cultural connotations of the dance could help the reader understand better what kind of blouse Tamara was thinking of. The reader is probably not expected to be as clothes-conscious as the main character and the careful explanations about the garments tell the reader more of the character than of the garment itself.

Translating concepts of measure seems stylistically awkward in a contemporary text in most cases. Changing monetary units, for example, would be domesticating the text too much, at least in those few examples that

there were in these short stories, where the sum itself seemed not to have any meaning:

Se maksoi \$1.29.

The sum could have been expressed quite casually in the TL, without giving it too much emphasis, but I think that retaining the original expression gave some authentic flavour to the text.

Ralph Eliot, seventeen years old, six feet tall, killingly handsome, and the best halfback the school team has seen...

Ralph Eliot, seitsemäntoista vuotta, kuusi jalkaa pitkä, kuolettavan komea ja koulun Joukkueen paras keskushyökkääjä...

Rather than wanting to express exactly *how* tall the character is, I think that the writer has wanted to emphasise that he *is* tall and handsome. In Finnish an almost idiomatic expression could be *satakahdeksankymmentäsenttinen*. Here I decided to let the SL culture show through the text relying on that even the more strange measure of length transmits the functional sense of the expression. *Pitkä* had to be added to avoid the funny image of the character having six feet, which probably would not be misunderstood but could be smiled at.

American football is not generally very well known in Finland. The Finnish term *tukimies*, given in dictionaries for *halfback*, does not necessarily give the reader the impression that a player in such position is very important for the game. I had to ask a Finnish player of American football how he would translate the term *halfback* and he recommended *keskushyökkääjä* which I then used.

Show me your fatwa, Mrs Winters.

Näyttäkäähän fatwanne, rouva Winters.

This little ironic remark in parenthesis does not make sense unless the reader knows what *fatwa* means. Since it comes from islamic culture, it cannot be expected that all SL readers are familiar with the word either. The reader is left

to work out the meaning in both SL and TL texts. Explaining it in TL translation would be underestimating the TL reader. A similar choice was

..., and who threw a mask of *noir* over every event,...

...ja jotka joka käänteessä verhosivat tapahtumat *noirilla*,...

Many of the choices concerning the cultural differences have been discussed in the chapter on the proper names. One thing, perhaps marginally cultural, that almost went unnoticed without paying attention to the coherence of the text, was the terms of address, which I had without much thinking sometimes translated, at other times not:

...Mr. Wishcourt, Wandan työpaikan pankinjotaja,...

Myös herra Gilman hymyilee.

...eikä myöskään Mr. Scribano.

“Rouva Wintersin kirja on kovin ajanhenkinen,...”

When this occurred to me I checked the titles and found out that I had used both *Mr. Scribano* and *herra Scribano*. I noticed that I had translated the titles of the characters that were central or close to the reader. Of the more distant, one-dimensional characters, which were not often mentioned, I had used the English title, which seemed to belong to their proper name, it was just a “label”. Mr. Scribano’s status was somewhere in between. This was an intuitive decision that I did not change even for the sake of consistency.

Sometimes there were details that would need explanations or sound strange if translated literally:

..., not unless you count the woollen mufflers she wears on the school bus,...

The *bus* itself seemed not to be important here, rather it referred to something casual, ordinary and home-spun, in contrast to the extravagant idea of a “real” scarf. I left it out because school buses are not so institutionalised in the TL culture:

..., jos ei oteta lukuun noita villakaulaliinija, joita käytetään koulumatkoilla.

For *writer-in-residence* I could not find an easily understandable expression without adding extra explanations. *Paikalliskirjailija* does not say anything to the reader; I finally used *kirjallisuusneuvoja*, which I hope, conveys at least broad-mindedly, but shortly said, the idea of the original word.

The stylistic analysis conducted in this chapter has shown that stylistic features are often concretised in the detailed linguistic choices, but the translator needs also a broader over-all understanding of the style of the text and of the author's original use of language to work in the background for the coherence of the text. The interpretations of the text's contents and meaning and, for example, the analysis of the themes and the characters of the stories, help the translator in his/ her choices. On the other hand, the translator needs a good knowledge of both the source and target languages and of their cultural context. The translator has to move from the whole to the parts and vice versa to make the TL text suitably accurate, fluent and coherent. Sometimes finding the right way to express a SL utterance in TL needs accuracy and care; at other times a courageous decision, that deviates greatly from the original expression, but carries a close functional similarity, is better. Choosing the right variant for each expression of the text and context is a delicate matter which cannot be solved mechanically.

The choices described in this chapter have shown how I read and interpret a text as a translator. It is useful to let other people read the drafts, even though there would be no specific problems, because the awareness during the translation process varies and something may be misunderstood or go unnoticed by the translator. Asking help for problematic parts, but also getting feedback on the overall impression of the TL text or a fresh view, may be needed during the translation process. Finally, however, the translator decides whether to accept advice by others and takes the responsibility for the choices. As a beginner, I was very grateful for every comment and suggestion by other people. Although the interpretations of texts are subjective to some extent, there seem to be certain common experiences of stylistic matters.

From the analysis of the textual details I will now move on to the core of my study; the translated texts.

V THE TEXTS

This chapter includes the core and basis of my study; the two short stories by Carol Shields, *Dressing Up for a Carnival* and *A Scarf*, and their translations. I have started my study by translating the texts, they have changed throughout the process of this study and the final versions were still worked on when a clean copy of this study was being written. The translation process has, because of the study, been quite long and laborious; nine months! The original texts are printed side by side with their translations to help the reader make comparisons.

The columns of the English and Finnish texts are of different breadth because the surface structures of the two languages differ also in the length of their expressions. Finnish, as a synthetic language, has often longer words than the more analytic English. I have not added any own explanations into the Finnish text, nor have I left out whole sentences. The parts that have been omitted have been discussed in Chapter IV. Shields's long sentences have also sometimes been cut into shorter ones. In general, shorter sentences are used in Finnish than in English.

These two short stories are the two first ones of Shields's collection of twenty-two short stories, *Dressing Up for a Carnival*, which has not yet been translated into Finnish. I have chosen these stories because of their suitable length and difficulty, but also because the language used in them shows clearly prominent stylistic features, which have given good material for my study.

Dressing Up for a Carnival is an impressionistic short story, where there is no actual plot, but a common theme, which brings together the short images, momentary flashes of the lives of the many characters of the story.

In *A Scarf* there are few characters and a traditional plot with growing tension and a culmination point. Although the type of the two short stories is different, in both of them Shields's original style is recognisable in the way she uses language to express intimately her characters' thoughts and feelings.

These general ideas have been in the background when I have tried to reach the "otherness" of Shields's texts; her way to express her ideas, in my translations.

Dressing Up for the Carnival

ALL OVER TOWN people are putting on their costumes. Tamara has flung open her closet door; just to see her standing there is to feel a squeeze of the heart. She loves her clothes. She *knows* her clothes. Her favourite moment of day is *this* moment, standing at the closet door, still a little dizzy from her long night of tumbled sleep, biting her lip, thinking hard, moving the busy hangers along the rod, about to make up her mind.

Yes! The yellow cotton skirt with the big patch pockets and the hand detail around the hem. How fortunate to own such a skirt. And the white blouse. What a blouse! Those sleeves, that neckline with its buttoned flap, the fullness in the yoke that reminds her of the Morris dances she and her boyfriend Bruce saw at the Exhibition last year.

Next she adds her new straw belt; perfect. A string of yellow beads. Earrings of course. Her bone sandals. And bare legs, why not?

She never checks the weather before she dresses; her clothes *are* the weather, as powerful in their sunniness as the strong, muzzy early morning light pouring into the narrow street by the bus stop, warming the combed crown of her hair and fuelling her with imagination. She taps a sandalled foot lightly on the pavement, waiting for the number 4 bus, no longer just Tamara, clerk-receptionist for the Youth Employment Bureau, but a woman in a yellow skirt. A passionate woman dressed in

Karnevaaliasut

KAIKKIALLA KAUPUNGISSA ihmiset pukeutuvat asuihinsa. Tamara on sinkauttanut auki vaatekaappinsa oven; pelkästään nähdä hänen seisovan siinä sykähdyttää sydäntä. Hän rakastaa vaatteitaan. Hän *tuntee* vaatteensa. Hänen päivänsä mieluisin kohta on juuri *tämä* hetki, kun hän seisoo kaapin ovella, vielä hieman tokkuraisena pitkän, levottoman yönensä jälkeen, huulta purren, miettien kovasti, liikutellen nopeasti ripustimia tangolla, valmiina päättämään.

Kyllä! Keltainen puuvillahame, jossa on suuret paikkataskut ja käsin tehty koristelu helmassa. Miten onnekasta omistaa sellainen hame. Ja valkoinen paitapusero. Mikä pusero! Nuo hihat, päantie napituslistoineen, kaarrokkeen runsaus, josta tulee mieleen kansantanssinäytös, jota hän oli poikaystävänsä Brucen kanssa katsomassa viime vuonna.

Seuraavaksi hän lisää uuden olkivyönsä; täydellistä. Keltainen helminauha. Tietysti korvakorut. Varvassandaalit. Ja paljaat sääret, miksei?

Hän ei koskaan tarkasta säätilaa ennen kuin pukeutuu; hänen vaatteensa *ovat* säätila, yhtä voimakkaita aurinkoisuudessaan kuin vahva, tylsä varhaisen aamun valo, joka valuu kapealle kadulle bussipysäkin viereen lämmittäen hänen hiustensa kammattua kruunua ja valaen häneen mielikuvitusta. Hän naputtaa sandaalin peittämää jalkaansa kevyesti jalkakäytävään odottaessaan nelosta, ei enää pelkkä Tamara, nuorten työvoimatoimiston vastaanottovirkailija, vaan nainen keltaisessa hameessa. Intohimoinen nainen puettuna keltaiseen. Intohi-

yellow. A Passionate Vibrant Woman About To Begin Her Day. Her Life.

Roger, aged thirty, employed by the Gas Board, is coming out of a corner grocer's carrying a mango in his left hand. He went in to buy an apple and came out with *this*. At the cash register he refused a bag, preferring to carry this thing, this object, in his bare hand. The price was \$1.29. He's a little surprised at how heavy it is, a tight seamless leather skin enclosing soft pulp, or so he imagines. He has never bought a mango before, never eaten one, doesn't know what a mango tastes like or how it's prepared. Cooked like a squash? Sliced and sugared like a peach? He has no intention of eating it, not now anyway, maybe never. Its weight reminds him of a first-class league ball, but larger, longer, smooth skinned, and ripely green. Mango, mango. An elliptical purse, juice-filled, curved for the palm of the human hand, his hand.

He is a man of medium height, burly, divorced, wearing an open-necked shirt, hurrying back to work after his coffee break. But at this moment he freezes and sees himself freshly: a man carrying a mango in his left hand. Already he's accustomed to it; in fact, it's starting to feel lighter and drier, like a set of castanets which has somehow attached itself to his left arm. Any minute now he'll break out into a cha-cha-cha right here in front of the Gas Board. The shrivelled fate he sometimes sees for himself can be postponed if only he puts his mind to it. Who would have thought it of him? Not his ex-wife Lucile, not

moinen, Eläväinen Nainen Aloittamassa Päiväänsä. Elämäänsä.

Roger, kolmekymmentä vuotta, kaasulaitoksen työntekijä, tulee ulos kulmakaupasta kantaen mangoa vasemmassa kädessään. Hän meni ostamaan omenaa ja tuli ulos *tämän* kanssa. Kassalla hän ei huolinut pussia vaan halusi mieluummin kantaa tämän jutun, tämän esineen paljaassa kädessään. Se maksoi \$1.29. Häntä hieman hämmästyttää sen painavuus, tiukka saumaton nahkakuori, jonka sisällä on pehmeää hedelmälihaa, tai niin hän kuvittelee. Hän ei ole koskaan ennen ostanut mangoa, ei koskaan syönyt sellaista, ei tiedä miltä mango maistuu tai miten siitä valmistetaan syötävää. Keitetään kuin kesäkurpitsa? Siivutetaan ja sokeroidaan kuin persikka? Hänellä ei ole aikomustakaan syödä sitä, ei ainakaan nyt, ehkä ei koskaan. Sen paino muistuttaa häntä mestaruussarjan liigapallosta, mutta suuremmasta, pitemmästä, pehmeäkuorisesta ja kypsän vihreästä. Mango, mango. Soikea pussi, mehuntäyteinen, ihmiskäteen kaartuva, hänen käteensä.

Hän on keskimittainen mies, tukeva, eronnut, pukeutunut avokaulaiseen paitaan, kiiruhtamassa takaisin töihin kahvitauoltaan. Mutta tämä hetki saa hänet pysähtymään ja katsomaan itseään uusin silmin: mies kantamassa mangoa vasemmassa kädessään. Hän on jo tottunut siihen; itse asiassa se on alkanut tuntua kevyemmältä ja kuivemmalta, kuin kastanjetit, jotka ovat jotenkin kiinnittyneet hänen vasempaan käsivarteensa. Minä hetkenä hyvänsä hän voi intoutua cha-cha-chaahan tässä kaasulaitoksen edessä. Kuivettunutta kohtaloa, jonka hän joskus näkee edessään, voi siirtää tuonnemmaksi, jos hän vain oikein keskittyy siihen. Kuka-

his co-workers, not his boss, not even himself.

And the Borden sisters are back from their ski week in Happy Valley. They've been back for a month now, in fact, so why are they still wearing those little plastic ski passes on the zipper tabs of their jackets? A good question. I SKIED HAPPY MOUNTAIN these passes say. The Bordens wear them all over town, at the shopping centre, in the parking lot. It's spring, the leaves are unfolding on the hedges in front of the post office, but the Borden girls, Karen and Sue, still carry on their bodies, and in their faces too, the fresh wintry cold of the slopes, the thrill of powder snow and stinging sky. (The air up there chimes with echoes, a bromide of blue.) It would be an exaggeration to say the Borden sisters swagger; it would be going too far. They move like young ponies, quivery and thoughtful, with the memory of expended effort and banked curves. They speak to each other in voices that are loud and musical, and their skin, so clear, pink, bright, and healthy, traps the sunshine beneath its surface. With one hand, walking along, they stroke the feathering-out tops of hedges in front of the post office, and with the other they pull and tug on those little plasticized tags – I SKIED HAPPY MOUNTAIN. You might say it's a kind of compulsion, as though they can't help themselves.

And then there's Wanda from the bank who has been sent on the strangest of errands. It happened this way: Mr. Wishcourt, the bank manager where Wanda works, has just bought a new

pa olisi uskonut hänestä? Ei ex-vaimo Lucile, eivät työtoverit, ei hänen pomonsa, ei edes hän itse.

Ja Bordenin sisarukset ovat palanneet hiihtolomaltaan Happy Valleystä. He palasivat itse asiassa jo kuukausi sitten, niin että miksi heillä on vieläkin nuo pienet, muoviset hiihtolipukkeet takkiensa vetoketjuissa? Hyvä kysymys. Lipuissa lukee: LASKETTELIN ONNELISELLA VUORELLA. Bordenneilla on ne mukanaan kaikkialla, ostoskeskuksessa, parkkipaikalla. On kevät, lehdet puhkeavat postitoimiston edessä oleviin pensaisiin, mutta Bordenin tytöt, Karen ja Sue, kantavat kehoissaan ja kasvoillaanakin rinteiden raikasta talvista kylmyyttä, puuterilumen ja häikäisevän taivaan väreilevää jännitystä. (Ilma ylhäällä sointuu kaikuja, brominsinistä.) Olisi liioiteltua sanoa, että Bordenin sisarukset kulkevat rehvastellen; se menisi liian pitkälle. He liikkuvat kuin nuoret ponit, värisevinä ja varoen, koettujen ponnistelujen ja kaarevien töyräiden muistoissa. He puhuvat toisilleen kuuluvalla ja sointuisalla äänellä, ja heidän ihonsa, niin puhdas, rusottava, kirkas ja terve, vangitsee auringonvalon pintansa alle. Yhdellä kädellään he pyyhkäisevät kulkiessaan postitoimiston edessä olevien pensaiden sojottavia latvuksia ja toisella kiskovat ja nykivät noita pieniä muovitettuja lap-puja – LASKETTELIN ONNELISELLA VUORELLA. Voisi sanoa, että se on eräänlainen pakkomiellet, niin kuin he eivät voisi mitään itselleen.

Ja sitten pankissa on Wanda, joka on lähetetty mitä kummallisimmalle asialle. Näin se kävi: Mr. Wishcourt, Wandan työpaikan pankinjohtaja, on juuri ostanut uudet lastenvaunut vaimolleen, tai pikemminkin heidän uudelle poika-

baby carriage for his wife, or rather, for their new baby son, Samuel James. The baby carriage was an impulsive lunch-hour purchase, he explains to Wanda, looking shamefaced but exuberant: an English pram, high-wheeled, majestically hooded, tires like a Rolls Royce, a beauty, but the fool thing, even when folded up, refuses to fit in the back of his Volvo. Would she object? It would take perhaps three-quarters of an hour. It's a fine day. He'll draw her a plan on a sheet of paper, put an X where his house is. He knows how she loves walking, that she gets restless in the afternoon sometimes, sitting in her little airless cage. He would appreciate it so much. And so would his wife and little Sam. Would she mind? He's never before asked her to make coffee or do personal errands. It's against his policy, treating his employees like that. But just this once?

Wanda sets off awkwardly. She is, after all, an awkward woman, who was formerly an awkward girl with big girlish teeth and clumsy shoulders. The pram's swaying body seems to steer her at first, instead of *her* steering *it*. Such a chunky rolling oblong, black and British with its wambling, bossy, outsized keel. "Excuse me," she says, and "Sorry." Without meaning to, she forces people over to the edge of the sidewalks, crowds them at the street corners, even rubs up against them with the big soft tires.

All she gets back are smiles. Or kindly little nods that say: "It's not your fault" or "How marvelous" or "What a picture!" After a bit she gets

vauvalleen, Samuel Jamesille. Lastenvaunut olivat impulsiivinen ruokatuntiosostos, hän selittää Wandalle näyttäen yhtä aikaa häpeilevältä ja ylitsepursuavalta: englantilaiset vaunut, korkeat pyörät, majesteettinen kuomu, renkaat kuin Rolls Roycessa, oikea kaunotar, mutta hullua kyllä, kokoontaitetunakaan ne eivät suostu mahtumaan hänen Volvonsa takatilaan. Olisiko Wandalla mitään sitä vastaan? Siinä menisi ehkä kolme neljännestuntia. Päivä on kaunis. Hän piirtää Wandalle kartan paperiarkille, merkitsee talonsa rastilla. Hän tietää, että Wanda pitää kävelemisestä, että tämä tulee joskus iltopäivisin levottomaksi istuessaan pienessä, ilmattomassa kopissaan. Mies arvostaisi sitä todella. Niin myös hänen vaimonsa ja pikku Sam. Olisiko Wandalla jotain sitä vastaan? Hän ei ole koskaan pyytänyt tätä keittämään kahvia tai hoitamaan henkilökohtaisia asioitaan. On vastoin hänen menettelytapojaan kohdella alaisiaan niin. Mutta vain tämän kerran?

Wanda lähtee matkaan kömpelösti. Kaiken kaikkiaan hän on kömpelö nainen, joka aikaisemmin oli kömpelö tyttö, jolla oli suuret tyttömäiset hampaat ja kulmikkaat hartiat. Vaunujen huojuva runko tuntuu ensin ohjailevan häntä sen sijaan, että *hän* ohjaisi *sitä*. Mikä järkälemäinen, vierivä suorakulmio, musta ja keinahtelussaan brittiläinen, mahtaileva, ylisuuri alus. "Anteeksi", hän sanoo, ja "Olen pahoillani". Tahtomattaan hän pakottaa ihmiset kulkemaan jalkakäytävien reunoilla, ruuhkauttaa heidät kadunkulmissa, suuret, pehmeät renkaat jopa hankautuvat heitä vasten.

Hän saa vastaansa pelkkiä hymyjä. Tai pieniä ystävällisiä nyökäyksiä, jotka tarkoittavat: "Ei se

the hang of steering. This is a technical marvel she's pushing along, the way it takes the curbs, soundlessly, with scarcely any effort at all. Engineering at its most refined and comical. Her hands rest lightly on the white handlebar. It might be made of ivory or alabaster or something equally precious, it's so smooth and cool to the touch.

By the time Wanda reaches Pine Street she feels herself fully in charge. Beneath the leafy poplars, she and the carriage have become a single entity. Gliding, melding, a silvery hum of wheels and a faint, pleasing adhesive resistance as the tires roll along suburban asphalt. The weight of her fingertips is enough to keep it in motion, in control, and she takes the final corners with grace. Little Sam is going to love his new rolling home, so roomy and rhythmic, like a dark boat sailing forward in tune with his infant breathing and the bump-dee-bump of his baby heart.

She stops, leans over, and reaches inside. There's no one about; no one sees her, only the eyes inside her head that have rehearsed this small gesture in dreams. She straightens the blanket, pulling it smooth, pats it into place. "Shhh," she murmurs, smiling. "There, there, now."

Mr. Gilman is smiling too. His daughter-in-law, who considers him a prehistoric bore, has invited him to dinner. This happens perhaps once a month; the telephone rings early in the morning. "We'd love to have you over tonight," she says. "Just family fare, I'm afraid, leftovers."

mitään" tai "Miten ihastuttavaa" tai "Mikä näky!" Hetken päästä hän pääsee jyvälle ohjaamisesta. Tämä hän on tekninen ihme, jota hän työntelee, miten se kulkee reunakivien yli, äänettömästi, tuskin mitään ponnistusta vaatien. Insinööritaitoa hienostuneimmassa ja huvittavimmassa muodossaan. Hänen kätensä lepää kevyesti leveällä valkoisella kädensijalla. Se voisi olla norsunluuta tai alabasteria tai jotakin muuta yhtä arvokasta materiaalia, sitä on niin sileä ja viileä koskettaa.

Kun Wanda saapuu Pine Streetille, hän tuntee hallitsevansa asian täysin. Lehtevien poppeleiden alla hänestä ja vaunuista on tullut yhtenäinen kokonaisuus. Liukuen, sulautuen, pyörien hopeinen humina ja hento, miellyttävä kitka, kun renkaat rullaavat esikaupungin asfaltilla. Hänen sormenpäidensä paino riittää pitämään sen liikkeesä, ohjauksessa, ja hän suoriutuu viimeisistä kaarteista sulokkaasti. Pikku Sam varmasti rakastuu uuteen vierivään kotiinsa, niin tilavaan ja rytmikkääseen; kuin tumma alus purjehtisi eteenpäin hänen vauvanhengityksensä ja pieno-kaisensydämensä bumtsibumin tahdissa.

Wanda pysähtyy ja kurkottautee vaunun sisään. Ketään ei ole lähitöllä; kukaan ei näe häntä, vain hänen sisäiset silmänsä, jotka ovat harjoitelleet tätä pientä elettä unissa. Hän suoristaa huopaa ja kevyesti vetäen taputtelee sen paikalleen. "Shhh" hän hymähtää, hymyillen. "No niin, sillä lailla."

Myös herra Gilman hymyilee. Hänen miniänsä, joka pitää häntä esihistoriallisena tylsimyksenä, on kutsunut hänet päivälliselle. Näin tapahtuu ehkä kerran kuussa; puhe-
lin soi varhain aamulla. "Olisi mukavaa, jos tulisit käymään tänä

"I'd be delighted," he always says, even though the word *leftovers* gives him, every time she says it, a little ping of injury.

At age eighty he can be observed in his obverse infancy, metaphorically sucking and tonguing the missing tooth of his life. He knows what he looks like: the mirror tells all – eyes like water sacs, crimson arcs around the ears, a chin that betrays him, the way it mooches and wobbles while he trashes around in his head for one of those rumpled anecdotes that seem only to madden his daughter-in-law. Better to keep still and chew. "Scrumptious," he always says, hoping to win her inhospitable heart, but knowing he can't.

Today he decides to buy her flowers. Why-oh-why has he never thought of this before! Daffodils are selling for \$1.99 a half dozen. A bargain. It must be spring, he thinks, looking around. Why not buy two bunches, or three? Why not indeed? Or four?

They form a blaze of yellow in his arms, a sweet propitiating little fire. He knows he should take them home immediately and put them in water for tonight, but he is reluctant to remove the green paper wrapping which lends a certain legitimacy; these aren't flowers randomly snatched from the garden; these are florist's flowers, purchased as an offering, an oblation.

There seems nothing to do but carry them about with him all day. He takes them along to the bank, the drugstore, to his appointment with the foot specialist, his afternoon card club at the Sunset Lodge. Never has he received more courteous attent-

iltana", hän sanoo, "ihan vaan perheen kesken. Lämmitän jotakin, ei sen kummempaa."

"Tulen mielelläni", hän sanoo, vaikka häntä loukkaa aina hieman, kun miniä sanoo *lämmitän jotakin*.

Kahdeksankymmenen ikäisenä hänen voidaan nähdä olevan lapsuutensa kääntöpuolella, vertauskuvallisesti imeskelemässä ja tunnustelemassa kielellään puuttuvaa elämänhammastaan. Hän tietää itse miltä näyttää: peili kertoo kaiken – silmät kuin kalvopussit, karmiinipunaiset kaaret korvien ympärillä, petollinen leuka, joka heiluu veltona, kun hän pohtii mielessään yhtä noista kauhtuneista kaskuistaan, jotka tuntuvat vain hermostuttavan hänen miniäänsä. Parempi vain pysytellä hiljaa ja pureskella. "Herkullista", hän aina sanoo toivoen voivansa valloittaa tämän epävieraanvaraisen sydämen, mutta tietäen, ettei se onnistu.

Tänään hän päättää ostaa miniälle kukkia. Miksi, oi miksi hän ei ole tullut ajatelleeksi sitä! Puoli tusinaa narsisseja maksaa \$1.99. Varsinainen tarjous. Nyt on varmaan-kin kevät, hän ajattelee katsellen ympärilleen. Miksei ostaisi kahta tai kolmea kimppua? Miksei todellakaan? Tai neljää?

Ne muodostavat keltaisen loimun hänen käsivarrellaan, suloisen suojelemaan pienen tulen. Hän tietää, että ne pitäisi heti viedä kotiin ja laittaa veteen illaksi, mutta hän ei halua ottaa pois vihreää paperikäärettä, joka suo niihin jonkinlaisen laillistetun oikeuden; näitä kukkia ei ole umpimähkään napattu puutarhasta, nämä ovat kukkakaupan kukkia, ostettu uhrilahjaksi, sovintouhriksi.

Ei näy olevan muuta vaihtoehtoa kuin kanniskella niitä ympäriinsä pitkin päivää. Hän ottaa ne mukaansa pankkiin, apteekkiin, jalka-

ion, such quick service. The eyes of strangers appear friendlier than usual. "I am no worse off than the average person," he announces to himself. He loses, gracefully, at canasta, then gets a seat on the bus, a seat by the window. The pale flowers in his arm spell evanescence, gaiety. "Hello there," a number of people call out to him. He is clearly a man who is expected somewhere, anticipated. A charming gent, elegant and dapper, propounding serious questions, bearing gifts, flowers. A man in disguise.

Ralph Eliot, seventeen years old, six feet tall, killingly handsome, and the best halfback the school team has seen in years, has carelessly left his football helmet hanging on a hook on the back of his bedroom door. An emergency of the first order; his ten-year-old sister Mandy is summoned to bring it to the playing field.

She runs all the way up Second Avenue; at the traffic light she strikes a pose, panting, then pounds furiously the whole length of Sargent Street, making it in four minutes flat. She carries the helmet by its tough plastic chin strap and as she runs along, it bangs against her bare leg. She feels her breath blazing into a spray of of heroic pain, and as her foot rounds on the pavement a filament of recognition is touched. The exactitude of the gesture doubles and divides inside her head, and for the first time she comprehends *who* her brother is, that deep-voiced stranger whose bedroom is next to her own. Today, for a minute, she *is* her brother. *She* is Ralph Eliot, age seventeen, six feet

hoitajan vastaanotolle, iltapäivän korttikerhoon Sunset Lodgelle. Koskaan hän ei ole saanut kohteliaampaa huomiota, niin nopeaa palvelua. Ventovieraiden silmät näyttävät tavallista ystävällisemmiltä. "Minulla ei mene sen huonommin kuin kellä tahansa muullakaan", hän vakuuttaa itselleen. Hän häviää suosiolla canastassa, sitten istuu bussiin, ikkunapaikalle. Vaaleat kukat hänen käsivarrellaan kertovat katoavaisuudesta, ilosta. "Heipä hei", jotkut tervehtivät häntä. Selvästikin hän on mies, jota odotetaan jossain, kaivataan. Hurmaava herrasmies, elegantti ja keikaileva, joka esittää vakavia kysymyksiä, tuo lahjoja, kukkia. Mies valepuvussa.

Ralph Eliot, seitsemäntoista vuotta, kuusi jalkaa pitkä, kuolettavan komea ja koulun joukkueen paras keskushyökkääjä vuosiin, on huolimattomuuttaan jättänyt jalkapallokypäränsä roikkumaan makuuhuoneensa ovesa olevaan koukkuun. Ensiluokan hätätilanne; hänen kymmenvuotiaan siskonsa, Mandyn, pitäisi tuoda se pelikentälle.

Tyttö juoksee koko matkan Second Avenuelle; liikennevaloissa hän seisahtuu näytävästi, sitten läähättää raivoisasti koko matkan pitkin Sargent Streetiä ja tekee siitä selvää neljässä minuutissa. Hän kantaa kypärää sen kestävästä muovisesta leukanauhasta ja hänen juostessaan se kolahtelee hänen paljasta säärtään vasten. Hän tuntee hengityksen leimahtavan sankarillisen tuskan roihahdukseksi, ja kun hänen jalkansa kääntyy katukiveyksellä, jokin koskettaa tunnistamisen säiettä. Eleen täsmällisyys kertautuu ja jakautuu hänen päässään, ja ensimmäistä kertaa hän ymmärtää *kuka* hänen veljensä on, tuo matalaääninen muukalainen, jonka makuuhuone on hänen oman-

tall, who later this afternoon will make a dazzling, lazy touchdown, bringing reward and honour to his name, and hers.

Susan Gourley, first-year arts student, has been assigned Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. She carries it under her arm so that the title is plainly visible. She is a girl with a look of lustreless inattention and a reputation for drowsiness, but she's always known this to be a false assessment. She's biding her time, waiting; today she strides along, *strides*, her book flashing under her arm. She is a young woman who is reading a great classic. Vistas of possibility unfold like money.

Molly Beale's briny old body has been propelled downtown by her cheerful new pacemaker, and there she bumps into Bert Lessing, the city councillor, whose navy blue beret, complete with military insignia, rides pertly over his left ear. They converse like lovers. They bristle with wit. They chitter like birds.

Jeanette Foster is sporting a smart chignon. Who does she think she *is*? Who *does* she think she is?

A young woman, recently arrived in town and rather lonely, carries her sandwiches to work in an old violin case. This is only temporary. Tomorrow she may use an ordinary paper bag or eat in the cafeteria.

We cannot live without our illusions, thinks X, an anonymous middle-aged citizen who, sometimes, in the privacy of his own bedroom, in the embrace of happiness, waltzes about in his wife's lace-trimmed nightgown. His wife is at bingo, not expected home for an hour. He lifts

sa vieressä. Tänään, minuutin ajan, Mandy on veljensä. Hän on Ralph Eliot, seitsemäntoista vuotta, kuusi jalkaa pitkä, joka myöhemmin tänä iltapäivänä tekee loistavan, rennon maalin tuoden palkinnon ja kunniaa nimelleen, ja Mandyn nimelle myös.

Susan Gourley, ensimmäisen vuoden humanististen aineiden opiskelija, on saanut tehtäväkseen lukea Beckettin *Huomenna hän tulee*. Hän kantaa sitä kainalossaan niin, että otsikko näkyy selvästi. Hän on tyttö, joka näyttää tylsän poissaolevalta ja jolla on uneliaan maine, mutta hän on itse tiennyt aina, että se on väärä luulo. Hän odottaa oikeaa hetkeä; tänään hän harppoo eteenpäin, *harppoo*, kirja vilkkuen kainalossaan. Hän on nuori nainen, joka lukee suurta klassikkoa. Mahdollisuuksien näköalat aukeavat kuin rahatukut.

Molly Bealen kuivakka vanha ruumis on kulkeutunut kaupungille hänen riemukkaan uuden sydämentahdistimensa saattelemana, ja siellä hän törmää Bert Lessingiin, kaupunginvaltuutettuun, jonka laivastonsininen, sotilaallisin arvomerkein koristeltu baretti keikkuu pirteästi hänen vasemmalla korvallisellaan. He keskustelevat kuin rakastavaiset. He kujertavat nokkelasti. He sirkuttavat kuin lintuset.

Jeanette Foster esiintyy näppärässä nutturassa. Kuka hän luulee olevansa! Kuka hän luulee olevansa?

Nuori nainen, vasta kaupunkiin tullut ja melko yksinäinen, kantaa eväsvoileipänsä töihin vanhassa viulukotelossa. Se on vain väliaikaista. Huomenna hän ehkä ottaa tavallisen paperipussin tai käy kahvilassa syömässä.

Emme voi elää ilman kuvitelmiamme, ajattelee X, tuntematon keski-ikäinen kansalainen, joka

the blind an inch and sees the sun setting boldly behind his pear tree, its mingled coarseness and refinement giving an air of confusion. Everywhere he looks he observes cycles of consolation and enhancement, and now it seems as though the evening itself is about to alter its dimensions, becoming more (and also less) than what it really is.

joskus makuuhuoneensa yksityisyydessä, onnen syleilyssä, tanssahtelee valssia vaimonsa pitsireunuksisessa yöpaidassa. Hänen vaimonsa on bingossa eikä palaa kotiin vielä tuntiin. Hän nostaa kaihdinta tuuman verran ja näkee auringon laskeutuvan upeasti päärynäpuunsa taakse; sen karkeus sekoittuneena hienostuneisuuteen luo hämmentävän vaikutelman. Kaikialla minne hän katsoo, hän näkee lohdutuksen ja kohottautumisen syklejä, ja nyt näyttää siltä kuin ilta itsekin aikoo muuttaa ulottuvuuksiaan, tulla enemmän (ja myös vähemmän) siksi, mitä se todella on.

A Scarf

TWO YEARS AGO I wrote a novel, and my publisher sent me on a three-city book tour: New York, Washington, and Baltimore. A very modest bit of promotion, you might say, but Scribano & Lawrence scarcely knew what to do with me. I had never written a novel before. I am a middle-aged woman, not at all remarkable-looking and certainly not media-smart. If I have any reputation at all it is for being an editor and scholar, and not for producing, to everyone's amazement, a "fresh, bright, springtime piece of fiction," or so it was described in *Publishers Weekly*.

My Thyme Is Up baffled everyone with its sparkly sales. We had no idea who was buying it; I didn't know and Mr. Scribano didn't know. "Probably young working girls," he ventured, "gnawed by loneliness and insecurity."

These words hurt my feelings slightly, but then the reviews, good as they were, had subtly injured me too. The reviewers seemed taken aback that my slim novel (200 pages exactly) possessed any weight at all. "Oddly appealing," the *New York Times Review* said. "Mrs. Winters' book is very much for the moment, though certainly not for the ages," the *New Yorker* said. My husband Tom advised me to take this as praise, his position being that all worthy novels pay close attention to the time in which they are suspended, and sometimes, years later, despite themselves, acquire a permanent lustre. I wasn't so sure. As a long-time editor of Danielle

Huivi

KAKSI VUOTTA SITTEN kirjoitin romaanin, ja kustantajani lähetti minut kolmen kaupungin kirjanesittelykierrokselle: New Yorkiin, Washingtoniin ja Baltimoreen. Kovin vaatimaton pieni huomionosoitus, voisi sanoa, mutta Scribano & Lawrence ei oikein tiennyt mitä tehdä kanssani. En ollut koskaan ennen kirjoittanut romaania. Olen keski-ikäinen nainen, en mitenkään erityisen näköinen enkä missään tapauksessa medianokkela. Jos minulla on jonkinlainen maine, se on toimittajan ja tutkijan eikä, kaikkien hämmästykseksi, "raikkaan, kirkkaan, keväisen fiktion" tuottajan, niin kuin sitä kuvattiin *Publishers Weekly* -lehdessä.

Timjamini versoaa hämmästytti kaikki säkenöivillä myyntiluvuiltaan. Meillä ei ollut aavistustakaan ketkä sitä ostivat; minä en sitä tiennyt eikä myöskään Mr. Scribano. "Luultavasti nuoret työssäkäyvät naiset", hän arveli, "joita jäytää yksinäisyys ja epävarmuus".

Nämä sanat loukkasivat hieman tunteitani, mutta niin tekivät hienovaraisesti arvostelutkin, vaikkakin ne olivat hyviä. Arvostelijoita tuntui nolottavan se, että laihalla romaanillani (tasaa 200 sivua) oli mitään painoarvoa. "oudon vetoava", *New York Times Book Review*issä sanottiin. "Rouva Wintersin kirja on kovin ajanhenkinen, joskaan ei varmasti aikaa kestävä", *New Yorker* totesi. Mieheni, Tom, neuvoi minua ottamaan tämän kohteliaisuutena, perustellen sen sillä, että kaikki varteenotettavat romaanit liittyvät läheisesti aikaan, jona ne ovat syntyneet ja joskus, vuosien jälkeenkin, huolimatta siitä mitä ovat, saavuttavat pysyvän loiston. En ollut oikein vakuuttunut.

Westerman's work, I had acquired a near-crippling degree of critical appreciation for the sincerity of her moral stance, and I understood perfectly well that there was something just a little bit *darling* about my own book.

My three daughters, Nancy, Chris, and Norah, all teenagers, were happy about the book because they were mentioned by name in a *People* magazine interview. ("Mrs. Winters lives on a farm outside Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is married to a family physician, and is the mother of three handsome daughters, Nancy, Christine, and Norah.") That was enough for them. Handsome. Norah, the most literary of the three – both Nancy and Chris are in the advanced science classes at General MacArthur High School – mumbled that it might have been a better book if I'd skipped the happy ending, if Alicia had decided on suicide after all, and if Roman had denied her his affection. There was, my daughters postulated, maybe too much over-the-top sweetness about the thyme seeds Alicia planted in her window-box, with Alicia's mood listless but squeaking hope. And no one in her right mind would sing out (as Alicia had done) those words that reached Roman's ears – he was making filtered coffee in the kitchen – and bound him to her forever: "My thyme is up."

It won the Offenden Prize, which, though the money was nice, shackled the book to minor status. Clarence and Dorothy Offenden had established the prize back in the seventies out of a shared exasperation with the opaqueness of the contemporary novel. "The Offenden Prize

Danielle Westermanin töiden pitkäaikaisena toimittajana minulle oli kertynyt lähes halvaannuttavassa määrin kriittistä ihailua hänen moraalista asennettaan kohtaan ja ymmärsin täysin hyvin, että kirjani oli vähän liian *herttainen*.

Kolme teini-ikäistä tytärtäni, Nancy, Chris ja Norah olivat iloisia kirjasta, koska heidän nimensä mainittiin *People*-lehden haastattelussa. (Rouva Winters asuu maatilalla Pennsylvanian Lancasterin laitamilla, on naimisissa perhelätkärin kanssa ja kolmen upean tyttären, Nancyn, Christinen ja Norahin, äiti.") Se riitti heille. Upean. Norah, kaikista kolmesta kirjallisista – Nancy ja Chris ovat luonnontiedepainotteisilla luokilla General MacArthur High Schoolissa – mutisi, että kirja olisi ollut ehkä parempi, jos en olisi tehnyt lopusta onnellista, jos Alicia olisi sittenkin päätenyt tekemään itsemurhan, ja jos Roman olisi kieltänyt häneltä kiintymyksensä. Tyttäreni väittivät, että timjamin siemenissä, joita Alicia kylvi ikkunalaatikkoonsa alakuloisena, mutta toiveikkaana, oli vähän liioiteltua suloisuutta. Eikä kukaan täyssissä järjissään oleva huudahtaisi (kuten Alicia oli tehnyt) sanoja, jotka kantautuivat Romanin korviin – tämä oli juuri valmistamassa suodatinkahvia keittiössä – ja sitoivat hänet ikuisiksi ajoiksi Aliciaan: "Timjamini versoaa."

Voitin Offenden-palkinnon, joka, vaikkakin rahasumma oli mukava, kahlitsi kirjan vähäpätöisten luokkaan. Clarence ja Dorothy Offenden olivat perustaneet rahaston seitsemänkymmentäluvulla, molempien ärsyynnyttyä nykyromaanien vaikeaselkoisuuteen. "Offenden-palkinto tunnustaa kirjallisen laadun ja kunnioittaa ymmärrettävyyttä." Nämä ovat heidän

recognizes literary quality and honours accessibility." These are their criteria. Dorothy and Clarence are a good-hearted couple, and rich, but a little jolly and simple in their judgments, and Dorothy in particular is fond of repeating her recipe for enduring fiction. "A beginning, a middle, and an ending," she likes to say. "Is that too much to ask!"

At the award ceremony in New York she embraced Tom and the girls, and told them how I shone among my peers, those dabblers in convolution and pretension who wrote without holding the reader in the mind, who played games for their own selfish amusement, and who threw a mask of *noir* over every event, whether it was appropriate or not. "It's heaven," she sang into Tom's ear, "to find that sunniness still exists in the world." (Show me your fatwa, Mrs. Winters.)

I don't consider myself a sunny person. In fact, if I prayed, I would ask every day to be spared from the shame of dumb sunniness. Danielle Westerman has taught me that much, her life, her reflection on that life. Don't hide your dark side from yourself, she always said, it's what keeps us going forward, that pushing away from the unspeakable brilliance. She wrote, of course, amid the shadows of the Holocaust, and no one expected her to struggle free to merriment.

After the New York event, I said good-bye to the family and got on a train and travelled to Washington, staying in a Georgetown hotel which had on its top floor, reserved for me by

vaatimuksensa. Dorothy ja Clarence ovat hyväsydäminen pariskunta, ja rikaskin, mutta vähän liian hilpeitä ja yksinkertaisia arvioissaan, ja Dorothy toistelee erityisen mielellään kestävän kaunokirjallisuuden reseptiänsä. "Aloitus, keskiosa ja lopetus", hän hokee, "onko se liikaa vaadittu!"

Palkinnonjakotilaisuudessa New Yorkissa hän halasi Tomia ja tyttäjä ja kertoi heille, että loistin toisten joukossa, noiden monimutkaisuuden ja itsekorostuksen harastajien, jotka kirjoittivat ajattelematta lukijoitaan, jotka leikittelivät omaksi itsekkääksi huvituseskseen ja jotka joka käänteessä verhosivat tapahtumat *noirilla*, oli se sopivaa tai ei. "On taivaallista", hän hyrisi Tomin korvaan, "huomata, että aurinkoisuutta on vielä jäljellä maailmassa." (Näyttäkäähän fatwanne, Rouva Winters.)

En pidä itseäni mitenkään aurinkoisena ihmisenä. Itse asiassa, jos minulla olisi tapana rukoilla, pyytäisin joka päivä, että säästyisin typerän aurinkoisuuden häpeältä. Sen verran on Danielle Westerman minulle opettanut, elämästään, elämänsä tarkkailusta. Älä kätke itseltäsi pimeää puoltasi, hän sanoo aina, juuri se pitää meidät käynnissä, sanomattomasta loistosta irrottautuminen. Hän tietenkin kirjoitti keskellä Holocaustin varjoja, eikä kukaan odottanut hänen taistelevan itseään vapaaksi iloon

New Yorkin tapahtumien jälkeen sanoin perheelle näkemiin, hyppäsin junaan ja matkustin Washingtoniin, missä majoituin hotelliin Georgetownissa. Sen ylimmästä kerroksesta oli kustantajani varannut minulle huoneiston, jota kutsuttiin Kirjailijan sviitiksi. Oveen oli kiinnitetty messinkilaatta, joka paljasti minulle tämän hämmästyttävän tosiseikan. Minä,

my publisher, something called the Writer's Suite. A brass plaque on the door announced this astonishing fact. I, the writer in a beige raincoat, Mrs. Reta Winters from Lancaster, entered this doorway with small suitcase in tow and looked around, not daring to imagine what I might find. There was a salon as well as a bedroom, two full baths, a very wide bed, more sofas than I would have time to sit on in my short stay, and a coffee-table consisting of a sheet of glass posed on three immense faux books lying on their sides, stacked one on the other. A large bookshelf held the tomes of the authors who had stayed in the suite. "We like to ask our guests to contribute a copy of their work," the desk clerk had told me, and I was obliged to explain that I had only a single reading copy with me, but that I would attempt to find a copy in a local store. "That would be most appreciated," she almost whistled into the sleeve of my raincoat.

The books left behind by previous authors were disappointing, inspiration manifestos or self-help manuals, with a few thrillers thrown in. I'm certainly not a snob – I read the Jackie Onassis biography, for example – but my close association with writers such as Danielle Westerman has conditioned me to hope for a degree of ambiguity or nuance and there was none here.

In that great, wide bed I had a disturbing but not unfamiliar dream – it is the dream I always have when I am away from Lancaster, away from the family. I am standing in the kitchen at home, producing a complicated

kirjailija beigessä sadetakissa, rouva Reta Winters Lancasterista, saavuin tälle ovelle kiskoen perässäni pientä matkalaukkua ja katsahdin ympärilleni uskaltamatta kuvitella, mitä voisin sieltä löytää. Siellä oli niin salonki kuin makuuhuonekin, kaksi kunnon kylpyhuonetta, erittäin leveä sänky, enemmän sohvia kuin millä ehtisin istuskella lyhyen vierailuni aikana ja sohvapöytä, joka oli tehty lasilevystä, jota kannatteli kolme valtaisaa kyljellään makaavaa, päällekkäin pinottua tekokirjaa. Suuressa kirjahyllyssä oli sviitissä yöpyneiden kirjailijoiden niteet. "Pyytäisimme mielellämme vieraitamme lahjoittamaan meille kappaleen tuotannostaan", vastaanottovirkailija oli sanonut minulle, ja minun oli pakko selittää, että mukani oli vain yksi lukukappale, mutta yrittäisin löytää kirjan jostain paikallisesta kirjakaupasta. "Arvostaisimme sitä erittäin paljon", hän melkein vihelsi sadetakin hihaan.

Kirjat, joita edelliset kirjailijat olivat jättäneet jälkeensä, olivat masentavia, inspiraationjulistuksia tai tee-se-itse-oppaita, ja sekaan oli heitetty muutama trilleri. En missään tapauksessa ole snobi – olen esimerkiksi lukenut Jackie Onassiksen elämänkerran – mutta läheiset suhteeni sellaisiin kirjailijoihin kuin Danielle Westerman, ovat ehdollistaneet minut odottamaan jonkinasteista monimerkityksisyyttä tai vivahteikkuutta eikä niistä ollut merkkiäkään täällä.

Huoneen suuressa, leveässä sängyssä näin häiritsevän, mutta tutun unen – se on uni, jonka näen aina, kun olen poissa Lancasterista, pois perheeni luota. Seison kotona keittiössä valmistamassa vieraille monimutkaista ateriaa, mutta ruokatarvikkeita ei ole tarpeeksi. Jääkaapissa kyyhöttää yksi ainoa ka-

meal for guests, but there is not enough food to work with. In the fridge sits a single egg and maybe a tomato. How am I going to feed all these hungry mouths?

I'm quite aware of how this dream might be analysed by a dream expert, that the scarcity of food stands for a scarcity of love, that no matter how I stretch that egg and tomato, there will never be enough of Reta Winters for everyone who needs her. This is how my friend Gwen, whom I am looking forward to seeing in Baltimore, would be sure to interpret the dream if I were so foolish as to tell her. Gwen is an obsessive keeper of a dream journal – as a quite a number of my friends – and she also records the dreams of others if they are offered and found worthy.

I resist the theory of insufficient love. My dream, I like to think, points only to the abrupt cessation, or interruption, of daily obligation. For twenty years I've been responsible for producing three meals a day for the several individuals I live with. I may not be conscious of this obligation, but surely I must always, at some level, be calculating the amount of food in the house and the number of bodies to be fed; Tom and the girls, the girls' friends, my mother-in-law next door, passing acquaintances. Away from home, liberated from my responsibility for meals, my unexecuted calculations steal into my dreams and leave me blithering with this diminished store of nourishment and the fact of my unpreparedness. Such a small dream crisis, but I always wake with a sense

nanmuna ja ehkä tomaatti. Kuinka oikein ruokin kaikki nämä nälkäiset suut?

Tiedän aivan hyvin, kuinka uni-asiantuntija selittäisi tämän unen; ruuan puute tarkoittaa rakkauden puutetta; vaikka kuinka yritän saada munan ja tomaatin riittämään, ei koskaan tule olemaan tarpeeksi Reta Wintersiä jaettavaksi kaikille, jotka tarvitsevat häntä. Näin ystävästäni Gwen, jonka toivon tapaavani Baltimoressa, varmaankin tulkitsisi unen, jos olisin niin hölmö, että kertoisin sen hänelle. Gwen pitää pakonomaisesti unipäiväkirjaa – kuten aika monet ystäväistäni – ja hän kirjaa muistiin myös toisten unia, jos niitä tarjotaan ja hyväksi havaitaan.

Vastustan riittämättömän rakkauden teoriaa. Mieluummin ajattelen, että uneni osoittaa päivittäisten rutiinien äkillistä loppumista tai keskeytymistä. Kahdenkymmenen vuoden ajan vastuullani on ollut kolmen aterian valmistaminen päivittäin niille lukuisille yksilöille, joiden kanssa asun. En ole ehkä tietoinen tästä velvollisuudesta, mutta varmaankin minun on aina täytynyt, jollain tasolla, laskeskella talossa olevan ruuan ja ruokittavien vatsojen määrää; Tom ja tytöt, tyttöjen ystävät, naapurissa asuva anoppini, ohikulkumatalla olevat tutut. Poissa kotoa, vapautuneena ruuanlaittovelvollisuuksistani, toteutumattomat laskelmani livahtavat uniini ja jättävät minut selviytymään pienentyneen ruokavaraston ja valmistautumattomuuteni kanssa. Vain pieni uniongelma, mutta herään aina kauhun tunteeseen.

Koska *Timjamini versoaa* on esikoisromaani ja nimeni ei ole tunnettu, minulla ei ollut paljonkaan tekemistä Washingtonissa. Tätä Mr. Scribano oli pelännytkin. Televisio-

of terror.

Since *My Thyme Is Up* is a first novel and since mine is an unknown name, there was very little for me to do in Washington. Mr. Scribano had been afraid this would happen. The television stations weren't interested, and the radio stations avoided novels unless they had a "topic" like cancer or child abuse.

I managed to fulfill all my obligations in a mere two hours the morning after my arrival, taking a cab to a bookstore called Politics & Prose, where I signed books for three rather baffled-looking customers and then a few more stock copies which the staff was kind enough to produce. I handled the whole thing badly, was overly ebullient with the book buyers, too chatty, wanting them to love me as much as they said they loved my book, wanting them for best friends, you would think. ("Please just call me Reta, everyone does.") My impulse was to apologize for not being younger and more fetching like Alicia in my novel and for not having her bright ingenue voice and manner. I was ashamed of my red pantsuit, catalogue-issue, and wondered if I'd remembered, waking up in the Writer's Suite, to apply deodorant.

From Politics & Prose I took a cab to a store called Pages, where there were no buying customers at all, but where the two young proprietors took me for a splendid lunch at an Italian bistro and also insisted on giving me a free copy of my book to leave in the Writer's Suite. Then it was afternoon, a whole afternoon, and I had nothing to do

kanavat eivät olleet kiinnostuneita ja radiokanavat välttelivät romaaneja, elleivät ne käsitelleet sellaisia "aiheita" kuten syöpä tai lasten hyväksikäyttö.

Onnistuin suoriutumaan kaikista velvollisuuksistani vaivaisessa kahdessa tunnissa tuloni jälkeisenä aamuna. Menin taksilla kirjakauppaan, jonka nimi oli Politics & Prose, jossa kirjoitin nimeni kolmen melko hämmentyneen näköisen asiakkaan kirjaan ja sitten vielä muutamaa varastokappaleeseen, jotka henkilökunta ystävällisesti kaivoi esille. Hoidin koko homman melko huonosti, olin liian ylitsevuotavan ystävällinen asiakkaita kohtaan, liian puhelias, halusin heidän rakastavan minua yhtä paljon kuin he sanoivat rakastavan kirjaa-ni, voisi luulla, että halusin heistä tulevan parhaita ystäviäni. ("Sano minua vain Retaksi, niin kaikki tekevät.") Yllykkeenäni oli pyydellä anteeksi sitä, etten ollut nuorempi ja viehättävämpi, kuten romaanini Alicia eikä minulla ollut hänen loistavaa luonnollista ääntään ja tapojaan. Häpesin punaista housupukuani, postimyynnistä tilattua, ja mietin, olinko muistanut Kirjailijan sviitissä herättyäni laittaa deodorantia.

Politics & Prosesta siirryin taksilla Pages-nimiseen kauppaan, jossa ei ollut lainkaan asiakkaita. Sen sijaan nuoret omistajat veivät minut mahtavalle lounaalle italialaiseen bistroon ja vaativat saada lahjoittaa minulle kopion kirjastani jätettäväksi Kirjailijan sviittiin. Sitten olikin iltapäivä, kokonainen iltapäivä, eikä minulla ollut mitään muuta tehtävää ennen seuraavaa aamua, jolloin junani Baltimoreen lähtisi. Mr. Scribano oli varoittanut minua siitä, että matkustaminen voisi olla yksinäistä.

until the next morning when I was to take my train to Baltimore. Mr. Scribano had warned me I might find touring lonely.

I returned to the hotel, freshened up, and placed my book on the bookshelf. But why had I returned to the hotel? What homing instinct had brought me here when I might be out visiting museums or perhaps taking a tour through the Senate chambers? There was a wide springtime afternoon to fill, and an evening too, since no one had suggested taking me to dinner.

I decided to go shopping in the Georgetown area, having spotted from the taxi a number of tiny boutiques. My daughter Norah's birthday was coming up in a week's time, and she longed to have a beautiful and serious scarf. She had never had a scarf in all her seventeen years, not unless you count the woollen mufflers she wears on the school bus, but since her senior class trip to Paris, she had been talking about the scarves that every chic Frenchwoman wears as part of her wardrobe. These scarves, so artfully draped, were silk, nothing else would do, and their colours shocked and awakened the dreariest of clothes, the wilted navy blazers that Frenchwomen wear or those cheap black cardigans they try to get away with.

I never have time to shop in Lancaster, and, in fact, there would be little available there. But today I had time, plenty of time, and so I put on my low-heeled walking shoes and started out.

Georgetown's boutiques are set amid tiny fronted houses, impeccably gentrified with

Palasin hotelliin, siistiädyin ja asetin kirjani hyllyyn. Mutta miksi olinkaan palannut hotelliin? Mikä kotiutumisvietti oli tuonut minut tänne, kun voisin olla tutustumassa museoihin tai vaikkapa kierroksella Senaatin rakennuksissa? Täytettävänä oli kokonainen keväinen iltapäivä, ja iltakin, koska kukaan ei ollut kutsunut minua päivälliselle.

Päätin lähteä ostoksille Georgetownin seudulle, koska taksissa ollessani olin pannut merkille monia pieniä putiikkeja. Tyttäreni Norahin syntymäpäivä oli tulossa suunnitteen viikon päästä, ja hän toivoi lahjaksi kaunista ja "oikeaa" huivia. Koko seitsemäntoista ikävuotensa aikana hän ei ollut omistanut huivia, jos ei oteta lukuun noita villakaulaliinoja, joita käytetään koulumatkoilla. Siitä lähtien, kun hän oli ylioppilasvuonnaan käynyt luokkaretkellä Pariisissa, hän oli puhunut huiveista, jotka kuuluvat jokaisen tyylikkään ranskattaren vaatevarastoon. Nämä taiteellisesti kiedotut huivit olivat silkkiä, mikään muu ei kelpaisi, ne hätkähdyttivät värisävyillään ja piristivät tylsimmänkin vaateen, kuten sellaisen nuhjaisten laivastonsinisen bleiserin, joita ranskalaiset naiset käyttävät, tai tuollaisen halvan, mustan villatakin, joilla he yrittivät pärjätä.

Minulla ei koskaan ole aikaa käydä ostoksilla Lancasterissa, ja itse asiassa siellä on aika vähän valikoimaakin. Mutta tänään minulla oli aikaa, runsaasti aikaa, ja niinpä laitoin jalkaani matalakantaiset kävelykengät ja lähdin matkaan.

Georgetownin putiikit ovat keskellä pikkuruisten talojen julkisivuja, jotka ovat moitteettoman porvarillisia luukullisine erkkeriikkunoineen, pienempien, silmäähivelevien puutarhojen kehystäminä. Jos oma levällään oleva,

shuttered bay windows and framed by minuscule gardens, enchanting to the eye. My own sprawling untidy house outside Lancaster, if dropped into this landscape, would destroy half a dozen or more of these meticulous brick facades. The placement of flowerpots was so ardently pursued here, so caring, so solemn, and the clay pots themselves had been rubbed, I could tell, with sandpaper, to give them a country look.

These boutiques held such a minimum of stock that I wondered how they were able to compete with one another. There might be six or seven blouses on a rod, a few cashmere pullovers, a table casually strewn with shells or stones or Art Nouveau picture frames or racks of antique postcards. A squadron of very slender saleswomen presided over this spare merchandise, which they fingered in such a loving way that I suddenly wanted to buy everything in sight. The scarves – every shop had a good half dozen – were knotted on dowels, and there was not one that was not pure silk with hand-rolled edges.

I took my time. I realized I would be able, given enough shopping time, to buy Norah the perfect scarf, not the near-perfect and certainly not the impulse purchase we usually settled for at home. She had mentioned wanting something in a bright blue with perhaps some yellow dashes. I would find that very scarf in one of these many boutiques. The thought of myself as a careful and deliberate shopper brought me a bolt of happiness. I took a deep breath and smiled genuinely at the anorexic sales-

sotkuinen taloni Lancasterin lähistöltä pudotettaisiin tähän maisemaan, se tuhoaisi ainakin puolen tusinaa näistä pikkutarkoista tiilijulkisivuista. Kukkaruukkujen sijoittelu oli täällä hoidettu niin innokkaasti, niin huolekkaasti, niin juhlallisesti, ja jopa itse ruukutkin oli näköjään karhennettu hiekkaperillä maalaistyyliin sopiviksi.

Näissä putiikeissa oli niin pienet valikoimat, että ihmettelin, miten ne kykenivät kilpailemaan keskenään. Tangolla saattoi olla kuusi tai seitsemän paitaa, muutama kashmirneule. Pöydälle oli huolettomasti siroteltu simpukoita tai kiviä tai art nouveau -kuvakehyksiä tai antiikkisia postikortteja telineissään. Pataljoona erittäin hoikkia myyjättäriä valvoi näitä harvoja myyntituotteita, joita he sormeilivat niin rakastavasti, että yhtäkkiä halusin ostaa kaiken esillä olevan. Huivit, joita joka liikkeessä oli hyvinkin puoli tusinaa, oli solmittu telineisiin, ja niistä jokainen oli puhdasta silkkiä ja käsin päärmätty.

Katselin kauan. Oivalsin, että jos käyttäisin tarpeeksi aikaa, löytäisin Norahille täydellisen huivin, en vain lähestulkoon täydellistä, enkä eritotenkaan sellaista impulsioslostosta, joihin yleensä tyydyimme kotona. Hän oli maininnut halua- vansa jotain kirkkaansinistä, ehkäpä keltaisella täplitettyä. Jostain näistä monista putiikeista löytäisin täsmälleen sellaisen. Ajatus itsestäni huolekkaana ja halukkaana shop-pailijana tuotti minulle onnellisuuden välähdyksen. Hengähdin syvään ja hymyilin aidosti anorektisille myyjättäriille, jotka tuntuivat aistivan uuden kulutusintoni ja vastaavan siihen. "Tuo ei ole aivan hänen näköisensä" opin pian sano- maan, ja he nyökkäilivät myötätuntoisina. Useimmat heistäkin olivat pukeneet huivin kulmikkaiden

women, who seemed to sense and respond to my new consumer eagerness. "That's not quite her," I quickly learned to say, and they nodded with sympathy. Most of them wore scarves themselves around their angular necks, and I admired, to myself, the intricate knotting and colours of these scarves. I admired, too, the women's forthcoming involvement in my mission. "Oh, the scarf absolutely must be suited to the person," they said, or words to that effect – as though they knew Norah personally and understood that she was a young woman of highly defined tastes and requirements which they were anxious to satisfy.

She wasn't really. She is, Tom and I always think, too easily satisfied and someone who too seldom considers herself deserving. When she was a very small child, two or three, eating lunch in her high chair, she heard an airplane go overhead and looked up at me and said, "The pilot doesn't know I'm eating an egg." She seemed shocked at this perception, but willing to register the shock calmly so as not to alarm me. She would be grateful for any scarf I brought her, pleased I had taken the time, but for once I wanted, and had an opportunity to procure, a scarf that would gladden her heart.

As I moved from one boutique to the next I began to form a very definite idea of the scarf I wanted for Norah, and began, too, to see how impossible it might be to accomplish this task. The scarf became an idea; it must be brilliant and subdued at the same time, finely made, but with a secure sense of its own

kaulojensa ympärille ja ihailin itsekseni noiden huivien mutkikkaita solmuja ja värejä. Ihailin myös noiden naisten tarjoutuvaa osallistumista tehtävääni. "Oi, huivinhan täytyy ehdottomasti sopia oikealle henkilölle", he sanoivat, tai jotain vastaavaa – aivan kuin he olisivat itse tunteneet Norahin ja ymmärtäneet, että hän oli nuori nainen, jolla oli tarkoin määritelty maku ja vaatimukset, joita he niin innokkaasti yrittivät tyydyttää.

Hänellä ei oikeastaan ollut. Toimin ja minun mielestäni hän on aina tyytynyt liian vähään eikä useinkaan ole kokenut itseään paljon arvoiseksi. Kun hän oli ihan pieni, kahden tai kolmen ikäinen, hän kuuli syöttötuolissa istuessaan lentokoneen äänen yläpuoleltaan, katsoi minuun ja sanoi: "Lentäjä ei tiedä, että syön kananmunaa." Hän näytti järkyttyvän havainnostaan, mutta halusi ilmaista järkytyksensä rauhallisesti, ikään kuin ei olisi halunnut huolestuttaa minua. Hän olisi kiitollinen mistä tahansa huivista, jonka toisin hänelle, mielissään siitä, että olin nähnyt vaivaa, mutta kerrankin halusin, ja minulla oli mahdollisuus, hankkia huivi, joka ilahduttaisi hänen sydäntään.

Kulkiessani putiikista toiseen minulle alkoi muotoutua erittäin tarkka kuva huivista, jonka halusin antaa Norahille ja aloin myös oivaltaa, miten mahdotonta tästä tehtävästä olisi suoriutua. Huivista tuli idea; sen täytyisi olla samalla kertaa loistelas ja hillitty, hyvin tehty, mutta selvästi omanlaisensa. En halunnut mitään riepua, en Norahille. Halusin lujutta, ryhtiä, mutta vivahteikkaassa, ajamukaisessa muodossa. Sen seitsemäntoista-, melkein kahdeksantoistavuotias Norah oli ansainnut. Hän oli aina ollut urheasti vähään tyytyvä lapsi. Kerran, ollessaan neljän tai viiden

shape. A wisp was not what I wanted, not for Norah. Solidity, presence, was what I wanted, but in sinuous, ephemeral form. This was what Norah at seventeen, almost eighteen, was owed. She had always been a bravely undemanding child. Once, when she was four or five, she told me how she controlled her bad dreams at night. "I just turn my head around on the pillow," she said matter-of-factly, "and that changes the channel." She performed this act instead of calling out to us or crying; she solved her own nightmares and candidly exposed her original solution – which Tom and I took some comfort in but also, I confess, some amusement. I remember, with shame now, telling this story to friends, over coffee, over dinner, my brave little soldier daughter, shaping her soldierly life.

I seldom wear scarves myself, I can't be bothered, and besides, whatever I put around my neck takes on the configuration of a Girl Scout kerchief, the knot working its way straight to the throat, and the points sticking out rather than draping gracefully downward. I was not clever with accessories, I knew that about myself, and I was most definitely not a shopper. I had never understood, in fact, what it is that drives other women to feats of shopping perfection, but now I had a suspicion. It was the desire to please someone fully, even one's self. It seemed to me that my daughter Norah's future happiness now balanced not on acceptance at Smith or the acquisition of a handsome new boyfriend, but on the simple ownership of a particular article

ikäinen, hän kertoi minulle kuinka hän hallitsi öisin pahoja uniaan. "Käänän vain päätäni tyynyillä", hän totesi, "ja kanava vaihtuu." Hän teki näin sen sijaan, että olisi huutanut meitä tai itkennyt; hän selvitteli omat painajaisensa ja paljasti rehellisesti omaperäisen ratkaisunsa – mistä Tom ja minä olimme jokseenkin mielissämme, mutta, täytyy tunnustaa, myös hieman huvittuneita. Häpeillen muistan kertoneeni juttua ystävilleni kahvilla, päivällisellä, urhea pieni taistelija-tyttäreni, luomassa taistelijan elämänsä.

Itse käytän harvoin huivia, en viitsi vaivautua, ja sitä paitsi, mitä tahansa laitan kaulani ympärille, se alkaa muistuttaa partiotyttöjen huivia, solmu kiertyy aina leuan alle ja kärjet pikemminkin töröttävät kuin laskeutuvat sievästi alaspäin. En ollut näppärä asusteiden kanssa, sen tiesin itsestäni, enkä missään tapauksessa mikään shoppailija. En itse asiassa ollut koskaan käsittänyt, mikä sai joidenkin naisten ostosuoritukset hipomaan täydellisyyttä, mutta nyt minulla oli siitä aavistus. Se oli halu täydellisesti miellyttää jotakuta, vaikkapa itseänsä. Minusta tuntui, että tyttäreni Norahin tulevaisuuden onni ei nyt riippunut yliopistoon pääsystä tai uuden komean poikaystävän saamisesta, vaan yksinkertaisesti siitä, että hän omistaisi aivan tietyn vaateparren, jonka vain minä voisin hankkia. Minulla ei ollut valtaa yliopiston tai poikaystävän suhteen, ei itse asiassa minkään todellisen hänen onneaan koskevan asian suhteen, mutta saattaisin huolehtia jostakin tilapäisestä ja tarpeellisesta: tästä muuntautumisen unelmasta, tästä silkinpalasesta.

Ja siinä se oli, lepäsi paksulla hopeakoukulla noin kahdennessäkymmenennessä kaupassa, johon astuin. Pieni kello kilahti; potpurin

of apparel, which only I could supply. I had no power over Smith or the boyfriend or, in fact, any real part of her happiness, but I could provide something temporary and necessary: this dream of transformation, this scrap of silk.

And there it was, relaxed over a fat silver hook in what must have been the twentieth shop I entered. The little bell rang; the updraught of potpourri rose to my nostrils, and the sight of Norah's scarf flowed into view. It was patterned from end to end with rectangles, each subtly out of alignment: blue, yellow, green, a kind of pleasing violet. And each of these shapes was outlined by a band of black, coloured in roughly as though with an artist's brush. I found its shimmer dazzling and its touch icy and sensuous. Sixty dollars. Was that all? I whipped out my VISA card without a thought. My day had been well spent. I felt full of intoxicating power.

In the morning I took the train to Baltimore. I couldn't read on the train because of the jolting between one urban landscape and the next. Two men seated in front of me were talking loudly about Christianity, its sad decline, and they ran the words *Jesus Christ* together as though they were some person's first and second names – Mr. Christ, Jesus to the in-group.

In Baltimore, once again, there was little for me to do, but since I was going to see Gwen at lunch, I didn't mind. A young male radio host wearing a black T-shirt and gold chains around his neck asked me how I was going to spend the Offenden prize money. He also asked what

leyhähdys nousi sieraimiini, ja Norahin huivi laskeutui näkökenttääni. Se oli päästä päähän kuvioitu suorakulmioilla, joista jokainen poikkesi hienonhienosti suorasta linjasta: sinistä, keltaista, vihreää ja miellyttäväsävyistä violettia. Jokainen muoto oli rajattu mustalla ääriviivalla suurpiirteisesti, kuin taiteilijan siveltimellä. Sen himeräys häikäisi hohdolla ja sen tuntu oli viileä ja aistikas. Tempaisin Visakorttini esiin ajattelematta enempää. Olin käyttänyt päiväni hyvin. Tunsin olevani täynnä huumaavaa voimaa.

Aamulla lähdin junalla Baltimoreen. En voinut lukea junassa, joka tärisi kaupunkimaisemasta toiseen. Edessäni istui kaksi miestä, jotka keskustelivat äänekkäästi kristinuskosta, sen surullisesta rappeutumisesta, ja he niputtivat sanat *Jeesus Kristus* peräkkäin niin kuin ne olisivat jonkun henkilön etu- ja sukunimiä – Mr. Kristus, sisäpiirille pelkkä Jeesus.

Baltimoreessa ei ollut minulle paljon tekemistä, mutta koska tapaisin Gwenin lounaalla, ei sillä ollut niin väliä. Nuori, miespuolinen radiohaastattelija, jolla oli musta T-paita ja kultaketjuja kaulassa, kysyi, kuinka aioin käyttää Offenden-palkintorahat. Hän kysyi myös, mitä mieltä mieheni oli siitä, että olin kirjoittanut romaanin. (Tätä kysymystä minulta on kysytty ennenkin ja siihen minun täytyisi todellakin löytää vastaus.) Sitten vierailin Book Platessa (kahvilan ja kirjakaupan yhdistelmä) ja signeerasin kuusi kirjaa, ja sitten, kun kello ei vielä ollut yhtätoista aamupäivällä, minulla ei ollut enää muuta tekemistä ennen kuin tapasin Gwenin.

Olimme olleet Gwenin kanssa samassa naisten kirjoittajaryhmässä Lancasterissa. Itse asiassa hän oli

my husband thought of the fact that I'd written a novel. (This is a question I've been asked before and for which I really must find an answer.) Then I visited the Book Plate (combination café and bookstore) and signed six books, and then, at not quite eleven in the morning, there was nothing more for me to do until it was time to meet Gwen.

Gwen and I had been in the same women's writing group back in Lancaster. In fact, she had been the informal but acknowledged leader for those of us who met weekly to share and "workshop" our writing. Poetry, memoirs, fiction; we brought photocopies of our work to these morning sessions, where over coffee and muffins – this was the age of muffins, the last days of the seventies – we kindly encouraged each other and offered tentative suggestions, such as "I think you're one draft from being finished" or "Doesn't character X enter the scene a little too late?" These critical crumbs were taken for what they were, the fumbblings of amateurs. But when Gwen spoke we listened. Once she thrilled me by saying of something I'd written, "That's a fantastic image, that thing about the whalebone. I wish I'd thought of it myself." Her short fiction had actually been published in a number of literary quarterlies and there had even been one near-mythical sale, years earlier, to *Harper's*. When she moved to Baltimore five years ago to become writer-in-residence for a small women's college, our writers' group fell first into irregularity, and then slowly died away.

We'd kept in touch, though,

ollut epävirallinen, mutta tunnustettu johtohahmo meille, jotka kokoonnuimme viikoittain –jakaaksemme ja työstääksemme kirjoituksiamme. Runoutta, muistelmia, fiktiota; toimme valokopioita toistämme näihin aamukokouksiin, missä kahvin ja muffinssien ääressä – se oli muffinssiaikaa, seitsemänkymmentäluvun loppua – ystävällisesti rohkaisimme toisiamme ja tarjosimme alustavia ehdotuksia, kuten: "Luulenpa, että olet yhden hahmotelman jälkeen valmis", tai: "Eikö henkilö X astu kuvaan vähän liian myöhään?" Nämä kritiikin muruset otettiin vastaan sellaisenaan, amatöörien haparointina. Mutta kun Gwen puhui, me kuuntelimme. Kerran hän ilahdutti minua sanomalla jostakin kirjoituksestani: "Tuo on loistava kuva, tuo valaanluu. Toivoisinpa, että olisin keksinyt sen itse." Hänen lyhyitä juttujaan on itse asiassa julkaistu muutamissa kirjallisuuslehdissä, ja vuosia aikaisemmin yksi oli jopa, uskomatonta kyllä, myyty *Harper's*-lehteen. Kun hän viisi vuotta sitten muutti Baltimoreen ryhtyäkseen pienen naistenopiston kirjallisuusneuvojaksi, kirjoittajaryhmämme kokoukset muuttuivat ensin epäsäännöllisiksi ja loppuivat sitten kokonaan.

Me kaksi pidimme kuitenkin yhteyttä. Kirjoitin hänelle innoissani, kun satuin löytämään *Three Spoons* -lehdestä hänen pikku jutunsa, jonka mainostettiin olevan osa tekeillä olevaa romaania. Hän oli käyttänyt valaanluu-metaforaani; en voinut olla huomaamatta sitä, ja tunsin itseni oikeastaan imarrelluksi. Tiesin siitä Gwenin romaanista – hän oli työstänyt sitä vuosia yrittäen sovittaa feminististä rakennetta sellaiseen, mikä oikeastaan oli suoraviivainen selonteko varhaisesta, epäonnistu-

the two of us. I wrote ecstatically when I happened to come across a piece of hers in *Three Spoons* which was advertised as being part of a novel-in-progress. She'd used my whale-bone metaphor; I couldn't help noticing and, in fact, felt flattered. I knew about that novel of Gwen's – she'd been working on it for years – trying to bring a feminist structure to what was really a straightforward account of an early failed marriage. Gwen had made sacrifices for her young student husband, and he had betrayed her with his infidelities. In the early seventies, in the throes of love and anxious to satisfy his every demand, she had had her navel closed by a plastic surgeon because her husband complained that it smelled "off." The complaint, apparently, had been made only once, a sour, momentary whim, but out of some need to please or punish she became a woman without a navel, left with a flattish indentation in the middle of her belly, and this navel-less state, more than anything, became her symbol of regret and anger. She spoke of erasure, how her relationship to her mother – with whom she was on bad terms anyway – had been erased along with the primal mark of connection. She was looking into a navel reconstruction, she'd said in her last letter, but the cost was criminal. In the meantime, she'd retaken her unmarried name, Reidman, and had gone back to her full name, Gwendolyn.

She'd changed her style of dress too. I noticed that right away when I saw her seated at the Café Pierre. Her jeans and sweater had been traded in for

neesta avioliitosta. Gwen oli tehnyt uhrauksia nuoren opiskelijamiehensä vuoksi, ja mies oli pettänyt häntä uskottomuudellaan. Seitsemänkymmentäluvun alussa, rakkautuskassaan, valmiina täyttämään miehen jokaisen toiveen, hän antoi plastiikkakirurgin sulkea napansa, koska mies valitti, että se haisi "öklöltä". Valitus oli ilmeisesti tehty vain kerran, hetkellisessä happamuuden puuskassa, mutta jokin tarve miellyttää tai rankaista teki hänestä naisen ilman napaa, naisen, jolla oli litteähkö tunnusmerkki vatsansa keskellä, ja tämä navaton tila, enemmän kuin mikään muu, muodostui hänelle katumuksen ja vihan symboliksi. Hän puhui pois-pyyhkiytymisestä, kuinka hänen suhteensa äitiinsä – jonka kanssa hän jo muutoinkin oli huonoissa väleissä – oli pyyhitty pois tämän ensisijaisen yhteyden merkin mukana. Hän kertoi viimeisimmässä kirjeessään suunnittelevansa navan uudelleenmuotoiluleikkaukseen menemistä, mutta kustannukset olivat karmivat. Ennen sitä hän oli ottanut uudelleen käyttöön tyttönimensä, joka oli Reidman, ja alkanut käyttää jälleen kokonaista etunimeään, Gwendolyniä.

Hän oli muuttanut myös pu-keutumistyyliään. Huomasin sen heti, kun näin hänen istuvan Café Pierressä. Farkut ja villapaita oli vaihdettu johonkin, joka näytti suurilla laskoksilla olevalta saumattomalta, muodottomalta kankaalta, hameilta ja päällyshameilta, viitoilta ja huiveilta; oli vaikeaa tarkoin kertoa, mistä vaate koostui. Tämä lohenpunainen, kietoitettu kangas ulottui hänen päähänsä peittäen hiukset kokonaan, ja yhden kauhistuttavan hetken ajan luulin, että hän on sairastunut, sai kemoterapiaa ja kärsi hiustenmenetyksestä. Mutta ei; kasvot olivat raikkaat,

what looked like large folds of unstitched, unstructured cloth, skirts and overskirts and capes and shawls; it was hard to tell precisely what they were. This cloth wrapping, in a salmon colour, extended to her head, completely covering her hair, and I wondered for an awful moment if she'd been ill, undergoing chemotherapy and suffering hair loss. But no, there was a fresh, healthy, rich face. Instead of a purse she had only a lumpy plastic bag with a supermarket logo; that did worry me, especially because she put it on the table instead of setting it on the floor as I would have expected. It bounced slightly on the sticky wooden surface, and I remembered that she always carried an apple with her, a paperback or two, and her small bottle of cold-sore medication.

Of course I'd written to her when *My Thyme Is Up* was accepted for publication, and she'd sent back a postcard saying, "Well done, it sounds like a hoot."

I was a little surprised that she hadn't brought a copy for me to sign, and wondered at some point, halfway through my oyster soup, if she'd even read it. The college pays her shamefully, of course, and I know she doesn't have money for new books. Why hadn't I had Mr. Scribano send her a complimentary copy?

It wasn't until we'd finished our salads and ordered our coffee that I noticed she hadn't mentioned the book at all, nor had she congratulated me on the Offenden Prize. But perhaps she didn't know. The notice in the *New York Times* had been tiny.

terveet ja täyteläiset. Käsilaukun sijasta hänellä oli vain möykkyinen muovikassi, jossa oli supermarketin tunnus; se kylläkin huolestutti minua, varsinkin kun hän laittoi sen pöydälle eikä jättänytäkään sitä lattialle, kuten olisi voinut odottaa. Se poukahti kevyesti tahmealla puupinnalla, ja muistin, että hänellä oli aina tapana kuljettaa mukanaan omenaa, paria taskukirjaa ja pientä lääkepulloa huuliherpeksen varalle.

Olin tietenkin kirjoittanut hänelle, kun *Timjamini versoaa* hyväksyttiin kustannettavaksi, ja hän lähetti minulle postikortin, jossa luki: "Hyvin tehty, jopas jotakin."

Olin hieman yllättynyt, ettei hän ollut tuonut omaa kappaletta kirjasta omistuskirjoitustani varten, ja jossain kohden puolivälissä osterikeittoani ihmettelin, oliko hän edes lukenut sitä. Hänelle maksetaan opistossa tietenkin häpeällisen huo-
noa palkkaa ja tiedän, ettei hänellä ole varaa ostella uusia kirjoja. Miksihän en ollut pyytänyt Mr. Scribanoa lähettämään hänelle kohteliaasti ilmaiskappaletta?

Vasta kun olimme syöneet salaattimme ja tilanneet kahvit, huomasin ettei hän ollut sanallakaan maininnut kirjaa eikä onnitellut minua Offenden-palkinnon johdosta. Mutta ehkäpä hän ei tiennyt. Ilmoitus *New York Times*issa oli ollut pikkuruinen. Se olisi voinut jäädä huomaamatta keneltä tahansa.

Yhtäkkiä tuntui tärkeältä kertoa hänelle palkinnosta. Tunne oli yhtä vahva kuin virtsaamisen tai nielemisen tarve. Kuinka saisin sen ujutettua keskusteluun? – ehkä voisin kertoa jotain Tomista ja siitä, että hän aikoi laittaa latoomme uuden katon, ja että Offenden-palkintoraha tuli juuri tarpeeseen. Sen voisi vain huolettomasti mainita. Helppo juttu.

Anyone could have missed it.

It became suddenly important that I let her know about the prize. It was as strong as the need to urinate or swallow. How could I work it into the conversation? – maybe say something about Tom and how he was thinking of putting a new roof on our barn, and that the Offenden money would come in handy. Drop it in casually. Easily done.

"Right!" she said heartily, letting me know she already knew. "Beginning, middle, end." She grinned then.

She talked about her "stuff," by which she meant her writing. She made it sound like a sack of kapok. A magazine editor had commented on how much he liked her "stuff," and how her kind of "stuff" contained the rub of authenticity. There were always little linguistic surprises in her work, but more interesting to me were the bits of the world she brought to what she wrote, observations or incongruities or some sideways conjecture. She understood their value. "He likes the fact that my stuff is off-centre and steers a random course," she said of a fellow writer.

"No beginnings, middles and ends," I supplied.

"Right," she said, "right." She regarded me fondly as though I were a prize pupil. Her eyes looked slightly pink at the corners, but it may have been a reflection from the cloth which cut a sharp line across her forehead.

I admire her writing. She claimed she had little imagination, that she wrote out of the material of her own life, but that she was forever on the lookout for what she called "putty." By

"Sillä lailla!" hän sanoi sydämellisesti, paljastaen että hän jo tiesi asian. "Alku, keskiosa, loppu." Sitten hän virnisti.

Hän puhui "sisällöistään", joilla hän tarkoitti kirjoituksiaan. Hän sai ne kuulostamaan patjantäyteiltä. Erään aikakauslehden julkaisija oli kertonut pitävänsä hänen "sisällöistään" ja sanonut että hänen "sisällöissään" oli autenttisuutta. Hänen töissään oli aina pieniä kielellisiä yllätyksiä, mutta minua kiinnostivat enemmän ne palaset maailmasta, joita hän toi esiin kirjoituksissaan, huomiot tai epäsuhtaisuudet tai sivumerkitykset. Hän ymmärsi niiden arvon. "Hän pitää siitä, että juttuni ovat epäkeskisiä ja kulkevat sivuteitä", hän kertoi kirjailijatoveristaan.

"Ei alkuja, keskiosia ja loppuja", tarjosin.

"Niin juuri", hän sanoi, "niin juuri." Hän katseli minua hellästi, kuin mallioppilasta. Hänen silmänurkkansa punoittivat hieman, mutta se saattoi olla vain heijastusta kankaasta, joka halkoi terävänä viivana hänen otsaansa.

Ihailen hänen kirjoituksiaan. Hän väitti, ettei hänellä juuri ollut mielikuvitusta, että hän kirjoitti oman elämänsä aineksista, mutta hän etsiskeli jatkuvasti jotakin, jota hän kutsui "töhnäksi". Tällä hän tarkoitti kaikkea satunnaista, outoa, tavallista, jokapäiväisen elämän liisteriä, joka jähmettää aidot olemassaolon hetkemme. Olen nähnyt hänen tekevän esimerkiksi suurenmoisia lurituksia napinläivistä, siitä miten ne rispaantuvat ajan mittaan, varsinkin halvoissa vaatteissa. Ja loistavan jutun vääristäivistä peileistä, ja toisen tiettyjen puupor- taikkojen tuoksusta hänen lapsuudessaan, jutun, jossa vaha ja puu ja rauhoittava puhtaus kerääntyvät tarinan vierelle vaatimatta lainkaan

this she meant the arbitrary, the odd, the ordinary, the mucilage of daily life that cements our genuine moments of being. I've seen her do wonderful riffs on buttonholes, for instance, the way they shred over time, especially on cheap clothes. And a brilliant piece on bevelled mirrors, and another on the smell of a certain set of wooden stairs from her childhood, wax and wood and reassuring cleanliness accumulating at the side of the story but not claiming any importance for itself.

She looked sad over her coffee, older than I'd remembered – but weren't we all? – and I could tell she was disappointed in me for some reason. It occurred to me I might offer her a piece of putty by telling her about the discovery I had made the day before, that shopping was not what I'd thought, that it could become a mission, even an art if one persevered. I had had a shopping item in mind; I had been presented with an unasked-for block of time; it might be possible not only to imagine this artefact, but to realize it.

"How many boutiques did you say you went into?" she asked, and I knew I had interested her at last.

"Twenty," I said. "Or thereabouts."

"Incredible."

"But it was worth it. It wasn't when I started out, but it became more and more worth it as the afternoon went on."

"Why?" she asked slowly. I could tell she was trying to twinkle a gram of gratitude at me, but she was closer to crying.

"To see if it existed, this thing I had in mind."

huomiota itselleen.

Hän näytti surulliselta kahvikuppinsa ääressä, vanhemmalta kuin muistinkaan – mutta emmekö me kaikki? – ja saatoin huomata, että hän oli jotenkin pettynyt minuun. Mieleeni juolahti, että voisin tarjota hänelle vähän töhnää kertomalla edellispäiväisestä oivalluksestani, että ostoksilla oleminen ei ollutkaan sellaista kuin olin luullut, että siitä tuli kutsumus, jopa taidetta, jos sitä jatkoi hellittämättä. Minulla oli ollut ostos mielessäni; minulle oli tarjoutunut yllättäen vapaata aikaa; olisi mahdollista, ei pelkästään kuvitella tätä taidekäsitön tuotetta, vaan tavoittaa se todella.

"Kuinka monessa liikkeessä kävit?" hän kysyi, ja tiesin, että olin vihdoinkin herättänyt hänen kiinnostuksensa.

"Kahdessakymmenessä", sainoin, "tai jotain sinnepäin."

"Uskomatonta."

"Mutta oli se sen arvoista. Ei heti alussa, mutta aina enemmän ja enemmän tärkeää mitä pidemmälle iltapäivä eteni."

"Miksi?" hän kysyi hitaasti. Näin, että hän yritti väläyttää gramman kiitollisuutta minua kohti, mutta olikin lähempänä itkua.

"Saadakseni selville, oliko sellaista olemassakaan, juuri sitä, mitä minulla oli mielessä."

"Ja sellainen löytyi."

"Niin."

Todistaakseni asian kaivoin ostokassiani ja vedin sieltä esiin vaalean, pöyheän putiikkipussin. Avasin vaaleanpunaisen käärepaperin pöydällä ja näytin hänelle huivin. Hän nosti sen kasvojaan vasten. Kyyneleet kimaltelivat hänen silmissään. "Sitä vain, että se on niin ihana", hän sanoi. Ja sitten hän jatkoi: "Sen etsiminen on melkein kuin olisit valmistanut sen itse."

"And it did."

"Yes."

To prove my point I reached into my tote bag and pulled out the pale, puffy boutique bag. I unrolled the pink tissue paper on the table and showed her the scarf.

She lifted it against her face. Tears glinted in her eyes. "It's just that it's so beautiful," she said. And then she said, "Finding it, it's almost like you made it. You invented it, created it out of your imagination."

I almost cried myself. I hadn't expected anyone to understand how I felt.

I watched her roll the scarf back into the fragile paper. She took her time, tucking in the edges with her fingertips. Then she slipped the parcel into her plastic bag, tears spilling more freely now. "Thank you, darling Reta, thank you. You don't know what you've given me today."

But I did, I did.

But what does it amount to? A scarf, half an ounce of silk, maybe less, floating free in the world. I looked at Gwen/Gwendolyn, my old friend, and then down at my hands, my wedding band, my engagement ring, a little diamond thingamajig from the sixties. I thought of my three daughters and my mother-in-law and my own dead mother with her slack charms and the need she had to relax by painting china. Not one of us was going to get what we wanted. Imagine someone writing a play called *Death of a Saleswoman*. What a joke. We're so transparently in need of shoring up our little preciosities and our lisping pronouns, her, she. We ask our-

Keksit sen, loit sen mielikuvituksestasi."

Melkein itkin itsekin. En ollut odottanut kenenkään ymmärtävän, miltä minusta tuntui.

Katselin, kuinka hän kääri huivin takaisin hauraaseen paperiin. Hän viivytteli, taittaen reunat sisään sormenpäillään. Sitten hän sujautti paketin muovikassiinsa, kyynelten virratessa nyt vapaammin. "Kiitos, Reta-kulta, kiitos. Et tiedä, mitä oletkaan minulle tänään antanut."

Mutta tiesinhän minä, tiesin.

Mutta mitä se merkitsee? Huivi, puoli unssia silkkiä, ehkä vähemmän, leijumassa vapaana maailmassa. Katsoin Gweniä/Gwendolyniä, vanhaa ystävääni, ja sitten käsiäni, vihkisormustani, kihlasormustani, pientä timantti-mitälie kuusikymmentäluvulta. Ajattelin kolmea tyttärtäni ja anoppiani ja jo kuolleen äitini vaimeaa viehätysvoimaa ja tarvetta rentoutua maalaamalla posliinia. Kukaan meistä ei saavuttaisi sitä, mitä halusimme. Kuvittele, että joku kirjoittaa näytelmän *Kauppamatkustajattaren kuolema*. Mikä vitsi. Meillä on niin läpinäkyvä tarve pönkittää pieniä kalleuksiamme ja sammaltavia sanojamme, naisen, nainen. Asetamme itsellemme loputtomasti kysymyksiä, mutta emme läheskään tarpeeksi ankarasti. Maailma ei ole vielä valmis meitä varten; minuun koskee sanaa niin. Kudoksemme ovat liian pehmeitä, jopa sinunkin, Danielle Westerman, Holocaustista selviytyjän, kyynikon ja neron. Jopa sinun, rouva Winters, uuden, vanhan tarpeettoman tietosi kanssa. Olemme liian kilttejä, liian halukkaita, myös liian haluttomia. Kurkotamme sokeasti tarttuvaan käteen tietämättä kuinka pyytää sellaista, jota emme edes itse tiedä haluvamme.

selves question, endlessly, but not nearly sternly enough. The world isn't ready for us yet; it hurts me to say that. We're too soft in our tissues, even you, Danielle Westerman, Holocaust survivor, cynic, and genius. Even you, Mrs. Winters, with your new, old useless knowledge. We are too kind, too willing, too unwilling too, reaching out blindly with a grasping hand but not knowing how to ask for what we don't even know we want.

VI CONCLUSION

In this study I have tried to describe the occurrence of style in the process of translation. I have studied my own translation work of two short stories by Carol Shields. During and after the translation I have examined where in the translation process questions of style appear and what they are like. After describing the process, I have illustrated the stylistic choices by giving examples from the translated texts.

For my study I have mainly adopted the definition of style of linguistic stylistics, where style is seen as the choice of linguistic variants. That definition seems to agree with a simplified idea of the translator's task, where translating can be comprehended as an act of choosing the most suitable expression of TL for a corresponding expression of SL. Some literary aspects have been taken into account whenever they are useful for the translation purposes.

In my process of translation, I have not always succeeded in finding satisfactory, functionally similar equivalents, as my examples have shown. Sometimes that might have been due to lack of my linguistic competence. On the other hand, for choosing the most suitable expression of TL, it is not enough to understand the meaning of the SL expression and know numerous variants of TL equivalents to choose from, but the expression also has to suit the style of the whole TL text and be functionally appropriate. For that, a general idea of the texts, of their style and functions, has to be acquired in the beginning of the translation process. The translator must be able to distinguish stylistically prominent features in the author's language and understand their meaning for the text. The stylistic function of a fictional text, the kind of emotions and connotations it arouses, may be even more important than the actual meaning content, as was often the case in the two texts of Carol Shields.

To form an idea of the style of the text for the background and basis for my decisions, I have not analysed the style systematically but grasped it quite intuitively by employing aesthetic reading strategy. On the other hand, my idea of the style of the texts has been widened by a closer analysis of the linguistic choices.

In Chapter III I have aspired to make a broad and general, but also a somewhat detailed description of the process itself. Although the phases of the translation work, preparation, reading, writing, mental processing and evaluation, are often going on simultaneously and it is sometimes impossible to distinguish them from each other, I have tried to describe them separately to show more clearly how various the different activities are, that the translator has to carry out to complete his/her task. In reality, translation is a very complex task, which cannot necessarily be described very realistically or completely even by the translator him/herself, because our consciousness cannot reach all the levels of the human mind. A more psychological approach would be needed to better illustrate what really happens in the translator's mind during the different stages of the process. That kind of study belongs to the psycholinguistics. Until a reliable method for that is developed, it is good to hear what the translators themselves have to say, and let them freely tell about their working process, as Sorvali has already suggested (1996:19-20).

The main phases of the translation process are universal, but the ways of working and the way the process is experienced by the translator are personal, and they also depend on the text and on the larger context in which the translating occurs, as Sorvali (1996) has also pointed out. So, the process described here is only an example of translation work. Many more descriptions of translations are needed to draw general conclusions or build up a theory of translation. My aim has been to describe, and my point of view has been very personal and subjective.

For my translation process, all of the phases described in this study have been essential, but the role of reading has been emphasised, because understanding the style of the texts is acquired in particular by reading. All the other phases of translation, pure thinking excluded, involve reading. Even a quick glance over the texts, in the preparation phase, before the actual setting to work, revealed something about their style. The interest arouse; a preliminary attitude was adopted. Some stylistically prominent features stood out already in this phase, and the mind started to work with the problematic parts.

I have distinguished preparation phase from the actual reading phase because it also involves various miscellaneous tasks described earlier, such as

the reading of the background information about the author and his/her style, which may affect the way the translator interprets the SL text. Also some of the translators in Sorvali's (1996) study identified a separate preparatory phase, where they gathered background information, although many translators saw it as a part of the phase of reading.

During the actual reading sessions from then on, reading had special purposes and different ways of reading were adopted more or less consciously. Rosenblatt's and Vähäpassis's concepts for reading strategies helped me to see that there were also other ways to read than those which came naturally to me. As a quite experienced reader, I could use many different reading strategies, but I had also formed quite fixed reading habits that were not easy to alter. For translation purposes I needed to develop especially the efferent ways of reading. By consciously trying to learn new ways to read, I started to learn more about myself, as well. In general, self-knowledge helps to find out some of our "dark", less aware levels of mind, that also work in the interpretation and transference processes during translation. It is good that the translator knows his/her weaknesses and strengths as a reader to be able to improve his/her methods.

The comprehension of style was acquired by different reading strategies. Some stylistic factors were revealed by a systematic linguistic analysis, for which efferent type of reading was used, but there were also features of style which could be comprehended more intuitively by aesthetic way of reading, such as the themes, points of view and characters of the stories. There were both kinds of factors that caused stylistic prominence in Shields's texts, and often they occurred together, for example, when an important trait of a character was revealed by the linguistic choices of his/her speech or thought presentation, when an ironic tone was present "behind the literal words", when metaphors and idioms were used, and, especially, when there was word play. More straightforward linguistic features of style were, for example, the length and complexity of Shields's sentences and her abundant use of disjuncts. The translation of proper names was a stylistic factor, but it was more a problem of the TL, and not always a remarkable feature of the author's style.

The modern linguistic stylistics is not restricted to the study of the surface structure of the language, but it also acknowledges the literary approach to

style (Leech and Short 1981). Those literary aspects, which have been relevant for my translation purposes, are evident in the analysis section and they have not been systematically presented. A separate literary analysis has not been included in this study, although a general idea of the style of the text is important for the interpretation of the text.

In Shields's texts the most prominent literary feature for stylistic choices was probably the way she presented her characters, which was expressed in their speech and thought presentation and through the narrator's tone of warm irony. Since the concept of style is wide and can be understood in many different ways, taking all the stylistic factors into consideration would have been impossible and they had to be restricted also in this study. It was difficult to draw a line between the more and less relevant factors. The overall literary analysis would have suffered if I had tried to restrict it to fit my more practical purposes. It seems that the concept of style in translating fiction stands in between linguistics and literary criticism and can benefit from both kinds of analysis. If I had chosen a more literary approach in the beginning, I probably would have encountered the linguistic factors of style, as well, during the process of translation.

Sorvali (1996:21) mentions that before the actual phase of transfer, the preparatory phase must, somehow, be completed. I found out that during my process it was not always so; new aesthetic reading sessions occurred and more background information was still gathered during my phase of transfer. The few longer breaks in my translation process led to new "fresh starts", which, perhaps was not economical.

What made the comparison to other translators' work more difficult, was that the names of the phases of translation are used differently, for example in Sorvali's study, where the translators have had the possibility to define the stages of their process themselves. It seemed as there were not always so many actual differences in the processes themselves, as in the classifications and concepts and in the way the process was experienced and understood. The lack of clear, well-defined common concepts is partly due to the disability to describe things that are not easily observable.

Of the different stages of the translation process, the phase "between reading and writing" was the most difficult one to verbalise, because the

mental activity during the transfer occurs partly on the unaware levels of mind. This was the phase where many decisions concerning the stylistic choices were intuitively made. It is not economical for a translator to use too much time and effort on pondering over decisions that he/she feels confident about. As Sorvali (1996) has found out, the more experienced the translator, the more automatic the phase of transfer is, which is why the translators in her study cannot describe this phase in a very detailed way. As an inexperienced translator, I became aware of many problems of this stage and tried to illustrate them in detail in Chapter IV. In the process description in Chapter III I did not have very much to say about what I had actually done in this phase; the description turned out to be very general.

Chapter IV, concerning the stylistic decisions illustrated mainly the phase of transfer. In that part of my study I tried to verbalise my thoughts on making certain linguistic choices. I presented the thoughts and arguments that were relevant for my personal decisions on the parts of the text which I found problematic; the process description of another translator would probably have been very different. The arguments for many linguistic decisions were very general or vague. It was easier to discover a stylistic problem than to explain why I had solved it in a certain way. A more systematic linguistic analysis and argumentation would have distorted the idea of a descriptive study of a translation process. The translator does not need to be a linguist; a more practical and economical approach is needed, although the awareness of the structure of SL and TL and their differences is necessary. A comparative study of how different translators apprehend style and work with it would take the idea of the function of style in translation further.

Writing occurred at first in the phase of transfer, and later more independently, without the SL text. After producing many drafts of TL text, it was necessary, at times, to read the SL text again for comparison and evaluation. Writing always involved reading. The coherence of style had to be taken into consideration in the writing phase. Writing and rewriting during the process was repeatedly done and seemed to have no end.

The translators in Sorvali's (1996) study, described the writing phase in a very detailed way, whereas I did not have very much to say about this part of the process. This might again have been due to different understanding of the

nature of the phase. In my study, writing was seen as a quite physical act, and what I included in the previous stage of transfer, was understood in Sorvali's study to be a part of the writing phase. Writing occurs simultaneously with transfer and they are sometimes difficult to separate. The working on the drafts of the TL text is not illustrated in my study; that was mostly working with Finnish. An interesting topic for further study could be how the TL drafts change in the phase of writing.

Evaluation continued throughout the translation process and was included in all of its phases. Evaluation of the texts was involved in reading, writing and transferring. In between these activities the translator evaluates the working process and him/herself. It would be difficult to separate evaluation from other types of mind processes, which is not necessary for this study, and would belong to the area of psycholinguistics. All the more advanced strategies of reading, introduced by Vähäpassi (1987), included evaluation of the text.

Evaluation continues after the translation process by the readers of the TL texts. As a translator, I can describe how I experienced style in my translation process and estimate how I managed to solve the stylistic problems, but as a researcher of my own work I cannot make objective final evaluation of how I succeeded to retain the style of the original text. That is why the SL and TL texts are presented in this study; the readers do the final evaluation, which is not included in this study. The process continues.

As a summary of the style in the process of translation, it could be generally said, that in the different phases of the process the style was taken into consideration in different ways. In the beginning, reading strategies were utilised for finding specific stylistic features or comprehending the style in general. In the phase of transfer, the features of style were analytically examined if they were problematic for the translator. When stylistic features caused no difficulties, the decisions were made intuitively. Finally, in the phases of writing and final evaluation, stylistic examination of the TL text was made to ensure its coherence. The TL drafts were worked on to improve the text; the SL text was used occasionally for comparison and revise.

The most obvious stylistic features, such as the sentence structure and vocabulary, were perceptible from the very first readings. Some idioms and metaphors became clear only with analysis and use of a dictionary. Less

apparent were the themes; to make literary interpretations of the stories many readings were required before they started to reveal themselves to the reader.

The stylistic features which caused most difficulty in my translation were the idioms and metaphors, as can be seen by the number of examples in Chapter IV. This can be explained with both the originality of Carol Shields's language and the difference of the SL and the TL. Shields's rich language is full of images, but sometimes it was difficult to know whether an expression was an idiom, for which a Finnish equivalent idiom could be used.

Qualitatively the most difficult translation problem was word play, but in the two texts by Shields there were not many examples of them.

Some of the problems, such as single difficult words, were very specific and concerned only one expression in the text. I did not list many of them in my analysis, unless they had special stylistic significance. For some others, a general decision could be made that would then be consistently followed. Examples of such problems were the use of address terms, the translation of concepts of measure, and proper names. These features can also affect the style.

The genre-specific features, such as an impressionistic way of character description and compactness of the stories were stylistic factors, but they did not directly cause translation problems. They affected the style in the way that almost everything was stylistically remarkable and had to be carefully considered. What is special for the translator of a short story, is that the text can be read over many times; in translating a novel the translator has to work with different kinds of translation units, such as chapters, and the coherence must be retained for a longer span of text.

This is a qualitative and descriptive research and my study method has been self-reflection, which is very subjective and personal. The hermeneutic approach accepts the subjective experience as the starting point of study in the human sciences. Translation can also be seen as a circular hermeneutic process, a dialogue between the text and the reader, where the subjective interpretations of the translator lead to a better understanding of the text and of the process itself, which, in turn, lead to new interpretations. This has become clear in my study, where the translator's role as a reader and as an interpreter have been emphasised, as well as the dynamic nature of the process itself.

Also the continuous writing of new drafts, with all the correction and evaluation in between, has a hermeneutic nature; perfection is never reached. Even, when writing a clean copy of the texts, I still made improvements and corrections to my texts. When the translator finally decides to finish the working process, and the translation is published, the task of interpretation is passed on to the TL readers.

An advantage of the self-reflective method is the directness, closeness and depth of observation. Subtle research objects demand delicate methods and qualitative description rather than coarse measuring and very restricted experimental conditions. I think that the human mind is flexible and accurate enough to observe human action, if objectivity is aspired for and the aims are clear. Simplified models and mechanical methods of study may make the research seem more clear and objective, but they cannot capture the complexity and individual quality of a translator's working process. With this study I have tried to answer the demand of letting the translator's voice be heard. For building theories, an external observer would be needed to collect more information on the experiences of different translators and to compare and analyse the data, as Sorvali (1996) has done in her study.

The difficulties of the translation work are emphasised in this study, and I probably would not have done this much systematic analysis for the task, had there not also been a study purpose involved. Yet, I think that this kind of freely constructed studies and open discussion are needed for bringing more living material to the field of translation study and giving ideas for the topics of further study. In the TAPs studies where an interviewer investigates the working process of another person, the translator probably also becomes more aware of his/her own ways of working, which may, as well, affect the results. The ability to verbalise one's own thoughts has not been measured in TAPs studies, either, and not all personal factors that might affect the study can be controlled. I have selected my reporting material according to what I have found important and relevant. Not all thoughts or actions during the translation could have been mentioned here, and many have probably gone unnoticed. I have tried to restrict the vast amount of material from wide areas of study to fit inside the boundaries defined by the terms *translation process*, *style*, and

reading. Together with the translated texts, the core of my study can be found there.

The nature of translating is always partly practical, but not merely mechanical, and when new theories of translation are formed, they should not simplify and mechanise the many-levelled, complex process of translation that still remains partly mystical to us, like all processes which happen in the human mind. A similar process, in a way, could be the learning of language. I see translation work as a learning process, as well. Furthermore, these both activities could be seen as hermeneutic processes, where a new level of understanding is acquired by going through the process. Studying the process itself is meaningful, then, because it is the key to the product that is formed in the dialogue. In the translation the dialogue goes on between the translator and the text; later, between the text and the readers. For further study, a viewpoint of translation as a linguistic, stylistic and cultural learning process, could be utilised.

The study of the translation process could be continued in a larger communicational context. Although the translator works mostly by him/herself, the task is very communicative. The translator is a mediator between the author and the readers, between different languages, cultures and texts. He/she does not translate for him/herself. The readers of the TL culture must be kept in mind. In each linguistic choice there is the question of how a TL reader would react to the certain choice that is made. Translation studies could also expand to studying the interpretations of the TL readers, which could yield important information to translators. Usually the feedback comes from professional critics.

The translator also communicates in the literary field where comparative evaluation is done by the critics. This evaluation concentrates on the texts. In evaluating his/her own work throughout the process the translator is aware of this criticism. There is usually not a possibility for the translator to explain or defend his/her decisions, which also affects the process. These factors set many responsibilities and challenges for the translator. Studies that make the translator more visible to the other participants of the literary communication and discussion about the philosophy and ethics of translation in the rapidly changing cultures and in the increasingly international world, are needed.

Although translation seems to be lonely and quiet work, it is not something that is just done for its own sake or without thinking about what, when, why, by whom and for whom the work is done. More conscious decisions are made by raising awareness of the task, the process and the translator.

What has surprised me in doing this study is not the quantity, but the quality of the translation process. It is much more many-sided and many-levelled than I had imagined. The dualistic, or “in-between” character of the translation work is expressed in many ways: it is external and inner activity, conscious and subconscious, lonely and communicative, theoretical and practical, receiving and producing, repetitive and creative, formalistic and intuitive, cognitive and emotive, frustrating and inspiring. I hope that some of the diversity of this task would be conveyed in this study and that the human character of translating fiction with its individual and many-sided quality could be better understood by making the translation process more visible.

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