

*T*RANSLATURE

Vol I

A Translated Literature Magazine

Editor's Foreword

Dear Reader

Perhaps, as many contend, as young kids we try to assimilate the sights and sounds around us. Yet, this assimilation of sounds, for many, continues beyond the initial years. Science tells us learning new languages is a great way to keep your neurons in good health. It also shows us how we adapt to the sounds of a new place as we move around the world. Indeed each language has its own quirks, idiosyncrasies and beauty and perhaps, it's a combination of these that draw a person to pick up a different language.

And recognizing the fact that literature does not (and should not) confine to one language, we embarked on this quest to bring you a literary magazine showcasing the multilingual talents as well as their skills in translating their creative pieces. During my years here at Young Writers Society, I have seen an increase in English as a Foreign Language users – and it always makes me happy to see their talent. In this first ever volume of Translature, we have showcased the entries in various languages and I would love to see it grow over the years.

With a love for words, some of the lovely green folk here at YWS and I brainstormed over words that capture the essence of what we wanted and thus the portmanteau of 'Translation' & 'Literature' lead to Translature! Before I let you read the beautiful submission, I would like to thank all those who submitted entries, and, Kyllorac, Demeter and Hannah for their help!

Let me end this with my attempt at a haiku in Hindi:

फूले ज़मीन पर; अलविदा। बसंती यादों को यह पंखुड़िया।	Flowers under my feet Springtime farewell- let's make this string of petals : our memories.
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Cheers,

Lava

Translation 101

By Demeter

I like to think of translation as code-breaking. You have a word or a phrase or a sentence in a foreign language, and you must decipher the unknown elements into your target language so the meaning of the original is transferred and understood.

Translation is sensitive. It may seem like all it takes is to know two languages well enough to transfer meanings, but it's important to have some knowledge of the translation science and things to look out for, so that the end result will have the care and subtlety that it requires.

There are two rough main directions to consider when translating something: **word for word** and **sense for sense**. Word for word literally means what it sounds like - you replace each word in the original with the equivalent word in the target language, naturally taking heed of the grammar rules in each language. This would work well in a language class at school, where the test subject is to understand what certain words mean in the different language. Sense for sense isn't confined to the singular words so religiously, but instead aims to create the same effect, the same meaning, as the original work does in the source language. This is ideal for translating a literary work where nuances and tones are exceedingly important.

One of perhaps the most difficult things to achieve in translation is a translation that **doesn't look like a translation**. If you can detect things like foreign sentence structures, awkward phrasing, or obvious loan words when the target language has a perfectly valid equivalent of its own, the translation has not succeeded in what a good translation always does: being invisible. Translation is one of the few things where the less you notice it, the better it is. Just like in writing stories or poems you want your readers to enjoy the ride without having to get caught in a lack of punctuation or unoriginal metaphors, the readers of a translation shouldn't even notice that they're reading a translation, even if they know that they are - which is most often the case.

Cultural elements sometimes make this difficult. Things that are perfectly natural and mundane

in Finland, like sauna and dish-draining cupboards, are strange and foreign pretty much everywhere else in the world, so how to prevent foreign readers to feel distant from a text where these elements appear? The answer is, you probably can't. There are a couple of different approaches to this problem called **domestication** and **foreignisation**.

If you choose the domesticating strategy, you “translate” the strange foreign element by changing it into something that is more typical to the target culture. This also applies to foreign names and places. In the first Finnish translation of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, for example, the translator chose to change Alice's name to *Liisa*, which is a perfectly normal girl's name in Finland in the way that Alice is in the English-speaking countries. By changing the name, the translator made it easier for the Finnish children of the time to relate to a heroine with a recognisable name.

Foreignisation is when you intentionally leave the foreign element in the text, even when knowing that the target audience may react differently to the text as the readers in the original culture. For names and places, this strategy is often the standard in Finland (excluding children's books). This isn't done to confuse the readers, but rather to remind them that the story is set somewhere else and to respect the original culture.

Just remember: the translator **must consider each occurrence separately**, and often the end result is a combination of the strategies or something in between – there is **no right or wrong way to do it** (as long as you have your facts right).

The one thing that you should ask yourself if you face difficulties while translating – or even if you don't: would the author have written the text like this if he/she knew the target language? If the answer is no, try to recognise the part that seems out of place and see what you can do about it. If the answer is yes, you're on the right track.

If you're translating your own text, try to imagine it in the other language rather than meticulously replacing words. Translation is not just helping as many people as possible understand a text. Translation is recreating an artwork in a different culture.

Mis Demonios Parecen Estrellas | My Demons Look Like Stars

(Spanish to English)

By Cailey M.

My Demons Look Like Stars

My whole body carts untold stories
like birds afraid to migrate.
They are huddled
inside my head
and their eyes show a thousand stars
glowing in the midnight of my mind.

I am afraid
if I do not walk slowly enough
they will unleash-
pull the blood from my veins
up through strands of the hair
on my head and,
in a flurry of spilled-ink cries,
they will carry me away
until I, too, am only stars.

Mis Demonios Parecen Estrellas

Mi cuerpo es carreta de cuentos;
pájaros que temen volar.
Se esconden
dentro de mi cabeza,
y sus ojos muestran mil estrellas
brillando en la media noche de mi mente

Temo
si no ando lentamente
se librarán-
jalando la sangre de mis venas
por las piezas del cabello
que cae de mi cabeza y
en una furia de gritos de tinta caída
me cargaran desde aquí
hasta que yo también soy solo estrellas.

Las Hojas | The Leaves

(Spanish to English)

By Widdershins

Las Hojas

Las hojas en los arboles salen
de sus hogares de infancia.
Ellas tienen los colores del anochecer,
y sus manos son plumas en mi cara.

Los arboles abrazan el cielo,
y las nubes dan un beso
en sus dedos uno tras otro.

Amontono las hojas en pilas
de miles y construyo un castillo grande.
Mi trono está ardiente
en escarlata, oro, y anaranjado.

Pero

mi trono, mi castillo, las hojas
se pudrirán.

El invierno los jala a dentro del suelo,
y las raíces son caníbales:
se dan un banquete
en sus propia carne.
Y los arboles brotan
sus hojas otra vez.

The Leaves

The trees' leaves depart
from their childhood homes.
They are colored in sunset,
and their hands are feathers on my face.

Trees hug the sky,
and clouds give a kiss
on their fingers, one by one.

I stack the leaves in piles
of thousands and build a grand castle.
My throne is fiery
in scarlet, gold, and orange.

But

My throne, my castle, the leaves
rot.

The winter pulls them into the ground,
and the roots are cannibals:
they feast
on their own flesh.
And the trees sprout
their leaves again.

அலை - Alai | Wave (Tamil to English)

By Dreamy

அலை

பருவம் உற்ற பெண்ணைப் போல,
தன் தலையை மெல்ல மேல்நோக்கி,
பார்த்தது அந்த அலை.

கரையோரத்தில் ஒரு சிறுவன்,
தன் மெல்லிய கைகளால் இடிந்து இடிந்து
விழுந்த மணல் கோபுரத்தை கவனமாக சமைத்துக்கொண்டிருந்தான்.

அவனின் சிரிப்பு சத்தத்தைக்கேட்டுத்
துள்ளியது அலை, அருகில் வந்து அவனின்
மென்பாதங்களை தொட்டுச் சீண்டியது.

தன் மணல் கோபுரத்தின் அலங்காரப் பணியினைவிட்டு,
அலையை பார்த்தான்; அலையும் பார்த்தது.
அவனின் ஒரு புன்முறுவலால் வெட்கம் கொண்டு உள்சென்றாள்.

பொய்க்கோபத்துடன் விலகிச்சென்ற அந்த அலை;
அவன்பால் காதல் கொண்டு
அவன் பாதங்களை வருடி சென்றது.

Wave

the wave,
like a newly bloomed girl
lifted her head above, *slowly*.

A boy with slender hands
built a shattering castle (out of dry sand)
meticulously.

On hearing his fits of laughter,
the wave jiggled in excitement, and
kissed his soft feet.

He ceased decorating the castle
and looked at her, she looked at him (as well)
his smile shy-ed her away.

She drew in, feigning anger—
caressed his feet on her way back
with fondness.

En la playa de memoria | On the beach of memory

(Spanish to English)

By niteowl

En la playa de memoria

En el mar de la mente quiero nadar;
Los peces felices deseo encontrar.
Ya no hay sonrisas y ya no sé la paz,
Porque tiburones quiere tristeza más.

Devoran los peces y traen amargo.
Dominan el mar así que no recuerdo
Un pasado de sol, de luz en el cielo;
Abajo la gris, aparece tan lejos.

On the beach of memory

I want to swim in the sea of my mind;
I long to find those happy fish.
Now there are no smiles, and I do not know
peace
For the sharks love sadness more.

They devour the fish, bringing sorrow.
They dominate the sea so that I don't recall
A past of sun, of light in the sky—
Under the gray it seems so far.

**Dit is ons land- | This is our land-
(Afrikaans to English)**

By TheWanderingWizard

Dit is ons land-

Hierdie is 'n land van vryheid

'n land van Mzansi, Voortrekkers,

en Safari-pakke-

Hierdie is 'n land van goud en diamante,

Dit is Suid-Afrika,

en dit is 'n gebroke land...

**

Toe ons voorvaders hier aankom,

was hulle verwelkom deur julle mense

Ons het hulle geskenke van kled en goud gebring

vir kos en water-

Tog word daardie magtige pioniers se name

as die oorsaak van julle probleme.

**

Toe kom die Hugenote van ver,

vlugtelinge van swaard en geweer

Demokrasie was hul geskenk aan die land,

so dat ons as gelykes mag woon-

Maar nou het julle daardie heilige tradisie

verwring vir julle "geregtigheid"

**

Toe die Souties aankom
opsoek na die land se skate,
het ons hulle teruggedryf,
saam.

Maar nou het julle haat op ons gedraai,
die mense wie vir die land gebloei het.

**

Apartheid het toe daarna gevolg,
en ons uit mekaar gedryf
Al staan ons voorouers steeds saam,
Verenig in brons majesteit-
Maar nou vernietig julle ons erfenis,
net as gevolg van julle wanbegrip

**

Dit is die land van Vryheid
die land van Kruger, Dingaan
en Mandela-
Dit is die land van die Reenboog Kulture,
Dit is Suid-Afrika,
en dit ons land ook.

This is our land-

This is a land of freedom,
a land of Mzansi, Voortrekkers
and Safari trips-

This is a land gold and diamonds.

This is South Africa,
and this is a broken land...

**

When our forefathers landed here,
they were welcomed by your kind
We brought them gifts of cloth and gold
in trade for food and water-
Yet now you use those mighty pioneers' name
as scapegoats for your problems.

**

Then came the Huguenots from afar,
fleeing from the iron blade and bullet
They brought democracy to this land
so we could live as equals-
Yet now you've twisted that sacred tradition
into a facade for your "retribution"

**

When the limeys arrived
seeking the riches of this land,
we drove them back
together.

Yet now your hate has turned to us,
the ones who bled to free this land

**

Apartheid followed closely then,
dividing us once more
Yet our ancestors stand together still,
united in bronze majesty-

But now you seek to defile our heritage,
all for the sake of your idle misconceptions

**

This is the land of freedom,
the land of Kruger, Dingaan
and Mandela-

This is the land of the Rainbow cultures

This is South Africa,
and it is our land too.

A short glossary for the strange words-

Mzansi (Mm-zahn'-zee) n. - The Xhosa word for "our home" or "our country"

Voortrekkers (Foo{h}er'-trehck-uhrs) n. - The Afrikaans word for our ancestors who travelled from the Cape inland to flee British reign. Settled to form most of the large cities and towns of South Africa.

Hugenots (Yewh-guh-nots') n. - The French protestants who fled the Inquisition in Europe during the 1700s.

Limeys (lie-meez) n. (sl.)- The word used to call British settlers in South Africa during the 1800s. The Afrikaans word Souties (Sow-teez) has the same meaning.

Apartheid (Uh-paar(t)-height) n. - Term to describe the system of segregation in South Africa during the 1900s. It gave the white people more freedom/ power than other races.

Kruger (Crew-guhr) n. - Name of a very powerful and noteworthy Afrikaans president.

Dingaan (Din-gone) n. - Name of an infamous Zulu chieftain who betrayed several Voortrekker leaders at peace treaties.

Mandela (Muhn-dhe-luh) n. - Name of first black South African president and great freedom representative across the world.