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Chapter Nine

TRANSLATIONS PAST AND PRESENT

> Every age deserves the translations it tolerates or admires. – Ivan Kashkin

1 *The Song of Igor's Campaign* has been translated into Russian forty-four or forty-five times, each time in a different way. And each of these forty-four or forty-five translations has reflected both the personality of the translator with all his individual qualities and the age in which the translation was done, because each translator introduces into his version precisely those elements which constitute the aesthetics operative in his time.

Every translation is therefore a new distortion of the original conditioned by the taste of the social stratum to which the translator addresses himself. That is, in other words, every age prescribes its own recipes for departures from the original, and translators follow this recipe to the letter because they realize it is precisely the departures their contemporaries will consider the translation's chief merits.

The age of pseudo-Classicism dictated to its poets translations of "Yaroslavna's Lament" in majestic couplets: "To the mighty river a turtledove I shall wing, / My beaver sleeve in the soft Kaiala to wring."[1] As a result *The Song of Igor's Campaign* was given in opulent alexandrine lines obviously intended to be declaimed on the stage. This is the same line in which the "thundering" tragedies of Ozerov, Knyazhnin, and Sumarokov were written. Yaroslavna came to resemble Queen Osnelda, who declaimed the same sort of lines in Sumarokov's tragedy *Khorev*. The Romantic period demanded that its translators turn "Yaroslavna's Lament" into a love song. The result was a sensual love song with harpsichord accompaniment. V. Zagorsky's 1825 translation was even titled just to suit: "Yaroslavna: A Love Song." It was written in iambic tetrameter quatrains with alternating rhyme scheme and filled with phrases such as "O, where art thou, my beloved friend? / Where is thy Yaroslavna's bright-shining light?" In that day of the Romantic cult of ancient Slavdom and rapturous restorations of works of folklore, N. Grammatin's 1823 translation of "Yaroslavna's Lament" was written in long trochaic lines and endowed with an archaic style typified by the usual old forms – *grad* for *gorod*, 'city,' *glas* for *golos*, 'voice,' and so on. During the period of enthusiasm for Homer (right after the appearance of Gnedich's translation of *The Iliad*), M. De La-Pyu obliged Yaroslavna to do her lamenting in hexameters (1839).

In the period following the collapse of the high poetic culture which distinguished the first third of the nineteenth century, "Yaroslavna's Lament" sounded forth in a still different way in the 1854 translation by M. Gerbel – in a resilient and ringing but empty line devoid of lyricism, with plain trochaic tetrameter lines and alternating rhymes, with pre-

dictably common metaphors.[2] As always happens with the verses of epigones, the mechanical rhythms were not even slightly related to the theme – they came out like a dance instead of a lament. In the same period of epigones, about eight years before at the very height of dilettantism, another "Lament" appeared in the translation of D. Minayev (the elder) which was similarly resilient yet empty, and was sweetened besides with concoctions in a sentimental style. Yaroslavna was made to "bow her little head" on her "snow-white bosom," and she even had to sing rhymes like *polechu – omochu – zalechu*. *Chu – chu – chu* – these three rollicking, dancing sounds are not even faintly expressive of sorrows and sobs.[3] And since a moribund exoticism peculiar to the ornamentalist style was flourishing at that time in fashionable journal verses (for example, in *Library for Reading*), this too could not but be reflected in the "Yaroslavna's Lament" of the day: "Wind, wind, why dost thou howl, / Why plowest thou thy broad road / With widespread wing?" Flowery concoctions such as "the slave of Avarian hosts" seem especially intolerable disfigurations here because this is one of the simplest, most sincere sections of the lament, hardly in need of ornamentation. In the Modernist period "Yaroslavna's Lament" sounded forth in G. Volsky's 1908 version with cheap pseudo-Decadent rhythms. The dreamlike somnolence into which the translator steeped the lamenting Yaroslavna is blatantly typical of Decadent poetics.

An end was put to such distortions only in our age, when the art of translation was closely linked to science. "When we examine the translations and adaptations of the Soviet period," says a modern scholar,

> we note a generally higher level of artistic culture in comparison with prerevolutionary translations. Almost every translation represents serious work in an artistic, and often even in a scientific regard; they do not bear the imprint of provincialism and hack work which characterizes many prerevolutionary translations, especially those of the years just prior to the revolution (1908-16). There was a significant growth of interest on the part of the broad masses of our people in *The Song of Igor's Campaign*. Theory and culture of translation reached a high level in our country. To these favorable conditions must be added the appreciably more profound study to which *The Song of Igor's Campaign* has been subjected by modern science. All of this has helped Soviet translators perfect their translations.[4]

In the thirties "Yaroslavna's Lament" was translated by Georgy Shtorm. His translation is not a rehash, not a paraphrase, not a variation on a theme, but an interlinear model maximally approximate to the original. The translator's personality does not thrust itself upon the attention, as was the case with the translations just cited. Georgy Shtorm treated the text with the objectivity of a scientist – his translation is a contribution to both belles-lettres and science. It is in the style of the translator's art established in the thirties and forties. Concurrently with Georgy Shtorm, *Song* was translated by Sergey

Shervinsky, who was guided by the same aspiration toward scientific precision, but nevertheless produced a quite different translation, one sharply distinct from Georgy Shtorm's: more feminine, more lyrical, and, I would say, more musical.[5] Where Shtorm offers a drily rationalistic, effaced phrase such as, "The banners flutter," Shervinsky preserves the priceless metaphor of the original, "The banners speak forth." Shtorm's translation is more solidly based on principles, more firm, more confident, but also more prosaic and coarse. What is important, however, is that both translators tried equally hard to avoid introducing subjective moments into their translations. Neither translator employs concoctions, of course, neither attempts in any way to "improve" the original, to "beautify" or "adorn" it as was typically done by the translators of previous times. And yet their translations are as different as their personalities.

The same scientific-artistic principles can be found in the translation of *The Song of Igor's Campaign* done by Ivan Novikov.[6] This translation is also perfectly typical of the period just past: no embellishments or concoctions, a perfect combination of poetry with strictly scientific analysis of the text! The translator's chief aim was to re-create the ancient *Song* by means of a maximum approximation to the original – its rhythms, styles, vocabulary, poetic images. Next to this modern translation the majority of translations done in the nineteenth century seem like dilettante work, capricious paraphrases of the great literary monument. Ivan Novikov does not "adorn" it with loud, impertinent rhymes, as was done by Gerbel, Minayev, and Mey. He attempts to restore the stylistics of the original, to renew the movement of the line inherent to the original. And although his commentaries testify that his translation is based on extensive research on the text, this work not only did not destroy the poetic charm of *Song*, but on the contrary, allowed it to manifest itself in all its fullness: "It is not spears that sing on the river, – / It is the voice of Yaroslavna I hear…" The translation not only preserves the requisite negative simile of the first line, but conveys each word and image of the original with great precision, carefully preserving its linear and syntactic structure.

Of course, even here the translation only seems to be objective. (Is it not poetic caprice, for example, that some lines are amphibrachic, others anapestic, and still others a mixture of oral narrative rhythms?) And yet it is impossible not to admit that objectively calculated departures from the original are far fewer than in any other translation of *The Song of Igor's Campaign*. Of all forty-five translations done of *Song* in the century and a half since the text was first published, Ivan Novikov's translation corresponds most closely to the literal meaning of the original and serves as an excellent interlinear model for anyone wishing to study the work.

Novikov's method of interpreting the text cannot be considered the only one, of course. There is a great temptation for Soviet poets to adapt *Song* to the modern period, to phrase it in the "nowadays" style. This temptation overcame Mark Tarlovsky, and he created an extremely curious work of poetry which only with reservations can be called a translation. More than anything else, this is an adaptation of *Song* into the complex, multistyled language developed in modern poetry. The headings of the individual sections of the translation are deliberately vulgar – the headings of adventure films and novels:

"Head on into the Eclipse," "Head on into Fate," "Trapped," "Lessons of the Past," "Svyatoslav's Dream," "The Dream Is Fulfilled," "No Warriors, Alone in the Field," "Glory to the Donets," "Gzak's Nemesis," and even "United Front." This translation of "Yaroslavna's Lament" is in quatrains with mixed iambic-anapestic lines which are most definitely modern, as is the vocabulary.[7]

But of course, Tarlovsky's translation is not typical of the translation trends of the modern period. It stands detached, like a rarity which no one will ever imitate. The great majority of practicing translators of the thirties and forties set quite different tasks for themselves: objectivity, precision, an absence of concoctions and capricious embellishments, equirhythms, equilinearity, and so forth. These principles seemed completely inviolable when in 1946 there suddenly appeared the miraculous, authentically poetic translation of Nikolay Zabolotsky.[8] This translation does not satisfy the demands whose observation would seem to guarantee maximum precision in a translation, but it is actually more precise than the most precise of interlinear translations because it conveys the most important thing: the poetic uniqueness of the original, its fascination, its charm. Never before in a single translation have the uncoordinated images of *The Song of Igor's Campaign* been brought together with such powerful lyrical feeling. The line is strongly forged throughout. The brave prince's warriors fight from morning to night and through the night to morning again in a bold trochaic line, with swift, bold images, one following the other in quick succession: "mountains of bloody corpses," "sabers striking helmets." "In terms of a scientific understanding of the composition of *Song*," says V. Stelletsky,

> its exposition is divided into three parts and a prelude. Zabolotsky has divined the mosaic character of the composition of *Song*, and the entire exposition, with the exception of the prelude, is subdivided into forty-five structurally different complex or combined stanzas… With great tact and taste Zabolotsky introduces into his exposition separate stanzas written in trochaic trimeter with dachtylic endings and in trochaic tetrameter… It can thus be said with great pleasure that Zabolotsky has found a new way to the free poetic recreation of *The Song of Igor's Campaign*.[9]

Nikolay Zabolotsky's "Yaroslavna's Lament" is composed of trochaic pentameter lines, the majority of lines following the same strict pattern: – – '– '– – – '–. All the advantages of the authentic Soviet method are clearly evident here – the joining together of scientific knowledge with poetic feeling. Zabolotsky has called his translation an adaptation, but his adaptation conveys the original more accurately than many other translations, because it conveys its lyricism, its dynamism.

2 I have cited "Yaroslavna's Lament" here only in the interests of graphic demonstration. The methods of artistic translation in the reproduction of French, English, and German works of poetry changed in exactly the same way in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries – in complete dependence on the changing tastes of readers. Every period dictates its own special style, and this style is considered the most suitable for the interpretation of a given author.

A Classical period of embellished translations is the eighteenth century, when the unified, universal norms of the beautiful were considered to be fully established. The individual distinctiveness of the original did not even have value at the time: in translating foreign authors, the writer of the eighteenth century strove diligently to erase all the individual features of the original, anything of its national character that gave evidence of "barbaric taste." The French of the eighteenth century, who belonged to aristocratic court circles, imagined themselves the sole possessors of perfect taste, the direct descendants of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and when they recarved foreign works to their own liking and made them pleasing to the tastes of "the propertied and enlightened representatives of the nation," they were convinced that in so doing they were bringing these works closer to the ideal of perfection. The attitude of that time toward the art of translation was formulated excellently in an article on Russian Classicism by G. A. Gukovsky:

> One of the fundamentals of aesthetic thought in the mid-eighteenth century was the principle of the absolute value of art. This principle can perhaps be considered an unacknowledged but characteristic nuance of aesthetic consciousness, something on the order of *a feeling of absoluteness*. The principle of absoluteness rested in its turn on the nonhistorical character of the thought of the rime. The habit of fixing every apprehended cultural fact in a specific place in a historical perspective – a habit developed predominantly in the nineteenth century – was nonexistent. Facts were apprehended predominantly through an appreciation founded on nonhistorical criteria, rather than on the basis of evidence. In particular, artistic facts were not apprehended in terms of local color.
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> Directly dependent on principles and points of view for the appreciation of poetic phenomena, for example, were the specified techniques of translation so typical of eighteenth-century thought. It is especially necessary to link with the circumstance that the majority of translations were perceived in their approximation of absolute value – the notorious disrespect of translators for the original text. To the degree that an author of an original text did not attain his aim, but only approximated it, it was necessary to go beyond what he attained and make use of the achievements of poets who came after him to add new merits; it was necessary to go one step further along the way from the point where the author of the original work stopped, to adorn and improve the original text to the

> degree that it was in need of improvement. A translation which changes and corrects the text serves only to the benefit of its merit. It was important, after all, to offer the reader a good work which was as close to the ideal as possible, and questions as to what the primary author wished to offer in his work, or as to how many persons took part in the cumulative creation of the work and to what degree their creative efforts were in accord, could not have essential significance.
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> Translators of prose and poetry, fully cognizant of their responsibility for their actions and for the methods of their work, purged and corrected the original text in accordance with their own notions of what was aesthetically proper and beautiful, cut out what seemed to them to be superfluous, inartistic, or inept, introduced their own tidbits where they found imperfection, and so on. Conversely, if the text seemed to the translator to be absolutely perfect, fully attained to the only possible beautiful solution of a given aesthetic task – the translator treated it with the utmost care, even with something verging on slavish servility to the original. He strove diligently to translate it word for word or, if it was poetry, line for line.[10]

The highest development of this dogma was reached in France of that time, and thus no foreign writer could escape becoming in French translation as fashionable, elegant, and "pleasing" as a French writer. Even Cervantes and Shakespeare were titled "Marquis" by French translators. When Antoine Prévost translated one of Richardson's most famous novels in 1714, he even declared in his preface that a translator must exert all his efforts to bring what is "pleasing" to the reading public. Richardson describes a death in his novel. Prévost cast out this entire scene because, in his words, it was too vulgar and depressing. "True, it is perfectly suitable for Englishmen," he explained, "but its colors are so vivid and, unfortunately, so offensive to the tastes of our people that no revisions can make it tolerable to Frenchmen." The same Prévost willfully changed the last chapters of another of Richardson's novels, and in so doing boasted that he "imparted a universal European character to the mores which are too obviously English and would shock French readers." Sterne's French translator of the time went even further: he declared in his preface that inasmuch as he found the English humorist's jokes and witticisms unsuccessful, he replaced them with his own! Certvantes's translator disfigured *Don Quixote* in exactly the same way on the grounds that "Cervantes was not French, but Spanish, and he wrote for his own nation, whose tastes are not in keeping with our own." The French translator of Pushkin's *The Fountain at Bakhchisaray*, Jean-Marie Chopin, titled his translation *The Fountain of Tears*. Chopin did not even dare call the fountain made famous by Pushkin by its real name, fearing that "a Tatar word might offend the ears of some Frenchmen, who are accustomed to euphony."[11]

All this was exceeded by Diderot, who, by his own admission, never even looked at a book he translated, but instead, "read it through once or twice, penetrated to its essence,

and then shut it and began translating." True, the book was a philosophical study, but the French treated artistic literature in the same way. And this arbitrary attitude toward the original emigrated to Russia. The young Zhukovsky, in translating *Don Quixote* from Florian's French translation, repeated the opinion that slavish fidelity to the original is a sin. "*Don Quixote* displays elements which are in poor taste – so why should they not be cast out?… When one translates a novel, the most pleasing translation is of course the most accurate."[12] And Zhukovsky repeats after Florian in the preface to his translation: "Cervantes has many shortcomings. Some jokes are frequently repeated, others are too strained; there are some unpleasant scenes. Cervantes's taste was not always refined… I have made so bold as to change some things, and have softened certain overly strong expressions; I revised many of the verses, cast out repetitions… Persons who are not so severe as to deny translators good sense and taste can credit my love for Cervantes; I cast out only what in translation is unworthy of him."[13]

This was the attitude in that period toward all writers, including even Shakespeare. Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury, wrote this about Shakespeare in 1710, for example:

> Our old dramatick Poet, Shakespear… notwithstanding his natural Rudeness, his unpolish'd style… his Defiency in almost all the Graces and Ornaments of this kind of Writings; Yet by the Justness of his Moral… he pleases his Audience…[14]

So that if the Earl of Shaftesbury had happened to translate Shakespeare into a foreign language, he would of course have polished his style for him and given him, insofar as it is possible, "the Graces and Ornaments of this kind of Writings."

For a method of translation stems in entirety from the outlook of a given period. A new literary school inevitably means a new approach to the practice of translation. Some time or another the opinion was expressed that there are essentially only two systems of translation which alternate with each other in the history of literature. The first is Classical, the second is Romantic. With each change from Classicism to Romanticism, methods of translation acquire seemingly diametrically opposed characters, for in the period ruled by Romanticism there is "no ideal of the beautiful whose realization must be strived after," but rather, there is a concrete work and a concrete author whose individuality must be preserved in translation even by reproducing his errors and lapses. According to this view, "we are presently standing on positions articulated by the men of the Romantic period and subsequently developed by the theory and practice of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries."[15]

I do not think that schemes such as this are consistent. It seems to me that the demand being put forth for artistic translations by modern-day Soviet readers are conditioned by social factors other than those which gave rise to the demands made on the Romantics. But whatever the case, one thing is certain: the modern reader is uncompromisingly hostile to the translation traditions of Classicism. He no longer demands what is "pleasing" from literature. Every willful mistreatment of a text seems criminal to him. His ideal has

become no less than the maximum precision which Russian literature is reaching only now, after a century of wandering in wrong directions. Some forty years ago Professor F. D. Batyushkov made a not uninteresting attempt to provide an interpretation of the various methods applied by translators in different periods. He wrote in the 1920 edition of *Principles of Artistic Translation*:

> The first method. In those cases where the translator belonged to a nationality which stood above or perceived itself as standing above the level of artistic development of the people from which a translation was adopted, *imprecision of translation was raised to the level of a principle*. The translations of Richardson, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and many other writers who exerted a great influence on eighteenth-century literature were all subjected to a demand for "accommodation to one's own taste" (*accomoder à son goût*). Without "corrections" which accorded with the prevailing notions of quality of style and form of expression, translation would not have been acceptable to readers, they would have made no impression.

The second method, in Batyushkov's opinion, was applied when the translator's nationality stood in a literary regard below that of the language from which the translation was made. In this case *a slavish dependence on the language of the original* could be observed:

> An example of this is furnished by our own literature of the eighteenth century. Our literary language was only just then being developed, we did not have "our own taste," our vocabulary was gaudy with foreign expressions, there were apt and inept turns of speech, stilted, trite, and completely unsuitable words all mixed together. I will take two or three examples from Abbé Prévost's *Les Mémoires d'un Homme de qualité*, retitled *The Adventures of a Marquis* when translated into Russian by Elagin. The translation was obviously appealing, since it sustained three printings over a short period of time at the end of the eighteenth century: "The house from which I was born produced many great men of society" – "Je sors d'une Maison illustre qui produit des grands hommes." That is, "I come from a glorious lineage which…" Or: "Many years in service having spent, it occurred to him (French syntax permits such an expression, but it is impossible in Russian) that he must all alone produce a total lineage, for he alone remained… The born out of this reflection as to the rebirthing-of-a-lineage love…" The translator obviously sought words and expressions by copying the French original literally instead of finding his own words, because he did not know how to express himself properly in his own as yet not fully formed language.

The third method is, in Professor Batyushkov's words, predicated on an identical degree of the spiritual development of two peoples. This method presupposes sufficient education to understand the difference between what is one's own and what is foreign. The principle of artistic translation is then served by a striving to not only convey the precise sense of the original, but also to preserve as far as possible the original form by seeking an expression which both corresponds to it and meets the normal comprehension of one's own people. A translation done under these circumstances must be fully adequate to the original.

The practical experience of Soviet translators has introduced extensive amendments to Professor Batyushkov's formula.

Aspiration to translation adequacy is to be explained equally as well by the fact that in recent years the methods of the exact sciences could not fail to be reflected in the thought habits of the reading public. Precision, realism, scientific measurement have penetrated all spheres of our intellectual life. Literary scholarship has become in many of its areas a scientific discipline. In close connection with this development, voices among theorists and masters of translation have sounded forth ever more insistently about the necessity for building the translator's art on a strictly scientific foundation. Here is how convincingly the well-known contemporary scholar E. Etkind writes on this subject in his book *Poetry and Translation*:

> The best masters of the translator's art combine the talents of remarkable artists with those of distinguished, independently working scholar-scientists. The verse master Maksim Rylsky has recreated masterpieces of Russian and world literature in Ukrainian, but to his pen also belong major studies in literary scholarship and poetics. Pavel Antokolsky is not only a poet-translator, but also a well-known Pushkinist, the author of interesting studies of *The Bronze Horseman* and Pushkin's lyric poetry, the author of the literary-research and critical book *Poets and Time*. S. Marshak has published the excellent collection of critical articles and essays on theory of literature, *Learning from the Word*. The leading translator of Shakespeare into Georgian, Givi Gachechiladze, is a doctor of philological science, author of major studies in the theory of artistic translation. The Lithuanian poet A. Venclova writes that in translating *Eugene Onegin* he utilized "a multitude of diverse studies and commentaries," and that these works and the academy edition of Pushkin's *Complete Collected Works*, which offer "all the draft variants of the works, permitting a glimpse into the author's laboratory", were his "constant help in the difficult work on the translation of the greatest of Russian poets." Scientific philological work is joined with poetic ingenuity by such acknowledged masters of translation of poetry as Anna Akhmatova, Tatyana Gnedich, Vera Markova, Lev Eydlin, Nadezhda Rykova, Adelina Adalis, Vsevolod Rozhdestvensky, and many others. At the source of this scientific-artistic movement in Soviet translation of poetry stand the two coryphaei of the Russian translator's art – V. Bryusov and M. Lozinsky. (67)

Before undertaking his translations of Armenian poetry, Valery Bryusov considered it his moral duty to study the country in all its aspects. "The desire to know Armenia became so strong," says the Armenian literary scholar Levon Mkrtchian, "that V. Ya. Bryusov, in a short period, in the course of seven months of unrelenting work, read a whole mountain of books about Armenia in Russian, French, German, English, Latin, and

Italian, mastered its culture and history, became a splendid expert on Armenian literature. As Valery Bryusov himself reports, he capped his study with a trip to the Transcaucasus, to Armenia. Here he observed the life, culture, and mores of the Armenians, and became acquainted with the most major representatives of Armenian literature contemporary to him. Ovanes Tumanyan and Ioannes Ioannesyan."[16] Recounting in detail Valery Bryosov's scientific studies devoted to profound research in Armenian culture, E. Etkind says correctly:

> It is only along this road that we can expect success and triumph. It is naive to think any art could do without science. It is impossible to be a sculptor without mastering anatomy. It is impossible to be a painter without knowing the laws of optics. It is inconceivable that a composer would not possess a knowledge of the theory of music. A poet working in the field of verse translation – that is, in a field which is quite specific, a very complicated and demanding art – cannot do without the science of philology in the broadest sense of that concept, comprising linguistics, aesthetics, the history of literature and society, poetics. To renounce philology means for a poet-translator to doom himself to hopeless dilettantism. Without a command of both languages and their comparative stylistics, without an understanding of the laws according to which in both literatures genres, poetic and verbal styles developed, without a profound knowledge of the history of both literatures and their mutual influences, an authentic creative translation is impossible. (201)

Here, as everywhere, the Soviet reader has decisively rejected any favors from dilettantes and demanded that the mediator between himself and the art of another language be only those masters of translation who, when they reproduce a poetic text, can guarantee the reader scientific precision of interpretation. What value would Dante's *Inferno* have in Lozinsky's new translation if we did not feel in every terza rima what an immense work the translator carried out in the study of the age of Dante, its philosophy, theology, history, in the assimilation of an entire mountain of commentaries to *Inferno* built up over several centuries? It would seem that nothing could be further from modern-day Soviet people than the medieval, feudal-scholastic poetry of Dante. If Lozinsky succeeded in conveying this poetry in such an upright, richly saturated, full-blooded verse line, this occurred because he combines the erudition of a scholar with the giftedness of a poet. A scientific penetration into the original is a dependable guarantee of a precise reproduction of the original – with the indispensable condition, of course, that the translator has an inclination for science. And the Soviet translator has it to the highest degree.

When I wrote these lines I had no idea of the immensity of the preliminary work Mikhail Lozinsky did before he undertook his translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Now, after the death of this first-class master, the same theorist of the translator's art just

cited, E. Etkind, has studied Lozinsky's archive and found "dozens of folders containing various research, summaries, conspectuses, remarks, lists, diagrams, extracts, and photocopies related to Dante's creativity":

1) A folder marked "Bibliography of Dante":
   a) a card index with almost exhaustive "Danteana," each card indicating the libraries of the Soviet Union in which a given book, journal, or collection is kept – in the most important language and with the library call number;
   b) correspondence with scholars and researchers of the history of Italy and Italian literature;
   c) painstakingly coped and in many cases augmented commentaries on the statements of Marx and Engels on Dante and his poem.
2) Folders marked "Books about Dante" containing conspectuses of monographs on the Italian poet, general and specialized works on him, his age, the history of Italy, the culture of the Italian Middle Ages, and so on. Here we find vast excerpts from the three-volume *Commentary* to *The Divine Comedy* by Giovanni Boccaccio, conspectuses of Michele Barbi, *Vita, opere e Fortuna di Dante* (Florence, 1933), E. Parodi, *Poesia i storia nella "Divina Commedia"* (Naples, 1920), Gaetano Salvemini, *Florence in the Age of Dante* (in English, 1936), Arni Ovetta, *Dante* (Paris, 1911). We have presented the titles of only a few works – in addition to these M. L. Lozinsky studied and made conspectuses of dozens of books on history, philosophy, and art scholarship. The materials in these folders indicate that in preparing for his translation Lozinsky studied "Danteana" in Russian, Italian, French, German, and Spanish; they encompass in addition to general works, even specialized research.
3) Folders marked "Materials on *The Divine Comedy*" containing a large number of references and research in a wide variety of fields.
4) Folders summarizing the special features of Dante's prosody.
5) A folder marked "Rhymes" giving lists of the end rhymes of the translation for all cantos of *The Divine Comedy*. These lists were compiled in order to establish whether the diversity of rhyme words of the translation approximates the original. (185-87)

It would be difficult to name any major work devoted to Shakespeare which had not been read by Boris Pasternak when he undertook his translations of *Othello* and *Hamlet*. German Shakespeariana, as well as French, to say nothing of English and Russian, were studied to exhaustion.

4 Russian literature did not work up to this ideal all at once. Beginning in the twenties of the nineteenth century, the business of translation came under the proprietorship of journals whose editors believed they had a right to mangle translations any way they wished. Foreign authors were treated especially savagely by the famous Baron Brambeus, editor of *Library for Reading*. He struck out pages by the dozens and replaced them with his own, adapting them to the social stratum for which his journal existed. Other journals avoided this scandalous barbarism, but to make up for it they created a pleiad of indifferent hack workers who translated Anthony Trollope, and George Sand, and Bulwer-Lytton, and Balzac, and Eugène Sue in a slipshod manner and a single awkward style (anything to meet the deadline!). It was they who worked out the drab translation jargon that was the curse of our literature of the seventies, eighties, and nineties. The specialty of these journal translators was that the authors they translated came out looking just alike, Flaubert resembling Spielhagen, and Maupassant, Bret Harte. They took note of neither style nor rhythm, and translated only the story, without the least concern for the original author's personality. The vast majority of these hasty hack workers were needy women exploited by publishers in a most conscienceless manner. There were not a few with talent among them, but verbal culture had fallen so low by that time, the demands made on the art of translation by the reading public were so vague and paltry, that their work came to nothing, not one of their translations has remained worth saving for posterity, for an accurate conveyance of the story does not make a translation artistic. It is not without reason that we have had occasion to relentlessly condemn almost the entire production of translations of that unprincipled time: the translators of Shakespeare, and the translations of Molière, and the translations of Sterne, Defoe, Thackeray, Flaubert, Mark Twain, Maupassant, Balzac. These writers had to be translated again, for the previous translations were fallacious in their very basis.

Only after the revolution, when there appeared such publishing houses as State Literature, World Literature, and Academia, which set for themselves the task of providing precise translations of the finest foreign writers, did maximum precision become an immutable law. The modern reader is no longer willing to be satisfied with Don Quixotes, Robinson Crusoes, and Gullivers in the paraphrases of various and sundry irresponsible persons. He demands translations which can *replace the original*.

Take, for example, the translations of Gustave Flaubert published in the nineties: this trash was addressed patently to unexacting, idle readers who sought only empty diversion in a book. Who Flaubert was, when and where he was born, how he wrote his books, what were the basic features of his creativity, what was the age in which he happened to work like – of this you will find not so much as a word in the edition of that time. But leaf through the first Soviet *Complete Collected Works of Gustave Flaubert*: each volume has such an abundance of articles devoted to his life and works, such a multitude of all possible commentaries, explanatory notes, and so forth, that from the very first glance it is clear that these books are addressed to people who do not tolerate superficiality.[17] To

them the works of Flaubert are above all a priceless cultural monument which they have to study. Alongside the translations of his works in this edition are printed the following elucidatory articles by the editor M. D. Eichenholz and his closest associates: "*Madame Bovary* as a Stylistic Phenomenon," "The Creative and Literary History of *Madame Bovary*," "Gustave Flaubert's Methods of Portraiture," "On the Satirical Novel *Bouvard et Pécuchet*," "On Flaubert's *Le dictionnaire des idées reçues*," "On Flaubert's *Trois contes*," "I. S. Turgenev as a Translator of Flaubert," "A Historical and Archeological Commentary to the Novel *Hérodias*," "Flaubert's Working Techniques," "Flaubert's Style and Poetics as a Unity," "A Description of Flaubert's Correspondents." In the minds of modern readers a purely artistic perception of the works of a foreign author is linked inescapably with a scholarly scientific interest in them. And this scholarly scientific interest, so characteristic of our modern-day attitude toward art, has been conducive to a radical change in the very nature of editions such as this.

Just what the editions of the past were like, the reader can picture to himself by acquainting himself with the old translations of Swift. Swift was one of the most monumental, laconic, and precise of all writers. The petty, brisk, vacant words with which we lard our flabby style today were barred from the pages of his works. All those expressions like "whereas," "nevertheless," "it is necessary to note," "it is impossible not to acknowledge," and "on the one hand, on the other hand," and so on, and so on, were organically alien to him. But the old translators transformed him into a graphomaniac suffering from verbal incontinence. Let's compare a few simple phrases of the original with the translation of *Gulliver's Travels* by M. A. Shishmareva.[18] Where Swift has, "He made no further answer than by telling me that I had not been long enough among them" (266), Shishmareva has, "Milord replied with several commonplaces on the theme that, he said, I had not lived long enough" (236). Where Swift has simply, "The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever" (212), Shishmareva has: "The other project – a project for the absolute abolishment of words – offered an even more radical measure in the sense of simplification of words. In the words of its inventor, it has above all greater advantages from the point of view of public health" (248). Sometimes Swift begins a chapter of *Gulliver's Travels* without introductory phrases. This brilliant directness was not to Shishmareva's liking, and she composed introductions like this for Swift: "Understanding how the reader is certain to be interested in the Lagado Academy of Projectors, I will enter without delay upon a description of everything that I saw there" (241). Above all, she fears that Swift's humor will seem too weak to the reader, and she tries to strengthen it with her own wit. Swift, for example, says, "This bolus is so nauseous that they generally steal aside and discharge it upwards before it can operate" (213). Shishmareva translates this as, "Every student who swallowed such a pill usually steals immediately to the side and by putting two fingers in his mouth causes it to hop right back out" (251). And there are inevitable additions to the text. Swift: "… rouse the stupid, and damp the pert" (215). Shishmareva: … thus bringing all affairs to the swiftest possible conclusion" (255). Swift: "... in the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained" (214). Shishmareva: "... in my view it was distinguished by a total absence

of common sense" (252). The result of all this is that a writer of monumental style begins to fuss around, gesticulate, and twitch like a spastic – which is to say that he once again loses the basic features of his own personality.

The cause of this loquacity in former times was, of course, the ruble. Upon receiving an assignment from a publisher, the translator strove to all but double the length of every line of the translation so that there would be as many pages as possible and the sum of the honorarium would thereby grow. A typical example of such a translation, which I call "commercial," is served by Mark Twain's well-known novel *The Prince and the Pauper* as translated by Lev Umants for the Moscow publisher Sytin.[19] The translator set a quite frank goal for himself: to make two lines of every one, and wherever possible, three. And he fully succeeded. If in the original someone shouts, "Long live Edward, King of England!" (94), in the translation he goes on shouting without stopping: "Long live the new King! Long live our beloved Monarch! Long live Edward, King of England! Long may he live!" (178). And if the author says in the original, "The reign of blood is ended" (94), the translator, considering such a short line unprofitable, loads it with dozens of synonyms or, as Dal expressed it, "identiwords": "The end came to the reign of blood, the reign of cruelty, violence, assassination, and hangings. There began a reign of meekness, mercy, love, compassion" (178). How fortunate that the Russian language has so many synonyms of all sorts! Profiteers like this were able to amass not inconsiderable fortunes from them. And when they ran out of synonyms they promptly found other resources that were perhaps even more profitable than tautologies. I speak here about the explicatory phrases which added loquacious commentaries to what needed no commentary. In the original, for example, Mark Twain says, "The prince is prince no more, but king" (101). In the translation he says, "He took the hand of a prince, or, more properly speaking, of a king, inasmuch as Edward had become king immediately upon the death of Henry VIII" (78). The reader could understand the original without this, but the translator had to squeeze out as many lines as he could! He devoured the entire fabric of the text, sucked all its juices out, and swelled it with monstrous excrescence. There is an amusing incident in *The Prince and the Pauper* where Tom Canty's nose itches terribly during dinner in the royal palace, and not knowing court etiquette for such situations, he scratches it with his fingers (65-66). But this was not enough for the parasitic translator, and he appended this outcome to the event: "… seizing a napkin, he calmly raised it to his nose and blew" (78). Tom Canty blows his nose in a napkin – such a vulgarity is completely alien to Mark Twain – but for all that it gave the translator a few extra lines.

This method flourished with uncommon force in highly irresponsible translators' circles of prerevolutionary times. For example, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* in A. S. Suvorin's deluxe edition swelled a full third with such concoctions.[20] Mark Twain, for example, says, "bundles of candles were procured" (62), and the translator has it as, "they took from a basket a packet of candles supplied for just such a contingency by the thoughtful Mrs. Thatcher" (272). Where Mark Twain has, "The first thing Tom heard on Friday morning…" (59), the translator has, "Although it is said that Friday is a difficult day, on this morning Tom was awaited by a pleasant novelty" (275). By adding extra

words like this, the translator covered every sentence with sticky rat, completely drowning the author's voice. These profiteers of the word are already extinct in Soviet literature, and I recall them here only for historical reasons.

5 I have had occasion on previous pages to speak of the high quality of the new thirty-volume edition of Dickens brought forth by the State Publishing House in 1957-63 with the close cooperation of such brilliant translators as M. Lorie, N. Daruzes, S. Bobrov, M. Bogoslovskaya, T. Litvinova, and others. The edition is distinguished by its scholarliness. Every last detail of the English cultural environment of the historical periods depicted by Dickens has been studied to exhaustion by these translators, and in general one can sense the thorough scholarly knowledge underlying every single word. This feeling becomes even stronger when one reads the authoritative commentaries at the end of each volume by A. Anikst, D. Shestakov, N. Dezen, and others. So that the reader can gain some appreciation for the character of the growth that has been going on before our very eyes, I consider it not superfluous to recall the translations of Dickens put into circulation at the end of the twenties by the same publishing house.

At that time the well-known journalist Ivan Zhilkin emerged as the editor of Dickens's best novels. I pick up one of the novels, *Dombey and Son*, and read: "I wish you to return as often as possible from the other world." From the other world? As often as possible? I check the English text and find that what Dickens really said was: "Hope that we shall meet again on this side of the grave"! "The translator did not understand the English felicitation, "Many happy returns," and invented this fantastic, unheard-of rendition, and Zhilkin allowed this nonsense to get by without correction.[21] I turn the page and read, "She was chasing demons up the chimney" (450) – that is, she was seeing apparitions in the smoke. I compare this with the English text and find that what Dickens really said was: "How long it seemed… since she had felt the solemn yet soothing influence of the beloved dead..." (407). I pick up another book, *David Copperfield*, and read: "The pitiful woman... it was impossible for her to show her face on the street or in church." I again refer to the English text and find that what Dickens really said was that the graves in a churchyard could not contain more repulsive worms. The translator confused the colloquial English word "wurem" ("worm") with "woman" and the word "churchyard" ("cemetery") with "church."[22] Where Dickens has "rubbing her nose" (273), Zhilkin has "pushed it back" (304). Where Dickens has "after tea" (418), Zhilkin has "in the morning" (447). Where Dickens writes "days" (387), Zhilkin writes "nights" (417). Where Dickens has "at no time have I enjoyed... a higher degree of satisfaction" (258), the translator has "without satisfaction" (285). And where Dickens refers to people staggering beneath their burdens (421), the translator has "people resting in groups" (450). The translator permits himself such liberties that he ascribes completely contrary things to Dickens. Where Dickens has "on the margins of his books" in *Dombey and Son* (406), Zhilkin has "on the walls" (449). Where Dickens says "small arms" (35), the translator has "long arms" (69). Where Dickens has "full of hope" (237), the translator gives it as "there is no hope" (279).

Obviously, we cannot expect much from Zhilkin. But the translator he has "edited" so cynically requires our utmost attention. The translator bears a most illustrious name –

Irinarkh Vvedensky. In the mid-nineteenth century he was considered the very best translator. For many years Dickens was known to Russians chiefly "according to Irinarkh Vvedensky." And of course, no one would deny him his reputation for his great talent. But his talent was so slovenly and unruly (in the artistic sense) that many pages of his translations are an outright humiliation of Dickens. It is incredible that such violence (virtually mayhem) was allowed to be inflicted on the English writer without protest by educated Russian society. Where, for example, Dickens says simply that the darkest days are too fine for such a witch, Irinarkh Vvedensky translates it as: "And so far as that riff-raff of the seas is concerned, she, as is well known, swarms around in Peruvian mines, whither the first ship sailing under Bombazine flag ought to be sent after her." This intricate sentence was composed in its entirety by the translator himself and magnanimously presented as a great gift to the author.

For that matter, Vvedensky seems to consider himself the rightful author instead of Dickens. Why else would he have composed whole pages of concoctions which for over seventy years we have taken to be Dickens's work? In his translation of *David Copperfield* in the old Enlightenment Edition of *The Collected Works of Charles Dickens*, we find this tirade, for example:

> The mercantile house which acquired a resounding and solid fame on all the islands and continents of Europe, America, and Asia... My true friend, the esteemed Robinson, will not, I hope, take offense at these truths, which are as clear as day to any thinking gentleman who has been enriched by a sufficient supply of experience in the affairs of the world.[23]

There is not a single word in this tirade which could possibly have been written by Charles Dickens. The entire passage, from start to finish, must have been composed by Vvedensky, because *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperyfield*, and *Pickwick Papers* do not have variants, and no later alterations were forthcoming from the author. Vvedensky composed for his translation of *David Copperfield* an ending of his own for the second chapter, an opening passage for the sixth chapter, and so forth. Even the chapter titles frequently turn out to be his own inventions. He generally assumed that it would have been better if he, not Dickens, had written *David Copperfield* and *Dombey and Son*. In *David Copperfield*, for example, Dickens describes how the cruel pedagogue Mr. Creakle removes an offensive sign from the back of the schoolboy David – on his own, without prompting from someone else. This was obviously not to the translator's liking. It seemed to him that it would be better to have someone come forth on David's behalf and defend him from Mr. Creakle, and so, without any heed for Dickens, he composed this sentence: "Steerforth, insofar as he was able, petitioned on my behalf before the person of Mr. Creakle, and thanks to this petition I was at last freed from the sign pinned to my back" (163). This is entirely Vvedensky's composition. As Dickens has it, Steerforth did not petition on David's behalf, because according to Dickens he was an egoist concerned only with himself. But according to Vvedensky he is far more kind.

Where Dickens's David says simply he does not want to see someone, Vvedensky has him say, "Oh, I want to see him!" (76), thereby radically changing the young hero's psychology. Where Dickens speaks of an abode of saintly martyrs, the translator has "the adventures of heroes of the acrobatic profession" (264). This seems much better to him. Some might say that the censorship, which forbade mention of martyrs in a novel, was to blame here, but it was not the censor who obliged Vvedensky to turn martyrs into clowns! Besides this, Vvedensky foists verbal adornments on Dickens on almost every page. Dickens refers to a fantasy, and Vvedensky could not refrain from saying, "call it a fantasy or a chimerical hypothesis" (251). Dickens mentions a kiss. This will not do for Vvedensky, so he writes, "I planted a kiss on her cherry lips' (260). If Dickens says someone began crying, Vvedensky considers it his duty to say, "Tears appeared on the cheeks of my little darling" (270). His gallantry is so great that he turns all the parts of the female body into cute diminutives. In his opinion, women do not have heads, they have cute little heads, they do not have teeth, but cute little teeth, not cheeks, but cute little cheeks, not eyes, but cute little eyes. When he encounters the word "refuge," he inevitably writes, "the refuge where I enjoyed the peaceful joys of my childhood years." And if Dickens uses the word "abode," he translates it as, "our family residence, the concentration point of my impressions of childhood." (250, 260, 270)

To top it all off, Vvedensky did not understand the most ordinary English words and constantly fell into foolish traps. In one instance in his translation of *David Copperfield*, we read, "It stands near the porter's loge" (138). What is this porter's loge? Could the porter be a Freemason? Does the event take place in a theater? No, in the original the word is "lodge." It means a doorkeeper's room, a cottage, a hut. Vvedensky translates the word "speaker" as "the most loud-mouthed orator of the Lower House," when in fact, quite to the contrary, this is the quietest, most taciturn person in the entire Parliament, a person who almost never utters a word – the person who presides over the House of Commons. As for technical terms, Vvedensky always managed to misunderstand them. He changed a military vessel – "man-of-war" – into a military man! When I read *David Copperfield* in my youth, I remember that I was very upset because David was almost exiled to some Island of Coventry. I imagined that the Island of Coventry was like Sakhalin, a wretched place for convicts. I looked for the island on the map and have not found it to this day because Coventry is not an island but a pleasant town in central England which was bombed to the ground by the Fascists in the last war. The expression "to be sent to Coventry" is a figurative expression, and it means to ostracize or to subject to ostracism. Little David Copperfield was afraid his schoolmates would shun him, not wish to associate with him. Vvedensky, on the other hand, made this monstrous sentence out of it: "What if, by common agreement, I were to be exiled to the Island of Coventry"! Vvedensky not only did not know English, he did not even know Russian. He writes, for example: "(she) did it with a patter of speech" (89), "I look a girl" (84), "cruel-hearted hearts" (230), "a sweetbriar briar hedge" (41). Ekh! no wonder Dickens once referred to Vvedensky as Wredenskii [Harmsky].[24] The page has not been written this translator could not harm.

And despite all this, Vvedensky's translations are dear to me. Perhaps he did make many mistakes but if it were not for him we would not have had Dickens. Of all the old translators, he alone brought us close to Dickens's works, imbued us in the aura of Dickens, infected us with Dickens's temperament. He might not have understood Dickens's words, but he understood Dickens himself. He did not give us Dickens's literal expressions, but he gave us his intonations, his gestures, his rich verbal mimicry. In Vvedensky's translations we heard Dickens's real voice – and fell in love with him. Vvedensky somehow made himself over into Dickens, mastered his movements, his gait. He did not convey Dickens's words, but he conveyed his manner, his style, his rhythms. He superbly translated the turbulent impetuousity of his unreined phrases coursing from page to page like magnificent steeds. To put it frankly, he was Dickens himself – a small, mumbling Dickens, but unmistakably Dickens. Concoctions are not permissible, of course, but every one of Vvedensky's concoctions is so perfectly in harmony with the original text that it would be a pity to excise them. And who knows? Dickens himself might not have excised them were they to have come under his pen! Everyone remembers, for example, the watchman with the wooden leg in David Copperfield's school. Vvedensky calls him Derevyashka from the Russian word for wood. "Derevyashka hit," "Derevyashka said." And this is so perfectly Dickensian that Dickens is more Dickensian in Vvedensky's translation than in the original. This is a delusion, of course, but we will always prefer the imprecise translations of Vvedensky to the "precise" translations of other translators. Despite his concoctions he is far closer to the original than the most diligent and conscientious labor of some Rantsov, or Voloshinova, or Auerbach – Dickens's more recent translators. The same thing must be said of the translations done under the editorship of M. A. Orlov. A writer rich for his verbal colors was translated here as if by some petty clerk who never wrote anything except office drudge work. According to Orlov, poor Dickens speaks in *Bleak House* in a language like this: "I was amazed that, if Mrs. Jellyby performs her chief and natural duties before directing her telescope on the distant horizon and not espying there any other objects for her cares, she had obviously received numerous warnings not to fall into absurdity..." Or: "I endured a multitude of conceits with another multitude..." Or: "He could not understand why it was that, even though, perhaps, it was even predestined by fate itself that one person must rush about and be admired for his silk stockings."[25] These wooden translations are textually precise, but who would not prefer the translations of Vvedensky in which, despite all their shortcomings, there is a breath of the original Dickens?

It is revealing that in the 1840s and 1850s Irinarkh Vvedensky's capricious treatment of original texts seemed quite normal to the reading public and aroused almost no protest. Right up to the revolution – which is to say, for a full seventy years, from one whole generation to another – they were published over and over again, in preference to all other translations, and only now, when the business of translation has been put on the right track, are we constrained to completely reject the enticing versions given us by Vvedensky and offer our own far closer to the original translations, without concoctions and lapses. If Vvedensky were working today, not a single publishing house would print

his translations. And we realize now that the theory with which he attempted to justify his method of translation is an impermissible heresy.

Vvedensky promulgated his theory in an article "On Translations of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*" in the journal *Notes of the Fatherland* in 1851 when a polemic developed regarding the liberties he permitted himself in translating Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. His theory consists of the translator's right to lard his translations with concoctions if his pen is in the same "mood" as the pen of the novelist himself. As for his own pen, Vvedensky had not the slightest doubt, for he saw in his translations "the artistic re-creation of the writer." He wrote: "… in the artistic re-creation of the writer, a gifted translator (that is, Irinarkh Vvedensky himself – K. Ch.) directs his attention first and foremost to the writer's spirit, to the essence of his ideas, and then to the appropriate form for the expression of these ideas. When one undertakes to translate, one must grasp the writer's essence, understand his thinking, live his ideas, think with his mind, feel with his heart, and in so doing refrain from one's own personal manner of thinking."[26] Which is to say that, if we are to listen to Vvedensky, his concoctions are, in essence, not concoctions at all. In his "artistic re-creation" of Thackeray, he, according to his own statement, completely renounced his own personality, felt himself a second Thackeray, Thackeray's deputy in Russia, and it was to be naturally expected of him that under the influence of this feeling of self every line he wrote had the feeling of Thackeray's own lines. We must not censure him for writing whole pages he felt like foisting off on the English author. He did not write them in his capacity of Irinarkh Vvedensky, his pen was guided during the writing by the "spirit" of Thackeray himself. This is the splendid theory with which Vvedensky tried to justify the illegitimate liberties he took in his translation of *Vanity Fair*.

Moreover, when the critics pointed out that, for all his system for the "artistic re-creation" of foreign writers, he had, in addition to everything else, impermissibly Russified them, he proclaimed this Russification to be one of his chief tasks. "Transfer the writer you translate to the realm where you yourself reside, he advised translators, "and to the society in which you yourself have developed, transfer him and pose the question, in what form would he have conveyed his ideas if he had lived and acted under circumstances identical to your own" (70). This is why Dickens, and Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë became Russian citizens, natives of Peski or Okhta – it was thanks to Vvedensky. Fully in agreement with his own theory, he resettled them beneath the skies of Petersburg, in the society of our collegiate assessors and titular councilors. So it is little wonder that they began "theeing-and-thouing" their lackeys, riding around in sledges, drinking vodka instead of rum, and drinking tea from samovars instead of teapots. In other words, English bourgeoisie bureaucrats of the tsarist empire.

Irinarkh Vvedensky's manifesto emphasizes all the more strongly the unacceptability of his claims in our day. Nowadays the resettling of one environment as another is permissible only in operettas and farces. All his giftedness as a man of letters, all his ardent temperament, all the plasticity of his language could not give force and effect to his fallacious theory of the "artistic re-creation of a writer." Of course, Soviet masters of translation share an affinity with his passionate hatred of dullish literalism, slavishly formalistic

precision, passive calques. But as we have seen, they demand in addition the strict intellectual discipline, the unconditional adherence to the original text that can be achieved only through a scientific-scholarly approach to their materials. "We must not forget," Ivan Kashkin has said, "that Vvedensky's flagrant deficiencies and outright merits are for the most part not accidental carelessness or incidental successes, they are an attribute of the time. Vvedensky's translations were not insignificant factors in the literary struggles of the 1840s, they are militant stages in the development of Russian literature and the Russian literary language. The soil for the appearance, and most important, the success of Vvedensky's translation was prepared in advance."[27] And the critic proceeds to sketch in fine lines the low tastes of the literary milieu that engendered Vvedensky. To his characteristics we need add only the small amendation that Vvedensky was an extreme radical, a friend of Chernyshevsky and ardent adherent of Gogol, and neither Benediktov nor Veltman, nor still less Senkovsky, whom Kashkin had in mind, aroused any sympathy in him. When one speaks of his translations, one cannot forget Gogol's powerful influence on him. But Kashkin's general conclusions are profoundly true. Precision is a concept that is historically variable; it is dialectical. Therefore, speaking for myself, no one can predict in any way what will be considered a precise translation in the year 1980 or 2000. Every age creates its own idea of what a precise translation is.[28]

Notes

1. I here quote A. Palitsyn's translation *Slovo o polku Igoreve* (St. Petersburg, 1807). This and all subsequent quotations from the different translations of *Song* are taken from the versions of "Yaroslavna's Lament" in a remarkable article by S. Shambinago, "Khudozhestvennye perelozheniia 'Slova'" ["Artistic Renditions of *Song*"], in *Perevody "Slova o polku Igoreve," sdelannye Georgiem Shtormom i Sergeem Shervinskim* (Moscow-Leningrad, 1934). However, I cannot agree with some of the author's assessments. For example, he labels G. Vol'skii's translation "Nadsonian" without explaining why. It is a pity, too, that in his discussion of the influence of *Song* on modern writers he does not mention E. Bagritskii's *Dumy pro Opanasa* [*Meditations on Opanas*], (Moscow: Khudozhestvennaia literatura, 1913).
2. See also the text in the Poet's Library Edition: *Slovo o polku Igoreve* (Leningrad, 1952).
3. See also the modern text *Slovo o polku Igoreve* (Moscow, 1938).
4. See *Slovo o polku Igoreve*, poetic translations and renditions ed. V. Rzhiga, V. Kuz'mina, and V. Stelletskii (Moscow, 1961), 301.
5. See note 1, above.
6. *Slovo o polku Igoreve*, tr. Ivan Novikov (Moscow, 1938).
7. *Slovo o polku Igoreve*, tr. Mark Tarlovskii, ed. N. K. Gudzii and Petr Skosyrev (Moscow, 1938).
8. *Slovo o polku Igoreve*, tr. N. Zabolotskii (Moscow, 1950).

9. See his article on nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century translations of *Song* in *Slovo o polku Igoreve. Sbornik* [*The Song of Igor's Campaign: A Collection*] (Moscow, 1961), 308-9.
10. *Poetika* (Leningrad, 1928), 142-45.
11. See Ch. Corbiére's study of Russo-French literary links in *International Links of Russian Literature*, 220.
12. See I. V. Rezanov, *Iz razyskanii o sochineniiakh V. A. Zhukovskogo* [*From Research on the Works of V. A. Zhukovskii*] (St. Petersburg, 1906), 351-53.
13. See *Don Kishot La Manskii, sochinenie Servanta* [*Don Quixote la Manche, A Work by Cervantes*], translated from the French of Florian by V. A. Zhukovskii (Moscow, 1803).
14. See *New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare*, ed. H. Furness (Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1877), IV, 143.
15. Oleksandr Finkel', *Teoriia i praktyka perekladu* [*Theory and Practice of Translation*] (Kharkov, 1929), 22.
16. *Avetik Isaakian i russkaia literatura* [*Avetik Isaakian and Russian Literature*] (Erevan, 1963), 144. See also K. N. Grigorian, *Valerii Briusov i armianskaia literatura* [*Valerii Briusov and Armenian Literature*] (Moscow, 1962), 38.
17. *Polnoe sobranie sochinenii Flobera* (Moscow-Leningrad, 1934).
18. *Puteshestviia Gullivera v stranu liliputov*, tr. M. A. Shishmareva (St. Petersburg, 1906); *Gulliver's Travels and Other Writings* (Boston and Cambridge: Houghton Mifflin and Riverside, 1960).
19. *Prints i nishchii*, tr. Lev Umants (Moscow, 1918); *The Prince and the Pauper* (New York and London: Harper, 1909).
20. *Prikliucheniia Toma Soiera* (Moscow, n.d.); *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (New York and London: Harper, 1903).
21. *Dombi i syn* (Moscow-Leningrad, 1928), 308; *Dombey and Son*, Imperial Edition (Chicago: Hooper, Clarke, n.d.).
22. *David Kopperfil'd* (Moscow-Leningrad, 1926); *David Copperfield*, Imperial Edition (Chicago: Hooper, Clarke, n.d.).
23. *David Kopperfil'd*, tr. Irinarkh Vvedenskii; *Sobranie sochinenii* (St. Petersburg, 1906), IX, 190.
24. See John Forster, *The Life of Charles Dickens* (2 vols.; Chapman and Hall, London: 1899), II, 46, who cites a letter Dickens received from Vvedenskii in 1848 for which the signature is deciphered as Trinarkh Wredenskii. See also M. P. Alekseev's article on Dickens's meeting with Vvedenskii in *Charl'z Dikkens, Bibliografiia russkikh perevodov i kriticheskoi literatury na russkom iazyke, 1838-1960* [*Charles Dickens: Bibliography of Russian Translations and Critical Literature in Russian, 1838-1960*] (Moscow, 1962).
25. *Kholodnyi dom*, ed. M. A. Orlov (St. Petersburg, n.d.).
26. "O perevodakh romana Tekkereia 'Vanity Fair,'" *Otechestvennye zapiski*, 1851, No. 9, p. 61-81.

27. "Mister Pikvik i drugie" ["*Mr. Pickwick and Company*"], *Literaturnyi kritik*, 1936, No. 5, p. 213.
28. The first attempt to make a scholarly survey of the chronological stages of ideas about translation in Russia is A. V. Fedorov's *Introduction to Theory of Translation*, 355-71. An indispensable addition to this survey is supplied by Iu. D. Levin, "Ob istoricheskoi evoliutsii printsipov perevoda" ["On the Historical Evolution of Principles of Translation"], in *International Links of Russian Literature*.

Reference: Kornei Chukovsky, *The Art of Translation: Kornei Chukovsky's A High Art*, translated and edited by Lauren G. Leighton, Knoxville, University of Tennessee Press, 1984, p. 239-267.