

Lidia Vianu's Students Translate

May 2017

Masterclass
of Literary Translation

The experience of
translating into English
with six English poets

MTTLC Graduate Students' Diaries

Edited by Lidia Vianu



CONTEMPORARY
LITERATURE PRESS



<http://editura.mttlc.ro>

The University of Bucharest. 2017



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Lidia Vianu

Studentii traduc...

Este traducerea literaturii o profesie ori un hobby? Fără îndoială, oricine ar răspunde: dacă ne apucăm să traducem o carte, trebuie s-o traducem profesionist. Oricine, e drept, în afară de Uniunea Europeană—adică de *job*-urile bine plătite, de prezentul imediat al traducătorilor în devenire care își scriu părerile în acest volum. Spun UE, pentru că rețeaua European Masters in Translation ne-a răspuns în felul următor atunci când MTTLc [NB: masterat de traducere literară...] a cerut să fie inclus în EMT: programul este remarcabil, face lucruri pe care niciun alt masterat european nu le face, dar... Nu folosește softurile europene, nu face traduceri specializate, nu se ocupă de terminologia Uniunii Europene. Cu alte cuvinte, MTTLc este încă ne-robotizat. Și va rămâne așa, pentru că traducerea literaturii este tot ce poate fi mai ne-convențional și irepetabil. Fiecare carte este un limbaj în sine.

Este lucru știut că, atunci când cunoștințele acumulate nu duc la o meserie prin care absolventul să-și câștige un trai decent, facultatea, departamentul, catedra care le predă sfârșește inevitabil prin a nu mai avea studenți. În mod paradoxal, MTTLc, după 11 ani de

Students Translate...

Is the translation of literature a mere hobby? Only one answer comes to mind: if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well. Once we begin, we have a duty to the book: we must be professional when we translate. The European Union has not granted the students included in this volume the right to belong to the network European Masters in Translation. The reason they gave was that MTTLc, although one of a kind in Europe, does not buy European software, does not do specialized translations, and does not teach European terminology. In other words, MTTLc is refusing to conform to certain practices. The translation of literature is, indeed, completely unconventional. Every book is its own language, in a way.

When an academic department does not teach abilities that further a profession, it ends up without students in the long run. For eleven years, MTTLc has filled all the places allotted to it by the University of Bucharest, despite the fact that a literary translator can barely make ends meet in Romania these days. On the one hand, Romanian writers are

existență, încă umple cele 50 de locuri alocate, cu toate că munca de traducător literar este mai degrabă un apostolat în România. Autorii vor să-și vadă traduse cărțile în lume, cititorii pasionați vor să citească volume scrise în alte limbi—dar mulți alții vor spune că ceea ce descriu eu aici este un sector de nișă, o coterie, un fel de „țara arde și traducătorii literari se piaptână”.

Aș atrage atenția celor care se simt îmboldiți să spună acest lucru: oare ce s-ar face tot omul când e liber, dacă *pastime*-ul de căpătâi, adică filmul, nu ar mai fi dublat ori subtitrat? Turnul Babel—în care se adunaseră oamenii pământului pentru a se înțelege vorbind aceeași limbă—s-a dărâmat *depuis pas mal de temps*. E drept că jocurile pentru computer sunt din ce în ce mai mute, mai nevorbitoare—ceea ce este de-a dreptul alarmant, dacă ne întrebăm ce IQ vor avea urmașii noștri.

Mai facem un pas, și afirmăm: limbajele specializate sunt comunicarea în profesie. Traducerea literară, sau mai bine zis traducerea culturală în general, se adresează acelei părți din zi, acelei părți din viața omului, când fiecare caută ceva strict pentru sufletul lui. Ca orice generalizare, și această frază poate fi nuanțată, dar, în mare, ea este corectă.

Am ajuns, în fine, la statutul traducătorilor pe care încearcă să-i pregătească MTTLC, pe numele lui întreg, Masteratul pentru Traducerea Textului

very eager to see their books translated into English; passionate readers are also eager to read in translation books written in other languages. On the other hand, the opinion prevails that these are hard times, and literary translation is the least of our concerns right now.

There is a question I would like to ask all those in the latter category: what would most people do in their spare time, considering that *the* pastime of our days is the screen, and quite often it requires dubbing or subtitling? The Tower of Babel—where all humans had gathered in order to communicate in one and the same language—has vanished *depuis pas mal de temps*. It is true that computer games tend to dispense with language more and more—which makes one wonder at the IQ of the future generation.

Specialized language furthers communication in one's profession. Literary, or rather broadly cultural, translation is accessed at a time when one looks for food for thought and for the “soul”. This is a broad statement, indeed, and corrections can be made, but on the whole it tends to be true for all of us.

This brings us to the graduate students of the MA Programme for the Translation of the Contemporary Literary Text. Why do students

Literar Contemporan. De ce vin studenții către acest program? Voi fi foarte directă: ei vin la noi pentru că le plac literatura și limba engleză, unite în acel conglomerat numit cândva de francezi *langue et civilisation*. Pentru că ei văd în operele literare o cale către limba engleză, și, în egală măsură, văd în limba engleză o cale către cărți pe care, dacă nu știu englezește, nu le pot citi. Vin, prin urmare, doritori de a-și face o profesie din cultură, din traducerea, din comunicarea culturală. Nu vor nici teorie lingvistică, nici studii culturale. Vor să știe englezește atât de bine încât să poată traduce profesionist un roman, un volum de versuri, un film. În esență, vor să traducă acele texte care le îmbogățesc viața intelectuală.

Așa cum bine știm, în literatură este aproape imposibil să afirmi că un scriitor este mai bun decât altul. El este bun, sau nu este scriitor. Traducătorul lui, însă, se poate compara cu alți traducători—de unde deducem că este totuși vorba de o meserie—oricât de adevărat ar fi că traducătorii sunt creatori și că au și ei nevoie de inspirație. *When all is said and done*, cum zic englezii—în final, adică—, adevărul despre un traducător se reduce la cuvântul elocvent al teoreticianului Lawrence Venuti: este el „vizibil”, au ba? Dacă îl vedem în text, traducătorul acesta și-a greșit menirea. Traducătorul mediază, și, da, această mediere cere talent, inspirație și har al limbii. Dacă avem de-a face cu un traducător cu adevărat

choose it? Well, mainly because they like the English language and its literature, not separately, but together, as a package, once labelled by the French as *langue et civilisation*. Our students improve their English translating literature, and, then, English leads them to new books. These students are eager to make a profession of culture and cultural translation. They do not come to MTTLc for theoretical linguistics or cultural studies. What they want is to be able to use their English in order to translate professionally a novel, a book of poetry, subtitles for a film. They translate texts that give them intellectual pleasure, actually.

As we all know, it is impossible to rank one writer higher than another. Either he is a good writer, or he is no writer at all. A translator, on the other hand, can be compared to other translators, which leads us to the idea that literary translation is a craft after all, despite the fact that it does require creativity, inspiration even. When all is said and done, there is only one proof of a good translation, and it gets its name from the theoretician Lawrence Venuti: is the translator “visible”, or isn’t he? If we do see him in the translated text, he has failed. He is a mediator above all. If he is a good professional, we will never say, once

profesionist, nu vom spune niciodată la încheierea lecturii: Ce traducător bun! Vom zice pur și simplu: Îmi place autorul acesta [sau nu].

E adevărat că munca traducătorului literar este aproape imposibil de cuantificat. El nu este un robot hrănit cu „softuri” europene. Traducătorul literar nu traduce numai cu dicționarul: el traduce cu toată cultura lui, câtă a adunat până în clipa când s-a pus pe treabă. Nu voi detalia deosebirea evidentă dintre un text despre rulmenți și poemul *The Waste Land*. A făcut înconjurul lumii gluma despre traducerea efectuată de un computer: cerința era să traducă *Out of sight, out of mind* [proverb care înseamnă pe românește „Ochii care nu se văd se uită”]. Computerul a tradus: *a blind idiot* [un idiot orb]. Opusul celui *blind idiot* este ceea ce speră MTTLC să pregătească.

În mod semnificativ, un apreciat scriitor, care este inginer de meseria lui, dar și traducător, ne-a descris, în cunoștință de cauză, cu gândul la un titlu care și-a depășit autorul în circulație: „Frumoșii nebuni [ai marilor orașe...]”. Cu alte cuvinte, traducerea literară nu ține de cald, nici de foame. Masteranzii noștri sunt mai mult sau mai puțin entuziasmați de ceea ce fac, în funcție de exigențele existenței lor concrete. Dar faptul că sunt temerari ca don Quijote în căutarea unui destin autentic nu poate fi negat. MTTLC îmbogățește înțelesurile termenului de

we have finished reading his translation: What a good translator this is! We will simply state: I like this author, or I do not.

We must admit, however, that a literary translator's job is unquantifiable. He is no robot: he needs far more than European software. A dictionary is, in his line of work, only the beginning. When he translates, he uses all his education, his gift of words, his whole being, actually. I am not going to enlarge upon the difference between two texts, one of which deals with an engine, while the other one discusses *The Waste Land*. The joke with a computer translating *Out of sight, out of mind* by *A blind idiot* has become commonplace. Well, MTTLC is trying very hard not to send out into the world *blind-idiot* translators.

A Romanian writer, who also happens to be an engineer, once called us “the beautiful crazy people of our cities”, and he meant by it that one can hardly make a living as a literary translator. Our students may not all be enthusiastic about their work, but there is a brave Don Quixote in all of them, looking for genuine intellectual life. MTTLC is not just the promise of a craft: it is the discovery of one's true calling.

masterat „vocațional”: el predă în același timp o meserie și o vocație.

Bucharest

5 July 2017



8-13 mai

Proză contemporană românească,
tradusă în limba engleză de echipe formate
din studenți ai Masteratului pentru Traducerea
Textului Literar Contemporan—Universitatea București
stilizată de șase scriitori britanici,
la Institutul Cultural Român.

Festivitatea de încheiere: Simona Măicănescu
în spectacolul *The Fever*, Teatrul Național București,
13 mai, ora 20.



Press Release

Săptămâna româno-britanică

8-13 mai 2017

"Lidia Vianu's Students Translate"

MTTLC la Institutul Cultural Român

6 scriitori britanici stilizează
traduceri din proza contemporană românească
la București

O inițiativă unică: proza contemporană românească este tradusă în limba engleză de echipe internaționale, formate din scriitori britanici și studenți ai Masteratului pentru Traducerea Textului Literar Contemporan – Universitatea din București.

Masterclass de Traducere Literară: 8-13 mai, la sediul Institutului Cultural Român din Aleea Alexandru.

Pe lista prozatorilor români ale căror texte vor fi traduse în limba engleză se află nume precum: Gabriela Adameșteanu, Lavinia Braniște, Petru Cimpoeșu, Filip Florian, Ioana Pârvulescu, Doina Ruști, Bogdan Suceavă.

Cele 5 zile de Masterclass se vor încheia pe 13 mai, la ora 20.00, la Teatrul Național București, cu spectacolul *The Fever*, un one-woman show, interpretat în engleză de Simona Măicănescu și adaptat de ea după un text de Wallace Shawn, în regia lui Lars Norén.

Săptămâna viitoare, începând de luni, 8 mai, până vineri, 12 mai, șase scriitori britanici sunt invitați la București pentru a stiliza traduceri din proza română semnate de studenții Masteratului pentru Traducerea Textului Literar Contemporan (MTTLC) din Universitatea București.

Timp de 5 zile, în cadrul unui Masterclass care se va desfășura la sediul Institutului Cultural Român din Aleea Alexandru 38, textele traduse de către masteranzii MTTLC vor fi stilizate de către cei 6 scriitori britanici. Textele finale ale

acestor echipe mixte româno-britanice vor fi publicate într-o antologie bilingvă de proză contemporană.

„Ideea acestui Masterclass de traducere literară s-a născut cu 11 ani în urmă, atunci când am înființat MTTLC. De atunci încoace am colaborat cu agenta literară Anne Stewart și grupul ei de 400 de scriitori, pe care masteranzii i-au tradus și i-au publicat în numeroase reviste românești. Proiectul se bazează pe convingerea mea că traducerea este o metodă de predare a literaturii, și în egală măsură o unealtă de lucru necesară tuturor celor care studiază limba engleză. Acesta este și motivul pentru care editura *Contemporary Literature Press*, pe care am înființat-o inițial tot dintr-o necesitate a MTTLC, se numește „Editura pentru studiul limbii engleze prin literatură”. Masterclass-ul de Traducere Literară București 2017 se înscrie, sper eu, într-un șir lung de întâlniri de lucru ale masteranzilor, traducătorilor și cititorilor români cu autorii care scriu în limba lui Shakespeare.” **Lidia Vianu.**

Proiectul „Masterclass de Traducere Literară la București” reprezintă o inițiativă din care au de câștigat atât traducătorii, cât și literatura română, care are șansa de a pătrunde pe piața de carte britanică, una dintre cele mai greu de cucerit.

Inițiativa îi aparține Lidiei Vianu, director al Editurii *Contemporary Literature Press* și al MTTLC, ambele din cadrul Facultății de Limbi și Literaturi Străine a Universității din București.

Cei șase scriitori britanici care participă la Masterclass sunt:

Anne Stewart – Agentă literară, foarte activă în plan social, autoarea mai multor volume de poezie; de asemenea, s-a implicat în numeroase proiecte literare, a înființat platforme online dedicate scriitoarelor, coordonează antologii de lirică.

Peter Phillips – Cunoscut poet londonez, autor a 5 volume de poezie.

Wendy French – A câștigat *Premiul pentru Poezie și Medicină la secțiunea NHS* în anii 2010 și 2011.

Joan Michelson – A câștigat premiul întâi la *Bristol Poetry Competition* (UK, 2015), la *Torriano Competition* (UK, 2014), iar în anul 2012 *Poetry Society of England* i-a decernat premiul *Hamish Canham*.

Graham Mummery – Poemele lui au fost traduse în limbile germană și română. Pe lângă faptul că este poet, traduce din limbile franceză și germană.

Maggie Sawkins — În anul 2013, a câștigat *Ted Hughes Award for New Work in Poetry* pentru *Zones of Avoidance*, care a fost interpretat la festivaluri de literatură și în teatre din întreaga Anglie.

Organizatori: Lidia Vianu, Universitatea din București, Institutul Cultural Român, Muzeul Național al Literaturii Române, Societatea Muzicală.

Parteneri: Uniunea Scriitorilor din România, British Council, Centrul Național al Cărții, Editura *Contemporary Literature Press*, Masteratul pentru Traducerea Textului Literar Contemporan (MTTLC), Teatrul Național București, Editura Integral.

Parteneri media: Radio România Cultural, TVR, România Literară, LiterNet, Agenția de Carte.

Mulțumim Ministerului Culturii, Universității din București, Institutului Cultural Român și Muzeului Literaturii Române pentru finanțare.

Mulțumim Domnului **Ion Caramitru** pentru că ne-a îngăduit cu spectacolul și ceremonia de încheiere în sala Media a Teatrului Național București.

Mulțumim lui George Butunoiu, Societății Muzicale și sponsorilor ei — Vel Pitar, Barilla, Napolact, Lay's, Bucovina, Danone, Mars, Kandia, Campofrio, Nespresso, Granini, City Grill și Scorseze Security — , fără al căror sprijin săptămâna româno-britanică nu s-ar fi materializat.



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Masterclass of Literary Translation.
Graduate Students' Diaries. 2017

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Schedule

British-Romanian Week, Bucharest, 8-13 May 2017
Săptămâna româno-britanică, București, 8-13 mai 2017

"Lidia Vianu's Students Translate" – MTTLC

Masterclass de Traducere Literară

Găzduit de ICR

Sunday 7 May, 20:05h	Arrival at Otopeni Airport	After claiming their luggage, the poets will be picked [the sign will be " British Poets ".] Hotel (breakfast included): Hotel Golden Tulip, Calea Victoriei 166, Tel. : +4021 212 5558
Monday 8 May	10-14	Breakfast at the hotel Masterclass, Romanian Cultural Institute , Alea Alexandru, nr. 38. 6 teams: each including one British poet and 12 MTTLC students
	15:00	Dinner at Restaurant Doina
	19:00	Romanian special supper and music at Mircea Dinescu's restaurant, "Lacrimi și Sfinti" , str. Șepcari (behind Hanul lui Manuc)
Tuesday 9 May	10-14	Breakfast Masterclass, Alea Alexandru 38
	15:00	Dinner at Restaurant Doina
	18-20	Tour of the National Theatre/TNB [for the English poets and all the graduates who wish to go].
	20:00	Supper at Casa Universitarilor
Wednesday 10 May	10-14	Breakfast Masterclass, Alea Alexandru 38
	15:00	Dinner at Restaurant Doina
	20:00	Supper at Casa Universitarilor
Thursday 11 May	10-14	Breakfast Masterclass, Muzeul Național al Literaturii Române , Calea

Griviței nr. 64-66

14-15

Poetry reading: Six British Poets. Wendy French, Joan Michelson, Graham Mummery, Peter Phillips, Maggie Sawkins, Anne Stewart

20:00

Dinner at Restaurant Carul cu Bere
Supper at Casa Universitarilor

Friday
12 May

10-12

Breakfast
Masterclass, Aleea Alexandru 38

12-14

Masă rotundă [în limba română]: **Traducerea Literară – profesie sau apostolat?**

Participă:

Wendy French

Joan Michelson

Graham Mummery

Peter Phillips

Maggie Sawkins

Anne Stewart

Ioana Ieronim, poet, playwright and translator,
member of the **Writers' Union**

Bogdan Popescu, Centrul Național al Cărții, **ICR**

Cerasela Barbone, translator from Italian, and **Iulia**

Gorzo, translator from English and French: Asociația
Română a Traducătorilor Literari, **ARTLIT**

Dana Ionescu, redactor-șef **Editura Nemira**

Irina Horea, translator

Violeta Baroană, PR Masterclass

All MTTLc students

Lidia Vianu

[Traducători pentru scriitorii englezi, din și în limba
română: Gabriela Focșăneanu, Ștefan Mălaimare, Bogdan
Voiculescu]

15:00

Dinner at Restaurant Palatul Lido

20:00

Supper at Casa Universitarilor

Saturday
13 May

Breakfast



<http://editura.mttlc.ro>

The University of Bucharest. 2017

20:00 Teatrul Național București, Sala Media

The Fever, one-woman show, acted in English by
Simona Măicănescu, adapted by the actress from
Wallace Shawn, directed by Lars Norén. 80 minutes.

**Closing ceremony of the Romanian-British Week:
a Masterclass in Literary Translation,**
[in Romanian] in the presence of:

Ion Caramitru, Director of the **National Theatre
Bucharest**

Dna Irina Cajal Marin – Subsecretar de Stat la
Ministerul Culturii

Prof. Livu Papadima, Prorector of the **University of
Bucharest**

HE Paul Brummel, Ambassador of the UK to
Bucharest

Mr Nigel Bellingham, Director of **British Council
Romania**

Krizbai Béla Dan, Vicepresident of the **Romanian
Cultural Institute**

Ioan Cristescu, Director of the **National Museum of
Romanian Literature**

Nicolae Manda, Rector **UNATC** [National
University of Theatre and Film]

Octavian Roske, Head of the English Department of
Bucharest University

Tamar Samash – **Ambasador al Israelului în
România**

Pr. Prof. Wilhem Dancă – Decan al **Facultății de
Teologie Romano-Catolică**

Anne Stewart, poet and literary agent, **Poetry PF**,
<http://www.poetrypf.co.uk/>

Ariadna Ponta – șef de program **ICR**

Bogdan Popescu, Centrul Național al Cărții, **ICR**

Ionuț Mihai Corpaci, consultant artistic. Centrul de
Cercetare și Creație Teatrală "Ion Sava"/**TNB**

Mircea Dinescu

Ioana Ieronim

Simona Măicănescu, actor and translator, **Paris –
L'Odéon**

Bogdan Stănescu, Associate Professor – Subtitling



MTTLC, Traducător/redactor film **TVR** [National Romanian Television]

Violeta Baroană, PhD student, PR for the Masterclass and for *Contemporary Literature Press*, and Secretary of MTTLC

MTTLC graduate students

George Butunoiu, Societatea Muzicală

Lidia Vianu, Director of MTTLC and *Contemporary Literature Press*, membră a Comisiei de Relații Externe, **USR**

Autographs: Six British Poets. For the book *Lidia Vianu Translates Six British Poets 2017*, Editura Integral

Wines Mircea Dinescu & Cookies Ioana Dumitru, MTTLC

Sunday **12:30** **Departure from Otopeni Airport.**
14 May Be at the airport 2 hours before departure.
On free afternoons, graduate students will volunteer to guide the English writers who want to see more of the town.
Fotografii pentru toată săptămâna româno-britanică: Mihaela Grigore.



THE FEVER

Invitata Masterclass-ului
"Lidia Vianu's Students Translate"

Simona Măicănescu în *The Fever*
de Wallace Shawn

Adaptare și interpretare: Simona Măicănescu
Regie: Lars Norén

Spectacol în limba engleză
cu supratitrare în limba română

Teatrul Național București, Sala Media
Sâmbătă 13 mai, ora 20

Spectacolul va fi urmat
de ceremonia de încheiere
a Masterclass-ului



Graduate Students' Diaries of the Masterclass

8-13 May 2017

Ioana Agafiței

Day 1: The Opening

This is the first day.

Emotions are high and people are nervous.

Today we should meet our poets and excitement is in the air. It feels like the lottery in a way.

Professor Vianu has made the opening ceremony speech and we are all thrilled to start.

The poet assigned to us was Wendy French. A small, cute, little fairy. We introduced ourselves, she did the same, and after that got right to work.

If I am not mistaken, the first person who started reading was Alina. She was courageous enough to start. We were all a little scared of starting. Once we had started, things went on naturally. We were all coming up with ideas and started stylizing the texts. Wendy always examined our ideas and came up with hers, which were splendid.

Day 2: rainfall, dreary weather, hard workshop

On this day I was late for the workshop. I said "good morning" to Wendy and we all started work. We started correcting my piece of writing, and there were some small issues, but most of the translation was fine. One conclusion I can draw from this day is that I realized how simple and uncomplicated English writings are, compared to the Romanian ones. We have this talent of using too many adjectives, too many commas, too much of everything. I guess we like to over complicate ourselves.

We concentrated really hard on the translations. Wendy and my classmates were starting to get very tired. The mental strain kicks in after a while. Rain has also started and it makes the day seem so gloomy.

Day 3

Amalia's translation really pulled a muscle in our heads. Her text required accurate language and vocabulary, and at times our suggestions were met with stubbornness and struggle. But in the end it all turned out well. Wendy was so helpful and sweet, and she lent us a hand with everything. Our first-year mates also worked

hard on their translations and most of them were fine.

It was a great day again, and we were tired after it. The director of The British Council came to our table and gave us some tips and ideas for the translations. He was great help.

Day 4: MNLR

Today we had to go to MNLR. The museum is amazing inside, and it made everyone feel more involved in the process of correcting and creating. At times we found we were more resourceful than the author when it came to finding meanings and explanations for texts.

Wendy gave us a little assignment. She gave us a poem of hers that was translated into English by professor Vianu. Our task was to try and translate it back again into English. It was a great exercise. We worked in pairs and we got going. Most of the final versions were very close to the original. At 12 p.m., professor Vianu invited the poets to read some of their work. Wendy's poems were amazing and came from real patients and experiences. There were some heartwarming poems that got to me, and also some were quite funny. I enjoyed the experience a lot.

Day 5: final thoughts, gifts. The End.

This day marked the end of the masterclass but also, more importantly, the end of a chapter in our lives. We worked on the texts again. We read everything from start to finish, and tried to make everything sound perfect. At about 12 p.m. Wendy shared with us some of the books she had brought from England. We were all glad to accept them and make them part of our lives. In return for a great collaboration over a whole week, we also bought her a Romanian "ie". She was touched and grateful, and so were we. After that, we worked on our own poems, and we discovered that most of us have great talent and powerful words.

At the end there was a round table discussion, and important issues were dealt with. Emotion overwhelms my mind and soul as I think that this is the end.



Teodora Apetrei

Monday, May 8th 2017

Today was the opening day of our Masterclass. After feeling a bit lost in the big hall of the Romanian Cultural Institute, my 11 colleagues and I sat down with our designated poet. My first impression of Joan Michelson was that I was definitely going to learn a lot from her, and I would also have fun in the meantime. All 12 of us were a bit shy or quiet at first. We started the day by going through a text translated by a second-year graduate, an excerpt from a novel by Simona Sora. It was actually the text from which I translated myself. I realized I have never actually paid too much attention to rhythm in my translations, but Joan, being a poet, helped us understand that shaping a narrative text has to do with how things sound, pace and rhythm included.

Tuesday, May 9th 2017

By the second day, the atmosphere had already got more relaxed in our small group. Joan is very funny and explains everything clearly, like a real teacher. We went through other texts translated by second-year graduates. We found many difficulties in arranging the words of the long (endless) Romanian sentences, and usually the solution was to cut them into smaller sentences.

Wednesday, May 10th 2017

Finally, it was the first year graduates' turn to show their version of the translations. After discussing them for the first part of the class, Joan had a bright idea for an activity. She brought us six short paragraphs taken from different English novels, and passed them around. We worked in pairs, a first-year with a second-year. The point was to translate the text into Romanian, and then give the translation to another pair to translate back into English. Apart from having a great time carrying out this task, we also observed how the others think, what their point of view was and how an idea was lost or changed after the translation process. It was a great experience overall.

Thursday, May 11th 2017

Today we changed the usual venue for a visit to the new National Museum of Romanian Literature. We started the day with another one of Joan's fun activities.

Working in the same pairs, we each had to write a short story, in both Romanian and English, about a time when we lost something. Then, we switched the Romanian texts with our partners and translated their story into English. Once again, our perception of the same text was different. My partner had a great knowledge of the language, which made her easy to work with him. After break time, our lovely guests went in front of everyone and read some of their poems. Each had their own unique style of writing, but for me it was more interesting to hear their distinct voices and accents, as a personal touch to the poem itself.

Friday, May 12th 2017

I felt that this week had flown by so fast. In this last class, we focused on Joan's specialty: poetry. She brought us some poems written by her or by those who had inspired her. We even got a sneak peak at her upcoming collection of poems about refugees. I appreciate the time we spent with her and everything she has taught us in such a short time.



Gabriela Belu

Day 1

On the first day we got the chance to meet Wendy French, a wonderful person, full of empathy. She stressed the importance of sounds and hearing the text aloud in order to detect anything that might have slipped. She also reminded us of the importance of second opinions, always keeping an open mind to everything and everyone around us. 'Please disagree' became our motto. I think that progress is made from this kind of cultural disagreements.

Day 2

On the second day we learned about the importance of taking out adjectives that do not mean anything, and only delay the understanding of the text. This was the day that I got to read aloud my text, and found out that scientific texts are very rigid and have a pre-established order, which has to be obeyed. Something that we discovered was that no text is easy, even if at first it seems very dull and full of scientific terminology. Sometimes we cannot translate an idea into English without repeating the same word in the same sentence. This posed a bit of a problem, but we managed to overcome it.

Day 3

On this day we did a bit of creative writing, and we had to come up with something that begins with this sentence: 'Last night I laid my dreams upon a pillow.' This is what I wrote:

Last night I laid my dreams upon a pillow. An English garden unraveled before me, a garden with wilted roses and lilies. What was I doing there? What did this mean? I couldn't stop thinking about it the next day. Was my whole life passing by? Oh, what strange beings we are! We assign some meaning to everything.

Day 4

This day was a particularly interesting day. We split into groups and got to translate a poem by Wendy French into English (the poem was originally in English, but had been translated into Romanian by Professor Vianu). The poem was called 'The Doctor's Wife' (Nevasta Doctorului).

Here is what our group came up with:

"Along the Town Mawr Road, all of a sudden
Where the trees have been buried in snow
And the moon sheds its light on a car,
One can no longer drive uphill. The air
is dry and icy up there. The freezing cold bites
everything, even those two who dare
into the night. Sheep bleat
but the shepherd wouldn't hear them
he boils water, fetches towels.

Two figures struggle to reach the small farm
they falter, almost ready to turn back,
it's a night that puts a strain even on the most merciful.
The doctor's wife knows what to do, make tea,
hold the woman, count the contractions.
The doctor and the shepherd are waiting for a glass of whiskey
and she grasps the new meaning of love on a night like this.
The yelling, the cries, the joy, the pain and the ice."

After that, the poets recited their own wonderful poems on illness, addiction, old age and life itself.

Day 5

We spent the first part of the day reading our poems and short stories. After that we practised our writing abilities. We had to imagine a place dear to our hearts and describe the colours, time of the day, the smell and season. We had to imagine that we took a person who had never seen that place and describe it as best as we could. Here is what I wrote:

The hot summer days and chilly nights make me remember a place very dear to my heart. My friend's house, so pristine, so different to what I am used to. You can hear the cows, pigs and dogs 'concerting', the sound of the river and shepherds calling for their flock of sheep. The house, an intertwine of beige and crimson shines in the morning sun. The strong smell of wood combines with the smell of hot cocoa forming what seemed back then a perfect morning.

After that we had a round table where we discussed the importance of translators, and whether or not one can make a living out of translating books. The

answers were both for and against it, many of the translators saying that in Romania one cannot live by simply translating books, and that another job is necessary.

Day 6

We got to see a superb play by Wallace Shawn depicting a wealthy woman who keeps wondering about the injustice in the world. The actress Simona Măicănescu delivered a powerful performance. Are all commodities built on the blood and sweat of the poor? Are we supposed to sit and do nothing about it? These are some of the questions that the play makes us ask ourselves. Later on we had the chance to socialize over a glass of wine and delicious cookies. It was the perfect ending for our six days of Masterclass.



Foto: Mihail Cratofil

Amalia Călinescu

Amalia's Diary (8-13 May 2017)



Monday



The long-awaited week has come ... again.

Six British poets will be part of the same cultural and translation exchange as last year. They will be doing readings from their own works as well as teaching a five-day translation masterclass. Once again, the British poets will be using their academic prowess to edit the Romanian fragments—fiction this time—translated by the first- and second-year graduate students. The fragments may be translated impeccably, but they still have to sound good in English. Each British poet has been assigned to a group of fourteen graduate students, half first-years, the other half second-years.

The whole event has once again been organised by our dear Professor Lidia Vianu, supported by the Romanian Cultural Institute.

My group is working with Wendy French. She is such a special person: She has published two chapbooks, four collections of poetry, and a book of memoirs, anecdotes, facts and poems. And she won the Hippocrates Poetry and Medicine prize for the NHS section in 2010 and 2011.

Let the translation week begin, then. This is said not in the dangerously calm voice

of President Snow, announcing the opening of the Hunger Games, but in a small voice, trembling with sincere excitement ...

The smiling Wendy French introduces herself to our group simply, sincerely, uncondescendingly. We all instantly relax.

We offer copies of our translated texts. Wendy is impressed by our readings and translations.

Today's authors are Mariana Codruț (*The House with Yellow Drapes*), Adrian Cioroianu (*Adultery with Figs and Seagulls*) and Anca Vieru (*Lemon Slices – The Key and the Scissors*).

She kindly asks us to express our views and opinions to help her grasp the true meaning of the Romanian texts. Like last year, with Maggie Butt, the magic words 'Well done' and 'Excellent' have the power to uplift us and bring out the best in us. We all speak and explain; the more we talk, the more Wendy encourages us to speak our mind regarding the texts. Her sincere admiration goes straight into our hearts.

I'm so glad she is teaching these workshops for us. I'm sure our translations from Romanian into English will sound perfect after she has edited them.

We discuss the origins of the strange name *Goanța* from *The House with Yellow Drapes*; we laugh at the character's comic adventures in *The Key and the Scissors*.

Wendy is a true expert in editing.

The four hours pass by so quickly. I can hardly wait for tomorrow to come.

Tuesday



Time has passed today even faster than yesterday.

Before this five-day masterclass, we had worked in pairs on our fragments. Each pair, a first- and a second-year, has done different translations of the same fragment, so the styles may not coincide. Wendy studies the texts in parallel and makes the necessary changes so that, in the end, there will be only one version of each fragment, in the best possible English. Our translations no longer sound as if they have sacrificed naturalness for the sake of accuracy.

We are all relaxed and speak freely, making our opinions known to Wendy and the rest of the group. There is no unhealthy form of judgement in the air, only kindness and appreciation. Sometimes, we have different views on the same sentences, either the Romanian or the English ones, but Wendy is a true diplomat – she knows when to intervene and when to let us speak among ourselves to find the best linguistic variant in certain contexts.

In many cases, she doesn't change much in the texts, because they are quite perfectly translated, she says.

The authors discussed today are Mariana Codruț (the second fragment from *Goanța and the Garden Devil – The House with Yellow Drapes*); Filip Florian (*All the Owls*), and Florin Lăzărescu (*Pulp Fiction*).

The last author has written the fragment Gabriela and I have translated. Just as Wendy is editing our fragments, Nigel Bellingham, director of the British Council Romania, joins our group. He comes up with interesting suggestions and we all form a veritable mastermind. I will definitely improve my translation if I make the changes these two experts have suggested.

The workshop seems to have finished so fast...

I like it when time is our friend.

Later in the evening, I see the six poets again, because I accompany them to the National Theatre, along with two of my colleagues, Bogdan and Ștefan. The tour is both interesting and fun – our guide makes humorous remarks while describing each room; he knows his stuff, talks sense, and does it in very good English. We take pictures on the roof of the theatre.

Afterwards, we accompany the poets to the restaurant where they'll have supper. We say our goodbyes at the entrance and wish them a perfect evening.

Really, I can't think of a better ending to my day.

Wednesday



I always believe that the best is yet to come. And I'm always right ...

Although it is raining heavily, the atmosphere inside the Romanian Cultural Institute is warm and friendly.

For the first two hours, we work on more translations. The authors of today are Vasile Ernu (*The Bandits – The End of Childhood*) and Marta Petreu (*At Home, on the Fields of the Armageddon*). The texts are quite difficult, with long sentences, full of enumerations and many dark thoughts. But they fail to affect our high spirits.

During the break I have interesting conversations with Joan Michelson and Graham Mummery.

After the lunch break, Wendy does a creative writing exercise with us. She gives us a sentence, and we have to write a piece around it. Everybody likes writing – the proof is the pieces we all come up with after less than ten minutes. We read them aloud and Wendy claps, genuinely impressed by our creative skills.

Here is mine:

"Last night I laid my dream upon my pillow.

'Hello,' it said in a tiny voice.

I said nothing. *Yeah, that's right*, a thought whispered. *Ignore it. It deserves it.*

But why? I chose to think.

Because it's a rebel. It wants you to grow wide awake.

My dream is to grow wide awake, I parroted in a hoarse mental voice."

A perfect ending to this special workshop.

Thursday



And what a great day today is! Not only because the sun is shining again.

There is a new venue for our workshop: the National Museum of Literature. Its

new location on Grivița Street is friendly and welcoming, as are its people.

Wendy asks us to read our fragments again, this time with all the changes we made during our previous workshops. The texts sound crisp and natural; I think a British audience would find them both readable and interesting.

After finishing our texts, Wendy gives us two of her poems, translated by Professor Vianu, and asks us to translate them back into English as we work in pairs. Afterwards, we'll compare our versions to the original. A very interesting exercise.

Here are our versions compared to Wendy's two poems:

Poem 1

Wendy's Poem

The Doctor's Wife

Up the Ton Mawr Road, uncharted
night,
where snow has buried the trees
and the moon lights up the old car
that can't climb any further. The air
in the hills is barren, cold. Ice devours
everything even a couple walking
against night. The sheep are bleating,
ignored by the shepherd who listens,
boils kettles, piles up the towels.

Two figures struggle on to the croft,
falter, almost turn back,
on this night where the air consumes
even
the most human souls. The doctor's
wife
knows what she has to do, make tea,
hold the woman, time the contractions.

Ilinca and Amalia's Translation

The Doctor's Wife

Suddenly, on Ton Mawr Road,
where the snow covers the trees
and the moon silvers the car
that can drive up no further. The air
is dry and freezing on the hills. The ice
bites
everything, even those two who walk
abreast
in the night. The sheep bleat,
but the shepherd can't hear them,
listens to something else,
boils water, prepares the towels.

Two figures struggle to reach the small
farm,
stagger, make to turn back.
It's a night that eats away even
the most humane soul. The doctor's
wife
knows her job, makes tea,
holds the woman, times the

Wendy's Poem

The Doctor's Wife

Doctor and shepherd wait for a whisky,
she wonders about love on a night like
this.
The screams, the cries, the joy, the pain
and ice.

Ilinca and Amalia's Translation

The Doctor's Wife

contractions.
The doctor and the shepherd wait for a
whisky,
she thinks of love's meaning on a night
like this.
The howls, the screams, the joy, the
pain, the ice.

Poem 2

Wendy's Poem

This Girl

This girl has a brother called Ash.
He has dark curly hair.
This beautiful girl has a lover.
He may be beautiful.
This girl's body does not behave.
Her cells are sickle shaped
Like the sickle that cuts down the hay.
She needs perfection in cells.
What the girl needs she dreams.
She grows through life with clogging
cells.
Blood is exchanged like currency,
Even now the girl is beautiful.
She mulls over words, breaks a muffin
to enjoy.
She tells me that pain is unpredictable
But there's refuge in books and music.
Her eyes are brown, dart like a deep-sea

Ilinca and Amalia's Translation

This Girl

This girl has a brother named Ash.
He has dark curly hair.
This beautiful girl has a boyfriend.
He may be a handsome man.
This girl's body misbehaves.
Her cells are sickle-shaped
Like the hook reaping the hay.
She needs perfect-shaped cells.
When she needs something,
she dreams it into existence.
She walks through life while her cells
clog up.
Her blood is changed like currency.
Even now she is beautiful.
She meditates on words, bites from a
muffin.
She tells me pain is unpredictable,
But you can bury yourself in books and

Wendy's Poem

Ilinca and Amalia's Translation

This Girl

This Girl

fish.

Her breath, the presence and absence
of.

music.

She has brown eyes, lively like deep-
water fish.

Her breath is and isn't.

The second half of the workshop consists of five readings from each of the British poets: our Wendy French and her fellow visiting poets, Joan Michelson, Maggie Sawkins, Peter Philips, Ann Stewart and Graham Mummery. The additional reading is from the Romanian poet and translator Ioana Ieronim.

It is a unique, emotional moment. We clap in awe, take pictures, make videos.

Professor Vianu suggests that we should all write some poems in English for tomorrow, or write some pieces of prose, if that's our thing. We all like the idea.

Also, Wendy asks us to bring new fragments from our dissertation papers, to teach us some more editing secrets. We'll definitely do as she said.

And in these high spirits we finish today's workshop.

Before leaving, Wendy autographs my book from Integral Publishing House:
Lidia Vianu Translates. Six British Poets. 2017

Am I a bird in flight, or what?

Friday



Today is the last workshop with our dear Wendy French. We've all brought our poems and pieces of prose, and read them aloud. Wendy is genuinely impressed with our creative work. Our English seems more fluent, more natural when it doesn't

have to serve someone else's words, as in translations.

Here is my poem:

The egg that didn't like time-travelling

Yesterday I boiled an egg.
I boil eggs every day,
but this egg was different.
It didn't let me wander.
It cared nothing about past
or future.
It kept me in the present.
So there I was,
stuck in the moment,
watching it play in boiling water
and thinking nothing.
Not a single thing.
Just watching.
A blank mind is a free mind.
Of that I'm sure now.
Tomorrow
I'll buy more eggs like this."

Then we edited the fragments we've brought from our dissertation theses. I've brought **Chapter 7** from *Pulp Fiction* by Florin Lăzărescu. The original text is written in simple, clear, beautiful Romanian, and the translation needs little improving. Everybody laughs and they all enjoy themselves.

Afterwards, Wendy proposes another creative exercise: We all like the idea of taking her to our favourite places by means of our English words.

After ten minutes, we read our creations; once again, Wendy's eyes twinkle with satisfaction behind her glasses.

Here is what I've written:

I've never had a physical place of my own – one to make me feel really good to be in. I'm an antisocial loner trying to cope with these busy, overcrowded times. I like being alone – I'm never lonely this way. I only feel

lonely when socialising.

So forgive me for not taking you physically anywhere. But I've already housed you in the only place that matters to me. I've given you a room to live in forever. You'll feel neither cold, nor hot – you'll always feel good in there. Even in your darkest moments. Even when crying your heart out. You'll see your room not as it is, but as you are, every single moment of your life.

I'll take care of you as best I can – I don't want you to fade away. Nor would I want to contaminate you with my frequent switching from Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde. You'll hear birds, probably, or go for a swim in the ocean. Yes, that free you will be in your room. The place I've given you can do that to physicality. It's not magic. It's love.

After our readings, Wendy offers us some of her books. We are all deeply impressed with her gesture.

During the lunch break, Wendy tells me she appreciates the bluntness in my piece of writing. It isn't easy for people to admit in front of everyone they are antisocial at heart and their public personae consist of all sorts of social masks. I know what she means. I live it every day. I really appreciate her keen sense of observation and sympathy. We chat about our families, sharing both information and sincere smiles.

The second part of the workshop, after the lunch break, is taken up with a round table. The theme proposed by Professor Vianu: *Can Translating Be a Permanent Job?*

Besides the graduate students and the British poets, there are representatives of ARTLIT, the Romanian Association of Literary Translators, a representative of Humanitas Publishing House, Professor Bogdan Stănescu from TVR 1, the poet and translator Ioana Ieronim, and many other academics.

It is a great debate; people speak freely, from the heart – poets, professors, translators, students.

The bottom line: unfortunately, we can't make a decent living as literary translators here, in Romania. Nevertheless, translators hope that one day things will be different, and their passion for their work cannot be stifled until then.

This concludes our last workshop. It has been both a privilege and a pleasure to have Wendy French as our teacher. None of these great things would have happened without our Professor Vianu's inspirational work and organisation of the whole project.

I leave sending a mental *Thank you* to Professor Vianu

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Saturday



The closing ceremony begins with *The Fever* at the National Theatre, an 80-minute one-woman show in English, starring Simona Măicănescu.

There are many dignitaries present at the theatre:

Paul Brummell, Ambassador of the UK to Bucharest

Mr. Nigel Bellingham, Director of British Council Romania

Ioan Cristescu, Director of the National Museum of Romanian Literature

Nicolae Manda, Rector UNATC [National University of Theatre and Film]

Octavian Roske, Head of the English Department of Bucharest University

Bogdan Stănescu, Associate Professor — Subtitling MTTL, Traducător/redactor film TVR (National Romanian Television]

Violeta Baroană, PhD student, PR for the Masterclass and for Contemporary Literature Press, and Secretary of MTTL

Lidia Vianu, Director of MTTL and Contemporary Literature Press

The Six English Poets

and many, many others ...

The room is full to the brim. The show is brilliant.

After the performance, Professor Vianu thanks our guests. The speeches scheduled for this time of the evening are cancelled due to the late hour.

I am among the people who were supposed to speak.

Here is what I would have said. [see the end, please].

In the hall there is a buffet with bio wine and homemade cookies waiting for the guests to arrive.

Wendy gives me one of her books, because yesterday she saw I didn't get a chance to take one. I am deeply touched by her keen sense of observation, and I thank

her with all my heart.

The atmosphere in the hall is very friendly; everyone is talking to everyone else, taking photos, saying goodbyes and farewells.

I can't think of a better ending to this special week.

I will never forget this British-Romanian week. I will keep it deep in my heart, next to its one-year-old sister, last year's masterclass.

Thank you, dear Professor Lidia Vianu, for being as enthusiastic about your work as you most likely were in your first years of teaching! You have taught me not

only English, but also the elixir of youth.

And thank you, dear Wendy French, for teaching me a valuable life lesson, as well as English! I, too, was able to see between the lines, like you.

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

Namaste!



Pavel Cazacu

On its first day, the masterclass started out on the right foot. Various groups of students met in front of the Romanian Cultural Institute, eliciting a reaction of amazement from the staff who saw how numerous we were.

After a brief introduction of the British poets, we all found the one designated to our group and started working. Our team leader was a pragmatic man: "Hello, my name is Peter Phillips. I am a British poet, but we are not here to talk about me. If you want to talk about me or poetry or anything else, we can do so during the break. But I'd much rather start working making your texts sound as British as possible. How does that sound?" (I am paraphrasing, of course.)

Because I was closest to him, my translation was corrected first. I still haven't decided whether it was a stroke of luck or one of misfortune to be picked first, but I guess I shouldn't complain because after getting it done I was more relaxed and could focus on coming up with alternatives for what my colleagues had translated.

On our second day, we encountered lengthier texts, which were more difficult to translate. Because the author used the stream of consciousness in her writing, phrases that made perfect sense in Romanian were somewhat problematic in English. That is when I understood that our poet was not being diligent just for the sake of it, but because he understood, maybe even better than we did, that the task at hand was not an easy one. Furthermore, we worked hard to correct everything during the first three days, so that we could have some fun during the other two.

On Thursday we went to the National Museum of Romanian Literature, where, surrounded by historic figures, we felt like the Knights of the Round Table, seeing as we were literally sitting at a round table. After several exercises of creativity and commentary on some British poets, there was a poetry reading in the main room: our guests read their own poems. After all six of them had amused and saddened us in equal measure, they were joined by Ioana Ieronim, a Romanian poet whose highlight work was a poem about Brexit.

Friday was the last day of work and we were asked to bring a poem of ours so that the poets could correct it. There weren't many who dared wear their hearts on their sleeve, but Peter appreciated the efforts of those who did. Afterwards, we did some other creative writing exercises: we composed some rather bizarre pieces of either prose or poetry. Then Peter told us that it is much easier to write what you feel, without having to adhere to these random rules he had set up for us, but he wanted

to show us that, despite what we might think, we can do it, we just need a little nudge in the right direction. "The important thing is to get started. Once you do that, you will sometimes find that the writing takes over your initial apprehension of putting your thoughts on paper. And you should not overlook the fact that you are doing this in a second language. That is not a small feat! I couldn't do in Romanian what you did in English."

At the end of the work session, he gave each and every one of us a small pamphlet of four beautifully illustrated poems from his upcoming volume "Saying It With Flowers". We felt compelled to show him our appreciation, so we went and bought a small book containing Gellu Naum's poem, "My Tired Father", translated into English by James Brook. After the show on Saturday, we gave it to him and he said "Thank you, and please thank all of your colleagues. I shall thoroughly enjoy reading this!".

I was sad that the masterclass ended so soon because I had come to greatly admire and respect the poets' work, Peter's in particular. I look forward to hearing more about him and his upcoming volume, and I am looking forward to next year, when, hopefully, I will meet him again.



Diana Centea

Monday, the 8th of May

Early in the morning, I'm headed towards the Romanian Cultural Institute, a beautiful building on a hidden street in the Aviatorilor area. I meet my colleagues, all of us eager to see what the week will bring. We get to know who the English poets are, and each poet gathers his assigned students round a table.

My group, led by Graham Mummery, is formed of both first and second year students. Each student had to translate a page from a Romanian writer. We start reading our pages, and we learn more about each writer.

Graham is pleasantly surprised by the texts that we have brought to him, and he expresses his wish to read more texts by Romanian writers. Besides the translations, we talk about literature, history, culture and politics. We have already learned so much, just from the experience of talking to a native speaker and having him judge and correct our translations, or congratulate us on our choices and on our command of English.

Tuesday, the 9th of May

We take our assigned places at the low table, and we continue to translate from the pieces we chose. Once again, the texts are enjoyable, and all of us contribute with new meanings or nuances to making the translation as natural as possible in English. At one point, Graham compared the work of the translators to the footprints of another persons. Even if from afar they might look the same, there will always be small differences which make them unique. This insight made a great impression on me, making me think about the importance of each person's impact on his or her work.

One of the texts is about the Japanese culture, one about the Serbian war, and another about an imaginary world where everything is melting. It is interesting to learn about different cultures, and also about different styles, and what is most important, it's even more interesting to have the insight of a writer, willing to share his thoughts and ideas with us, mere students at the beginning of the road.

Wednesday, the 10th of May

One by one, each of us read our texts, and we read the translations of the same fragment, done by different students. During the second part of the day, each of us have to write a creative text, starting from a few words that were picked beforehand. Words like *silence*, *mist* and *train* set the general tone of the writings, and I am

surprised to see that most of us came up with texts of rather gloomy atmosphere, due to these few words. Some of us write introspection, some short stories, some even try to write poems. It is a great exercise, which allows us to see where our imagination can lead us.

Thursday, the 11th of May

On Thursday, we change location and gather at the new headquarters of the Museum of Romanian Literature.

We are greeted by a spokesperson of the museum, who invites us to join them whenever we need to access their vast collections and archives.

We discuss what little is left of our texts, and, during the second half of the program, we listen to each poet read some of their own poems. It is breathtaking. Each poet brings something new, a style I've never met before, an insight on different aspects of life, some painful, some funny, some ironic. From Joan Michelson's *Psychotherapist* to Wendy French's *This Girl*, each poem touches you deeply, it vibrates within you, it makes you resonate with people and situations you have nothing in common with. Everyone in the room is silent. Everyone is in awe. It is indeed a privilege to hear these poets recite their work, into which they poured their souls.

Friday, the 12th of May

The last day brings an air of nostalgia. The day before, Graham asked us to bring a piece of creative writing. Something that we ourselves had written. Not all of us bring something, but one of my colleagues reads two poems she has written when she was younger. And they are amazing. It is uplifting to be validated by a native English speaker, more so by a poet. We share between us our final impressions, and our hopes that we will meet again, maybe next year, for another Masterclass.

The second half of the day we listen to a discussion between representatives of literary associations and an editor from Humanitas. The general topic is the difficulty of a translator to make a living out of the passion for translating. It is interesting to view the world that we are preparing to enter, it helps us get a picture of what lies ahead.

The week goes by before we know it, and we get to say goodbye to those who, for a few days, have become our teachers and our friends. It has been a wonderful experience, an opportunity which few are given, an insight into a world that we only dream of. It has been, in its true meaning of the word, a Masterclass.



Foto: Mihal Gratofil

Alina Cîrstescu

Day 1 – 8 May 2017

Monday (The Romanian Cultural Institute)

The first day of the Masterclass took place at *The Romanian Cultural Institute*, where all the students of the first and second year of the MA Program for the Translation of the Literary Contemporary Text gathered together in order to meet the Six British Poets, and to learn better English by translating some interesting and significant texts by Romanian authors. The main purpose of this program was in fact to establish a connection between us (the Romanian students) and the English poets, from the point of view of language and culture.

At 10:00 a.m., we arrived at *The Romanian Cultural Institute* and we were guided inside the building, into the room where we were about to meet the English poets. What struck me from the beginning or what was astonishing from the beginning in reference to where the encounter was about to take place, was the beautifully lit room with a high ceiling and also incredible architectural design. The colour of the room, that of gilded figures and architectural shapes under the form of golden shells, made a profound impression on me, as I was truly overwhelmed by its beauty. Professor Lidia Vianu introduced us to the six British Poets in the following order: Wendy French, Joan Michelson, Graham Mummery, Peter Phillips, Maggie Sawkins and Anne Stewart.

We, in our turn, were presented to them and the following thing we did was to get assigned to one of the six British Poets. As my group was assigned to Mrs. Joan Michelson, one of the Six British Poets, we gathered together around one of the tables. She turned out to be really gentle, kind and understanding with each and everyone of us. But what struck me most about her was especially her modesty, intelligence and incredible sympathy for us. From the beginning, she treated us as equals.

The first thing she did was to explain to us what we were meant to do on our first day. After the introduction, we began correcting the translations that we had made. The grammar problems that we discussed during the first two hours of masterclass were meant to cover many aspects, such as tense, mood, sequence of tenses, problems of style and plays upon words, which made us understand much more clearly the morphology of the English language through the eyes of a native English speaker. We managed to correct a great amount of materials that were meant

to be translated and corrected.

Next, at 12:00 a.m., we had a short dinner break, a welcome respite from "grammatical problems" earlier discussed. In the hall, sweets and good food were awaiting us, and we enjoyed our short meal talking with friends and taking short strolls on the corridors. And, of course, we took pictures and autographs with and from our favorite authors.

After this 12 o'clock break, we returned to our seats and to our translations. Mrs. Joan Michelson assigned other people to continue translating, and she again explained to us where we had grammatical problems. She also expressed her admiration for the Romanian authors and poets (especially Eminescu) and really enjoyed our writings and encouraged us to go on translating.

At the end of the day, we had managed to discuss our translations, and we understood the texts more clearly now. One of the most interesting problems related to the translations referred to some sort of cacophony that we discussed for a long time. This preciseness astounded me, as Mrs. Joan Michelson proved to be truly accurate in her translation and interpretation, which impressed me indeed.

At the end, at 14:00 p.m., we departed with the feeling that, after having worked for a whole day with a native English speaker, we were better translators, even better writers or poets.

Day 2—9 May, 2017

Tuesday (The Romanian Cultural Institute)

The second day of the Masterclass took place at The Romanian Cultural Institute in Bucharest again. Our meeting began at 10:00 a.m., with us gathering in the same beautiful room where we promptly proceeded to further translate our texts.

From 10:00 a.m. to 12:00 a.m. we discussed diverse grammatical problems in the texts and Mrs. Joan Michelson explained to us in detail the differences between the Romanian language and the English language, and how certain expressions worked out for us and for them as well. She appreciated the texts, but she could not help remarking that certain phrases were too long and could not be explained or translated thoroughly. She said that the English language was more concise and precise, while the Romanian language was far more complex and explicit.

During our lunch break in the impressive large hall, we indulged ourselves: chocolates, pastas and doughnuts.

After that, it was my turn to present my second half of the text, but we did it in a different way, as my text had already been corrected, and I only emphasized my

own questions. For example, one of my questions consisted in the fact that I was not sure if it was all right to invert the Subject and the Verb in a certain context after the quotes. The explanation was very logical and clear. Also, we illustrated the difference between "to" and "at", and Mrs. Joan Michelson explained the fact that the difference consisted in the spatial referent: "to" indicated direction, while "at" indicated location, in relation to an object. She expressed her appreciation for our culture and the idea that she wanted to see the Black Sea, inquiring whether its colour was actually black. This fact and her remark proved to be, of course, amusing. She told us that she also liked Bucharest (where she had been for only 48 hours) and that we, like the Bulgarians, were a warm nation. At the opposed pole of kindness, were the Russians, who, she claimed, proved to be cold and unwelcoming.

Also, pictures of us together with the poets were taken by photographers. The Director of British Council also showed up at our masterclass. He also spent time with us at the table, inquiring about our translations and supervising us doing our work, which was interesting and new for us.

At the end of the second day, we were fluently talking with English (as she said she did not know Romanian at all) and a certain bond was created between us. We will see now what will happen next.

On the whole, the first two days were very interesting and educational for us.

Day 3—10 May, 2017

Wednesday (The Romanian Cultural Institute)

The third day (which also started at 10:00 a.m.) brought on different changes, at least from the point of view of study. We took a different approach to translation. Mrs. Joan Michelson assigned us on groups and gave us several short translations from Romanian into English and vice-versa. Then we had to exchange texts.

The translations proved to be quite interesting and even tricky, as they made us ask ourselves questions regarding English grammar and style (the position of adverbs, tenses, nouns). We worked with our fellows in the second year, and we managed to translate the texts quite accurately.

During lunch we exchanged opinions and views. We also talked with the English poets and asked them questions regarding issues of grammar and English culture. By regularly talking with these poets, we managed to be much more fluent in their native language ourselves.

During the last two hours, she also gave us numerous examples from English literature and how we should perceive the English language through their eyes. For

example, the inversion of the Subject and Verb after the quotes is not possible any more, but it was in Old English.

This interaction, between the English poets and us, proved to be very efficient, as we have managed to understand lots of things that were explained and exemplified right from the source, the English poets.

Day 4 – 11 May, 2017

Thursday (The National Museum of Literature)

This day was really interesting. We spent the day at The National Museum of Literature, where we met again the six English poets and were welcomed in the large room of the museum.

After taking a few pictures with the group, we began with exercises and different games that Mrs. Joan Michelson invented for us. We had to invent a story of how we had lost something, and exchange it with a student in the second year, and afterwards, we had to translate it both into Romanian and English.

After that, every poet read his own poems to us, while we listened to them. They were really interesting, and special. They also explained their poems. On the whole, the day was quite interesting, and very impressive from the point of view of the poems that were read and the games involving translation. Also, our level of English was significantly boosted up, because we talked to them regularly.

Also, we had a deeper insight into this language and the psychology of the "ideal English-man", as we lived very close to them. We had a glimpse of England. I, for one, understood that their "proverbial" coldness was only apparent, as they were really modest and natural. They were different from us, but "the same" at the same time.

Day 5 – 12 May, 2017

Friday (The Romanian Cultural Institute)

We only had two hours, during which we presented our own creative writings (poetry or prose) and they analyzed our writing in detail, praising us for our capacity and skills. We read our poems and corrected them with the help of Mrs. Joan Michelson.

We also played grammatical games in English. The day ended with the poets also reading their poems. Mrs. Joan Michelson shared her poems and she also gave us autographed booklets. We have managed to cover all the translations and even perfect

them. From 12:00 to 14:00 the poets talked a lot about how they felt about this Masterclass. They praised our culture and how they have felt during these days, praising the education and school.

Day 6 – 13 May, 2017

Saturday (The Romanian National Theatre)

On the last day, we met at The Romanian National Theatre located in the University Square. This night was truly a remarkable experience. It was a beautiful evening.

We met our friends there and we were all properly dressed and elegant. Inside, I was impressed by the magnificence of the luxurious interior where we could see our reflections in the opposite mirrors, while the walls had a velvety-red tapestry. Whilst the ante-chamber was well-lit, the actual room was incredibly dark, and we had to find our way to our seats. I sat with my friends there and we waited for the play to begin.

It was a wonderful experience to see all those people, impressive and remarkable people, standing there and watching that astounding performance. The play was indeed a success, as the subject around which it developed consisted of many interesting notions including history, aesthetics and fear.

The Fever was a monologue with many interesting ideas. The actress was alone on stage, and that was a really impressive act, because she had to sustain a two-hour show. One could see she loved to act. A few words impressed me: "Life is a gift". Simona Măicănescu is truly a beautiful actress, and the play truly impressed me. One could notice she put her whole heart in it and she truly deserved all the applause from the whole audience at the end of the show.

The Fever, a monologue mainly about life, panic, the fear of finding oneself in a remote and new place—a foreign country, memories from childhood and suffering and pain as a reason of living, gave a completely different view on life. A sudden connection was established between us and the actress.

All these days of Masterclass proved to be really interesting, as we did something really different and we managed to see a unique, beautiful world and language.

**Lidia Vianu's Students Translate.
Masterclass of Literary Translation.
Graduate Students' Diaries. 2017**

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Dorina Constantin

Mi-am început Săptămâna româno-britanică cu aproape aceleași emoții pe care le trăiam și anul trecut pe vremea aceasta. Spun „aproape” pentru că de data asta nu mai eram în întârziere, într-un taxi, pe străduțe necunoscute, ci ajungeam chiar mai devreme, pe jos, respirând adânc aerul proaspăt al dimineții și bucurându-mă de iedera care acoperea casele de pe Aleea Alexandru (Da, de data asta, străzile căpătaseră și un nume pentru mine).

Golul în stomac era însă tot acolo, trădând emoția de a o cunoaște pe Wendy French, cea cu care aveam să ne stilizăm fragmentele de disertație în săptămâna ce urma. Îmi făcusem temele de acasă, căutasem informații despre scriitoare și citisem câteva dintre poeziile acesteia, însă toată pregătirea mea de elevă conștiincioasă se dovedea a fi inutilă împotriva emoțiilor mele.

Neliniștea mea a dispărut însă, când Wendy, după ce ne-a rugat să ne prezentăm, a zis că e momentul să trecem la treabă, iar eu am zâmbit la dorința ei de a ne ajuta cât mai mult și cât mai repede, căci Wendy a făcut ca toată această perioadă să fie despre noi, despre cum putem să traducem și să simțim mai bine un text în limba engleză, despre cum să simțim, în general.

Fragmentele pe care eu și colegile mele de echipă le-am ales pentru a fi stilizate au fost foarte diverse: am discutat fragmente despre dragoste și chimie, sau mai bine zis, despre dragostea ca o chimie, despre bandiții lui Vasile Ernu, iar textul care ne-a pus cel mai mult răbdarea și concentrarea la încercare a fost fragmentul din cartea lui Florin Lăzărescu. Text științific, cu numere fantasmagorice care se succedau într-un ritm alert, distanțe de ani lumină („o sută patruzeci și șapte de milioane treizeci și cinci de mii de kilometri” ar fi un exemplu), viteze, suprafețe și grade, a fost de asemenea și o provocare pentru dicția celor care l-au citit.

M-a bucurat să văd că povestire *Cheia și foarfeca* din volumul *Felii de lămâie* al scriitoarei Anca Vieru, povestire pe care eu o alesesem pentru fi discutată le-a plăcut foarte mult atât colegelor mele, cât și lui Wendy.

Deși am lucrat fiecare text cu minuțiozitate, l-am citit și răscitit până am ajuns la forma despre care să spunem cu mâna pe inimă că ne place. Deși uneori părerile noastre au fost diferite, nu au lipsit momentele de sarcasm, de râsete pline, iar fiecare zi de atelier se încheia cu Wendy urându-ne să avem o seară frumoasă și începea cu aceeași Wendy întrebându-ne, cu multă grijă, cum ne-a fost ziua precedentă, dacă a fost sau nu obositor la locul de muncă.

Exercițiile de *creative writing* au fost o șansă de a vedea cât de repede poate imaginația noastră să se joace contra cronometru. Dacă pentru primul exercițiu am avut doar trei minute în care trebuia să scriem o poveste pornind de la propoziția *Last night, I laid my dream upon the pillow*, pentru cel de-al doilea, am avut zece minute, timp în care locul nostru preferat avea să ia forma unui text, astfel încât să îi teleporteze pe cei care îl ascultă, în acea atmosferă.

'Last night, I laid my dream upon the pillow.' My thoughts were covered in silence, but I couldn't sleep. Countless sheep were passing me by, smiling devilishly. 'You won't get any sleep tonight', they whispered.'

The cold sand was softly tickling my feet. I smiled and sank my hands into the sea of sand. The air smelled of salt, shells and sea. It was my favorite time of the day – when the sun and the sea melted into another and the horizon couldn't be seen. An overwhelming infinity of blue. I could finally breathe. The first rays of sun shyly appeared. All I wanted to do for the rest of my days was to sit there and watch that little girl's eyes losing their colour in the morning light. – Introspection.

În altă zi, ne-am împărțit pe echipe și am tradus una dintre poeziile lui Wendy, *The Doctor's Wife*, și așa cum era de așteptat fiecare echipă a venit cu varianta ei de traducere. Wendy a fost însă încântată de toate, glumind că deși textul a fost dificil, ne-am descurcat (*'But you're so good, I wasn't thinking of giving you an easy text'*). După ce am discutat traducerile, Wendy ne-a spus povestea din spatele poeziei, răspunzându-ne astfel la celebra întrebare „Ce-a vrut să spună autorul?”

În ultima zi, Wendy a ascultat zâmbind poeziile scrise de noi și tot cu un zâmbet, însoțit de aprecieri spuse din suflet, ne-a răspuns fiecăreia în parte, la sfârșitul acestora. A pus apoi pe masă câteva CD-uri și cărți pe care le adusese special pentru noi, pe lângă acestea oferindu-ne și cel mai bun sfat ca un „pe curând” plin de înțelepciune: *'If you want to get to the essence of everything, ask questions.'*

La ceremonia de închidere, am avut șansa să o văd pe actrița Simona Măicănescu în spectacolul *The Fever*, un amalgam de neputință, adevăr și minciună, tragedie, libertate.

A intrat pe scenă, cu picioarele ferme, subțiri, cu mers sigur și apăsător, comunicând prin semne, prin zâmbete și prin priviri cu cel care avea să se ocupe de sincronizarea subtitrării în limba română. Nici pe scenă nu ar fi avut nevoie de cuvinte pentru a transmite mesajul și emoția, căci ochii, tonul și mișcările, când nervoase, când leneșe, când triste, erau de ajuns ca să ajungă la noi, cei din public.

Printre momente de liniște în grădina minunată a Institutului Cultural Român, printre gogoși pudrate și aromate, savurate în pauze, printre cuvinte neterminate când era prea de dimineață ca să avem un discurs coerent, printre râsete pline, printre zâmbete timide către scriitori, printre busturile marilor scriitori de la Muzeul Național al Literaturii Române, Săptămâna româno-britanică a fost pentru mine o experiență care m-a ajutat să îmi doresc să scriu mai mult, să mă caut.



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The University of Bucharest. 2017

Marius Cristian

Ziua întâi. Neștiind cât durează să ajung la Institutul Cultural, am plecat de acasă mai din timp. Am ajuns la 9:35, fiind printre primii sosiți. Ușor, ușor, ne-am adunat majoritatea colegilor de anul I și am intrat cu toții la 9:50. Cei de anul II, deja "căliți", intraseră deja.

Deschiderea a început puțin după ora 10, cu prezentarea celor 6 poeți. După această scurtă introducere, ne-am dus fiecare la scriitorul la care fusesem repartizați. Joan Michelson a fost scriitoarea care timp de 5 zile "a avut grijă de noi". Pentru început, toată lumea și-a spus numele, pe care Joan l-a trecut pe o foaie de hârtie. La mine a fost puțin mai complicat, pentru că nu înțelegea dacă mă cheamă "Mario" sau "Matius". Apoi, am început să verificăm textele. Am început cu cele ale colegilor din anul II.

Ziua a doua. Astăzi au venit la sediul Institutului Cultural Român directorul British Council, Nigel Bellingham, și scriitoarele Doina Ruști și Gabriela Adameșteanu. Între timp, am continuat cu verificarea textelor colegilor din anul II și reverificarea celor care fuseseră făcute în ziua precedentă.



Ziua a treia. În a treia zi a plouat. Am înțeles că și anul trecut a plouat în a treia zi. Se pare că e un leitmotiv al acestui atelier de traducere. În interior, atmosfera era încinsă. Am trecut la verificarea traducerilor celor din anul I, traducerile noastre. Ne gândeam dacă am făcut bine sau nu, vom modifica mult sau puțin, va înțelege Joan exact ceea ce a vrut autorul să spună în limba română? Apropos, englezii au un simț al umorului

ciudat. Știam deja asta, dar acest lucru mi-a fost confirmat din nou de Joan, care deși nu e născută în Anglia, locuiește acolo de 40 de ani.

P.S.: Emoțiile au fost păstrate pentru ziua următoare. Textul meu nu a fost verificat azi.

Ziua a patra. Ne-am mutat de la Institutul Cultural la Muzeul Național al Literaturii Române. Am fost aproape să nu găsesc muzeul, pentru că, în afară de un mic poster pus pe gard, nimic nu indică faptul că acolo ar fi un muzeu. Trecând peste asta, am ajuns și la momentul meu. Joan a vrut să vadă ce text am avut și mi l-a cerut cu o zi înainte. Mi-a promis că-l va citi peste noapte și-mi va spune unde am greșit. Am fost foarte surprins aflând că i-a plăcut traducerea mea și că acea infimă pagină a făcut-o să caute mai multe detalii despre carte, autor și subiectul cărții.

După ce am terminat de verificat, Joan ne-a propus un exercițiu de imaginație. Să scriem despre ceva ce am pierdut. Nu am mai corectat, pentru că a venit pauza peste noi. După pauză, cei șase poeți au recitat câteva din poeziile lor, și astfel s-a încheiat ziua.

Ziua a cincea. Am corectat micile noastre compuneri, iar Joan a fost foarte încântată, ba chiar, în unele momente, a izbucnit în râs datorită poveștilor noastre. Și aceasta a fost o zi scurtă, pentru că la ora 12 a început o discuție despre traduceri și traducători. La aceasta au luat parte, pe lângă unii profesori, și reprezentanți ai ARTLIT și ai editurii Humanitas.

Ziua s-a încheiat cu Joan mulțumindu-ne pentru această săptămână și întrebându-ne anumite lucruri despre subiectele considerate tabu în România. Din câte am înțeles, vrea să scrie o nouă carte și a dorit să afle câte ceva și despre țara noastră.

Nu sunt omul cuvintelor așa că mă voi rezuma la a spune că a fost o experiență interesantă și plăcută. Un Masterclass a trecut, să vină următorul !



Andreea Dinescu

Luni, 8 mai

Prima zi. Odată ce am ajuns la ICR, ni s-au prezentat poeții britanici, după care ne-am apucat de treabă. Am corectat și stilizat trei texte lucrate de colegii din anul doi. Totul a decurs bine, deși au fost unele expresii în limba română care nu sunau tocmai englezește, le-am putut remedia cu ușurință cu ajutorul poetei Joan Michelson. Am fost plăcut surprinsă că am avut mâncare, iar atmosfera a fost foarte plăcută, atât în pauză cât și-n orele de lucru.

Marti, 9 mai

Deși la început am crezut că vom asculta și stiliza textele aduse de cei din anul 2, astăzi am corectat și variantele lucrate de noi, cei din primul an. S-a lucrat cu spor, am apucat și eu să-mi citesc varianta descoperind astfel anumite greșeli pe care le-am făcut în traducerea textului – comparând textul meu cu cel al colegului din anul 2 mi-am dat seama că unele expresii nu au fost prea reușite, variantele lui fiind mai bune, sunau mai natural în engleză. Desigur, traducerea mea a avut și părți bune, poeta optând pentru folosirea unor variante scrise de mine în locul celor scrise de colegul meu. Ne-au rămas de corectat doar două texte ale colegilor din anul I. Mă întreb ce vom face mâine după ce vom termina stilizarea traducerilor rămase...

Miercuri, 10 mai

Cea mai distractivă zi de până acum! Rămânând de stilizat două texte, dna. Joan Michelson ne-a adus 6 textulețe de tradus în limba română. Partea amuzantă a fost următoarea: fiecare student din primul an a făcut echipă cu un student din cel de-al doilea an, primind un text în engleză care trebuia tradus în română și astfel, odată ce toate perechile au terminat s-a făcut un schimb de texte – textul tradus de o pereche a fost preluat de o alta, aceasta traducând în limba engleză ceea ce a primit. La început a fost puțin dificil să ținem evidența textelor, însă fiecare echipă a avut 3 texte traduse în română și 3 texte traduse în engleză. Când toată lumea a revenit din pauză am confruntat textele originale cu traducerile noastre. Pot spune doar că ceea ce am lucrat noi a fost puțin diferit de original. După acest exercițiu, am recitat fragmentele, mai exact Joan ne-a ajutat să recităm cât mai corect, astfel încât să înțelegem cât mai bine textul și să ne dăm seama mai ușor care sunt cuvintele ori expresiile cheie.

Joi, 11 mai

Astăzi ne-am întâlnit la Muzeul Național al Literaturii Române. Deși a fost o întâlnire mult mai scurtă, programul nefiind respectat – momentul de recitare de poezie susținut de cei șase poeți britanici a început mult mai devreme, în jur de orele 13 – am apucat doar să compunem un scurt text, 'Something I have lost'. Fiecare student din anul 1 a făcut schimb cu ceea ce au lucrat cei din anul 2, astfel încât la finalul orei fiecare pereche a avut câte două texte în limba engleză, texte stilizate de echipa respectivă. Fiindcă poezii ne-au încântat cu lucrările lor mult mai devreme decât ne așteptam, nu am mai avut timp să citim ceea ce am lucrat.

Vineri, 12 mai

Înapoi la ICR. După citirea textelor lucrate joi și după schimbul de cadouri, am luat o scurtă pauză pentru a ronțați câte ceva în timp ce sala era pregătită pentru discuțiile despre 'Traducerea literară' ce urmau să aibă loc. O discuție interesantă, deși îmi formasem de la cursuri o idee despre această lume a traducătorilor, m-am convins că trebuie să fim foarte atenți când vine vorba de contractul de muncă, de faptul că, din păcate, un traducător nu este bine plătit și că ceea ce este important este să fii pasionat și stăpân pe cunoștințele tale.

Sâmbătă, 13 mai

Seara de teatru. Un spectacol interesant, recunosc că nu am fost niciodată la un one-woman show însă nu regret că am fost. O interpretare frumoasă, ce a atins diferite subiecte sensibile precum sărăcia ori războiul. Prăjitura de la final a fost "cireașa de pe tort". Un final de săptămână foarte reușit!



Foto: Mihail Cratonii

Ilinca Dinulescu

Ziua 1

8 mai

Prima zi de masterclass s-a anunțat una plină de emoții la Institutul Cultural Român. Am făcut cunoștință cu autorii englezi, iar echipa în care am fost repartizată a fost cea a doamnei Wendy French. Fac cunoștință și cu masteranzii din anul 1, care sunt destul de emoționați pentru că nu au mai participat la un astfel de eveniment până acum. Wendy French mi se pare o femeie foarte de treabă, cu simțul umorului și foarte deschisă față de noi. Așadar începem să stilizăm fragmente din disertațiile celor din anul 2. Mă bucur mult că fac parte din această echipă.

Ziua 2

9 mai

Ziua începe foarte bine, energiile pozitive ale doamnei French sunt acaparatoare și mă simt acceptată în grup. Am o conversație cu dumneaei despre vreme, despre cum i se pare România. Desigur, până acum are o părere foarte bună despre București, și este încântată că ne cunoaște. În conversația noastră din pauză, îmi spune că limba română este foarte grea, noi vorbim foarte repede și nu știe cum ne înțelegem. Glumește și încearcă să ne binedispună atunci când vede că un text este mai greu de tradus: ne încurajează, ajută și susține ideile despre cum am stiliza o anumită traducere și ce sinonim potrivit am găsi pentru unele cuvinte mai greu de interpretat. Totul este foarte interesant și plăcut pentru mine.

Ziua 3

10 mai

În sfârșit am ajuns la stilizarea fragmentului meu care, în opiniile colegilor de grup, a fost cel mai greu deoarece avea fraze foarte lungi, și trebuiau comprimate în engleză, pentru că britanicii nu au propoziții atât de lungi. Am învățat cât de mult înseamnă un cuvânt interpretat greșit în engleză și cât de mult se poate schimba sensul într-un context. Doamna French mi-a oferit multe lămuriri în legătură cu fragmentul meu, m-a ajutat cu traducerea, iar rezultatul a fost, în opinia mea, foarte bun. Textul este mult mai clar acum în engleză, propozițiile mai scurte, dar mai pline de semnificații, care altfel ar fi fost pierdute dacă ar fi fost păstrate detaliile stufoase. Deși stilizarea fragmentului a fost grea, la sfârșit suntem cu toții mulțumiți de rezultat, în

special eu.

Ziua 4

11 mai

Astăzi cred că a fost una dintre cele mai frumoase zile ale masterclass-ului. Poezii englezi și-au citit câteva din poeziile lor, pentru mine cel puțin au fost momente emoționante, când le-am aflat gândurile, sentimentele și sufletul din spatele cuvintelor. Impresiile lor despre viață sunt intense, îi simt ca pe niște oameni empatici, ce au reușit să transmită prin cuvinte suferințele și bolile altor oameni, cum este de exemplu Wendy French, care ne spune povestea bolnavilor de cancer sau Joan Michelson, care spune povestea bătrânilor. Poveștile spuse de ei sunt emoționante, realitatea este copleșitoare și crudă, relatările ce nu sunt spuse de multă lume, au un mai mare impact asupra mea, lăsându-mi loc de meditație asupra vieții.

Ziua 5

12 mai

Astăzi este ultima zi de masterclass și cea mai emoționantă pentru mine. Am revizuit textele corectate de la disertație iar doamna French ne-a rugat să scriem un mic text în proză, pornind de la un loc important pentru noi și să-l descriem. În acea descriere trebuie să menționăm culorile, mirosurile, chiar și gustul dacă este nevoie. A fost un exercițiu foarte util de imaginație și creație în doar 10 minute. Ioana Dumitru i-a dat apoi scriitoarei un cadou, mai precis, o ie din partea tuturor. A fost cu adevărat încântată și emoționată deoarece nu se aștepta. După aceea a urmat conferința unde au participat traducători și editori. Apoi, doamna French ne-a adus cărți cu poezii și proză scrisă de dumneaei. Am luat două cărți de poezii, și am rugat-o să îmi scrie o dedicație pe ele. Am fost foarte încântată că ne-a cerut adresele de email, cine vrea, pentru a putea comunica în continuare cu ea. Mă bucur că este deschisă, că i-a plăcut de noi și că vrea să păstrăm legătura.

Ziua 6

13 mai

Astăzi la ora 20:00, am mers la Teatrul Național, la piesa *The Fever*, interpretată de Simona Măicănescu. Piesa de teatru a avut un puternic impact asupra mea, m-a pus pe gânduri în legătură cu umanitatea și înspre ce direcție se îndreaptă aceasta. Interpretarea a fost de excepție și mă bucur sincer că am putut participa. După ce s-a terminat piesa de teatru, a avut loc o mică petrecere, unde s-au servit prăjituri din partea mamei Ioanei Dumitru și vin din partea domnului Dinescu. A fost o seară și o

săptămână minunată unde s-a făcut schimb de idei, am cunoscut oameni deosebiți, deschiși și energici. Nu voi uita această experiență niciodată!



Alina Dobre

8 May

The first day of this year's Masterclass got me thinking about one topic in particular, namely the way in which one should go about solving the possible redundancies present in the source text.

While discussing one of the texts, we noticed that the author had fragmented many of his trains of thought by adding unnecessary comments along the line of "I thought", "I said to myself only" and others. Such additions could possibly be helpful to distinguish between multiple characters' lines, but in this case the man was all alone.

Given the heavy subject matter and the length of the sentences, the addition of those superfluous comments, to me, did nothing but muddy the text. In order to give the text a more natural flow, we removed the unnecessary.

This then made me think about how much a translator should stray from the source text when trying to make it sound better in the target language. Should there be a balance between altering the original version and trying to keep as faithful as possible to it? It goes without saying that a literal translation doesn't always work in our favour, so I don't think that this could be the solution.

Should translators try to intervene if a text seems clumsily written, so as to preserve the natural flow in the target language, or should they leave in any redundancies, just as they appear in the source text?

9 May

Today I noticed that most of our translations had something in common, namely long sentences, which, at times, rendered the text slightly hard to follow. I believe this is a direct consequence of our not wanting to stray too far from the source text. At times, keeping close to the original text is the way to a safe translation.

It is usual for Romanian sentences to have a long and intricate structure but, unfortunately, this type of sentences may not always sound natural in English. This is why we fragmented some of the more confusingly long sentences, so that the text would become clearer and more cohesive.

Another somewhat common aspect in our texts was our choice to use the past progressive form of the verb, even where simple past would have sufficed. I'm not sure exactly what could account for this, but my guess would be that in trying to be correct in our translations, the outcomes tend to sometimes be over-complicated.

We also tackled a scientific text about space, which posed quite a challenge to us. It was quite different from the texts we had become used to, but it was a good exercise that forced us to come up with solutions that were less creative and more scientifically oriented. We couldn't avoid having the translation sound clinical, but ultimately that was what we needed to accomplish.

10 May

Today I noticed one instance where Romanian and English differ greatly. When creating descriptions, Romanian makes use of numerous adverbs and adjectives. In general, the more descriptive terms used, the more vivid the image in question becomes. But soon enough I came to understand that English behaves differently, in the sense that because it prefers a simpler sentence structure, the use of many adverbs and adjectives can sometimes be discouraged.

But even when writing in Romanian, people can have the tendency to create lengthy constructions so as to make them sound more poetic. Unfortunately, if such an artefact isn't done right, it can disclose clumsiness in writing. Quite often, the result can be hard to decipher. This, added to a complex sentence structure, can cause difficulties when translating into English. One solution that we found was to remove the unnecessary adverbs and adjectives. This makes the sentences read more clearly and the meaning isn't suffocated by empty adverbs.

Thus, it was quite a challenge for us to try to maintain all of the details in the source text, while keeping the translation as natural as it could be.

11 May

At the beginning of the day we read aloud our corrected text so as to make sure that we hadn't missed any possible mistakes. This last round of proofing seemed to be quite helpful, as coming back to the text with our minds clear made it easier for us to spot any possible situations where corrections should be made.

Next, we did an interesting exercise where Wendy made groups of three, gave us a Romanian translation of one of her poems and asked us to translate it back into English. We tried to find a balance between keeping as close as possible to the meanings and trying to create poetic imagery. I was happy with how we all succeeded to convey the same meanings using numerous different constructions. The poem was beautiful and expressive and made our job quite easy.

After our break, the poets did a reading of their work and it was very touching to get to know more about each of them.

12 May

This last day was started by us reading some of our own work, either poetry or prose. I enjoyed listening to my colleagues' delightful poems and short stories. They were all creative and very well written. After that we did some impromptu writing. Wendy suggested a topic and we were asked to just put down on paper whatever came to our minds.

The task was to write about a place that holds great importance to us. It didn't matter whether it was a room, a house or a city. What mattered was the way in which we created the setting, and our attempt to make someone who had never been there become fully immersed in our story. Everyone produced great stories and I felt like in those few minutes I had visited some marvellous places which held important meanings to each of us.

During the second part of the day there was a discussion about translations, with the joys and difficulties that come with them. We had some guests who gave us more information about how to go about making translating a profession, namely how to reach a publishing house or how to make sure that we don't sign unfavourable contracts. We also got to understand the processes that go on behind the scenes in a publishing house. It was all around a very informative experience.

13 May

This was the day of the theatrical performance „The Fever” by Simona Măicănescu and the closing ceremony of this year's Masterclass. The actress did an exquisite job, for she was incredibly expressive as she successfully immersed us in her story.

After the play ended, we got together with Wendy for one last time and we discussed about what we did this week and how quickly it passed. Wendy's dedication was such that even on this last day, she told us that she kept thinking about a text that we did earlier in the week, and gave us a suggestion for one phrase that was posing quite a challenge to us. I am very appreciative of all her hard work and patience.

It was a wonderful experience all around and it helped me get to know more about how an authentic English text should sound.



Foto: Mihail Cratofil

Mădălina Dragnea

Last week a Masterclass was organized for us, MTTLc students. An event organized for the second time, which six British poets attended as special guests, to help us "polish" English translations of the Romanian contemporary prose we had previously worked on.

We were divided into teams, each poet leading a mix of 1st and 2nd year students.

It was my first time attending the Masterclass, also because I am a 1st year student. I had the pleasure of interacting and working closely with Mr. Peter Phillips, who not only took the time to explain to each one of us how to make the English text sound better and as natural as possible for a native, but also tried very hard to understand the way contemporary Romanian literature is written.

Nonetheless, we had difficult texts to work on, but in my opinion, the one I had, together with my colleague from 2nd year, was the hardest, in terms of structure and vocabulary. It was very challenging both for us and Mr. Peter Phillips to try and "reshape" Veronica Niculescu's text from the novel *Spre văi de jad și sălbăție*, or *Towards Valleys of Jade and Darnel Grass*. The result was a translation structured in shorter sentences, as opposed to how the original text in Romanian was written. I spoke with Mr. Phillips, and he explained to me that the English language doesn't have such rich, long sentences, but it is more structured and rigid. Another challenging aspect was the vocabulary of the text. Being 95% description, I had to first look up in the dictionary and then try to explain many terms from Romanian, so that they could be translated as accurately as possible into English.

Apart from the time when we worked on our texts, there were also lovely moments of interaction with the other students and with the poets as well. We discussed various things, such as what our career as a translator would look like. If we are really determined, we do what we love, even though the pay isn't at all as much as we wanted, or as satisfying for all the effort this kind of job requires.

While most of the event was organized at the Romanian Cultural Institute, on Thursday we moved to the National Museum of Literature. There, we commented on some poems Mr. Phillips had brought us, and worked a little on our inner-poet talents, even though I cannot say that I have any.

After a little break, in which we took a lot of photos, we had a very beautiful and meaningful moment, where all the six poets recited a few of their own creations.

I don't usually read poetry, but I must say that, this time, I really liked someone reading poems to me (and not only). I could feel their emotions while reading the poems, I laughed and felt sad at the same time.

On the last day, we went back to the Romanian Cultural Institute, where we were asked to read some of our own creations, and Mr. Phillips encouraged us once more to keep reading and writing. That way, we could produce our own literary creations, if we wanted to. I tried and wrote a short of text, but I don't consider it a literary work at all. Still, I felt the appreciation coming from Mr. Phillips, who was kind enough to thank me for trying. His advice for all of us was that we just need to start somewhere!

After that, we took pictures and had a round table discussion about the job of a translator. It was interesting to hear that everybody interested in this field of translation is trying hard to change how this job is perceived and treated in Romania.

All in all, the Masterclass was a very useful event, and I am very grateful to all the people involved in its organization.



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Ioana Dumitru

8 mai

Pășesc în sala mare de conferințe a Institutului Cultural Român cu sfială, cu un buchet de trandafiri roz. În sală este liniște. Doamna Vianu tocmai și-a terminat cuvântarea și introducerea poezilor britanici în atmosfera masterclass-ului. Aud un sunet care se propagă ușor – „Six British Poets” în urma siluetei doamnei Vianu – și mai apoi cuprinzând sala ICR-ului și pe noi toți. Până să mă dezmeticesc, silueta doamnei Vianu prinde contur și se arată drept înaintea ochilor mei. Îi dăruiesc buchetul de trandafiri, îi întâlnesc privirea și mă liniștesc pentru că știu că doamna profesoară Vianu ne veghează de-acolo, din spatele sălii.

Mă alătur grupului din care fac parte și începem să o căutăm cu privirea pe Wendy French, poeta cu care vom stiliza textele noastre de disertație. Wendy știe foarte bine rolul ei în această călătorie inițiată în care o să ne îndrume pașii și o să ne schimbe viziunea asupra traducerii literare, înțeleasă prin prisma mecanismelor gândirii vorbitorului nativ.

Wendy ne roagă să ne prezentăm și ne fixează în memorie chipurile. Ne spune sincer că nu poate să ne rețină numele, dar vrea să ne audă și să ne vadă chipurile.

În prima zi, Wendy „brought us in circle” și ne-a condus („go with the flow”, she said) pe parcursul unei săptămâni în universul ei, cu incursiuni în universul fiecărui student și-n abordarea textului acestuia.

Astăzi stilizăm cu Wendy textul *The house with yellow drapes* de Mariana Codruț, al colegei mele Alina Dobre. Azi, Wendy ne ascultă și vrea să înțeleagă textul și rațiunile/conexiunile pe care le facem atunci când traducem în limba engleză. Nu ne va întrerupe niciodată și ne va asculta de fiecare dată, întrebându-ne și cerând explicații atunci când nu înțelege sensul cuvintelor în contextul dat pentru a livra o traducere exactă pentru vorbitorul nativ, fără a interveni prea mult sau a perverti logica și fluența textului în limba română.

Wendy repetă fiecare propoziție în minte sau cu voce joasă de două-trei ori, pentru o stilizare corectă și exactă în limba engleză. Tot astăzi învățăm de la Wendy să parafrazăm și să accentuăm acțiunile importante din text: „*Sighing, her mother sat down....while reciting a spell/So, she was told later/Suddenly, overwhelmed by a frenzy...*”

9 mai

Începem ziua cu un text „al sensurilor”, *Felii de lămâie*, de Anca Vieru, tradus

de colega mea, Dorina Constantin, și de Ana Francisc din anul 1. Astăzi nu trecem mai departe până nu îi explicăm lui Wendy sensul exact al cuvintelor din limba română și cât am deforma textul din limba română dacă nu surprindem sensul corect al cuvintelor.

Astăzi aprofundăm sensul cuvintelor în limba română și ne focalizăm atenția pe înțelesul sensurilor din fragmentul următor: „Simțeam pe spinare răceala metalului și niște usturimi suspecte și mă gândeam să mă ascund într-un gang ca să scot foarfeca de sub cămașă înainte să am toată pielea brăzdată de dungi sângerii./On my back, I could feel the coldness of the metal and **some unusual prickles**, and I was thinking to hide in a gangway to take the scissors out of my shirt, before it etched bloody stripes all over my skin.” Wendy nu este încântată de „**some unusual prickles**” și propune „**unusual sensations**”, „**cutting sensation/pain**”, iar „**deeds from heaven**” din textul „Toate bufnițele” de Filip Florian (bănuiam că dacă ești foarte înalt, așa cum era el atunci, vezi lucrurile și faptele de sus, ca din ceruri, iar ele ți se par mici, un fel de furnici) devine „I suspected that if you were as tall as he was, you would look at **objects and actions** very differently from heaven...”

Senzațiile simțite astăzi atât de noi, cât și de Wendy s-au transformat din „unusual sensations” în sentimente de bucurie și de plăcere.

10 mai

În fiecare zi de curs, Wendy surprinde esențialul ca într-o captură foto, pe care o păstrezi ca amintire, și ni-l transmite subtil, fără a interfera cu liberul nostru arbitru. Și așa aș vrea să încep jurnalul celei de-a treia zile cu ceea ce ne-a transmis Wendy la sfârșitul acelei zile: „It's always your choice at the end of the day.” „Nothing is easy!”.

Aceste îndemnuri au venit după ce am tradus un text de Florin Lăzărescu, *Pulp Fiction*, „Aici vom face un stop cadru. Priviți cu atenție acest personaj împietrit în pragul ușii întredeschise. Doar în chiloți și tricou, desculț, cu piciorul stâng rămas în aer, cu dreptul puternic înfipt pe podea, pentru a prinde viteză. Priviți chipul său îngrozit. Fixați-vă ochii pe el și păstrați-l în amintire, ca să-i înțelegem cât mai bine groaza...”/Let's have a freeze-frame here. Look carefully at this character, standing frozen in the doorway, the door ajar. Wearing nothing but underwear and a tee-shirt; barefoot; his left foot in the air, his right fixed firmly on the floor to catch speed. Watch his terrified expression. Fix your eyes on him and keep him in your memory to better understand his horror...”, moment în care Wendy a propus să eliminăm „*the door ajar*” pentru că suna redundant, dar colega mea nu a fost de acord. Iată și traducerea stilizată propusă de Wendy: „Now we go to a freeze-frame. Let's have a closer look at this character, frozen in the doorway. Wearing nothing but underwear and a tee-shirt; barefoot; his left foot in the air, his right fixed firmly on the floor ready to run.

Notice his terrified expression. Don't take your eyes on him/Keep looking at him and fix him in your memory to better understand his horror..."

11 mai

Mă uit cu o seară înainte pe programul Masterclass-ului și constat că joi avem cursul la sediul administrativ al Muzeului Literaturii Române, aproape de Gara de Nord. Cu cât mă apropii mai mult de Gara de Nord, devin nostalgică. Mai sunt doar două zile și ne vom lua la revedere de la poeți. Ce bine sună asta în franceză! *Au revoir!* În program mai scria că azi poeții ne vor citi din volumele lor de poezii.

Wendy ne-a rugat să aducem textele corectate și stilizate la atelier și să le citim la acest atelier.

Pentru a ne introduce în universul poeziei ei, Wendy ne-a pregătit poezia *Nevasta doctorului* și ne-a rugat să o traducem. Aceasta este versiunea mea și a colegi mele Teodora:

The doctor's wife
1943

*On Town Mawr Road, unexpectedly,
where the trees are covered in snow
and the Moon casts its light on the car
which cannot go up any further.
On the hills you can breathe in the dry and frozen air. The ice bites
everything, even the two who are wandering
haughtily into the night. Bleating sheep,
unheard by the shepherd, he's listening to something else,
boiling the water and taking out the towels.*

*Two figures struggle to reach the small farm,
they are staggering, almost thinking to give up and return,
a night that is shattering even
the kindest soul. The doctor's wife
knows what are her duties, put the kettle on,
hold the woman by her hand and time her contractions.
The doctor and the shepherd expect her to give them
whiskey,
and she thinks that love has no meaning*

on a night like this.

The screams, the crying, joy, pain and ice.

12 mai

Ne întoarcem la Institutul Cultural Român pentru a participa la conferința *Traducerea Literară – profesie sau apostolat?* Această conferință ne vizează în mod direct: vom putea supraviețui din traducere literară? Iar răspunsul nu întârzie să se contureze în mințile noastre. Pasiunea și satisfacția parcă vin să umple golul pe care îl simți în stomac atunci când se discută despre tarife și contracte cu edituri.

Tot la conferință aflăm cu stupoare că în Anglia situația este asemănătoare. Iar Wendy încheie cu o întrebare adresată nouă, traducătorilor: *Asking questions? ...come to the essence of things.*

13 mai

Masterclass-ul se încheie la Teatrul National cu *The Fever, one-woman show*, în interpretarea doamnei Simona Măicănescu.

Mai petrecem câteva ore cu poezii în lobby-ul Teatrului National și ne despărțim cu greu de ei.

Wendy ne spune în franceză *Au revoir!* și se pierde în lumina difuză și tainică a teatrului.



Eleonora Enache

Ziua 1

Mi-am târșăit picioarele în interiorul Institutului Cultural de parcă ar fi fost o zi normală de facultate. Cu temele făcute, însă fără prea mult entuziasm, m-am agățat de orice față cunoscută, imitând în mod nebunesc mișcările colegilor mei. Beau o cafea, mănânc o gogoasă, mă așez cuminte în locurile care îmi sunt indicate. Cunoșteam conceptul de Masterclass de la colegii din anul 2, dar timpul mult prea aglomerat și responsabilitățile cotidiene m-au împiedicat să mă bucur de el ca de o descoperire.

Mă împing, împreună cu colegii mei de grup, către masa la care ne așteaptă Maggie Sawkins, poeta britanică venită aici să ne ajute la îmbunătățirea traducerilor noastre, astfel încât să sune cât mai natural pentru un cititor englez. Maggie este o femeie slabă, firavă, născută sub incidența unei frumuseți naturale și elegante, iar blândețea ei fizică răzbește în vocalitatea suavă a gândurilor ei. Observându-i ușoara timiditate, bâlbâiala tipic britanică, am realizat că acela este momentul în care urma să acord ceva mai multă importanță evenimentului la care participam. De altfel, și eu sunt o persoană foarte timidă, o timiditate care de multe ori îmi fură din cele câteva accese de inteligență și mă face să par un om mediocru. Ea, în schimb, știa exact cum să-și dozeze timiditatea și a atras imediat respectul studenților ei.

Maggie a început corectarea și stilizarea textelor aleatoriu, așa că bineînțeles că am fost prima și a trebuit să deschid seria de „habar n-am-uri” la care participau, probabil, toți cei din anul 1. Habar n-am ce am scris în traducerea asta, habar n-am unde sunt și habar n-am ce trebuie să fac. Maggie a fost blândă. Deși am învățat două-trei lucruri despre traduceri, lucrând în domeniu, nu mi-am oferit niciodată garanția perfecțiunii. Din contră, eram ferm convinsă că poetul îmi va demonta o mare parte din ce credeam eu că este corect. Cu toate acestea, în afară de mici schimbări între care oscilam și pe care le-aș fi făcut și eu, Maggie a părut destul de mulțumită de traducerea mea și mi-a zâmbit cald. Am făcut un mini-dans mental de fericire, părând, bineînțeles, extrem de calmă și dezinteresată în fața colegilor mei și am plecat să mănânc gogoși.

NOTE TO SELF: Este interesant de observat competiția care se iscă între oamenii care lucrează sau vor să lucreze în același domeniu. Stilizarea traducerilor s-a făcut sub forma unor discuții libere, la care oricine din grup putea participa. Nu au lipsit micile înțepături între colegi, ușoare priviri aruncate de sus, o concurență parcă inexplicabilă, întrucât performanța la acest eveniment nu asigura o notă mai mare și

nici nu ne-a fost promis ceva. Momentan trăiesc cu senzația că este o competiție nesănătoasă, care bruiază arta traducerii. Voi reveni la această idee mai încolo.

Ziua 2

Ca să ne înțelegem. Un student din anul 1 și un student din anul 2 împart pe jumătate un text al unui prozator român, fiecare își traduce partea lui și apoi venim la masterclass, unde poetul britanic ne ajută să stilizăm textele astfel încât să sune și artistic, dar și cât mai natural în engleza britanică. La masa noastră nu sunt foarte mulți studenți, astfel că, în a doua zi deja terminasem de verificat și stilizat toate textele. Maggie propune să le luăm de la capăt, în cazul în care ne-a scăpat ceva.

Mâncăm gogoși.

Maggie ne aduce unul dintre poemele ei, extras dintr-o producție literară, *Zones of Avoidance*. Deși face câteva exerciții de traducere și creative writing, astăzi nu este despre traduceri. Astăzi este despre astăzi, și în timp ce Maggie citește poemul încărcat emoțional ca un bagaj cărat în gară, încep să observ în ochii ei realitatea evenimentelor ce au împins-o să scrie.

Azi nu sunt eu – traducătorul. Azi sunt eu – scriitorul.

Day 3

I start my day eating those sugary donuts filled with chocolate. I swear I've started waking up earlier and easier, and I am really looking forward to go to the Cultural Institute. I don't know if it's because of the donut situation or if Maggie Sawkins really is a human built to become dear to my heart. I have started looking at her more like a poet and less like a teacher.

The agony yet humour visible in her writings is just spectacular, and a colleague asked her if *Zones of Avoidance* is based on reality. The poems envision a mother talking about her daughter's addiction to drugs, how she ran from home and became homeless, picking up "dog ends from the pavement". Unfortunately, I was too shy to ask Maggie further questions about her poem, but I really feel *Zones of Avoidance* has two voices of the same, real person that is Maggie – Maggie, the mother of a drug addict, Maggie, the narrator who often slips small rays of sunshine, explaining there are ways for those broken by their loved ones' addiction to get back to their lives.

It's a rainy day in Bucharest (a lot of British weather jokes as well) and we're going through the day by making creative writing exercises. I feel that these exercises are maybe a little too childish, but both me and my colleagues seem to be put in a difficult situation, as we are trying to keep up with their novelty. We each had to select

two words on a paper and make up a sentence with both words.

I had the words "foxglove" and "cauliflower", and my sentence was: *It was an early autumn, the sky coloured in a foxglove poisonous violet, and the smell of cooked cauliflower and polenta reminded me of my childhood home.*

Day 4

I started writing my journal in English because I think I'm going somewhere nice with this creative writing class. The fourth day of this Masterclass was held at the National Museum of Literature, and it was the best day of this week. Maggie started the class by talking about emotions and comparisons between emotions and visual images.

For example:

FEAR is like a maze without an escape door.

LUST is like a hot cup of coffee on a winter morning.

ANGER is like a ripped page from a book.

BLISS is like a ray of sun entering through a hole.

She also gave us the beginning of a sentence ("And one day I will be...") and we had the liberty to write whatever we wanted, either prose, a poem, or just a random text. I wrote a riddle-poem.

"And one day I will be a written speech imprinted on your brain
As my vowels and consonants will be pumped through your vein.
One day I will be the shadow of a dead tree on your porch,
As you'll stare between my verses and wonder who I am.
I'll be the wind on your face after you've read my thoughts
And realize they're your thoughts as well. Who am I?"
(the answer is "Your favourite book")

Maggie really appreciated my riddle, and told me I could send it to Professor Vianu to be published.

In the second half of the day, the poets were invited to read their poems in front of everyone. It was the moment when I believed I was really lucky to be there. To be honest, even though I'm a massive poetry fan, I didn't know anything about these British poets until now, and I really enjoyed their poems. Some of the poems were funny, some were real and some really touched my heart. Because I also write poems, and these poets inspired me to write even more.

Maggie Sawkins read various fragments from her *Zones of Avoidance* and made

a comment about her students believing the poem was too sad. So she decided to read another poem "coming from a happy place". Unfortunately, all I could remember about that particular poem was that it was included in her *Zig-Zag Woman* volume. I think it was the first time I ever cried in public, but this poem really got to me, as it was about a family reuniting.

Ziua 5

Am plecat cu inima ușor strânsă spre ultimul masterclass și mi-am amintit de reticența cu care am venit în prima zi. Pornisem de la ideea că oricum fac traduceri mereu, deși nu literare, și că nu mai am ce învăța. Am realizat, însă, că începusem să devin atât de robotică, fără să adaug măcar un pic de suflet în tot ceea ce fac, încât am uitat efectiv plăcerea și bucuria care m-au împins inițial spre acest domeniu.

Maggie a fost inspirată de ideea poeziei-ghicitoare și am repetat exercițiul cu extrasul bilețelului cu diverse cuvinte, doar că de această dată trebuia să facem o poezie-ghicitoare despre acel cuvânt. Au reieșit câteva poezioare interesante. De exemplu, primul cuvânt pe care l-am extras a fost „caravan”, pentru care am scris următoarea ghicitoare:

They're traveling from afar,
Long skirts and large hats.
They use me as a car,
But I am the home of nomads

O altă ghicitoare a fost pentru cuvântul „balloon”:

I'm made of air
and children's laughter.
Touch me gently and I'll fly.
Touch me harder and I'll burst into the sky.
Don't touch me at all, but I will still eventually die.
Who am I?

Finalul atelierului de Masterclass a fost marcat de o discuție cu profesori și traducători din domeniul subtitrărilor și literaturii.

Nu știu dacă am reușit să trag concluziile corecte despre această săptămână, dacă am învățat ce trebuia să învăț, însă am plecat cu ferma convingere că a fost o experiență nouă, originală, o amintire dragă.



Ioan Enache

Ziua I

Iacătă că a venit și vremea renumitului Masterclass® anual de care am tot auzit încă de la începutul anului și pentru care ne-am pregătit timp de un întreg semestru!

M-am întâlnit cu amicul Marius, ca de obicei, în același loc în care ne vedem în fiecare zi când mergem spre facultate, doar că de data asta cu mai puțină ahotă decât de obicei. Și asta nu pentru că nu aș fi fost extrem de nerăbdător să începă Masterclass®-ul, o nu... cum să nu fiu, ferească-se, doar că ultima săptămână a fost cumplită. Cea mai stupidă greșală este să ai de tradus o carte și să te trezești că mai ai o săptămână pentru 160 de pagini. Nu dormisem deloc în noaptea dintre duminică și luni. De aici și lipsa mea de porneală... a nu se înțelege altceva.

În fine, Marius m-a tras cu greu după el până la ICR, am ajuns într-un final acolo cu vreo juma' de oră înainte (eu i-am zis că e prea devreme, dar el se tot panica ca poate nu ajungem la timp și cine știe ce vom păți!). Eram într-o stare groaznică, fizic vorbind. Atât de groaznică că nu îmi aduc aminte foarte multe din această zi. Am cunoscut-o pe poeta Maggie Sawkins, o doamnă elegantă, puțin sfioasă și cu o voce blândă. Era mică de înălțime și deși avea 64 de ani, arăta de vreo 55. Și avea și un parfum foarte plăcut.

Am început apoi să traducem din textele pregătite.

Zilele II și III

Nu pot spune că m-am distrat foarte mult verificând textele. Nu știu cum făceau alții, dar la noi prima oară se citea textul, apoi M. Sawkins citea și ea cu voce tare, dar cu o asemenea viteză nemaipomenită că o notă brevecă ar fi părut infinit mai rapidă decât durată cititului ei. Sau poate eram eu prea nerăbdător, dar nu cred, judecând după expresiile de pe fețele colegilor mei. După ce citeam un text corectam ce nu era în regulă. Așa cum facem și la cursuri, doar că de data asta cu un nativ (dacă îl scot din ecuație pe domnul Brown, firește). În ciuda vitezei uluitoare, am fost primii care au terminat de corectat. Ne-am întrebat ce am mai putea face acum că am terminat tot. Păi, evident, să mai corectăm ÎNCĂ O DATĂ textele! Mai bine ar fi să le reluăm ziua următoare, „to let them sink in (i.e the texts)”, zise Maggie.

Am primit-o în vizită pe Gabriela Adameșteanu. „Vizită” e totuși impropriu

spus. Nu prea a stat cu noi. A zis că nu știe engleză și că nu are de ce să lucreze cu noi. Păcat. Vizita asta a durat vreo oră. Înainte să plece a venit în fugă la mine și mi-a dat un pachet. Eu am crezut că vrea să îl dau altcuiva, dar a zis „pentru tine”. „Pentru mineee?!”, am exclamat eu. Nu am apucat să îi mulțumesc cum trebuie din cauza bucuriei, și a plecat. Dar am rugat-o pe Amalia să îi mulțumească pentru mine, că ea își face disertația cu G. Adameșteanu. În pachet era volumul din care tradusesem pentru eveniment: romanul *Provizorat*. Pe prima pagină scrisese „Pentru Ioan-Valeriu Enache, cu mulțumiri, Gabriela Adameșt” (nu a putut să își scrie tot numele pentru că s-a înghesuit în colțul paginii). M-am bucurat mult! „Să fie primit”, am zis.

Ziua IV

Ne-am mutat pe calea Griviței, la Muzeul Literaturii Române. Din ce îmi aduc eu aminte, muzeul ăsta se afla undeva pe lângă Piața Spaniei, dacă nu mă înșel. Și din ce am înțeles clădirea a fost retrocedată, iar acu' s-a mutat în frumoasa zonă de pe Griviței. Noua amplasare include și un fel de ghenă lângă clădirea muzeului...

Am mai luat o dată textele la puricat. Acu' o să dau pe repede înainte.

După treaba asta ne-am jucat. Poeta noastră a scos un plic cu multe hârtiute, fiecare cu câte un cuvânt. Regula era să scriem o fraza care să conțină acel cuvânt. Am făcut asta de trei ori (în sine mea mi-aș fi dorit să continue. Mi-a plăcut mult asta.). Apoi un alt joc în care ea ne zicea câte un cuvânt și noi trebuia să scriem pe loc o povestire, ceva, care să conțină acele cuvinte. Asta mi-a plăcut muuult mai mult decât corectatul textelor. A fost antrenant și am râs de ce poa' să ne iasă din cap când nu avem timp să procesăm prea mult timp ideile.

Nu am mai făcut mare lucru pentru că nu am mai prea avut timp. Am petrecut două ore făcând alte exerciții de scriere creativă. De data asta nu am mai avut inspirația de ieri, dar tot a fost amuzant să îi aud pe ceilalți. Am făcut și poze de grup. Asta îmi aduce aminte cum în toate pozele am ieșit musai ținând câte ceva în gură. Era un băiat acolo care se ocupa de poze. Nu se putea abține să nu mă pozeze de fiecare dată când mâncam ceva. Nu m-a mirat să văd că cineva a pus pe facebook o poză cu mine în care țineam în gură un teanc de hârtie. Dar trebuia să caut ceva în clipa aia și aveam nevoie de ambele mâini...

La un moment dat am plecat la magazin cu amicul Marius. Pe drum ne-am întâlnit cu o femeie de etnie rromă îmbrăcată într-un halat de baie de culoare roz-bombon care se plimba pe stradă cu copilul ei. Ne-am întâlnit și cu Joan Michelson care se plimba liniștită pe bulvard. Ne-a întrebat uimită care e treaba cu femeia aia

care umblă pe aici în halat. E cumva vreun bazin de înot prin zonă? Cum e posibil să umble așa? Eu m-am uitat la Marius și el la mine. „ăăăă...”, am mormăit amândoi în același timp. „Nu îi pasă prea mult”. Am uitat să menționez că motivul pentru care nu îi pasă e că te poate lua la pumni dacă vrea. Dacă aș fi menționat asta, probabil că doamna Michelson nu s-ar fi apucat să se holbeze prin gardul în spatele căruia să afla locuința femeii. Cineva țipase la ea „Căutați pe cineva??”. Am tras-o înăuntru pe poetă că era clar că nu era prea conștientă că nu trebuie să te holbezi (în general, dar mai ales în situații d-astea).¹

Tot azi, poezii ne-au citit câteva dintre poemele lor. Majoritatea au fost cam tristețe pentru gusturile mele. Oameni dependenți de droguri, mame pe moarte, oameni bolnavi prin spitale...

Ziua V

Masa rotundă a fost cam pătrată, ce e drept. Și nu din cauza meselor din sală care nu erau rotunde.

Invitații speciali au fost două doamne din partea ARTLIT și o doamnă care reprezenta editura Humanitas. A devenit un laitmotiv să tot aud de munci făcute benevol doar pentru a fi acceptat undeva. Nu știu de ce se pune accentul pe treaba asta și de ce ai vrea să o faci. Nimic nu e gratis în lumea asta. Eu de ce să dau ceva pe gratis? Lipsa experienței nu e un motiv.

S-a discutat despre tariful de pe piață, care e mic și care nu permite traiul doar de pe urma traducerilor. Cele două doamne au spus că printre obiectivele lor sunt și mărirea tarifelor de pe piață, dar nu știu cum vor reuși să facă asta într-o piață suprasaturată de traducători. E foarte ușor să fii traducător. Nu trebuie să termini o facultate de profil pentru asta, iar cât privește formalitățile, e doar o problemă de timp până când poți să îți începi noua carieră de traducător. D-aia sunt și mulți nepricepuți. D-aia mereu se vor găsi persoane care să accepte să lucreze pe 10 lei. Nu mi-aș pune speranța în vreo organizație care să mă reprezinte, mai ales într-un mediu ca acesta unde regulile nu sunt bătute în cuie. Am vorbit despre tarife care trebuie crescute astfel încât să îi convină și traducătorului. Dar tocmai traducătorul trebuie să facă asta, nu alții pentru el. Nu agențiile de traducere, nu editurile sunt cele care fac regulile jocului aici. Mai ales agențiile de traducere care trăiesc în totalitate pe cocoșa

¹ Editorul își exprimă totalul dezacord cu această relatare nesemnificativă pentru volum, dar a ales să nu cenzureze modul de gândire al autorului.

traducătorului. Nici nu știu de ce se numesc așa. Ar trebui să fie agenții de mediere, ca doar asta fac. În tot acest proces, traducătorul este baza. Nu este roțița, ci baza. D-aia fiecare este responsabil de propriul tarif. Fiecare trebuie să își evalueze munca, să o aprecieze cu un tarif care să o reflecte și care te facă să te simți împăcat cu tine. Niciodată nu trebuie să accepți regulile impuse de alții sau prețul pieței, ferească-se. Și de tariful tău tre' să ții cu dinții! Traducătorii care se plâng au și eu partea lor de vină că acceptă ce li se impune. Până la urmă traducătorul este cel care își vinde serviciile. Deci el trebuie să impună regulile și nu invers. Ar fi frumos ca Artlit-ul să reușească ce își propune, dar eu sunt mai sceptic de fel.

Doamna de la Humanitas m-a cam speriat puțin. Auzisem destule povești legate de edituri, dar acu' am primit și confirmarea. Nu știu cum conving ei traducătorii să primească puțin peste doi euro pe pagină și cu plata făcută în funcție de câștigurile de pe urma cărții. Sau cum a precizat una dintre cele două doamne de la Artlit, că poate dura până la un an onorarea plății. De ce te-ai înhăma la așa ceva și apoi să te plângi, m-am întrebat. Cunosced edituri mici, edituri de familie, cu mult sub cifra de afaceri a Humanitas-ului care plătesc mai mult și pe loc, în momentul predării traducerii. Deci, o fi oare vorba că editurile mari nu au bani? Hmm, nu știu. A da, și treaba cu testul de traducere de 10 pagini ca să vadă cum lucrezi... „fii serioasă”, mi-am zis în gând. Oricum m-a cam speriat.

Am primit toți confirmarea că din traduceri literare nu se trăiește. Dar cred că atunci când te axezi cu încăpățănare pe un anumit segment îți scazi și mai mult șansele de a „trăi” pe baza acestei meserii. Îmi pare o gândire de cal asta. Tre' să faci de toate: traduceri literare, teatru, traduceri tehnice, juridice, subtitrări. Orice îți pică în cale. Și nici atunci nu vei obține destui bani cât să nu fie nevoie să mănânci doar pufuleți. Dar tot vei putea mânca pufuleți și covrigei, zic. Plus că dintre toate felurile de traduceri, cele mai păcătoase sunt astea literare (adică sunt cele mai prost plătite). Având în vedere banii puțini și faptul că o carte o traduci în câteva luni (adică efort susținut), nu știu de ce ai vrea să te axezi doar pe asta. Treaba cu plăcerea și cultura sunt din basme cu feți-frumoși. Ăsta e un aspect ce ar trebui accentuat mai mult, să fim încurajați să facem de toate.

Un eveniment interesant. Oare la anul se va mai face? Mă întreb...



Mihai Farmazon

Luni am corectat și stilizat trei texte, un fragment din *Jacob se hotărăște să iubească* de Cătălin Dorian Florescu, un fragment din *Ce față cumplită am* de Cosmin Manolache și un fragment din *Hotelul Universal* de Simona Sora.

Mărți am corectat textele rămase de la studenții din anul II, un fragment din *Efectul Fluture* de Călin Torsan, un fragment din *Ger Blând de 'Femarte'* de Gheorghe Păun Ialomițescu și în final un fragment din *Adult Movies Live Show* de Alex Tocilescu.

Miercuri am corectat textele colegilor din anul I, comparând traducerile lor cu traducerile corectate înainte pentru a identifica dificultățile și problemele de traducere, apoi am tradus câteva fragmente de text pe care le-am schimbat între noi și am făcut retroversiunea fragmentelor respective.

Joi am fost la Muzeul Național al Literaturii Române unde am scris o scurtă poveste despre un obiect pierdut. Cei șase poeți britanici au recitat o mică parte din poeziile lor.

Vineri am continuat exercițiul început cu o zi înainte, am citit și am recitat "One Art" de Elizabeth Bishop, apoi am luat parte la o discuție despre traduceri literare.

Sâmbătă am participat la *The Fever*, un one-woman show cu actrița Simona Măicănescu, un one-woman show de excepție, o lecție de actorie, un spectacol despre întrebările apăsătoare ale vieții.



Foto: Mihail Cratofil

Andreea Florescu

8 mai – facem cunoștință cu Joan Michelson. După prezentări, trecem direct la treabă. Joan este o persoană foarte meticuloasă, dorește să iasă totul cât mai bine, așa că oferă o variantă de traducere numai după ce s-a asigurat că a înțeles în totalitate textul original. Se dovedește însă și puțin prea critică, deoarece tinde să intervină cam prea mult în reorganizarea structurii inițiale a textului sursă. Deși în limba română, mult mai puțin sintetică decât limba engleză, sunt prezente multe cuvinte, ba chiar expresii întregi, care par redundante la o primă vedere, netraducerea lor aduce cu sine pierderea unor nuanțe importante pentru o mai bună conturare a atmosferei textului sursă. Prin urmare, atât noi, studenții, cât și dumneai am înțeles că anumite compromisuri sunt necesare, în vederea obținerii unei traduceri cât mai fidele.

9 mai – până la sfârșitul celei de-a doua zile de lucru reușim să terminăm (deja!) tot ce aveam de făcut; între timp, ajungem să ne înțelegem mai bine metodele de lucru, iar colaborarea se dovedește a fi una cât se poate de satisfăcătoare, spre beneficiul ambelor tabere.

10 mai – Joan ne propune un exercițiu interesant: ne împarte în echipe de câte doi și ne cere să traducem în limba română un text scurt, traducerea acestuia urmând să o pasăm unei alte echipe, care trebuie să o traducă din nou în limba engleză. Observăm astfel importanța exprimării și a transpunerii cât mai corecte a conceptelor inițiale, întrucât orice mică abatere poate atrage după sine deformări mai mult sau mai puțin grave ale înțelesului textului sursă, așa cum se prezintă el în formă incipientă.

11 mai – schimbăm sediul ICR pe recent-mutatul Muzeu al Literaturii Române; avem parte de o nouă serie de exerciții, de data aceasta compunerea unui text scurt pe o anumită temă și traducerea lui atât de către autor, cât și de colegul de echipă; după care poeții ne delectează cu recitarea unei selecții de poezii proprii.

12 mai – ultima zi de masterclass se încheie cu o dezbatere amplă în privința traducerii; iau cuvântul invitați de seamă: membri Artlit, profesori universitari, redactori de la edituri importante, traducători literari și nu numai; această ocazie ne oferă tuturor o mai bună înțelegere despre ceea ce presupune munca unui traducător, precum și sacrificiile, financiare pe care trebuie să și le asume de la bun început – sau nu.



Gabriela Focșăneanu

08.05.2017

Atelierele de anul acesta au venit cu multe surprize și experiențe.

Inițial, credeam că nu ne vom înțelege atât de bine cu poeta grupei noastre. Apoi, mi-am dat seama că pur și simplu aveam în față un om cu o personalitate foarte puternică, un om cu o energie de nestăvilit, direct, care merge la țintă. Dacă nu găsește drumul cel bun cu grupul, nu se supără, îl caută singură.

În ceea ce privește organizarea, Joan Michelson dorește ca fiecare student să citească zilnic un fragment din traducerea ce urma a fi stilizată, pentru ca fiecare dintre noi să aibă ocazia să se facă auzit. Am încercat această metodă, dar nu a funcționat, întrucât logica fiecărui text era greu de urmărit. După ce am recurs la cea de-a doua metodă, care efectiv consta în lecturarea și stilizarea unui întreg fragment, am stabilit ca doar studenții din cel de-al doilea an să verifice fragmente. Primul text verificat ne făcuse să credem că stilizarea va dura ceva timp pentru fiecare text în parte. În realitate, așa cum aveam să aflăm curând, stilizarea a durat adunat două zile de atelier.

Nu mă simțeam pregătită să-mi prezint textul din prima zi, deoarece eram destul de emoționată și obosită. Am fost numită să-mi citesc fragmentul și a trebuit să acționez ca atare. La început, am fost nemulțumită, deoarece simțeam că va trebui să elimin detalii importante din fragment. În opinia poetei, acele detalii erau redundante. Am încercat să argumentez cât mai bine importanța acelor detalii și am reușit să găsim un compromis în traducere. După stilizarea fragmentului, am fost rugată să revin a doua zi cu fragmentul rescris. Zis și făcut.

09.05.2017

Sunt multe lucruri de spus. Am în față idei notate pe diferite foi și încerc să (de)scriu (despre) lucrurile care contează cu adevărat când vine vorba de un astfel de eveniment.

Astăzi ne-am bucurat de prezența Doinei Ruști, a Gabrielei Adameșteanu și a lui Nigel Bellingham.

Am început verificarea fragmentelor colegilor din anul I. Acum deja intrasem în ritmul de lucru și îmi crescuse entuziasmul, pentru că știam că după stilizări urmează ceva nou.

Am predat fragmentul rescris în așteptarea unui feedback. Am apreciat foarte mult că Joan a vrut să ne ia fragmentele pentru a le citi în liniște. Îmi și imaginam cum va căuta de zor fragmentele prin maldărul de foi primit de la studenți.

10.05.2017

A venit ziua pe care am calificat-o drept cea mai frumoasă. Am fost împărțiți în șase grupe mixte a câte doi membri, un student de anul I și un student de anul II. Exercițiul a constat în traducerea a șase texte din engleză în limba română și apoi din nou în engleză, în vederea comparării rezultatelor obținute. Pe lângă aceasta, Joan Michelson ne-a ajutat să ne îmbunătățim citirea cu intonație a unui text în limba engleză, respectând ritmul textului și accentuând anumite cuvinte.

Am primit și feedback-ul mult așteptat. Joan avea anumite nelămuriri în ceea ce privea sensul anumitor structuri din textul original, am discutat separat și am clarificat toate aspectele. Am fost mulțumită, pentru că, în cele din urmă, am găsit varianta ideală de traducere.

11.05.2017

Nu mă așteptam să învăț atâtea lucruri noi în câteva ore. Mă bucuram nespus când Joan ne întreba care este etimologia anumitor cuvinte, deoarece reușeam să fac cercetări într-un domeniu care mă pasionează.

Aflați în sediul de pe Calea Griviței al Muzeului Literaturii Române, ne-am continuat activitățile productive. Am lucrat în aceleași grupe mixte, ceea ce a fost un lucru foarte bun, întrucât am colaborat foarte bine cu Alexandra, colega de la anul I. De data aceasta, fiecare scria un fragment în limba română despre un lucru pierdut, fragment care era ulterior tradus atât de autor, cât și de colegul din grupă, iar la final ne consultam în privința traducerii și găseam cea mai bună variantă. Nu am reușit să citim pe loc creațiile, întrucât citirea poemelor invitațiilor a început cu o oră mai devreme.

La citirea poemelor, am avut din nou același fior ca anul trecut datorită redescoperirii poeziei. Avem marele avantaj de a putea reciti aceste poeme dacă și oricând simțim nevoia.

12.05.2017

Am fost și mai emoționată decât în prima zi, deoarece era primul meu contact cu interpretariatul.

În primele două ore, am purtat câteva discuții libere cu Joan, am analizat succint poemul „One Art” de Elizabeth Bishop și am citit fărămă de creativitate așternută ieri pe hârtie. Joan ne-a încurajat să scriem și să ducem la capăt o idee bună. De asemenea, Joan ne-a impresionat, deoarece a oferit fiecărui student din grup o felicitare semnată pe care era scris un poem de Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, pe care

l-a citit și prezentat pe scurt.

În următoarele două ore, a avut loc masa rotundă. Am avut onoarea să fac interpretariat pentru Peter Phillips și Joan Michelson, care au fost foarte binevoitori și recunoscători.

Dezbaterea a fost deschisă și ne-a făcut să înțelegem o parte dintre realitățile cu care se confruntă traducătorii literari din România.

13.05.2017

Succesul săptămânii româno-britanice a fost încununat de one-woman show-ul Simonei Măicănescu. La sfârșitul spectacolului am purtat o conversație cu Joan fără să mă simt judecată și măsurată pentru câte greșeli fac. Am fost încurajată și apreciată.

Deși poate părea greu de crezut, din punct de vedere calitativ aceste 20 de ore s-au simțit întreit, iar din punctul de vedere al intensității s-au simțit ca trei ore. Am tradus, am învățat cum să citim cu intonație, am ajuns la compromis în traducere, am descoperit alteritatea în mod direct. Pe scurt, am cunoscut și am simțit.

Am constatat cu stupeoare că de luni nu mă mai duc la ateliere, dar am rămas în suflet cu bucuria că ceea ce am început noi va fi continuat anul viitor și că în felul acesta, traducătorii, fie ei și începători, se vor face auziți și văzuți.



Anca Francisc

Day 1

Here I am, day 1, in the hall of the Romanian Cultural Institute, waiting to meet my group: my fellow students, year 1 and year 2, and the poet who is going to give us instructions on how to sound more natural in English.

Wendy French has been assigned to our group and I am so happy, because, even though I haven't heard of her work, she seems such a nice person, lighthearted and warm.

We start reading, one by one, the texts of various Romanian writers, translated from Romanian into English, and I am surprised by her patience to understand all the hidden meanings. When something is unclear, we explain to her what the Romanian author wanted to convey.

Day 2

We can hardly wait to begin.

She mentions that it is very important to read the text out loud, to pay attention to intonation in order to be able to spot some mistakes.

I like the fact that we are all involved in this work, we debate a lot, trying to figure out which is the perfect way of expressing different meanings.

Day 3

We became friends. Wendy knows our names by heart, she tries to connect with every single one of us.

After hard work, we are almost done with our texts and she tests our ability to write some prose. She is more than happy with the outcome.

Day 4

We change the location, we move to the Romanian Literature Museum. Here, in a cultural environment, we attempt to translate one of her poems, from Romanian into English, and she praises us a lot for our effort.

Afterwards, we witness a special event: all six poets, reciting in front of us, some of their own poems. We are speechless.

Day 5

We know this outstanding week is about to come to an end. Again, Wendy gives us a task, to depict our special place. She encourages everybody and she offers suggestions.

The minutes flew, the days flew and the moment when we had to say goodbye came. We shared thoughts and presents. She offered us some books in English and we all agreed to give her a present, a beautiful "ie". Wendy was overwhelmed by our attention and she gave us a surprise, wearing it on the last night, at the closing ceremony, where Simona Maicanescu offered us an amazing show, one-woman show, *The Fever*.

For me, it has been an interesting experience, we have learnt many things. We have discovered that they, the English, are not so keen on using many adjectives or adverbs. Although we use a lot of "-ing" forms, she pointed out that in English they are not so common. We could try to avoid them by replacing them with Simple Tenses. Sentences, in their opinion, must be clear and shorter, so the meaning shouldn't be lost. Therefore, when the sentence is too long and too ambiguous, we should use "full stops" more often.

Apart from these technical details, we have learnt about patience, passion, warmth, modesty and tolerance.

Thank you, Wendy French for this amazing week !

Thank you, Lidia Vianu, for this amazing week !



Mihai Fulgescu

Monday. Getting ready (and this time, there on time) for my second masterclass with British writers, sponsored by various cultural institutions and my phone's alarm clock. I was looking forward to the second "Lidia Vianu's Students Translate", having already participated a year before to the first one. You could say my class and I are veterans in this. This time, fragments of prose from our own degree papers were to be examined by the watchful eyes of our assigned British writer (Joan Michelson in the case of my group) and the other colleagues on the team. After the introductions, we started doing what we had come to do: make sure the texts sound good to a native English speaker.

Tuesday. I'm starting to get the distinct impression that I talk too much. Can't help it, must make jokes. Things seem to be going smoother and faster as opposed to 2016, when the final-year students had poetry for their papers. Now we don't have to worry about rhythm and rhyme. Joan Michelson and us are getting friendlier, joke around, laugh and persist in our quest for glorious translations. And now, MY text is next. No pressure. "Let's see how you did, Mr. Ace," says Joan. "I am seriously considering adopting that name.", says my brain. I did well overall; most of her suggestions were very good and showed me solutions that I had overlooked initially, but no major mistakes. Pretty much every team managed to finish the texts today.

Wednesday. It rained yesterday which, combined with the low temperatures we've had resulted in me freezing to death. We started looking over the fragments that first-year students translated, and proceeded to work on some fragments brought by Joan Michelson. One of them was a dialogue between Scrooge from "A Christmas Carol" and a boy. To spice things up, Joan proposed to act it a few times (just verbally, no need to get up). At first I played the narrator, but she wanted a more passionate Scrooge. Naturally, I was instantly persuaded by cosmic forces to offer my many talents. Despite the success, nobody invited me to Hollywood afterwards.

Thursday. Today's session was held in a new location, the National Museum of Romanian Literature. We finished working on the remaining texts and played a little writing game. We each had to make a very short story in Romanian about something or someone we lost. Then we had to translate our own story into English. Then we had to switch the original with a partner and translate theirs into English. Then obviously we had to get our text back from them. It was a fun exercise. Afterwards we got together in rows to listen to the British writers read some of their

poetry. Joan Michelson and Wendy French provided sad feelings, Graham Mummery and Peter Phillips brought some smiles on our faces and Anne Stewart and Maggie Sawkins balanced the situation. Perfect harmony.

Friday. Back to the Romanian Cultural Institute, where we read our stories from yesterday. I think you know by now that mine was funny. As Graham Mummery would put it, my inner narcissist was pleased; my outer narcissist declared it. Afterwards, the writers were to look over poems created by the students after yesterday's meeting in order to have them published together for the masterclass anthology. Some did bring them, some didn't. Unfortunately, I didn't have time to make a poem as I had some work to do with my dad. Fortunately, I made one on the spot in 10 minutes, while Joan was occupied with the others. Unfortunately again, it was basically a dark poem about the devil. Fortunately once more, Joan had no problem with that. I REALLY don't think I should send it.



Mihaela Ghițescu

Day 1

It all began with a short presentation of the British poets.

We already knew the teams and it didn't take long to organise our tables and start working.

Previously, we had been divided into teams of two (people), one from the 1st year and the other one from the 2nd year, and we've been both working on the same text. Students from first year were told to translate half of the text which their colleagues have done, so that there should be two translations of the same text here. It did not happen, I am surprised to see that only my colleague, Maria Rizoïu and myself have followed this rule. The others worked together and produced just one long text.

During the break at noon, I told this to Anne, she was surprised and she decided that Day 2 would begin with Maria's and my translations.

The work was intense but very interesting, Anne asked us to show her our translations from the Romanian text, sometimes Romanian words, trying to see the full meaning and decide if they had been correctly translated.

Day 2 and 3

We continued working on the translated texts.

There have been some interesting conversations regarding translations of idioms.

Day 4

We are guests at *Muzeul Național al Literaturii Române*.

Again, we work in groups, and Anne has come up with an exercise.

We are split, 1st and 2nd year separately and we have to translate a paragraph from Romanian into English.

The Wad

[second fragment, 277 words out of 580 in a single paragraph. In the first fragment, it's late at night in the city. An adult female of unspecified age, has found a fat wad of notes (currency) in the road. She is alone when she finds it. The value of the note is 50 pounds (say, around 270 RON). She is a little confused at the situation she finds herself in and has been going through a variety of scenarios in her mind from the point of view of those who the money may belong to

and what may happen next.]

This is how the road feels. Somewhere between dismissed and hunted down. I'm on the corner of Mill Street and Conduit Street. I am the fancy car shop before the hairdressers' came, before the nouvelle clothes emporium with flimsy jumpers served on platters. It's hours since I put my lights out and closed and some poor soul who came late has just noticed the lost deposit for their second Mercedes. Mercedes! What do they need, then, with a wad of fifties? I'm the wad. The camera's rolling and the runner's taking bets. I'm an office-worker on the town. 'Whey hey! You lot! Look what I found!' We whoop and marvel at it. I'm not a greedy person. I share it out where we stand.

Each team has been given half of the English text and they have been asked to translate it into Romanian. Then, each team took the Romanian translation done by the other team and they had to translate it back into English.

Here is the translation done by our team:

Am ajuns la o răscruce. Undeva între a fi liberă și hăituită. Mă aflu la intersecția dintre strada Mill și strada Conduit. Sunt salonul auto de lux, care a existat înaintea coaforului și a magazinului extravagant de haine moderne, unde pulovere din materiale fine sunt prezentate pe tavă. Sunt ore bune de când am stins luminile și am închis, iar un suflet amărât care a ajuns târziu, abia a observat că și-a pierdut avansul pentru al doilea Mercedes. Mercedes! Atunci la ce le trebuie teancul de bancnote de 50 de lire? Sunt teancul de bancnote. Filmările au început și asistentul de platou adună banii puși la bătaie. Sunt un corporatist ieșit în oraș. „Hei, oameni buni! Uite ce am găsit!” Ne bucurăm și ne minunăm de ceea ce am găsit. Nu sunt o persoană lacomă și îi împart pe loc.

After the break, the six British poets and Mrs. Ioana Ieronim recited some of their poems.

It was a wonderful moment for us.

DAY 5

Back at ICR today. Last day of a wonderful week. Anne has decided to surprise us again. We are writing our own poem or text, we are free to choose.

She is giving us the theme: a character. Someone we have seen and comes back to mind. Her example is funny: A man in a green pijama, smoking in front of the hotel, each morning as they were leaving.

Flash fiction – 100 words:

The man outside the shop

Every morning he takes his place, on the stairs of the shop nearby.

His clothes are dirty, he has a beard that needs a good trim and he looks like a proper homeless person.

He begs for money, never for food. Sometimes he holds a cigarette and a can of beer. He stares at people as they enter or exit the shop, sometimes asking them for money with a hoarse voice.

People from the neighbourhood say that he has a good home and a family that cares for him and feeds him.

So, I wonder, what is his true story?

We exchange gifts: Anne has brought us poetry books, and we got her a bilingual edition of Romanian poetry. She was very happy, she said she really wanted a Romanian book!

In the afternoon we had even more guests from Artlit, British Council and Humanitas Publishing House, some of our professors joined us too and there has been a round table where various subjects have been discussed: translator's work nowadays in Romania, the state of book market, and more.

It was interesting to hear their opinions and some of their conclusions were not very optimistic, to say the least.

It was a great pleasure to have the occasion to take part in this event. I really hope that next year we will have another Masterclass. We worked hard, we shared opinions and we made new friends. It was great!

Thank you Anne Stewart for being so nice and patient.

Thank you Mrs. Vianu for all the hard work and effort!



Foto: Mihail Cratofil

Iolanda Grecu

First day – Un sentiment de nerăbdare plutea în aer. Această zi din cele cinci care vor urma, avea să marcheze un nou punct de dezvoltare personală și educativă în etapa pe care am numit-o „master”. Care era de fapt scopul acestor zile? Activitatea pe care o desfășuram alături de scriitori și de colegi trebuia să ne ajute să stilizăm, să ne lăsăm creativitatea să ia avânt pentru a vedea lumina zilei. Aveam în sfârșit ocazia să o cunosc pe Maggie Sawkins. Am avut o conexiune de la primele cuvinte. Am corectat diverse texte, am făcut schimb de opinii. E incredibil cum într-o grupă, pot fi toate persoanele atât de diferite prin ceea ce simt, gândesc, cunosc. A fost o plăcere să lucrez într-o atmosferă atât de *challenging*.

Second day – Am continuat stilizarea textelor. Terminasem ce am avut, am reluat cele din ziua precedentă și voila, misiune îndeplinită. Ne-am cunoscut mai mult cu Maggie cu această ocazie. Am discutat despre Shakespeare cu directorul British Council. A căpătat un loc important în amintiri acest moment.

Third day – Maggie ne-a citit câteva poezii. Ne-a adus poeziile traduse în română și ne-a rugat să i le traducem în engleză. A fost o provocare, da. Din nou, variante atât de asemănătoare și totuși atât de diferite. Este un sentiment atât de plăcut. Finalul este aproape și îmi pare foarte rău. Poate sună puțin dramatic, dar în viață există acele lucruri de care te desparti foarte greu.

Fourth day – Am petrecut ziua de această dată la Muzeul Național al Literaturii Române. Din nou, am testat creativitatea, dar, de această dată, legată de sentimente. Maggie ne-a îndemnat să facem conexiuni între stări și anumite imagini. Ne-a pus să trecem efectiv prin iubire, ură, dorință, frică și multe altele. A fost un exercițiu strașnic. În a doua parte, adică după pauză, cei șase scriitori ne-au citit din poeziile lor. Maggie m-a emoționat profund. Nu am mai simțit asta de multă vreme.

Fifth day – E ultima zi. Îmi doresc ca ziua de luni care va urma să mă întoarcă la cea care a trecut și să o iau de la capăt. Am scris ghicitori, poezii, ne-am jucat cu multe cuvinte. Maggie ne-a adus și poeziile ei transpuse pe foi cartonate. I-am spus că o voi pune pe a mea în ramă. Și desigur, conferința. A fost sublim până în ultimul minut. Am realizat că în aceste zile am descoperit oameni creativi, profesioniști și dornici să exceleze în ceea ce fac. Am descoperit laturi creative de care eu, una, uitasem. Profesionalismul lui Maggie, stilul ei autentic, întreaga sa ființă au transformat o săptămână într-un vis. O organizare pusă foarte bine la punct până în cel mai mic detaliu și o săptămână plină de culoare, asta a însemnat Masterclass-ul

din acest an. Mă bucur cu adevărat că am putut face parte din acest proiect.



Adriana Grigore

Day 1, 8.05.2017

The place prepared for us – at the Romanian Cultural Institute – was quite nice; our hall was a little smaller than I expected, since I had never been there before, but it was all quite cosy. I didn't actually know any of the poets beforehand, but they seemed very nice and friendly people. There's this kind of mood that you get when you interact with people who are from a different country, but it's hard to explain. It's like a refreshing sort of curiosity, so to say.

Then the actual text analysis started and it was nice that we all felt pretty comfortable. Mrs. Wendy French was very friendly and patient with us, and I think we all liked her. We went through a couple of texts dealing with (variably strange) children, and some dealing with a man prone to philosophical questions, so one could say that we had some sort of variation.

One of the hardest things to translate from one language into another, especially from Romanian into English, in my opinion, is the style and tone of the text. I always thought that Romanian prose has this characteristic style which would be very difficult to convey in English, but I think we were all satisfied with our results, after this first day.

Day 2, 9.05.2017

Today, we tackled a more difficult text. It wasn't difficult because of its narration *per se*, but because of its stylistic choices. It was a short story which began with an especially scientific and factual description of the universe, the galaxy, the Milky way, the planets, and so on, slowly zooming in until it got to the actual setting of the story. I thought this was an interesting approach to the narrative, but we had several difficulties when dealing with the scientific text.

I think that, on this occasion, we had a chance to see the differences between fiction and non-fiction, and how they can both prove difficult in translation. On the one hand, there was not much we could change when it came to the scientific part of the text, because some expressions were coined for their specific fields. On the other hand, there was a lot of research to be done for all these terms, so that they could be used accordingly. It contrasted quite a lot with our approach to fiction, where we have more freedom in terms of style and word choices, but we must be even more careful to follow the original meaning of the text.

Day 3, 10.05.2017

Although longer, prose seems to be somewhat easier to stylise than poetry, and so we were almost done with all our texts today.

I found the ideas and suggestions given by Mrs. French very helpful as, while sometimes there are plenty of different words that come to my mind as I translate, they don't always go through a translation process in my head, so I sometimes end up going by feeling alone when I choose them – a thing that's not usually bad, at least in my case, or so I think, but which makes me miss certain nuances. In the end, I think one of the hardest and most tricky things to master is the ability to make the difference between synonyms – as words are never 100% synonymous – and Mrs. French helped us a lot with these choices today.

Day 4, 11.05.2017

Today we went to a different location, namely to the National Museum of Literature. It was a nice place they had prepared for us, with some statues and well-lit rooms.

Because we were going to have a poetry reading later on in the day, Mrs. Wendy French brought us a Romanian translation of one of her poems. We had to try, in groups, to translate it back into English, and afterwards we'd compare our versions with the original.

It was a quite interesting exercise! We didn't have much time, so we chose to focus more on keeping the meaning of the verses than on analysing and keeping the rhythm. We didn't actually get to look over the original version on this day, but later on we'd observed that there were a few words which I think none of us thought of using, simply because they were less common in the English we were accustomed to – for example, the word "croft", for "small farm".

The poetry reading was lovely. I hadn't had the chance to read poems by these authors beforehand, so most of them were new to me. I always thought that listening to poetry gives one a completely different understanding of a poem than one would get from simply reading it. Here, however, we also had the chance to hear the poets themselves read their own poems, as they had intended them to be read, and it was amazing how many feelings and nuances this gave their writing.

Day 5, 12.05.2017

A shorter day, since we were to have a round table later.

Some of us brought extra texts for us to look over and, thanks to this, we had a

small discussion about the differences of register in Romanian and English. One of our colleagues brought a text in which the narrator talked a lot about the shift from the plural *you* to the singular *you* in his relationships with women, and we wondered whether we ought to keep it like that, or use a more English approach, and change it with the shift from addressing someone by their last name to their first.

It was interesting, moreover, now we had to explain this phenomenon absent in the English language while still talking in English, something I remember being captivated by when I was studying linguistics. One doesn't usually get the chance to analyse their native language so objectively when talking to people who know it too, so this was a novel experience.

Afterwards, we read our own prose or poems, and then Mrs. French gave us another creative writing exercise. At first, it sounded like a simple thing: we had to describe a special place of ours to somebody who had never seen it. I usually don't write about myself or things from my personal experience without hiding it all under several layers of fiction, but I thought I would try now, and it was quite fascinating. I caught myself remembering things I hadn't thought about in a long time, and fearing that I had forgotten others. Everybody's texts were quite emotion-laden and I think this was an exercise which had a good effect on all of us.

Day 6, 13.05.2017

This was the last day of our masterclass and we had the ending ceremony at the National Theatre.

The event started with Wallace Shawn's play, *The Fever*, which I had been meaning to see ever since Ms. Măicănescu first visited us at one of our courses and told us about her process of translating it, and staging it, with the help of Mr. Lars Norén, whom I'd heard of from my Swedish literature courses.

The play was very nice, and something completely different from what I had seen before. Ms. Măicănescu had a special stage presence and I found her mannerisms and gestures utterly authentic, at times enthralling. I could only imagine what a hard task acting in that play must have been, but she did an amazing job, delivering strong messages less through words, and more through feelings. It was amazing, the way in which simple sentences and tones of voice could instil such powerful feelings in somebody.

Afterwards, we had a sort of reception with wine and home-made sweets, which was also lovely. Our group had one last talk to Mrs. Wendy French, to ask her about her experience here as a whole and to thank her for all her patience with us and

our works. It was a very interesting experience, and I personally look forward to seeing or hearing from her again.



Denisse Grigore

Day 1

First day came with many emotions for me.

I was very anxious to meet the poets. Everything was very well organized: good food, nice atmosphere and most important – wonderful people.

We were introduced to the poets and then we split into six groups. I was assigned to Ms. Anne Stewart's group – a very nice Scottish lady. We began to correct our translations.

Day 2

Second day came along with new experiences. No more emotions this time. We continued our work and tried together to get the best solutions for our translations. After the lunch break, one of the writers, Doina Rusti joined us. It was a unique experience as we were able to share our ideas with her. She helped us to better understand the text and, finally, we got to the best translation.

We had the poet (who helped 'abrade' the translation) and the writer. What else could we ask for? Nothing.

Day 3

We finished our translations during the third day. We had time to ask questions and to find out some interesting things. For example, we discussed a lot on the topic *expressions*. There are many idioms in Romanian which do not have an English translation. For "*A apuca pe Dumnezeu de un picior*", there is no English equivalent. When translating this idiom, we might adapt it to the context.

Day 4

I get off to a bad start. I went to the wrong address and I missed the first 30 minutes. Luckily, I arrived just when my colleagues started the translation. We had a nice task – we had to translate a text working in group. It was very helpful for all of us, as we worked in a team and we realized that working in a team is easier than working alone. We shared our ideas and we made a very good translation in the end.

Day 5

We had another different task. Each of us had to write a poem or a short prose

text, starting from some verses. Here is what I wrote:

Asylum

Boredom rusts my mouth, shrivels my tongue. It's 1000 days since I've been here. Same people every day, same white sheets and same wall. The food never varies; I mark off my days by the menu I have never been offered. Is this life or just a course? I lay my head on the cushion. I close my eyes. Memories are fading away. I see a light. The door opens. Wake up grandpa, we're going home. (World View – Brian Docherty).

The masterclass was a unique experience for me. We had the opportunity and the honour to meet exceptional, friendly and nice people from whom we learnt a lot. They helped us to better understand how to translate and to work in a team.

I wish I could repeated this experience.



Foto: Mihail Cristofil

Mihaela Grigore

8 May 2017, 10 a.m.

The Romanian Cultural Institute

My colleagues and I were excited to meet the six poets, who had arrived from England to verify excerpts from our dissertation. My group worked with Joan Michelson, a lady with a great personality. When we started the course, Joan looked at us and wanted to know our names. We introduced ourselves and then my colleague Iulia, who is more determined, wanted to begin. Joan verified Iulia's excerpt and asked for our opinion. My colleague's translation was very well done, but the Romanian text was a bit ambiguous. Joan advised us to look for as many synonyms as possible, and to explain the sentences that are equivocal. As future translators, we owe that to the reader. The first day of workshop passed quickly: we were tired, but spiritually richer.

9 May 2017, 10 a.m.

The Romanian Cultural Institute

Today Joan verified my excerpt; while I read the text I was nervous, afraid not to make mistakes. Joan changed a sentence from my excerpt. I have translated the sentence in the following way: "Your freedom has made you lose your marbles?" And Joan said: "Has your freedom turned you mad?" Joan changed the sentence in a simple way. Just as she had said yesterday, that we owe to the reader a simple and concise text. Joan was curious and wanted to find out more about the Romanian writers whom we translated. Joan was impressed by Simona Sora's works, which she liked very much. Thanks to this masterclass, our writers will be known by the English poets. At the end of the day, Joan told us that we deserve a star, because we are friendly, and she made our day brighter with her words.

10 May 2017-10 a.m.

The Romanian Cultural Institute

It was raining outside. I imagined that I was in England, because the weather was exactly like in England. Joan came and said that today she wanted us to work in pairs, the first and second years together. She made us a surprise and brought texts to

translate from English into Romanian and vice versa. Then she checked the translations. This exercise helped us to learn more synonyms. We also read the texts aloud. It was a fragment from "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens, which a colleague of mine read aloud and he imitated Scrooge so well that we all laughed. Joan advised us to recite with intonation, to feel the text before we recite. Although it rained we had a sunny day, thanks to Joan and the workshop.

11 May 2017, 10 a.m.

The National Museum of Literature

Today the workshop took place in another location, at the National Museum of Literature. It's a beautiful and relaxing place, where you can read peacefully. Joan's idea for our course was touching. She did an exercise with us. The exercise was the following: we had to write a fragment in Romanian about something we had lost, and our mate had to translate the fragment into English. We all have probably lost something at some point. After our break, the six poets recited their poems, and through them they revealed a piece of their souls. It was an emotional moment. I'm happy that I had the chance to meet such wonderful people.

12 May 2017, 10 a.m.

The Romanian Cultural Institute

Today was the last day of the masterclass. Joan made me and my colleagues a present, a long-lasting memory: she gave us one of her poetry books. Then we read the fragment that contained our losses. It was a moving moment, because one of my colleague had lost a loved one, and he wrote about him. Then we read Elizabeth Bishop's poem „One Art”, and her losses, from unimportant things to the loss of the poet's lover. Joan also read four poems written by her, dedicated to the refugees from Lybia. The course ended with the regret that the workshop lasted too little. At the end of the workshop, we participated in a discussion about the future of literary translation, and our professional future as graduates of the MA Programme for the Translation of the Contemporary Literary Text.

13 May 2017, 8 p.m.

The National Theatre

The closing ceremony took place at the Bucharest National Theatre. The six

British poets, the British ambassador to Romania, the Director of British Council Romania, the head of the English Department, the graduates of the MA Programme for the Translation of the Contemporary Literary Text were all invited by Simona Măicănescu. Simona Măicănescu's play *The Fever* was so moving that it made me wonder why there were social classes in the world and why we paid so much attention to them. When we die we are all equal, or at least I'd like to believe we are. Thank you, professor Lidia Vianu, for the chance given to me. I will never forget it. I'm proud to be a graduate of this MA Programme.



Elena Iorga

Jurnal de bord

Ziua I

Îmbarcarea

Cuvântul cheie al primei zile de atelier este *emoție*. La fel ca anul trecut pășesc pe treptele Institutului cu emoții și cu speranța că totul va ieși cum nu se poate mai bine. Și așa s-a și întâmplat.

După ce ne-au fost prezentați cei șase poeți, îmi cunosc coechipierii cu care voi porni la drum. Zis și făcut, am ridicat pânzele și am pornit spre aventură. Timizi și cu vocile tremurânde ne prezentăm pe rand, ocazie care îmi oferă prilejul să aflu câte ceva despre colegii mei.

Ștefan sparge gheața... primul text pe care îl șlefuiim este un fragment din *Disco Titanic*... Minutele se scurg iar noi ne lăsăm acaparați de poveste, încercăm împreună cu poetul nostru, Graham Mummery, să găsim expresii, sinonime care să sune cât mai bine și natural în contextul respectiv, dar totodată acesta primește informații de natură istorică, muzicală, literară etc. cu privire la această operă și nu numai. Cu aceeași ardoare urmărim și partea tradusă de Ramona, dar și textul ușor filosofic al Denisei.

Ziua se încheie rapid, orele s-au scurs pe nesimțite, iar satisfacția informațiilor strânse, dar și a muncii depuse este cel mai de preț dar primit.

Ziua II

Apele liniștite sunt adânci

Încetul cu încetul emoțiile se risipesc... cuvântul cheie de astăzi este *provocare*. Iar această provocare vine din partea Irinei și a Floriane Ilis, autoarea pe care a ales să o reprezinte. Textul său cu influențe japoneze ne pune la încercare creativitatea și acuratețea exprimării. Timpul trece iute, iar după pauză cea care urmează sunt eu. Textul meu, la fel ca al Irinei, ne face să dăm tot ce e mai bun pentru a putea transpune în limba engleză povestea pogromului de la Iași. Poetul nostru devine din ce în ce mai interesat de poveștile din spatele textelor alese de noi, de istoria și orice fel de referință care are legătură cu ceea ce înseamnă poporul român.

Ziua III

Potopul

O nouă zi, un nou început! Tot entuziasmul dispare atunci când ies din casă și simt cum o ploaie rece și deasă acaparase tot Bucureștiul. Dar încerc să fiu optimistă,

se spune că ploaia aduce noroc. Odată ajunsă la Institut, mă bucur că am scăpat de vremea de afară, dar și să îmi revăd colegii. Cuvântul cheie de astăzi este *creativitate*. După ce terminăm și textul Andradei, poetul nostru ne recită câteva versuri dintr-o poezie ce îi aparține, iar mai apoi alegem câteva cuvinte la întâmplare pe care le-am folosit în creațiile noastre.

Ziua IV

O nouă expediție

Cuvântul cheie al zilei de joi este *armonie*. Întreaga activitate de astăzi s-a desfășurat la Muzeul Literaturii, unde am avut parte de aceeași atmosferă primitoare și plină de entuziasm. O zi în care bucuria și emoția au plutit în aer. Cei șase poeți ne-au oferit prilejul să îi ascultăm recitându-și poemele, creațiile lor de suflet, unele pline de umor, altele pline de o încărcătură emoțională fragilă și pline de sensibilitate. A fost ziua în care orice barieră lingvistică a dispărut.

Ziua V

La Orizont se ivește țărnuțul

Aventura noastră este pe sfârșite, iar cuvântul care reușește să definească cel mai bine această zi este *nostalgie*. Ne aducem creațiile și ni le prezentăm în fața colegilor și a poetului cu care am lucrat, practic ne așternem pe hârtie o parte din sufletele noastre. Suntem bucuroși de ceea ce am reușit să învățăm pe parcursul acestor cinci zile. La sfârșitul zilei schimbăm zâmbete, adrese de e-mail, dar dezbatem și anumite subiecte de interes pentru noi, masteranzii acestui program. Întreaga dezbatere este posibilă cu ajutorul invitaților, care au încercat să ne ofere cele mai sincere și folositoare răspunsuri.

Întreaga călătorie avea totuși să se încheie o zi mai târziu, sâmbătă, odată cu *The Fever*, spectacolul de excepție pus în scenă de grațioasa și talentata actriță Simona Măicănescu. O piesă interesantă cu un subiect pe măsură, o piesă care a reușit să strângă laolaltă studenții, poeții și toți colaboratorii care au făcut posibilă această săptămână, și cărora le mulțumim că ne-au sprijinit.



Foto: Mihail Cratofil

Iulia Istode

Day one: Most of us were skeptical, wondering why we were doing this and what we were going to do all for full five days. We get to meet Peter Phillips. If this experience was worth anything, meeting him was it. We get to know each other and then we start polishing the translations. We polished, we discussed, but in the end, not knowing the real meaning of the Romanian text made the poet's work really hard and sometimes the English version and the Romanian one ended up not having much in common. It was challenging though to explain the Romanian text to the poet and to see him trying to find fitting words for the translations.

Day two: We keep on with stylistically improving the texts. Mostly we try to explain to the poet the real meaning of the Romanian text and the context.

Day three: The final day for brushing up the texts. Mostly the activity consists in finding synonyms for the words in the translated texts. We read and re-read some texts. We learn about some words we use often but that are not often used by the native speakers.

Day four: We spent the day at MNLR. Having finished polishing up the texts, we do some creative writing exercises. We have read 2 poems brought by the author, discussed them and then played some games. For the second part of the day, the poets read some of their poems.

Day five: It was a nice and interesting experience. We start the day by reading our own poems. Then we are asked to write 2 other poems based on some words or rules the author made up. It was more entertaining than I expected. The day is over and the author shares with us his thoughts about this week. It was really amazing meeting the poets. However I remain skeptical regarding the Masterclass, seeing sometimes so many texts where the Romanian version and the English one ended up not having much in common.



Miruna Istrate

The Masterclass was a wonderful experience for me. I looked forward to it with excitement and I was not disappointed. Having the opportunity to meet new people, people who are writers and are native speakers of the language that I have been learning for so many years, was what made this event alluring to me.

During the first two days of the Masterclass, we spent our time working on the fragments that we translated from Romanian into English. I found it really interesting how a text can change under the perspective of a native speaker who did not even know the original text. As a beginner, I sometimes find it difficult to find my words even with the original text next to me. Seeing how the writer I worked with, Maggie Sawkins, was able to bring changes to my translation by only seeing the text in English and with some explanations from us, made me realize the need of not only knowing a language as you learn it, from textbooks, but knowing the language as part of your daily life.

On the following day, I met with the challenge of creating something myself. We had a brainstorming kind of exercise, creative writing, where we were given a word with which to form a sentence. Having to create something on the spot was a challenge and it was a really good experience for me as I had the opportunity of creating something myself and not only working with someone else's writing.

The next day, we talked about similes in poetry, prose and everyday language. Later on, the poets read some of their work to us. I had a good time listening to them, as they were introducing us to their work, work which, I must admit, I hadn't heard about before.

On the last day of the Masterclass, we were challenged with a new exercise – riddle poems. We had to create a riddle in the form of a poem, whose answer was a word we were randomly given. It was really interesting, writing these poems as we had to write them in such a manner that the answer would not be too obvious and not too opaque.

For me the Masterclass was a good experience, it taught me how to work better with translation and it gave me the opportunity of meeting great persons and learning from them.



Alexandra Ivan

I. 08.05.2017

The first day of the Masterclass left me pleasantly surprised. We spent the better part of an hour going over a text containing a lot of unknown words—in both Romanian and English, in some cases—related to ships and their components. We debated and researched whether or not the Romanian “hambar” could be referring to a ship’s hull in that particular context, or if it was a warehouse situated underneath the deck, or even perhaps a boat house outside the ship. We settled on hull for the time being, but if we have the time we’re going to go over the texts once more before the week is up, after we’ve let the information sink in. It’s always difficult to translate a fragment taken out of its context, we’re always unsure at the beginning of each and every new one, until we get our bearings. Some things, though, we’ve left for another time. The text about the ship seemed to pose the biggest issues. There are so many things we do not know about how they operate, how people live within them. They are perhaps more alien to us than distant cultures. For example, there’s an excerpt in a text (the ship text, yet again), about a TV getting thrown about in its confines by the waves. We’ve yet to figure out if it was tied to keep it from ripping itself out of the socket, or if it was held in place by the cord itself, and with each rocking movement of the ship it tugged on the power cord.

II. 09.05.2017

Today we finished with the remainder of the texts. We spent the better part of an hour trying to make sense of a text written from the perspective of a dog. The words are sometimes confusing, and we would oftentimes agree on the translation of a sentence, only to return to it five minutes later to modify it. We went over mine as well, and compared my translation to the one done by the second year student in my team. There weren’t that many differences, mostly of nuance that depended on the voice of the narrator, and we quickly finished retouching it. We’re quickly getting used to voicing our opinions and suggestions. It’s weird how words we thought fit in certain contexts turn out to have a subtler meaning to them that distances them from the intended effect. To the ears of the native speaker of English they sound like they do not fit, even if we can’t think of any other words that would fit there better.

III. 10.05.2017

We're going over the Romanian translation of our poet's poem, *Zones of Avoidance*. There are certain words and phrases we would have translated differently, that we think somehow shift the meaning of the lines. 'Cluck' is obviously mistranslated, as it refers to quitting cold turkey rather than 'going to look for drugs' as it was translated in the poem. Another issue we found in that poem was how 'in search of a fix' was translated. We asked our poet, and she agreed with us that 'a fix' refers only to the next dose of drugs, and not looking for drugs in general.

The creative writing exercises were a nice break from checking the translations, and we had fun reading what each of us have come up with after we were given three random words to use in creating a sentence. Some of us struggled to write within those limits, but it was fun and easy-going, and somehow this moment ended up being the highlight of my week.

IV. 11.05.2017

Today we did creative writing exercises again, but in a different setting, at the National Museum of Literature, as opposed to the Romanian Cultural Institute. The people there were just as warm and welcoming, trying their best to create an environment suited for our endeavor. The poets then read their poems, one by one, and they were all so well written and expressive, by the end of it I was both awestruck and inspired to start writing poems myself. Some of them were humorous and easy, while others hung like lead with emotion.

V. 12.05.2017

Today we checked poems written and translated by us. I regret not bringing a piece of my own writing to have it read by the others. Not many brought their creations in my group, some saying that translating them would have altered them too much. The few that did though, all brought beautiful poems.

In today's writing exercise we're writing riddles, and we're all laughing and trying to think what the other has written about. We also wrote one together, which we will add to the poetry/prose volume.

Later on, there was a round table discussion about the rights of translators, about how we could increase the quality of translations and how necessary it is to have a native speaker go over the translations we make in the target language.

VI. 13.05.2017

The last day of the translation workshop. We were kindly invited to the

National Theatre of Bucharest to watch Simona Măicănescu's one-woman show, *The Fever*, a wonderful play, written by Wallace Shawn. The play dealt with the guilt-ridden conscience of an American from the upper class, who realizes that the hierarchy of society is arbitrary and struggles to come to terms with the guilt that ensues from her previous actions, which she tries and fails to motivate in a logical manner. It was beautifully emotional, and the play will stay with me for a long time. Afterwards we had a reception where we were offered wine and cakes, and had a chance to speak to our colleagues, our professors, and to say goodbye to our poets. It was a lovely evening I doubt I will ever forget. I am looking forward to repeating this experience next year. It was definitely an enjoyable challenge and opportunity, and I am eternally grateful that I was able to take part in this experience.



Iulia Karaca

Luni:

În prima zi a *Masterclass*-ului am făcut cunoștință cu poeta Joan Michelson, cea cu care vom lucra în următoarele cinci zile. Poeta Joan Michelson s-a născut în Boston, dar acum locuiește în Londra. Ea a publicat atât poezii cât și proză, dar a fost și profesoară la câteva universități din Marea Britanie.

În prima zi a atelierului am început cu corectarea fragmentului din disertația mea. Am petrecut câteva ore bune lucrând la el deoarece a fost un text lung și greu, iar îndrumătoarea noastră și-a dorit să obținem cel mai bun rezultat pentru ca cititorul englez să poată înțelege perfect textul.

Marti:

Atelierul continuă și noi continuăm să corectăm textele colegilor mei și a celor din anul întâi. Doamna Michelson acordă multă atenție în egală măsură tuturor textelor și sensurilor.

Miercuri:

După ce am terminat textele pe care le pregătisem, doamna Michelson ne-a pregătit un exercițiu foarte interesant: ne-a împărțit pe echipe de câte doi, un student din anul întâi cu unul din anul doi și ne-a dat câteva texte în engleză pe care ne-a rugat să le traducem în română. Traducerea noastră am dat-o unei alte perechi de studenți care a tradus-o înapoi în engleză. La final, după ce am terminat toate textele pe care le adusesese, am comparat traducerile noastre în engleză cu originalul, subliniind diferențele din traduceri.

Joi:

În acesastă zi ne-am desfășurat activitatea la Muzeul Național al Literaturii Române. Pentru această zi doamna Michelson ne-a pregătit un alt exercițiu, de această dată unul de *creative writing*: să compunem un paragraf despre ceva ce am pierdut, fie el persoană, animal de companie sau obiect. Ulterior, partenerul nostru din ziua precedentă a tradus textul în engleză și noi ne-am tradus propriul text în engleză.

După acest exercițiu, poeții englezi care ne-au ajutat în toate aceste zile au recitat câteva dintre poeziile lor.

Vineri:

În ultima zi a atelierului am citit paragrafele pe care le-am scris cu tema *Something I've lost* și am primit laudele doamnei Michelson pentru lucrările noastre.

Apoi ne-a citit câteva dintre poeziile ei ce urmează să fie publicate peste puțin timp. Temele poeziilor din cartea ce va fi lansată sunt de actualitate: refugiații și comunitatea *gay*.

După încheierea atelierului, am participat la masa rotundă organizată pentru a se discuta diferite aspecte ale vieții de traducător literar.

În concluzie, simt că a fost o săptămână productivă, în care am aflat și învățat multe lucruri pe care nu le știam și am avut ocazia să lucrez cu o autoare și o persoană minunată.



Foto: Mihail Cratofil

Alexandra Leonte

8 May, 2017. I wake up at 8 a.m. to make sure I get to the Romanian Cultural Institute by ten. It's almost an hour's drive. I am definitely not a morning person so waking up at such an early hour doesn't bring me much joy. I resent the morning traffic so much. It always makes me question the human kind. Forgot to mention that the Waze application went crazy during my journey and carried me on an off-road route. I feel so grumpy right now, I wish I could go back to bed. Mom always says I sleep too much. Could I be suffering from narcolepsy? I've always wondered.

However, I was having the sweetest dream when the alarm brutally snatched me out of bed. I also have a cold which causes me to blow my nose constantly. What can be more annoying than a constantly runny nose during courses? You can't even blow your nose properly in that uncomfortable silence.

Finally, I reach my destination. Before I got there, I was so grumpy I didn't believe there was anything in the world that could make me feel any better. Surprisingly, seeing the smiling faces of my colleagues immediately fills me up with joy and I forget about my moodiness. I love being around positive people and they are exactly that kind of people. I take a place next to my friends and wait for the formal introduction to begin. Everyone is smiling. This positive energy is contagious so I myself become eager to see what this event is about.

Ms Vianu introduces the six poets. Oh, God, they all seem so friendly and nice! I've never met a poet before. Hope I won't say anything silly during the following days. I already feel an incredible appreciation for them and I wouldn't like to embarrass myself.

The poet assigned to my group is Joan Michelson. She is American. I feel like I hit the jackpot since I'm obsessed with anything American. She's from Boston although I could have sworn she's from the West Coast since people from the West Coast are much warmer and she's exactly like them. I wonder if there is any connection between the weather and people's characters? Could it be the sun warming up their hearts? My stay in the US was too short to reach a conclusion. Enough with that. The Masterclass has officially started. Our 2nd year colleagues begin reading their translations. They're surprisingly good and I feel that Joan is happy to hear such good literature. Three texts are read and corrected during the first day. I did not expect it to go that fast but my colleagues' command of English is good so there's no need to insist

on their texts. You can already tell who the brightest kids are. I will not name them here since this is not the purpose of my diary. Just kidding. I forgot their names. I'm utterly bad at remembering names.

Joan is great, I love her energy, I love the way she explains everything making sure we all understand. She is so kind you can see it in her eyes, in the way she talks and moves. There's no mean bone in her body. There should be more people like her in the world.

We had a lunch break and we were served pasta and all sorts of snacks. That helped. I was really hungry. The course comes to an end. It amazes me how time flies when you enjoy yourself.

The second day. I wake up surprisingly easy today. I'm still sick, but Joan is too so that makes me feel a little more comfortable. It sounds sadistic but that's not the point. It just makes my runny nose feel a little bit better. I am glad I have to go to the Masterclass today. I am glad I'll see Joan and my colleagues again. That's quality time. I'm so excited to spend my mornings with an American poet. I told all my friends about it. Boasted a little bit. Couldn't help. Even my long drive from Prelungirea Ghencea all the way to the Romanian Cultural Institute is pleasant. Weather helps too. It's such a pleasant morning. I keep repeating the word pleasant and I can feel how annoying it becomes but I really want to emphasize the pleasantness of that day, set the mood, you know. I feel the whole experience turning into a pleasant routine. We changed tables today so my group is on the left side of the scene now. I liked it better when we were near the entrance. It doesn't matter. Joan says she would prefer us to move somewhere more quiet. There's no such place. Three of our 2nd year colleagues read their texts so we've almost finished correcting the translations. But they were read only by the second years and this is not okay. We all have to read our texts and have them corrected. Shh... I realize I forgot my handouts. I feel so ashamed to tell Joan this, but I have to since it's my turn to read. She doesn't get upset and shows a lot of understanding. It's all okay, we'll correct my text tomorrow. Such a nice person. I would like to be more like the kind of person she is but I can't. I launch myself into a short introspection but it can't last long since we have to correct our colleagues' texts. I promise myself to continue the self-analysis after the course. I guess you can imagine this never happened. Joan says tomorrow she'll bring us some texts to translate and it will be interesting. So I can't wait for tomorrow. I feel ashamed that I resented waking up for the Masterclass on the first day. This is an incredible experience. I really do enjoy myself. When I get home I'll tell Monique and Levi, my friends from San

Francisco, about it. They're both Princeton graduates so I'm sure they will appreciate this kind of cultural activity.

The third day was one of my favorites ! Joan brought us six English texts and we had to pair up with a 2nd year student. So the exercise went like this: each team was given three English texts to translate into Romanian, then we had to give them to the team next to us and vice versa. Then we had to translate their Romanian text into English. It was so fun to see what everyone came up with. We all had to read our texts and Joan would decide whether there was any connection left to the original text after being translated. It was really fun. Good job, Joan!

It's Thursday. Today we have to go to the National Museum of Romanian Literature. That's closer to home so I get to sleep a little longer. I don't know why I don't feel tired. I mean, this is a person who can't wake up early in the morning more than two days in a row without feeling extremely tired. Not to mention that I didn't get my usual nap during the afternoon. My cold is still there, unbothered, continuing to torment me. But today I also have a doctor appointment. I can't wait to get proper medication. I feel that my condition has been getting a lot worse. Not to mention that I'm a hypochondriac. You can imagine what's been going through my mind all this time. And if you can't, then don't!

I've never been to the National Museum of Romanian Literature. A nice lady tells us we can come here any time we want, even have our courses here. Do I use too many unnecessary commas? Joan said she saw a pattern in our translations: too many commas. Guess our native Romanian language is to blame. A lot of group pictures today. Joan doesn't like that sort of thing. She would rather spend the whole time with us. Some people are meant for teaching. She is meant to be a professor. And an artist. I mean, she looks so bohemian. I haven't read any of her poems yet. I knooow how this sounds but all the poets will read some of their poems after the break so it's okay. Sorry, Joan, promise I will read more of your work!

I feel that all the other poets are a little embarrassed by the official photo shoot. They are all artists, genuine bohemians so they don't enjoy the formality of today.

After the break, Ms Vianu announces that the poets are going to read some of their poems. I feel bad for Ms Vianu, you know, the way people responded to her Masterclass project was so not okay. She did this for us, I hope everyone realized that in the end. She really did a great job and I would really like to thank her for this experience. Hope I'll get the chance. It really meant a lot for me, being able to work

with native speakers. And, you know, it also brought me closer to my colleagues. I really did feel bad when people wrote those mean emails accusing her of "stealing" their free time. Ignorants. I remember why I resent the human kind. It all comes back to me, people who like to be mean, who like to insult, who like to hurt others, who get a sick pleasure from other people's pain, people who feed on negative energy. Shoo, go away, universal truth of human kind. It's not the time to think about you. I have to pay attention to the poems.

Joan is the first to read. This has taken her by surprise and she's a little confused, but she doesn't let it show. I only know it because she told us afterwards. Her poems are sad, they are about old people, sick people, cancer, hospitals, death. Now I understand that constant sadness in her eyes. Even when she smiles, it's still there. Losing your loved one to cancer is awful. I lost my 15-years-old dog to cancer last month and I'm still heartbroken so I can empathize with her. There's a constant pain you feel and it just never seems to go away. I once heard that for one to truly be a poet, he or she must bear a permanent sadness in their heart. Does sadness really make you poetic ?

I loved Maggie Sawkins' poem about the family dinner she wished she could relive. It brought tears to my eyes as my childhood flashed before my eyes, our family dinners, that energy, that inner peace I can't go back to, all while her penetrating voice uttered those meaningful lines. It's sad we can't relive moments that seemed so random in the past. I can't remember the name of the poem but I wish I knew it because it really meant a lot to me. However, it all ended on a happy note with Peter Phillips' poems about flowers and plum brandy.

On Friday, we had to read our stories about a thing we lost in the past. Forgot to mention we had to write those on Thursday but didn't actually get to read them because the poems' reading took a while. So we had to write a story about a thing we lost and we had to write it in Romanian, then give it to our 2nd year colleague to translate into English, but we had to translate our story ourselves in the end, anyway. Therefore, on Friday we all read our own story. I wrote about the time I lost my car. Well, I didn't actually lose it, just failed to see it because it was parked between two large SUVs but it was a pretty funny story. There were a lot of funny stories in the group, a lot of people lost their wallets apparently, and obviously, a lot of people lost their pets. I couldn't write about my dog. That would hurt too much. But I thought about her because she's the most painful loss I've experienced so far. Then we had to write a poem, which I failed to do because I am so bad at poetry. I'll try to write one anyway.

After the break there was a conference where some of our University professors participated, an editor and our poets. I didn't find the conference interesting because they discussed problems I already knew about, so it was kind of useless. Something that really did upset me is that when the poets had to say a few words, Joan was interrupted by Mr Phillips and she never actually got to say her words. I am sorry for that, Joan. She was really upset about it and I myself was, too. It was not okay! Someone should supervise that and make sure they all get the chance to talk! It's really annoying to be interrupted like this and no one likes it! Justice has been partially served for you, Joan.

And here we are, at the National Theatre of Bucharest on Saturday. I came with my mom since she loves theatre so much. Simona Măicănescu was absolutely brilliant in *The Fever*. Oh my God. It sends chills down my spine when I think about it. Amazing actress and amazing performance. Such a good English accent. I've always thought that monologues are difficult but she nailed it!

I really did enjoy this week. I would like to thank Ms Vianu and the poets for this experience.

A suggestion would be to have one competitive activity, a poem or a text produced by each group that would be judged by a committee and the winning one would be awarded an honorific prize like a diploma or something.



Ștefan Mălaimare

Day 1

It's the first day of the masterclass. At the Romanian Cultural Institute we meet Graham Mummery, who's our group leader. Most of us actually only barely know each other and (looking back) this has been a wonderful opportunity to meet fresh talent in translation (our MA programme has quite a large student body). I get to start, which is stressful, but I feel that I do a good job at including everybody. Again, as it turns out, it was necessary to get feedback from my peers, as the "native" doesn't have the ability of spotting initial translation mistakes (this, again retrospectively, ties in nicely with the debate on Day 5 about translation pals and native stylists). I get the chance to walk the poets to Mircea Dinescu's restaurant in the old town and tell them where to look as we're passing along landmarks in a hurry. I've never looked at this city so attentively.

Day 2

I call out our poet for constantly taking out possibly superfluous articles here and there. He's guilty as charged. Some take-aways from our workshop: 'drains *one* of all power' is quite formal and one should usually use the pronoun *you*. You're not really *all tense*, but rather *tense all over*. When you take somebody's hand tenderly, you *grasp* it. She doesn't do *that* every time, quite irritatingly, but rather does *it*. The echo of the last syllable *fades away* rather than *goes out*, a country has *inhabitants* rather than *dwellers*, you can be *feeling like you had just woken up*, but it's fine if it *feels like...* You pull *at* something if you need to pull it *down*. The dead are *numbers* or *statistics* rather than *figures*. One cries with *sobs* rather than *hiccups*. Gazes are better said to be *unsettling* or *searing* or to *cut down someone* rather than *unsparing*. One can *guess at* another's confusion. And finally, people meet *up*. Of course, this should all be taken in the context of the texts we checked.

We have a chance to tour the Romanian National Theatre and the experience is marvellous. The world of the stage is fascinating and being behind the scenes is a natural and important experience for a theatre/moviegoer.

Day 3

We work on some more translations and do a creative writing exercise which I want to do with my ESL students who are teenagers. Starting a text with a list of words

is a constraint that can breed much creativity just like the constraint of form in poetry can help. What sets Graham's work apart from ours is the way he reads it (not with too much affectation but with great care and not abashedly) and the fact that he keeps it short, has real people (not just feelings) and a catch, all in a few lines. Some of the texts produced today, but also the following day when some brave students brought original works, remind me of the Shakespearean Sonnet 130. I am surprised, when I read that piece again, of how much it still holds true. No piece of writing holds up without irony of some kind in it.

Day 4

Today we gathered at the Museum of Romanian Literature to continue our translations. We focused on a text which our poet said was a bit at odds with the way English is written and used. I agreed and believe anything with characters and an action to portray some kind of culture that we want to share with our readers would be better than a text, no matter how difficult it may be, which says very little in very many words. After that we look at two poems by Marin Sorescu in translation – one of them was Ted Hughes' – and we translated that back into Romanian. I felt I was pretty close. It's definitely a matter of feeling the author, and his straightforward and narrative style suits my disposition. Then, Bogdan, a fellow classmate, did some interpreting for the poets as they were being told the story of the building of the museum by some art director. I felt he was very good considering the pressure. Looking forward to tomorrow's round table where I will have to interpret for the poets.

The poets then gave a moving reading. I would say it was a first for many, if not all, students in attendance. I think Joan Michelson was the first one to read, and it was so strange, like I had heard it all before. I remembered I had read that poem online, translated by Lidia Vianu (it's from *Bloomvale Home*, so humane and touching). Peter Phillips' poems were so humorous and small moments in relationships are so nicely captured (read *I Did Say It*); our group's poet, Graham Mummery, had a moving poem which I felt included a lot of deep and superficial knowledge of European culture and it had a twisted light-funny ending. Maggie Sawkins' caring poems have a social character which I appreciated. Anne Stewart had a powerful political poem called *I don't want to write 'war'*. What Wendy French writes about reminds me of my trip to South-East Asia last year, but it's something you can witness here or everywhere – people forget trauma and move on. Ioana Ieronim, Romanian translator and poet, also read a few poems in English and expressed gratitude for the

organisation of the event.

Day 5

After some work on our translations, we have a round table with people from publishing houses and with translators. I act as interpreter for Graham mostly as I am seated next to him. When he finally gets a chance to speak, a translator from Italian answers him back in Romanian and I get a chance to make a difference by being there. This has been the first experience of the kind and I hope I will get more chances in this line of work.

I get a chance to explain the post-1989 political landscape of Romania to Graham. Surprised at how many details I need to recall for it to make sense. On the way to some restaurant, I talk about different topics, from our city to world literature, with all or some of the poets.

Day 6

In the evening we are invited to attend the closing ceremony which commences with a theatre show created around inequality. As this is one of the prevailing themes of our times, it makes one think. I was supposed to interpret for our foreign guests and I had also prepared a small speech of my own. In a nutshell I was to talk about my translation experience (2 volumes of poetry and 1 novel) and say that when the translator is willing to give a lot of time and dedication, anything can be achieved and that opportunities are offered to students who just seek them. At least that was the case for me at our online publishing house, CLP (<http://mttlc.ro/>). I will always be grateful for the opportunity that I was offered by Professor Vianu, who believed in my skills. I had also prepared to read a poem that I translated, which I thought out to be the highlight of my message as a person who works with the written text. It was by Mario Petrucci, and it was called *let us*. I still like what I managed to do with it—I challenge you to find it on the web and read it with me. Alas, we didn't have time for speeches after all.

The turnout from men and women of culture shows that we are a (work)force to be taken into consideration.



Denisa Matei

Ziua 1: Mi-a făcut plăcere să revăd o parte din poezii care au fost anul trecut la Masterclass. Însă și ceilalți sunt la fel de primitivi și dornici să exploreze literatura română și felul nostru de a gândi.

Ziua 2: Deși este un eveniment cultural, mă bucur că avem ocazia să socializăm mai mult între noi, chiar și cu cei din același an. Textele aduse ne pun mintea la contribuție, pe alocuri apelând la alte limbi pentru a ajunge la sensul potrivit.

Ziua 3: La fel ca anul trecut, a plouat foarte mult, fapt care a îngreunat sosirea la ICR. Însă din fericire, clădirea dispunea de căldură, iar noi am revenit curând la munca noastră. Pentru că am terminat de corectat fragmentele, am făcut un exercițiu de creație. Fiecare a ales un cuvânt ce urma să-l folosim într-un text care trebuia să le conțină pe toate, iar ceea ce a rezultat a fost mai bine decât mă așteptam.

Ziua 4: De data asta am fost la Muzeul Literaturii Române, nu la ICR, și pot spune că locul are mult potențial. Deocamdată este la început, abia a fost deschis, dar oricum la sediul unde am fost noi sunt mai mult arhive, nu este prea mult de vizitat. Cine ar avea nevoie la vreo cercetare, face o cerere și i se aduce cartea sau documentul dorit.

Ziua 5: Ultima zi. Ultimele retușuri. Câțiva și-au adus creațiile proprii pentru a fi discutate de ceilalți colegi și eventual corectate de poet. Nu au fost prea mulți curajoși. În încheiere, s-a făcut masa rotundă cu toți scriitorii, profesorii noștri și câțiva traducători de la ArtLit. Au discutat despre modul în care studenții pot ajunge să lucreze pentru o editură, precum și avantajele și dezavantajele traducătorilor. Sper că scriitorilor le-a plăcut în România și vor spune povești frumoase celor de acasă.



Irina Mihai

Monday, 8 May 2017

"Wonderful!"

Lidia Vianu's Students Translate. The schedule's first page caught my eye. This is the second year I participate in this project and I am honoured and grateful for this opportunity. Last year, I was nervous and probably a little scared, however this year I looked forward to the beginning of the beautiful collaboration between students and poets. There was a certain restlessness in the air, however Graham Mummery made it fade away. He was to be our guide in this journey to the mysterious land of translation. There was so much going on, that I don't recall much, yet one word has been engraved into my mind: "Wonderful!". It was Graham's reaction after we had checked a couple of translations. He was amazed to see passion in our eyes, and our love for two cultures so different. He believed in us, in our power to build bridges with the help of translation. "Wonderful!"

Tuesday, 9 May 2017

Beehive

Buzzing. A swarm of ideas flying in the air. We are as busy as bees can be. We finish a text, two, and somehow, Graham still manages to tell us a little about translation, how translation can help us write better, his experiences as a writer and translator. He really likes this project, he believes that we work like a beehive, exchanging ideas and becoming better every day.

Wednesday, 10 May 2017

Demonstrations

"Is it like this?" Graham asked while demonstrating what tip-toed meant. "Or like this?" he stood on the spot and raised his heels. "It's the second one!" we all cried while laughing. "Then you can't use 'tip-toed'. It means something else." As you can see, the third day started quite normally, we were working hard on our translations. Then... "Let's try something! Let's pick a word from the translated version of the texts. Try and create your own piece of writing!" We were looking through the texts,

interested and curious, yet no one dared say the first word. Something clicked and everyone was uttering words. "I'd like 'mist'.", "Silence", "Kimono", "How about 'imagine'?", "Blithe", "Train", "Laughter", "Pitch". Everyone tried their best and Graham appreciated our small "creations".

The train is rushing through the fields. It seems like I am going nowhere, or maybe I am searching for something I cannot even imagine. A sharp laughter is coming from beyond the mist, and a pale woman, dressed in a kimono appears right in front of my window. I should shout, however, my voice has surrendered to silence. Her cry reaches a pitch that can shatter everything in sight. I look directly into her cold, silver eyes and I realise I've done a mistake. My soul has been bewitched and I fall into a deep darkness. I do not understand what I feel: is it blithe, indifference or terror?

Thursday, 11 May 2017

Something old. Something new.

Something old. For the fourth day of the Masterclass, Graham asked us to bring some more challenging excerpts from our texts.

Something new. Our location changed. It was the National Museum of Romanian Literature's administrative headquarters. It was new, and in most places, it seemed a cold, sombre place. In the hall where we were staying, we could see the familiar faces of famous Romanian writers.

Something new—again? Graham brought a poem by Marin Sorescu. The original version and two English translations. He asked us to try and take one of the English translations and create the Romanian version. We then compared with the original. It was most interesting, but then again, what isn't?

Our session ended after we listened to the poets' recital. One by one, they took their place in front of the hall and we all listened attentively to them (while secretly taking photos).

Friday, 12 May 2017

Richard of York Gave Battle in Vain

For the last day, some of the students prepared original pieces written in English. I was amazed how masterful people can be with their use of words. Others brought more challenging excerpts from their dissertation paper. The day and week ended with a nice discussion about translation and how we can find work as

translators. "Don't feel discouraged if you don't succeed at first, you'll eventually do it!". I cannot feel discouraged when I see people filled with passion, who try their best and don't mind learning more about life and bridges between two cultures...

Saturday, 13 May 2017

Passion

Applause. A beautiful performance. Applause. This project ended with Simona Măicănescu's touching performance. Professor Vianu thanked our sponsors, partners and special guests, then she invited us to a small party. There, students and poets said their good-byes. The moment touched us since after a week's work we became close. Even though the ending had a melancholy of its own, it was a wonderful night and everyone was smiling. Dear poets, please come again!



Elisabeta Moțoi

Day 1: Our first day of masterclass starts with a short presentation of the six poets. My group is kindly "guided" by the poet Anne Stewart, a very friendly and nice presence. We are all forming a team, now.

Every text is very carefully analysed. All the members of the group have suggestions and opinions, in this way we are helping each other to render an appropriate translation for our texts.

Day 2: Starts with the same enthusiasm. I think the most important thing is that we are all forming a friendly team and that's why the entire activity has been turned into an important lesson for ourselves.

The texts we have discussed so far were complex, full of metaphors, comparisons, beautiful words that I never translated into English. It is very exciting to see how many ways one can find to translate a word or a phrase.

Day 3: Me and my colleague (from the second year) are reading our text. Our text is a fragment from the novel, *The Male's Papers (Hârtiile Masculului)*, by Silviu Gherman. Our "guide" (Anne Stewart) helps us find the best way to translate the text in English, in this beautiful tour of literature translation.

I quickly write down a phrase that my poet says: "We are the same in all languages!"

Day 4: We all go to another location, the National Museum of Literature. Here, me and my first year colleagues have a different task to do. We are supposed to translate a little fragment into Romanian. Then, the second year will translate our fragment into English.

We are spending a very good time altogether.

Day 5: Creative writing.

A very interesting task, we are trying to write our own pieces of poem or fiction. Then, everybody starts reading their creations. We all have different styles, a fact that shows how different we are.

The day ends with a meeting from which we, the students have several things to learn. Speakers from important institutions advise us how to turn things better in

our profession.

Day 6: The end of a unique experience.

We are now in front of the National Theatre, looking forward to see the performance.

What a beautiful evening I had, ended with a cup of wine and cookies.

This week has been a great opportunity to better discover the English language's ups and downs, an opportunity to discuss with native speakers and to get answers from them, an opportunity to socialize with colleagues, teachers and poets, an opportunity to discover myself.

After this great experience I feel more confident to make decisions when translating.



Lucia Mustață

Another eventful and fruitful week. I say 'another' because this was the second Workshop of Literary Translation that I could be a part of. The first one took place last year in April and it was a truly wonderful experience – an experience of meeting six British poets, of working side by side with them, of developing our language skills and most importantly, of creating bonds. Hearing that professor Lidia Vianu decided to continue the tradition and reduplicate the event this year as well made me think of how lucky I am to get the chance to work again with the English poets. Last year when I participated in the workshop, I wasn't so emotionally involved since it was only my first year as a graduate student. This year though, everything was different.

Last year, first year students did not take part in the workshops with their own translation, they merely worked on the text translated by the second year students. This year, in my opinion, was even better. Everybody got a chance to bring their own text, their own version of the translation and work to improve it. This change made the discussions in the group more dynamic and everybody was more involved.

The first day of 'masterclass' opened up with Professor Lidia Vianu introducing the British poets. It was not as I had expected – I thought I would see the same familiar faces from last year, however, only two British poets returned (Anne Stewart and Peter Philips). The other four poets were for the first time at the event. I am quite pleased to hear about this, that last year poets went back to their homeland and told their peers about us, about the project they were in. I believe that they were so excited about what they had done here that they encouraged others to do the same. And here they are now... other English poets eager to work with us. And I can say that the feeling was mutual.

The first couple of days were all about working on our English translations of the Romanian texts. Last year, we had to translate poems into English; this year our task was to translate contemporary Romanian fiction. I would say this gave us the opportunity to be flexible as translators, to be prepared for whatever comes our way. And having the opinion of a poet and native speaker of English was valuable to us. This experience surely helped us grow, especially in the translation field. Not many young translators can say that they were part of a cultural event of such magnitude. In the rest of the days, we could also bring our own works – poems, texts written by us and improve them with the help of the poet. I now realize that I have such talented colleagues!

The closing ceremony was a night to remember. At the National Theatre we all gathered to see the performance of Romanian actress Simona Măicănescu in the one-woman show *The Fever*. The monologue raised deep questions about existence, about social inequality and economic paradox and in the end it gave us food for thought. It was the perfect ending for this week. A week of challenges, of new things to learn and great experiences that will be forever engraved in my heart and mind.



Cristina Nacea

The Masterclass Experience

Briefly, I almost felt as if on vacation. Or at a spa. A spa for the mind. Everything feels so different when you do it for your own satisfaction. If only all my early years of studying would have been as exciting and smooth as these days.

The preparations for this six-day event implied some tension. No wonder I was curious and cautious at the same time, keeping my expectations under control. Yet, on my arrival at the Romanian Cultural Institute on Monday morning, I found a beautiful venue, with a relaxed atmosphere, a welcoming place. The building is exquisite. I deeply envied those working at the Institute for having such a beautiful garden, they better appreciate it.

We gather in the main hall, around six tables and Lidia Vianu – the mastermind of the event – introduces the English authors.

A few days before, I had found out that Joan Michelson was coming to the event as one of the participating poets. I had hoped to be assigned to her group but it did not happen; yet, I had the chance to meet her and talk to her about *Bloomvale Home* – the poetry volume I had worked on as a subeditor not long ago. Despite the rather sad theme of the volume, I had enjoyed very much the thorough reading of the parallel texts in English and Romanian.

Together with Joan, there are Ann Stewart, Maggie Sawkins, Wendy French, Graham Mummery and Peter Phillips. Our group is assigned to Wendy French, a stylish Welsh poet, and, after a brief introduction, we start working on our texts.

Time passes and, for a few hours every day for the next 4 days, we share ideas and solutions, sometimes defending our own versions, in other cases picking a different, more natural, better sounding option.

Wendy guides us gracefully but steadily, she has both diplomacy and sharpness in her approach. With her help, we discover how to use certain phrases, how to turn clumsy sentences into natural formulations, how to untangle convoluted paragraphs, how to discard unnecessary wording and to keep what's valuable to the meaning and style of the fragments we evaluate.

Moreover, we realise that working on the translation of a text is different from the regular reading of a text. It reveals interesting facts about writers. You get a better

glimpse at the backstage. Maybe it doesn't disclose much more about the creativity or talent or inspiration but you can really assess the writing skills, the "craft" of the author. We enjoyed well written paragraphs, debated over some useless formulations, made jokes about one writer's oversized ego that transcended his writing and so on. One day, probably the third one, just to break the rhythm and light up our creativity, Wendy gave us an exercise, asking for a brief example of our own imagination and writing skills, in English.

The fourth day of the masterclass takes place at the National Museum of Romanian Literature, among statues of Romanian writers and surrounded by Nichita Stănescu's poems carved in wood by Mircea Dumitrescu. After an apparently successful attempt to translate one of Wendy's poems back into English, we have the chance to hear all six poets read a few of their own creations.

Hearing Joan read one of her poems – "The Dulings" – is quite an experience, like getting to see in real life scenes from one of your favourite movies.

Maggie's poems are very moving, the verses are extremely physical and despite her casual reading, one can sense the bubble of emotions behind the words; Anne and Graham share with us beautiful pieces of poetry from their volumes.

Peter Philips is so lighthearted; he reads a poem dedicated to Mircea Dinescu, they seem to be related through refined humour and wise jokes.

Wendy conveys so much empathy; she gives context to one of her poems and this makes things even more interesting.

The closing ceremony on Saturday is in fact a one woman show, Simona Măicănescu in the "Fever" at the National Theater. One hour and a half of performance art; she was indeed amazing.

The sweat, the concentration, the exposure in front of such a public, the determination.

Makes me think of another woman's efforts. Lidia's. Thank you.



Laura Neagu

Day 1, Monday, May 8

The beginning of the masterclass of literary translations, hosted by the Romanian Cultural Institute.

It is wonderful to see again some of the poets I met last year. Having a conversation with Anne Stewart is like talking with an old friend. My group worked with her last year on fine-tuning the translation of several poems from Romanian into English.

I know it is going to be different this time because we are to review translations of Romanian prose into English. We split into groups, the British writers are being introduced to us. It is Peter Phillips who will work with me and the group I am a part of. His mission is not easy: to make the translations that each of us has worked on sound natural in English, while keeping it as a reflection of the original text. We are here to help him with the meaning in Romanian. We review the translation of texts written by Bogdan Suceavă, Norman Manea, Gabriel Chifu.

The student who did the translation needs to explain the context in which the action of the book takes place, clarifications are needed before each translation is reviewed. More details come about the Romanian writers. A discussion begins about the Romanian revolution. Later, there is another one about communism. *Petit Paris* is also in our conversations. There is collaboration in our group and we all offer support in getting the Romanian meanings and finding the best way to convey the message in English.

Day 2, Tuesday, May 9

On Tuesday, we work on more translations. Veronica D. Niculescu and Bogdan Suceavă are the writers from whose works we translate. Veronica D. Niculescu is the writer I have translated from and Peter Phillips asks me questions about her, about the book, the title, the structure of the book, about when the action in the novel took place. I explain the meaning of the title: *Towards Valleys of Jade and Darnel Grass*, also remembering from one of the author's interviews that the ideal reader, quoting Nabokov, is the one who besides a rich imagination and a good memory, has a dictionary. Indeed, some of the words in the original text need looking up. The descriptions are dense and Peter asks for clarifications. There are many paragraphs describing things, sequences or flashes from the past. I help him understand the

context and we review the text together. A colleague from my group has a different paragraph to review. It is from the same author, yet the review is smoother once the introductions have been made.

At lunch break, the Director of the British Council in Romania is here to show his commitment to the event and support the students. He looks impressed with our work and dedication. Some of the Romanian writers are also here to support the students translating from their work.

Day 3, Wednesday, May 10

It is raining heavily. It was raining last year, too, when we had the masterclass. There were many open umbrellas in the hallway of the Romanian Cultural Institute. I don't see any, now.

We review translations from the works of Dan Lungu and Alexandru Ecovoiu. In our team, as we work together I think that this must be the end of a myth, the one that says that being a translator is kind of a lonesome job. I see around me people working together, being involved in their small groups, occasionally laughing. Translators are bold in defending their translations, having researched with discipline, being sure of the words they picked out and yet flexible to accept a suggestion that comes closer to what the author means or to what an English reader would find natural as language, so that the story shouldn't be described 'as being a translation'. We discuss writing styles and how these are reflected into another language.

Day 4, Thursday, May 11

We change the place. This time we meet at a venue of the National Museum of Romanian Literature where we are told a couple of things about the museum and its collections. I am glad that the programme of the masterclass allows the British writers to get a better understanding of our culture. Every day after the masterclass they take part in other events or go sightseeing in Bucharest with some of my colleagues. In a way, the Romanian-British week is designed so as each of us, Romanian or British, is representing his/her country, the writers, the language, the culture.

Peter has brought us two love poems, one written by Carol Ann Duffy and the other one by Elizabeth Bishop. In our group, under the guidance of the poet, we discuss them in a relaxed manner, expressing our own feelings about them. Peter mentions that writing poetry is about expressing feelings, unveiling to the public your own thoughts and feelings. Not many people feel comfortable about this, getting exposed, but those who dare to, need to be ready for criticism and interpretations or misinterpretations.

Readings from Joan Michelson, Wendy French, Maggie Sawkins, Graham Mummery, Peter Philips, Anne Stewart as well as from Romanian poet Ioana Ieronim follow after the lunch break. One of the poems shows a reality confined within the walls of a home for the elderly; it is Joan Michelson's poem. Maggie Sawkins' 'Zones of Avoidance' is about sorrow and drug addiction. Peter's poems are about 'Roast Potato' and 'Plum Brandy', the latter he dedicates to the Romanian writer Mircea Dinescu. At his restaurant, the British writers had dinner on Monday. I like the voices of the poets when they read their poems. I think it's rather a performance and not quite a reading. Outside, the sun has come out.

Day 5, Friday, May 12

This is the last day of our masterclass. We are at the Romanian Cultural Institute again. We do exercises of creative writing with the British writers. I believe each of us is happy with the work done during this masterclass, with the quality that his or her translation has reached and with the outcome of our own creative writing exercises. In my group, the texts coming out as a result of these exercises are very good in ways that I haven't thought of before. Peter does his own writing for the text with a pre-established beginning and no more than 100 words. The same for the exercise that requires writing a text using pre-established ten words (each of us helps to put together the list of words).

We are curious, we ask questions about what being a poet means. Peter answers the questions and at the same time he is proof, an example of everything that he says. He offers each of us a book of poems from 'Saying It with Flowers' and gives us details about his volume in which he makes connections between lives of plants and human actions.

In the end there is a round table about what being a translator in Romania means and whether being a literary translator is a profession or a call. The speakers are representatives of the Romanian Association of Literary Translators, students, professors from the University of Bucharest, representatives of Romanian publishing houses and the British writers. Being a translator is undoubtedly a profession as it requires skills and discipline and should be treated as such in terms of payment and contractual provisions between the publishing houses and the translator. From such debates the translators and students preparing to become translators can only benefit because they become aware of both opportunities and risks.

Day 6, Saturday, May 13

The Closing ceremony of the Bucharest Masterclass for Literary Translation

takes place at the National Theatre of Bucharest. A show is performed on this occasion, *The Fever*. It is a one-woman show, acted in English by Simona Măicănescu, adapted by the actress from Wallace Shawn and directed by Lars Norén. The performance is amazing, I follow the story but at the same time I keep saying to myself what a great actress she is. I also think how fortunate I am because she came to one of our classes at the University as a guest speaker, to tell us what translating a script for theatre means and the impact a good version of the translation has on the overall success of the performance.

We are in the audience: students, graduating students and like a bridge over time, graduates from the early beginnings and from more recent years of the MA Programme for the Translation of Contemporary Literature Texts at the University in Bucharest. In a way, different generations of graduates and all together, a community.

The importance of the event is stressed out by the presence of Romanian cultural and university officials like the director of the Romanian Cultural Institute or the Rector of the University of Bucharest, as well as by the Ambassador of the UK and the Director of British Council in Romania.

In the end, there is a speech from the Director of the Master for Contemporary Literary Translations, Professor Lidia Vianu, the initiator and organiser of the event, my professor. She thanks everyone present and above all, she thanks her students. There must have been a lot of work behind this to organise such an event but I think that only through great passion one can manage to put together all the relevant people who really have an impact on the development of students and their future careers. She knows what skills are required from a translator, a professional one, and she has built this programme around, through relevant subjects and with teaching done by both professors and practitioners.

This programme is making through its curricula relevant links between books and movies, writers and actors, literary translations and translations for films, from Romanian into English and vice versa. Everything fits naturally within the curricula throughout the two years, which is its duration, and there is a well-thought reason for every action or course within the MA programme. It offers a wide spread of skills so that its graduates can go in-depth as translators or embark on connected careers still having English and Romanian at the core of their endeavours, be it in a publishing house, television, cinema, theatre, education, teaching.



Tatiana Nechifor

On the first three days together with the poet, Peter Phillips, we corrected fragments from our dissertation paper. We encountered more difficulties on some texts, for example the fragment from *Towards Valleys of Jade and Darnel Grass* is one which raised more debate than the others. The author of the book, Veronica Niculescu, has a particular way of writing, with extended phrases and long descriptions and the poet changed the syntax to make the phrases more natural in English. We all contributed in making decisions over the most appropriate words to use in English that would better convey the original meaning. The poet emphasized on understanding the author's voice in order to make the best word selection. This is the advice he gave when asked whether the syntax of the phrases should be changed or kept as in the original.

Another text of my colleague's, *I'm an Old Communist Hag!* by Dan Lungu, challenged us in another way. The fragment she chose has a humorous side to it and we had to find the best means to render the humor in English. The character in this text has a colloquial, ironical way of speaking. The poet suggested replacing some words with others that are more commonly used in English.

On the third day the poet and I read my fragment and we tried to make the right adjustments. I briefly presented the plot of the book and explained that the author writes in a straight to the point style, with short sentences. The poet suggested some changes to the syntax which made the English sentences longer. I especially agreed with what the poet suggested doing when we are unsure about using a certain word, in his words: "Now, he (referring to the author) wouldn't use that, would he?"

On the fourth day, as we had finished stylizing our texts, we held a creative writing workshop with the poet. He brought us some handouts with an exercise of extended similes. I liked this activity because it offered me the possibility to know my creative side more. We read our works out loud and the poet did as well. At the end he explained the purpose of the exercise in relation to the act of creating a poem; that sometimes we should not fall into the trap of choosing the answer which seems more appropriate but we should expand our imagination and use unusual similes. After that the poet handed us a poem written by an English poet and in turn we each read two lines from it. After reflecting upon the text for a while we commented on it. Afterwards he handed us another poem written by an American poet and we did the same. At the end we compared them and we each chose our favorite. Some picked the

first one, some the second and others could not decide. I chose the first because it felt more poetic. The purpose of that exercise was to show us that we sometimes need to make a choice based on our taste and understand what represents us in order not to waste energy in the wrong direction.

On the last day of the Masterclass, Peter Phillips read to us one of his first poems. To give us a starting point in creating our own poem he suggested we take the first verse of the poem and continue on our own. We all read our creations and at the end had a little discussion about what it means to be a poet and the courage you need to be vulnerable to critics by revealing your innermost feelings to an unknown audience.

We saw the poets once more at the Closing Ceremony of the MTTL Masterclass which was held at the National Theatre. We exchanged gifts, the poet gave us each a beautiful edition of his poems dedicated to flowers and we gave him a book of poems written by our Romanian poet, Gellu Naum. I, together with my colleagues feel very lucky to have met Mr. Phillips who had a very open, warm-hearted attitude towards us and our ideas.



Beatrice Negoită

Prima zi – 08.05.2017

Este cel de-al doilea an în care am plăcerea să particip la evenimentul Masterclass. Aceeași adresă: Sediul ICR (Institutul Cultural Român) din Aleea Alexandru, nr. 38. Poet din anul precedent: Anne Stewart, o artistă în mânăuiera condeiului care anul trecut mi-a stârnit plăcerea reprimată, o perioadă poate prea lungă, pentru poezie. Prin rotație anul acesta am lucrat cu Peter Phillips. Prima zi a fost timidă din punctul meu de vedere. Eu n-am îndrăznit să îmi arăt partea mea de traducere. A fost precum prima zi de școală, în care deși tu știi că ai învățat cu un an în urmă literele și un pic, un pic să citești, nu te simți pregătit să dezvălui partea goală a paharului deși există și o parte plină. Prin urmare prima zi a fost doar cea a școlarului timid care își face prieteni, dar nu spune mai mult decât dacă este descusut prin întrebări.

A doua zi – 09.05.2017

Am avut curajul să îmi dezvălui greșelile, să susțin ideea autorului reușind să nu alterez textul. Cu delicatețe eu am spus *starea pacientului* – a textului – *necesitățile și dorințele lui*, Peter Phillips a oferit *tratamentul necesar transformării*. Sunt mulțumită de acest lucru în echipă și fericită să descopăr că doar în această formă un text poate fi tradus dacă nu ideal, cel puțin corect, cu o estetică de bun gust și o formă nici mai lungă nici mai scurtă decât cea originală.

A treia zi – 10.05.2017

Această zi a fost dedicată strict căutării sensurilor ascunse cărora pentru noi ca nativi ne este destul de ușor și rudimentar să le găsim rezolvarea și misterul, dar ne este greu să le păstrăm nealterate în traducere. Iar ceea ce am descoperit din traducerile a doua colege este: umorul unei perioade, pe care un popor a trăit-o iar celălalt nu, este greu de *transportat și transfigurat* într-o altă limbă, iar vocabularul unei limbi latine cu cel al unei limbi germanice sunt greu de pus în oglindă. Aici intervin diferențe culturale și barierele lingvistice pe care cu greu le poți înfrânge.

A patra zi – 11.05.2017

O zi dedicată liberii exprimări a sentimentelor și ideilor. Am facut exerciții de creativitate. Ne-am exprimat ideile despre dragoste, ură, bunătate într-un cadru

literar, poetic. Ne-am exprimat unii altora ideile și trăirile. De data aceasta a fost în cadrul Muzeului Literaturii Române, mutat de pe bulevardul Dacia, pe Griviței, 64.

Am asistat, cred că pentru a treia sau poate a patra oară, la un recital de poezie. Am văzut poetul cum devine o singură ființă cu creația sa. Mi-am dat seama că lumea aceasta nu este atât de departe și de nepătruns pentru cineva ca mine. Nu atât de departe și de neatins ca atunci când o studiam în liceu.

Am descoperit prin lectura poeziilor *Warming Her Pearls*, a lui Carol Ann Duffy, și *One Art*, a lui Elizabeth Bishop, că nu este de ajuns să dai o interpretare tipică dar nici una inventată, acolo unde este viața omului ce se ascunde în spatele poetului. Trebuie să-i cunoști un pic viața pentru a-i înțelege arta și a-i aprecia măiestria.

Am văzut cum poți *vorbi în numele florilor* prin poezia poetului nostru Peter Phillips. Am înțeles că ai nevoie de muze, de inspirație dar și de critică pentru a realiza ceva frumos, adresat unui public anume.

A cincea zi – 12.05.2017

Aceasta este o zi specială.

Pentru a doua oară în viața mea mi-am adus sufletul pe hartie. Făcusem asta și elevă fiind în școala generală, dar fusese ceva mult prea rudimentar. Acum puneam în fața colegilor o parte din sufletul meu, o parte transcrisă pe foaie în anul II de facultate, transpusă într-o limbă străină și transformată acum de un poet nativ al limbii engleze.

Am învățat că în procesele de revizuire nu se urmărește știrbirea sentimentelor ci exprimarea lor într-o formă condensată, mai puternică și mai plină de însemnătate. Artă cere sacrificiu, transformare, eliberare, autocontrol, împărtășire. Le cere pe toate, le are pe toate.

Cea mai importantă lecție învățată: dacă ai o voce interioară pe care o simți, o asculți și o poți face *auzită* pe hârtie, nu trebuie să o ascunzi, să o stârpești. Eliberează-o! Dă-i formă! Fi un grădinar pe alea cuvintelor. Alege-le, pe cele mai potrivite. Plantează-le, în grădina ta – foaia! Grupează-le încât ascultătorul sau cititorul să le vadă cu ochii minții cu plăcerea cu care vizitatorii admiră grădina frumoasă a grădinarului.

Creativitate și dăruire – fie că ești traducător, fie că ești scriitor, ai nevoie de ele ca de aer. După doi ani de experiență în cadrul programului MTTL, pot spune că voi ajunge un traducător bun doar când mă voi dedica acestei meserii 100% și când voi reuși să îmbin cunoștințele și creativitatea. Până atunci voi încerca să devin unul.

Ziua a șasea — 13.05.2017

The Fever

Un monolog pus în scenă de actrița Simona Măicănescu. Un monolog de excepție prin care s-a evidențiat puterea banilor în societate. Puterea de care cei bogați nu se vor lipsi, iar cei săraci nu se vor lipi. În mintea mea și-au găsit multe întrebări răspunsurile și alte întrebări noi s-au născut. Una singură nu își găsește răspunsul: De ce atâta ipocrizie în această lume?

Speech

Aș fi dorit în încheiere să îi mulțumesc doamnei profesor Lidia Vianu pentru munca depusă pentru ca acest master să funcționeze. Dar, mai ales pentru răbdarea oferită în momentele în care stresul și nepriceperea din lipsă de experiență puneau stăpânire pe noi.

Am acumulat o experiență bogată și, sper eu, utilă dacă voi decide la un moment dat să urmez această meserie. O meserie care, după cum spunea domnul profesor Bogdan Stănescu, este slab remunerată dar care să fim sinceri are la bază o știință conturată cu greu abia de câteva decenii.

Spun asta pentru că tehnologic încă nu dispunem de dicționare actualizate, de programe precum SDL Trados sau MemoQ pentru traducere, programele utilizate în edituri, programe vocale prin care editarea textelor se face mult mai ușor și reprezintă o economie de timp. Programe existente pe piață și dezvoltatori cărora le-ar face plăcere să lucreze și cu universitățile.

Nu contest varianta folosită până acum, dar nu trebuie să uităm că lumea în care trăim se mișcă foarte repede și avem nevoie să ținem pasul cu ea. Știu că tehnologizarea este un proces greu de implementat care cere timp și, firește, bani și resurse umane. Dar, cred că munca depusă de masteranzi și profesori ar trebui recompensată printr-o investiție în acest program.

Ne-ar fi fost de mare folos să știm care sunt legile copy-right-ului și cum funcționează acestea pentru că avem nevoie de ele nu doar în acest program dar și în viața de zi cu zi. Furtul intelectual este o practică destul de răspândită. Eu, personal, m-am lovit de această problemă ca freelancer scriind articole. Prin urmare avem nevoie să cunoaștem nu doar obligații dar și drepturi — legile după care această lume a traducerii funcționează.

Ar fi foarte multe de spus pe această temă. Însă astfel de dezbateri ar trebui ținute, din punctul meu de vedere, ca într-un joc de șah. Nu este de ajuns să ne spunem

ideile, neajunsurile sau reușitele. Trebuie să fim mai activi. În definitiv, vorbim despre resuscitarea acestui domeniu și de aducerea lui la un nivel mai ridicat. La un nivel în care să putem pleca cu siguranța că o bătaie în ușa unei edituri nu va fi respinsă printr-un e-mail ci se va purta normal, față în față, decent. Un nivel la care noi să fim conștienți că suntem la început de drum, iar angajatorul nu va profita de acest lucru.

Poate generația noastră și cele ce vor urma par *războinice* sau revoltate. Nu suntem. Toate acestea se nasc din prea multe informații pe care nu știm și nu putem să le *cernem*, iau ființă din întrebările care ne macină: *Am terminat. Încotro mă îndrept?* sau *N-am reușit. De ce? Ce îmi lipsește? Ce nu știu?* Lucrurile acestea se află de la oamenii cu experiență. Până acum am avut parte de ei și sper că vom avea în continuare.

Pentru ceea ce s-a realizat până acum mă înclin, pentru ceea ce va urma sper să existe progres și din partea masteranzilor și din partea programului.

**Lidia Vianu's Students Translate.
Masterclass of Literary Translation.
Graduate Students' Diaries. 2017**
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Doris Peia

Day 1

The first day was filled with emotions, as one would normally expect. I arrived at the Romanian Cultural Institute, where there was a short opening ceremony (Mrs. Vianu explained what the goals of the masterclass were, followed by an introduction of the six British poets). Afterwards, my group got together at a table with Anne Stewart, one of the six poets to which we had previously been assigned.

She was delightful from the very first moment. I think (or at least hope) she was impressed with our work up till that moment. She took everything seriously, asked us the meaning of words in Romanian, asked us whenever she felt the need to change the text so as not to alter the original meaning. She was also eager to hear our different versions or opinions and explained why some worked and some didn't. We managed to go through the work of three pairs. What was most important was that she made us truly *look* at a text when trying to translate it. What the author wants to convey, the voice of the characters, the linguistic register – these should all be considered if you wish to produce a good translation.

Day 2

The second day was special, in the sense that the author from whose work I had translated a fragment came and sat with us. Her name is Doina Ruști, she wrote *Patru bărbai plus Aurelius*, a delightful book. The girl I was paired with was doing her dissertation paper on this book, so I would imagine that it was even better for her. The author gave us several insights into her work. I saw it as a bit of a test, to see if our intuition was correct and if we truly understood what the author wanted to express through her writing.

The working atmosphere was pleasant this time around too, we went through the translations provided by two more pairs.

Day 3

The third day began as usual, we continued from where we had left off (the second fragment of *In Search of Absolute Despair*), and then we moved to the last pair's work. We finished earlier than we had expected, so it was fortunate that a colleague had brought over a few more pages of her translation, in case we should need more material. But we even finished those pages rather quickly, so at about twenty to two

we were done with all of our translations.

Day 4

I can honestly say that I enjoyed this day most of all.

First of all, Thursday's masterclass was held at a different location, with the National Museum of Literature being our host. There was a short opening ceremony, where the curator, I believe, held a speech welcoming this initiative and presented the new location of the Museum. She informed us as well that we could have access at any time to the museum's archives, provided we make a request beforehand. After that, we resumed our seats and began working on what we had planned for that day.

Having finished all of our translations the day before, Anne brought us a text she had written herself. Before we could read the text, we were split into two groups, first years vs. second years (but the first year group was led by a second year student). The second year group was given the first half of the text, and the first years were given the second half. The groups worked independently, there was no contact between us. Our job was to translate our half into Romanian, which was no easy task. It was a serious group effort, and time wasn't on our side either.

We finally managed to translate it, after which the groups swapped translations (again, we hadn't seen the entire original text). Our new task was to translate the translation, meaning we had to take what our colleagues had translated into Romanian and transform it back into English. Naturally, there were differences between our final work and the original piece, but she was very impressed that we had managed to capture almost all of the meaning, even if we had rendered it with other words. She wholeheartedly congratulated us. That gave us all a boost of confidence (joy, joy, joy!). Being praised like that brought us a great feeling of satisfaction.

The day ended with poetry readings from the six British poets and also from Romanian author Ioana Ieronim, who also does translations.

Day 5

For the last day, we came back to the Romanian Cultural Institute. This day was also full of surprises... Anne brought us several books of poetry which she then gave to us as a gift (we took this opportunity to give her a present too, a badge with "I put the PRO in prose" written on it and a translation of Nichita Stănescu's poems). We each then proceeded to take a stanza from a poem of our choosing and try to write a new poem using a different verse as the first (or last) line of our own stanzas. I think this was the most challenging activity of them all, because it took us out of our comfort

zone and forced us to actually produce something original. I must admit, creativity is not my strongest suit, and at first I felt a bit overwhelmed, but I sought to do the best I could.

After the break, there was a discussion on the matter of literary translation, on the job opportunities that come with it, how much we get paid. Our subtitles course professor, Bogdan Stănescu, also talked about the importance that subtitles translation should receive nowadays.



Simona Petcu

8 mai

Este prima zi de lucru alături de Peter Phillips. Am hotărât cu toții ca fiecare să-și citească traducerea integral și apoi să aducem îmbunătățiri sau modificări. Domnul Phillips ne-a încurajat să ne exprimăm opiniile și să spunem ce gândim.

La un moment dat, s-a întâmplat să nu știe un cuvânt din traducerea unei colege. M-a surprins plăcut faptul că nu i-a fost teamă să admită că nu-l cunoaște și apoi l-a căutat în dicționarul său de buzunar pe care l-a avut la îndemână încă din prima zi.

Ne-a rugat de mai multe ori să-i traducem cuvânt cu cuvânt unele propoziții, pentru a fi sigur că nu-i scapă vreun sens — o idee foarte bună din punctul meu de vedere.

Mi-a plăcut mult faptul că a cerut acordul fiecăruia dintre noi cu privire la modificările pe care le-a propus.

Prânzul cald și dulciurile de care am avut parte în pauza de masă au fost o surpriză plăcută și ne-au dat energie în fiecare zi să continuăm lucrul.

9 mai

Astăzi am observat că domnului Phillips îi este greu să înțeleagă unele pasaje din traducerile noastre. Pentru noi păreau foarte clare fiindcă puteam citi textul original în română, însă este greu să stilizezi un text atunci când nu cunoști limba sursă și mai ales dacă nu ai citit romanul din care traduci.

Domnul Phillips încearcă mereu să aducă îmbunătățiri variantelor sale. Își folosește dicționarul de câte ori este cazul, pentru a găsi cuvântul sau expresia cea mai potrivită.

10 mai

Astăzi am început cu traducerea colegei noastre, Laura Neagu. Domnul Phillips a cerut mai multe informații despre autoarea romanului și despre acțiunea acestuia.

Ne-a rugat apoi să ne citim cu voce tare traducerea stilizată, ca să fim siguri că sună bine și că am surprins toate înțelesurile textului original.

Am discutat despre păstrarea stilului autorului pe care îl traducem: dacă ar trebui, de exemplu, să păstrăm frazele lungi, așa cum le-a scris acesta, ori dacă ar

trebui să le împărțim în propoziții, pentru ca cititorului englez să-i fie mai ușor să le înțeleagă. Domnul Phillips ne-a sfătuit ca, atunci când luăm o astfel de decizie, să ne-o asumăm și să fim siguri că este într-adevăr nevoie de aceasta.

11 mai

Astăzi am făcut un exercițiu de scriere creativă (creative writing). Domnul Phillips ne-a adus o pagină cu diferite substantive și activități (viață, iubire, bunătate), pe care trebuia să le potrivim cu alte substantive și activități, iar astfel să formăm comparații care să ne reprezinte sau pe care să le putem folosi în creațiile noastre. Fiecare a citit propriile comparații, iar domnul Phillips a spus că vrea doar să le asculte, fără să aducă îmbunătățiri sau corecturi.

Ne-a dat un sfat la finalul exercițiului: să încercăm să fim originali, să nu facem comparații evidente, ci să le creăm pe ale noastre. Mie, personal, mi-a plăcut ideea, iar una dintre comparațiile create de mine este aceasta: liniștea sufletească seamănă cu atingerea unui vârf de munte înalt. Mi-a amintit de vara în care am ajuns la cota 2000 din Sinaia, după o sesiune de examene grea și susținerea lucrării de licență la sfârșitul celor trei ani de facultate. Liniștea deplină de la acea înălțime mi-a adus liniștea sufletească și mentală totodată.

Apoi am discutat două poeme: "Warming Her Pearls" de Carol Ann Duffy și "One Art" de Elizabeth Bishop. Ne-a cerut fiecăruia să spunem care poem ne-a plăcut mai mult și de ce. Asemenea mai multor colegi din echipa mea, mi-a fost greu să-mi dau seama ce anume sugerează Elizabeth Bishop în poemul său fără ajutor din partea domnului Phillips.

La finalul celei de-a patra zile, fiecare poet a recitat câte cinci poezii din diversele lor colecții. Am remarcat faptul că stilul lor de a citi a fost diferit în funcție de fiecare poezie și au avut de asemenea și mișcare scenică.

12 mai

În ultima zi, domnul Phillips ne-a citit primul său poem de dragoste. M-a impresionat faptul că a fost scris în 1994 și că, după atâta timp, a modificat un singur cuvânt acum, la masterclass.

Apoi, ne-a explicat ce este „flash fiction”: o poveste de maximum cincizeci de cuvinte. Ce este interesant la această poveste e faptul că fiind limitat la acest număr de cuvinte, te vezi nevoit să prinzi esențialul ideii tale, ceea ce este important pentru tine să transmiți cititorului.

Am avut un sfert de oră la dispoziție ca să o scriem, iar fiecare a citit-o cu voce tare. Domnul Phillips a scris propria poveste și ne-a citit-o, iar nouă ni s-a părut cea

mai reușită.

La final, am mai făcut un exercițiu de scriere creativă. Domnul Phillips ne-a rugat să spunem fiecare câte un cuvânt care ne place și apoi să scriem un poem sau o poveste care să conțină toate cuvintele alese. Am citit la rând poveștile și poeziile, și din nou ni s-a părut că a dânsului a fost cea mai bună.

Am simțit de fiecare dată că ne apreciază creativitatea și efortul depus, iar noi am apreciat dedicația cu care ne-a îndrumat pe parcursul întregii săptămâni. Ne-a spus că ne-am descurcat foarte bine având în vedere că, spre deosebire de dânsul, noi scriem acum într-o limbă străină, nu în limba noastră maternă.

Ne-a oferit fiecăruia dintre noi o mică broșură cu patru dintre poeziile sale din colecția "Saying it with Flowers". Am fost încântați să primim un cadou din partea sa.

Ultima zi a masterclassului s-a încheiat la masa rotundă cu discuția „Traducerea Literară – profesie sau apostolat?”.

După acești doi ani de masterat, am descoperit că doamna profesoară Lidia Vianu are dreptate când spune, așa cum a susținut și la masa rotundă, că nu putem traduce din limba noastră maternă într-o limbă străină fără să avem un nativ lângă noi. Sunt multe cuvinte și expresii pe care nu le cunoaștem sau pe care nu le putem găsi în dicționare sau pe internet, iar un nativ este persoana ideală la care putem apela.

La masa rotundă au luat parte și reprezentante ale Artlit, Asociația Română a Traducătorilor Literari, care au susținut pe bună dreptate faptul că traducerea literară ar trebui să devină o profesie plătită așa cum se cuvine și, bineînțeles, să fie însoțită de încheierea unui contract de muncă.

Profesorul nostru de subtitrare, Bogdan Radu Stănescu a fost și el prezent și a susținut cauza traducerii literare; a adus în discuție faptul că se apropie foarte mult de subtitrare și că, văzându-ne aici, atât pe noi, cei din anul al II lea, cât și pe colegii din anul I, îi este clar că ne interesează traducerea ca profesie. Mai mult, din cauză că onorariile sunt atât de mici, traducătorii ar trebui să fie reprezentați mai puternic pentru a fi remarcați.

În final, concluziile au fost unele cu care am fost complet de acord, și anume: munca traducătorilor ar trebui să fie mult mai apreciată, iar traducerea de proastă calitate ar trebui să fie demontată prin pregătirea cât mai multor traducători buni, deoarece oamenii din afara acestui mediu nu sunt familiarizați cu traducerea profesionistă.



Valentina Podoiu

Luni, 8.05.2017

Dragă jurnalule,

Azi am început atelierul de traducere intitulat Masterclass despre care ți-am tot povestit în ultima vreme. Dar știi cât de mult mi-a plăcut atelierul de anul trecut și cu câtă nerăbdare l-am așteptat pe cel de anul acesta. De aceea azi m-am trezit cu trei ore înainte să sune alarma. Zi tu că asta nu se numește nerăbdare! Știam deja din programul Masterclass-ului că printre poeții invitați anul acesta se numără Peter Phillips și Anne Stewart care au venit și anul trecut. Mă gândesc că s-au simțit bine cu noi și au găsit folositoare atelierile noastre dacă s-au întors și anul acesta. După deschiderea oficială a evenimentului și urările de bun venit, fiecare echipă a fost repartizată poetului ei. Așa că Peter Philips ne-a luat sub aripa lui și am început să lucrăm. Ziua de azi a fost una foarte productivă, ținând cont că a fost o zi de luni. Am stilizat aproape jumătate din traduceri. Cel mai important e că azi am corectat traducerea mea. Mi-a dat încredere faptul că Peter nu a intervenit foarte mult pe text și că m-a felicitat pentru traducere. Cu toate acestea am întâmpinat și unele dificultăți dar le-am depășit după ce i-am povestit lui Peter despre autor și despre roman. Peter a spus că textul e foarte poetic deși e un text în proză.

Marti, 9.05.2017

Azi a fost o zi foarte obositoare. Colegele mele au avut traduceri grele care au avut nevoie de dezbateri îndelungate. Fiecare venea cu o interpretare care, și mai rău, părea să fie cea corectă. Cum traduci un text ambiguu sau unul plin de sensuri? Însă, de fiecare dată când ne împotmoleam, toți ne întorceam privirile „în cor” spre Peter. Puteam să ghicesc mereu când găsea soluția. Ridica brusc privirea din dicționarul de buzunar pe care îl avea la el, își scotea ochelarii și ne spunea cu zâmbetul pe buze cuvântul potrivit în contextul respectiv. Peter este o persoană foarte blândă, ne ascultă cu mare răbdare, ne încurajează să ne exprimăm părerile și ne aprobă cald cu ochii lui albaștri ca cerul.

Miercuri, 10.05.2017

A trecut deja jumătate de săptămână fără să simt. Așa zboară timpul când faci ceva cu drag. Au trecut trei zile în care am muncit din greu să găsim sensurile, cuvintele, sinonimele, traducerile perfecte și asta nu e deloc ușor, dar cu siguranță e

ceva nemaipomenit de frumos. Azi am stilizat traducerea colegei mele, Laura Neagu, iar Peter a ghicit că autorul este femeie doar din traducere, după stilul de a scrie. Deși ar fi putut ghici oricine asta după frazele interminabile pentru că se știe că femeilor le place să vorbească mult (se pare că le place să scrie la fel de mult), nouă, studenților din echipă, nu ne-a atras atenția acest lucru. Cât despre frazele infinite, Peter a sugerat să le „împărțim” în propoziții mai scurte pentru a fi mai ușor de urmărit de către cititorul englez.

Joi, 11.05.2017

Întrucât am terminat de stilizat toate traducerile, Peter a considerat că merităm un premiu și ne-a adus un exercițiu de scriere creativă numit Extended Similes unde a trebuit să potrivim diverse sentimente, trăiri cu „definițiile” pe care le consideram potrivite. A fost un exercițiu amuzant și interesant să afli ce înseamnă pentru ceilalți dragostea, viața sau singurătatea. Peter ne-a ascultat cu atenție și nu a făcut nicio corectură întrucât nu există răspuns „corect”.

În cea de a doua parte a atelierului am citit două poezii aduse de Peter pentru noi. Prima poezie pe care ne-a adus-o se numește “Warming Her Pearls”, scrisă de Carol Ann Duffy. Peter ne-a rugat să citim câte două versuri de fiecare la început și apoi am făcut comentarii pe baza textului. Peter ne-a povestit despre cum, pe vremuri, femeile care lucrau pentru domnițe trebuiau să încălzească perlele domnițelor, purtându-le. “Warming Her Pearls” este o poezie despre dorință, poeta reușește să creeze imagini vizuale puternice și să ne facă să intrăm în poveste. Cea de a doua poezie se numește One Art și este scrisă de Elizabeth Bishop. One Art este o poezie despre pierdere, pierderea lucrurilor, memoriei, vieții. În cele din urmă, mi-am dat seama că scopul citirii celor două poezii a fost de a aborda tema înțelegerii poeziilor. De aceea, majoritatea a găsit prima poezie mai greu de înțeles, în timp ce a doua ne-a părut mai accesibilă.

La finalul zilei a avut loc o sesiune de Poetry Reading unde fiecare poet a citit câte cinci poezii scrise de ei. Poate sunt subiectivă, dar doar poeziile lui Peter mi-au plăcut. În timp ce ceilalți poeți scriu despre lucruri urâte cum ar fi bolile, singurătatea, Peter reușește să abordeze un subiect cum ar fi cartofii prăjiți și să scrie niște versuri cu adevărat savuroase.

Vineri, 12.05.2017

Azi a fost o zi minunată. În prima parte a zilei am făcut alte exerciții de scriere creativă. Unul s-a numit „flash fiction”. Fiecare membru al echipei a propus un cuvânt, primul cuvânt care ne-a venit în minte, și apoi fiecare a trebuit, cu acele zece cuvinte,

să scrie o poveste de doar cincizeci de cuvinte, o poveste scurtă dar bogată în sensuri. Azi am descoperit că mulți colegi scriu foarte frumos și că, din păcate nu își dau seama de acest lucru, și nu o fac mai des. Cel de al doilea exercițiu de scriere creativă a constat în a scrie o poezie sau un text în proză pornind de la primul vers dintr-o poezie de dragoste a lui Peter, scrisă cu foarte mulți ani în urmă. Poezia lui Peter începe așa: „A voice of jasmine and stephanotis”. Cele patru versuri pe care am reușit să le scriu în cele cincisprezece minute avute la dispoziție sunt:

„A voice of jasmine and stephanotis
Gently wakes me up at night
I cannot help but notice
There's something dark in it, yet bright.”



Cristina Popișter

Luni, 8 mai 2017

La ora 10:00 a început cel de-al doilea eveniment de acest fel, după săptămâna poezilor britanici de anul trecut. Printre cei șase poeți care și-au dorit să ia parte alături de noi la aceste ateliere, s-au regăsit doi scriitori care au fost prezenți și la prima ediție: Anne Stewart și Peter Phillips. Pesemne că noi, cei de la MTTL, suntem o companie foarte plăcută. După prezentări, fiecare grupă a început să lucreze cu unul dintre poeți.

Grupa mea a fost „condusă” de scriitoarea Maggie Sawkins care trăiește în Southsea. Ca și anul trecut, am comunicat foarte bine cu poeta noastră, deși la început, atât noi, cât și ea am fost destul de timizi. Însă, după prima zi am început să ne acomodăm ușor, ușor și până la urmă ne-am simțit în largul nostru.

Dacă anul trecut noi doar am oferit sugestii colegilor mai mari pentru poeziile din lucrarea lor de disertație, anul acesta, fiind în anul 2, noi am fost „vedetele”. În prima zi, am stilizat mai multe texte, printre care și cel ales de mine. Matei Vișniec este un autor de care am auzit în liceu, când profesoara mea de limba și literatura română, d-na Lavinia Ciuvăț, ne-a invitat la o piesă de teatru scrisă de dumnealui („Frumoasa călătorie a urșilor panda povestită de un saxofonist care avea o iubită la Frankfurt” cu Iolanda Covaci și Matei Călugărița, în regia Cătălinei Buzoianu) care se juca la Teatrul Metropolis. Pasiunea sa pentru teatru ne-a deschis și nouă apetitul. Faptul că acum mergem des la teatru este meritul său. Pentru lucrarea de disertație m-am hotărât să traduc dintr-un roman foarte drag lui care a avut mare succes, fiind răsplătit cu numeroase premii și aprecieri: *Negustorul de începuturi de roman*. Fragmentul pe care l-am ales pentru ateliere descrie Praga și face trimiteri la unele dintre operele lui Franz Kafka, pentru că autorul a intenționat să îndrepte atenția cititorilor către mai multe scrieri celebre. Vara trecută am petrecut câteva zile splendide în capitala Cehiei și de aceea am ales acest fragment pentru ateliere. Din fericire pentru mine, poeta mi-a spus că traducerea sună foarte bine.

Marti, 9 mai 2017

În a doua zi deja am fost mai relaxați, iar ceilalți colegi erau nerăbdători să își verifice textele pentru a vedea ce părere are un nativ despre traducerea lor. Unele ne-au dat ceva bătaie de cap pentru că erau destul de grele, dar împreună cu d-na Maggie am găsit variantele cele mai potrivite. Colegii mei de grupă i-au tradus pe Gabriela

Adameşteanu, Mircea Cărtărescu, Radu Niciporuc, Ionuţ Chiva şi Răzvan Petrescu.

Miercuri, 10 mai 2017

Astăzi am revenit asupra unor părţi din text unde nu eram prea siguri şi am dat variantele finale. Toate textele noastre au fost stilizate, aşa că Maggie Sawkins ne-a vorbit despre poezia ei şi despre o parte din ceea ce predă: creative writing şi automatic writing. Ne-a cerut să traducem una din poeziile sale din volumul „Zones of Avoidance” şi apoi am confruntat variantele noastre cu varianta d-nei Lidia Vianu. De asemenea, am încercat „automatic writing”. Maggie ne-a spus pe rând câteva cuvinte din poezia pe care tocmai o traduseserăm şi noi a trebuit să compunem pe loc un text (care să aibă logică, bineînţeles!). A fost o provocare.

Joi, 11 mai 2017

Ne-am mutat la Muzeul Naţional al Literaturii Române pentru o zi în care am fost creativi şi împreună cu poeta noastră am asemănat diferite sentimente cu obiecte, animale sau fenomene meteorologice. Am compus şi câteva ghicitori. Cred că nu v-aţi întrebat niciodată cu ce aţi compara dragostea, ura, fericirea sau frica. De exemplu, eu am comparat fericirea cu nisipul umed ce-ţi mângâie tălpile şi apa înspumată a mării care îţi sărută pielea. Mai târziu, cei şase poeţi au recitat câteva poezii dragi lor, iar poeziile autoarei noastre, în special ultima, m-au emoţionat foarte tare. Nu a fost vorba numai de text şi de povestea din spatele lui, dar Maggie reuşeşte să transmită foarte multă emoţie. Se vede că le-a scris cu tot sufletul.

Vineri, 12 mai 2017

Pot să spun că astăzi am fost destul de melancolică pentru că mi-am dat seama că este ultima zi ca studentă din viaţa mea. Am realizat cât de norocoasă am fost să pot cunoaşte scriitori străini şi mai mult decât atât, să lucrez cu ei şi să le arăt o parte din munca mea. Genul acesta de experienţe ne îmbogăţesc pentru că luăm contact cu oameni de calitate, foarte talentaţi, citiţi şi mai ales foarte deschişi. Nu a fost relaţia rece, tipică student-profesor. Am simţit că pot comunica uşor cu Maggie şi sper că şi dumneaei a rămas cu o impresie frumoasă despre noi fiindcă nouă ne-a făcut plăcere să o cunoaştem şi ne-a făcut curioşi să-i citim operele şi să-i urmărim activitatea. Azi ne-am împrietenit şi pe Facebook.

A doua parte a întâlnirii de azi a fost o dezbatere despre traducerea literară: profesie sau apostolat? Au fost atinse subiecte sensibile şi s-au pus întrebări foarte pertinente, dar va mai trece ceva timp până când traducătorii vor fi pe deplin mulţumiţi. Chiar dacă lucrurile nu se mişcă prea repede, e important să discutăm

despre problemele pe care le întâmpinăm în această meserie.

Sâmbătă, 13 mai 2017

Astăzi am fost la TNB: am avut posibilitatea să o vedem pe actrița Simona Măicănescu în piesa *The Fever*, scrisă de Wallace Shawn. Piesa a fost tradusă și adaptată chiar de actriță. În timpul semestrului, dumneaei chiar a venit ca invitată la un curs și ne-a vorbit despre piesă și cum a ajuns s-o pună în scenă.



Mahmoud Radawi

It's rather sad to write about this wonderful event in the light of the end of this two-year journey through the maze known as translation.

The first out of the five days of our workshop started with a little miracle, that of me coming 10 minutes earlier than the starting hour of my last masterclass. This time we had the chance of reuniting with two of our last year's authors, Peter Phillips and Anne Stewart. The opening of this workshop was succinct, after that we each got to meet our poet with whom we were to start our session of refining a fragment from our dissertation paper.

On this occasion I had the privilege of working with Maggie Sawkins, poet, teacher of creative writing and the founder of Tongues&Grooves, a poetry and music club meant to empower people to express themselves through poetry and music. Right on the first day, my turn to have my text refined by a native educated person comes to pass. Even though our honored guest had many corrections to my text, this shouldn't make me become discontent with my level of English, but on the contrary, this should encourage me to push my limits even further.

The second day continues with a fragment from Mircea Cărtărescu's *Întâlnire la Torino* (he being one of the few contemporary Romanian authors that succeeded in breaking our country's borders with his writings), that described a foreign trip of touristic purpose with ancient Egyptian references. I could comment about our 12 o'clock lunch but I choose not to for two reasons: the "obvious one" and the fact that I'm not used to eating at this time of the day.

The third day is the day in which we finish our fragments and in which we embark on a very interesting and stimulating session of creative writing. The third creative writing exercise was the one that caught my interest. The name of that exercise was "automatic writing", and we were supposed to write without taking any break while Maggie Sawkins would tell us a word from time to time, and we were compelled to use those words as part of our composition. Next we had to retranslate one of our honored guest's poems (a fragment from "Zones of Avoidance") which was a lovely thing to do. The aspect that really impressed me and my colleagues was finding out the real story behind this sad poem (I apologize that I can't tell you more than this).

The fourth day, finally a sunny one at that, took us to the Romanian Literature Museum near the Northern Train Station. One of the few benefits of this new location

was the higher tables and comfortable chairs. We again had some creative writing work to do, dealing with extended similes, some acrostic poetry and we had to write an exercise of automatic writing starting from the phrase "And one day I will find out...". The day ended with a session of poetry reading, the front stage being taken by our wonderful poets.

The fifth and last day of our masterclass also had its share of the warm rays of the Sun. Even though the weather was fantastic, there lurked the sad reality which was represented by our final workshop in the presence of our British poets/writers. Our last two hours together with my group were spent on listening to two poems which were composed by two of my colleagues and some more creative writing. This time we were challenged to write two riddles each (mine will be inserted down this diary). Even a cat managed to come inside the Romanian Culture Institute as if it also knew of our authors' departure. The day ended with a conference that discussed some of the issues that translators face and how and what are the future prospects that are in store for us. Even though the general consensus was that you can't really live off translating, that doesn't undermine its necessity nor should it discourage us from getting involved in this line of work.

As a final note I want to express my gratitude for this exquisite week, for the fact that our guests found time to come to this event and I won't forget this original experience and I also hope that we and our guests have benefited from these workshops.

*Some hate you,
some fear you,
some only feel comfortable with you,
but we all acknowledge your mighty power,
which is in antithesis with the photons of the Sun.
Your lure is surely an enemy of those who hope
to bask forever in the bliss of Eden.
Even though your darkness might seem overwhelmingly convincing,
your arch nemesis, the light, is the only one who could
make you rush to oblivion where you belong!
(mopeys)*

*I'm the star of the show,
and protector against the snow.*

*I'm the image of someone's vanity,
that could drive a poor man into insanity.*

*I'm stiff and still,
and make someone proud to feel.
I'm classy and chic,
and I hate it when I reek.
(Iaxpær)*



Amalia Radu

O săptămână de neuitat

Luni 8 mai

Începem săptămâna la Institutul Cultural Român. După deschiderea oficială a masterclass-ului, fiecare grupă de masteranzi face cunoștință cu poetul britanic cu care urmează să lucreze pe parcursul celor cinci zile. Eu am făcut parte din echipa condusă de Maggie Sawkins, care la început a părut timidă, la fel ca noi de altfel, dar pe măsură ce am început să lucrăm textele ne-am apropiat.

Marți 9 mai

Continuăm activitatea în aceeași atmosferă plăcută. Maggie este mulțumită de traduceri pe care noi le-am oferit. Este un continuu schimb de opinii legate de texte, fiecare dintre noi își argumentează alegerile făcute în privința traducerii și explică pe scurt firul narativ al operei din care a lucrat. Pe măsură ce discutăm, devenim din ce în ce mai implicați. Pe alocuri chiar ne întrebăm ce a vrut mai exact să spună autorul în anumite pasaje, motiv pentru care miercuri, când autoarea din a cărei operă traduc, Gabriela Adameșteanu, ni se va alătura, o voi ruga să ne lămurească.

Miercuri 10 mai

În aceeași atmosferă plăcută continuăm să corectăm ultimele texte. De asemenea, așa cum ne-a promis, Gabriela Adameșteanu ni se alătură și ne oferă explicațiile de care aveam nevoie.

Joi 11 mai

De data aceasta ne întâlnim la Muzeul Național al Literaturii Române. Timpul parcă zboară. Cum terminaserăm deja de verificat traduceri, Maggie s-a gândit să facem creative writing. Nu ne așteptam să realizăm fragmente de text amuzante sau să avem o imaginație atât de bogată. Apoi, fiecare dintre poeți a citit poezii, iar eu trebuie să recunosc că cel mai tare m-a impresionat poezia poetei noastre, Maggie.

Vineri 12 mai

Ultima zi a atelierului. Maggie ne provoacă iar să fim creativi. Cu ajutorul unor cuvinte pe care le-am extras dintr-un plic a trebuit să inventăm ghicitori. A fost ca un

joc și nici nu am știut când a trecut timpul. După pauză, a avut loc o dezbatere deschisă cu privire la avantajele și dezavantajele traducătorului. Menționez că reprezentantele ARTLIT mi-au lăsat o impresie plăcută pentru că, pentru prima dată, am simțit că cineva chiar știe ce implică munca traducătorului și au vorbit deschis și despre banii pe care traducătorul îi poate câștiga. De-a lungul anului, invitații care ne-au vorbit despre un potențial loc de muncă s-au ferit să dea detalii exacte.

Sâmbătă 13 mai

Săptămâna dedicată atelierului ia sfârșit cu un spectacol ținut de Simona Măicănescu la Teatrul Național București. A fost o seară pe cinste. Am avut ocazia să schimbăm impresii despre spectacol cu poeții britanici și chiar să ne promitem că vom ține legătura. Ba mai mult, Maggie a insistat să o vizităm dacă ajungem în Anglia. Am făcut schimb de contacte și cu siguranță vom mai vorbi. Îmi vor lipsi aceste momente.



Alexandra Răduțoiu

Day 1

On Monday at 10 A.M., we arrived at The Romanian Cultural Institute where we were going to meet the six English poets. In the beginning, Mrs. Lidia Vianu welcomed our guests and introduced them to us. Joan Michelson, the poetess who coordinated my team, was eager to meet us and to see our translations. She seemed to be a very nice and good-humoured woman. She asked us to introduce ourselves and to say a few words about us. Before beginning to discuss about our translations, Mrs. Joan Michelson wanted each of us to read them in order to hear our pronunciation. Then we checked and discussed some of the texts of my colleagues from the 2nd year. During the break we had time to talk and to better know our team mates. The poetess proved to be a very friendly and popular person. She did not know much about Romania so she asked us about our culture and country. The conclusion of the day was that it is much more interesting to work and learn in such an environment than during the usual courses we have at the university. The week will be for sure a success!

Day 2

On Tuesday, the 9th of May, we continued checking and stylizing out translations. I read my excerpt from Cătălin Dorian Florescu's novel, *Jacob decides to love*. At some points, the poetess suggested me some alternatives of translation, including synonyms and different word order as to make the text seem more natural. She told us that even though our translations were correct, some native readers may not understand the text because they do not seem entirely natural. I really appreciated her advice and took into consideration her remarks. This made me realize that it is very important to learn directly from a native speaker because the dictionaries and all the theory I have learnt before will never tell me if certain words or expressions are properly used in the day-to-day conversations. What was even more exciting was that Mrs. Joan Michelson showed us how to read with intonation as to captivate the reader. Then, she asked us to read parts of our texts, suggesting which words should be stressed. The time seemed to fly, which meant that the work we did was captivating!

Day 3

Almost the middle of the week and everyone in my team had managed to read and check their translations. Our poetess, Joan Michelson, suggested to work in pairs

made up of a student from the first year and a student from the second year. She brought some excerpts taken from English books and required us to translate them in Romanian. When we finished, she told us to exchange our translations with those translated by another pair and to retranslate them into English. This idea seemed brilliant to me as I had thought of doing that before. The activity proved to be very interesting, challenging but also entertaining. There were a lot of differences between the original and the retranslated texts but the idea of the text was almost the same. I was very excited, happy and grateful for the amazing opportunity to do such great things during a translation workshop!

Day 4

On Thursday we all met at The National Museum of Romanian Literature. The representatives welcomed us. They said a few words about their work there and also told us about the opportunities the museum could offer us. Then, each team began to work. Mrs. Joan Michelson challenged us to guess when the texts she had brought the previous day were written, whether they are British or American and which two excerpts belong to the same author. Once again, the activity was great. We had different opinions and arguments. The poetess expressed her desire to see our ability to produce texts, so she invited us to write in Romanian a paragraph about a thing or person we had lost and then to translate it into English. At first I found it difficult to think about something I had lost and to write down my feelings but eventually it proved to be a very interesting exercise for my memory and also for my linguistic development. The best part of the day was when the six poems read some of their poems. I was amazed and captivated from the beginning to the end by their capacity to put into verses aspects of the contemporary life or parts of their personal experience. Their creativity and the talent with which they "chanted" their poems was extraordinary. It was the first time in my life when the poems had the voice of their own creators. This made me like poetry even more and appreciate the chance of meeting such important artists.

Day 5

Friday – the last day of workshops. The poetess offered us some cards with her signature and she read a poem by Elizabeth Bishop – *One Art*. The poem was touching. Its main subject was the art of losing. Mrs. Joan Michelson concluded that the week had been extraordinary and that she had enjoyed working with us. We offered her a translated volume of poems by Marin Sorescu as a souvenir from Romania. She seemed to like it a lot. In the end of the week, we all had a round-table discussion

about the work of translating. Some experienced translators told us about the work that a translator has to do and presented us the advantages and disadvantages of doing this job. In my opinion, the discussion was very useful because it somehow enlightened us, the students, and gave us suggestions on how to begin, what are our rights and duties. The whole week was a new, unique and unforgettable experience for me!

Day 6

On Saturday, the 13th of May, we were all invited to the National Theatre for a one-woman show performed by the famous actress, Simona Măicănescu. It was the best performance I have ever seen. The actress and her artistic qualities were outstanding and the fact that she had an eighty-minute monologue in English was impressive. The auditorium was full. Graduates, professors, poets and many important cultural personalities were there, making the evening unforgettable. We thanked the poets for their pleasurable presence and invited them to come again next year. It was by far one of the best experiences I have ever had and I am sure that it will help me a lot in my future career!



Ramona Răpîțaru

MONDAY, 8 May

Today we gathered at ICR, at ten o'clock. It was the first day of the Masterclass and we were all excited about it and curious about how it was going to be. This week we are going to meet every day to read our pages of dissertation in order to make it sound better in English. We were organized in groups, each of them being helped by a British writer. I was in Maggie Sawkins' group, a nice lady and a sensitive writer. She listened carefully to each text that was read and she helped us find the right words in English in order to adapt to the context and to sound good in her native language. We had a break and we ate and had a chit chat with the others and after we continued correcting the texts while each of us gave his opinion about the meaning and the words suited for the context.

TUESDAY, 9 May

It was the day when two of the writers translated by the students, Gabriela Adameșteanu and Doina Ruști, had come to visit us and it was a great pleasure for all of us to see a writer in flesh and blood. Also, one of our colleagues in the group received a book as a gift from Gabriela Adameșteanu and he was very happy, we could see it in his eyes: the joy when he saw the gift and when he read the little message written for him on the first page of the book. Today we also finished our texts and we are curious to find out what we are going to do tomorrow.

WEDNESDAY, 10 May

Today we experienced creative writing. Firstly, we had to make a sentence including two words given by the writer. I had *black* and *bamboo* and this is what I wrote: *I was walking through a garden searching for a black bamboo tree that I saw in my dream last night.* Secondly, we had to make a sentence with three words and after that, Maggie dictated us some words while we were writing a story and we had to include it in our story. It was so surprising for us to discover that we could write such beautiful and also funny texts. It was a wonderful day.

THURSDAY, 11 May

Today we changed the location. We went to The National Museum of Romanian Literature. We continued our class of creative writing and we created some

sentences starting from the names of feelings, for example: *Courage is like a leaf blown in the wind. Anxiety is like a cat in the water.* During the break we enjoyed the sunny weather while eating and having a conversation with our colleagues and with the writers who were very excited to finally have a sunny and hot day. We found so many things about their life and their occupation. We also had the pleasure to listen to the writers reading their poems and telling the story behind it.

FRIDAY, 12 May

It was the last day of the Masterclass. We gathered at ICR for the last time and in the air I could feel a sense of melancholy because we were about to realize how fast the time had passed and how close we were to the end. We started the day by reading some poems written by some of our colleagues. We discussed about how they sounded and what they meant. We came to the conclusion that they were good poems and they deserve to be published. After that we started playing a creative game. Maggie Sawkins gave a piece of paper to each of us, where we could find a word. We had to write a text about that word and the others would guess what it was about, they would guess the word. It was a funny thing to do, and at the same time so creative. It is so interesting to see how many things we could write about from a single word. I had the word *wasp* and I made this riddle:

*She is small, she's like a fairy
If you touch it, she'll get scary
With her needle she would fight
She would prick you, then she'll fly.*

The second part of the class was called The Round Table and it was a discussion about translation and we found it very interesting. People from publishing houses were there to give us as much information as we needed to know and they were glad to answer as open-heartedly as possible. We found out a lot of things that we didn't know till then and that could help us in the future.

The conclusion of this week is that we had the chance to know each other and to work with some great writers with whom we will keep in touch. It was a great experience from which we learned a lot of things about translation. We understood the importance of reading a text carefully and understanding the meaning of it in order to get to making the text sound as if it was written in English, rather than Romanian.

**Lidia Vianu's Students Translate.
Masterclass of Literary Translation.
Graduate Students' Diaries. 2017**
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Maria RizoIU

Ziua 1: *ex abrupto*

Nu-i timp de introduceri. Oricum, Anne Stewart e deja "de-a casei" și ne face să ne simțim în largul nostru. Îi dăm drumul, așadar, cu traducerile, luând fiecare autor în parte. Nu contează cine e anul întâi, cine e anul doi – toți suntem traducători.

La proză e mai ușor decât la poezie. Totuși, e important ca textul să sune natural în engleză și ca sensul să fie același ca în română. Studentul vigilent vânează neconcordanțele și îi atrage întotdeauna atenția poetei care se lasă purtată de sonoritatea unui cuvânt sau de curgerea unei fraze, cu expresia devenită celebră: "Actually, in Romanian..."

La finalul zilei, Anne ne întreabă de unde apucăm textul și ce facem cu el ca să iasă, practic, același lucru, dar în altă limbă. Concluzia: tonul face... traducerea!

Cuvântul zilei: *eggy bread* (frigănele)

Ziua 2: *meet and greet*

Azi am comentat și traducerea mea. Anne spune că i-ar plăcea și ei să citească *Inocenții* de Ioana Pârvulescu. Iată un plan de viitor! Primesc o soluție bună la o problemă de traducere pe care o rezolasem doar parțial și am ocazia să văd "pe pielea mea" cum perspectiva unui nativ îmbunătățește traducerea unui vorbitor de limbă străină: pe ici pe colo, și anume în punctele esențiale.

La pauză ni se alătură și Doina Ruști. Discutăm un fragment din cartea ei și vedem cum perspectiva unui autor pune în altă lumină lectura textului și, implicit, traducerea. Beneficiem și de ajutorul altui nativ, nativ MTTLc, adică dl. prof. Jim Brown. Vă dați seama ce stilizare a ieșit!

Cuvântul zilei: *pathetic* (pathetic little cat)

P.S. "pisicul" din curtea ICR pare desprins din cărțile doamnei Ruști!

Ziua 3: *brrrr*

Vremea nu ține cu noi: e frig și ploaie, iar moralul meu de ființă meteosensibilă e ridicat numai de apariția unui falnic barista care ne îmbie cu tot felul de licori. Dacă n-am menționat până acum nimic legat de mesele îmbelșugate care au oferit combustibil mai mult decât suficient pentru stimularea muncii noastre intelectuale, e

pentru că până și gogoșile cu zahăr și ciocolată pălesc în fața cafelei Nespresso (mulțumim sponsorilor noștri). Cum scrie în *Mâța Vinerii*, aferim!

Terminăm de stilizat textele noastre și mai avem timp de câteva discuții pe tema traducerilor literare. Da, e mai ușor decât la poezie, dar găsirea vocii potrivite pentru personajele dintr-un roman poate fi la fel de grea precum găsirea ritmului potrivit la poezie. Iar cel mai greu și mai greu e "să-l apuci pe Dumnezeu de un picior" ... în engleză!

Cuvântul zilei: manchies (man-munchies)

Ziua 4: *scene shift*

Altă vreme, altă destinație, alte activități, altă viață! Aceeași cafea divină. În sediul administrativ al Muzeului Literaturii din Calea Griviței, totul e nou, gazdele sunt primitoare, iar toate aceste schimbări ne încarcă pozitiv. Anne ne-a pregătit un exercițiu de traducere: ne-a împărțit în două grupuri (de data asta, a contat cine e anul întâi și cine e anul doi!), fiecare grup primind o jumătate dintr-un fragment de proză. Scopul era să producem împreună o traducere în română a fragmentului nostru (lucru dificil, pentru că unde sunt șase traducători, sunt cel puțin șase interpretări ale aceluiasi text, iar datoria mea de "team leader" a fost să mă asigur că ajungem la un consens fără a ajunge și la cuțite). Apoi, am luat traducerea făcută de grupa cealaltă și am tradus-o înapoi în engleză. Anne a fost impresionată că după aceste traduceri succesive, textul nostru englezesc semăna foarte bine cu originalul. Suntem buni, dom'le!

După o pauză, poeții ne-au citit câteva poezii de-ale lor despre bătrânețe, despre moarte, despre droguri, dar și despre suflet și despre... țuică! Poeții sunt foarte diferiți, fiecare poem îmi trezește o altă emoție și mă surprinde cu câtă sinceritate își pun oamenii ăștia sufletul pe tavă. Preferatul meu de anul trecut, Peter Philips, m-a încântat și anul acesta cu stilul său jucăuș din poezia dedicată lui Mircea Dinescu, ca de la poet la poet...

Cuvântul zilei: plum brandy (țuică)

Ziua 5: *saying goodbye*

Dacă mai toată săptămâna limba engleză a lucrat în serviciul limbii române, prin traducere, în ultima zi de atelier, Anne ne-a pregătit câteva exerciții de *creative writing*. Excelent! Am învățat câte ceva despre construirea unei imagini vii cu ajutorul tuturor simțurilor, importanța întrebărilor în poezie și structura poemelor cu formă

fixă (glossă și sonet shakespearean). Anne ne-a mai făcut o surpriză, dăruindu-ne fiecăruia câte o carte de poezii de-ale ei pe care să o folosim în exercițiul de creație. Nici că se putea un moment mai bun pentru a-i da și noi ceva care să-i amintească de România și de atelierele cu studenții MTTLC: o ediție bilingvă de Nichita Stănescu (ne-a spus că are o colecție de asemenea ediții) și o insignă cu mesajul "I put the PRO in prose". Am lucrat cu toții cot la cot cu Anne și, până la urmă, fiecare a reușit să compună în engleză câte o glossă, pornind de la o poezie de-ale lui Anne, sau un *flash fiction* de 100 de cuvinte. Amatori sau nu, cu siguranță ne-am distrat!

În final, o masă rotundă (sau mai degrabă concentrică), o dezbatere, o discuție, o încercare de dialog pe tema traducerilor literare pe piața românească. În colțul din stânga, editura Humanitas, care susține că editura face tot ce poate pentru traducător, dată fiind situația pieței de carte românești. În colțul din dreapta, asociația ARTLIT, care susține că ar vrea să colaboreze cu editurile pentru găsirea unor soluții, fiindcă în momentul de față, din traducerea de carte nu se poate trăi. La mijloc, oameni care au făcut carieră din traducere, mulțumită unor conjuncturi favorabile, dar și dăruirii, pasiunii și depunerii unor eforturi considerabile. Am văzut, așadar, câteva modele de succes, dar până la urmă nu e clar cum ajungi din punctul A în punctul B. Concluzia mea: se poate trăi din traducere, dacă ești foarte bun, foarte muncitor, foarte flexibil și foarte norocos.

Nu îmi plac finalurile, așa că mâine nu particip la spectacolul de închidere. Ne luăm acum la revedere de la Anne în sediul ICR, facem poze și îi mulțumim încă o dată pentru tot ce ne-a învățat. Mi-ar fi plăcut să-i pot spune *see you next year*. Cine știe...?



CONTEMPORARY
LITERATURE PRESS

<http://editura.mttlc.ro>
The University of Bucharest. 2017

Sălcianu Alexandra

DAY 1:

The first day of Masterclass was a little bit confusing at the beginning, because we didn't know where our place was, where to sit down and what we should have expected. But soon, everything was cleared.

We started correcting the translated texts, helped by Anne Stewart – an English Poet: *The Farthest* by Marius Chivu (which was translated by me), *Special Needs* by Dan Sociu, *Four Men plus Aurelius* by Doina Ruști" and *Povestiri din lumea nouă* by Cristian Teodorescu.

My favorite was, by far, *Four Men plus Aurelius*, which presented the story of a kitten, which was raised by a family. I am determined to read it.

DAY 2:

We continued checking *Four Men Plus Aurelius*, because it had been divided in two: Doris' part and Alexandra's part (my colleague and a girl in the second year). Together, we also corrected the texts "The Shadow Repairman" from *The Innocent* by Ioana Pârvulescu and that was when I found out that I should replace a man's name with "dad", if there is a child who is speaking.

I also learned a lot of new words from the text *In search of Absolute Despair* and I was surprised to see that French or other foreign terms should be written in italics if inserted in an English text.

DAY 3:

In Search of Absolute Despair hadn't been finished in day 2, so we went on with it and with *The Male's Paper Trail* by Silviu Gherman, which was funny to read, presenting a person's full of anger mind.

DAY 4:

From my point of view, this day was the best. We were put in two pairs; first one was composed by members of the first year and the second one, by members of the second year. The teams received a different text each, but from the same book. We had to translate our paper in English and then exchange it with the other team. After that, they retranslated our part in Romanian and we did the same with theirs. It seemed to me like brainstorming, because we worked in groups, trying to find the best

ideas for translating.

DAY 5:

Miss Anne Stewart was very nice, bringing us books with poems or short stories. We had to choose between writing a poem or some prose of our own, beginning from the first line from one of those books.

The book I chose is called "Outlook Variable – Poems About Weather". Sincerely, I preferred prose, so I chose to write about a persistent image that always comes to my brain.



Romina Stancu

Day 1 – Day 2 – Day 3

We were split into 6 groups of students and there was one poet in every group who helped us manage with the translations of some contemporary Romanian authors.

It was a challenge for us students, sometimes, to find the right words to express the ideas and sometimes to explain some words and phrases from Romanian which don't exist in that language. We had all the support during this activity, Mr. Philips had enough patience to correct the mistakes and understand the texts to provide a suitable word, phrase, expression. As a translator, this is a great opportunity to improve the foreign language you are learning and I am very excited I had it! It was also very helpful, because we translated literature with a poet.

Day 4

This day was one of the most challenging ones, because we were put in the situation to create poems. I really enjoyed the way Mr. Philips helped us understand how to create a poem. Firstly, we read two poems and tried to understand the main ideas from the poem, then compare them, choose one we liked more and say the reasons we made that choice. We continued with some creative writing. The first exercise required an association between some words and descriptions we thought fit or create our own descriptions. We learned how to play with words and I understood that in the process of creation we make these associations starting from what we see, feel, believe. As Mr. Phillips told us, we have to expose ourselves when writing poems.

Day 5

In the last day we had to write our own poems and read them. We received help in correcting them, so that we may find the suitable words, but keep the ideas. We continued with another creative exercise. Mr Phillips brought us one of his poems and after reading it, he chose a line and let us continue it, by writing another 50 words. It was interesting the way each of us interpreted it and created a different story. The funniest exercise and the last one was maybe the most challenging. Every student, including Mr. Philips, chose a word and then we had to create a poem using every word in one line. Try to make a poem using "sandwich", "ray" and "fire" and you will understand the difficulty and the fun in it.

It was a great experience to practice English with natives and especially to understand the process of creating a poem from such a brilliant poet!



Iulia Tașcău

8 mai 2017

Mă îndrept cu pași hotărâți către Institutul Cultural Român din Aleea Alexandru. Există un anumit confort în parcurgerea unui drum pe care îl cunoști deja. Anul trecut, tot cam pe vremea aceasta, străbăteam, șovăielnic, același traseu. Nu știam cu exactitate unde voi ajunge și nici ce voi avea de făcut. Sau, mă rog, care era rolul meu în ceea ce urma să se întâmple. Ei bine, am aflat, m-am bucurat, m-am descoperit și redescoperit aș putea spune. Atelierul de traduceri de anul trecut a fost, într-adevăr, o experiență destul de greu de descris în cuvinte. Cel puțin pentru mine. La sfârșitul săptămânii în care am lucrat alături de colegii mei de echipă și de Maggie Butt, pot spune că m-am simțit, pentru prima oară după mult timp, mândră de mine, de munca mea, de ideile mele.

Gândindu-mă la toate acestea, am ajuns, pe nesimțite, la Institut. Aproape totul era la fel. M-am așezat chiar la masa la care lucrasem anul trecut. M-am uitat în jur. Fiind în anul al doilea, m-am simțit norocoasă să iau parte, încă o dată, la o asemenea acțiune. Nu după mult timp, mi-am întâlnit colegii și am cunoscut-o pe cea care urma să lucreze cu noi anul acesta, Anne Stewart. Trebuie să recunosc, nu îmi era complet necunoscută. Fusese prezentă și în urmă cu un an.

După o scurtă prezentare a celor șase poeți am început să lucrăm. Anul acesta vom stiliza câteva fragmente de proză. Proză. Mă gândeam că lucrurile nu puteau fi mai simple. Asta am făcut mereu, asta facem mereu. Ei bine, am avut, încă din prima zi, o mare surpriză. Am început timid, cu fragmente bine și corect traduse care însă s-au transformat total sub analiza atentă a vorbitorului nativ. Credem că știm? Nu știm și nu vom ști niciodată atât de bine ca ei. Partea bună este că sunt aici pentru noi, să ne învețe, să ne arate, să ne deschidă noi uși. De pildă, de azi mi-am propus să respect cuvintele scurte: *the, just, only*. Chiar și banalul *a*. Am înțeles de la doamna Anne Stewart puterea și importanța lor.

Am plecat spre casă gândindu-mă la diferența imensă dintre traducerea unei poezii și a unui fragment de proză. Și trebuie neapărat să menționez, până anul trecut eram convinsă că poezia nu e pentru mine, nici ca scriitor, nici ca traducător. Mi s-a dovedit că nu e așa. Proză sau poezie? Această săptămână poate să îmi lumineze drumul către aflarea răspunsului.

9 mai 2017

Astăzi, în prima parte a zilei, am continuat stilizarea fragmentelor noastre. Cred că lucrurile au decurs bine. Fără prea multe neclarități, fără prea multe întrebări de ordin lingvistic și fără prea mari încercări de interpretare. Bineînțeles, ele există, dar sunt aproape insesizabile în comparație cu cele care apăreau atunci când stilizam poezia. Din acest punct de vedere cred că în „bătălia” dintre proză și poezie, poezia are un avantaj. Cel puțin atunci când ajunge să fie discutată în echipă. Fiecare înțelege altfel mesajul unui poem. Iar discuțiile ivite pe marginea traducerii respectivului poem, și implicit, pe marginea decodificării lui sunt cu adevărat savuroase. Cu totul altfel stau lucrurile în cazul prozei: discutăm, interpretăm dar cred că toate acestea se întâmplă cu o limită, limită care nu există, așa cum am văzut anul trecut, în cazul poeziei.

În partea a doua am asistat la o întâlnire foarte interesantă: autorul și traducătorul față în față. Cred că discuția cu autorul este extraordinar de importantă pentru un traducător. Și nu numai. Doina Ruști a răspuns afirmativ invitației de a participa la atelierele noastre. Am stat și m-am gândit: cam cât de des am ocazia să văd și să aud persoana a cărei muncă eu o citesc sau traduc? E o șansă cu adevărat rară. Discutând și expunându-i modul în care unii dintre noi au ales să traducă anumite pasaje care îi aparțin, am fost mirată să o aud spunând ca nu se gândise niciodată la o astfel de interpretare. Era surprinsă, iar după privirea sa, aș putea spune că era surprinsă plăcut. Până acum am fost martoră la modul în care cititorul interacționează cu textul care îi este propus. Nu am avut, însă, niciodată prilejul de a vedea cum reacționează autorul la interpretările propuse de cititor, sau traducător în cazul nostru. A fost absolut fascinant să descoperi și această față, atât de rară, a lecturii. Iată, deci, încă un motiv pentru care am așteptat cu nerăbdare masterclass-ul de anul acesta; știam că va aduce surprize frumoase.

10 mai 2017

Traducere, stilizare, traducere. Încet, am început să scăpăm de timiditatea care nu ne permitea decât să aprobăm schimbările propuse de doamna Stewart. Totuși, îmi mențin părerea pe care mi-am format-o încă din primele zile: poezia, cel puțin în acest tip de activitate, e mult mai ofertantă.

Anne Stewart propune conceptul de „voce”. Voce a naratorului, voce a personajului. Cred că, într-o anumită măsură, încearcă să ne învețe cum să alegem registrul în care traducem. Textele sunt extrem de diferite, prin urmare „vocile” pe care le auzim sunt, și ele, diferite. Cheia unei traduceri corecte, cursive chiar și pentru un nativ, stă în decodificarea corectă a acestor voci.

11 mai 2017

Astăzi, gazda noastră a fost Muzeul Național al Literaturii Române. După ce un reprezentant al Muzeului ne-a spus câteva cuvinte, fiecare echipă s-a reunit. Așa cum ne spusese încă de ieri, Anne avea ceva special pregătit pentru noi. Astfel, echipa noastră s-a împărțit, la rândul ei, în alte două echipe alcătuite pe de o parte din studenții anului întâi, iar pe de alta din noi, studenții din anul doi. A urmat un exercițiu de traducere inedit: fiecare echipă a tradus în română un fragment, apoi s-a făcut schimbul între echipe și am tradus, din nou, în engleză, traducerea fiecărei echipe. Rezultatul a fost unul surprinzător și măgulitor totodată. Anne s-a arătat extrem de încântată de acuratețea traducerilor. Cât despre mine...nu aș putea spune cu exactitate dacă mi se potrivește munca în echipă. Cu siguranță, traducerea a fost cu mult mai bună decât una realizată individual; unde-s mulți puterea crește, desigur. Însă consider că munca de traducător este una individuală și, cel puțin pentru mine, un alt fel de artă. Filtrezi prin sita propriei sensibilități o scriitură care ți se înfățișează, iar o receptare nu poate fi impusă căci altfel și-ar pierde autenticitatea. Desigur, repet, rezultatul a fost unul excelent și exercițiul în sine a fost interesant, dar eu nu sunt pregătită să renunț la suveranitatea pe care o am ca traducător asupra textului tradus.

Tot astăzi, fiecare poet a citit câteva dintre poeziile proprii. Registre total diferite, voci diferite, imagini diferite. Este ciudat cum scriitura în general, poezia în particular, îți poate oferi o grilă de receptare a autorului. La sfârșitul acestei zile, doamna Lidia Vianu ne propune să îmbrăcăm, și noi, haina autorului. Cu alte cuvinte suntem invitați să aducem, a doua zi, o creație personală, o poezie, pentru a o putea discuta cu poeții britanici.

Plec acasă gândindu-mă ce aș putea scrie. Nu am mai încercat să scriu poezii niciodată. Iată o nouă provocare.

12 mai 2017

Astăzi a fost ultima zi de lucru în echipă împreună cu Anne Stewart. Din nou, acesta ne-a surprins cu exercițiul pe care ni l-a propus. Astfel, am avut parte de o mică lecție de scriere creativă. Ne-a vorbit despre imagini, despre importanța acestora precum și despre relevanța simțurilor și a prezenței acestora în scriitură. Este interesant să vezi cum funcționează resorturile interioare ale unui scriitor, căci exact asta a făcut Anne, ne-a lăsat să tragem cu ochiul la modul în care se pune totul în mișcare în momentul în care creionul a atins hârtia.

În a doua parte a zilei am asistat la o discuție despre soarta traducerilor și a traducătorilor literari în România zilelor noastre. Într-adevăr, este destul de greu să

trăiești astăzi din meseria pe care noi, viitori absolvenți ai acestui masterat, dorim să o practicăm. Și așa cum s-a pus problema, într-adevăr plata acordată traducătorilor literari ilustrează, în mod direct, interesul pentru carte al țării în care trăim. Consider că această meserie nu este pentru cei pragmatici. Și, din păcate nici nu cred că va fi vreodată. Cred, în schimb, că a fi traducător literar nu se rezumă numai la banii pe care îi poți câștiga din hobby-ul tău – căci până la urmă traducerea literară este o pasiune, cel puțin pentru mine. Ca să idealizez, consider că este mai mult vorba de a îmbrăca cu spiritul tău, spiritul creator al unui străin. Nu cred că în România acestor ani traducerea literară va deveni o meserie spre care vom alergia cu toții, însă rămâne la latitudinea noastră modul în care ne raportăm la ceea ce ne poate oferi această îndeletnicire.

Și astfel masterclass-ul de anul acesta a ajuns la final. Încă o experiență inedită care cu siguranță mi-a dat de gândit. Mă număr totuși printre norocoșii care au reușit să participe de două ori la acest tip de activitate, organizată ireproșabil de doamna Lidia Vianu. Și mai mult decât atât, am putut pune în balanță proza și poezia, am văzut ce înseamnă traducerea de proză și cea de poezie și am înțeles că, mai presus de orice, stă pasiunea pentru ceea ce faci. Pentru asta, vă mulțumesc!



Alexandru Tonca

Day 1

Day 1 started a bit slow. We were all a bit sleepy and did not know where to go or what to do. Finally, Anne Stewart, the English poet assigned for our workgroup arrived. I knew her from the previous edition of the Masterclass although I did not work with her that time. She told us a funny story about how she got lost on her way here. After a brief introduction, we got right to work. The best thing about working with a native English speaker is that you get to find new and better ways to express an idea that sounds more natural, more like how an Englishman would have said it. I was fortunate to get my work checked on the first day because I was really nervous. I had no idea how good of a job I've done. Surprisingly, it was a lot better than I expected and I was really pleased with the result. A few minor mistakes and that was it. With that being said and done, this was the first day of the Masterclass.

Day 2

On day 2 we got right to work because we knew what we had to do from the previous day so everything went really smooth. The nice thing about checking in a workgroup a piece from a translation is that when you stumble upon a difficult part of it, everyone gets to pitch in with an idea. The best one will then be chosen. Everyone seemed pleased with the changes that were made upon their text. The nice thing about today was that one of the Romanian authors whose text we were working on came to our class. We got some insight about what she really meant on some of the paragraphs in the text. Which was really nice because we interpreted everything in a different way. At some point we had to find the best word to describe a pathetic little cat and Ruxandra, one of our colleague, came with a brilliant idea which was to call the cat "a patheticat". At first it seemed more like a joke but at a second thought we decided that this was the best solution for our problem. All of my colleagues texts were really interesting and entertaining. I think I will start reading all those books.

Day 3

Today we realized we had only two texts left but, fortunately, Maria came with an extra piece of text on which we could work on. A really interesting and hard text was Nadina's. It was about a post-apocalyptic world in which only one woman survived. She built an entire civilization out of machine made beings. Women had a

bigger and more important role meanwhile men where these little puppets with no feelings. They would stay in the exact position their owner put them and they could be eaten, be worn as a pendant or even be killed without uttering a single word. In the original Romanian text these men were called "chirunți" which is an invented word, so we had to come with an English invented word. Again, our colleague Ruxandra came with the best idea and that was to call them "manchies". We finished our work just in time and Anne told us that she prepared a little game for the next day. Can't wait.

Day 4

Today we went to the National Museum of Romanian Literature. For the first part of the day we played a little game of translations. We split up in two groups and were given two bits of text. We had to translate the text from English to Romanian. When we were finished we had to swap our bit of translated text with the bit from the other group and we had to translate that bit back from Romanian to English. The similarity of our Romanian to English translation with the original text was astounding. Anne could not believe the great work we've done. She congratulated us which filled our hearts with joy. It's a really nice feeling to have an English native speaker appreciate your translation. For the second part of the day the six English poets read some of their personal work. These were some of the best poems I've ever heard. It was a fantastic thing to witness.

Day 5

This was the last day of the Masterclass. Today was the "creative" day. We had to create a poem, a gloss, or a piece of fiction called "Flash fiction". I chose the poem. We all had somewhat 40 minutes to come up with something. We took turns and read the poem or the flash fiction. Mine is this one:

*Red, gold, green, light up
in her big round eyes,
Yet she is dissatisfied.*

*The sky; royal colours
and the sun shines bright,
yet she is dissatisfied.*

Yet she is dissatisfied.

*This will never end
'Cos she wants more.*

*She slips away
and finds a quiet place
away, but in everybody's line of sight.*

*From the celebration,
roars of applause could be heard
but right now she is undisturbed, she*

*finds an opening door
even though it's all in her mind.
She slips through it now, all satisfied.*

In the second part of the day, there took place an open conversation on "Translations seen as a profession". We mainly discussed the things that we have to offer and do as a translator and the things we have to demand. With this, the Masterclass came to an end but I have to say that we all shared an amazing experience and we had five memorable days.



Ramona Tudor

Day 1

Today we've met the six British poets. I didn't know how the workshop would work, but I was excited and full of hopes. After a brief presentation of all the members of the group, we started verifying our texts with our poet, Graham Mummery. Even though Mr. Mummery didn't know Romanian, he asked us to read the original text first, because he wanted to hear the sound of it, which I found an interesting concept. It certainly works when translating poetry, but also prose, because sometimes it helps you identify the closest synonym in English and the melodicty of each word can contribute to a better understanding of the text.

I was the second to read the translation. I was a bit nervous. Even though I had gone through it several times before, I knew there were a couple of passages that needed "mending". After going through the entire text, we turned back to one problematic passage, but as our time was limited, we had to let it sit until the next day.

Day 2

Things started to ease up a bit. I feel that today we were more interactive than the previous day. Mr. Mummery was very supportive and also provided us with positive feedback whenever we reached the best version of a translation. I liked the way he promoted the idea of dialogue by comparing us, the group of translators, with a beehive; every one of us striving towards one single purpose: the most accurate English translation; a hive-mind.

With Mr. Mummery's help, for which I am very grateful, we've finally reached the best version of that tricky passage in my translation.

I think tomorrow, by the end of the programme we will have finished going through everybody's translations. I wonder what will come up next.

Day 3

Today I woke up to autumn weather and cold rain. Luckily the guitar player at the subway cheered us up with a Muse song.

At The Romanian Cultural Institute, the day began as usual, with translations, but finished in an unusual way. As anticipated, we finished verifying the last two translations and luckily Mr. Mummery found an activity which was even more entertaining: creative writing. We chose each in turn a word from our translations, so

that in the end we had put up a list of nine words.

Some of us, among whom I can count myself, were very anxious about reading them. Most of us chose prose. Mr. Mummery was impressed about our pieces of writing and was especially interested about how we felt about writing them. I see it as a way of getting to know oneself better, but I also enjoyed this exercise of on-the-spot writing from which I definitely learned something about myself.

Day 4

Fair weather at last! Today we held our Masterclass workshop at The National Museum of Romanian Literature. Some of our second year colleagues brought some extra fragments from their dissertation. Towards the end of the programme, we looked at one of Marin Sorescu's poems, "Destiny" ("Destin"). First of all, we received two English translations of the poem and we had to translate one of them back into Romanian without looking at the original text. It was a useful means of identifying a misleading use of the tense. When we received a copy of the original poem, we were astonished to find out the differences and similarities between our own versions and Sorescu's poem. We also talked about a translation's ability to bridge two cultures and we all agreed that they are a way of balancing cultural differences, at the same time keeping the flavour of the source text.

The day ended with poetry reading by each of the six poets: Wendy French, Joan Michelson, Graham Mummery, Maggie Sawkins, Peter Philips and Anne Stewart, as well as a special guest, Ioana Ieronim. I liked the way some of them vividly depicted the struggles of day to day life, some had humour, some had passion, but all of them were overflowing with intense feelings.

Day 5

This was the last day of the Masterclass workshops, which ended at The Romanian Cultural Institute. We started the day with poem and prose reading, our own. As I gathered, Mr. Mummery appreciated the "Romanian elegance" with which we would write in English.

His recommendations about our translations and written pieces concerned the excessive use of the definite article, which in English is not used as frequently as it is in Romanian; a more natural word topic in English, and more accurate synonyms.

The day ended with a round table discussion in which professors, poets and representants of the publishing houses and ARTLIT invited us to participate in a debate on the status of the translator and the difficulties he or she is faced with nowadays.

Day 6

To mark the end of the Masterclass workshops' week, Prof. Lidia Vianu held a closing ceremony at The National Theatre where we had the opportunity to see *The Fever*, a one woman show performed by Simona Măicănescu. I was astonished by her interpretation and the amount of emotions and passion she was able to convey to the public.

At the end, we enjoyed a glass of wine and some very delicious cakes and exchanged a few impressions with Mr. Graham Mummery. We thanked him for his patience, his advice and for the lovely collaboration. It has been a pleasure to meet Mr. Mummery and all the other poets and I can only thank Prof. Lidia Vianu and the organisers for making it possible!



Isabela Tutunea

6 Days with 6 British Poets

I should start by saying that I've also taken part in last year's workshops and I still have beautiful memories of the week without which I could not be the exact same person that I am now. This year was great too – I knew what to expect, I was more in control so everything worked up smoothly.

The difference was that this year we, as second year students, were going to discuss our theses with the help of our first year colleagues. I was really looking forward to working with Mrs. Anne Stewart whom I knew from last year, although I wasn't in her team.

The 8th of May 2017 represented the beginning of something I can now say I am proud I was a part of.

Surprisingly, on the first morning I was quite nervous, thinking how everything was going to be. What impressed me the most about these six people who came here to help us was how modest and friendly they were. I was the first one to read my translation and to talk about the book. As soon as I started talking all my emotions went away. The way in which Mrs. Anne Stewart looked at us with trust and sympathy made us feel confident. Until Thursday all we did was to confront and discuss our translations. On the fourth day, as we finished the translations sooner than we had expected, we did an exercise – we had to work in two teams; each team was given a fragment to translate from English into Romanian, then when the translations were finished we exchanged them with the other team and knowing just the Romanian part we had to translate everything back into English. I liked the exercise, I liked that it made us work as a team and I was happy to hear that we did really well.

On the fifth day we did something a little different – we wrote poetry and prose. We were given some pieces of advice on how to start writing. One of the poems I've written for the workshop is the following one:

The End of Time

I am a candle no one wants,
hidden somewhere at the back of the top shelf of your chest.
I will wait for you here until the end of time
or just until the first blackout
when you realize you need me.

I am the letter you received at fourteen
in which she told you she didn't feel the same about you.

I am a withered lily-of-the-valley
hidden somewhere through the pages of your favourite book.
I will wait for you here until the end of time
or just until you decide you no longer need
a dried-out lily as your bookmark.

I am the last piece of cake you refused to eat
at your tenth birthday party.

I am the treasure box you buried in the back yard
when you were six.
I will wait for you here until the end of time.
Unbury me!

This year the event seemed even bigger. Many institutions came together in order to help us, the students, have this amazing opportunity. Seeing this, I realized how challenging the whole process must have been for all the parts involved.

All in all, these workshops were a wonderful opportunity for everyone, a great experience, worth remembering.

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Nadina Țăruță

DAY 1

I arrived at the Romanian Cultural Institute a little before ten o'clock, so there was not enough time for socialising and I went directly to work. I already knew Mrs. Anne Stewart from last year, so I already knew what to expect from her and what she expected from us: professionalism.

Going over the texts was going much faster than it did last year, but I suppose prose is much easier to translate, given that it doesn't generally hold as much symbolism as poetry does.

We managed to get through three complete fragments during the first day, and we kept that pace throughout the entire week.

DAY 2

On the second day, we went through another three fragments. I still wasn't comfortable enough with speaking up, as I was a bit nervous. To my joy, I got a seat next to Mrs. Stewart, and that made coming out of my shell a bit easier because of the warmth she was radiating.

DAY 3

I was the last to have their fragment analysed. We finished quite quickly, and this gave me a lot of confidence.

After having seen all of my colleagues' works, I feel that I can confidently say that I am proud to have had the opportunity of being surrounded for two years by such wonderful, intelligent people and amazing translators.

DAY 4

On Thursday, the Masterclass took place at the Romanian Museum of Literature, which was very well suited. Having finished with the review of our translations, Mrs. Stewart decided to test our capacity to work as a team and divided us into two groups, depending on our year of study, and gave us some translations to do.

It was rather difficult, as each of us focused on different details, and we were all coming up with different suggestions, but the time was too short to settle on one thing and have all of us completely satisfied with the translation, so we also learned about compromise.

After finishing, the six writers were kind enough to read us some of their work, and I was very grateful to be given a glimpse into what being an experienced writer today entails and what catches the eye of the public.

DAY 5

On the last day, Mrs. Stewart organised a creative workshop, and each of us had to choose a genre of poetry and then write something on the spot. I chose to write a glosse, but some of my colleagues wrote short bits of fiction.

The day ended with a debate regarding whether literary translation was a profitable job or more of a hobby. We were all invited to take part, but I personally chose not to intervene, as I was very interested to hear the perspective of people who had more experience in the field than I did.



Luiza Vărzaru

The first day of the Masterclass program was on the 8th of May. I went to Mr. Peter Phillips' group and worked along the other students on correcting some of the translated texts.

On the second day, my colleague from 2nd year found me and told me that I had gone to the wrong group. I went with her to our assigned poet, Maggie Sawkins. We corrected other translated texts, including our own. After the break, we started translating from her poem *Zones of Avoidance*.

The third day of the Masterclass was on the 10th of May. Today we continued with translating from *Zones of Avoidance*. After the break, we continued with some creative writing exercises.

On the fourth day of the Masterclass we went to the Romanian National Museum of Literature. We worked on the poem *The Emptiness*, written by Maggie Sawkins. We tried to find different key-words and themes in the poem. After this, we made an exercise where we had to make some comparisons using different extended similes. After this, the poets read us some of their works.

The fifth and last day of the Masterclass program was on Friday, 12th of May. On this day, we read some of the poems created by different members of the group. After this, we had another creative writing exercise. We picked a word and we tried to make a riddle for that word. After this, we worked as a group and started to write a riddle poem.



Alexandra Victoria

On the first day we started discussing the translations. We talked a little about the differences between "in" and "into". We found out that there are some words which have become overused in English literature and that your chance at being published could be ruined if you use them and if you're not willing to change them. For instance: "myriad" and "shards". I did not know that.

The second day was the most interesting one, at least for me. The author of the text I had translated and prof. Jim Brown joined us for the discussion. We asked the author to explain the passages we had struggled with and discovered that we found new meanings in the text that not even the author had considered. I liked that the group was very active and that we had many opinions going around. We also reached the conclusion that authors would not be the best translators of their own work.

On the third day, we finished discussing the translations. The last text was particularly interesting because it was a science fiction piece, which had some invented words in Romanian. Trying to translate those into English was a bit challenging, but I think this is one of the little joys of translation.

We spent the fourth day at the National Museum of Romanian Literature. Here, our group split into two subgroups: first year and second year students. Each subgroup had to translate an English text into Romanian. Then we had to translate into English the other group's Romanian translation. It was amazing how much our final translations resembled the original text. If we didn't already know, we realized then that we are very good translators. That brought me joy and made me feel so thankful for being a student in this M.A. programme and for being a part of this event.

On the final day of the Masterclass we tried our hand at some creative writing. I couldn't write a good piece of poetry, so I ended up writing flash fiction, which I was very pleased with. I find creative writing to be extremely interesting and I am sad that we don't really have that in Romania. There was also a round table on Friday, with some translator and members of Artlit, our professor of audiovisual translation, Bogdan Stănescu, prof. Jim Brown, poet Ioana Ieronim, and the representative of a Romanian publishing house.

On Saturday, we went to the Bucharest National Theatre and watched Simona Măicănescu in "The Fever". The show was beautiful. After that we talked a little bit more and we said our "au revoirs". An amazing week was coming to an end.



Ruxandra Vorotneac

Day 1: I along with a couple of other colleagues, including Alex, my friend from the second year and also my partner for this project, arrived at the Romanian Cultural Institute around 10. It was the first time I had ever been there, but the place looked lovely. We went to our seats and joined the group we'd work with. Professor Vianu said a few words to announce the opening of the event then the students were delighted by Anne Stewart's presence. After introducing all the British poets, "4 British, 1 Scottish and 1 American" as she described them, each poet went to the table with students anxious to work. Ms. Stewart was absolutely charming, very cheerful. She seemed glad to be back here. She had a nice pin in her chest with the message "I'm poetry pro". She probably got it from last year's students. First we tackled Dan Șorici's "Nevoi Speciale" or "Special Needs". It is a different experience when a native speaker takes a look on our translations and helps us be more accurate in the way they see things, the way they express themselves. We didn't modify the texts much but there were some subtleties that needed to be taken care of. It really helped the texts sound more natural. Secondly, we went over "Cel mai departe" by Marius Chivu. I remember us having a problem naming "the thing that you turn the eggs in the pan with". It was spatula. After the lunch break, we tackled the text Alex and I worked on, "Voices" by Cristian Teodorescu. We had problems with "țuică de prune" and we translated it as "plum brandy". But Ms. Stewart said we can simply leave it as "țuică de prune, his favorite plum brandy" so people can understand exactly what it is. It was a really productive day. I'm getting more excited for the days to come.

Day 2: the day was a bit gloomier but that did not kept us from our work. And we still had plenty of work to do. The first text for the day was "Inocenții" by Ioana Pârvulescu. The word "Taica" posed some problems, we couldn't translate it as "Father" because it would be too distant, and "Pop" is too American. "Dad" was apparently the best option possible. "Pițigoiule" was also provided two translations, either "titmouse" or "little finch". Personally, I think the second one is better. Next, we worked on "Patru bărbați plus Aurelius" by Doina Ruști, who actually joined us later on, after the lunch break. We discussed over certain meanings that were ambiguous or unclear, it was really helpful to have the actual author there, it made our job a bit easier. We also had trouble translating the word "pisic". The way she describes it in the book, the cat seems like a "pathetic, little cat", as Anne said, but we

needed one word for it. I came up with "patheticat" and Ms. Stewart really liked it. So we went with that for the rest of the text. With just a bit of time left, we started working on "În căutarea nefericirii absolute" by Florin Iaru, but we only got to the first half of the paragraph.

Day 3: we continued the text we started yesterday, it was a rather cynical text, and a bit satirical, so it was a lot more permissive in translating it. Funnily enough, the word "cucumber" could be found in both the Romanian and English text, so, in order to keep this oddity in the English text, we replaced it with the French word "concombre". "The male's paper trail", by Silviu Gherman, was the next piece of translation we worked on. It was the first science fiction piece we've had, apparently women were the superior race and men were inferior. In Romanian, they were called "chirunți", it was a made up word, and you could do anything to them or with them, even eat them. That's why they were translated as "munchies". But that didn't quite catch the entire meaning of the character so I came up with the word "manchies" in order to give the reader an idea of what they are. Again, to my surprise this time, Ms. Stewart liked my idea and decided to use it. I might make a habit out of inventing new words. Since we still had around an hour left, but all the texts had been corrected, a colleague of ours brought another piece of the text she had so we can look over it. It was again from "Inocenții". A nice play on words stood with me "see the sea glistening". Ms. Stewart decided to let us go a bit earlier, but she said she'd have a surprise for us the next day. She seemed very excited about it. Now I'm quite curious.

Day 4: today we changed the location of the event, the Literature Museum was kind enough to offer a couple of rooms for the Masterclass. And it was quite lovely, again, I have never been there so far. But I will definitely visit it again. They even have original documents and manuscripts we can study, quite fascinating! In the beginning, the curator of the museum said a few words, we took a few pictures and then we were off to our working posts. For today, Ms. Stewart prepared a little exercise for us. She divided us into 1st year students and 2nd year students and she took an excerpt of a text ("The Wad") and she gave us the second half of the text, with a few indications of what was going on in the first half. We had only around 30 minutes to translate it from English into Romanian and it wasn't the easiest text to translate, we first had to understand it, and we were supposed to work as a group. I found it refreshing actually, it was easy to work in a group, a person would come up with a translations and another one would come up with an even better word. After we translated our

portion of the text, we wrote 7 copies and we gave the copies to the other group, they did the same, and we started translating the Romanian versions into English again. That was a bit easier, because we already had an idea of what the original text was about. Then, we confronted our translations in English with the original English text and they were rather similar, we had gotten the meaning right. Ms. Stewart was pleased by the results and she did seem proud of us. I actually enjoyed today and I was looking forward to the poetry reading. Some poems were rather sad. I definitely enjoyed the "Plum Brandy" one. But I enjoyed every one of them. I started thinking that we cannot let Ms. Stewart leave Romania without giving her a gift. So I came up with an idea, another pin saying "I put the pro in prose". Another colleague suggested we also buy her a poetry book by a Romanian author that was already translated into English. Sounded like a plan!

Day 5: I rushed to the library to try to find the gift. I found a book with poems by Nichita Stănescu which was translated in English and it seemed perfect, he is a great contemporary artist and I really thought she would enjoy it. The other colleagues from my group seemed to like the idea as well. We arrived at the Romanian Cultural Institute for one last time, it was actually a rather sad day. But, yet again, Ms. Stewart had another exercise for us. We were going to create our own poems. First we started with something a bit more simple. She asked us to picture an image in our heads as clear as we can and then try to describe it in our own words. The results were far better than any of us expected. It's amazing what our imagination can help us create. For the next part of the exercise, Ms. Stewart actually had another surprise for us, she had brought each of us a book as a gift, and we were going to work from them. What we had to do is pick a stanza from one poem and use each verse of the stanza to create stanzas of our own. I took the first five verses from "Gold" by Julia Deakin. It was easy for me to imagine myself as a four-year old and try to keep that same innocence and creativity that young children have. For this lovely experience, we presented her with the gift that we had bought, I believe she wasn't expecting it but she seemed very excited. She was a delight to work with, it was a pleasure to have the opportunity to translate with an actual native and I do hope we will be seeing her real soon. The Round Table debate was highly educational and it provided insight regarding working with a publisher, what it requires, what the demands are and what it would take to work with a publisher. Unfortunately we might not be able to make a living out of translating, but if we combine them with subtitles for example, that also requires translating, we might have a shot. I have already started making subtitles for

a while and, indeed, it has helped me a lot. I am very grateful for the opportunity I was given by both this event and this MA programme, I have learned a lot and I'm looking forward to next year's events.



Bogdan Voiculescu

Day 1

As soon as everyone is here, we get straight to it. The first day is marked by bare, no-shenanigans translation, which, I understand, might serve as our profession. We are all nice to one another. There are no casualties.

Day 2

Still no official business. Straight to work. How does one translate "piscic" into "pathetic cat"? Answer: just so. Not to imply it isn't a good translation. But that translation is sometimes quite tricky. That's good. Gives one a sense of pride.

Buffet still attractive. Still haven't taken any donut. They're sealed in plastic. How uninviting.

Day 3 in retrospect (no more time for lofty impressions)

Have had donut. Grown closer. It's sunnier. (It may have been raining, but it was still sunnier.) Translation, good. "Hooked on words" is as good a motto for it as I've ever seen. Am invited to the home of very distinguished friend. It's a pleasure to get to know him. We've been fellow peers for two years. Better late than...

Day 4 in retrospect (having too much fun, sorry)

(Was it on Thursday that we toured the National Theater?) It is quite a spectacular building. A great deal of very large things and very high ceilings. I am intimidated. I.C. gives the tour. He is a very pleasant man. "Come!" he says, though he needn't tell us, we're always eager to "come" into the next hall, and the next, and the next. Everyone loves him. I love everyone. There's a great view from the rooftop. I've never thought that Bucharest looks best under an overcast sky, but I think so now.

Earlier, we translate our way into the National Museum of Romanian Literature. I mumble my way through my first gig as a live interpreter. Everyone laughs. Thank you for laughing, everyone. (You made my day.)

Day 5 in retrospect (I remember it as if it were just last week)

Back at the Romanian Cultural Institute. Today, we move the tables and sofas to form a square round table. I sit with three charming ladies and tell them of my vast experience of what it means to be a translator in Romania. There's no need to tell them

the information has come to me second-hand. They hang on to my every word. One is craning her neck to listen, so I move in closer. I have never felt so flattered in my entire life. Thank you for your generous patience with my breathing down your neck. I'm sort of glad there have been no photos to capture the moment. Yet.

The three charming ladies have invited me to dine with them in a very elegant restaurant. We make our way through shadowy corridors and spider-web-owy halls (I'm sure everything was spick and span, but I just like to imagine). We are escorted to a cozy dining hall in a wing of the estate. We are waited on with great generosity. Thank you, Casa Universitarilor, from everyone (I'm sure).

Our esteemed guests from across the pond belong to the category of people I've wanted to know all my life. And tonight they're very human. When fondness is added to admiration, the concoction is sure to be kept at one's bedside for the remainder of one's days. (I apologize for constantly pestering you about what you wished to have for dinner.) For that matter, I apologize to everyone for my countless faux pas reiterated across the week. I assure you, I make myself pay for every instance, with gratitude that others don't make me pay for them themselves.

Day 6

Thank you, Simona Măicănescu, for what was (probably) unanimously agreed upon to be an impressive show, and for your confidence in me, which I still strive to deserve. Thank you, distinguished and generous guests: Anne Stewart, Maggie Sawkins, Peter Phillips, Graham Mummery, Wendy French, and Joan Michelson, for eagerly spearheading this week's event, and for your charming and much cherished acquaintance. Thank you, esteemed leaders and representatives of various cultural institutions, without whose support for the event, none of this would have been possible. At any rate, it would have all been countless times more difficult to achieve. Thank you, colleagues and friends, with whom I've spent two years of my life, and for whose comradery I may call these two years "precious".

And thank you, Lidia Vianu, whose patience and untiring devotion to our future and our profession I cannot begin to fathom in their entirety, but which I have felt every step of the way. I have never been quite so lucky to receive such warm support and guidance in my entire academic life.

Thank you all, truly, for affording me, with intent or unwittingly, a rich new layer of memories which I hope nothing will ever thin out or erase.

Your undeserving beneficiary,

Lidia Vianu's Students Translate.
Masterclass of Literary Translation.
Graduate Students' Diaries. 2017
240

Bogdan Voiculescu
May 2017



Annex

Closing Speeches

Bogdan Stănescu

SĂPTĂMÂNA ROMÂNNO-BRITANICĂ, între literatură, traducere și teatru

Începând cu anul 2008, experiența de traducător audiovizual și redactor de film a adus în viața mea o noutate care, de atunci, naște satisfacții profesionale deosebite de cele pe care le simt la Televiziunea Română de 25 de ani încoace.

Acela a fost momentul în care am început colaborarea cu MTTL, un program masteral numit „Traducerea Textului Literar Contemporan”, din cadrul Catedrei de Limba Engleză a Universității București, condus de **Prof. Lidia Vianu**.

În cei nouă ani de până acum, m-am bucurat de mai multe promoții de masteranzi mulțumiți de ceea ce se întâmplă la cursurile mele (indiferent dacă este vorba de Subtitrare sau de Dublaj), m-am pregătit într-o direcție nouă, spre a putea aduce în fața celor interesați informații atrăgătoare despre o potențială viitoare meserie, am cunoscut profesori de la care am învățat că poți asculta cu interes chiar dacă ai ieșit de mult de pe băncile facultății, am urmat o școală doctorală și am participat la conferințe naționale și internaționale pe teme diferite, de la imagologie, la literatură engleză, franceză, italiană sau chiar la traducerea de teatru.

Dar iată că lucrurile frumoase, și mai ales interesante, nu se opresc aici. Pentru că la MTTL ai ocazia să participi oricând la proiecte care să-ți deschidă orizonturi noi și să te aducă în preajma unor oameni pe care nu te-ai fi gândit că-i vei avea alături.

Pe scurt, mă refer la evenimentul care a avut loc între 8 și 13 mai 2017, și anume Masterclass-ul „**Lidia Vianu's Students Translate**”, găzduit de Institutul Cultural Român.

O săptămână în care masteranzii programului MTTL au avut șansa să lucreze cu șase poeți englezi veniți special pentru a le stiliza traducerile literare.

Fabulos! O ocazie cu care nu te întâlnești prea des. Dacă stai să te gândești ce diferență uriașă e între retroversiune și traducere, dacă înțelegi că de fapt prima e o meserie în sine, cu totul deosebită, foarte dificilă și deloc la îndemâna oricui, îți dai seama ce greutate extraordinară poate avea această „picătură” de limbă engleză „de la mama ei” pentru niște masteranzi aflați la început de drum.

Despre primele cinci zile, cele de atelier propriu-zis, știu numai din povestiri, de la tinerii participanți entuziasmați de evenimentul în sine și de „poeții-profesori” care le-au explicat fiecare nuanță a traducerii făcute de ei din limba română, în limba

engleză.

În schimb, pot să spun mai multe despre ziua a cincea, 12 mai, care s-a încheiat cu o masă rotundă pe tema „Traducerea literară, profesie sau apostolat?”, discuție găzduită tot de Institutul Cultural Român, la care au luat parte, printre alții, Lidia Vianu, Ioana Ieronim, Cerasela Barbone, Iulia Gorzo, Ariadna Ponta, Violeta Baroană și subsemnatul, alături de oaspeții noștri de seamă, cei șase poeți britanici, enumerați aici într-o ordine întâmplătoare: Wendy French, Joan Michelson, Graham Mummery, Peter Phillips, Maggie Sawkins, Anne Stewart.

A fost o întâlnire extrem de interesantă, în care noi, cei mai experimentați, i-am învățat pe ei, masteranzii MTTL, aflați la începutul carierei, că traducerea e una singură, indiferent dacă ea se numește **literară** sau **audiovizuală**, și că trebuie făcută cu pasiune, cu hotărâre, cu dorința de a-și demonstra talentul și de-a arăta că această profesie trebuia privită cu mult mai multă seriozitate de către cei care, uneori, au impresia că nu facem decât să transpunem, robotic, o serie de cuvinte, dintr-o limbă în alta.

La dezbaterile de la ICR am înțeles că există profesioniști care vor să lupte pentru meseria lor, care-și iubesc profesia și care, indiferent de satisfacțiile sau de insatisfacțiile materiale, sunt hotărâți să meargă mai departe în această frumoasă poveste a textului literar.

Și pentru că un eveniment de asemenea proporții trebuia să aibă un final pe măsură, sâmbătă, pe 13 mai, toată lumea a fost invitată la teatru.

„The Fever, a one-woman show, acted in English by Simona Măicănescu, adapted by the actress from Wallace Shawn, directed by Lars Norén.”

Așa era scris pe afișul săptămânii româno-britanice, acesta a fost spectacolul găzduit de Sala Media a Teatrului Național din București. Un dar cu o încărcătură deosebită, un adevărat tur de forță al unei mari actrițe care a avut generozitatea să ne ofere un adevărat regal actoricesc într-o sală destul de mică, dar în care atmosfera a fost una mai intensă decât într-un spațiu cu multe sute de locuri.

Văzusem acest spectacol cu puțin timp în urmă, la ARCUB, așa că am avut ocazia să mă concentrez asupra anumitor momente, dar și să privesc spectatorii, să le citesc pe chip bucuria de a fi luat parte la un eveniment cu adevărat special.

În finalul serii, înainte de momentul de socializare mult-așteptat, doamna Lidia Vianu, „motorul” întregii „săptămâni a poezilor”, le-a mulțumit tuturor celor care au făcut din această întâlnire literară un adevărat succes cultural.

Și dacă tot suntem la momentul adevărului, a venit și rândul meu să adresez câteva cuvinte legate de (în curând) cei zece ani petrecuți alături de MTTL.

În primul rând, vreau să mulțumesc pentru ocazia care mi s-a oferit, și de care mă bucur la fiecare curs în parte, aceea de a putea împărtăși din experiența mea de traducător și redactor de film. Poate că nu toți masteranzii sunt interesați de traducerea audiovizuală, dar în fiecare promoție există un grup de viitori profesioniști ai acestei meserii, care se formează la cursul de Subtitrare și Dublaj oferit de MTTL, iar acest lucru nu poate decât să mă bucure enorm.

Apoi, țin neapărat să felicit echipa de organizatori ai masterclass-ului, pe toți aceia care s-au zbatut și s-au gândit la fiecare detaliu în parte. Deși poate la un moment dat au obosit, au mers mai departe, în dorința de-a duce la bun sfârșit un eveniment care s-a dovedit a fi așa cum și l-au dorit: interesant, instructiv și încărcat de generozitate.

Dacă până acum am mulțumit și am felicitat, a venit momentul să îndrept și mulțumirile, și felicitările mele către masteranzii MTTL, tinerii care au dat dovadă de inteligență, de maturitate și de interes în ceea ce privește viitoarea lor carieră. La ceremonia de închidere a masterclassului, i-am văzut bucuroși, dar nu pentru că totul se termina, ci pentru că se simțeau mai bogați cu experiența unei săptămâni pline de satisfacțiile muncii depuse. Nu, nu sunt cuvinte căutate, ci primele vorbe la care mă gândesc atunci când îmi amintesc grupurile de studenți frumos îmbrăcați care ciocneau un pahar de vin... **în cinstea lor înșile**, pentru ceea ce au realizat și urmează să realizeze.

Așa cum îi învăț la cursurile mele, voi încerca, la final, să fac o demonstrație în spiritul subtitrării, acea artă de a spune mult în cuvinte puține. Un singur subtitlu.

Bravo ! Sunt mândru de voi !
Semnat: profu' de Subtitrare.

Radu Bogdan Stănescu, 13 mai 2017



Violeta Baroană

Îmi dau seama cât de îmbucurătoare sunt în weekend, la ore înaintate, discursurile care încep cu „sunt onorată să”, „mulțumesc că”, motiv pentru care îmi propusesem să fiu excepția de la regulă și să găsesc o altă formulă de adresare, dar mă învârteam în cerc, mai devreme sau mai târziu, tot aici aș fi ajuns.

Este onorant, dar deloc comod să ai ca antevorbitori oameni care, dincolo de a fi interfața unor instituții cu greutate, sunt recomandați de o experiență solidă în domeniu. În aceste condiții, nu am cum să nu fiu recunoscătoare, în ciuda poziției ușor ingrate de a vă vorbi ca și când m-aș putea număra printre dumnealor. Conform descrierii, sunt PR-ul Masterclass-ului și al editurii Contemporary Literature Press, secretara MTTLIC și doctorandă. Coborând, însă, de pe pedestalul acronimelor, sunt Violeta Baroană, fostă masterandă MTTLIC. În această calitate aș vrea să vă vorbesc.

Timp de mai bine de doi ani, pentru că mi-am început ucenicia la scurt timp după ce am susținut licența, am fost coordonată și am coordonat la rândul meu stagii de dactilografare, de traducere și corectură, am făcut curierat, am ajutat alături de alți colegi la întocmirea și editarea seriei de lexicoane *Joyce Lexicography*, care astăzi însumează 130 de volume. Am fost redactor și responsabilă cu echipa de publicitate a editurii. Nu vreau să mă înțelegeți greșit, nu urmăresc să-mi fac un CV narativ, dar vreau să subliniez că CV-ul meu de astăzi e construit în mare parte pe activitatea din editură, grație unei șanse care mie, personal, mi-a adus multe nopți nedormite, plăcerea, dar și riscurile lucrului în echipă, stresul deadline-urilor, dar, mai presus de toate, prilejul de a-mi asuma responsabilități, de a-mi testa limitele, de a cunoaște în carne și oase oameni ale căror nume erau tipărite pe pagina de gardă a cărților aflate în lucru.

Tot 320 de ore de stagiu aveam și noi de raportat Secretariatului. În cazul multor colegi s-a triplat. Acum ne amintim de ele sub forma: „Mai știi când traduceam pentru Radio România Muzical, sau când am predat la început de decembrie 300 de pagini în mai puțin de două săptămâni, noi, 54 de oameni, făcând posibilă lansarea simultană în engleză și română a edițiilor *Drumul crucilor* de Peter Hurley? Sau când am tradus cele două piese de teatru pentru UNATC, sau când traduceam programele pentru TNB? De revistele de poezie îți mai amintești?”

MTTLIC își amintește. Undeva, în eter, în print și online, numele noastre amintesc și ele de profesionalism și angajament, de seriozitate și entuziasm, de răbdarea și efortul colectiv de a face o muncă absolut *pro bono*. Nu am avut ocazia să

o fac până acum, așa că vă rog să-mi permiteți să o fac la scenă deschisă. Le mulțumesc colegilor pentru toate cele îndurate împreună.

Și dacă tot v-am adus în sfera numerelor, vă mai dau două: 11 ani de MTTLc și 15 ani de editură au flancat ambiția, perseverența și efortul unui om de a arăta că, deși nu se predă în școală, speranța capătă câte forme flexionare sunt necesare pentru a pendula zilnic între imperfect și viitor perfect.

Mulțumim, doamnă profesor Vianu pentru entuziasmul și ambiția de a oferi masteranzilor șansa de a lucra alături de poeți nativi pentru cel de-al doilea an consecutiv, în vederea stilizării textelor pentru disertație. Este un pariu câștigat și, totodată, o experiență unică pentru cele două promoții MTTLc care au fructificat din plin această săptămână în care, dincolo de cele patru ore de atelier de traducere, au câștigat încrederea și admirația celor șase poeți. Aceștia s-au arătat dornici de a-și oferi în continuare sprijinul și îndrumarea pentru traducerea, corectura și stilizarea poemelor masteranzilor, urmând ca efortul lor colectiv să fie făcut public cât de curând într-o antologie.

Nu în ultimul rând, mulțumirile și recunoștința se îndreaptă către Institutul Cultural Român care a avut încă o dată bunăvoința și amabilitatea de a da curs inițiativei culturale și de a ne găzdui, răspunzând cu promptitudine ori de câte ori a fost nevoie.



Amalia Călinescu's concluding speech

Hello. My name is Amalia. I've been Professor Vianu's student not once, but three times, in three significant life moments.

The first time I was 18, in Râmnicu Vâlcea, learning English by myself to take a very difficult exam in Bucharest. In those times, the Internet was just a sci-fi movie, and people would wake up very early to queue in front of bookshops, waiting patiently to buy valuable books. Yes, queuing for books in the '90s can only be compared to queuing for milk and butter at four o'clock in the morning in the '80s.

Everyone was telling me at the time that I would fail the exam – because I was studying by myself, and, besides, I was dyslexic. But I wasn't discouraged. And when you really want something, the Universe provides it for you. When you believe, you receive. When you believe, you achieve.

To cut a long story short, one early morning I joined a long queue in front of my district's bookshop because a very special book was about to be sold. The book was called *English with a Key* by Lidia Vianu.

I managed to buy the book, I read it from cover to cover, followed its instructions religiously, even learnt it by heart – I was irrevocably in love with Lidia Vianu, though I didn't dare think I could meet her in person one day. That book, *English with a Key*, taught me enough English to pass a very difficult exam. That book got me into university. English can indeed be learnt through translation. I'm the living proof of that.

So you see, this was the first time I had been Professor Vianu's student.

The second time, I was a third-year university student. When I learnt she would be my professor, I was ecstatic. I hardly slept a wink the night before her first lecture. The way she taught made me fall instantly in love with Modern Literature and Stream of Consciousness. Thanks to her, I read and loved *The Forsyte Saga*, *The Remains of the Day*, not to mention *The Waste Land*. She was the only professor who gave her students 10 + in the exam. And she was the only professor using a cassette recorder during her lectures, and played on it T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* read by the poet himself. A cassette player because cd players, like the Internet, were part of another sci-fi movie in the late '90s.

Back then, I wanted so much to tell her how much I loved and respected her, but I was a shy dyslexic student, so I couldn't muster up the courage.

Many years have passed since my university days – and they've passed much too quickly if you ask me. Almost three years ago, I was at a major crossroads in my

life, so I decided once and for all to stop living by default, and start a new, truthful life. The first thing I did was look for a Master's programme coordinated by my professor. I was so glad to discover that Professor Vianu was the founder of this two-year graduate course leading to a master's degree in literary translation. I wanted to become her student once again, and I succeeded.

These two years have also passed too quickly. I can't believe we're finishing this programme. But seeing my professor so full of energy and enthusiasm, I can only bow to her. When you believe, you do receive and achieve. This special week is another case in point. She wanted so much to offer this masterclass to her students that her desire had no choice but to become reality. And I feel so privileged to be part of this special event – not once, but twice.

For all the things you've done for me, dear Professor Vianu, I say *thank you*. I love you and respect you with all my heart. You've changed my life, you've made me who I am today. You will always be my English teacher.

Thank you! God bless you! Sat nam!

All for English and English for all!

I send a big mental *thank you* to Professor Vianu and feel at peace.



Annex

Povestea Mihaelei

O șansă numită „MTTLC”



Într-o zi de vară acum doi ani, când nu știam la ce program de master să studiez în continuare, după ce absolvisem trei ani de licență la secția de limbi străine Rromani-Neogreacă din cadrul „Universității București”, am început să caut pe diverse site-uri. Singurul lucru pe care îl știam era că îmi doream să studiez în continuare tainele traducerii, începute în timpul facultății, taine care m-au captivat dintotdeauna. Mouse-ul mi-a îndreptat căutările către Masterul pentru Traducerea Textului Literar Contemporan – MTTLC. Am citit ce puteam să studiez la acest master și am realizat că nu pot să ratez șansa de a studia aici. I-am trimis un email Doamnei Vianu și în câteva minute aveam răspunsul din partea dumneaei: când trebuia să susțin examenul de admitere, exemple cu examenele de admitere din anii anteriori și adresa site-ului MTTLC, unde există o adevărată bibliotecă online care să îi permită oricui dorește să învețe limba engleză.

În perioada următoare nu am putut să mă gândesc la altceva decât la admiterea la MTTLC. Aveam emoții, deoarece nu studiasem engleza în timpul facultății și aveam temeri în ceea ce privea examenul de admitere. Am început să învăț asiduu în perioada rămasă până la susținerea examenului de admitere. Ziua aceea a susținerii examenului de admitere o re trăiesc adesea: o zi plină de emoții și de speranțe, speranțe care m-au năpădit când mi-am văzut numele trecut pe lista viitorilor studenți la masterul MTTLC, promoția 2015-2017.

Din toamna anului 2015 percepția mea asupra oamenilor s-a schimbat, mulțumită Doamnei Vianu, care mi-a demonstrat că miracolele există, atunci când acordăm o șansă oamenilor pe care nu îi cunoaștem, dar pe care dorim să îi ajutăm necondiționat și uneori ajungem să le schimbăm destinele în mod pozitiv. Destinul meu cu siguranță a fost schimbat mulțumită Doamnei Vianu și masterului MTTLC, acest masterat unde totul este la superlativ: profesorii care predau aici îți destăinuie arta traducerii, oferindu-ți ție, în calitate de student variantele lor de traducere a unei opere literare, traduceri care sunt adevărate opere de artă. Profesorii care predau la MTTLC reușesc prin variantele lor de traduceri să ne transpună în pielea personajelor, redând traducerea în cel mai simplu mod, prin coloritul sinonimelor, dar nu în ultimul rând prin empatia pe care cel mai probabil o simt atunci când deslușesc fiecare cuvânt.

Aici la MTTLC am învățat încă o dată că modestia este cel mai frumos dar pe care îl putem primii noi muritorii, aici, unde am cunoscut personalități de prim rang pentru cultura Română, dar și poeți englezi, mulțumită masterclass-ului pe care MTTLC îl organizează. Pot să afirm cu sinceritate că modestia este prima calitate care

le conferă acest statut, care te invită să îi prețuiești și să fii mândru că i-ai cunoscut în calitate de student. Nu voi uita niciodată experiența numită MTTLC, nu îi voi uita vreodată pe colegii mei cu care am împărțit acești doi ani minunați. Vă mulțumesc Amalia, Ana, Valentina, pentru tot ajutorul acordat, vă mulțumesc că mi-ați dăruit din timpul și cuștințele voastre. Vă voi purta mereu în suflet. Vă mulțumesc, Doamna Vianu, în primul rând, pentru că mi-ați oferit șansa să fac parte din acest proiect minunat numit „MTTLC”, vă mulțumesc pentru orele speciale în care ne descifrați acele poeme speciale, care au fost pentru mine lecții de viață. Vă mulțumesc pentru că m-ați învățat să citesc printre rânduri. Toate cuvintele dumneavoastră au fost un balsam pentru sufletul meu, iar atunci când voi putea să ajut pe cineva, la dumneavoastră mă voi gândi, sunteți un model pentru mine, iar dacă ar fi să o iau de la capăt tot la MTTLC aș vrea să studiez. Aici nu înveți doar arta traducerii, mai înveți ceva—să devii un om mai bun. Vă mulțumesc pentru tot, Dumnezeu să vă binecuvânteze.

Cu tot respectul, Grigore Mihaela.


Citiți

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