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FOOD FOR THOUGHT. ON HOSTILITY IN TRANSLATION. JOYCEAN FOOD TERMS IN COMMUNIST ROMANIA*

As Benveniste reminded us in *Le vocabulaire des institutions indo-européennes*, the Indo-European foundations of ‘hospitality’ are ambivalent, as they ultimately combine both the guest to be welcomed and the host, the master of the house who can impose his will as a despot and thus turn into an enemy (Latin *hostis*) – an ambivalence still recorded for example in the French word *hôte*: at once the guest and the host. (Benveniste 1969: 94). The threshold where hospitality should take place becomes a dialectical border where a politics of inclusion/exclusion is inevitably at stake. Taking his bearings on this seeming paradox, Derrida coined the notion of “hostipitality” in order to recapture the inimical alterity between hospitality and its parasite, hostility, and to radicalize the necessity of welcoming the other in the name of a more absolute “politics of hospitality”.

The law of hospitality in Derrida’s terms is the law of the master of the household, the law of a place which refers to the house, hotel, hospital, hospice, family, city, nation, as well as *language*. Language is for Derrida precisely the place where hospitality starts with the question

must we ask the foreigner to understand us, to speak our language, in all the senses of this term, in all its possible extensions, before being able and so as to be able to welcome him into our country? If he was already speaking our language, with all that implies, if we already shared everything that is shared with a language, would the foreigner still be a foreigner and could we speak of asylum or hospitality in regard to him? (Derrida 2000: 15)

And, since he claims to speak only one language, his own language: “Yes, I only have one language [...]” (Derrida 1998: 2), he needs to wonder about the ipseity of his own language: “yet it is not mine.” (Derrida 1998: 2). In *Of Hospitality*, Derrida finds it hard to define one’s own language: “What in fact does language name, the so-called mother tongue, the language you carry with you, the one that also carries us from birth to death? Doesn’t it figure the home that never leaves us?” (Derrida 2000: 89)

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As a philosophy which has always endeavoured to think beyond (or before) any law of “economic” return, deconstruction refuses the notion of a “proper”, “appropriate” meaning in language as well, since it is *plus d’une langue*, “both more than a language and no more of a language” or the “transference between languages”. (Derrida 1989: 15) Thus, there is no pure guest or host in translation, only an attempt to think beyond the usually restrictive limits of translatability/hospitality which implicitly or explicitly dictate a proper interpretive context to host, and can be brought to bear on a text.

The anticipated outcome beyond Derrida’s etymological detour is that there is no language of politics without at least implicitly a politics of language, which itself has complex, often hidden geo-historical roots. As Kathleen Davis pointed out in her study on translation and deconstruction, “there can be no pure, unified, static ‘original’ and no absolute division, let alone a hierarchy of original and translation” (Davis 2009: 75). Since each language and culture have a singularity of meaning which results from its peculiar set of differential relations, it is precisely this singularity that precludes perfection in translation. In *Limited Inc.*, Derrida spoke of the contamination of the writing of what claims to be “original”, but which actually “in return, has continually been transformed by the translation: a case of parasitic feedback” (Derrida 1988: 101).

Walter Benjamin’s epoch-making essay “The Task of the Translator” remains the most radical theory of the question of hospitality in translation. Benjamin was both a theoretician and a translator himself, and one whose openness could still serve as a basis for forging a new, more hospitable model of translation and linguistic community. On the threshold of translation, the master of the house – the translator – has to wait for his guest (the reader) with the greeting ceremony that Benjamin calls the “poetic”, “the unfathomable, the mysterious.” (Benjamin 2008: 75) The translator as a master of the house needs, as Benjamin puts it, to extend his own language towards the limits of a “pure language” (*reine Sprache*). The translator has to think less of what he needs to sacrifice here and there but rather how to delve into the unfathomable resources of his own language by means of the foreign language: “It is the task of the translator to release in his own language that pure language which is under the spell of another, to liberate the language imprisoned in a work in his re-creation of that work.” (Benjamin 2008: 82)

Analysing Benjamin’s notion of *Fortleben* (of continuing to survive), Paul de Man defined translation in Hegelian terms as “the prosaic slave of the original” and expressed his own disbelief in the possibility of translation, because of the disruptions which appear in the original, yet could be easily hidden in it. (de Man 1986: 91)

In his “Transformations and Patricidal Deconstruction”, Patrick Mahony attempted to make Derrida explain his choice of the word *transformation* instead of *translation* on three particular occasions: in his “Freud and the Scene of Writing” (1967), in his interview in *Positions* (1972) and in his introduction, “Me-Psychoanalysis”, to Nicolas Abraham’s “The Shell and the Kernel” (1979), in which Derrida showed that translation was in fact referring to “transformations and/or

metaphorical uses” (Mahony 1985: 95). In Derrida’s reply, examples were from Joyce’s *Finnegans Wake* and Borges’ “Pierre Ménard” (see Derrida in McDonald 1985: 98-110). Admitting English as “indisputably the dominant language in *Finnegans Wake*”, Derrida examined the way in which other languages such as French and German enter the body of that language and become part of it, returning to this in his essay “What is a Relevant Translation?”, included in Venuti’s volume on translation studies (see Derrida 2008: 427). The example of “he war” from *Finnegans Wake* was for Derrida one of the most appropriate examples of challenges to translation. In his analysis, the French philosopher started from Benjamin’s notion of the task of the translator, retaining the notions of translatability and pure language, and took God’s declaration of war on the tribe of Shem “who want to make a name for themselves by raising the tower and imposing their tongue on the universe” (Derrida in McDonald 1985: 99) as the deconstruction of the Tower of Babel. Deconstruction means in this case “an unfinished edifice whose half-completed structures are visible, letting one guess at the scaffolding behind them” (Derrida 1985: 102). *Finnegans Wake* urges the translator both to translate it (“understand me, preserve me within the universal language, follow my law”) and not to translate it (“respect my law of the proper name which stands over and above all languages” (Derrida 1985: 102).

Hunger

What one eats defines who he is in terms of affirmation of cultural identity and historical circumstances. When it comes to food in translation, the translator belonging to different cultural norms has to adapt, moving back and forth his own culture to find equivalents to translate the other’s culture.

This essay will examine the “hostility” in the Romanian translation of food terms from Joyce’s novels, which were published in communist Romania. Frida Papadache translated *Dubliners* (*Oameni din Dublin*) in 1967 and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (*Portret al Artistului în tinerețe*) in 1969. It took a long time before Romanians had their first and, still today, only complete translation of *Ulysses*, authored by a Romanian poet and seasoned translator, Mircea Ivănescu. After being partially serialised in the least politicised literary journal of the communist era, *Secolul 20* (‘Oxen of the Sun’ (1971), ‘Hades’ (1973), ‘Aeolus’ (1977), ‘Cyclops’ (1982)), the full translation of *Ulysses* appeared in two volumes at Univers Publishing House in 1984.

In order to understand Joyce’s translators’ choices in terms of food or, quite often, lack of inspiration in translating food terms, we need to take a trip down the rough history lane of Romanian cuisine. War Communism in Russia meant control of the distribution of food. The Food Commissariat made sure that food was distributed on a 4:3:2:1 ratio. Following the Russian model, immediately after the second world war, for a long time during the 1950s, in Romania food products could be obtained only on the basis of a “ration card” (*pe cartelă*). The

shortage of products was so serious, that some traditional recipes were lost; due to the lack of variety in food, city dwellers got sick or even starved; their dream was to withdraw in the countryside where they could at least have grown their own vegetables. If the situation was partially solved in the sixties and in the first half of the seventies, the total failure of the socialist economy had a devastating impact on people's well-being. In December 1980, Ceaușescu's government issued the law for the constitution, sharing and use of resources in each county in order to provide people with meat, milk, vegetables and fruit. People would queue for hours in front of a shop in order to buy something to eat, without knowing what kind of merchandise the shop will sell in the next hours, but having in mind that there will be something to sell in the long run. Romanians had no supplies, the only thing they could certainly buy, provided they used their ration card: some kilos of the worst flour, sugar, corn and rice and some liters of the worst oil (the legend according to which Romanians used car oil to cook seems to have actually been a historical fact). In 1982 the Program to "scientifically feed the population" became operational. On the basis of people's average weight and height, "specialists" in the medical field considered that 2700-2800 calories per day were more than a Romanian would need. The conclusion was that Romanians exceeded the necessary daily amount of food; gluttony and its result, obesity, had to be dealt with and calories reduced from about 3300 calories per day which was the average Romanian consumed.²

Examining Papadache's and Ivănescu's translations, when we see that Joyce's food or drink references were changed into something else, we do not know whether to blame the translator for lack of knowledge or rather to see that he/she tried to give an equivalent of something a Romanian would have associated to his own gastronomic dictionary: in *Portretul artistului în tinerețe*, translated in a period in which people could live a bit better than in the fifties, imports from the foreign countries were almost inexistent. The "lemon platt" (*P* 7) becomes "pistil de lămâie" (Papadache 31) (lit.: lemon pestle), the "cachou" (*P* 7) that Dante gives to Stephen every time he brought her a piece of tissue paper becomes "pastilă de mentă" (Papadache 32) (lit.: mint drop), "ball of creamy sweets" (*P* 41) becomes o "minge plină cu bomboane fondante" (Papadache 81) (lit.: ball full of candies with a nut cream inside; in socialist Romania, these were probably among the most refined sweets Romanians could get).

An extremely intricate example of hostility in translation is the fragment in which Uncle Charles's present to Stephen of "a handful of grapes and sawdust or three or four American apples" (Joyce 1964: 61)³ becomes in Frida Papadache's words "un pumn plin de struguri amestecați cu talaj sau trei-patru mere de soi". (Joyce 1969: 106)⁴ The adjective "American" is suppressed and transformed into "de

² Information retrieved from the site: <http://www.comunismulinromania.ro/Articole/Romania-comunista-aspecte-ale-vietii-cotidiene.html>

³ Hereafter shortened as *P* followed by the page number.

⁴ Hereafter shortened as Papadache followed by the page number.

soi” (“special, good”). The United States were considered by the communists the very root of the evil; being *American* was worse than being *religious* and therefore it was much better if such a name disappeared from the Joycean text. The solution that Papadache adopted is interesting in the sense that she acknowledged the good quality of the apples coming from the States, domesticizing the otherwise forbidden name of the capitalist country where the apples originated from.

In a fragment like:

But Clongowes was far away: and the warm heavy smell of turkey and ham and celery rose from the plates and dishes and the great fire was banked high and red in the grate and the green ivy and red holly made you feel so happy and when dinner was ended the big plum pudding would be carried in, studded with peeled almonds and sprigs of holly, with bluish fire running around it and a little green flag flying from the top. (P 30),

Frida Papadache translated correctly all food references with the exception of the celery rose, from which she cut “rose”, and “plum pudding” which she kept as such, giving the English name a Romanian definite article (underlined by me in the example): “plum-puddingul cel mare” (Papadache 63). If for raisins, there are no reasons for her mistake, celery rose is a plant that does not grow in Romania; in *A Portrait*, it was used for its wonderful design, decorating the plates with its rose form that could be carved by Stephen’s mother to make it even more beautiful than it was in its natural state.

The “great parcels of groceries and delicacies and dried fruits” (P 97) that arrived from the city become “pachete mari cu de-ale băcăniei, cu trufandale, smochine și stafide” (Papadache 158) (since the notion of dried fruit did not exist in Romanian, Papadache felt the need to explain what dried fruit was and added figs and dried raisins, making also a huge confusion: *trufanda* in Romanian means early fruit/early vegetable).

Another mistake that might engage a careful reader’s attention is Papadache’s odd choice for translating “breadbasket” (P 13). When Fleming asks Stephen if he is sick in his breadbasket, Papadache’s choice is “lingurică” (*Portretul* 12), a word whose definition in the e-Dex indicates

1) *Furca pieptului* (fork chest).

2) *Cavitate situată între furca pieptului și abdomen.* (cavity between the fork chest and abdomen).

Yet the word is generally encountered in the Romanian phrase “a-l suge/ a-l durea pe cineva la lingurică” which means “to be hungry”. Far from being hungry, Stephen experiences much more profound emotions, he is homesick. Papadache’s choice may root in the fact that Romanian children who were sent to boarding schools in Ceaușescu’s time generally suffered of hunger.

In his translation of *Ulysses*, Ivănescu must have had a hard nut to crack when coming to food references; he was supposed to transpose the Dublin of 1904 with all its cultural markers (including food) into a communist Bucharest where people did not enjoy food and did not have regular eating habits. Food words were

sometimes limited so that Ivănescu could not nativize, as there was no existent equivalent.

In *Ulysses* most food references come not from Molly, as one would normally expect, but from Leopold Bloom. In an extremely interesting study, filled with puns, “Towards an Interpretation of *Ulysses*: Metonymy and Gastronomy: A Bloom with a Stew”, written by two critics who preferred to use the pseudonyms *Ars Longa* and *Vita Brevis*, it was asserted that “Joyce’s overriding concern was to abolish the dietary laws of the tribes of Israel”, thus making out of *Ulysses* “a recipe for bouillabaisse”. (Longa and Brevis 1988: 5) Therefore, Joyce already handles Bloom as a Jewish who has to work with what Alison Armstrong put together in a book on traditional turn-of-the-century Irish recipes (see Armstrong 1986) or what Catherine Ryan compiled in an essay on “Bloom’s thoughts and observations, actual foods, and language”. (Ryan 1988: 378) Bloom is, as Jaye Berman Montresor put it, the one “who forms the chewy, jewy center of Joyce’s unconfection-al narrative, and alimentary lists have particular relevance to him and his problematic Jewish identity.” (Montresor 1995: 195). A Jewish converted to Irish tasting cuisine and his alimentary lists might have been transformed into an international bouillabaisse.

Breakfast

When translating Leopold Bloom’s food preferences in ‘Calypso’ for parts of the animal that are normally rarely eaten (gizzards, giblet), Ivănescu could easily find equivalents, since in the dearth of meat Romanians wasted nothing and use giblets, necks, tails and even animal legs in cooking. Romanians had learned to cook any part of the meat, including all the inner organs and animal legs/ claws. Thus, in a fragment like:

Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. He liked thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart, liver slices fried with crust-crums, fried hencod’s roes. Most of all the liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine. (Joyce 1986: 4.1-5)⁵

becomes:

Mai cu plăcere domnul Leopold Bloom mânca organele și măruntaiele de vite și păsări. Îi plăceau ciorba groasă de potroace, pipota pietroasă, inima friptă umplută, felii de ficat prăjit cu crutoane, icre de morun aurii. Mai mult îi plăceau rinichii de berbec la grătar care-i lăsau pe cerul gurii un gust agreabil de urină miro-sitoare. (Joyce 1996 57)⁶

As Montresor suggested, “the juxtaposition of ‘soup’ and ‘nutty’ brings to mind the expression ‘from soup to nuts’, the alpha and omega points of a complete dinner” and the mention of the urine at the end of the fragment “suggests the entire

⁵ Hereafter shortened as *U* followed by chapter.line.

⁶ Hereafter shortened as *Ullise*: page number.

digestive process, from consumption to elimination [...]” (Montresor 1995: 196). None of these meanings can be perceived in Ivănescu’s translation.

Moreover, most Romanians differentiate between *supă* (soup) and *ciorbă* by the fact that soup is more tasteless (generally used in diet for the sick) and is most of the times not thick, while *ciorbă* may contain a wide variety of sour ingredients, usually lemons, *Borș* or *zeamă de varză acră* (Sauerkraut juice). *Ciorba de potroace* is a Romanian soup made of poultry inners boiled in either bran and water, or in Sauerkraut juice, which is exaggeratedly sour and salty, usually used in order to treat a hangover (for instance in several parts of Romania, eaten after a long wedding, in the early hours of the morning, when people attempt to leave the restaurant where they had a lot of drinks at night) and does not resemble at all the giblet soup that Bloom envisages. Whilst the giblet soup is generally made of the giblets of four chickens or two turkeys, one medium-sized onion, one small carrot, half a turnip, two sprigs of parsley, a leaf of sage, eggs, a little lemon-juice, Port or Madeira wine, and one or two cupfuls of chicken or beef stock, quite strong, the Romanian “*ciorbă de potroace*” is made of 1,5 kilos of poultry inners, 4 litres of Sauerkraut, two spoons of oil, one leek, three carrots, one celery, rice and one sprig of parsley. The broth contains no alcohol, but much more sour cream than the one Bloom has in mind. “Liver slices fried with crustcrumbs”, translated by Ivănescu mot-à-mot as “*felii de ficat prăjit cu crutoane*” is in fact the equivalent of what he should have called “*ficat pane*”. “Fried hencod’s roes” become “*icre de morun aurii*” (lit.: great sturgeon//beluga golden eggs), which was a product that Romanians did not even dream of tasting in Ceaușescu’s time. Traditionally sturgeon eggs (caviar) are either “fresh” (non-pasteurized) or pasteurized, never fried. What Bloom had in mind was something completely different, “*lapți prăjiți*” (fried soft roes). “Faintly scented urine” loses its adverb and becomes “scented urine” (“*urină mirositoare*”) which may hide the translator’s subjective intervention on the Joycean text (kidneys are far from a prize delicacy for Romanians who excluded them from recipes even in communist times).

The list was obviously important for Joyce, as he repeated it in “Sirens”: “As said before he ate with relish the inner organs, nutty gizzards, fried cod’s roes” (U 11.519-520). Ivănescu repeats exactly the same translations of inner organs as “*organele și măruntaiele*”, “nutty gizzards” as “*pipota pietroasă*”, “fried cod’s roes” as “*icre de morun aurii*” (*Ulise*, 249).

A Few Bites

Possibly due to shortage of equivalents in a language with no vocabulary on trustworthy appetite, Ivănescu himself betrayed the Joycean text: the same “lemon platt” (U 8.1) is this time transformed into “*jelui de lămâie*” (*Ulise*, 142), “the Malaga raisins” (U 8.24) that Molly craved for while being pregnant with Rudy become “*struguri de Malaga*” (*Ulise*, 142) (lit. Malaga grapes), the “saffron bun”

(*U* 8.358) that Mr Purefoy has in his methodical madness in the morning is transformed into “brioșă cu șofran” (*Ulise*, 151) (lit. saffron brioche; brioche is moist and softer, while bun is dry), “Demerara sugar” (*U* 8.234-235) is translated literally as “zahăr de Demerara” (*Ulise*, 148); the origin of it should not have been kept, Ivănescu should have employed the term “zahăr nerafinat” or “zahăr brun”. The “sucking red jujubes” (*U* 8.4) that are turned white become “suge la bomboane roșii până le face albe” (*Ulise* 176).

Very many of Ivănescu’s missed references refer to meat. For instance, in “Lestrygonians”, “a baron of beef” (*U* 8.120-121) which means a joint consisting of two sirloins left uncut at the backbone is transformed into “un bou” (*Ulise*, 180) (lit.: an ox). This is partly because unlike French or English, Romanian does not have words for the different parts of an animal and even to the present day, a Frenchman who would go to a Romanian butcher would be flabbergasted that there are no terms but the anterior/ posterior of the animal.

It is also odd why Ivănescu would transform the English “beefsteak” (8.535) into the Romanian “beafsteak” (with an *a-* *Ulise*, 156⁷), which does not exist either in English or Romanian (we may also consider this a typo of the press), when the Romanian language contains the word of French origin “biftec”. “Rumpsteak” (*U* 8.540) becomes simply “carne” (*Ulise*, 156) (lit.: meat) and “roast beef” (*U* 8. 668) is kept as such in Romanian but spelt as a compound word: “roastbeef” (*Ulise*, 159).

“Stout” in English means dark beer. Ivănescu pours beer into Joyce’s characters’ pints, without making the difference between blonde and dark beer — “Two stouts here” (*U* 8.680) is translated as “Două beri aici” (*Ulise*, 159) (lit. two beers here), while “—Pint of stout” (*U* 8.700) becomes “— O halbă de bere” (*Ulise*, 160) (lit.: a pint of beer). Such nuances were possibly not important for Ivănescu who would know that a Romanian could hardly find a pint of beer (blonde) in a pub (a very rare site on the streets of communist Bucharest).

Dinner

When Bloom wonders ironically about the eating habits of the French who eat all sorts of creatures from the sea, Ivănescu translated everything without mistakes. No doubt Bloom’s irony would have been liked by the censors who disliked French habits:

His eyes un hungrily saw shelves of tins: sardines, gaudy lobsters’ claws. All the odd things people pick up for food. Out of shells, periwinkles with a pin, off trees, snails out of the ground the French eat, out of the sea with bait on a hook. Silly fish learn nothing in a thousand years. (*U* 8.855-8.857)

Ochii săi priveau, fără înfometare, șiruri de cutii de conserve, sardele, căngi de homar viu colorate. Ce lucruri stranii și-au ales oamenii de mâncare. Le scot din scoici, le scobesc cu acul din cochilii, le smulg din copaci, scot melcii din pământ

⁷ It is very likely that it was a typo that got undetected by the proof-readers.

cum mănâncă francezii, sau din mare cu momeala sau cârligul. Peștii ăștia proști nu se învață minte nici într-o mie de ani. (*Ulise* 206)

Yes but what about oysters? Unsightly like a clot of phlegm. Filthy shells. (*U* 8.863)
Da, dar ce faci cu stridiile ? Când te uiți la ele parcă ar fi niște scuipături. Scoici murdare. (*Ulise* 203)

“Căngi” is a word Romanians would use to translate grapnels or grappling hooks or the term boat/pole hook, used in navigation and it clearly shows Romanians did not have terms to relate to lobster’s claws.

In her laborious essay “Translators up a (Plum)Tree: (Food)Notes to the Translation of the ‘Sandwich Passage’ into Hungarian and Romanian”, Erika Mihálycsa considered the homonymy of “ham” as the “greatest untranslatability” of the fragment: “Sandwich? *Ham* and his descendants *mustered* and *bred* there.” (*U* 8.742)

Gifford and Seinman offer Fritz Senn’s explanation of this sentence that originated from a comic rhyme from C. C. Bombaugh: “Why should no man starve on the deserts of Arabia?/ Because of the sand which is there./ How came the sandwiches there?/ The tribe of Ham was bred there and mustered”. According to Gifford and Seidman, “[t]he ioke involves Ham, one of Noah’s three sons and traditionally regarded as the tribal father of the Negroid races. Ham, on seeing his father drunken and naked, was cursed by Noah and condemned to be “a servant of servants unto his brethren” (Genesis 9:22-27).” (Gifford and Seidman 2008: 179).

Ivănescu missed the double reference of “ham” which means both salted and smoked meat from the upper part of a pig’s leg and the traditional ancestor of the Hamites. According to Mihálycsa, “additional irony of the sentence is that the name of a character from Deuteronomy and a (mock-scripture) phrase is grafted onto an image of food forbidden to orthodox Israelites, by the (linguistic) association of an apostate Jew – as if in a tongue-in-cheek reminder that ‘man doth not live by bread only’ (Deuteronomy 8:2-3, KJV).” (Mihálycsa 2010: 152). Ivănescu’s choice was to keep the Biblical reference, sacrificing completely the food reference:

Un sandwich? Ham și toți cei care se trag din el s-au strâns și s-au înmulțit aici. (*Ulise* 161)

(Lit.: A sandwich? Ham and all who descend from him have gathered and multiplied here.)

Since no wordplay on ham, mustard and bread is involved, as Mihálycsa remarked, “the essential element on which the original’s effect rests is lost; the reader is given no clues as to the connection point between the display of food and the Bible text inscribed on it.”⁹

⁸ C. C. Bombaugh, *Gleanings for the Curious from the Harvest Fields of Literature* (Philadelphia, 1890), 158.

⁹ Erika Mihálycsa, “Translators Up A (Plum)Tree: (Food)Notes to the Translation of the ‘Sandwich Passage’ Into Hungarian and Romanian” *Scientia Traductionis*, no. 8 (2010): 152.

Many other food errors appear in the fragment. The main one, which is otherwise a feature of the whole translation, is that Ivănescu develops where he should not.

Dignam's potted meat. Cannibals would with lemon and rice. White missionary too salty. Like pickled pork. (*U* 8. 745-746)

Similarly to the example that Mihálycsa found, Ivănescu's choice shows that he prefers the second meaning of the phrase: he suppresses the objective genitive, and attribute to meat, to Dignam. "Conserve din carnea lui Dignam". (lit.: pots from Dignam's meat) "Canibalii i-ar pune și lămâie și garnitură de orez. Misionarii albi sunt prea sărați. Ca porcul în saramură" (*Ulise* 161). Ivănescu fills in the blanks that Joyce left intentionally. There is only a modal verb in "[c]annibals would with lemon and rice", yet the verb "a pune/a adăuga" is added by the Romanian translator "[c]anibalii i-ar pune și lămâie și garnitură de orez." (lit.: cannibals would add to it with both lemon and rice.)

The singular "missionary" is transformed into a plural and the verb "to be" in Present is added. The next transformation is that of pickled pork into "pork in brine", which is this time culturally relevant – Romanians' Christmas food is pork; they have a whole tradition of preparing pork and they the brine parts of it which can be kept for longer in this way. They never pickle the pork, therefore Ivănescu choice.

Cauls mouldy tripes windpipes faked and minced up. Puzzle find the meat. (*U* 8.750)
Praporul cu măruntaie cam mucedo și gîtul strînse la un loc, tocate mărunt. E-o adevărată problemă să găsești carnea. (*Ulise* 161)

The idea of "Puzzle find the meat" was something in the line of "guess where the meat is". Since the ingredients are so well mixed, one can hardly find where the bits of meat are. Ivănescu's reception of that in the communist times is completely different: he turns "puzzle" into "problem": E-o adevărată problemă să găsești carnea. (lit.: It is a real problem to find the meat), making us think that he almost translates unconsciously the communist predicament of not being able to find the meat in shops before being able to cook it.

Montresor pointed out the importance of dietary laws in *Ulysses*, which are "reinforced when Bloom muses to himself" (Montresor 1995: 200) into "white-hatted chef like a rabbi" (*U*. 8.882-883) account Bloom's repeated violations of kosher practice. The book of Leviticus 11:1-47 contains a list of some kosher foods. According to it, eating certain animals and giving birth produce uncleanness. *Kosher* means food that is not clean or not slaughtered in the ritually proper manner. Surprisingly, DEX contained the word *kosher* which is the Romanian *cușer* with the following explanation: *Cușer*- adj invariabil (despre mâncăruri și băuturi, în practica religiei mozaice). Pregătit după ritual. Fig. (Fam.) Foarte bun, excelent – cf. ebr. Kâscher "curat, ritual". (Coteanu, Seche 1975: 223). *Yom Kippur* (spelt in Romanian *Iom Kippur* at present) did not exist in the DEX of Ivănescu's time. Thus,

Kosher. No meat and milk together. Hygiene that was what they call now. Yom Kippur fast spring cleaning of inside. Peace and war depend on some fellow's digestion. (*U* 8.751-752)

becomes

Cușer. Carnea și laptele niciodată împreună. Era o chestie de igienă așa se spune acum. Postul de Yom Kippur e un fel de curățenie de primăvară pe dinăuntru. Pacea și războiul depind în fond de digestia individului. (*Ulise* 161)

Another example of untranslatability that is dealt with by Ivănescu in the same religious context is “mity cheese” (*U* 8.755), that becomes “mighty cheese”. Mihálycsa explained that the phrase can be read both as “runny cheese”, since we know that in fact Bloom orders a Gorgonzola sandwich, and as “mighty” cheese (homophonous with “mighty Jesus”), a meaning corroborated by the belief that cheese helps in digesting other food. Mihálycsa's findings go into the direction of suggesting that the phrase was routinely corrected to “mighty” before the Gabler edition, reason why “the early translations have only this possibility in view, aiming at a play on divinity as far as possible” (Mihálycsa 2010: 156). Ivănescu's translation must have used such an early translation.

Cheese digests all but itself. Mity cheese. (*U* 8.755)

Brânza te ajută să faci digestia la orice, mai puțin s-o mistui chiar pe ea. Mare putere are brânza. (*Ulise* 161) (lit.: Cheese helps you digest everything, less dissolve itself into smaller bits. Great might [strength] this cheese has.)

Gifford and Seidman come with one more explanation, claiming that “the minute cheese mite infests and “digests” cheese, leaving a brown, powdery mass of shed skins where it has travelled.” (Gifford and Seidman 2008: 180).

Mihálycsa brings forward an interesting point about the “playful side-effects” of Ivănescu's choice for the word “putere” (strength) which “includes the root-word of the verb ‘to stink’ (a pute/ putoare), squinting thus at ‘the feety savour of green cheese’ (*U* 8.819).” (Mihálycsa 2010: 156). I do not share her opinion, and taking into account very many other examples that somehow prove Ivănescu's lack of knowledge in food, I would claim that such side-effect was not intentional. Gorgonzola cheese was definitely not a word in the Romanian DEX at the time, Romanians could hardly make the association between the strength of the cheese and its strong smell. While at present, “gorgonzola” is a common noun in Romanian as well, and therefore not capitalized, Ivănescu used it as a proper noun, capitalizing it, one more proof that he did not go as far as Mihálycsa suggests. (‘A cheese sandwich, then. Gorgonzola, have you?’ (*U* 8.764) becomes “Un sandviciu cu brânză, atunci. Aveți Gorgonzola?” (*Ulise* 162) The fragment is placed into a religious context and Ivănescu uses “putere”, as it also suggests “all Mighty”, being aware that Joyce could have had in mind that the Bible has latent puns.

Another type of cheese that Ivănescu misplaced is “mawkish cheese” that he translated as “minced cheese”, instead of using “unsalty”:

Wine soaked and softened rolled pith of bread mustard a moment mawkish cheese. Nice wine it is. Taste it better because I'm not thirsty. (*U* 8.850)

Vinul pătrunse și înmuie aluatul amestecat de pâine muștar și o clipă înainte brânză frământată. Bunișor vin. Are gust mai bun pentru că nu mi-e sete. (*Ulise* 164)

If “wine” tasting better when a person is not thirsty created no problems to Ivănescu, “burgundy wine” was transformed into a proper noun in Romanian:

Like a few olives too if they had them. Italian I prefer. Good glass of burgundy take away that. Lubricate. (*U* 8. 758-759)

Aș vrea și ceva măslinae dacă ar avea. Le prefer pe cele italiene. Bun paharul ăsta de Burgundia; face s-alunece. Te unge. (*Ulise* 162) (lit.: I would like a few olives if they had them. I would prefer the Italian ones. Good this glass of burgundy; it makes it slip. I lubricates you.)

Ivănescu completely misses the sense of the idiom “cool as a cucumber” and of the verb “to dress” a salad: “A nice salad, cool as a cucumber, Tom Kernan can dress. Puts gusto into it. Pure olive oil.” (*U* 8. 759)

which he translates as:

Frumoasă salată, proaspătă și răcoroasă ca un castravete nou. Tom Kernan se pricepe să dreagă salata. Știe să-i dea gust. Untdelemn curat de măslinae. (*Ulise* 162) (lit.: Beautiful salad, fresh and cool as a new cucumber. Tom Kernan is good at setting the salad. He know how to make it tasty. Pure olive oil).

According to the OED, “(as) cool as a cucumber” is a phrase that refers to being calm and relaxed, untroubled by heat or exertion. Cool as a cucumber refers to Tom Kernan, and does not compare the salad (lettuce) with cucumbers. Ivănescu’s blunder is increased by the next choice for “a drege” (to thicken/ to set) which is a verb that can be used when, for instance, the yolks in a mayonnaise do not set up and a boiled potato is used to make them thicken it and to waste quality ingredients.

Joyce’s “sprig of parsley” added to a cutlet (“Milly served me that cutlet with a sprig of parsley.” (*U* 8.760-761) is augmented by Ivănescu as follows: “Milly mi-a pregătit atunci cotletul acela cu mult pătrunjel.” (*Ulise*, 162) lit. Milly prepared that cutlet with a lot of parsley in it then.) Sprig is translated by “rămurică”, and is certainly not a lot, as Ivănescu suggests. The “Spanish onion” which is “ceapă albă” in Romanian is translated literally as “ceapă spaniolă” and “devilled crab” becomes “Crab al dracului de pipărat cu mirodenii.” (*Ulise* 162) (lit. damn peppered crab with spices.) There were no other spices in it except the pepper, and “devilled” was not an intensifier, just an adjective to describe a recipe: “crab picant”.

Dinner

Several words referring to food entered Romanians’ vocabulary between the mid-seventies and mid-eighties: “tacâm (de pui)” (“chicken mix”, since the good parts of the chicken were exported, while Romanians could eat the spine, the wings,

claws and inner parts)¹⁰, “salamul de soia” (soya salami), “adidașii (de porc)” (literally: the pork’s sportsshoes, the pork’s hoofs, out of which housewives managed to make some pork tasting soup), “nechezol” (a combination of bad coffee mixed with ground cheek pees or barley), “lapte condensat” (condensed milk, since milk was unobtainable from the market either but very rarely), “compot de prune” (plum compote, a disgusting diluted mixture of plums with sweet water which was far from what the French call *compote*), “oase de rasol” (boiled meat bones, which were in fact bones skinned so well that one could hardly see any meat on them), “peștele oceanic” (the frozen ocean fish very much celebrated on TV advertisements “Nici o masă fără pește!” (lit.: No meal without fish)).

Ironically Romanians’ real food was the one that characters in “Circe” play with, throwing it away. One cannot help associate the following fragment with the socialist supper:

Mother Grogan throws her boot at Bloom. Several shopkeepers from upper and lower Dorset street throw objects of little or no commercial value, hambones, condensed milk tins, unsaleable cabbage, stale bread, sheep’s tails, odd pieces of fat. (U 2.1763-1767, my underline)

[...] oase de rasol, cutii de lapte condensat, verze nevandabile, pâine mucegăită, cozi de oaie, bucăți de untură rancedă (*Ulise*, 422)

“Hambones” are translated by Ivănescu as “oase de rasol”, one of the luxury products that were in butcher shops. Condensed milk tins are something one would have always bought instead of real milk (the sweet-bitter because it was so badly tinned that it had aluminum taste from the cheap package), “stale bread” becomes “pâine mucegăită” (lit.: moulded bread), which is more or less what Romanians would find in bakers’ shops.

Since Romanians did not have too much fresh fruit, but “fruit compotes” were more in the line with Romanian cuisine, Ivănescu turned plums into plum compote: “Mayonnaise I poured on the plums thinking it was custard” (U 8. 354-55) (Ro: Și eu am turnat maioneză în compotul de prune că am crezut că e cremă de ouă. *Ulise*, 151)

The episode in which Bloom was attacked in “Cyclops” is echoed in “Circe” where Bloom is hostile. The episode is overflowing with food items:

Bloom’s bodyguard distribute [...] loaves and fishes, [...] free cowbones for soup [...] butter scotch, pineapple rock, [...], porringers of toad in the hole, [...] dair- yfed pork sausages (U 8. 1568-1575)

Garda personală a lui Bloom distribuie pomeni de Joia Mare [...] plini și pești [...] oase de vacă gratis bune de supă [...] caramele cu unt, bomboane cu ananas, [...] cutiuțe cu mâncare de carne [...] cârnați de porc hrăniți cu lapte, (*Ulise* 418-419)

¹⁰ Under very special circumstances, after queuing for one whole day, Romanians could also get a pack with two whole chickens (two, as they were two small), called *Frații Petreuș* (Petreuș Brothers), an allusion to two folk singers, who were rather thin.

Ivănescu translates “loaves and fishes” by “plini și pești” (lit.: full and fishes), confusing the noun “loaves” with the adjective “full”, “free cowbones for soup” by “oase de vacă gratis bune de supă” (lit.: cowbones good for soup which are free), butter scotch, caramele cu unt, pineapple rock, bomboane cu ananas, dairyfed pork sausages cârnați de porc hrăniți cu lapte (dairyfed concords with sausages, which is a mistake in Romanian, in which dairyfed should have been kept in the singular, as there were the pigs that were fed with dairy, not the sausages)

As he gets out of the brothel, Bloom is pelted with “cabbagestumps, biscuit-boxes, eggs, potatoes, dead codfish” (*U* 15.4333-4334). In Romanian the “cabbagestumps” become “cioturi de morcovi” (*Ulise*, 473) (lit.: bits of carrot) and “dead codfish” becomes “heringi sărați” (*Ulise*, 473) (lit.: salty and cod herring).

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ХРАНА ЗА МИСЛИ: О НЕПРИЈАТЕЉСТВУ У ПРЕВОДУ. ЏОЈСОВИ НАЗИВИ ЗА ХРАНУ У КОМУНИСТИЧКОЈ РУМУНИЈИ

РЕЗИМЕ

Културни идентитет и историјске околности појединца у великој мери предодређују какву ће храну он јести, нарочито у социјалистичким економијама попут румунске, где је крајње рационализовано снабдевање као последицу имало глад и умирање, али и заборав традиционалне националне кухиње. У таквим социоисторијским околностима, преводилац је стављен пред нерешиве проблеме кад у тексту мора да превлада не само разлике у културним нормама, него и идеолошку негостољубивост према страном.

Рад се бави феноменом гостољубивости и непријатељства према страном у румунским преводима назива хране из Џојсових дела, користећи се деконструкционистичким тумачењима чина и процеса превођења. Први Џојсови преводи на румунски појављују се крајем шездесетих, кад су објављени *Даблинци* (*Oameni din Dublin*) и *Портрет уметника у младости* (*Portret al Artistului în tinerețe*), а интегрална верзија *Уликса*, у преводу песника и преводиоца Мирче Иванескуа, излази из штампе 1984.

Како бисмо разумели неретко проблематична и збуњујућа преводилачка решења Џојсових преводилаца, који имена хране и пића преиначују некад због незнања а некад услед очајничког напора да преводни еквивалент обухвати појмове који постоје у осиромашеном гастрономском појмовнику румунског читаоца тога доба, биће потребно препустити се тешкој и бурној историји румунске кухиње у Чаушескуовој ери.