CHAPTER – IV

PROSE TRANSLATION AND ITS PROBLEMS

4.1. PROSE TRANSLATION

4.1.1. THE DARK HORSE

I am popularly known as “Cricket Kicha” in the Triplicane area, and as umpire K.Swami at the International level. Even John Orlot had spoken about me with reverence before his death. I had a great fancy for cricket ever since my childhood. I was the school captain. Then I played for the university. Many had their stumps shattered because of my leg-breaks and googlies.

My life took a turn when I went to Cochin to play for the Tamilnadu team, in the Ranji Trophy against Kerala, in the first match of that season. We won the toss and opted to field. While I was standing in the fine-leg, in the ground which resembled a greenish meadow - opposite the Cochin jhimkhana club, our fast bowler Prasath’s ball was slightly touched by the Kerala batsman and rushed nicely cheating the wicket-keeper. I ran fast from the fine-leg to stop it.

When there was an inch to cross the boundary line, I skated and stopped the ball. There was applause to praise me. But I didn’t get up. With a force I had hit on an iron-leg of an Ayurvedic Soap Company’s hoarding. When I tried to get up, I felt a stabbing pain. They brought a stretcher and picked me up. As I couldn’t get along with the match any further; the first innings lead was given to Kerala and without being able to get a full point …there was a draw. I wept in the dressing-room.

I didn’t play cricket after that. I had my right foot fractured. It was operated upon; the bone pieces were removed; a plate was fixed and now I can only walk limping.
“Enough, enough…you have played cricket for enough. God himself has stopped you. With your leg broken, the almirahs filled with cups, trophies and the photo-albums are the only things left out. Everything is enough…don’t wander anymore” said my wife sundara.

She had hatred towards cricket from the very day we got married. It was only my mistake, as I stopped my first-night in the middle, and went to watch the Australia vs. West-Indies match and came back. She had never forgiven me for that mistake. “Forget playing Cricket again,” Dr. Maruthirao also told the same.

“Doctor, how can I have lost my heart and I even want to commit suicide. Cricket has gone into my blood, doctor.”

“Don’t be silly. Even if you like to play, your leg won’t play. You feel pain in batting, bowling and in everything…don’t you?”

Yes!”

“Do one thing…if you are willing to report something about Cricket, I’ll tell you. My son-in-law is in “The Hindu.” You can start as a casual reporter.”

 Somehow I should have some connection with cricket…so I agreed. But as an ardent player and being a well-known all-rounder and an emerging star at the all-India level, I felt ashamed to write about the match in half a passage, in the Nungambakkam third division ‘Rising Sun’ and in ‘JaiHind’, even, that too without my name and only as ‘from our staff-reporter.’

At that time, my brother had come from Jabalpur. He only told me, “If you have that much interest, why don’t you pass the exam and become an umpire? There is even a coaching class in Jabalpur. Brother, as an umpire you can easily come up to the level of Test matches, One-day Internationals and so on…”
At once, the spark got ignited in me. Yes, this is the only way to be with my love “cricket” without being separated. I immediately bought all the books published by the M.C.C, Down and County Cricket Board and The International Cricket Conference.

“Why do you study like this all and night? Won’t this wretched cricket leave you? If you study for the department exams, at least you can get a promotion as an officer from the clerical cadre” said my wife disgustedly.

“What do you know about this?”

“I know one thing for sure…What you study is not worth a penny.”

“Money, money….is money so important?”

“Did I wish so much? Did I ask for a Silk saree, and diamond necklace….like others? While living in a wretched, rented house like this and borrowing money even for milk card and there is deficit even for day-to-day expenses, you are buying cricket books for Rs.300 and Rs.400 and dumping then in the house. shouldn’t get angry?”

“Will you get money?”

“No, Sundari, I will get fame, Nobody will ever call me a lame cricketer. I will get dignity in the match like Dicky Bird, like Rev. David Shepherd. That is important for me.”

“Nobody can change your mind” as she spoke sense I controlled my irritation. There is no use of cricket to the family. While I was in the bank job, whenever there was a cricket match, I applied for half a day’s leave and my promotion got postponed, and when I got it, I rejected it as I had to go to the north part of the country and decided to work, permanently, as a clerk in the Triplicane
life, without any specific ambition and now becoming an umpire in cricket scheme to be my life’s ambition.

She was really an unfortunate girl to have such a fellow like me. I have always consoled her so much. “Sundari, life always won’t go with ration rice and palm oil like this.”

“Let’s see…the Hanuman astrologer had told that there will be a dawn after this April. Let’s see.” She said.

“See, one day the whole world will praise your husband.” I said.

“I don’t want all that. If I need not have to borrow from our neighbour Alamelu after the 26 of every month, that’s more than enough for me.” Tears rolled down as she cried.

I passed the umpire exam, and took part in the first Ranji Trophy, and then within two years I was in the test umpire panel, and I gradually came up… all these are uninteresting details. At present, foreign countries invite and honour me. I have earned a name as an “unbiased umpire.” I have visited Sharjah, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. Even “London Times” as appreciative of my objective merits as an umpire.

Once Henry Flofeld, on his commentary, had commented as “Umpire K.Swami stands like the rock of Gibraltar.” Shall we or our country need a worthier honour than this? The dawn that Sundari mentioned came in a strange shape.

Before its details, I should mention about the newly started international match. A Middle-East country along with a soft-drink company had organized for a Golden World Series Cricket Tournament which is equal to the World Cup. The speciality was the massive prize money! As they had jubilantly announced huge
prize money like half a million dollars for each victory and one million dollars for the finals, sixteen countries had enrolled their names.

Even European countries like Italy and Germany had enrolled their names. Some expert cricketers were even slightly angry about that. As the soft-drink company considered that all the countries have the right to play cricket, they had invited everyone. As they get back ten times their investment through Television sponsors, they had planned to do in a grand manner.

The sixteen teams were split into four each, as being shared by all the superpowers and small countries the tournament held jubilantly. I was invited for the semi final match of the tournament.

“Do you see, Sundari? If I had got a promotion in the bank, would it be possible to get such an honour?”

A big hotel was arranged for our stay, five hundred dollars was given for daily allowance, and transportation, coffee and tiffin expenses all were free.

“You see, you’ve always called your husband a good-for-nothing guy.” I asked Sundari from the lobby of the Hillton Hotel.

“Yes, what is the use of being a king for two days? Again I have to go back to Triplicane and run behind the lorry for Metro Water.”

“Try to be content with what you get” I said angrily.

“I feel bored” she said.

She will never feel contented. Then that middle-aged stranger approached me. He seemed to be a Saudi-Arabian, but he was not wearing the traditional Saudi over-coat and he was in a dark-blue suit and his English accent revealed his foreign education. I could not say which country or city among the Middle-East countries he was from; may be even Greek. He was very fair. After gazing with
his green eyes, and sprinkling a smile on to me, “Mr. Swami, I am your fan. I’ve never met such an umpire like you,” he said with a puzzling tone. He gave a bouquet and a Swiss Chocolate Box. He asked, “Can we talk a little?”

“About what?” I asked cautiously.

“About cricket, about this Golden cup tournament…..”

“You go with him...I will sit in the lounge and gaze at the passersby” said Sundari.

His suite was at the top-floor of the hotel. Outside the window we could see, the busy port, the skyscrapers, flights flying too low as if touching the ground, the hasty meadow of the cricket stadium, and the colourful plastic chairs. He poured Scotch in a clear glass and handed over it to me.

“Sorry, I don’t drink.”

“Do you have wine?”

“I don’t want anything”

“Mr. Swami, People call me Joe. I got firmly trapped in a complex

“What’s that?”

“The tournament’s semi-final match. You are going to be the umpire. Do you know the teams?”

“Germany vs. West-Indies”

“Aren’t you surprised of Germany’s entry”? 

“Yes, they call it “The Dark Horse.”
“However, without any experience in cricket, a football playing country, at the international level, having defeated Australia, Pakistan and even your India and entering into semi-finals… what will you say?”

People say “cricket is a game of glorious uncertainties.”

“However isn’t it atrocious… what will happen to brokers like me?”

“They say that Germany can’t defeat West – Indies. “The Times” has also said that their lucky run was over.”

“OK, what’s the loss for you?”

“Millions of dollars” he said. His hands shivered.

‘Why?’

“I have announced an offer of two thousand for one, betting that Germany won’t enter the finals. Twenty persons have betted thousand dollars each. If Germany wins… I … let me see …” he took out a calculator from his pocket and pressed….“I have to give them forty million dollars.”

“It won’t win.”

“Can’t say, who dreamt of Germany’s entry? I thought that it would be thrashed by Kenya in the very first match itself. That’s why I boldly accepted. Having a former West-Indies test player as their coach, two players named Krayuf and Hamston had played extremely well. Moreover, Krayuf is the son of a football champion and a good batsman too. If Germany wins I’ll commit suicide. My name and fame will be lost.”

“If you don’t give money?”

‘They will kill me.”
“What can I do for that? I can’t understand.”

He explained. I stared at him and firmly said “no.”

“I am not asking for free. If you do this, I’ll give you 50000 dollars. Think and decide.”

“Sorry, You have censured me wrongly.”

“Mr.Swami, think about that. Don’t say ‘no’ now itself. Only the two guys Krauyuf and Hamston are important. It’s enough to give an l.b.w for either one of them or even “caught-behind” for touching the out-swinger. After betting in this game for a long time, even I have become an expert. Don’t say no in a hurry. Take time to think well and it’ll be enough if you answer me tonight.” He said.

With extreme anger, “whatever you ask me my answer will be the same “no.” I can’t destroy the sanctity of the game cricket.”

He laughed sarcastically, “oh sanctity! Mr.Swami you don’t seem to know anything about the things happening behind the screen.”

“I don’t need that. For me the game Cricket is equal to God. It’s my life’s morality.” I said.

He smiled and said, “You are so innocent.”

He turned to my wife in the lounge and said, “Your husband is refusing 50000 dollars, give him some advice.”

As he left, I said “idiot.”

“What did he say?”
“I have to give an L.B.W. for a guy in tomorrow’s match and defeat Germany. He offers money for that. How dare he approaches me and offers bribe like this…?”

“Why, what’s wrong in that?”

“What’s this Sundari?”

“How much is 50000 dollars in our currency approximately?”

“Approximately sixteen lakh rupees.”

“Wow! The prophecy of the Hanuman Astrologer has come true. The mercy of Goddess Laxmi has come in advance in December itself, accept it.”

“What are you blabbering? Do you think that I will accept it?”

“Then, what’s in that….everything is just a game, right?”

“Sundari, I feel like strangling you to death. Do you know how holy Cricket is? It’s like God to me… like a temple.”

“Oh, you chase away the Goddess Laxmi who comes by herself, and call it God, temple and so on… I have never seen such a good-for-nothing person like you; my fate is like that. It’s written on my forehead that I have to again go back to the small Triplicane lane and clean the sewage, and live in a single-room house and all the day I have to listen to some stupid ‘liquid blue’ advertisements on the transistor.” She cried.

“Whatever you say, I won’t agree to that.”

She didn’t speak afterwards.

I phoned to another British umpire of that match, Mr.Douglas John.

“Douglas, I am Swami here. If a person named Joe approaches you, chase him out.”
“Has he come to you also? Just now, I’ve chased him out. Does he think that he can buy an umpire? What an arrogance? What did you say?”

“I have also chased him out?”

“Swami, you don’t know. Millions of dollars roll under the tables. All such people belong to Mafia. However, be careful. Don’t come out of the room till the match starts. Ask for security if you want.”

I felt a little bit confused. A phone call came to my room at 10 o’clock that night. “Mr. Swami, have you decided?”

“Yes, I said.”

“Shall I send the money right now?”

“I am not going to yield to your request.”

“That means you are saying no?”

“Exactly” I said firmly.

“Though I want to say that there is no such loser like you, I appreciate your honesty!” He put down the phone.

Sundari was still staring at me, near the bed.

I rolled sleeplessly throughout that night. I had heard about the gambling behind cricket in Sharjah itself. There was a rumour in Australia also. I had never dreamt that this much of money will be involved in it. What a fool am I? Sixteen lakh rupees for raising a single finger. “You say no. Are you that much honest? No, coward.”

That famous match held the next day. Germany won the toss and allowed the West – Indies to bat. They took 247 runs from the restricted 50 overs. Germany played next and lost 3 wickets in 47 runs. Then that guy Krayuf came. First he stood and played steadily. He played skillfully hitting in the nook and
corners and scored nicely by running quite often. The guy named Hamston gave him good company.

However, the asking rate was slowly rising up. After scoring 78 runs for the 3rd wicket Hamston got out for a nice catch. Though the wickets fell frequently, Germany’s chance for victory was still alive, till Krayuf was on the other side. At a point they have to take 16 runs in the final over and having lost 9 wickets and only Krayuf faced it.

The stadium experienced a dead calm as if nobody were there. While the West-Indies captain placed his team steadily, their chief fast bowler the final over. It was a mistake to try for a Yorker in the first ball. It changed into a full toss and Krayuf who was in 94, hit a sixer. It was a smashing shot. The ball went over the roof…such a huge sixer.

The next ball, a bumper…there is no hesitation for me to announce it to be a ‘no-ball’. A bumper to the height of a coconut tree! The next ball didn’t fall correctly, and another sixer!

3 more runs. 4 balls left out. The match fell on to that Germany’s side. The next ball which was thrown after much discussion between the captain and the ball was also tried by Krayuf for a sixer, but it hit the pad. While all the eleven players screamed “how’s that.” I suddenly felt like raising my finger, as the 50000 dollar Satan pushed me. But it was not an out. My conscience didn’t allow me.

I shook my head. The ball minutely went out of the leg stump at the height of his hip. He was in the front foot also. Douglas John looked at me and raised his brow as a symbol of good judgement.

Krayuf touched the next ball and ran quickly for a single. Without stopping with that, he ran for a second run in a hurry… there was enough time for the fielder to carry the ball in his hands to touch the stumps. Krayuf ran out in the
middle of the pitch itself. In a moment the match rolled back and the West-Indies won the match.

He need not have taken the second run at all. Germany lost the match. While leaving, Kraruf with tears in his eyes smashed his bat on the ground and left.

That night there was a huge party in the lounge amidst the shower of Champaign. Douglas John, “Swami that was a great match! By the way that L.B.W was definitely not an out. Though amidst a situation of such a great pressure, it was a great thing that you maintained your neutrality.”

“Hell Swami” I turned towards the voice. Joe touched my shoulders with a glass of Champaign happily. “That was closed, I narrowly escaped.”

“Kraruf idiotically took that second run. There were three more balls at his leisure. Only two more runs left… the other batsman was also playing well. Kraruf became nervous in the end.”

Joe smiled.

“However, because of me you have saved 50000 dollars.”

“No, 50000 dollars loss.”

“How?”

“As you didn’t agree, I had to approach Kraruf himself. He agreed only for 100000 dollars!”

4.1.2. THE ADULT WORLD

They have transferred R.K. Sir. There is a talk, that the school has never seen such a teacher in its 30 years history. A great Headmaster. The national award is not a big thing for him. The greatest award he had received is the love of his students like us. They have transferred such a person. I even cried.
E.Kumar, Peter, Tamilselvi and I went to his room and shouted, “how can they transfer you, we go on strike,” But he scolded back badly.

“Headmasters come and go. Your education is important” he said beautifully with a quote from Thirukkural. But tears smothered his eyes. He spoke something like, “thank you so much for your affection” and so on. We also wept. Tamilselvi sat down there itself and started crying with her frock wide spread. We felt very bad. We didn’t feel like going to school the next day.

As I finished off a scissors cigarette from the Raman’s shop, Peter came with diluted blue and a crushed palm stick for a brush. In the upward nearby wall beside the main gate, we were writing “Management, call back R.K.Sir…. get back the transfer order.”

I went to the room and read a yellow magazine “Pagal Nera Kannagigal” stealthily. It has become a fashion these days. As I wanted to see my lady-love Thamayanthi, I hired a cycle and circled eight times in the 8th cross, Nethaji Road. But she didn’t come out. She had gone for tuition. As I thought that she might be learning computer or Rangoli there, I went to the Laxmi Tutorial. But it was a holiday. Where else would she have gone? What if this fellow Peter would have taken her? I had such terrible fancies.

However, my heart…oh! It has been decided in the previous birth itself that she is my lady-love. The whole world knows that. What did she tell me in the Suruli river-bed? When I followed her, didn’t she give me a look? If it were not love what else then?

We have decided to go on strike. “See, if you start anything like a strike they will put you in jail, Never expect me to release you or to give bail for you.” said my dad. He had also studied in the same school. If we talk about the marks he had scored, it would be embarrassing.
We went to meet Rajamanickam Sir. He is a youngster. He looked like the actor Karthik. He uses Pan-Parag. Understanding the minds of young students, now and then he will recite some free-verse and bored us slightly. He said, “We have picked up this issue in the Association of Headmasters and through that we are going to give a petition to the Education Minister. As the students felt, he is also a loveable headmaster. In his place, a lady named Catherine is going to come from Tutucorin. She has a slight moustache also. See how atrocious it is!” he also felt bad. But R.K. Sir said, “There should not be any slogans or strike. I will take classes till the reliever comes. What’s in a place? Duty is important. If there is any violence or shouting of slogans, I will consider it as an insult to me.” He said in a strict tone. “Did you see what a great man he is?” We are trying to find out a way to show our protest. Nothing turned up. At this time Thamayanthi through Tamilselvi has informed me to meet the former. I felt a strange excitement. I went to the Royal Saloon; trimmed my step-cut; combed my hair; applied snow; put new trousers; hired an ‘hour-cycle’ and went with a fragrant air.

In her house their father, mother and everyone will speak to me nicely. They used to say, “Come Maani, how are you? Have some coffee.” Nobody knows that Thammu and I are in love. Her younger sister too has come of age. Her name is Archana. She too has an eye on me. But my heart will never move out of Thamayanthi.

When I went there, everyone was watching a serial, ‘Melmadi Gaali’ on the Television. There was a newspaper ‘Daily Thanthi’ in the Verandah. I looked for what had happened in the cartoon strips ‘Sinbad’ and ‘Kanni Theevu’. I could not remember my lottery ticket’s number. After a while Thamayanthi came and said, “Manickam. Can you do me a favour?”

“What? Tell me” I said.
“Do you have Tamil notes with you? If not, I have to get it from Kalaiselvi. I don’t like her. If you have written…”

“Oh, yes! I have everything.” I lied.

“Do you have everything?... The Thiru.V.K. lesson?”

“Yes, Thamayanthi.”

“Can you bring it in the morning? I’ll copy it and return it immediately!”

I said “alright” and lowered my voice and asked. “What about our matter?” She smiled neutrally. That smile itself is like having won the World Cup. Thamayanthi will slightly look like the Actress Meena. Her teeth will be slightly protruding. That itself is a charm; ears, very soft like flowers. She has dimpled cheeks. Though casually dressed in yellow half-saree and dark blue skirt, she seemed very pretty in that dress. Her hair was tied loose like the one in the shampoo advertisement. “Did you take oil-bath?” I asked.

“What’s for you if I take oil-bath? When she asked like that, I felt little bad.

Tamil Notes? I don’t even have the note-book itself, as I had thought of copying in the exams. I rushed to Veeraraghavan’s house and asked him.

He asked, “Why are you suddenly so attracted towards Tamil?”

“Well, Veeru, see, I’ve decided to study sincerely hereafter.”

The time has not yet come to announce our love to the world. Veeru has written very neatly. I got Rs.10 from my mother (she will give for such things) and went to the Bus-stand, took photo-copies in the K.T.Enterprises and the very night gave it to Thamayanthi: I said, “Keep it for yourself.”

“Maani, your handwriting is so good! I don’t know how to thank you…” She said.
“Will you come to Wellington once? We shall see the film “Ullathai Allitha”

I cannot say in plain words, the happiness filled in my heart by the single word ‘OK’. The whole world seem neatly Dry-clean. The noise of the Auto – Rickshaws in the street, the bell sound of the bicycle, the song from the cassette shop, everything sounded music to me.

Our student-leader Arul said, “We should observe a token strike at least for a single day.” Being a, secretary I suggested, “We shall consult Rajamanickam Sir before we observe that.”

When I went to meet Rajamanickam Sir in the west street, his wife told me that he had gone to meet R.K.Sir at his residence. She seemed much worried. When I asked whether she also felt sorry for R.K.Sir’s transfer, she replied in negative.

So I went to R.K.Sir’s house in search of Rajamanickam Sir.

His house was close to the School; after the Railway-crossing; in the newly-developed Sundar Nagar. Just then the cementing work had been completed. The walls were not even white washed. When I went there, I could hear voices. R.K.Sir’s wife Mrs. Kaveri and Rajamanickam Sir were talking to each other.

This Kaveri is too young to R.K.Sir. There was a talk that he had married his wife’s own younger sister after her death. I was slightly shocked at the conversation of these two people. The door-bell didn’t ring. There was power failure. As I was about to knock at the door, my hand stopped!

“Kaveri, how can I live without you?”
“Why not Rajamanickam, the transfer order has come for the good of everyone. I can also forget you and you can also… You have to forget me. This is a strange relationship. He will come. If you leave earlier…”

“No Kaveri, how can I survive without you?”

“Leave me Raju… Don’t touch me like this. Oh! Someone will see that. Especially at this time of transfer, many people come and go. Please don’t disturb my mind.” Some strange sounds were heard.

“What do you want me to do?”

“Let him go on transfer. You stay back telling some reason or the other… at least for a few days.”

“Let me think… however for the first month, he has to look for a house in the new place, the next month will be ‘Aadi’ and like that it will take another three months. But he could not stay away from me. ‘It’ will come back at the weekends. ‘It’ couldn’t sleep without constantly touching me. Half of my life has been wasted in rubbing knee-pain oil and the rest in cleaning the vessels without a servant maid.”

I didn’t like to stay there or listen to that anymore. As I was about to start, Rajamanickam sir came out.

“Hey, Maani, When did you come?”

“Just now sir” I said.

“I have to meet R.K.Sir regarding an application to the Education Minister. He has gone out. Nobody is inside. What’s the matter?”

I didn’t like to speak to Rajamanickam. So I started silently.
My heart throbbed for what I am going to do with this matter which has gone into me without my inclination. Hell with those people! How they have been cheating such a nice man. I have decided not to call Rajamanickam as ‘sir’ thereafter. Is he a human being? Treacherous fellow.

After that I could not sleep for two days. I felt as if I had swallowed burning charcoal. First, I thought of disclosing it to Thamayanthi. I could not see her. She had to study for the Tamil class-test. My conscience didn’t allow me to disclose it to Peter, Tamilselvi, E.Kumar or to anyone else.

I told you, remember…Rajamanickam’s wife, who had no charm in her face…now I understood. Finally, I came to a decision. I am going to reveal that to R.K. Sir himself and before leaving, let him dismiss this Rajamanickam and beat his wife who had illicit affair and let him do something.

When I thought about that, I also felt like, why should I worry about that? But when R.K.Sir spoke in the Morning Prayer meeting on Friday, I felt enthralled. “The greatest reward I’ve earned is the affection of the students, teachers and others. Especially I can never forget the concern and love of a young teacher like Rajamanickam. He vehemently rose up and asked me to send an application to the Education Minister. It is an unforgettable experience that Rajamanickam has so much of concern over my well-being.” Imagine how I should have felt? See that. What an innocent person he is! How can I say that he is a double-headed snake?

“Even when I go on transfer, my wife will stay back in this town for the next few months. I will come every week to see her. At that time I will definitely come to the school.”

After that prayer meeting, I could not control my feelings. I daringly entered into the Headmaster’s room straightaway. Behind a bureau, reclining in an easy chair, R.K.Sir was eating alone.
“Who’s that?”

“She’s me sir! Student Union Secretary.”

“I am eating now, can you wait for sometime?”

“She, it’s a very urgent matter. I have to speak to you personally. It’s about Rajamanickam. It’s about your wife”

He stopped eating and said, “Come in.” He asked me to sit in front of him and said, “Tell me.”

“She, I went to meet Rajamanickam regarding the token strike. They told me that he had gone to your house.”

Is it so?” he asked, peeling off the banana skin. There was no change in his face.

“She, the things I have seen were terrible sir! Don’t believe Rajamanickam.”

He asked, “What did you see particularly?”

“I feel little hesitant to say that. You spoke very high of Rajamanickam this morning. I felt extremely disillusioned as they cheat a saint like you. They spoke as if they will further meet after you leave this place. Is it just in any way? What an atrocity it is and I decided to tell that to you. Please forgive me for having given you such a big trouble, during the time of your transfer. I can’t stay back without telling that to you”. As I could not control myself, I wept. He was still staring at me without any changes in his face.

His jaw alone moved slightly. “Manickam! Have you disclosed this to anyone else?”

“No sir! Definitely not, only to you. You ought to know that.”

“I knew that already Manickam”
“Sir…?”

“You are a small boy. Just understand the lesson alone. You cannot understand some strange things in the ‘adult-world’ right now. The construction work of the house stands incomplete with a deficit of the H.D.F.C. loan. I have to leave my wife atleast for completing the remaining work. I have to look after a house in the new place. The month of ‘Aadi’ has to be over. These are the practical difficulties.”

“Sir, they both….”

“Are they cheating me? No. They both are cheating themselves. You can understand that only later in life. It’s good that you have come to me and disclosed the truth. I appreciate you for not having revealed this to others. This is our problem; our life; our dignity. We will tackle our problem. Manickam, you go now… thanks” he said tapping my shoulders.

I could not understand why he said ‘thanks.’

“Listen to one thing before you leave…this transfer was not done by the department, I willingly asked for it.”

I could not understand and I came out. The bell has rung and the classess have started, the corridor was silent. I sat under a tree, A Hibiscus flower fell on me.

As I turned round….

“What Thamayanthi?”

“Maani, do you remember what you asked me when we met the last time.”

She asked me eagerly with shyness.

“What did I ask?”
“If we could go for a film?”

“Yes, I asked you.”

“Shall we go?”

“No Thamayanthi, I have to study.” I told spontaneously.

4.1.3. LIE

When I newly took charge, they said that Rajaraman had the best administrative abilities in the office. He kept all the tenders and contracts at his fingertips. When the M.D. frequently told me, ‘if you don’t know anything for sure, ask Rajaraman,’ I felt slightly embarrassed, but later I had to ask for many clarifications from Rajaraman.

He had put in twenty years of service. We also belong to different age groups. I am 35 and he is 50. But whenever I called him, he would heave everything at once and come to my room and stand with respect and humility;

“Sir, did you call me?”

“Rajaraman…do you know how much this ‘Storage Oscilloscope would cost? It’s enough if you even tell me approximately.”

“Why approximately?... 4800 dollars, 65 cents. Isn’t it Tecatronics?”

“How can you say so accurately Raja?” I asked with a surprise.

“I often go through the price-list sir”.

“Would you memorise them…? There are thousands of instruments in the list.”

“No sir, I know what are all important to us…” he would smile.

“Raja, why has nobody given you a promotion so far? Your S.R. seems to be also good.”
“I didn’t accept promotion.”

“Why…?”

“If promoted, they will transfer me to Calcutta Branch. Family will be dislocated. I’ve worked 20 years for this company. If complete another five tears, I will go on V.R.S have a daughter to get married, sir…” he said.

“I won’t leave you like that. I am thinking of giving you a promotion here itself. There is even an A.M.post vacant. I am planning to fill it.”

“Its OK if I get that or even I don’t get that. I am a pragmatic person as told in The Gita.”

“Do you read Gita?”

“That is the basis of my life sir. Gita and Thirukkural are enough for a man.”

I have never seen him except in white full-sleeved shirt rolled up; white trousers; a leather belt in the hip; sandal-paste in the fore-head and two pens in his pocket. He seemed to have been born with them.

My first clash with him started, when I ordered to wear uniforms in the office. When everybody, including the manager himself, had changed to blue shirts and trousers with badges, Rajaraman alone came to the office in the same white dress.

“Haven’t you got your uniform stitched yet? Haven’t they given you the cloth in the stores?”

“They have given… it was not stitched yet.”

“Stitch it before Monday…OK…?” I said. As I had gone to Delhi, I didn’t notice him the following week.
Even after that, Rajaraman stood humbly in the same white dress. “Sir, haven’t I told you last week itself? Didn’t you notice?”

“What…?”

“About the uniform…”

“I have told you already…it was not stitched yet.”

“There are 150 people in the office. Everybody got it stitched; do one thing… go to a tailor with Ramesh to give your measurement. I doubt that you have not given it for stitching itself.

“Why are you stubborn for a small issue?”

“This is not a small issue. It is related to the discipline of the office. If I give an exemption to you, others will also get back to their old dress.”

“So what…? Will the efficiency of the office increase if we wear blue dress?”

“That’s up to me who gave the order. Tomorrow you should come in uniform. Otherwise, go on leave. The security won’t allow you in.”

“What kind of drama is this?” he said smiling towards a lady in the nearby seat and sat down.

I felt angry. “Mr. Rajaraman, take back that comment…this office is not a stage.”

“Sorry, very sorry. I have babbled something with the right of having put on 20 years of service in this office.”

“Don’t babble like that hereafter…”

I could notice his single eye sputtered and eye-brows entangling often. I left that matter. In the evening, the M.D. phoned me regarding his trip to hungrily.
Finally, as if asking casually, he asked, “by the way Raghu, is it true that you have sent Rajaraman out of the office?”

“No sir, he was very stubborn regarding the uniform issue.”

“He is an orthodox person… he will take time to change.”

“Sir, this issue is related to the discipline of the office. You don’t interfere…I’ll manage.”

“I will be happy if the efficiency of the office increase by wearing uniforms. Only Raja has calculated and told me that the total expenses have gone upto 25 lakh rupees.’

“OK…OK…I agree…you’ve doubted it.”

“I will manage everything sir.” I said. Controlling my anger, I put down the receiver and called Rajaraman. It seemed comic as he entered.

He was wearing uniform! It was not stitched according to his size, it didn’t look like the sketch, and it had so many buttons; two packets; flaps and stitched like a Safari-Suit.

“Who stitched this Rajaraman?”

“Only you have forced me to wear the uniform in a hurry. I went out in the lunch-break and brought a ready-made dress in the same colour. It will be only like this, if we do anything in a hurry, changes, modernization and so on…” “Its O.K. give your measurement… I will arrange for that.”

“Why wasting it…? Let’s look after that in the next year.”

“No… what you are wearing is not the company uniform. It seems to be buffoon’s dress as if mocking that.”
“Oh…you find fault with everything. I don’t understand why you are so stubborn…” he went out murmuring.

That very moment I have changed my mind of giving him the post of Assistant Manager, which was vacant.

Kethan was my favourite young man; an M.B.A. graduate. I promoted and appointed him. I called Rajaraman, “Rajaraman…hererafter Kethan will be your boss…you need not come to me for any clarifications…Kethan will take care of that.”

“Very happy to hear it” he said. But his eyes didn’t have the happiness. Hesitantly he asked, “Kethan is very junior to me. May I know why I was not given that post?”

“Only young people are necessary for this post… the management needs fresh ideas.”

“May I know in what way I was a hindrance for introducing fresh ideas?”

“Mr.Rajaraman, I have all respect for you. But you are little bit adamant regarding the discipline issue.”

“Oh, is that the blue-dress? Am I not wearing it correctly now?”

“Not that. I mean…your attitude…mentality….I don’t like that.”

A week later, Kethan started frequenting to my room and stayed long till 8 o’ clock at night and gave many ideas regarding the changes to be made in the office. One among them was, “Rajaraman is lying very badly. We have to send him home.” He said.

“Why do you say like that? He has got all the minute details of the company at his finger – tips.”
“At first, I too thought like that. I asked him the price of a calibrator. He said ‘8225 dollars’. As he said so accurately, I believed that and gave the quotation to a customer. The actual cost was 4000 dollars. We have lost that contract. The company has lost 50 lakh rupees.

“Is it so?”

“It seems to me as if he deliberately acts like this. We have to verify each and every single detail. All the dates, statistics which he gives arbitrarily were all wrong. He quotes haphazardly.”

“What shall we do?”

“I have already told you…send him out. We cannot entrust any work to this guy in faith.”

I’ll speak to Rajaraman. Let’s send him out on V.R. with a golden handshake.”

“We should have even dismissed him for the loss he had made. Call him right now and inform him…he is waiting outside.”

I liked Kethan. He had a cut and right attitude like me. He is an icon of this young generation. He had curly hair; rose thin lips; long fingers like that of a girl’s…no bad habits; bachelor. He stayed in my room all day long.

I called Rajaraman. As he came, I asked him to be seated. He stared at us with resentment, hatred and suspicion. The corner of his eye had already started to splutter.

“Sit down.”

“It’s alright, let me stand. If you can be brief…it’s already late…my daughter will be worried…”
“Haven’t you phoned?” asked Kethan.

“I don’t have a telephone in my house.”

Kethan turned to me and said. “Another lie.”

“The phone is not mine. “It’s my uncle’s.”

“This is your problem sir. You lie for even trivial things. It affects the profit of this company.”

“Can you give an example?”

“I can tell twelve.”

“Let that be. Rajaraman, are you willing to go on V.R?”

“No. not now. I’ll get maximum benefits only when I complete 53.”

“We have planned to give you V.R.” said Kethan.

“If I refuse to accept it?”

“If you refuse, as per the order of appointment, we will terminate you after a month’s notice.”

“I don’t want to go to that extent… if you give V.R. willingly…”

“Sir, what’s this…? A guy who came yesterday is chasing a person out who has toiled for 20 years in this office. Is there any decency or dignity in this?”

“We are saying only with decency. But you only seem adamant. See you have grown aged…slightly old too.”

“Tell me in what way? Tell me what I do not know in this office?”

“Do you know what T.S.P. is? In all the new instruments, they use T.S.P. nowadays”.
He became silent.

“However I like to write a letter to the boss regarding this. You both have hatred towards me from the beginning itself. You want to take revenge for that in some way.”

“What nonsense!”

“When my daughter came to work in this office, this same Kethan had tried several times to seduce her but he could not. Once she had even slapped him in the canteen. Raghunathan sir did not know all these. She came out deliberately. He wants to avenge me for that.”

I looked at Kethan. I felt like laughing.

“I don’t even know your daughter, whether she is fair or dark. Why are your lying so badly?”

After a few minutes of silence, lifting himself up…he said, “all right, I quit from 1st of June.”

“Nothing doing….you need not come to office from tomorrow onwards.” Said Kethan.

“Kethan…please…what’s there in 12 days…Rajaraman, you can retire from June” said Raghunathan.

“You don’t know. Even before that, he can spin many stories. I don’t even know the name of his daughter. See, how he babbles…” he said.

“Let’s manage…don’t worry.” After he left, “why do you hate him so badly? Never hate anyone in this world like this.”

“See, how he tells a stupid lie. See, how he lied that I have tried to seduce his daughter. I am getting married soon; to a beautiful girl, Sushma…”
“Is it? Congrats! You haven’t told me at all.”

“I have postponed the marriage, till the turnover of this office crosses 100 crores.”

“That’s great Kethan.” I shook his hands.

After that we had more or less forgotten Rajaraman’s issue. It was seen on the notice board that there would be a fare-well party for him. Below that it was written in pen as, ‘will the management couple participate in this?’ and two hearts were drawn nearby.

At first I didn’t get its full meaning. Only Kethan came and told me angrily, “can you guess what ‘management couple’ means?”

“What, I can’t get it.”

“There is a sexual affair between you and me.”

“Nonsense,” I laughed.

“It was only Rajaraman, who did that. We shouldn’t let this go like that. There is no need for giving him a V.R. we should dismiss him.” He said.

“I’ll think about it.”

In the afternoon the boss called me urgently to meet him. So I went to the head-office. “Raghu, see this letter.” It was typed; without a signature in the end.

“Sir, we shouldn’t read anonymous letters at all. It is a kind of cowardice.”

“First, read it, man.”

When I was reading…

“What’s happening in the office? You suddenly chase away a person who had toiled 20 years for this company! Then this one!”
‘The way our G.M Raghunath and A.M Kethan behave is a question mark. Both of them stay together till 10 o’ clock at a nights, with the doors shut. Once when Mohankumar entered casually, they both were found embracing each other…’

“My God! This is preposterous, sir. This is antrocious!”

“Ask Mohankumar.”

“Sir, leave this to me. I will find out the type-writer in which it was typed; who typed and everything…” without listening to me he asked, “Raghu, what’s your age?”

“35 sir…why?”

“Why haven’t you married yet?”

When I looked straight at his face as if burning him, his eye lowered.

“That’s my personal matter sir.”

“I am afraid that this would become a big scandal. So send Kethan to the Calcutta branch for a few days.”

“What’s this sir? Do you also believe this?

“The problem of trust is different from the office situation.”

“I can’t understand, sir.”

“Suspicion is like a poisonous seed. I am sorry that I myself have to ask you like that. What will happen in the lower level of clerks, peons in the office… how this seed will grow… think about it… Rajaraman has great support among the staff. He himself would not have written like that. Someone in the union might have also done this. This office has got a lot of scandal-mongers.”
“Then wouldn’t it be like, as if the people who spread the scandal have won.”

“Why should we interpret like that?

“Anyway I will think and inform you sir. I am taking this letter with me.”

When I returned to the office, I showed the letter to Kethan. When he finished reading that, he laughed as if he had read a joke. “This is too much; I didn’t expect that Rajaraman would have gone to such an extent. Will hatred force a person to take such a decision? What did the boss say?”

”He asked me to send you to the Calcutta Branch temporarily.”

“Then does it mean that he too believes this stupid letter?”

Kethan thought for a while. “Do as I say Raghunath, tell the boss firmly that there is no transfers or anything. The office atmosphere will get spoilt if we entertain this hypocrisy; a rumour which doesn’t have even a tinge of truth in it. From tomorrow onwards Rajaraman should never even come near the office. Even the fare-well party should not be conducted inside the office. I’ll be in this office only. I won’t go anywhere. If he doesn’t agree, I’ll give my resignation.”

“Why should “you” give?”

I am clear now. “Done” as I said and was about to shook his hands; he quickly went out simply with a greeting. I brooded over that ‘act’ throughout the night. The next day I came to the office and sent my resignation letter to the boss. He came running with hue and cry to the office. “Why? What I told you was wrong, wrong. Do you think that I have believed that all? Never… Never, pleases forgive me. “I’ve spoken to you idiotically. I’m ready to lose everyone in this office, but not you.”

“No sir, what once I have decided is decided for ever.”
“Why! Why! For being afraid of a rumour?”

It is not a rumour. How can I tell him that it is true?

I overcome this problem by splitting the long sentences conveyed in the original.

4.1.4. I AM MALLIGA’S SON

I am the son of the person, who was honoured as the chief-guest of that felicitation function with shawls. He didn’t know that. He didn’t also know that I have come to kill him. I slowly approached from the row for the ordinary people towards him, as he left from the high chair on the stage with rose petals on his hair.

Why are they honouring him? I don’t care. What’s for me whether the person who is going to die, being a vice-chancellor or a minister? He is the culprit who spoiled my mother. I should slowly, little by little… no, I should kill him instantly. That’s all. That’s why I have come to this hellish city. I am not at all impressed in any way by its congested population, its sulkiness, its uncouth language and its only beautiful beach.

Nobody knew about my arrival to this city. I have no one. I have come straightaway from the railway station and after finishing my job, I will return to Trichy in a bus or in a lorry.

Parandhaman moved away from the stage; came out through the side entrance and walked through the friendly gathering with a permanent smile. When someone placed sweets… I went close.

“No thanks, sweets don’t suit me.” I went closer.

“It’s alright sir. This is a sweet day for you; a day of happiness, and a very important day in your life.”
“Yes”.

Only then he noticed me.

“Who are you…where have I seen you.

“Sir, I want to meet you. My name is Selvam….. “ I went closer and whispered, I am your son”,

The significance of the sentence didn’t strike him at first. “ Is it so …. He smiled and said’ “All the youngster call me father.”

“I am the son of Malliga.” I said slightly reticently. At once his smile stopped.

“Has Malliga come?”

“ She is dead”.

“What’s your name?”

I said OK, and left to a corner. I do need this loneliness. Nobody has so far noticed me keenly yet. A person, who had his identify in the crowd, can easily vanish in thin air after the job is done. I ate only an idly and a vada in Chengalpet this morning ; extremely hungry . I gulped everything without relishing the taste, and came and sat down with filling up the plate again. Why shouldn’t I murder him after filling my belly?

The day has come. Since my mother’s death, I haven’t expected that, this much-awaited day will come like this. In a public meeting; in a large hall; in front of so many people; on my father’s unforgettable day; in the height of his fame; still some late-comers were honouring him with shawls, tearing them out of their covers.
“Let our leader eat first,” as the celebrations and the jubilations gave me good cover, I was watching all these from the last row of the feast, sitting in a corner. I enjoyed the stealthy looks of Paranthaman, which frequented to my side. I will be safe until I reveal what I am going to do. How am I going to kill him? Let me think about it later!

First I have to catch him alone. He is slim only. There won’t be much struggle. I don’t have a weapon. I can get it somewhere there. Let me see… as the crowd slowly scattered; an ambassador car with a red lamp on its head proceeded; he got into a luxury car; his hesitant eyes searched for me all around. I went close to him wiping my hands.

“Sit in the front.” I got into the front seat. He came silent all the way. I also didn’t speak anything. He might have thought that it was not good to speak with a driver nearby. Inside the tinted glass of the car there was mild air conditioning and slight devotional music; as the car smoothly skate leveling the bumps of the road.

The gate readily opened at the sound of its horn to let it inside; the car stopped in a vast portico attached to a garden in the front it; and the servant opened the door. And as he was about to climb up the stairs quickly, he called me in a single word, ‘come’.

“Has Selvaraj had his food have you got any fax message come from Delhi?”

“No sir!”

“Ask Manickam if he had food. You too go and finish your food. I’ll call you if necessary.”

“OK sir!” As the servant was all the time looking at him with reverence, he didn’t notice me.
Don’t allow anyone upstairs for sometime.”

Then we were alone. I starting at? This is a government bungalow. My house is in Thiruvanmiyoor. I know you I’ll come.”

“Have you ever asked Malliga whether she had food?”

We both climbed up the stairs which twisted into a big room and he sat comfortably and I on an edge.

“How did Malli die?”

“After telling your name.”

“No… how… of what disease?”

“Of hunger, of poverty and at last of Syphilis.”

“Nobody had informed me” he said shockingly.

“We didn’t like to”.

“What do you want?”

“Nothing.”

“I want to see you in bright light. Stand up. You look exactly like me. You are my son. What’s your height? Lips alone are your mother’s …. Come close to me.”

“My mother used to tell me that I resemble my father in cheating.”

“Did Malli say like that? I wrote letters eight times.”

“Nothing came.”

“ How will they come? If you change the address and without informing me till the end.
“She did write, see… don’t pretend, Now I know very well, how far you have cared, bothered, and treated my mother…. I know everything.”

“Had she told you everything?”

“Everything means…?”

“The reason why I didn’t marry her?”

“She told me, that… You had told that her character was bad.”

“Not like that. I can see that she had not told everything. Let that be like that. Why should we talk ill of a dead person? Tell me, why have come to meet me now?”

“To kill you…”

He laughed. It’s that all? Kill me. So many have tried to kill me. You are also among them. I am always well prepared and ready for my death. I have deposited all the documents in the locker, written my will…. and I am ready. I am not afraid of death at this age. I have seen everything, kill me…. its OK… kill me.”

“Do you think that I won’t kill you?”

“You won’t kill me if you are my son.”

“I am also Malliga’s son.”

“See, whatever she had told about me…. I don’t have time to explain everything right now. What do you want? Tell me and get lost. If your mother had written a letter… don’t think that I will accept you as my son and announce it to the papers. Particularly at this time, at the peak of my fame, it is not at all possible.”
“I don’t want anything.”

“Then….?”

“I have to kill you Parandhaman that’s all.”

“Don’t behave like a mad guy, if I tell you all truth about your mother, you will feel very sorry at heart.”

“I know everything.”

“No, you don’t. She was a prostitute.

“She became a prostitute “ I said . Blood gusted up my head and throbbed.

“That too because of you. She was not like that when she begot me. Only after that, because of the circumstances, of dejection, for survival…. .”

“ All the prostitutes give the same reason, Selvam, see. I agree one thing. When you were born, she was a concubine only for me alone. I agree that. You are my son. I don’t disagree that too. But I can announce it only after my death. I loved your mother sincerely. She was like a wild river. She had 100 wishes at a time. I could not control her. It appeared as if I myself would be washed away in that. So I stepped ashore and moved away. It is a promise that I loves her. Even now, the days which I enjoyed most were those three years I was with her. I have never forgotten that. She wrote to me your birth… she also wrote about that she had named you Selvam.”

“Why didn’t you marry her?”

“I was ready. But only she didn’t want it.”

“Lie.”
“See, Selvam. Your mother had not told you everything. She had told the
truth only what was necessary. You don’t seem to know many things….. about her
sudden disappearance, when went to the Tirunelveli summit.”

“She had told me. As she was fed up with the life of being held up inside
the house without a holy thread; sleeping till the evening; waking up with makeup;
covering the head and waiting for the customers’ through the wicket-gate… She
had told me that she had come out of that.”

“Did she say that she had lived with a fellow called Vajravelu?”

“Only Vajravelu made me study. He supported till the end. You don’t
know, don’t speak about him.”

“You should have come to me, why didn’t you?”

“She didn’t like that. She died only after showing me all the old
photographs and letters.”

“Look, there is no use in kindling the past. I want to tell you an important
matter.”

“I don’t need any stupid explanation.”

“Wait, wait. Don’t be hasty.”

He went besides the bureau and picked up the key-bunch. I noticed a huge
carpet rolled up in the corner of the room. He had bought it newly. The carpet can
be spread filly in the entire hall.

There was a rope that was tied on that carpet seemed strong. He was
searching for something in the bureau, without having noticed me releasing the
knot of the rope in a single pull.
“She had told me how you promised a village girl of marrying her; brought her with you; and after exploiting her; how her life had become aimless….”

“I should have married her. I am a fool.” He turned….. What’s this? Why ….what’s this rope?…… Selvam…..

The noose tightened without waiting for a further word. As if I were not at all responsible for that incident; like a devotee who fulfills his prayers; like an instrument; like an offering, I did that. When the rope tightened, I watched his bodily movements slowly coming to a close, dispassionately. And as it stopped, I stood up. My breath fluttered. I felt thirsty. I poured some water and drank. Empty room, empty hall; nobody has noticed me so far.

How I took a bus; got down somewhere; enquired; got down at Trichy; everything was stored only vaguely in my memory. It even seemed as if I had never been to Chennai at all and was still in Trichy.

I stood in front of my mother’s photograph. “Mother, I have done this only for your soul to rest in peace. If you were alive, you would never agree for that. I know… you were such a pitiable creature, accepting all the sufferings without questioning, at first treachery, then insult; and then Syphilis and finally a slow death. I have given a retribution for everything in a single knot. Mother, now you can sleep; I can also sleep.” As I feel on the bed, I slept at once without any dreams. Without being aware of whether it was night or evening or dawn, I heard a long knocking at my door, many times, which was heard vaguely in the mist of my sleep.

“You are Mr.Selvam, right? “ the young man who came was having an inland letter in his hand. “You are Malliga’s son, right?”

“Yes… and you?”
“I am a lawyer. My name is Somanathan. My senior Mr. Ramesh Chandran is the one who takes care of all the estate affairs. He has only sent me a letter to trace you”.

“For what?”

Mr. Parandhaman has bequeathed all his wealth to you.”

4.2. PROBLEMS IN PROSE TRANSLATION

GENERAL INFORMATION

The researchers discuss the problems of Prose Translation. This chapter presents the various types of problems underwent by the researcher in translating a prose during the translation process and the methods adopted by the researcher to solve them.

Professor H. G. Widdowson in his book *Stylistics and the Teaching of Literature*, (1975), appears less extreme. He assumes that the translation of poetry is extremely difficult because of "the patterning of sound and sense into a single meaning."

It is supposed here that since poetry has its distinctive features, it cannot be rendered into pure prose. The poet is mainly concerned with the connotative force of words. The translation of poetry into poetry entails preserving the rhyme, figurative language and the general tone of the original. This cannot be achieved unless the translator has a special talent and introspection. Some poetic translations, so deep and original, have impressed readers in the other languages. Few of the translated versions have been deemed even more illuminating than the original.

The difficulty of poetic translation leads many to think that the translator of poetry must himself be a poet, otherwise he should not dare to square the circle!
Translation proves to be a challenging task because differences between one language and another loom large in the domain of lexis, in the field of grammar and in the sphere of culture. Charges are leveled against the translator that he is a traitor, betrayer or a ‘conjuror’. The Italian proverb “A translator is a traitor “is a hint at the inefficiency of the translator. Brendan Kennedy calls translation “the art of failure.”

Novels, short stories and essays are written in prose. Prose is said to be a simple structure and therefore it is simpler and easier to translate. This is far from being true. It proves to be a tough job, if the prose is in classical style, descriptive in details, symbolic in its purpose, satirical and ironic in its tone and colloquial in its flavour. But attempts can be made to achieve a readable translation, instead of closely following the SL text. General rules of translation for prose and poetry may also be followed wherever applicable.

4.2.1. UNTRANSLATABILITY

Translation used to be considered an inter-language transfer of meaning, which is the point of departure for research and study, many earlier definitions demonstrate this, using source language and target language as their technical terms. Moreover, translation theories strictly confined themselves within the sphere of linguistics.

Translation of poetry was, by someone skill is, believed as impossibility for any unfaithful elements would have been taken as failure, be it content or form.

Poetry itself serves a purpose, be it an illusive matter, and aesthetics can be reproduced in another language and culture if accommodation is made. It would be highly likely that the target readers would obtain rather similar if not the same aesthetic pleasure reading the translation as would the source readers reading the original poem.

Western tradition and culture founded on untranslatability. This may sound like a paradox, if one thinks of the long tradition of *translatio studii* or *translatio imperii* in the culture, or if you just ponder the very word *tradition*. Tradition, from Latin *tradere* ('hand over'), implies a process of communication, transmission, and transference that necessarily allows for the transformation, whether in terms of “losses” or “gains,” usually associated with what we consensually mean by translation. To translate is not to say the *same* thing in another tongue, but to make manifest a *different* thing. This may sound close to what we used to call “the impossibility of translation'.

Zhu guangqian (Zhu, 1987: 113) says that the reason why poetry translation poses more difficult than prose translation lies in this poetry stress more on its musical quality while prose emphasizes more on meaning. Translating meaning is apparently easier than translating the musical quality (researcher’s translation). Chinese, unlike English, uses characters which are all single syllables, namely, one character as one syllable. So phrases and clauses are easily arranged into even number phrases and neat even number couplets, if the need arises for comparison or contrast. However, the western languages have strict grammatical rules, requiring fixed structures that forbids free inversions or disorders.

Not all words need to be translated. Some cannot. Some can be transcribable, but if there is no cultural equivalent, whether it is translatable or not it still needs to be explained, just like a jargon needs to be explained.

Words, expressions or interjections that are exclusive to a culture, a religion or a jargon cannot always be translated in a satisfactory way because the same term many not exist in the other language's culture. In many cases, such words with no perfect equivalent are the words that end up being borrowed by the other
language, sometimes with a possible spelling adaptation to ease pronunciation in the other language.

Jacobson (1966: 238) (quoted in Wolfram Wilss, 2001) comes to the conclusion that poetry by definition is untranslatable. Only creative transposition is possible.

Ebel (1969: 50) (quoted in Wolfram Wilss, 2001) says that indeed, modern translation theory denies the very existence of translation as it has previously been understood, i.e. as the replacement of an utterance in one language by another, so that the two are interchangeable. The dream of “literal” or “close” translation, which culminated in the attempt to computerize translation, has given way in turn to what might be termed a higher subjectivity. Since “there are connections but not correlations or diagnostic correspondences between cultural norms and linguistic patterns”, no language is ever a valid substitute for another; “faithfulness” in translation is thus impossible.

There are problems and difficulties in finding equivalence and thus there are areas of untranslatability. Catford talks of two types of untranslatability.

Linguistic untranslatability and

i. Cultural untranslatability

ii. Linguistic untranslatability is due to the absence of lexical or syntactical substitutes in the T.

iii. Lexical untranslatability (at the lexical level)

It is due to the absence of lexical substitute in the TL. Eg:- The Tamil word (‘Saaral’ =) Intermittent shower cannot be rendered into English, for there is no lexical substitute for “saaral” in English. The French fails to provide a word for ‘home’ in English. English has a large number of words for ‘snow’ making minute differences ice, snow, fog, mist, dew, etc. Tamil has only one word “pani”
to denote all these. In Eskimos’ language, there are more than sixty words for ‘snow’.

Tamil has 7 terms for various stages in the growth of a flower, 7 terms for the different stages in the growth of a female child and 9 terms for the various stages in the growth of an infant. But English has no such classification. Hence difficulty arises in translating most of them.

4.2.2. SYNTACTICAL UNTRANSLABILITY (AT THE GRAMMATICAL LEVEL)

The distinction between syntactical systems of the Source Language and the target Language Pose problems.

4.2.2.1. PERSON

The second person ‘you’ in English has three corresponding words in most of the Indian languages. Ex:- ‘you’ takes a plural verb in English but in tamil it takes a singular verb or a plural verb or both. ni ( ) = you (sg) ni:r ( ) = you (pr)

Honorific ni:nkal ( ) = you (sg) & rs

Tamil makes use of exclusive “We” and inclusive ‘we’ “na:nka” means exclusive “na:m” means inclusive.

4.2.2.2. TENSE

English has a fairly complicated form of the verb and in languages which are close to it, it is not easy to say “it has been ……” and so the translation simply says “It was …….”. The following sentences prove to bring out the subtle distinction between them when rendered from English into Tamil.

1. I will go tomorrow.

2. I may go tomorrow
3. I might go tomorrow

In English, subject, verb agreement is very important.

4.2.2.3. VOICE OF VERBS

English has both active and passive voice but Tamil has no passive voice. In a good translation, most passive voice verbs are rendered into active voice in Tamil.

4.2.2.4. GRAMMATICAL SHIFTS

Catford speaks of Tamil of how one or the other of grammatical shifts occurs in translation from one language into another.

4.2.2.5. STRUCTURE-SHIFTS

A shift occurs in the order of words between the SL and the TL. It is called structure—shift.

In English, the object normally follows the verb: svo. In Tamil and in most of the Indian languages, the verb normally follows the object: sov.

In English, the adverb and prepositional phrase follow the verb. In Tamil, they proceed the verb.

4.2.2.6. CLASS-SHIFT

A shift occurs in the word-class or part of speech. It is called a class-shift. Ex: - certain verbs in English for example ‘watered ‘auctioned’ etc become nouns in Tamil translation.
4.2.2.7. RANK SHIFT

A shift occurs when a unit at one rank in the SL becomes a unit at a different rank in the TL. It is called rank shift. Ex: The word ‘window’ in the SL (English) becomes a phrase in the TL (Tamil).

4.2.2.8. INTRA-SYSTEM-SHIFT

The shift occurs internally without a system.

Certain nouns in the plural in the SL (English) become nouns in the singular in the TL (Tamil).

Ex. scissors = Kadhirikol=mookku kannadi.

4.2.2.9. MARITAL CULTURE

Terms connected with love and marriage in Indian culture do not have equivalents in English.

Certain culture based words connected either Tamil marriage, for instance, tha:li ( ) and “maruvi:du” ( ) have no equivalents in English. Descriptive equivalence can be given but not cultural equivalence.

4.2.2.10. SOCIAL CULTURE

Indian languages have more kinship terms than in English or European languages. For example, words like ‘uncle’, ‘aunt’, and cousin ‘ have a number of equivalents in English. Some of the kinship terms in Tamil (ma:ma, ma:mi , amma;akka; Annan, etc) are used as a mark of respect or as a token of affection. In the Indian social content, a person does not address one’s elders in the family or society by name but by some honorific or kinship terms. In Hindi, suffixes such as ji’ (for a respectful person) sa:heb’ (for an educated person) colloquially flavored terms cannot be translated into another language (ye ) (yele), (de)
4.2.2.11. MATERIAL CULTURE

It is impossible to find an equivalent term for items if food and drink, articles of clothing and ornamens, units of weights cup measures between languages that are not culturally linked.

4.3. FOOD AND DRINKS

Bun, bread, cake, ice-cream etc (English) idli, vadai, sa:mba:r, etc (tamil) halva, pu:n (Hindi) Kapp kanji, wine, gin, beer, etc (English) cannot accurately be translated into another language.

4.4. WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

Kilo, metre, litre, reem (eng) ha:li, akkroni, muntiri (Tamil) do not have equivalents in other languages.

4.5. FLORA AND FAUNA

Names of plants and blossoms, birds and beasts in a given geographical locality and in a target language and at a particular time in history may not have equivalents. For example, carrot (eng) cuntaikai (Tamil), dinosaur (animal), asunam (a bird in sangam literature).

4.6. PROVERBS

Proverbs are culture-bound. Proverbs are cannot be successfully translated into a language with a different culture.

4.7. IDIOMS

One idiom is substituted another “not on the basis of the linguistic elements in the phrase not on the basis of a corresponding or similar image contained in the phrase but on the function of the idiom”.
4.8. FIGURES OF SPEECH

Metaphors, Alliteration, Assonance and Onomatopoeia cannot be rendered from SL to TL.

4.8.1. METAPHOR

Word – for – word translation of metaphors may lead to confusion. In England ‘our’ is a symbol of wisdom but in Indian languages, it is a symbol of bad omen.

Alliteration :-(Repetition of initial consonant sounds)

Example  i) Graded grain make five flour.

ii) Peter piper picked a peck of pickled pepper

Alliterative sentences from one language cannot be translated into another.

Dialects :-( A language variety related to a geographical area or social class)

It is difficult to find equivalents in the TL for the regional linguistic devices particular to a specific region or class of the SL.

Employment of an elevated diction will fail to bring out the colloquial or regional flavors .A common feature of Tamil is that there are dialectal variations between the kind of Tamil spoken in Chennai and that spoken in Madurai. The regional flavor cannot be produced in the TL. Words like (Manni=Sister-in-law). (Mattu ponnu, wife) are the language varieties spoken by a particular community. These words have to be transliterated with their equivalents given in brackets to preserve the flavor and style of the particular brand of Tamil spoken by a particular community.
4.9. PHONOLOGY AND GRAPHOLOGY

At the graph logical level, there are no capitals or italics in Tamil. Phonological translation of Hindi phonemes into Tamil remain an actuate problem. Each stop in Hindi is either aspirated or unaspirated, AK.Ramanujam claims.”It is impossible to translate the phonology of one language into another even related actually neighboring language.” He adds old Tamil has six nasal consonants labial, a dental, an alveolar, a retroflex, a palatial and a velar. But English has only three, a bilabial, an alveolar and a velar. Tamil has no initial consonant clusters but English abounds in them. English words may end in stops but Tamil words do not (220) Hindi glibly translates words because Hindi has 52 letters as against 44 phonemes in English .But in Tamil, as Kanakaraj says, “there are no separate symbols to indicate voiced consonants and there are no fricatives. So, most English words cannot be transliterated into Tamil”.

We have to agree that the translators also have to face lots of difficulties when it comes to translating prose. When the source and target languages belong to different cultural groups, the first problem faced by the prose-translator is finding terms in his or her own language that express the highest level of faithfulness possible to the meaning of certain words. For example, there are some words that are related to typical fabrics, cookery specialties, or jobs; they also represent specific culture and the translators should be very careful in translating such words. They also find it difficult to render ambiguous puns. Similarly, the titles of stories and novels provide many examples of such ambiguities, which are hard or even impossible to translate.

Many people think that the translation of literary works is one of the highest forms of retention because it is more than simply the translation of text. A literary translator must also be skilled enough to translate feelings, cultural nuances, humour and other delicate elements of a piece of work. In fact, the
translators do not translate meanings but the messages. That is why, the text must be considered in its totality. Alternatively, Peter Newmark (1988) delineates translation as “rendering the meaning of a text into another language in the way that the author intended the text” Language has more than a communicative, or societal and connective purpose in literary-prose translation.

The essence of ‘Translation’ guiding towards the ‘Translation of Literary Prose’ Plainly, the word “translation derives from the Latin translatio (which itself comes from trans-and fero, the supine form of which is latum, together meaning ‘to carry across’ or ‘to bring across’)” (Kasparek, 1983: 83). It “began only after the appearance of written literature” (Cohen, 1986: 12). It is the “communication of the meaning of a source-language text by means of an equivalent target-language text” (Bhatia, 1992: 1051). In brief, to translate is to pour meaning from one vessel to another one that is equivalent to the first. Whereas, prose represents ordinary speech or writing, without metrical structure. It indicates “words in their best order” At the very beginning, the translator keeps both the Source Language (S.L) and Target Language (T.L) in mind and tries to translate carefully. But, it becomes very difficult for a translator to decode the whole textbook literally; therefore, he takes the help of his own view and endeavors to translate accordingly. So, translation can be ‘servitude’ and ‘freedom’ (Vieira, 1999: 111). It is broadly accepted that ‘the original text’, ‘the translated version’, ‘the language of the original’ and ‘the language of the translation’ are constantly transformed in space and time. Translation is not a translation in reality, but the original. Incidentally, the prose-translators can learn many things from Jhumpa Lahiri.

4.10. PROBLEMS IN TRANSLATING LITERARY PROSE

Translation is a challenging activity and there are few difficulties that emerge throughout the translation process since every language portrays the world in diverse way and has its own grammar structure, grammar rules and
syntax variance he difficulty in translation just lies in the fact that both the
content and the style are already existent in the original and as a result, you will
have to do your best to reproduce them as they are in quite a different language.
(p. 7)

The most particular problems that the translators face include- illegible text,
missing references, several constructions of grammar, dialectical terms and
neologisms, irrationally vague terminology, inexplicable acronyms and
abbreviations, untranslatability, intentional misnaming, particular cultural
references etc. Nonetheless, there are some theorists who think that ‘literal
translation’ is not possible.

They present three main reasons supporting their stance:

1. Because a particular word in one language often contains meanings that
   involve several words in another language. For example, the English word
   ‘wall’ might be rendered into German as Wand (inside wall) or as Mauer
   (exterior wall),

2. Because grammatical particles (verb, tenses, singular/dual/plural, case
   markers etc.) are not available in every language, and

3. Because idioms of one language and culture may be utterly perplexing to
   speakers from another language and culture. The central problem of
   translation practice is that of finding T.L (target language) equivalents.

A central task of translation theory is therefore that of defining the nature
and conditions of translation equivalence. The translators, using equivalence
approaches, also endeavour to influence their readers by the ‘Standard
Translation’. Yet, the notion of equivalence creates several problems since we can
interpret it in miscellaneous manners. Both the words as well as context are
considered in equivalence. In this connection, Catford (1965) simply puts forward
that translation is the “substitution or replacement of textual materials in one language by equivalent textual material in another language”. The prose-translators find it very difficult to translate proper names. It is only one instance whereby the translators face problems to translate S.L system into a T.L, which is devoid of any equivalent system.

4.11. GUIDELINES FOR PROSE TRANSLATORS

Hillarie Belloc has outlined six general rules for the translation of prose texts:

The translator should not ‘plod’ on, word by word and sentence by sentence but should always “block out” his work.

The translator should render idiom by idiom and idiom of their nature demand translation into another from that of the original.

The translator must render ‘intention by intention bearing in mind that ‘the intention of a phrase in a language may be less emphatic or more emphatic than the form of the phrase in the target text.

Belloc warns against ‘les faux amis’, those words or structures that may appear to correspond in both source Language and Target Language but actually do not. Ex: - demander – to ask, translated wrongly as to ‘demand’.

The translator is advised to ‘transmute boldly’ and Belloc suggests that the essence of translating is the resurrection of an alien thing in a native body.”

4.12. TRANSLATOR SHOULD NEVER EMBELLISH

A few of the English terms used in every day Tamil just as they are and by constant use, they have come to be regarded as Tamil words. If such words are translated scrupulously, the translation will become a stained one.
The difficulty, generally, faced in translating a Tamil version into English is giving equivalent names in English. As the sounds of the two languages do not synchronize always, the difficulty arises there.

Geographical barriers in this is another obstacle in translation. The readers will not understand the equal terms in English as it is mentioned in the Tamil works. It will be unfamiliar to the English readers. However, explicitly and tactfully the translator may translate, still it seems to be quite a listen to the readers.

In translating the translator needs a depth of knowledge of the author, his background, etc. in order to interpret what he has written. If the translator does not understand the meaning of the particular word, one can only guess the meaning and translate, sometimes it may be dangerous.

The translations of the proper names are an example for the problems of trying to render a SL system in TL that does not have a comparable system. The proper names in the short stories have to be transliterated as such.

A literal translation of long winding complex sentences will fail to recapture the spirit of the original work. Apart from this Tamil version of long sentence will appear clumsy and cumbersome. The translator has however. Overcome this problem by splitting the long sentences conveyed in the original.

To conclude, poetry can be translated by those who have deep interest in poetry and who possess the poetic feel and sensation, in addition to their mastery of the other language. The prose-translators can unite some of the following methods to deal with the translation problems efficiently.

1. Back Translation: “Comparison of a back-translation with the original text is sometimes used as a check on the accuracy of the original translation…” (Crystal, 2004: 5). It is one of the most familiar practices used to search for equivalents
through:

a. The translation of items from the source language to the target language.

The prose-translators must not think that any bilingual individual is able to produce satisfactory or even high-quality document translations simply because he is a fluent speaker of a second language. The ability, skill and even the basic mental process required for bilingualism are mostly different from those required for translation. Primarily, the prose-translators must be able to read, understand and cling to somebody else’s thoughts, then translate them accurately, completely and without omission. If they are able to do so, the readers will get the original meaning. Normally, the translators think that the best translations are produced by persons who are translating from their second language into their native language, because it is unusual for someone who has learned a second language to have total fluency in that language.

However, the prose-translators should not worry much about the ‘loss of meaning’, which may occur if the text describes a situation, which has elements that are unusual to the natural environment, institutions and culture of its language area, since the transference to the translator’s language can only be estimated.

4.13. CONCLUSION

This chapter presents the various types of problems undergone by the researcher in translating a prose during the translation process and the methods adopted by the researcher to solve them.