

LOGISTICS IN HANDLING DIALOGUE IN LITERARY TRANSLATION

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Literary translation evolved independent of formal training as an academic discipline. All renowned translators went to literary texts in all languages to import or export literary works in a different language. They did so without any formal training and without the basis of any theory of translation. The translators took the texts they adored and translated them. They forged ahead rendering unto their readers what they thought worthwhile in a wording they thought best, to the best of their ability. A new genre "Literature in Translation" has come into being.

Literary translation from regional languages in India into English has been a necessity for the last sixty years. Owing to the country becoming independent there is a need for various native languages to be read in other states. To understand the varied cultures through the writing in other language regions, translations into English must be produced.

Literature has several functions and creative writing takes many forms called genres. Each genre has slightly different norms for criticism. Literary Translation has come to assume great importance in the context of translation being recognized as a genre. The need for expanding horizons of understanding between various language communities demands literary translation into and from many languages. Literary translation from regional languages in India into English has been a necessity for the last sixty years. Our country having become independent, there arose a dire need for various regional language literatures to be rendered into English to be read by readers in states speaking other languages. To understand the varied cultures through the writing in other language regions, translations into English are the only way.

Fiction has acquired a highly favored genre now. National integration has been the crying need after political independence. In creative writing of which fiction is an integral part there is special importance for dialogue with vocabulary and expressive devices in speaking. The characters in fiction, short or long, are not of the same cultural/social strata. They may be coming from several sub-language, dialect or idiolect groups. Many considerations like social/cultural strata, age, manners (or even mannerisms), accomplishments, living places, areas, situations and moods and emotions of characters are all important. Of the four 'systems' dialogue, narrative, description and commentary, dialogue is the very first. While the three others also raise problems for the practitioner, dialogue poses varied and deeper problems. Each practicing translator has to find his own ways to tackle the problems to devise ways to convey expressive devices etc of the speakers in fiction. Idiolects are of different varieties. There are three ways to

deal with them: to be idiolect neutral, idiolect free or idiolect specific. It is an attempt to be artistic trying to avoid insipidity.

Though generally a thankless job, literary translation is a practitioner's pride. No anesthetist is ever thanked as a surgeon does but his job is important too. Given below is Telugu story in translation by the writer himself to illustrate the problems. The dialogues are italicized and after each the points regarding the problems are discussed.

Khaidi

(The title of the story is retained as it is since the term is familiar to all in our country.)

On the first day he was in the jail, it was all totally unfamiliar and he was at a loss to know his way around. Not that he could move about freely: he was let out only to do his bit of work. On that day he was asked to do work in the farm, to water the plants one after another. There were several already doing their work there.

"Arre, Bhai, how many years did they give you?" The one with a dreadful scar across his cheek asked Kannayya with what purported to be a lot of affection for the newcomer.

"You braggart! Don't try to draw him out. It's simply his fate that he should be here. He is innocent and accursed."

"Kannayya! Look how that fellow is coming strutting, swinging his arms like one on the parade ground."

Kannayya looked that way and saw the sentry approaching.

"Quite a nasty bloke. A real sister-fucker. Shall I give him a good blow?" So saying he took up a stone, the size of a good lemon and hurled it at the approaching young fellow.

(In Telugu the word 'naaganna' is used as a term of endearment or affection for the young

fellow, the new convict Kannayya) The appellation 'Kondi gadu' is retained and in Telugu 'kondi' is the word to describe a scorpion's tail end.) This can be solved only by giving a footnote. The word of abuse need not be taken literally for it is used by the uneducated, vulgar people like those serving a sentence in prison.

The man was hurt on his pate and gave out a loud cry, which brought several khaki clad men on the scene. The one hurt said "Kondi" and pointed his finger to him. The one with a gun in his hand hit Kondi with the butt on the hip. Kondi lifted the hoe only to be disarmed

immediately. The butt must have hit him hard but two khakis dragged him out to produce the *khaidi* before the officer.

An old sentry spat out: *“Things have come to this now – when we were young, no one dared disobeying and none ever tried to be violent. We were beating them at the least suspicion of arrogance or disobedience. If I kicked a fellow with my boot he wouldn’t get up for a week.”*

A week later Kondi appeared with chains on him. An elderly prisoner was saying: “Poor fellow! Didn’t I tell you that you have to swallow your anger! See what you have come to. And this is not the first time either.”

“Once these chains are off: you’d see what I’d do to that bastard!” he spat looking in the direction of the warder’s hut.

“Shameless man!” Kannayya said to himself.

(Bastard is a term of abuse not taken literally)

Vanajakshi set out to attend her friend’s wedding. It was almost nightfall when the car reached the place. Jamuna came out running hearing the car’s hooting. She took her friend into her room. The wedding was fixed for the next day.

The household was very busy.

Holding the coffee cup in her hand Vanajakshi asked: *“Whoever is this young man, this Sekhar? The wedding card struck me as very simple.”*

“He is practicing in the High Court. M.L. from Osmania.”

“Then you’d join him in his practice. That’s fine. I can send you clients for appeals. As for the fee we’d share it fifty-fifty.”

“He doesn’t like my taking files either. He is quite old fashioned.” The sadness in her friend’s tone made Vanaja change the subject tactfully.

“Where’s the vididi, the resort for the groom’s people?”

“In this very street: the multi storied building of the Naidus. The wedding too is in that building.. Naidu is the richest man in this area. You should see his son: quite a

character.” (The dialogue is between friends, two educated young women, one the bride and the other the invitee. This part is very easy to translate)

The friends sat in the bride’s room till late in the night chatting.

-The moment Vanaja entered the wedding pandal, Vanajakshi spotted the young man staring at her. He was dressed well: but none of *that* attractiveness in his face or demeanor. She remembered Jamuna’s hint. He must be the one: yes, Jamuna gave her his name also: Gangaraju. He studied up to Intermediate but then got tired of taking examinations every March and September. He turned a hero breaking the bones of everyone who tried to come in his way or attempted to correct him. She remembered that girls around in the village dreaded him. It was only her relationship that saved Jamuna for she is a ‘sister’ to the lout.

Before the wedding dais people were coming in small groups and settling in the chairs. Perhaps, it was a hired hand; the young man carrying a bucket of water slipped and fell. A man clad in silk slapped him as soon as the poor man could get up. The silk shirt had gold rings on all his fingers. Even without Jamuna her friend telling her Vanaja knew that the ‘silk shirt’ was the lout’s father and the owner of the big building

A villager, a young woman, was seen moving around. Gangaraju was looking at the young woman hungrily and suddenly he smacked her on her buttock. The lass appeared to shrink in shame and anger but there was nothing she could do. She ran into one of the rooms quickly. No one ever seemed to realize what had happened. Perhaps they didn’t want to see. That Gangulu, short for Gangaraju, was ogling, trying to make passes even at her. This was disgusting to Vanajakshi. She tried to leave as soon as it was discreet to do so. Soon after the *muhurat*, after presenting the set of rings she brought for the couple, she was ready to leave on the plea that she had an important matter in the court the next day. Once in the car, turning on the ignition, she looked at the verandah. As she guessed Gangulu was there, looking at her. She felt as though an insect was crawling on her. She released the clutch and drove off.

The carpentry teacher told Kannayya that the new superintendent had sent for Kondi to tell him something in confidence. Everyone was struck by the change in the *khaidi* thereafter.

The superintendent would call one of the prisoners to his office everyday and spend ten minutes talking to him. One day it was Kannayya’s turn, while he was in the carpentry shed.

Kannayya found the officer who bent his head reading. The moment the convict entered, he put down his reading.

“Are you Kannayya?”

“Yes, babugaru!”

(The original word is ‘chitam’ which is really ‘chittam’ a word denoting the expression of abject slavery to the lord, or the master. Babugaru can be ‘Sir’ also but the actual words the character used are best retained.)

“No need to hold your hands bent together on your chest. You can put your hands down.”

Kannayya wondered how the officer knew that he had folded his hands on his chest. It was a sign of deep respect.

“Did you learn anything after coming here, any work, craft, or something?”

“ Chittam, I learnt the work of a carpenter !!”

“Did you ever repent for doing what you had done to deserve being sent here?”

“But I haven’t done anything wrong, babu garu.”

“Don’t you know telling a lie is wrong?”

-Kannayya couldn’t restrain his tears.

“Kannayya,” the superintendent paused a while to note the reaction in the convict’s face. *“Repentance shows the emergence of good. There’s no point in arguing that you did nothing wrong even after conviction.”*

“Forgive me, master! I haven’t done anything. I told them all. But none ever believed me. I swear by my mother, I haven’t done anything wrong.”

The superintendent pressed the buzzer and went to the window. Kannayya found himself shivering. Someone came into the room.

“Get me the judgement copy on this man!” The superintendent said.

Kannayya was at a loss to know what was going to happen to him. The sentry took a look at him and went out, his face stony.

In a minute the man brought a file and the officer sat in his chair and bent on the papers. Kannayya, bewildered, stood like a statue.

“You said you were never believed. What did you tell them, I mean, the court?”

“About what, sir?”

“About the crime.”

“I haven’t done anything wrong. I went into the master’s field to do the work. When the master’s son was trying to molest Rangamma’s daughter, I tried to save the girl and took his hand and twisted it. The bone, they said, was broken. I was asked to attend the court several times. My old mother was frightened. They showed her a knife and asked her if it was my father’s. Out of fear she nodded in agreement. They asked me if I had stolen money. I said I didn’t. But this prison, I couldn’t avoid. I don’t know what you are saying. Is it right to accept that I did something which I really have not? I am prepared to do whatever you want me to do. But I cannot agree that I did it. You are the lord of dharma. I will do as you order me to do.”

(This is not at difficult)

Kannayya did not hesitate to tell what he wanted to - all in a rush.

The buzzer sounded again and he was taken out.

- *“Whatever did the lord (the original word is ‘dora’) say?” Eagerly gathered round him, the other convicts questioned him.*

“I was asked why I came there and then I answered. He didn’t believe me. You too didn’t believe me either, did you?”

“You fool! You are a real fool. If you haven’t done anything why are you here?”

“Did it take so long for you to say these two words?!” Someone expressed his own surprise.

“I thought that you had broken down there after being beaten.”

They all broke into loud laughter.

(The word lord is for ‘dora’ meaning the master, one of higher birth. The conversation between men of the same kind, all serving a sentence in jail did not raise any problems at all).

Karunkar Rao, the superintendent of the jail, read the entire file for a third time. There was no chance to find fault with the judgment. But then he heard something about the convict extra-ordinary from the carpentry instructor. The warders told him something and then he had the reports of the earlier superintendent.

It was his duty to look after the general welfare of the prisoners, to keep them disciplined, to make them realize their own folly, slowly though, and then see that their time and the State's money spent on them were not wasted. It would be a good thing if the prisoner leaves to become a useful citizen after serving his sentence according to the law.

He sat down to his meal, thoughts eddying in his mind. Suddenly he said: *"The process of law is not my concern. But a greater commitment to a higher value urges me to transcend my duty as an officer. Tell me, my dear, is there a death more heinous than that of not being able to do what you really want to do rightfully."*

"If I consider it not my official duty to do what I ought to do as a human being I'd do it. I can proudly assert that to secure justice to a fellow being is well within the purview of my professional duty too. But let me know what it is that's weighing on your mind."

"Perhaps for you, the dad and daughter, meal time is the only time for all kinds of discussions!" The superintendent's wife said pouting.

Karuna casting a glance at his wife sighed.

Reaching for the supari his daughter produced before him, Karunakar said: "Let's go to my office!"

"Here's the copy of a judgment I got. Go through it carefully," he said hanging his coat on the back of his chair.

Vanajakshi went through the papers quickly and said: "When the murder and theft are only attempted, perhaps the judgment appears to be a little severe."

"Whatever I may feel within, I can't quarrel with a judgment."

"You mean the convict is not guilty? If it were so why didn't he prefer an appeal?"

"Because justice is expensive; because it needs money. No convict would go on asserting time and again that he is not guilty, except when he is nuts. I talked to the man and this is the first time in my twenty-five years of service that a thing like this happened. I couldn't look into his eyes longer than I did. He was staring into my eyes with a strange glint." ... The jail superintendent paused as though thinking and weighing the various ways of expressing what he wanted to say. After some time he said: "You say proudly that it is your moral duty to get justice done to a fellow human being. Think if there's anything you can do for this Kannayya."

"Let me go through the file once again," said Vanaja and took it from her father.

Plaintiff: Resident of Yellamanchili, Gangaraju, son of Kannammaidu ...

She suddenly remembered the lout with locks on his forehead. She thought for a while and asked "Can I see the convict for a moment?"

"You certainly can, during the specified visitor's hours, on due application."

The daughter was not surprised. She only said: "Can I have a piece of paper?"

After Vanaja waited for a few minutes, a couple of sentries brought Kannayya. It was ten minutes past five in the evening.

"Are you Kannayya?"

"Yes, ammagaru."

(Ammagaru, is respected mother, a usual word of reference to a lady of the upper class)

"You haven't committed any offence? Did you?"

"No, ammagaru. I have not done anything wrong. I swear by my mother now in heaven."

"You tell me what had happened. We have only a short time: I can't come to you again."

Kannayya narrated the sequence of events right from his going to the field till he was convicted. Vanaja could understand this quickly. There was none to argue in his defense; he scarcely understood the charges and his answers were found irrelevant and for the court he sounded arrogant. *"I'll get the case reopened. Don't lose heart. People may think that justice is blind but the statute is made to protect the innocent..."* she stopped suddenly realizing that what she had been saying went above the poor fellow's head.

She reworded her consolatory words and assured him that she would try her best to see justice done.

It took some time for the case to be reopened. Naidu and his son were served summons. Naidu rushed to Visakhapatnam and employed for his protection a very senior lawyer who undertook criminal cases. Vanaja prepared her case under the guidance of a very old lawyer who retired and gave up practice years ago. She produced Rangi and her daughter in the court

and the court was apprised of the real sequence of events. It took quite a long time for the hearing to conclude but the witness of a woman testified to Naidu's complicity in liquor traffic and other criminal activities. Two men who were beaten by the drunken Gangulu bore witness to his criminal activities too. She proved that Kannayya did not commit any of the crimes he had been charged with. Gangulu's doctor who treated his fracture testified that Gangulu came with a fractured bone telling him that a bull hurt him in the field. The knife was testified by the old woman as her husband's, without her knowing why the question was asked. She explained to the court that the mother and son were uneducated and they were bamboozled.

Some *khaidis* too were produced in the court to testify to Kannayya's innocence. Kondi in his characteristic manner took the opportunity to explain his own assessment of the way justice was administered and only on the admonition of the court could he be stopped.

At the end of the hearing the court examined the file notes of the jail superintendent himself and ordered the release of Kannayya.

Seeing the befuddlement in the eyes of Gangulu, Vanajakshi heaved out a long sigh and walked towards her car. Outside Karunakar Rao had been waiting for his daughter.

A tattered shirt, a pair of trousers some sizes bigger and twenty-five rupees in his pocket, Kannayya set out to the carpentry instructor's house. In three days he could find work in one Adisheshayya's house. He was asked to stay in a garage converted into a room. The cook in the house used to serve him his meals outside on the kitchen verandah. It was a big house and there were two in the house - a widower and his daughter- Vinodini. The young woman's husband had been away in the US and he would return after a two-year assignment there. Briefly, the father and daughter explained to him the chores he had to attend.

Kannayya called Vinodini, *chinnamma*, the little mother. In a few days she became his guardian angel and he took great care of her. She would stand while he went about his work. He would say: "Well, why do you stand out here in the hot sun, little mother! You go in and I'd do all the work to your satisfaction." But she liked standing watching him at work.

-Kannayya got a letter written to his people in the small town. On getting a reply he told Vinodini of his intention to go to his place for a few days. He told her of his aunt, Rangammatta and her daughter Rangai, who was a victim of Gangulu. He was given leave to visit his people and some money too for his expenses.

Rangi embraced Kannayya only after a ritual practice: turning around his face a little salt and two dried *mirch* in a bid to ward off all evil.

Rangi appeared with a hair-bun beautifully done with a string of jasmines tucked in it. Kannayya was struck speechless with her glorious appearance. She was in the best of her health with a glow he never saw before in those big eyes. He couldn't take his off from her eyes.

"If only my sister-in-law were living to-day! That scoundrel had an eye on my little one and committed this atrocity. Anyway isn't there God with an eye that's as big as a basket! My dear young fellow! You could come out of the tiger's mouth. Listen to me. My daughter has come of age and days are not all that good. You tie the knot and I can breathe my last in peace. You'd all be fine by the grace of goddess Mutyalamma."

Listening to this Rangi ran into the backyard beneath the *Badam* tree.

They had a lot to talk about for the rest of the day. Rangi served Kannayya his night meal very early. She explained saying: 'He had a tedious journey'. Kannayya wanted to sleep in the open under the *Badam* tree. Rangi brought a country twine-cot and made a bed for him. Rangi and her daughter slept in the hut.

The moonlight fell on the cot through the *Badam* leaves. The grass sparkled in moonshine. Kannayya, a free man now, was looking at the moon forgetting all his sorrows and tribulations. It was difficult to get any sleep. However hard he tried, sleep had been eluding him. He heard the soft tinkle of bangles and sat up.

"Come Rangi, come! Sit down!"

When she was hesitant he took her hand and drew her to his side on the cot.

"What's it that is sparkling?"

"It's a piece of glass reflecting the moonlight!" Rangi said laughing.

"I thought it was a miracle!" replied Kannayya and both broke into tingling laughter.

They returned to the cot and sat down.

"Why do you sit silent like that?" asked Kannayya.

"What do you want me to say?"

"All that happened when I'd been away, lost!"

“Don’t say that ...”

“Rangi, do you really like marrying me? We’d take *atta* too with us.”

“... ..”

“Why are you silent? Don’t you love me?”

“It’s your will, *mava*! How can you expect a girl to reply to such a question?”

(*Atta* is the term of relationship – father’s sister or the mother-in-law. *Mava* is mother’s brother could be the term for husband too. Terms of relationship are best retained – even a footnote would be all right. A number of footnotes would slow down the reading.)

Kannayya made bold and took her into his arms. She forgot herself for a few moments and said: “*Someone’s coming!*”

(Normally a ruse by the woman to get free from the man’s embrace or something like that.)

He let her go and she ran into the hut, laughing merrily.

Kannayya left the next morning asking Rangi to have a word with the *brahmin* to fix the *muhurat*.

“You have gone to your place. Is it to look for a bride?” Vinodini asked him with a glint in her eyes.

Kannayya was about to sharpen his chisel on a grinding stone.

“You always joke, little mother! You seem to be waiting for the little father’s letter. Has it come?”

“He wouldn’t be thinking of us. He has so much to do there!”

“Little mother, a drop of oil!

“I’d get you,” she went into the house.

She handed him a bottle of hair oil.

“Why this? This is sweet smelling.”

“It’s all right. Keep it. I’d buy another.”

“As you say!”

“Call me by my name, you can call me Vinodinigaru.”

Kannayya looked up, his eyes full of surprise. She looked into his eyes with a mischievous smile.

He bent down his head to his work spilling a drop of oil and grinding the chisel pressing it with his forefingers on the round stone.

Vinodini was all eyes at the strong rounded biceps of the dark young man.

Kannayya raised the tip of the chisel to his eye level and examined its sharpness with his finger.

He wiped the oil on a piece of cloth. The chisel-end sparkled.

“Kannayya, come up to my room. You can do this later. You have to mend the cot a little!”

-Kannayya was captivated by the perfume in the room.

“What’s this smell, little mother!”

“Kevda, mogali attar, see this,” she opened the cabinet took out a small vial and smudged a little perfume on his vest.

(“Little Mother” is a respectful term for the young lady in the house. Kannayya’s words and the employer’s daughter Vinodini’s words are clear signs of things to happen.)

Kannayya looked round. On three sides there were windows and curtains to filter the sunlight when it entered. On one side there were a couple of cots with beds made.

The ‘little father’ (the son-in-law of the house, Vinodini’s husband) on the wall from the framed photograph appeared to be smiling at him.

“Look here!” Vinodini said and sat on the spring bed and showed how to bounce on it. “Do you know how irritating it is when it creaks when I turn on the bed?”

“I’d set it right in a moment!”

Kannayya was about to fold the mattress but then she said there was time for that. From the cupboard she took out a book and asked him to come near. When he went near she showed him a picture.

“Oh, little mother! These are bad...”

“Don’t be foolish! See this!”

(Obviously the pictures shown are pornographic and the young man is not titillated.)

Kannayya’s heart went pit a pat.

“Do you know how much this album cost us? Five-hundred rupees. We got it from Bombay!”

She was showing another and Kannayya’s legs tottered. She dragged him on to herself on the bed.

“Please, Kannayya, don’t say no, at least for this once!”

He couldn’t utter a word.

“You are foolish. Whoever is here?”

Kannayya could only point his finger to the photograph on the wall.

“Nobody minds these small things out there in America,” she went on but Kannayya was struggling to free himself. In the scuffle the *pallu* of her sari came off and he couldn’t help staring. As soon as her quest began, he threw her off her balance and came down the stairs.

He threw his instruments in the shed and drew the door close.

She followed him down calling out, “Please Kannayya, don’t go ...”

Even after he had gone out of the gate she went on calling him.

What should he do now? Should he tell his carpentry teacher in the town? This kind of thing ... Wouldn’t it be demeaning her, the little mother! No he shouldn’t. What would he get by that?

Suppose he vacated the shed and left?

‘If he married Rangi and returned with her to his work?’ He mulled. ‘She would be with him and then she wouldn’t dare ...’

He got into a train.

Karunakar Rao was in his drawing room reading the morning paper. The telephone rang. He looked a little peeved and lifted the receiver.

“Speaking! Oh, Adiseshayya! How are things? What! A diamond necklace, in your house? Did they already arrest him? I am sorry!”

(This is Karunakar Rao’s habitual speech in English.)

Karunakar Rao was in a dilemma. Should he tell his daughter that Kannayya had been arrested on the charge of stealing a diamond necklace from his employer’s house?

-Putting his conviction behind the bars of his own conscience, telling himself that justice was not his responsibility, he heaved out a long sigh and got up.

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