

## TRANSLATION BETWEEN PRETENSION AND 'INNOVATION': ON IOANA IERONIM'S TRANSLATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S *THE TEMPEST*

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This paper is a sequel to last year's article, in which I discussed a few aspects of my new Romanian version of *The Tempest*, the first play to be issued by Editura Art in its forthcoming Shakespeare series in November 2009. This year I will examine the strategies used by Ioana Ieronim in her translation of the same play <sup>1</sup>, her outspoken convictions underlying these strategies, the way in which, and the extent to which, she fulfils her readers' expectations. I will assess the faithfulness of her recent version to the original text and / or the translator's acts of betrayal, illustrating it / them with several examples regarding prosody, vocabulary, style, denotation and connotation, etc. As every new translation is inevitably related to the history of previous translations, in a gesture of either acceptance or rejection of earlier texts, I will also tackle the translator's moral principles, mirrored by her unacknowledged attitude toward her precursors (actually, toward Leon Levitchi's influential version, which *has been* the canonical translation of *The Tempest* in Romania for the past fifty years) – an attitude ranging from complete disrespect to previous translations to subtle ways of plagiarizing her illustrious precursor. And, insofar as Shakespeare himself has come to be considered a commodity in the supply side of culture (cf. Michael Bristol *et al.*), I am also intent on evaluating the short-term and the long-term impact of this translation in the Romanian book-market and theatre as well as in the Romanian academe.

The term *pretension* as defined by the *Longman Dictionary of Contemporary English* gives us a precise description of Ioana Ieronim's new translation (and foreword): "an attempt to seem more important, more intelligent, or of a higher class than you really are" (LDCE 2003: 1295).

In the very opening sentence of her foreword, in a rhetorical question, Ioana Ieronim implicitly declares herself a partisan of *innovation* in the field of literary translation: "Will William Shakespeare (1564-1616) have to be translated for each and every generation to come?" (Ieronim 2009: 5). The answer is obviously *yes* insofar as Shakespeare's texts have come to be modernized and updated even in the English-speaking countries. And I think that the best part of Ioana Ieronim's endeavour to produce a new version of *The Tempest* is her self-conscious approach to the following issues of Shakespeare translations: 1) there is an ample, on-going process of re-translating Shakespeare both in Romania and elsewhere; 2) Shakespeare's text is an "interesting landmark" in the translator's attempt "to measure the super-simplification of our [i. e. present-day readers'] expression and perception of..." Of what I cannot say, as the sentence is left unfinished; 3) the translator had to explore, step by step, "certain areas and colours of our language that yesterday still existed and seem to be still viable" – when faced with an author who used about 18,000 words in his works, "the translation implicitly becomes a test of (minimum) memory and validity of wider expressive areas of the Romanian language" (Ieronim 2009: 5). To sum up these three assertions, Shakespeare has to be

re-translated every now and then and, in the process, the translator certainly has to cope with difficult tasks by using all the resources of the target language.

Ioana Ieronim is aware that Shakespeare's language is often obscure, a quality that apparently makes the author the more fascinating. And she makes it clear that she does not believe in the distinction between writing and translating for page as opposed to writing and translating for the stage. "Shakespeare is, obviously, the playwright **par excellence**" (Ieronim 2009: 5). Hence, the translator's claim that she has opted for an "oral style and clarity" in rendering the original into Romanian.

Ioana Ieronim likewise acknowledges the variety of styles and voices in Shakespeare's play, with "*Caliban's poetic curses, imagination's cosmic and ritual flight with Prospero (sic), the archaic, mannerist, deliberately artificial speeches of Ceres and Juno*", all previously translated according to a tradition that "*needs to be reconsidered at the beginning of this millennium*." By reconsidering tradition Ioana Ieronim means using free verse or, to put it bluntly, bad prose instead of the Elizabethan blank verse with its iambic pentameter that sounds so natural when uttered by great actors; or using free verse instead of finely shaped rhyming couplets in the goddesses' speeches.

Ioana Ieronim is not the first "*innovator*" of prosody in Shakespeare translation: the late Dan Amedeu Lăzărescu rendered Shakespeare's both blank verse and prose as... rhyming couplets, claiming that a secular tradition in Romanian drama did justify his bewildering choice <sup>2</sup>.

Ieronim concludes her brief foreword calling the process of translating *The Tempest* "a privileged reading" <sup>3</sup> (translation probably being the most profound reading in the solitude of the words), while the true reading will be that of the performance". After such a bombastic introduction one should expect a fluent, modern text functioning perfectly on the stage. Let us see if Ioana Ieronim's translation can live up to our expectations.

The translator justly contends that there should be no difference between Shakespeare for the page and Shakespeare for the stage. However, extra-textual, extrinsic clues suggest that, notwithstanding her narcissistic claims, Ioana Ieronim has failed the stage-test: up to now she has re-translated and "updated" three Shakespeare plays (*Measure for Measure* for The National Theatre of Craiova, *King Lear* for The Bulandra Theatre, and *The Tempest* for Teatrul Mic in Bucharest) only to provide the draft for Silviu Purcărete's, Andrei Șerban's, and Cătălina Buzoianu's stage versions of the respective productions. It seems that in translation, as in love, "*the will is infinite and the execution confined*", "*the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit*", to quote Shakespeare's tragic hero from *Troilus and Cressida* (III. 2. 64-65). There is a huge gap between the translator's theoretical input, her aim at "*oral style and clarity*", on the one hand, and her practical output, nearly unutterable lines, like those spoken by Prospero in this random quote from Act I, Scene 2, on the other hand:

Vorba! Un singur cuvânt  
Și-ți trag un scandal, poate-mi ieși de la inimă. Ce!  
Avocat pentru un impostor! Să taci!  
Crezi poate că altul ca el nu mai e pe lume,  
Când doar pe el l-ai văzut și pe Caliban. Prostufo!  
Pe lângă mulți alții, acesta-i un Caliban,  
Alți oameni sunt îngeri adevărați față de el. (476-82) <sup>4</sup>

Back to Ieronim's prosody (or, rather, lack of prosody, insofar as prosody means "patterns of sound and rhythm in poetry and spoken language" (LDCE 2003: 1316), one can easily notice the complete lack of rhythm in the quotation above; Ieronim's free verse has lines ranging from 10 to 23 syllables in a sample-text of one hundred lines (I. 2. 1-100) that I will discuss next.

At the International Micro-conference *Translation: Betrayal or Creative Statement?* held at the University of Bucharest on 12 September 2008, during a discussion about the way in which the Romanian translators observed, or did not observe, the *principle of stringency* in Shakespeare translations, Professor Angel-Luis Pujante suggested that we should measure stringency by counting not just the lines, but also the syllables of the original text and those of the translation. In the aforementioned sample-text Shakespeare has 56 decasyllabic and 36 hendecasyllabic lines (which represent the norm in the iambic pentameter); Shakespeare's text also has slight deviations from the norm, with one 9-syllable line, 6 dodecasyllabic lines and one 13-syllable line. The sum total of syllables per one hundred lines is 1,050 syllables (with an average of 10.5 syllables per line).

Ioana Ieronim translates the one hundred-line sample-text into 104 lines, none of which has less than 10 syllables: there are 6 decasyllabics, 3 hendecasyllabic lines, 16 dodecasyllabic lines, 18 lines of 13 syllables, 17 fourteeners, 20 lines of 15 syllables, 11 lines of 16 syllables, 7 lines of 17 syllables, one line of 18 syllables, one of 19 syllables, 3 lines of 20 syllables, and one of 23 syllable. Such a "pattern" can hardly be called free verse at all! The sum total is 1,453 syllables, with an average of 1.45 syllables per line. This ratio turns a play of 2,070 lines into one of 3,008 lines, thus increasing the duration of each performance <sup>5</sup>, hindering its dynamics and compelling the director to make massive cuts and to jettison much of the original text. And, as Ioana Ieronim sees no difference between the page and the stage texts, her translation likewise increases the duration of reading.

It is hard to accept the idea that by "modernizing" Shakespeare, a present-day translator actually should mean turning some of his finest poetry into doggerel and prose.

The first stanza of Ariel's first song in Act I, Scene 2 (374-80) is made up of lines consisting of 7 / 4 / 7 / 4 / 7 / 7 / 4 syllables. The Romanian version, a perfect example of a doggerel, has lines with 7 / 7 / 8 / 8 / 9 / 9 / 4 syllables. Shakespeare's 7-syllable lines are all trochaic; Ieronim's lines are inconsistent both in point of length and stress – she expands all the lines except for the first and the last, and she uses the iambic foot throughout the song.

Ariel's famous song "Full fathom five thy father lies" (I. 2. 397-403) consists of 7-syllable lines except for the first one, which is an octosyllabic. In Ioana Ieronim's version we have the following line-length: 11 / 9 / 8 / 12 / 9 / 9 / 11. Prosodic inconsistency kills the poetic quality of this purple passage, one of the eerie and touching moments of the play (especially in performance). The translation vacillates between the trochaic foot of the original and the iambic foot. The rhymes added to these varying lines are much worse than the mechanicals' attempts at poetry in the prologue to the play-within-the play in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

In Romanian, the Epilogue, which in Shakespeare is made up of heptasyllabic and octosyllabic lines, becomes just another doggerel with lines whose length varies from nine to fourteen syllables.

Ioana Ieronim contends in her foreword that her translation departs from tradition, which means that her version "updates" not only the prosody but also the vocabulary and the style of previous translations. And, indeed, there are passages wherein Ioana Ieronim has departed from Leon Levițchi's translation, correcting her precursor where he happened to be wrong. Here are a few such examples of emendations:

**ANTONIO:** Noble Sebastian,  
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep – die, rather; *wink'st*  
*Whiles thou art waking.* (II. 1. 213-5)

**ANTONIO:** Sebastian, tu-ți lași  
Norocul să-ațipească și să moară;  
*Clipești deși ești treaz.* (Leon Levițchi) <sup>6</sup>

**ANTONIO:** Nobile Sebastian, tu  
Îți lași norocul să doarmă tun – să moară chiar,

Ții ochii închiși, cu toate că ești treaz. (Ioana Ieronim)

Ioana Ieronim has obviously learned from a more recent English edition of the play what Leon Levițchi failed to grasp, namely, that in this context to *wink* means *to keep one's eyes shut* <sup>7</sup>.

**CALIBAN:** Do *that good mischief* which may make this island  
Thine own forever, and I, thy Caliban,  
For aye thy *foot-licker*. (IV. 1. 216-8)

**CALIBAN:** Și fă *isprava*; insula, atunci  
Va fi a ta pe veci, iar Caliban –  
De-a pururi *slavul* tău. (Leon Levițchi)

**CALIBAN:** Fă tu *buna faptă rea* prin care insula  
Să fie a ta pentru totdeauna, iar eu, Caliban  
Pe veci al tău *linge-cizmă*. (Ioana Ieronim)

Unlike her illustrious precursor, Ioana Ieronim does not fail to exploit the comic effect of the oxymoron *good mischief*, but the Romanian phrase *linge-cizmă* (*boot-licker* in back translation) sounds far-fetched. Why, then, not *linge-picior* (*foot-licker*) or *linge-talpă* (*sole-licker*)? And here is another instance of a slight improvement of meaning in Ieronim's version:

**MIRANDA:** I do not know / *One of my sex*... (III. 1. 49-50)

**MIRANDA:** Eu nu cunosc *făpturi de-un neam cu mine*... (Leon Levițchi)

**MIRANDA:** Eu nu cunosc *nici o altă femeie*... (Ioana Ieronim)

Ieronim's version is again closer to Shakespeare's intention, but both translators (prudishly?) avoid the word *sex* in their translations and choose to paraphrase it. So, Ioana Ieronim has doubtless consulted more recent critical editions of *The Tempest*, and yet, her translation displays plenty of clumsy solutions that echo Leon Levițchi's earlier errors. One of them might simply be explained in terms of sheer coincidence:

**PROSPERO:** ...Hast thou forgot  
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and *envy*  
Was *grown into a hoop*? (I. 2. 257-9)  
This *blue-eyed* hag was hither brought with child,  
And here was left by th' sailors. (I. 2. 269-70)  
... she died  
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans  
As fast as *mill-wheels strike*. (I. 2. 279-81)

**PROSPERO:** ...Uiți de Sycorax,  
Hidoasa hârcă, ce de ani și *pizmă*,  
S-a prefăcut în cerc de bute?  
Însărcinată, cloanța cu *ochi vineți*  
A fost adusă-aici...  
...Murind ea într-acestea,  
Tu ai rămas ca să te-ntreci în geamăt  
Cu aripile *morilor de vânt*. (Leon Levițchi)

**PROSPERO:** ...Ai uitat-o pe scârba de  
Sycorax, scorpia care de bătrânețe și *gelozie*  
Era cocârjată ca vreascu?  
*Zgriptora cu ochii albaștri* fiind grea,  
*Matrozii* au depus-o aici.  
...și a murit  
Și te-a lăsat acolo; slobozeai gemete

Dese cum bate *roata morii*. (Ioana Ieronim)

Ioana Ieronim emends Levițchi's incorrect use of *wind-mill* and restores the *mill-wheel* of the original, but she perpetuates the mistake of the *blue eyes* (*ochii albaștri*), a phrase in which the epithet refers not to the colour of the eyes proper, but to the condition of a pregnant woman's eye-lids<sup>8</sup>. Ieronim translates Shakespeare's *envy* as *jealousy*, which makes no sense in the context. She also has a very strange choice for the translation of *sailors*, using the word *matrozi* (a word with a double etymology, borrowed from both German and Russian, which in Romanian certainly sounds like a Russian word, hence on out of context).

Elsewhere Ioana Ieronim emends Leon Levițchi's translation of *crabs* as follows:

- CALIBAN:** I prithee let me bring thee where *crabs* grow,  
And I with my long nails dig thee pig-nuts... (II. 2. 161-2)
- CALIBAN:** La *mere acre*-am să te duc, și trufe  
Cu ghearele-am să-ți scurm... (Leon Levițchi)
- CALIBAN:** Te rog vino, te duc unde *cresc crabii*;  
Și cu unghii lungi îți scurm cartoafe... (Ioana Ieronim)

Ieronim's reading of *crabs* echoes recent editorial developments; in Stephen Orgel's editorial comment "crabs were not considered good to eat – their sourness was proverbial – and Caliban may well be promising Stephano shellfish instead"<sup>9</sup>. Ieronim is right to assume that Caliban refers to crustaceans rather than to crab apples; but she still has serious problems with her use of punctuation marks, with her choice of words and euphony...

However, there are passages in Ioana Ieronim's version which prove that, at times, her "translation" is simply a paraphrase of Leon Levițchi's earlier translation; the occurrence of similar gross errors in both translations arouses suspicions about Ieronim's unacknowledged method of "borrowing", which places her method on the verge of plagiarism.

Here is a conspicuous case in which the coincidence is no longer... coincidental:

- ARIEL:** *Jove's* lightning, the precursors  
O'th' dreadful *thunder-claps*, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not... (I. 2. 201-3)
- ARIEL:** ...mai iute, mai năprasnic  
Ca fulgerul lui *Zeus*, vestitor  
Al *trăsnetului* crunt... (Leon Levițchi)
- ARIEL:** Fulgerele lui *Zeus* ce trag după ele  
Înfricoșatele *trăsnete* n-au fost niciodată  
Mai repezi, mai presus de vedere... (Ioana Ieronim)

Levițchi strangely uses *Zeus* instead of *Jupiter*, while the whole mythological background of the play points to the Roman mythology, not to the Greek one (Shakespeare prefers the names of Iris, Ceres, Juno, Neptune and so on to those of Eos, Demetra, Hera or Poseidon). And here is another inexplicable error: the word *thunder-clap* describes an acoustic phenomenon, not the *thunderbolt*. Quite curiously, both Leon Levițchi and Ioana Ieronim translate the English thunderclap as *trăsnet*, which, in back-translation, means *thunderbolt*. Shakespeare shows us that the speed of light is greater than the speed of sound, an aspect that both translators fail to render into poetic imagery. And Ieronim curiously echoes her predecessor by naming Zeus instead of Jupiter! Moreover, she gets contaminated by this name and, unlike Leon Levițchi, repeats it in V. 1. 45, where Prospero remembers how he "rifted *Joe's* stout oak": "Cu *trăsnetul* am despicat stejarul lui *Zeus*". Levițchi's correct translation reads "Crăpând stejarul mândru al lui *Joe*".

Here is another startling coincidence:

- PROSPERO:** Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook *mussels*, withered roots, and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled. (I. 2. 463-5)
- PROSPERO:** Vei bea din apa mării, hrana ta –  
*Mușchi*, cupe ce-au ascuns pe vremuri ghinda  
Și rădăcini uscate. (Leon Levițchi)
- PROSPERO:** De băut o să ai apă de mare; de mâncat  
*Mușchi* de pârau, rădăcini uscate și teacă  
De ghindă. (Ioana Ieronim)

Both Leon Levițchi and Ioana Ieronim mistake the *mussels* (which are, in fact, shells – “fresh water mussels are inedible” is the Oxford editor’s comment <sup>10</sup>) for *moss*, the “very small green plant that grows in a thick soft furry mass on wet soil, trees, or rocks” (LDCE 2003: 1070). While Levițchi simply translates the *mussels* as *moss*, Ioana Ieronim specifies that it is *brook-moss*; Dan Lăzărescu hits the nail on the head and blunders by saying *tree-moss*.

I have shown elsewhere that self-censorship was commonplace in the Romanian translations of Shakespeare’s plays published back in the 1950s: Leon Levițchi was the son of an Orthodox priest, and this biographical detail, combined with another factor – the fact that he was not a member of the Communist Party – made him cautious in the translation of religious terms <sup>11</sup>. That is why I was not surprised to see that he translated the first line of Gonzalo’s opening speech in Act III, Scene 3, “By’r lakin, I can go no further” in which *lakin*, or *lady kin*, is a mild form of “by our Lady” <sup>12</sup>, as “Mă iartă, oasele mă dor, stăpâne”, i. e. “Forgive me, sir, my bones are aching” (with *bones* standing for *feet* or *legs*); Ioana Ieronim’s version, “Zău că nu sunt în stare să mai merg”, meaning “I truly can’t walk any more”, is as secular as her forerunner’s, doing away with the presence of a solemn vow in Gonzalo’s speech.

And here is one last example of coincidental interpretation:

- PROSPERO:** If I have too austere punished you  
Your *compensation* makes amends... (IV.1.1-2)
- PROSPERO:** Pedepsa de ți-a fost prea grea, ispașa  
Te răsplătește-acum... (Leon Levițchi)
- PROSPERO:** Dacă te-am pedepsit prea aspru,  
Are să te consoleze răsplata mea... (Ioana Ieronim)

Both Levițchi and Ieronim translate Prospero’s compensation as *reward* (the former uses a verbal form, the latter a noun), a strange choice, indeed, insofar as an unjust punishment cannot possibly be followed by a reward; the right word to use in case of injury or damage (as in Ferdinand’s case) is *compensation*, which is of Latin origin and has its Romanian counterpart *compensație*. The term was probably avoided by the two translators because it may have sounded not poetic enough... Dan A. Lăzărescu likewise translates *compensation* as *reward* in his rhyming couplet:

- PROSPERO:** De te-am silit la munci necuvenite,  
Acum ți-or fi cu toate răsplătite...

Ioana Ieronim’s “innovative” translation cannot boast only emendations of an earlier translation and inexplicable (or, sometimes, explicable) coincidences, but also huge blunders of its own. There has been a new fashion in the Romanian teenagers’ jargon to use American interjections like *wow*, *ouch*, or *geez* instead of their corresponding Romanian ones. Ieronim, in her translation of Ariel’s song, likewise renders the bell’s knell *ding-dong* (I. 2. 404) as... *ding-dong*!

Prospero fondly calls Ariel “my *bird*” (IV. 1. 184), a term of endearment used for a youngster<sup>13</sup>; later he names him *chick* (V. 1. 316), yet another affectionate epithet. Ioana Ieronim translates the first term literally, thus missing the emotive modality at work in Prospero’s utterance; the second term is correctly paraphrased as “drăgălașul meu”, i. e. “my dear li’l Ariel”.

Physics is again one of Ieronim’s weak points when she translates the following passage from Prospero’s famous soliloquy on his magic power:

**PROSPERO:** Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,  
And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the *ebbing* Neptune... (V. 1. 33-5)

**PROSPERO:** Voi elfi din munți, pâraie, lacuri, crânguri,  
Voi care pe nisipuri alergați fără de urmă,  
Gonindu-l pe Neptun în flux...

The verb *ebb* refers to the water’s flowing away from the shore – that is why the elves can *chase* Neptune; in Ioana Ieronim’s version, the elves chase Neptune while he is flowing onto the shore, which, of course is illogical – that would mean that the elves do chase him from off shore towards the coast, which contradicts Shakespeare’s poetic (and physical) image!

The way the word *cell* from *The Tempest* should be translated into various languages is, perhaps, an intriguing topic. *Cell* is a small, one-room dwelling, with monastic implications. Prospero refers to his cell several times throughout the play. Sometimes the word is accompanied by the epithet *poor* as in “full poor cell” (I. 2. 20) or “my poor cell” (V. 1. 301). It is a place that lacks luster and luxury, a dwelling that does not seem to have been erected by Prospero, who is no handyman but a white-collar type of person; its modest appearance also suggests it was not created by means of magic, so it is quite likely to be a kind of natural shelter, probably a cavity in a rock, a grotto or a cave. In his translation, Leon Levițchi opted for *peșteră*, the Romanian word for *cave*. Levițchi also used the word *grotă* (*grotto*) once. Dan A. Lăzărescu translated *cell* as *cave* (*peșteră*) in Act I, but in Act V strangely rendered it as *iatac* (an archaic word of Turkish origin meaning *bedroom*). When, back in 1998, I translated Lawrence Durrell’s non-fictional work *Prospero’s Cell*, I applied Levițchi’s suggestion<sup>14</sup>. The flip side of this choice was that in 2001, when I got a British Council translation award for this very translation, someone in the British staff re-translated the title as *Prospero’s Cave* on my diploma.

Ioana Ieronim’s “innovative” approach makes her vacillate between conflicting solutions. In her translation, the *cell* becomes *bârlog* (a *den* in I. 2. 20), *căsușă* (a little house in I. 2. 39), and *colibă* (*cabin*) throughout Act V. The latter has a strong literary connotation in Romanian, making one think of *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*. Leslie Fiedler would certainly be deeply offended to see Prospero, the synecdoche for colonialism, placed next to an Afro-American hero.

Shakespeare has been a “profitable commodity” in the cultural marketplace for centuries (Bristol 1998: 101). It is hard to believe that today a translator would engage in translating a play by Shakespeare just for fun, exercise, or glory. Royalties are always stimulating in a literary activity; the greater the impact of translation on the book-market and the theatre, the larger the translator’s financial incentive. I. I.’s translation was issued by a publishing house specialized in printing Romanian and foreign drama and drama criticism. Its target-readers are theatre-goers, critics, actors, directors. The initial 300-copy print run has been distributed in the foyer of the National Theatre in Bucharest and at the seat of UNITER in Bucharest. As such, it cannot compete with Dan. Lăzărescu’s awful translation, which, in a cheap paperback edition, has been distributed for years on (since 2004) through the major

bookshop chains, in several print runs. At present, Lăzărescu's version (abhorred by Romanian academics <sup>15</sup>) is the only available edition in print, hence, the pupils' and undergraduates' fodder and surrogate of a Shakespeare reading.

## Conclusions

A translator should turn to his/her account the experience stored in earlier translations. Every new translation is not necessarily better than the previous one. "Updating" or "modernizing" Shakespeare is much more than turning his prosodic pattern into unutterable free verse.

The first rule to be observed in translating Shakespeare for the stage is the *principle of stringency*: the translator should bear in mind the duration of the performance and try to stick to the length of the original text.

A good translation should prove faithful to the original and to the tradition of past translations; Ioana Ieronim has failed to comply with all of these requirements and her translation of *The Tempest* is doomed to be no more than an experiment gone down the drain, that will have no chance to supplant Leon Levițchi's canonic translation for the page or Nina Cassian's adaptation for the stage.

## Notes

<sup>1</sup> William Shakespeare, *Furtuna*, în românește, cu un cuvânt înainte de Ioana Ieronim, București, Fundația Culturală „Camil Petrescu”, Revista Teatrul Azi, Supliment, 2009.

<sup>2</sup> D. A. Lăzărescu explained his "method" of translating Shakespeare into rhyming couplets in his Introduction to W. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, Târgoviște, Editura Pandora-M, 2002, pp. 8-10; it actually resuscitated Șt. O. Iosif's early twentieth-century habit of translating Shakespeare into rhyming couplets without observing the principle of stringency (the line for line translation).

<sup>3</sup> As an experienced literary translator, I felt that I was in a privileged position whenever I had the opportunity to produce the first Romanian translation of a literary text (like, for instance, Shakespeare's *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Edward III*, or David Lodge's *Small World*): I felt that I was not just the first translator but also the first critic and interpreter of the respective text. In the case of a re-translation (as in the case of *The Tempest*) I did not regard the translation as a privilege but I rather felt a strong anxiety of influence due to the performance of my precursor, Leon Levițchi. Ioana Ieronim "forgets" about the latter and implicitly claims that her translation is strictly based on her artistic and intellectual wrestling with the original text. However, there is textual evidence to the contrary, an aspect I will discuss later.

<sup>4</sup> Ioana Ieronim, *op. cit.*, p. 39. All the following quotations from Ioana Ieronim are from *op. cit.*, pp. 13-113.

<sup>5</sup> Ioana Ieronim succeeds in outdoing Dan A. Lăzărescu in her total disregard for the principle of stringency: the latter's translation of the sample-text has 130 lines but only 1,367 syllables. By comparison, my translation of the sample-text has 100 lines and 1,055 syllables.

<sup>6</sup> All quotes from Leon Levițchi's translation of *The Tempest* are taken from Shakespeare, *Opere*, Volume 8, București, Editura Univers, 1990, pp. 347-411.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. Stephen Orgel (ed.), in William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, London and New York, O. U. P., 2002, p. 138 n.

<sup>8</sup> Cf. Stephen Orgel (ed.), *op. cit.*, p. 116 n.

<sup>9</sup> Cf. Stephen Orgel (ed.) *op. cit.*, p. 150 n.

<sup>10</sup> Cf. Stephen Orgel (ed.), *op. cit.*, p. 126 n.

<sup>11</sup> See George Volceanov, "Appropriating through Translation: Shakespeare Translations in Communist Romania," in Floriana Popescu (ed.), *Translation Studies: Retrospective and Prospective Views*, Galați, Editura Fundației Universitare Dunărea de Jos, 2006, pp. 206-18, esp. 215-6, with examples of omissions and paraphrases of religious terms in 2 *Henry IV*.

<sup>12</sup> Cf. Stephen Orgel, *op. cit.*, p. 163 n.

<sup>13</sup> Cf. Stephen Orgel, *op. cit.*, p. 183 n.

<sup>14</sup> Lawrence Durrell, *Pestera lui Prospero*, în românește de George Volceanov, București, Univers, 1998.



<sup>15</sup> In *Shakespeare in Romania: 1950 to the present*, București, Humanitas, 2008, Monica Matei-Chesnoiu (ed.) simply turns a blind eye to all of Dan Lăzărescu's translations of Shakespeare's plays, ignoring him as a translator in her rather exhaustive list of Shakespeare translations published in Romania in the past sixty years

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