Shakespeare and Cultural Exchange

Shakespeare SURVEY 48

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Volume 49 of *Shakespeare Survey*, which will be at press by the time this volume appears, will have as its overall theme '*Romeo and Juliet* and its Afterlife'. Volume 50, on 'Shakespeare and Language', will include papers from the 1996 International Shakespeare Conference; the theme of Volume 51 will be 'Shakespeare in the Eighteenth Century'.

Submissions should be addressed to the Editor at The Shakespeare Institute, Church Street, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire CV37 6HP, to arrive at the latest by 1 September 1996 for Volume 50 and 1 September 1997 for Volume 51. Pressures on space are heavy; priority is given to articles related to the theme of a particular volume. Please either enclose postage (overseas, in International Reply coupons) or send a copy you do not wish to be returned. All articles submitted are read by the Editor and at least one member of the Editorial Board, whose indispensable assistance the Editor gratefully acknowledges.

Unless otherwise indicated, Shakespeare quotations and references are keyed to the modern-spelling Complete Oxford Shakespeare (1986).

Review copies of books should be addressed to the Editor, as above. In attempting to survey the ever-increasing bulk of Shakespeare publications our reviewers inevitably have to exercise some selection. We are pleased to receive offprints of articles which help to draw our reviewers' attention to relevant material.

S. W. W.

CONTRIBUTORS

JONATHAN BATE, *University of Liverpool*
JOHN RUSSELL BROWN, *University of Michigan*
MARK THORNTON BURNETT, *The Queen's University of Belfast*
INGA-STINA EWBANK, *University of Leeds*
MAIK HAMBURGER, *Deutsches Theater, Berlin*
PETER HOLLAND, *Trinity Hall, Cambridge*
PIERRE ISELIN, *University of Nanterre*
NICO KIASASHVILI, *Shakespeare Society of the Republic of Georgia*
LAURENCE LERNER, *Vanderbilt University*
DAVID LINDLEY, *University of Leeds*
JEAN-MARIE MAGUIN, *University of Montpellier*
STEVEN MARX, *California Polytechnic State University*
MARK MATHESON, *University of Utah*
TOM MATHESON, *The Shakespeare Institute, University of Birmingham*
TOM MCALINDON, *University of Hull*
MICHAEL NEILL, *University of Auckland*
NIKY RATHBONE, *Birmingham Shakespeare Library*
JAMES SHAPIRO, *Columbia University*
ZDĚNĚK STŘÍBRNÝ, *Charles University, Prague*
YASUNARI TAKAHASHI, *Showa Women's University*
H. R. WOUDHUYSEN, *University College, London*

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INGA-STINA EWBANK

In August 1994 the *Guardian*'s drama critic concluded his review of Peter Zadek's production of *Antony and Cleopatra* at the Edinburgh Festival by claiming that its value to him lay in its not being in English: 'Shakespeare in a foreign tongue', he wrote, 'becomes an analogue to the original that gives the director new freedom', and 'it will be hard', after this, 'to go back to traditional productions'.[1] While it could be argued that Michael Billington, in journalistic haste, is confusing the strength of a 'startling, radical, Brechtian' production with the alienation effect of a foreign language, this was not so with Clement Scott, the formidable *Daily Telegraph* reviewer, when nearly a hundred years ago he praised Sarah Bernhardt in his book on *Some Notable Hamlets of the Present Time* (1900). Amazingly he manages to go into raptures over Madame Bernhardt's performance without once commenting on her gender; but he is explicit about the language of this Hamlet: 'With the French version of the immortal text I was charmed. It conveyed Shakespeare's idea in a nutshell' (p. 51). Both then and now, it seems, drama reviewers can be Sentimental Travellers: 'They order this matter better in France' ... or in Germany ... or Japan.

But I wonder, when it comes to thinking about the implications of Billington's and Scott's proclaimed positions, if academic critics are such travellers? And, how seriously do we think about those implications? I wonder, that is, whether to the immensely fertile body of current Shakespeare studies, the study of translations might not be a stepchild – 'an interesting and harmless occupation for researchers abroad', as the editors of the recently published and excellently thought-provoking collection of essays on *European Shakespeares* put it, lamenting the lack of reciprocity between their discipline and English and American Shakespeare studies.[2] Seminars on translation are now an inalienable part of Shakespeare Conferences and World Congresses, but how many native speakers of English attend them?

From a sense, then, that the title of my paper is not as much of a truism as it seems, my aim is to probe the notion of *exchange*. The *Oxford English Dictionary* defines this word (*sb* 1.1.a) as 'The action, or an act, of reciprocal giving and receiving' and quotes, as part of the definition, the proverb 'Exchange is no robbery.' Whatever our theoretical position in regard to Shakespearian texts – their stability, their meaningfulness, or otherwise – do we not tend to feel that any translation of those texts into another language involves an element of 'robbery'? Or, to put it less adversarially, that, if exchange is a matter of give and take, from the point of view of English it is all give and no take?

[1] Michael Billington, 'Sexual Itch in the Sand', The *Guardian*, 18 August 1994, tabloid section, pp. 6–7.

[2] Dirk Delabastita and Lieven D'hulst, eds., *European Shakespeares: Translating Shakespeare in the Romantic Age* (Amsterdam and Philadelphia, 1993), p. 19.

And yet it is difficult to avoid an adversarial note, in so far as current critical practices are far more comfortable talking about cultural colonialism than cultural exchange; and if we believe with George Steiner that 'the translator invades, extracts, and brings home',[3] then translating Shakespeare becomes, from the point of view of English, a somewhat embarrassing kind of inverse colonialism. Language, we know only too well, is intimately connected with national, or racial, or gender identity; and history is only too full of examples of linguistic colonialism where the Calibans of this world learn to curse[4] – or where, as in Brian Friel's play *Translations*, the English re-map an Irish county, re-name its hills and streams and villages, and re-place the Gaelic language, 'a syntax opulent with tomorrows', with an English as sterile as the only phrase that the Irish girl Maire knows (the kind of phrase familiar to many of us who learned English as a foreign language): 'in Norfolk we besport ourselves around the maypoll [*sic*]'.[5] We – and our students – now have the critical equipment to deal with aspects of translation where English means power and hegemony: translations where the movement 'out of honesty into English' can be read rather more seriously and politically than Pistol reads Falstaff's translation of Mistress Ford's body language. But we are less well equipped to deal with situations where the translation is, as it were, out of English into honesty. Not so long ago I attended a performance of *The Merchant of Venice* in Hong Kong, which is of course for yet a short while one of the few remaining British colonies, and theoretically bilingual. The text was in Cantonese, which meant that there were virtually no expatriates in the audience. The director, Daniel S. P. Yang, tells me that the same production had been performed in English in the United States, with the mixed emotional impact that this problematic comedy tends to elicit. In the Kowloon outdoor theatre where I saw it, with a Chinese cast and audience, the play was received as a glorious comedy. In a society honestly and unashamedly materialistic there is nothing suspect about the commercial values which prevail in Venice and invade Belmont, nothing to problematize the ending. And above all, Shylock, the speculator who misjudged the rate of exchange, was to this audience the uncontested clown of the piece. He was a creation for a culture which does not know anti-semitism. What had I seen: a kind of cultural collusion to turn Shakespeare into something he isn't? Not long thereafter, I saw *The Tempest* in Oslo in *nynorsk* – the second Norwegian language, constructed as 'accents yet unknown' out of dialects – and again was struck by the untroubled comedy of the performance: it bespoke a culture which does not need to have a postcolonial conscience. Whales, possibly, may elicit guilt, but not Caliban. So, was what I had seen and heard a kind of pollution of Shakespeare?

It may be obvious by now that, pondering such questions, I have found the paradigm for this paper in the exchange between Holofernes and Dull (*Love's Labour's Lost* 4.2.35–49) where Holofernes translates Dull's riddle about 'what was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet' and insists that 'Th'allusion holds in the exchange', whereupon Dull demonstrates his 'capacity' for dullness by his 'mistakings': turning 'allusion' first into 'collusion' and then into 'pollution'.

Holofernes may think that his allusion to '*Dictynna* . . . Phoebe . . . *luna*' holds in the exchange for 'the moon'; but, for all the existence now of translations into untold languages, I doubt if many would agree that Shakespeare *holds* in the exchange, if with 'hold' we infer identity. This may be the point to confront the old irritant (which, however old, may still, as a

[3] George Steiner, *After Babel. Aspects of Language and Translation* (London, 1975), p. 298.

[4] *The Tempest* 1.2.365–7. Cf. Stephen J. Greenblatt, *Learning to Curse. Essays in Early Modern Culture* (London, 1990).

[5] Brian Friel, *Translations* (London, 1981), p. 42 and p. 51.

resentment at appropriation, be one of the elements in the kind of embarrassment I referred to above): the claims that certain translations are superior to the Shakespearian original. With his customary lack of tact, Strindberg, who read Shakespeare both in English and in translation, claimed this, for at least parts of the monumental Swedish mid-nineteenth-century translation by Karl August Hagberg.[6] Several European nations have such 'classic' Shakespeare translations with a literary status of their own – notably of course Germany, with the great translation by August Wilhelm Schlegel and Ludwig Tieck. (Strictly, Schlegel translated sixteen of Shakespeare's plays between 1797 and 1801 and added *Richard III* in 1810, whereupon some of his work was revised and the translation of the corpus completed, 1825–33, by Graf Boudessin and Tieck's daughter Dorothea, with a certain amount of guidance from Tieck himself.) In 1855 George Eliot wrote an essay in the *Leader* on 'Translations and Translators', prompted by her own struggles with Strauss, Feuerbach and Spinoza, but moving almost immediately on to Shakespeare translations and naturally to Schlegel. An entry in her journal earlier that year – which incidentally goes to suggest that Victorian culture was rather more genuinely pluralistic than our own – tells how she and George Henry Lewes spent evenings reading and comparing scenes of *Hamlet* in Schlegel and in Shakespeare. In her article she admits that 'sometimes the German is as good as the English – the same music played on another but as good an instrument', but also dismisses what she calls 'the illusion, encouraged by some silly English people, that Shakespeare according to Schlegel is better than Shakespeare himself – not simply to a German as being easier for him to understand, but absolutely better as poetry'.[7] But later in the century Georg Brandes, the Danish critic who had a way of speaking for all of Europe, and whose three-volume study of *William Shakespeare* (1895–6) was to be translated into English and widely read, could still write of the Schlegel-Tieck translation as a re-birth of Shakespeare, man and text. 'It is', he writes, 'as if – at the side of Goethe and Schiller – in the middle of the eighteenth century Shakespeare too had been born in Germany. He was born in 1564 in England; he was re-born in 1767 in his German translator. In 1597 *Romeo and Juliet* was published in London; in 1797 this tragedy was published in Berlin as a newly-born work.'[8]

With George Eliot, we can easily reject the myth of re-birth; but in doing so we would do well to remember her informed appreciation of 'another but as good an instrument'. Perhaps we have to be open to a notion of transmigration. When Friedrich Gundolf (himself a Shakespeare translator) writes, in *Shakespeare und der deutsche Geist* (1911), that what was 'absolutely new, indeed world-historical' about Schlegel's translation was 'die Wiedergeburt Shakespeares als eines deutschen Sprachganzen' ('the re-birth of Shakespeare as a German language phenomenon'),[9] then this is not so much German chauvinism as a historical fact – one to which we could add the re-appearance of Shakespeare as a French language phenomenon. For Shakespeare was discovered in continental Europe through translations into these two – culturally dominant – languages, and well into the nineteenth century was often translated indirectly. Early Russian translations, for

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[6] In, e.g., his essay on *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the fourth of his *Öppna brev till Intima Teatern*, in *Samlade Skrifter*, ed. John Landqvist, vol. 50 (Stockholm, 1921), pp. 231–3. English translation by Walter Johnson, *Open Letters to the Intimate Theatre* (Seattle, n.d.), pp. 231–3. Hagberg's translation was published 1847–51.

[7] George Eliot's essay in *The Leader*, 7, 20 October 1855, 1014–15, is reprinted in Thomas Pinney, ed., *Essays of George Eliot* (London, 1963), pp. 207–11; see p. 210. For journal entry, see Pinney, p. 55, n. 7.

[8] Georg Brandes, *Hovedstrømninger i det nittende Aarhundrededs Litteratur*, 6 vols. (Copenhagen 1872–90), vol. 6 (new edn, Copenhagen, 1966), pp. 56–7.

[9] Friedrich Gundolf, *Shakespeare und der deutsche Geist* (Berlin, 1911), p. 355.

example, were based on French neo-classical versions, including those of Jean-François Ducis who, though he knew no English, was the author of acting versions which brought Shakespeare to the Parisian stage as well as (indirectly) to other parts of Europe. In Poland the earliest translations were from the German; in Scandinavia Schlegel-Tieck underlay both the Danish and the Swedish classic mid-nineteenth-century translation, even though their authors worked from English texts as well.[10] Not only that, but 'Shakespeare' had also come to mean critical commentaries and discussions, largely German. Hence, in the Swedish Shakespeare of Hagberg one may now and then find a line that corresponds less to Shakespeare's line than to Schlegel's comment on that line; and one may find the whole approach to the language of a play coloured by Tieck's reading. Tieck's commentary on *Troilus and Cressida* describes it as a 'tragische Parodie'; Hagberg explains in his Introduction and notes that he has pushed the tone towards a 'huge joke on Homer'.[11]

History, of course, colludes in the exchange in another fashion, too, in that the discovery of Shakespeare was – in Germany, in Scandinavia, and in much of the rest of Europe, if more hesitantly in France – a stimulus to national literature. Translators looked before and after, sometimes with as articulate a sense of mission as Hagberg's in his note at the end of the twelfth and last volume of Shakespeare's *Dramatiska Arbeten*: 'If Shakespeare, made part of Swedish language and literature, can contribute to raising and strengthening the general Swedish public's sense of what is old and beautiful, and can also encourage the development of a dramatic art in our country, then the translator has his reward for labours – which have been very great indeed.' Discovering Shakespeare gave an impetus, both dramatic and political, towards the creation of a national and often a popular drama – a subject beautifully dealt with by Philip Edwards in his book *Threshold of a Nation*.[12] Here I need only return to a reminder that it may be appropriate to think of the world as full of transmigrated, rather than appropriated, Shakespeares and in that context to heed Feste's warning to 'fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam' (*Twelfth Night* 4.2.59–60).

That the 'allusion' becomes 'pollution' may seem to be inherent in the act of inter-lingual translation as such. Of Samuel Beckett, who wrote in two languages and translated his own work from French to English or vice versa, we are told that, attending a rehearsal of *Endgame* in London and hearing his own translation of Clov's punning remark about the telescope, he exclaimed: 'It's a rotten line. Bad translation . . . The more I go on the more I think things are untranslatable.'[13] Any translator worth his/her salt takes the supremacy of the original text for granted and so dissatisfaction is deeply rooted in the activity itself. Even August Wilhelm Schlegel spoke of his work as 'a thankless task, in which one is continuously tormented by the sense of ineluctable imperfections'.[14] So, second-hand, second-rate – and also thankless,

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[10] See the essays by, respectively, Yuri D. Levin, Brigitte Schulze and Kristian Smidt in Delabastita and D'hulst, *European Shakespeares*; and also Paul V. Rubow, *Shakespeare paa dansk* (Copenhagen, 1932), p. 42 (on Edvard Lembcke, whose translation of Shakespeare's works into Danish appeared in 18 volumes, 1861–73, working with the English text on the left, and Schlegel-Tieck on the right, of his desk).

[11] See Nils Molin, *Karl August Hagberg som Översättare* (Lund, 1929) (published as the second half of a volume also containing Walter Raleigh, *William Shakespeare*, translated by Ruben Nöjd), p. 318.

[12] Philip Edwards, *Threshold of a Nation. A Study in English and Irish Drama* (Cambridge, 1979). See also the wide-ranging essays in José Lambert and André Lefevere, eds., *La traduction dans le développement des littératures* (Bern, 1993).

[13] 'Ça alors, pour une longue-vue c'est une longue-vue': 'That's what I call a magnifier'. See Harry Cockerham, 'Bilingual Playwright', in Katharine Worth, ed., *Beckett the Shape Changer* (London, 1975), p. 144.

[14] Letter to Goethe, 15 March 1811, quoted in Margaret E. Atkinson, *August Wilhelm Schlegel as a Translator of Shakespeare* (Oxford, 1958), p. 4.

in so far as one's best praise is not to be noticed, to be 'transparent' (a favourite accolade for translations, before it became a buzz-word in another sense, but not the best colour for the spur of fame).

As a result, the study of translations, and in particular of Shakespeare translations, has traditionally served mainly to demonstrate the outstanding qualities of the original and the failings of one or more translators. It is therefore worth pointing out, as Werner Habicht has done,[15] that at the level of 'allusion' – of language as semantics, and of poetry as creating meaning through a variety of devices – the translator is bound to function as a 'New Critic', however heretical such an approach may seem at present. Probably in that sense no one, not even an editor, knows the workings of the language in a play so well as a translator who has had to confront every word in a peculiarly intense way and in its relation to every other sign in the verbal texture of the play. The editor and the critic can comment on, and safely admire, Shakespeare's stylistic qualities; the translator alone has, painfully, the acute experience which Victor Hugo sums up as 'Shakespeare échappe'. How, Hugo asks, do you translate 'unsex', or 'buttock of the night', or 'green girl', or the phrase where – as in Virgil's 'sunt lacrymae rerum' – 'l'indictible est dit': 'We have kissed away / Kingdoms and provinces'?[16] But this is never a one-to-one process: 'collusion' immediately slips in, for (moving from the stylistic to the linguistic level) the confrontation is also intensely with the peculiar qualities, the whole more or less closed language system, of each of the two languages involved – the source and the target. Schlegel, again, lamented his inability to do justice to Shakespeare's puns, for, he said, the German language 'always wants to work, never to play'.[17] A number of scholars – Kristian Smidt in Norway, the late Professors Toshiko and Toshikazu Oyama in Japan, to mention only a few – have written fascinating explorations of the problems encountered at this level (such as, how do you translate 'To be or not to be' into Japanese when there is no verb for simply 'to be'?). Many of these have appeared in *Shakespeare Translation*, the journal started by the two Oyamas and continued now under the significantly wider title of *Shakespeare Worldwide*. These are objective studies, throwing much light not only on Shakespeare but also on general linguistic issues. But for those with a subjective interest (involved in 'collusion'?) the gap between languages can also become a battle ground for the defence of one's vernacular. Thus Victor Hugo, in the Preface to his son François-Victor Hugo's translation into French prose of the complete works of Shakespeare (and the Apocrypha), makes much of English being to French like the night to the day, the moon to the sun. Out of 'cloudy' English, his son has made a 'clear' translation: 'fidèle' and 'définitive'.[18]

Seen in its full context, however, Hugo's statement is not only, or even mainly, about the French language as such: it is about poetics, in that implicitly it defines this prose translation of Shakespeare against earlier French translations in rhymed alexandrines. Even more implicitly, it also enters, via Shakespeare, the larger battle where French Classicism was fighting it out with German Romanticism on the cultural and political map of Europe – a battle in which England was very much on the side-lines. In questions of translation, poetics readily slides into politics. Thus Willa Muir, writing soon after World War II on translating from the German (albeit Kafka and other twentieth-century novelists rather than Shakespeare), sees

[15] In Delabastita and D'hulst, *European Shakespeares*, p. 51.

[16] Victor Hugo, 'Préface pour la nouvelle traduction de Shakespeare par François-Victor Hugo' (1864), in *Oeuvres complètes*, ed. Jean Massin, vol. 12/1 (Paris, 1969), pp. 329–30.

[17] *August Wilhelm Schlegel: Sämtliche Werke*, ed. E. Böcking, vol. 4 (Leipzig, 1846), p. 128. Quoted and translated by Atkinson, *Schlegel as Translator*, p. 24.

[18] Victor Hugo, 'Préface', p. 330. François-Victor Hugo's translation, *Oeuvres complètes de Shakespeare*, appeared in 18 vols. (Paris, 1859–66).

the German sentence as 'less ruthless than the Latin sentence, but also less realistic. The Romans preferred concrete statements to abstract ones, while the Germans roll compound words into sausages of abstraction, and then roll these sausages into bigger ones . . . So the right image for the German sentence . . . is that of a great gut, a bowel, which deposits at the end of it, a sediment of verbs.' And she goes on to ask: 'Is not this like the Reich desired by Hitler, who planned to make mincemeat of Europe?'[19] Whether it is or not, her analysis may explain why a speech like that of Claudius which opens *Hamlet* 1.2 goes apparently so much more happily into German than into French. The speech depends on Claudius' rhetoric laying a smoke-screen over the embarrassing features of his 'o'er-hasty marriage' to Gertrude. So Shakespeare gives him three and a half lines between the introduction of the object, subject and auxiliary verb –

> Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
> Th'imperial jointress of this warlike state,
> Have we –

and the arrival – by which time his listeners are befuddled by a series of images of oxymoronic events – at the predicate proper: 'Taken to wife'. Schlegel out-Claudiuses Claudius. After an imposing introduction –

> Wir haben also unsre weiland Schwester,
> Jetzt unsre Königin, die hohe Witwe
> Und Erbin dieses kriegerischen Staats –

he rolls oxymorons into compounds like 'Leichenjubel' and 'Hochzeitklage' ('mirth in funeral' and 'dirge in marriage') and then rolls these into a four-line 'sausage' which finally deposits the verb: 'Zur Eh' genommen'.[20] André Gide, on the other hand, continuing the post-Hugo French tradition of translating Shakespeare into prose (while also convinced that his translation of *Hamlet* was 'hautement supérieure à toutes les précédentes'),[21] first disposes of all the oxymorons and then has Claudius explain with suicidal clarity: 'Nous avons pris pour femme notre soeur d'hier qui est aujourd'hui notre reine.' It is perhaps not surprising that Claude Mauriac congratulated Gide on making the play of *Hamlet* 'moins mystérieuse, plus claire'.[22]

Translation is never a purely philological activity but a collusive re-creation in which cultural differences cling to grammar and syntax and history mediates the effect even of single words. I cannot refrain here from underlining this point with a personal anecdote: a true story of how a word can encapsulate the political and spiritual history of Europe in this century. Swedish schools used for a very long time the same standard German grammar, which was updated with new editions as needed. In my home we had three editions; the one my father had used was dated 1904 and, in the section on irregular verbs, the verb 'schaffen' ('create') was illustrated with the sentence 'Gott hat die Welt geschaffen': 'God has created the world'. By 1938, in the edition used by my older brothers and sisters, that sentence had become: 'Der Führer hat Ordnung geschaffen': 'the Führer has created order'. And in the 1943 edition, which I used, it read: 'Der Künstler hat ein Meisterwerk geschaffen': 'the artist has created a masterpiece'.[23]

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[19] Edwin Muir and Willa Muir, 'Translating from the German', in Reuben A. Brower, ed., *On Translation* (Cambridge, Mass. 1959), cited from Galaxy Press edn (New York, 1966), pp. 95–6. The passage quoted is by Willa Muir.

[20] *Shakespeare's dramatische Werke nach der Übersetzung von August Wilhelm Schlegel und Ludwig Tieck*, ed. H. Ulrici, vol. 6 (Berlin, 1877), p. 24.

[21] André Gide, *Journal 1939–1949*, p. 130. Cited from Jean Claude, *André Gide et le théâtre*, 2 vols. (Paris, 1992), 1.204. Gide's *Hamlet* translation is in vol. 7 of *Théâtre complet d'André Gide* (Paris, 1947–9).

[22] Mauriac, letter to Gide on 28 November 1946, cited from Claude, *André Gide et le théâtre*, I.213. Gide worked with Jean-Louis Barrault who staged this *Hamlet* at the Marigny theatre in the autumn of 1946.

[23] Hjalmar Hjort, *Tysk Grammatik* (3rd edn, Uppsala, 1904); edited by Sven Lide (15th edn, Uppsala, 1938, and revised 1945).

If this seems a long way from the subject of Shakespeare translation, it is by way of a reminder that, before a translator even begins consciously to appropriate Shakespeare, the language he is translating into has done a great deal of appropriating for him. Thereafter, as Shakespeare texts are mediated through the particular poetics and politics of a culture, translations move on a sliding scale towards adaptations. The theatrical aesthetics and traditions of a culture are of course also involved: in, for example, French versions that make Shakespeare aspire to be Racine, or in Schröder's German adaptations. But the divide between translations for the stage and for reading, respectively, is not a simple binary one: as Werner Habicht has pointed out, German acting versions in the nineteenth century were often based on the Schlegel-Tieck translation, although this was in itself famous for its beauty as a reading text rather than for its expressiveness in the theatre.[24]

Translation, then, is only one form of rewriting, and needs to be thought about and studied as such. In cutting, suppressing, restructuring and adding, theatre directors and (we must admit) academic critics are, each in his or her way and for his or her particular purpose, translators/re-writers of Shakespeare. I wish to illustrate this point by a brief and selective excursus through some versions of *Coriolanus* – a play that has served many functions at many times in many languages.

In English culture, *Coriolanus* has been a kind of litmus paper. In 1682 Nahum Tate's *The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth, or, The Fall of Coriolanus*, staged at the Theatre Royal, was an intervention in the Exclusion Crisis, its Dedicatory Epistle spelling out the moral: 'to recommend Submission and Adherence to establisht Lawful Power'. In Charlotte Brontë's novel *Shirley* (1849) a reading of *Coriolanus* provides an analogue to the local Luddite riots and enables the heroine to address the rather more cautious moral to the hero: 'you must not be proud to your workpeople; . . . and you must not be of an inflexible nature, uttering a request as austerely as if it were a command'.[25] And a tract by William Miller, CIE, DD, LLD, *Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus' and Present-Day Indian Politics*, published by the Christian Literature Society in London and Madras (1906), translates the play into a lesson to teach civil servants in India the meaning of national unity, that is not to listen to those who cry 'India for the Indians':

> The men who in many varied ways are bringing the thought of the West to bear upon the East are as indispensable for India's future as the patrician order, small although it was, compared with the overwhelmingly superior number of the people, was indispensable to Rome. (p. 76)

Less politically, *Coriolanus* has served to translate actors into stars: J. P. Kemble, Edmund Kean (for whom it rather failed), Laurence Olivier, Ian McKellen, and others. W. C. Macready was to play Coriolanus in several productions, but the first, in 1819, was for him a kind of apotheosis. The testimony to his performance that he most esteemed, he tells in his reminiscences, was 'the graceful sonnet' published in the *Literary Gazette* by Barry Cornwall and entitled 'Mr Macready in *Coriolanus*':

> 'This is the noblest Roman of them all;'
> And he shall wear his victor's crown, and stand
> Distinct amidst the genius of the land,
> And lift his head aloft while others fall.
> . . .
> And therefore fit to breathe the lines of him
> Who, gayly, once, beside the Avon river
> Shaped the great verse that lives, and shall live
> for ever.
> But he now revels in eternal day
> Peerless among the earth-born cherubim.[26]

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[24] In *European Shakespeares*, p. 50.

[25] *Shirley*, ed. Herbert Rosengarten and Margaret Smith (Oxford, 1979), p. 105.

[26] See Frederick Pollock, ed., *Macready's Reminiscences* (new edn, 1876), p. 153.