

2020

BOSTON UNIVERSITY LECTURE SERIES IN

LITERARY TRANSLATION

SPONSORED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF WORLD LANGUAGES & LITERATURES, THE COLLEGE OF ARTS & SCIENCES,
THE GEDDES LECTURE FUND, VOCES HISPANICAS AND THE CENTER FOR LATIN AMERICAN STUDIES
IN CONJUNCTION WITH XL 540-THEORY & PRACTICE OF LITERARY TRANSLATION
TAUGHT BY ALICIA BORINSKY - PROFESSOR OF ROMANCE STUDIES

APR 10

MARGARET LITVIN
TONGUE-TIED INTERNATIONALISM:
ADVENTURES WITH A SOVIET SETTING,
AN EGYPTIAN NOVEL, AND AN INDIAN PRESS

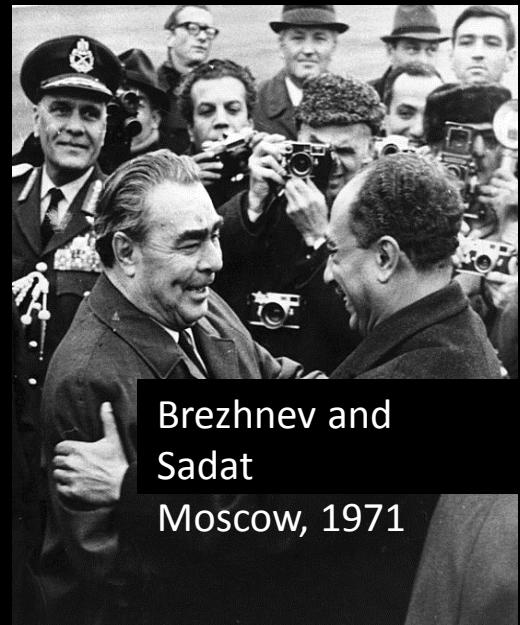
ALL LECTURES ARE FREE & OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

FRIDAYS 1-3PM

745 COMMONWEALTH AVE / 6TH FL - ROOM 625

FOR MORE INFO CONTACT
BNASSIP@BU.EDU OR VISIT BU.EDU/TRANSLATION

BOSTON
UNIVERSITY



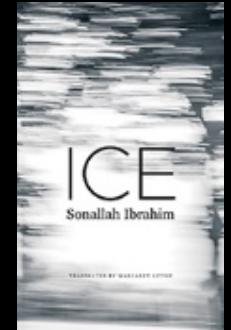
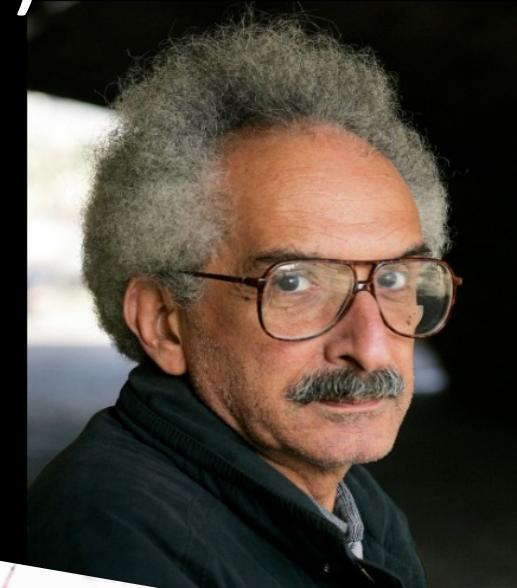
Brezhnev and
Sadat
Moscow, 1971

Sonallah Ibrahim (b. 1937)

“I went to Moscow thinking, wow, this is the future. Then I lived there for 3 years, arguing with myself all the time: **Why couldn’t I find a decent razor blade** when this was a country that had sent rockets to the moon?”

“The Egyptian intellectuals who look to Russia are **the types who love impossible love.**”

- Interview, June 2012



Ice (2011,
trans.
2019)

ادب *adab* pl. آداب *ādāb* culture, refinement; good breeding, good manners, social graces, decorum, decency, propriety, seemliness; humanity, humanness; literature; — pl. آداب *ādāb* morals, decency; rules, rules of conduct; morale; the humanities; belles-lettres; literature (also on a subject) | ادب فی politely; بیت فی ادب | ادب فی toilet, water closet; قلیل ادب and عدیم ادب ill-mannered, ill-bred, impolite, uncivil; ادب الخواطر aphoristic literature; ادب (ša'bī) folk literature; ادب الشعبي (ša'bī) popular literature; رجال عامي (āmmī) popular literature; كلية الآداب literati, men of letters; ادب کلیه الآداب *kulliyat al-āb*. (= faculté des lettres) college of arts; آداب السلوك rules of decorum, etiquette; آداب المعاشرة *ādāb al-mu'āṣirah* social etiquette; آداب المائدة *ādāb al-mā'ida* table manners, etiquette; آداب الإسلام *ādāb al-islām* morality, ethics of Islam; آداب العمل *ādāb al-'amal* work morale

Adab

Ibrahim's writing style is a kind of corollary to this. It is a style defined by all the things it leaves out: metaphors, adjectives, authorial commentary. His narrator has the impassivity of a trauma victim: he sees and hears and reports, but makes no claim to understand. This minimalism shocked contemporary Arabic readers. Many found Ibrahim's style more disquieting than the story's themes or content. Even now it is not easy to see how he arrived at this way of writing, which breaks so violently with the norms of literary Arabic.

Robyn Creswell, introduction to *That Smell*, 2013

Hans Wehr Dictionary at <http://ejtaal.net/aa>

October 6,
1973
note from
Sonallah
Ibrahim
reproduced in
Mohamad
Malas' film
diary (2003)

Letter from “Verochka,” model for the character of Zoya

Супланов!

Я буду рада если не
захочу? Быстро. Быстро 120
за меня падко? Будет он
и надо все время хорошо
и потому еще привет.

مکرر مکرر
انا معصومه
کاڈل
حاشیه العرب العجم
ظریف احمد احمدیہ، صدر
و مسؤول
مکرر
۱۷/۱۰/۲۰۱۷

Archives



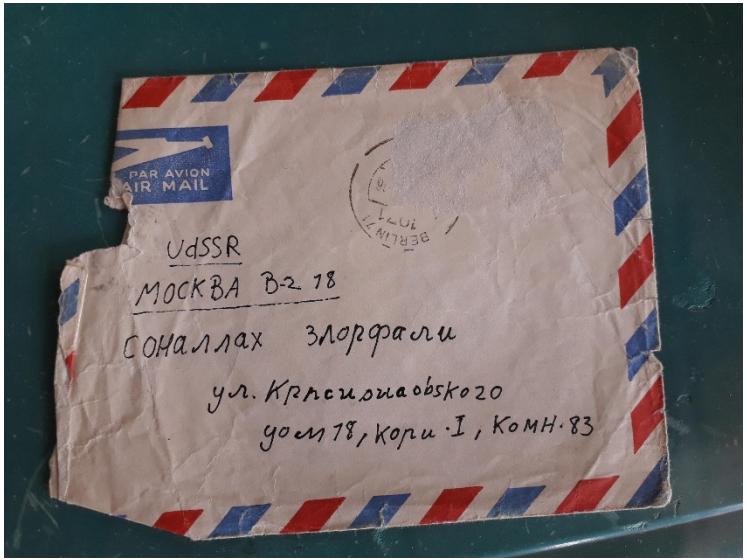


Diploma for 1972-74 studies at VGIK; photos from joint graduation film with Mohamad Malas

Zoya was sitting next to Hans on his bed, and Talia stretched out across the facing bed, leaning her head against the wall. I sat on the only armchair, beside the table. Talia asked me if I had fought in the war. I said I had been a conscript in a military office far from the front; after returning to teach at my university I was awarded a scholarship for a cultural exchange programme with the Soviet Union. Zoya suggested turning out the light. We lit some candles. Hans pulled her up for a dance, and she submitted to his embrace. I did not move from my place. My eyes were glued to their faces and her bare legs. Talia gave me a silent look. Then she asked me about the woman question in Egypt. I said the Egyptian woman's situation had improved greatly since the revolution: she had taken off the face veil and begun to enter many occupations—these days she could even work as a bus conductor. Soon Talia got up: 'I'm going. I need to study.' She asked her friend, 'Aren't you coming with me?' Hans said, 'Let her stay a little.' Talia left, and the two of them kept dancing. After a while, they sat down on the bed. We all sat in silence. Eventually I excused myself, picked up my record player and LPs and went to my room.

Quiet irony

النور وأشعلنا شمعة. جذبها هاتز ليرقصا فاستسلمت لأحضانه. لم أتحرك من مكاني. كان بصرى معلقا بوجهها وساقيها العاريتين. تأملتني تلليا واجمة. سألستي عن وضع المرأة في مصر. قلت إنه تحسن كثيرا بعد الثورة فخلعت البرقع والنقاب وأصبحت تمارس كثيرا من المهن حتى أنها عملت أخيرا محصلة في سيارات الباص. بعد قليل وقفت قائلة: سأذهب لأن عندي دراسة. وخطبت صديقتها: ألن تأتي معي؟ قال هاتز: دعيعها تبقى قليلا. انصرفت تلليا وواصل الانستان الرقص. ثم جلسا فوق الفراش. وساد الصمت بيننا. قمت واقفا مستائنا في الانصراف وحملت الباب واسطوانائي ومضيت إلى حجرئي.



Heliopolis, 2014

Opening

The *komendantsha* who ran our *obshchezhitie*, the dorm, appeared around noon. First her round, frowning face in its frame of grey hair. Then her fat body, filling our doorway. She would put another student in with us, a Russian, she said. I told her the room had only three beds, but she pointed to a disassembled frame atop the wardrobe. I said, I'm thirty-five years old. I can't stand crowding and noise, and besides, I'm supposed to have a private room like the other graduate students.' She looked at me for a moment, perhaps taking the measure of my slight frame: Did I really deserve a whole room to myself? She said, 'Tovarish Shukri, *ladno*. Fine. We'll keep it just the three of you.'

When she was gone, Mario the Brazilian straightened the 1973 calendar on the wall near the door. He was slim, about my height, with narrow, nervous eyes, wearing an embroidered wool shirt and jeans. He said, twisting his earring, 'They want to put a Russian student in with the foreigners so he can report on them.' Our roommate Jalaleddinov, a tall young man with Asian features from the Kirghiz Soviet Socialist Republic, spoke up as if to deflect suspicion from himself: 'Well. There's nothing worth reporting.'

ظهرت القومندانة قرب الظهر على باب الحجرة بوجهها للمستدير المتجمهم الذي يجلله شعر رمادي. ملأت فتحته بجسمها البدين. قالت إنها مستضم إلينا طالبا روسيا. قلت لها إن هناك ثلاثة لسراة فقط فأشارت إلى واحد مفكوك وملقى فوق الدوّلاب. قلت: سني 35 ولا أتحمل للتكلس والضجة، ثم إنني مفروض أن أقيم في غرفة مفردة كبقية طلاب الدكتوراه. نظرت إلى برهة كأنما تقيس حجمي الضئيل وإذا ما كنت أستحق فعلا غرفة كاملة. قالت: تفاريش (رفيق) شكري، لأننا (حسنا) مستبقون ثلاثة كما أنتم.

لصلح ماريو البرازيلي بعد انصرافها من وضع تقويم العام 1973 المثبت على الحائط قرب الباب. كان نحيفا في طولي ذات عينين ضيقتين عصبيتين ويرتدى قميصا صوفيا مخططا وينطلونا من الجينز. قال وهو يبعث بالحلق المدللى من إحدى لفنيه: إنهم يحرصون على وضع طالب روسي مع الأجانب لينقل أخبارهم. قال جلال الدينوف، الطويل ذو الملامح الآسيوية، ابن جمهورية قرغيزيا، إحدى جمهوريات الاتحاد السوفياتي، كلما يحاول نراء الشبهة عنه: ليس هناك ما يستحق النقل.

تفاريش (رفيق) شكري، لادنا (حسنا) ستبقون ثلاثة كما أنتم.

أصلاح ماريو البرازيلي بعد انصرافها من وضع تقويم العام

1973 المثبت على الحاجط قرب الباب. كان نحيفا في طولي ذا

عينين ضيقتين عصبيتين ويرتدي قميصا صوفيا مخططاً وبنطلونا

من الجينز. قال وهو يعبث بالحلق المدللي من إحدى أذنيه: إنهم

يحرصون على وضع طالب روسي مع الأجانب لينقل أخبارهم.

قال جلال الدينوف، الطويل ذو الملامح الآسيوية، ابن جمهورية

قرغيزيا، إحدى جمهوريات الاتحاد السوفياتي، كأنما يحاول درء

الشبهة عنه: ليس هناك ما يستحق النقل.

ارتديت معطفى ووضعت الشابكا (القبعة الصوفية) فوق

Into the cold world

I put on my overcoat, put a wool *shapka* on my head, wrapped a scarf around my neck and pulled on my fur-lined boots, the ones with thick soles for walking on ice. I checked for my gloves in my pocket, walked down the clean stairs to the ground floor, waved to the *dezhurnaya* minding the door and left the *obshcheshchitie*. The sun had disappeared, and I was assailed by the new-fallen snow and the cold air. My nose began to run; I pulled the flaps of my *shapka* over my ears and put on my gloves. I walked carefully on the snow. The glass front of the *magazin* was piled, like in all the stores, with pyramids of evaporated milk cans and nothing else. Over its top was stretched a cloth banner: 'We Are Fulfilling the Plan. Forward Towards Communism.' At the entrance was a small group of drunks. One of them held two fingers together on his jacket sleeve, signalling he needed two more takers to split a half-litre bottle of vodka.

ارتدت معطفى ووضعت **الشلبا** (القبعة الصوفية) فوق رأسي، ولفت الكوفية حول عنقى، وارتدت الحذاء المبطن بالفراء ذا النعل المناسب للعشى فوق الجليد. تأكّلت من وجود القفاز في جيبي، هبطت الدرج النظيف إلى الطابق الأرضي ووجهت التحية

إلى **الدجورنايا** (حارسة الباب) ثم خادرت **الأبغضجيتى** (بيت الطلاق). كانت الشمس قد اختفت وهاجمني الثلج المتساقط والهواء البارد. سالت إفرازات لففي وأنزلت زانتنى **الشلبا** اللتين تغطيان الأنفين وارتدت القفاز. مشيت فوق الجليد بحذر. كانت للولجية الزجاجية للمجازين (الحانوت) مكنسة - مثل كل للحوانيت - بأهرامات من العلب المعدنية للبن المركز، ولا شيء غيرها. وتمتد في أعلاها لاقفة من القماش تحمل هذه العبارة: **تحن ننفذ الخطة**. إلى **الأمام نحو الشيوعية**. وتجمع عند المدخل عدد من السكارى ضم أحدهم بصبعين فوق ياقه سترته. دعوة للاشتراك مع لثنين آخرين في زجاجة فودكا.

Group sex? Toilet paper?

did likewise with Larissa who was quite cross because I had not called her since the last time we met. We returned to the living room and I suggested, laughing, that we try group sex. We all laughed, but Madeleine got upset and disappeared in the bathroom. Then the two women left.

I spent the night on the living-room couch with Madeleine. I could smell a stink just from lying down next to her. She admitted that she hadn't cleaned herself after using the toilet because she couldn't find any paper.

'Wasn't there any water?'

'Of course. There was a bottle there, but I don't know how to use it like you guys do.'

I turned my back to her and slept.

الماضي. عندما سكرنا اقترح لعبة تختار فيها كل فتاة رقما يرمز لأحدنا وتنتهي بأن تفرد بالفائز. فزت مرتين. أخذت إيما إلى المطبخ وقبلتها. بادللتني قبلات لفم بحماس وضغطت عليها بساقي. ثم فعلت المثل مع لاريسا التي عانبتني لأنني لم أحصل بها منذ التقينا آخر مرة. عدنا إلى الصالة واقتربت ضاحكا أن نمارس الجنس الجماعي. ضحكناا جميعا لكن مادلين انزعجت ولختفت في الحمام. ثم انصرفت للفتاتان.

قضيت الليلة مع مادلين فوق أريكة الصالة. شمت رائحة كريهة بمجرد أن رقدت إلى جولرها. اعترفت بأنها لم تغسل بعد التواليت لأنها لم تتعثر على ورق. قلت: لم تكن هناك مياه؟ قالت: أجل. هناك زجاجة ولكنني لا أعرف كيف لستخدمنها كما تفعلون. أعطينها ظهري ونمت.

Turning up the exoticism

I bought *morozhenoye*, ice cream, and knocked on Hans' door. He answered wearing an open bathrobe that bulged below the waist. I thought he might have an erection. He approached and bent down to kiss my neck; I backed away. He went back in and got dressed behind the wardrobe that stood the width of the room. He made coffee. I decided that if I saw Zoya, I would ignore her. A few minutes later she knocked on the door and came in covering her mouth with her hand, saying playfully, 'I have a cold.' I found myself smiling and saying to her, 'I bought *morozhenoye*.' She clapped her hands rapturously and sat down in the armchair. I put my hand on her hair and pulled her head to my chest. We had *café glacé*, coffee with *morozhenoye*. She left her chair and sat on Hans' lap. He started explaining to her the meaning of the word *frigid*.

'Like her,' I said.

'How would you know?' he asked. 'On the contrary!'

'How would *you* know?'

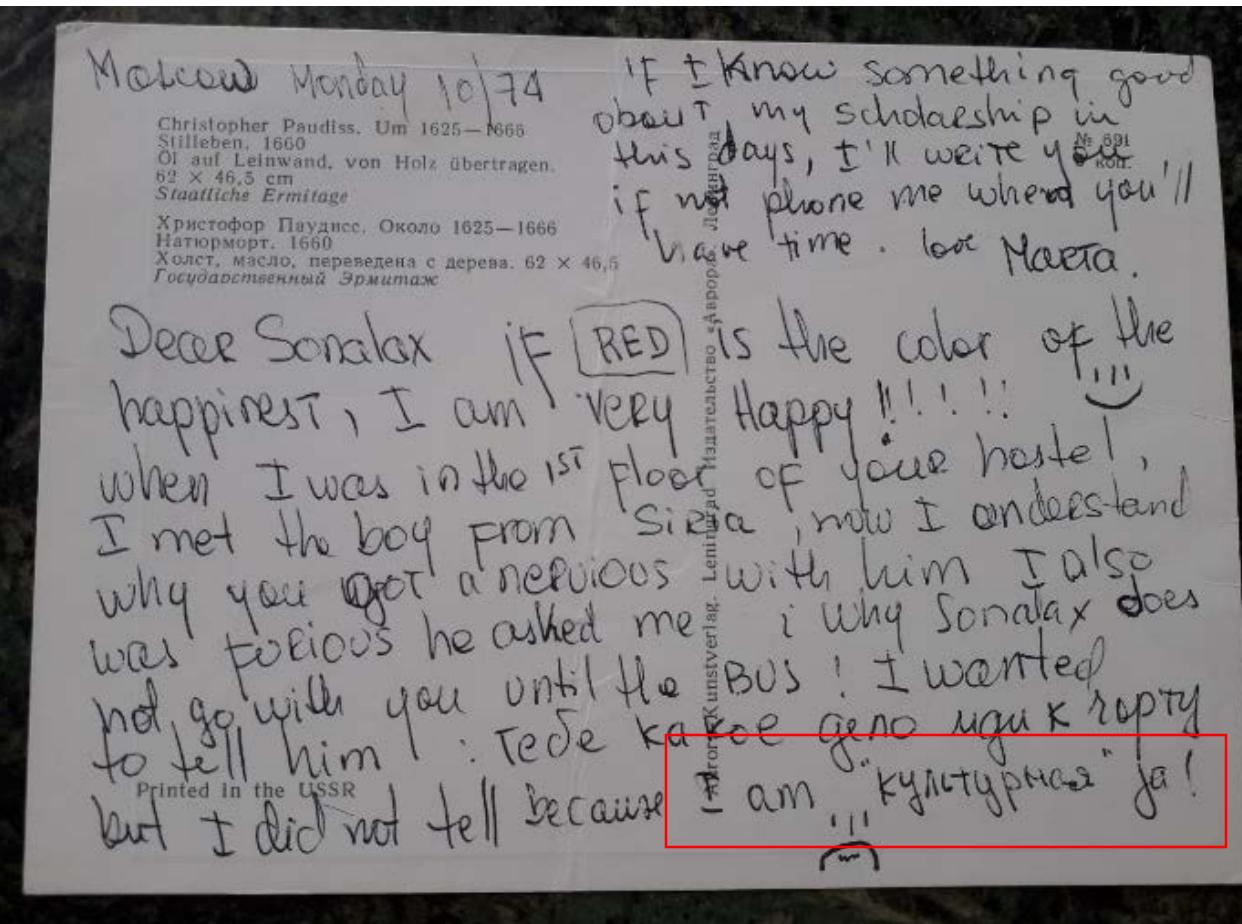
'Really, how would you know?' Zoya joined in.

'Her husband told me,' Hans replied.

We laughed. I went back to my room and left them together.

اشتريت ماروجنا (آيس كريم). طرقت باب غرفة هائز. فتح لي في جلباب النوم. كان الجلباب منتفخا وبارزا تحت وسطه. شككت أنه كان منتصبا. انحني على وقبلاني في عنقي فابتعدت عنه. ارتدى ملابسه خلف الخزانة التي وضعت بعرض الغرفة. أعد قهوة. فكرت أني لو رأيت زويما سأتجاهلها. بعد دقائق سمعتها تقرع الباب. دخلت واضعة يدها على فمها قائلة في دلال: عندي برد. وجدتني أبتسم لها وأقول: اشتريت ماروجنا. صفت بيديها مهلاة وجلست على مقعد. وضعت يدي على شعرها وضمنت رأسها إلى صدرني. أكلنا ماروجنا بالقهوة. غادرت مقعدها وجلست في حجر هائز. أخذ يشرح لها معنى كلمة امرأة باردة. قلت: مثلها. قال: كيف عرفت؟ على العكس. قلت: كيف عرفت؟ سأله هي: كيف عرفت؟ قال: زوجها قال لي. ضحكتنا. غادرت إلى غرفتي وتركتهما سوية.

جاءتني منها في اليوم التالي بطاقة بريدية قالت فيها بالإنجليزية: "عند خروجي من الأشجعية أمس التقى بـ عدنان وسألني لماذا لم ترافقني حتى الباص؟ أردت أن أقول له وما شأنك أنت؟ لكنني لم أفعل لأنني مؤدية. صحي الآن فهمت لماذا أثار غضبك".



The next day I received a postcard from her that said, in English: 'As I was leaving the *obshchezhitie* I met Adnan and he wanted to know why you hadn't walked me to the bus. I wanted to tell him to mind his own business, but I didn't, because I'm polite. That's right! Now I understand why he made you angry.'

—) which can mean *and, so, then, therefore* or even *but*—with him's paragraphs are very long, spanning several locations and chapter. While I have occasionally inserted a break to highlight an otherwise clear to the English reader, most of the long paragraphs have in sets off directly quoted speech with quotation marks and new help the claustrophobic stream-of-consciousness effect of the

ers in a strange land, *Ice* contains two sets of cultural references, by. For Arabic terms relating to matters like clothing, food, music, I have tried to domesticate the text, conveying the meaning without italics (for example, ‘stuffed cabbage’ instead of ‘*makdous*’) except are non-Arabs in the scene. For Russian and Soviet terms, by the same level of conspicuous transliteration, italics and explanation these strategies aim to replicate the experience of the novel’s original and the Russian cultural references exotic but the Egyptian ones debook style to Ibrahim’s narrative; the Russian words are text also exoticizes some dialect terms used by the narrator’s Syrian once I have followed. Where Anglophone readers are likely to know (like Kirgizia or KGB), I have reduced the glossing. I have original gives in English.

s on the same alienation devices he had pioneered “at home” in the *">//*. The narration presents a sequence of events without logical

Sayoni Ghosh

In “That Smell” this strategy might have worked because the narrator had been struggling with communicating with known and unknown. While in “Ice” the protagonist appears to have a distinct self-conscious narrative voice. I’d request you, urge you, to please kindly retain quote marks in keeping with characterization of Dr Shukri.

Sayoni Ghosh

We should be able to standardize the use of italics and explanations of Russian terms as much as possible.

Litvin, Margaret

Please do not remove the foreignizing italics! They are the whole reason I undertook this translation, and without them the book loses its texture.

End of Vysotsky's *Ballad for Serezha Fomin*

بَيْنَمَا كُنْتُ أَرِيقَ دَمِيَّ مِنْ أَجْلِ الْبَلَدِ وَالْوَطَنِ،
كَانَ يَشْتَعِلُ شَيْءٌ بِدَاخْلِيِّ،
كُنْتُ أَنْزَفَ مِنْ أَجْلِ سِيرُوشْكَا فُومِينِ،
الَّذِي ظَلَ جَالِسًا فِي الْخَلْفِ وَلَمْ يَخَاطِرْ مِنْ مَخْبِئِهِ.
أَخِيرًا اَنْتَهَتِ الْحَرْبُ،
وَانْتَهَى الْعَبْءُ النَّقِيلُ الَّذِي حَمَلْنَاهُ عَلَى أَكْتَافِنَا،
وَقَابَلَتِ سِيرُوشْكَا فُومِينِ،
وَفَوْقَ صَدْرِهِ شَارَةُ بَطْلِ الْاِتْحَادِ السُّوفِيَّيِّيِّ.

Кровь лью я за тебя, моя страна,
И все же мое сердце негодует:
Кровь лью я за Сережку Фомина –
А он сидит и в ус себе не дует!

Теперь небось он ходит по кинам -
Там хроника про нас перед сеансом, -
Сюда б сейчас Сережку Фомина -
Чтоб побыл он на фронте на германском!

...Но наконец закончилась война -
С плеч сбросили мы словно тонны груза, -
Встречаю я Сережку Фомина -
А он Герой Советского Союза...

My motherland, my blood pours out for you.
And yet my heart is hot with indignation:
My blood's spilt for Serezhka Fomin, too
While he sits there like someone on vacation.

I bet he's at the movie house right now,
And us—we're in the newsreel that they're
showing.

I'd love to get Serezhka here somehow,
To taste just how the German front is going.

But finally the war is at an end
We heaved it off our shoulders like a burden
I meet Fomin one time, and on his chest
A medal: 'Hero of the Soviet Union.'*

1964

ف and, then, therefore, so, but =

that works in this country.' A girl walked by wearing a light coat over multicoloured trousers, a yellow shawl over her braided hair. From her features and hairstyle I could tell she was Tajik. There were Uzbek families sitting on big suitcases, and Gypsy women selling beauty supplies. They had brightly coloured skirts and gold earrings that clashed with their dirty faces. One of the drinkers asked me, 'Where from?' I replied, 'An Arab, from Egypt.' One of the Uzbeks heard me and approached, followed by his group. They wore embroidered skullcaps and galabeyas over wide colourful trousers. They looked lost and confused, and one of them was holding an Arabic Quran. I walked towards the exit; they followed me. I stopped; they stopped. I kept walking; so did they. Had they chosen me for their imam?

البلاد. مرت فتاة ترتدي معطفاً خفيفاً فوق سروال متعدد الألوان وتغطي شعرها المضفر بশال أصفر اللون. قدرت من ملامحها وطريقة تصفيتها لشعرها أنها طاجيكية. وكانت هناك عائلات أوزبكية فوق جوالات تضم ممتلكاتها، وغجريات يبيعن أدوات تجميل. كن بجوبات منتفخة في ألوان زاهية وحلى ذهبية تتعارض مع وجوههم المنسخة. سألني أحد الشاربين: من أين؟ قلت: عربي من مصر. سمعني أحد الأوزبكين فاتجه نحوه وتبعه زملاؤه. كانوا يرتدون الطواقي المزركشة والجلاليب فوق سراويل ملونة وتبعد عليهم الحيرة والارتباك ويحمل أحدهم مصحفاً عربياً في يده. خطوت في اتجاه النزول فتوقفوا. استأنفت السير فاستأنفوا. هل اختاروني إماماً لهم؟



All Books in Print

Free PDF Downloads

Our Authors

Our Translators

Books by Series

Books by Category

Special Editions

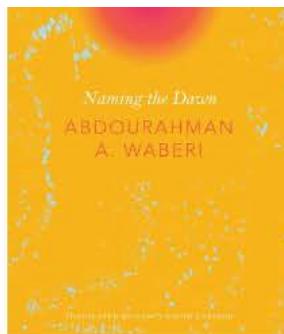
Rights Catalogue

The Seagull Books Store

The Seagull School of Publishing



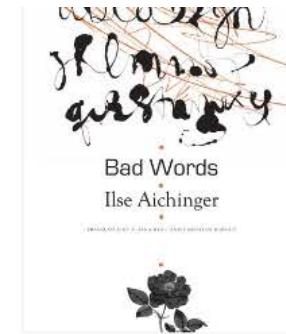
Wildfire - PDF
BANAPHOOL



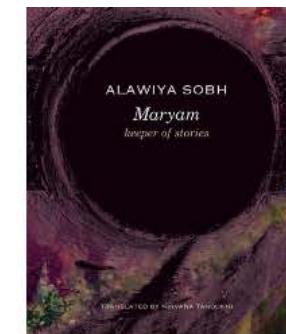
Naming the Dawn - PDF
ABDOURAHMAN A. WABERI



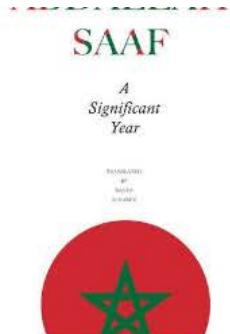
Karimayi - PDF
CHANDRASEKHAR KAMBAR



Bad Words - PDF
ILSE AICHINGER



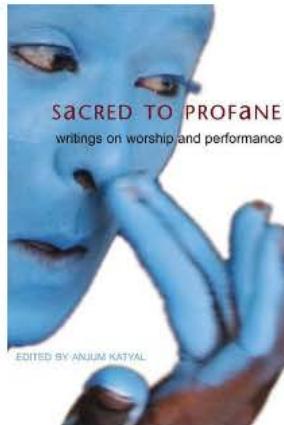
Maryam - PDF
ALAWIYA SOBH



A Significant Year - PDF
ABDALLAH SAAF



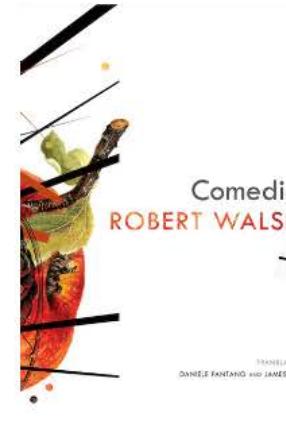
A Cage in Search of a Bird - PDF
FLORENCE NOIVILLE



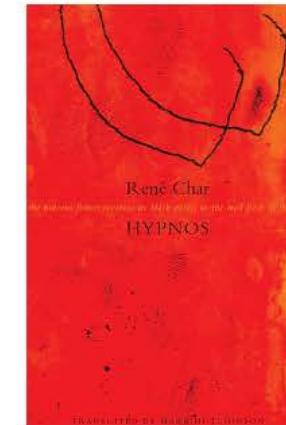
Sacred to Profane
Edited by ANJUM KATYAL



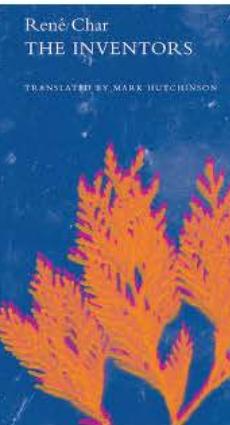
Blue Jewellery
KATHARINA WINKLER



Comedies
ROBERT WALSER



Hypnos
RENÉ CHAR



The Inventors
RENÉ CHAR

SAAF

A
Significant
Year



1

The *komendantsha* who ran our *obshcheshitie*, the dorm, appeared around noon. First her round, frowning face in its frame of grey hair. Then her fat body, filling our doorway. She would put another student in with us, a Russian, she said. 'I told her I told her the room had only three beds,' I said, but she pointed to a disassembled frame atop the wardrobe. I said, 'I'm thirty-five years old. I can't stand crowding and noise, and besides, I'm supposed to have a private room like the other graduate students.' She looked at me for a moment, perhaps taking the measure of my slight frame: Did I really deserve a whole room to myself? She said, 'Tovarish Shukri, *ladno*. Fine. We'll keep it just the three of you.'

When she was gone, Mario the Brazilian straightened the 1973 calendar on the wall near the door. He was slim, about my height, with narrow, nervous eyes, wearing an embroidered wool shirt and jeans. He said, twisting his earring, 'They want to put a Russian student in with the foreigners so he can report on them.' Our roommate *Jalaleddinov*, a tall young man with Asian features from the Kirghiz Soviet Socialist Republic, spoke up as if to deflect suspicion from himself. 'Well. There's nothing worth reporting.'

I put on my overcoat, put placed my a wool *shapka* on my head, wrapped my a scarf around my neck, and pulled on my fur-lined boots, the ones with thick soles for walking on ice. I checked for my gloves in my the-my pocket, walked down the clean stairs to the ground floor, waved to the *dezhurnaya* minding the door and , then-left the *obshcheshitie*. The sun had disappeared, and ; and I was assailed by the new-fallen snow and the cold air. My nose began to run; I pulled the flaps of my *shapka* down over my ears and put on my gloves. I walked carefully on the snow. The glass front of the *magazin* was piled, like in all

Sayoni Ghosh May 31, 2019

Kindly note that I have used quote marks for dialogues. While I do understand that the style was adapted from an earlier translation, I would however suggest that we retain quote marks to set off direct from indirect speech and the shift in tenses—which in English is quite tedious and often jarring.

Kindly note that I have standardized the use of quote marks for clarity and consistency. I request you to please double-check these, just to be absolutely sure.

Litvin, Margaret

OK. I have checked these throughout and moved a few as needed.

The first one here marks indirect speech, so I have removed the quotation marks here.

Now that you've added quotation marks: We can eliminate the constant repetition of "said" by reformatting the dialogue, each quotation starting on a new line. What we should avoid, please, is varying the introducing words besides "said."

Litvin, Margaret In a very few cases where the writer

Sayoni Ghosh Shop?

Litvin, Margaret Please leave all transliterated

I passed an old woman in a white overcoat and black boots with a box of stuffed pancakes called *piroshki*. She opened the box to sell one and recoiled from the scorching steam. I walked to the cigarette kiosk run by a white-haired old man. When I got there, I was surprised to see the window closed and the man engrossed in studying some cigarette boxes laid out in his hand. He did this extremely slowly, his hand trembling. He looked over the contents again, counted the money he had accumulated, then searched for something. Meanwhile a queue formed behind me. I began hopping on my feet to warm them. I heard someone say the temperature was ten below zero.

'The old guy's looking for his dick,' someone else said.

'Did he find it?' a third person asked.

'Of course not.'

The white-haired man began arranging new brands of cigarettes behind the glass and labelling the prices. When one of the labels slipped, he adjusted it slowly. Finally he opened the window. I bought a box of TU-144 cigarettes and returned to the *obshchezhitie*.

ت عجوزا في معطف أبيض وبوط أسود خلف صندوق روسي. فتحته لنبيع واحدة فلفحها البخار المنصاعد إلى كشك السجائر الذي يتولاه عجوز لشيب الشعر. تحت أمام نافذة الكشك فوجئت بالبائع يغلقها وينهمك في صناديق من السجائر طبقا لكتشاف في يده. كان يفعل سيد ويده ترتجف. راجع محتويات الكتشاف مرة أخرى. المتحصلة لديه ثم بحث عن شيء ما. خلال ذلك تكون وأخذت لتفاوض فوق قدمي لأبيث فيما للدفء. سمعت الحرارة تحت الصفر بعشر درجات. وقال آخر: عن قضيبه. وسأل ثالث: هل وجده؟ أجاب الأول: ذلك البائع يصنف لصنافا جديدة من السجائر خلف الزجاج علامات بأسعارها. ولتفاوضت إحدى العلامات فأعاد لهم. وأخيرا فتح النافذة. لشتريت علبة سجائر تيو 144 لأبشيجيتي.

Her father drank? had drunk? used to drink?

'I'll teach you how to stay sober. First, smell the vodka, then take a sip and leave it in your mouth for a second, ~~then~~ then swallow it and shoot the rest of it all at once and ~~then~~ right away eat something right away.'

I ~~drained~~emptied my glass according to her instructions, then took a slice of bread. She said her father ~~had drunk~~used to drink ~~drunk~~nothing but concentrated alcohol and refused to mix it with water or anything; and, to make sure it was pure, he would fill a glass and light it on fire, and only and if it ignited would ~~then~~ he would put it out snuff out the flames and drink it. Talia said changed the subject added: 'There are only a few places where you can get fresh soft white bread. Kutuzovsky Prospekt close to Brezhnev's house, and the shop in Gorky Street, and the Arts Cinema in Arbat.' When I declined a second glass, and, Hans said urged said: 'We have to finish the bottle; there's no way to close it once it's open.' Zoya moved a lock of hair that had fallen across her eyes and tucked it behind her ear. She asked me what would become of the Arab lands that Israel had occupied. I said I said they would only be liberated if the Arab governments changed, I answered. She said:

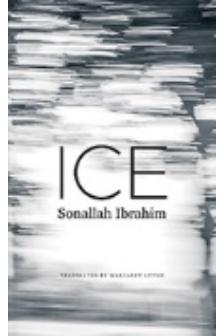
'But don't some of them believe in socialism?'

I said: That's what they claim...'

I then told her about the War of Attrition we had been waging against the occupation for years.

Litvin, Margaret
these are steps in an instruction guide

Litvin, Margaret
he is dead now



Discussion: <https://bostonu.zoom.us/j/831118959>
Questions later: mlitvin@bu.edu

Working group “Arab-Russian and Arab-Soviet Literary Ties”:
www.facebook.com/groups/244572505674949