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University of Rijeka

Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences

Division of Translation Studies

English Language and Literature and General Module

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**TRANSLATION OF A MULTIMODAL LITERARY TEXT FROM CROATIAN TO
ENGLISH**

Submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the M.A. in Translation Studies –

English and Croatian at the University of Rijeka

Supervisor:

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Katedra za translatologiju

Engleski jezik i književnost i opći modul

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**PRIJEVOD MULTIMODALNOG KNJIŽEVNOG TEKSTA S HRVATSKOGA NA
ENGLISKI JEZIK**

Diplomski rad

Mentor:

dr. sc. phil. Nikola Tutek

Rujan 2023.

IZJAVA

Kojom izjavljujem da sam diplomski rad naslova *Translation of a Multimodal Literary Text from Croatian To English* izradila samostalno pod mentorstvom dr. sc. phil. Nikole Tuteka.

U radu sam primijenila metodologiju znanstveno-istraživačkoga rada i koristila literaturu koja je navedena na kraju diplomskoga rada. Tuđe spoznaje, stavove, zaključke, teorije i zakonitosti koje sam izravno ili parafrazirajući navela u diplomskom radu na uobičajen način citirala sam i povezala s korištenim bibliografskim jedinicama.

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Potpis:



ABSTRACT

This Master's thesis will focus on the translation of a multimodal text from Croatian to English, namely two excerpts from the novel *Vjetrogonja Babukić i njegovo doba* by Miljenko Jergović. The aim of this work is to provide an accurate translation of the given excerpts, while respecting the author's style and syntactic decisions, as well as adequately conveying the cultural and historical references into the target language.

The thesis will include a theoretical framework surrounding multimodal literature and its translation, subsequently presenting three excerpts from the text in both source and target language. Moreover, it will provide a translation process and analysis regarding particular problems and dilemmas that have arisen during the process of translating. Finally, the thesis will conclude with the closing thoughts on approaching and translating this specific type of multimodality.

KEYWORDS: *translation, multimodality, Croatian, English, Miljenko Jergović*

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1. INTRODUCTION

Since the term *multimodality* first appeared in the 1990s (Jewitt, et al., 2016), this type of literary texts have been the subject of analysis conducted by both linguists and translators, resulting in a myriad of conferences, academic discussions, volumes and monographs dedicated to this specific type of discourse. Translating a multimodal text requires a particular approach, since the translator is expected to take into consideration both textual and visual elements, as well as the way they relate to each other and amplify the meaning of the text.

The source text that will be the focus of this thesis is a multimodal novel *Vjetrogonja Babukić i njegovo doba*, written by Miljenko Jergović, and published in 2021. A picaresque novel, it is a story of an eccentric, middle-aged man, who has spent last thirty years of his life living on airports around the world, engaging in all sorts of bizarre adventures and meeting the most curious people.

Common for Jergović, the novel is written in a rather dense style and requires an amount of concentration to be read as well as properly translated. Moreover, the text includes a variety of colloquialisms, localisms, loanwords as well as words from the jargon. The novel is abundant with different cultural references most often related to Eastern Europe, namely historical figures and people from the cultural life, as well as references to literary works and film.

When speaking of multimodal elements included in *Vjetrogonja Babukić i njegovo doba*, each chapter contains one larger illustration (all illustrations are by an illustrator Ivan Stanišić), which is usually spread over the half or the whole page, depicting a scene from the novel. They complement the novel's overall humorous disposition, additionally satirizing and exaggerating Babukić's curious personality, greatest fears and unconventional appearance. Since the novel only contains one illustration per chapter, this thesis will include three excerpts from different chapters, each supplemented with an appropriate illustration.

Before approaching the text as a translator, it is important to familiarize ourselves with the author's style and intentions, as well as remember that the translation of the text like *Vjetrogonja Babukić i njegovo doba* requires focus and patience. In order to produce an adequate and high-quality translation, the translation process must include analysis of the source text, research on specific terminology and references, as well as multiple revisions.

The following chapters will provide a theoretical background on multimodality, as well as discuss what does it mean to translate a multimodal text. Subsequently, this Master's thesis will include three previously chosen source texts from the aforementioned novel, followed by the translation, i.e. target text. Each translation will be followed by commentary and analysis, providing a comprehensive workflow of the translation process, including all the specific problems, dilemmas, and the final solutions.

2. WHAT IS MULTIMODAL LITERATURE?

While an American linguist Charles Goodwin mentioned multimodality for the first time in a seminal article that he submitted to the *Journal of Pragmatics* in 1998, semioticians Gunther Kress and Theo van Leeuwen's used it in their volume *Multimodal Discourse: The Modes and Media of Contemporary Communication*, the manuscript of which had been in the making for a number of years and was published in 2001. In the volume *Introducing Multimodality*, published in 2016, the authors explain the first usage of the term: "These scholars started using the term more or less independently of each other, with Goodwin in the US working in the tradition of ethnomethodology and conversation analysis, and Kress and van Leeuwen (then) in the UK in the tradition of social semiotics." (Jewitt, et al., 2016)

Furthermore, the authors explain the origin of the term: "If a 'means for making meaning' is a 'modality', or 'mode', as it is usually called, then we might say that the term 'multimodality' was used to highlight that people use multiple means of meaning making." (Jewitt, et al., 2016) Multiple meaning making includes elements such as sketches, illustrations, photographs, and comic frames that coexist with the text, either as its supplement or the essential visual form (as in, for example, graphic novels). Textual and visual elements combined create a multimodal text whose content the reader consumes simultaneously, allowing the visual elements to influence his understanding of the text.

In her work *The Routledge Handbook of multimodal analysis*, a multimodality theoretician and scholar Carey Jewitt writes that "multimodality is a theoretical perspective that asserts communicative meanings are made (as well as shared, challenged and re-mixed) through the use of multiple modes, ranging across writing, speech, image, sound, gesture, typography,

moving image and so on. Modes are ‘organized sets of semiotic resources for meaning-making’ (Jewitt, 2009)

Although this type of textual content was nominated only approximately twenty-five years ago, multimodal texts are certainly not a modern-day occurrence. Literature coexisted with art since the very first manuscripts, throughout history and most famously during the 19th century golden age of periodicals and posters. During the 20th and 21st century, multimodal literature became present in an abundance of different forms. While discussing multimodal works, State of Victoria Department of Education and Training considers three distinct categories of multimodal works:

- 1) Paper-based multimodal media, which include picture books, text books, graphic novels, comics, and posters,
- 2) Live multimodal media, for example, dance, performance, and oral storytelling, convey meaning through combinations of various modes such as gestural, spatial, audio, and oral language,
- 3) Digital multimodal media, which include film, animation, slide shows, e-posters, digital stories, podcasts, and web pages that may include hyperlinks to external pronunciation guides or translations. (2020)

On the whole, multimodality implies that language is just one among the many resources that can contain meaning. The goal of multimodality is to reach beyond just language, and include numerous (visual or other) elements that mutually correspond with each other, and create a new, multimodal discourse.

3. TRANSLATING MULTIMODAL LITERATURE

To translate a multimodal literary text means to pay close attention to interactions between different elements that carry meaning. As stated in *The Routledge Handbook of Discourse Analysis*, “multimodality asserts that ‘language’ is just one among the many resources for making meaning. That implies that the modal resources available in a culture need to be seen as one coherent, integral field, of – nevertheless distinct – resources for making meaning.” (Kress, 2011)

Moreover, the translator should take into account all the textual elements included within the visual. The extent to which he is expected to intervene with the formatting can vary according to the clients’ needs and resources, but he is expected to provide the translation of all textual elements, regardless of their location in relation to the visuals. In her article *Multimodality as a challenge and resource for translation*, scholar Carol O’Sullivan states that “multimodality can also be heightened in translation, for the purposes of reframing a text for a new audience”. Interestingly, the author uses Raymond Queneau’s 1959 novel *Zazie dans le métro* as an example, where the illustrations were, in a way, an attempt to 'rebrand' the novel, in order for it to appeal more to the British audience. (O’Sullivan, 2013)

Lastly, it is essential to emphasize that the translator’s task is not only to convey the meaning from the source text, but also to relate different multimodal elements in the similar manner the author did so in his original work. Translating a multimodal literary text can be even more demanding if the text includes culturally specific elements, meaning that audience coming from the same cultural background can form different meanings and interpretations based on their understanding. In case of translating texts that rely heavily on language and culture, a translator has to decide whether to rely on finding adequate equivalents in the target language, or to keep culturally specific elements as they are, without omitting any part of the initial meaning. This particular problem will be thoroughly explored excerpts that follow.

3. SOURCE TEXT 1

Devedeset sedam ljutih paprikaša popa Simeona

Širokim njemačkim nebom lijeno se vuku oblaci. Crni i masivni, duhovi Kruppovih čeličana na svjetloplavoj pozadini, nepomični su za svakoga tko ih u ovome trenutku pogleda, osim za čovjeka u sivome odijelcu, prekratkim nogavica i rukava, koji zavaljen sjedi u plastičnoj sjedalici naspram piste, gleda ih satima, još otkako se razdanilo, bilježi i pamti svaku promjenu na njima i jedini primjećuje da su se u protekla dva sata pomaknuli dva puna pedlja, od jedne do druge muhoserine na debeloj staklenoj stijeni frankfurtskoga aerodroma. Za to vrijeme u njegovoj glavi vlada vedri košmar, izmjenjuju se glasovi, lažna sjećanja i poneko stvarno, lica, predjeli i naslovi knjiga, a zatim mu se, na unutrašnjem platnu u glavi, odvije cijela priča, evo je baš: "Perfektan dan za banana-ribe", u engleskome originalu, i nakon što priča istekne, na nju će se nastaviti neka vrlo udaljena misao, kao što na posljednje taktove pjesme disk džokej majstorski nadoveže sljedeću pjesmu, i tako to traje, bez kraja, cijele noći, ispod svjetlucave kugle koja se ne prestaje vrtjeti, i u njegovoj glavi, dok promatra crne oblake na plavom tanjuru neba. Jezici se neprimjetno izmjenjuju, deseci jezika, a za njima, tim jezicima, četa, bataljun cijeli, različitih likova i karaktera, u jednoj istoj ljudskoj koži.

To je naš Babukić. Ako ga netko sad pogleda sa strane, primijetit će da je nujan, sumoran malo, taj čovjek koji gleda nebo nad Njemačkom, inače toliko prostrano i široko da čovjek u Njemačkoj i ne mora dizati pogled, ni opterećivati vratne pršljene, da bi gledao u nebo.

Aerodromski satovi od jutros ne rade.

Okolo je sve puno smeća. Čistačice su se, skupa s aerodromskim osiguranjem, solidarizirale sa Sindikatom kontrole leta, pilota i zemaljskog osoblja (tako se taj sindikat službeno zove), koji je već drugi dan u štrajku. S tačnim vremenom aerodromskih satova nestali su i datumi, i Babukić sad ne zna koji je dan, ni koja je godina. Istina, mogao bi poći do kioska - trafikanti se nisu solidarizirali sa štrajkom - i kupiti novine, ali on to ne želi. Ugodno mu je ovako biti izvan vremena, mimo svih vanjskih mijena i ratova, čak i mimo meteorologije i godišnjega doba, samo sa slutnjom da je proljeće, premda je možda i jesen, a možda i neko pro hladno ljeto, ali što god da jest, njega se to ne tiče, jer mu se nigdje ne žuri, avioni ne uzlijeću i ne slijeću, let za koji ima kartu još jučer je otkazan, i sve je onako kako je bilo u majčinoj utrobi, samo što se okolo ima što gledati.

Otkako je krajem 1991, ili je to već bio početak 1992, uzletio s aerodroma Brnik, Babukiću se nije dogodilo da se ugase aerodromski satovi ili da na neki drugi način ostane izvan vremena.

A svidjelo mu se. Veoma mu se svidjelo. Strašno, užasno, grozno, krvavo mu se svidjelo dok je tako, zavaljen u plastičnoj sjedalici iz koje se teško ustaje, gledao Kruppove čeličane kako sporo, ali temeljito poput Hitlerovih trupa u glavi onoga hrvatskog skijaškog šampiona, plove prema jugu.

Tako je promatrajući oblake i ogladnio.

Zviždukao je žureći niz šarenu ostakljenu aerodromsku aveniju, pokraj dućana s konfekcijom i elektronskom robom, ispred kojih su na podu, već odomaćeni, sjedili ljudi s Orijenta, brkati muževi u čijim se zacakljenim očima prepoznavala nikotinska kriza, žene u dimijama i šalvarama uplakanoj su djeci gurale sisu u usta, starci s bijelim turbanima gledali su u daljinu, premda ništa nije bilo dovoljno daleko za njihove poglede, i činilo se da su narodi Istoka već tako pomireni s aerodromskim štrajkom da su svoju veličanstvenu kulturu i civilizaciju uklopili u njegove mjere i okvire, i da ovako, sjedeći ispred Max Mare, Sonyja i Huga Bossa, mogu izdržati stoljećima i da će se samo izmjenjivati, u šutnji i savršenom miru, naraštaji aerodromskoga Orijenta, zaustavljenog na putu prema svojim konačnim odredištima, New Yorku, Torontu, Montrealu i drugim dalekim grobovima.

Babukića je njihova šutnja nervirala. On nije razumio o čemu govore ljudi koji šute. Takvi su njemu bili stranci. Nije mogao naučiti govor šutnje. Osjetio je isti strah kao onda kada mu se za nemirnoga leta od Atene prema Munchenu, negdje iza leđa ukazao glas koji je molio Zdravomariju na nerazumljivom slavensko-ugrofijskom jeziku.

Požurio je, nastojeći da ne gleda ni lijevo, ni desno, i da ne primjećuje istočnjake koji su zasjeli po podu. Smiješio se muškarcima i ženama što su sjedili po klupama i plastičnim sjedalicama, vrcnuo je dvatriput guzom pod strogim pogledom nordijske ljepotice srednjih godina, koja je sjedila na crnom plastičnom koferu, kao da nekoga čeka, koketirao je s fragilnim dvanaestogodišnjim dječakom, Indijcem, koji je pod rukom nosio kovčežić s violinom, šetkao okolo i znatiželjno zavirivao u svačije lice. Na svašta je bio spreman Babukić, samo da ne primijeti one koji su sjedili po podu.

Čak je razmijenio poglede međusobnog razumijevanja s debeljuškastim Salcburžaninom u zelenom lovačkom kaputiću i s francjozefovskim bakenbardama, i složili su se, tako bez riječi, da bi sav taj Istok valjalo deratizirati i obrisati s blistavih podova frankfurtskoga aerodroma.

Konačno, eto ga ispred zalogajnice.

Postarija trgovkinja, sijeda, debela žena s bradavicom na obrazu, iz koje rastu tri oštre debele dlake, nasmiješi mu se i na lošem engleskom pita:

- Izvolijevajte, što mladi *sir* željeti? Kebab, *wurst* ili od mesa sir, eventualno?

- Sendvič, bilo kakav sendvič, ne smijemo danas biti izbirljivi! - pokušao je razgovorljivo otkriti kojeg je gospođa jezika.

- *Schinken* i sir, sir brez *schinken*, *schinken* brez sir ili halal sendvič govedina za muhamedance?

- Nisam muhamedanac, a ni musliman, ali bih sendvič s govedinom – zvučao je uvrijeđeno. Bio je ljut, jer nije uspijevaao otkriti njen materinji jezik.

- Podgrijani ili nepodgrijani?

- Nepodgrijani.

Pružila mu je papirnu vrećicu, valjda jedinu na frankfurtskome aerodromu na kojoj nije ništa pisalo.

Babukić je na pult u kovanicama bacio pet eura, bijesno je ugrabio vrećicu i odmarširao niz svijetlu aveniju, špalirom posjelih i poleglih naroda Orijenta.

Aerodrom je živio svojim svakodnevnim ritmom. Samo što avioni nisu letjeli i što su se ljudima, što zbog dosade i dugog čekanja, što zbog nezdravoga toplog zraka koji je izbijao iz ventilacijskog sustava, oči u hodu sklapale, pa su dremuckali tako šetajući s kraja na kraj svijetlih staklenih prolaza i po pokretnim trakama, koje su ih premještale s jednoga na drugi kraj velikoga aerodromskog kompleksa. I sve je više bilo onih koji su, poput miševa u laboratorijskom labirintu, polazili u te besmislene šetnje, nadajući se, valjda, da bi tako na drugome kraju beskonačnog niza staklenih hodnika mogli naći neko bolje, sretnije i ugodnije mjesto za nastavak svoga dugog čekanja.

Tako je i Babukić, umjesto da se vrati na mjesto s kojeg je i krenuo po sendvič, pokraj terminala za let koji je zauvijek otkazan, krenuo na suprotnu stranu, uz dućan s indonežanskim namještajem i špageteriju Mama Leone. (Podsjetila ga je na knjigu jednoga srpskohrvatskog pisca za kojeg već dugo nije čuo. Što li je, Bože, s njim? Svojedobno je bio vrlo popularan, a onda su ga u Zagrebu optužili za kolaboraciju u ratu završenom dvadeset i koju godinu prije njegova rođenja. Tako je, eto, nestao. U dječjim romanima bi pisalo: *iščezaao je u vidu lastina*

repa...) Hodao je tako sve dok nije došao do terminala C 38, iza kojeg više nije bilo ničega. Ustvari, bila su vrata s lijeve i vrata s desne strane. Na lijevima je pisalo STOP POLIZAI, a na desnim nije pisalo ništa, ali iza njih je, čini se, nekakvo skladište.

Na displeju terminala C38 pisalo je, jedno ispod drugoga, Magadan, Sokol Airport, Yakutia Airlines, let otkazan.

Ako bismo na stvari gledali isključivo iz perspektive mjesta na kojemu se nalazimo, što baš i nije najbudrija moguća odluka, učinit će nam se da je to let za na kraj svijeta. Ali koji je, na žalost, otkazan.

Idealno mjesto, pomislio je Babukić, da se pojedje halal sendvič s govedinom.

Sjeo je u udobnu, vrlo mekanu fotelju presvučenu bijelom ekološkom kožom. Okolo nema nikoga.

Čini se da je trenutno ovo najnenaseljenije mjesto na cijelom frankfurtskom aerodromu. Dok je pjevušio pjesmu Vladimira Visockog o Magadanu, vadio sendvič iz papirnate vrećice i obavijao ga, poput djeteta, salvetom, jer se užasavao mogućnosti da mu, poput gnoja iz rane, u rukav štrcne majoneza ili da ga rani kečap i zamaže senf, Babukić se osjetio savršeno ispunjenim i životno ostvarenim. Kad god čovjek pošteno ogladni, stvari ponovo zadobivaju onaj izvorni smisao, upamćen i zabilježen u vremenima kada je Bog stvarao svijet.

Mislio je o tome kako je dobro opskrbljena samoposluga hram čovjekove duše.

Starinska mliječna vitrina s jogurtima u čašicama, na čijim srebrnim staniolskim poklopcima piše Hepok. O kako je ukusna ta riječ: Hepok! Pasterizirano mlijeko u vrećicama, bibavim poput sisa prostodušnih seljanki iz visinskih krajeva, koje ne nose grudnjake i ne ljube smrt, pa nemaju potrebu da im se grudi prije groba kamene. A do mlijeka u vrećicama, mlijeko u tetrapaku, u plavo-bijelim trokutima oštih rubova. I čokoladno mlijeko u smeđe-bijelim trokutima. Zatim kefir...

Babukić pomisli da ovaj sendvič ne vrijedi ništa ako ga ne zalije čašom mlijeka ili jogurta. A gdje bi čovjek na frankfurtskom aerodromu mogao naći mlijeko ili jogurt? Da, mogu se tu kupiti i starinski trokrilni ormari i rumunjski sudoperi i božićna pšenica u pakiranjima od kilogram ili pet kilograma i kasetofoni s kasetama koje se već odavno ne proizvode i uredski registratori s apliciranim fotografijama Lionela Messija, ali gdje bi tu čovjek mogao naći mlijeko?

Eto, kako mu se lako pokvari raspoloženje.

Ojađen, krenuo je da zagriže sendvič, kada se začuo prigušeni krik.

- Nemoj, brate, ako boga znaš! - čulo se, kao iz nekoga starinskog tranzistorskog radioaparata.

Babukić se trgnuo pa se počeo okolo osvrutati, da pronade odakle dolazi glas, ali nigdje zvučnika. Zavirio je u ventilacijski otvor, dolje, iza fotelje, pa u kantu za smeće, ali ništa. Valjda mu se učinilo.

Htio se vratiti sendviču, zinuo je, taman da zagriže:

- Neeeeeeee! Nemoooooooooj! Kumim te svim na svijetu, platit ću ti večeru najbolju, ručak, doručak, samo me nemoj! - zapomagao je odnekle glas, ali je prestao čim je Babukić sklopio čeljusti.

Tako dakle, pomislio je, loše rumunjske plombe!

Prije mjesec ili dva, bila je to godina 1996. ili, možda, čak i 1992, na aerodromu u Aradu užasno ga je zabolio zub. A bilo je hladno, napolju snijeg, a u Rumunjskoj se, još od Ceausescuovih vremena ne griju aerodromske zgrade, tako da se bio rasplakao od muke. Srećom, našla se tu neka ljubazna dama, Francuskinja, prvi sekretar francuske ambasade u Bukureštu, koja ga je uhvatila pod ruku, *ništa se vi ne bojte, samo se prepustite*, rekla mu je i povela ga u Arad stomatologu.

A taj je bio jedan od onih lakorukih zubara, koji ljudima ne nanose bol jer ga unaprijed osjete kao svoj vlastiti, tako da je šestica, lijevo dolje, bila začas izbušena i plombirana, karijes je otišao u prah i dim, a kada je Babukić htio platiti račun, doktor je, uz šmekerski osmijeh šefa sale, odgovorio da je dama već platila sve. Eto, kako ugodnih ljudi ima. Ali izgleda da je plomba loša, komunistička, i da hvata radijske signale. Čitao je Babukić o takvim plombama, naročito na stranicama senzacionalističkih srpskih i hrvatskih novina, ali, evo, sad se uvjerio da radiorelejne plombe nisu izmišljotina, nego stvarno postoje.

A onda je pomislio kako će ubuduće, čim otvori usta da nešto zagriže, čuti neki radioprijenos. To ga je ozlovoljilo. Htio je poći u zahod i iščupati tu šesticu, lijevo dolje...

Odlučio je da samelje sendvič, a skupa s njime i taj zub. Sažvakat će, proždrijeti i progutati sve te radiosignale.

Zagrizao je.

Pecivo je bajato.

I suho.

Majoneza je štrcnula sve do laloka.

- Brate, nemoj me jesti! Nemoj, ako te je mater rodila! – drečalo je iz Babukićevih usta.

Zagrizao je i nije puštao. Nije se usuđivao da odgrize zalogaj, a osjećao bi se glupo da odustane.

Je li ja ovo ludim?

Babukić je pomislio, tako sleđen, sa sendvičem u ustima.

Terminal C38 i dalje je bio pust, glasovi aerodromskih spikera odavno su zamukli, niti su najavljivali letove, niti su pozivali putnike neobičnih imena da se jave na šalter. Čak su izostala i upozorenja putnicima da ne ostavljaju okolo svoju prtljagu, jer će, iz sigurnosnih razloga, biti uklonjena ili uništena.

Nije se čula ni muzika.

Samo tiho žalosno stenjanje pod Babukićevim zagrizom. Osjećao ga je u ustima i u grlu, tuklo mu je u sljepoočnice.



3.1. TRANSLATION 1

Ninety-seven hot pepper stews of priest Simeon

Clouds drift lazily across the wide German sky. Black and massive, the ghosts of the Krupp steel works against a light blue background, motionless for anyone who looks at them at this moment, except for the man in a gray suit, with too short trousers and sleeves, who sits back in a plastic chair facing the runway, looking at them for hours, ever since the dusk, noting and remembering every change they made. He is the only one to notice that they have moved only two spans in the past two hours, from one fly dump to another, on the thick glass wall of the Frankfurt airport. At the same time, a vivid nightmare is raging in his head. Voices, both false memories and some real ones, faces, regions and book titles, and then, on the inner canvas of his head, the whole story unfolds, here it is: "A Perfect Day for Bananafish", in the English original, and after the story ends, some very distant thought will continue to it, like the last beats of a song to which a disc jockey masterfully builds on the next one, and so it goes on, without end, all night, under the glittering ball that never stops spinning, and in his head, as he is watching the black clouds on the sky's blue plate. Languages change imperceptibly, dozens of languages, and behind those languages, a whole troop, a battalion of different characters and figures, in one human skin.

That's our Babukić. If someone now looks at him from the side, he will notice that he is doleful, a bit gloomy, this man who looks at the sky over Germany, so spacious and wide that a man in Germany does not even have to look up, nor strain his neck, to look at the sky.

Airport clocks are not working as of this morning.

There is a lot of garbage laying around. The cleaners, together with the airport security, stood in solidarity with the Union of Flight Control, Pilots and Ground staff (that's the official name of the union), which is already on strike for the second day. With the exact time of the airport clocks, the dates also disappeared, and now Babukić does not know neither what day is it, nor what year. True, he could go to the kiosk - the tobacconists did not show solidarity with the strike - and buy a newspaper, but he doesn't want to. He finds a pleasure in being out of time like this, despite all the external changes and wars, even beyond the meteorology and the season, only with the premonition that it is spring, although it may also be autumn, and perhaps some cool summer, but whatever it is, it doesn't concern him, because he's not in a hurry, planes

don't take off, the flight he has a ticket for was canceled yesterday, and everything is the same as it was in his mother's womb, except that there is something to see around.

Since he took off from the Brnik airport at the end of 1991, or was it the beginning of 1992, Babukić had not had the airport clocks go off or found himself out of time in any other way.

But he liked it. He liked it very much. He terribly, horribly, awfully, bloody liked it, while sitting back in a plastic seat from which it is difficult to get up, watching Krupp's steel mills slowly but thoroughly like Hitler's troops in the head of that Croatian ski champion, sailing south.

So, watching the clouds, he got hungry.

Whistling, he hurried down the colorful, glazed airport avenue, past ready-made garment and electronic goods shops, in front of which people from the Orient were sitting on the floor, already making themselves at home, husbands with mustaches in whose glazed eyes you could see the nicotine crisis, women wearing dimiye and shalwars shoving their tits into the mouths of crying children, the old men with white turbans, looking into the distance, though nothing was far enough for their eyes, and it seemed that the people of the East were already so used to the airport strike that they adjusted their magnificent culture and civilization into its dimensions and framework. It seems that, sitting in front of Max Mara, Sony and Hugo Boss like that, they can endure for centuries and that the generations of the airport-born Orient will keep replacing each other, halted on the way to their final destinations: New York, Toronto, Montreal and other distant graves.

Babukić was annoyed by their silence. He did not understand what these silent people were talking about. They were strangers to him. He could not learn the speech of silence. He felt the same fear as when, during the restless flight from Athens to Munich, a voice appeared from behind him praying the Hail Mary in an incomprehensible Slavic Finno-Ugric quasi- language.

He hurried, trying not to look left or right, and trying not to notice the easterners who were sitting on the floor. He smiled at the men and women sitting on the benches and plastic seats, he shook his ass twice under the stern gaze of a middle-aged Nordic beauty, who was sitting on a black plastic suitcase, as if waiting for someone, he flirted with a fragile twelve-year-old boy, an Indian, who was carrying a case with a violin under his arm, walking around and peering curiously into everyone's face. Babukić was ready for anything, as long as he didn't notice those sitting on the floor.

He even exchanged glances of mutual understanding with a plump man from Salzburg in a green hunting coat and with Franz Joseph's sideburns, and they agreed, so wordlessly, that all that East should be exterminated and wiped off the shiny floors of the Frankfurt airport.

Finally, he found himself in front of a diner.

An elderly shopkeeper, a gray-haired, fat woman with a wart on her cheek, from which three sharp thick hairs were growing, smiled at him and asked in bad English:

- 'Ello, what young sir want? Kebab, *wurst* or meat cheese, maybe?

- A sandwich, any kind of sandwich, we must not be picky today! - chattily, he tried to identify the lady's mother tongue.

- *Schinken* and cheese, cheese without *schinken*, *schinken* without cheese or halal beef sandwich for Mohammedans?

- I am not a Mohammedan, nor a Muslim, but I would like a sandwich with beef - he sounded offended. He was angry because he couldn't figure out her mother tongue.

- Grilled or non-grilled?

- Non-grilled.

She handed him a paper bag, probably the only one at the Frankfurt airport that didn't have anything written on it.

Babukić tossed five euros in coins onto the counter, furiously grabbed the bag and marched down the bright avenue, past two rows of seated and slumped Orient folk.

The airport lived according to its daily rhythm. Except that the planes weren't flying and that people, either because of boredom and the long wait, or because of the unhealthy warm air that was coming out of the ventilation system, had their eyes closed while walking, so they dozed strolling from one end to the other of the bright glass aisles and on escalators, which moved them from one end of the large airport complex to another. And there were more and more people who, like mice in a labyrinth, went on these meaningless walks, hoping, I guess, that at the other end of the endless series of glass corridors they could find a better, happier and more pleasant place to continue their long wait.

That's how Babukić, instead of going back to the place from where he headed to get a sandwich, next to the terminal for the flight that was canceled forever, went to the opposite side, next to

the store with Indonesian furniture and Mama Leone's spaghetti. (It reminded him of a book by a Serbo-Croatian writer he had not heard of for a long time. God, what is up with him? At a time, he was very popular, and then in Zagreb he was accused of cooperation in the war that ended twenty years or so before his birth. That's how he disappeared. In children's novels it would be written: *vanished like the last spark on a burnt piece of paper...*) He walked like that until he reached terminal C38, beyond which there was nothing left. Actually, there was a door on the left and a door on the right. The ones on the left said STOP POLIZAI, and the ones on the right didn't say anything, but behind them, it seems, was some sort of warehouse.

On the display of terminal C38 it said, one below the other, Magadan, Sokol Airport, Yakutia Airlines, flight cancelled.

If we were to look at things solely from the perspective of where we are, which is not exactly the wisest possible decision, it will seem like a flight to the end of the world. But which, unfortunately, was cancelled.

A perfect place, thought Babukić, to eat a halal sandwich with beef.

He sat down in a comfortable, very soft armchair covered with white eco-leather. There is no one around.

At the moment, this seems to be the most uninhabited place in the entire Frankfurt airport. While humming Vladimir Vysotsky's song about Magadan, taking a sandwich out of a paper bag and wrapping it, like a child, with a napkin, because he was terrified of the possibility that, like pus from a wound, mayonnaise would squirt into his sleeve, or that he would be wounded by ketchup and mustard, Babukić felt perfectly fulfilled and accomplished in life. Whenever a person is awfully hungry, things regain that original meaning, remembered and recorded in the times when God was creating the world.

He thought about how a well-stocked supermarket is the temple of the human soul.

Antique milk display case with yogurts in cups, whose silver tinfoil lids have *Hepok*¹ written on them. Oh, how delicious that word is: Hepok! Pasteurized milk in bags, tiny like the breasts of naïve, peasant women from the highlands, who don't wear bras and don't kiss death, so they don't need to have their breasts firm before the grave. Next to milk in bags, milk in cartons in

¹A former yoghurt brand produced in Mostar, Bosnia and Herzegovina.

blue and white triangles with sharp edges. And chocolate milk in brown-white triangles. Then kefir...

Babukić thought that this sandwich is worth nothing if he doesn't wash it down with a glass of milk or yogurt. But where could a man find milk or yogurt at the Frankfurt airport? Yes, you can buy antique three-winged wardrobes and Romanian sinks and Christmas wheat in kilo or five kilo packages and tape recorders with cassettes that have been discontinued for a long time and office binders with applied photos of Lionel Messi, but where could one find milk there?

That's how easy it was to lower its spirits.

Distraught, he was about to bite into the sandwich, when he heard a muffled scream.

- Don't do it man, for the love of God! - the voice said, as if coming from an old transistor radio.

Babukić blanched, starting to look around to see where the voice was coming from, but there was no speaker. He peeked into the ventilation hole, down there, behind the armchair, then in the trash can, but no luck. Seems like he simply imagined it.

He wanted to go back to the sandwich, opened his mouth, about to take a bite:

- Noooooooooo! Dooooooooon't! I'm begging you, I'll give you all the money in the world, I'll buy you the best dinner, lunch, breakfast, just don't do it! - cried a voice from somewhere, but stopped as soon as Babukić closed his jaws.

Oh, that's it, he thought, bad Romanian dental fillings!

A month or two ago, in the year 1996 or, perhaps, even 1992, he had a terrible toothache at the airport in Arad. And it was cold, it was snowing outside, and since in Romania, ever since Ceausescu's² time, airport buildings are not being heated, Babukić started to cry out of misery. Fortunately, a kind lady was there, a French woman, the first secretary of the French embassy in Bucharest, who took him by the hand, *don't be afraid, just relax*, she told him and took him

² Ceaușescu, Nicolae (1918 – 1989) - the general secretary of the Romanian Communist Party from 1965 to 1989, and the last communist leader of Romania.

to Arad to see a dentist. He was one of those light-handed dentists, who do not inflict pain on people because they feel it beforehand as their own, so the molar, lower left, was drilled and filled in no time, the caries went into dust and smoke, and when Babukić wanted to pay the bill, the doctor, with the sly smile of the maître d'hôtel, replied that the lady had already paid for everything. There are so many sweet people out there. But it seems like the filling is bad, communist, and picks up radio signals. Babukić had read about such fillings, especially on the pages of sensationalist Serbian and Croatian newspapers, but now he was convinced that radio relay fillings are not fiction, but a real thing.

And then he thought that, in the future, as soon as he opened his mouth to take a bite, he would hear a radio broadcast. That displeased him. He wanted to go to the toilet and pull out that molar, lower left...

He decided to grind the sandwich, together with the tooth. He will chew, devour and swallow all those radio signals.

He took a bite.

The bun is stale.

And dry.

Mayonnaise oozed all the way to his jaw.

- Man, don't eat me! Don't, for the love of God! - screamed from Babukić's mouth.

He bit into it and refused to let go. He didn't dare to bite it off, and he'd feel stupid if he gives up.

Am I going nuts?

Babukić thought so, frozen still, with a sandwich in his mouth.

Terminal C38 was still empty, the voices of the airport announcers had long gone silent, neither announcing flights, nor calling passengers with unusual names to report to the counter. There were even no warnings to passengers not to leave their luggage lying around, as it would be removed or destroyed for security reasons.

There was no music.

Just a quiet, mournful grunting inside Babukić's bite. He could feel it in his mouth and throat, as it throbbed in his temples.



3.2. TRANSLATION PROCESS AND ANALYSIS 1

The chapter *Ninety-seven hot pepper stews of priest Simeon* serves as a great insight into the mind of the novel's protagonist. As already mentioned in the introduction, Vjetrogonja Babukić is an eccentric, a distressed man who spends his time mostly wandering around airports and their close surroundings. Despite constantly being surrounded by people of various nationalities, Babukić is not particularly tolerant, as he constantly makes assumptions and judges the people he comes in contact with.

Before translating the source text, the necessary effort was digitization. Since there was no digital version of the novel available online, I scanned the pages from the printed novel and used a free optical-recognition tool in order to digitize the chapter. The tool did a solid task, although I still needed to thoroughly inspect the text and manually correct some faulty scanned characters, as well as diacritical signs specific to the Croatian alphabet. Subsequently, I re-read

the chapter in order to refresh my memory and adequately grasp the text's meaning. These primary tasks were necessary for all three excerpts used in this thesis.

One of the most prominent characteristics of the Jergović's style are lengthy sentences, whose length he most frequently achieves by listing, oftentimes not even using conjunctions, but simply presenting information spontaneously, similarly to a stream of consciousness. Although the translator might feel tempted to make these forms shorter, it is important for the translation to convey the author's writing style into the target language, because it is essentially something he is known for and what appeals to his audience. However, I was aware that anglophone audience might not appreciate the sentences that were, sometimes, even paragraph-long, so I made the choice of dividing some of them, without making any stylistic changes to the text.

When it comes to specific words and phrases, the author frequently uses coined words, localisms and words from the jargon, some of them being *muhoserina*, *francjozefovski* or *muhamedanci*. Since these words do not exist in a dictionary, I had to come up with English equivalents that will convey the same meaning. Upon translating the word *muhoserina*, I debated among several options – *fly-shit*, *fly-crap* and *fly-dump*, opting eventually for the latter, because I think it does the best job of conveying the humorous aspect of the word. Next, the word *francjozefovski* was used in the text to describe the man's bushy mustache, as if having the same characteristics as the emperor Franz Joseph, so I simply translated it as *Franz Joseph's*. The same logic was applied when translating *muhamedanci*, which relates to a group of people who follow the teachings of the Prophet Mohammed. Therefore, the choice was to simply translate it as *Mohammedans*.

Next, Jergović is known for including a variety of cultural references in his works, namely to literature and film culture, and *Vjetrogonja Babukić i njegovo doba* is no exception. For instance, the forementioned excerpt includes a reference to Jerome David Salinger's 1948 short-story *A Perfect Day for Bananafish* (in the source text: *Perfektan dan za banana-ribe*), which is easy to overlook if the translator does not pay careful attention to the text or is not familiar with the aforementioned literary work. In cases like this, the translator is expected to look into whether an official translation of the novel's headline into the target language already exists, and therefore use it in the translation. Since the source text written in Croatian is referring to a novel originally written in English, finding an original version of the story's name did not pose a problem.

Moreover, since the significant part of the excerpt refers to Babukić's observations towards specific ethnic groups, the text includes a number of culturally specific items of clothing, characteristically worn by the members of the Eastern cultures. Items mentioned in the given excerpt were *dimije*, *šalvare* and *turbani*. Although some dictionaries offered *dimes* as an English translation of the traditional baggy trousers worn by the Turkish people, I opted for *dimiyе* in order to keep it closer to the original etymology of the word (Turkish: *dimi* – a type of cloth). Similarly, *šalvar*, a loanword from Turkish, stands for a traditional dress worn by the Turkish women. The dictionary provided an adequate English translation, which corresponds with the original Turkish term – *shalwar*. This also applies to the word *turban*, which is used in both Croatian and English.

Furthermore, the text included some specific conversations and phrases that stood out as potentially problematic to translate, but which hardly belong to any aforementioned category. For instance, near the middle of the excerpt, Babukić engages in a conversation with a lady at the sandwich stand, and she speaks to him in a rather broken English: *Izvolijevajte, što mladi sir željeti? Kebab, wurst ili od mesa sir, eventualno?* Translating this type of conversation requires a level of creativity from the translator, as he should produce a solution which will convey a similar level of language imperfection. After some consideration, I opted for the following solution: *'Ello, what young sir want? Kebab, wurst or meat cheese, maybe?*, as it occurred to me that the lady might try to imitate the English she had picked up while conversing with an airport visitors.

Another similar issue was the phrase *Iščezao je u vidu lastina repa...*, which is frequently used in children's books, meaning *vanished completely*. Since there is no phrase in the English language which both holds the same meaning as well as mentions a swallow's tail, I had to find the adequate phrase which conveys the meaning of *vanish*, and is preferably used in children's books. After doing some research, I opted for the phrase *vanished like the last spark on a burnt piece of paper...*, which appears in Hans Christian Andersen's literary fairy tale *The Wild Swans*.

While preparing to devour a sandwich he has just bought, Babukić is humming a song by the famous Soviet songwriter and musician Vladimir Vysotsky. Since the author used a Croatian transliteration of his name – *Visocki*, I concluded that it would be sufficient for the translation to include a transliterated version of the original name written in Cyrillic, appropriated for the anglophone audience. Therefore, my solution was to write *Vladimir Vysotsky*.

Nearing the end of an excerpt, Babukić reflects on one specific brand of a yoghurt – *Hepok*. Subsequently, Jergović dedicates a whole paragraph to memories and comparisons this yoghurt seems to evoke in the protagonist, which prompted me to find out more about it. However, the initial research online showed no trace of *Hepok* as the yoghurt brand, until I came across one of Jergović’s web columns³ from 2018, which seemed to be the only evidence this yoghurt brand existed. In the column, he was commenting on a recent statement made by the former Croatian president, in which she said that only one brand of yoghurt was ever available in ex-Yugoslavia. Wanting to disapprove her statement, Jergović lists four different types of yoghurt that could be bought in logistically secluded Sarajevo of the 1970s, one of them being the delicious *Hepok*. Eventually, since brand names should be left in their original form in translated texts, I decided to include a short footnote with an explanation of the name, so that an anglophone reader could understand the meaning properly.

I applied the same logic when including a footnote about Nicolae Ceaușescu, considering that a target audience might not be familiar with the aforementioned Romanian statesman.

The source text also includes terms borrowed from the Serbian dialects, namely words such as *bakenbarde* and *bibav*. Having never heard those terms before, after doing some research I was able to find them both in *The Dictionary of Serbian Vernaculars in Vojvodina*, which said that *bakenbarde* means *sideburns*, and *bibav* stands for *tiny*.

Ultimately, when it comes to multimodal elements, the source text contains an illustration of Babukić, holding a large, dripping sandwich, considering whether the voice he hears is really coming from the sandwich or has he started to lose his mind. Immediately noticing the way illustrations are used to exaggerate whatever is happening at the moment with the protagonist, it was something I tried to convey through his speech as well, the same way it was done in the source text. Therefore, I managed it by using phrases such as *mayonnaise oozed all the way to his jaw* and *devour* (the sandwich).

³ <https://www.jergovic.com/sumnjivo-lice/kratka-povijest-jogurta-i-migrantska-uloga-u-njoj/>

4. SOURCE TEXT 2

Doktor Olsson i Narod s građevinske skele

Babukić trči niz dugi stakleni hol Aerodroma Frederic Chopin u Varšavi. Nema on razloga za takvu trku, nigdje mu se ne žuri, neće propustiti let, ali trči da nekako zaboravi ono što još nije zaboravio, i Hamdiju Majdančića iz onoga lošeg sendviča, i raspeće Kristovo na zemički, i pad aviona na letu za Makačkalu, i sve one nevolje koje sustižu ljude oko njega otkako je 1991. uzletio s Brnika i otkako nezadrživo leti iz jednog grada u drugi, i iz jedne vremenske zone u drugu, zaustavljajući se tek nakratko, u snovima, glavoboljama i košmarima, na različitim mjestima, u Ajvatovici, Alepu, Meki, Moskvi, daleko od aerodromske vreve. Trči Babukić, ali nikome to nije čudno. Nama nije, zato što Babukića odavno već poznajemo, a putnicima ne može biti čudno, jer trče i oni, i što bi normalnije i običnije moglo biti krajem oktobra 2018, u vrijeme jeftinih avionskih karata, kad nekom već leti sve ono što se još do jučer vozilo autobusom i tramvajem, nego trčati od jednog do drugog aerodromskog terminala, od jednog do drugog leta.

I tako trčeći, Babukić se trudi da premaši granice ljudskih, ili barem svojih mogućnosti, postaje brz kao leopard, i sve lakši od viška sjećanja, od sendviča i od zemički, i onda tako natrči ravno na pedesetogodišnjeg krupnog muškarca. Izbije mu neseker iz ruku, neseker leti i na sve strane rasipaju se četkica za zube, tuba kalodonta, starinski aparat za brijanje i žileti, deseci žileta, kakvi se odavno više ne proizvode.

- Joj, majko mila! - uzviknu nepoznati, ispraćajući pogledom sadržaj torbice, koji dugo leti, rasipa se na sve strane, pada po podu,



minijaturni komplet manikir od Solingen čelika, s nožicama, dvije turpijice, grickalicom za nokte i pincetom, paketić medicinske vate, flasteri za sitnije ozljede i žuljeve, i još desetak kutijica, bočica i paketića nepoznate namjene, koje je Olsson ubacivao u košaru, a da Babukić nije ni znao što se u njima nalazi.

Bio je opčinjen grižnjom savjesti. Hipnotiziran. Prestravljen od sućuti. Zatravljen empatijom. Podilazili su ga srsi grešničke ugone pri susretu sa žrtvom. Sve je bio spreman da učini dok su se Olssonu oči punile suzama. I prvi je put u tome uživao. Kao u heroinu. Predavao se Olssonu i pomalo gubio razum. Naš Babukić postajao je humanist.

Ali to neće potrajati.

Olsson je tražio načina da ga se otrese, dok je onako kostoboljan i golem s cekerima punim kozmetičkih provijanata glavinjao niz aerodromske holove, silazio niz stubišta, pa se penjao

liftovima, izbjegavajući carinske i pasoške kontrole i zaobilazeći one Chopinove predjele koji su bili naročito dosadni, bez izloga i bez dućana. Babukić ga je, međutim, pratio u stopu. Najprije s grizodušnim idolopoklonstvom, a onda jer mu je jezik doktora Olssona nekako čudno zvučao. Pravilno je govorio, uredno naglašavajući riječi, kao što govore načitaniji ljudi u Stockholmu - ostavimo, zasad, po strani inače vrlo zanimljivu priču o tome kako je i kada Babukić progovorio švedski i s kojim je sve Šveđankama i Šveđanima dosad imao čast, jer nam je zanimljivija pripovijest koja se upravo odvija - ali se negdje ispod glasa, ispod rečenica koje doktor Olsson izgovara, osjetilo nešto u isto vrijeme prljavo i privlačno. Zvučao je kao natrula drvena baraka iz šezdeset i neke, obložena zahrđalim limom, iz koje se u omorinom pritisnut novembarski dan miris ugljenog dima i roštilja miješa s mirisom znoja pod teškim vunanim džemperima i mirisom rijeke koja sa svih strana guta gradsku kanalizaciju. Eto, tako je govorio doktor Olsson.

- Na čemu ste vi zapravo doktorirali? - upita ga ne bi li Olsson još nešto rekao.

- Na običajima jugoslavenskih i albanskih građevinskih radnika u sjevernoj Njemačkoj tokom osamdesetih. Ja sam doktor antropologije, nisam kirurg ni internist.

- Zanimljivo, zanimljivo. I sad vjerojatno predajete?

- Predavao sam do dvije tisućite, na univerzitetu u Goteborgu.

- Pa ste se zasitili akademske karijere?

- Upravo tako.

Odgovarao je kratko i mrzovoljno. I sve je brže hodao, ne osvrćući se više prema Babukiću, koji je trčkarao negdje tamo lijevo, dolje.

- A sad sigurno letite da negdje nešto istražujete. Oprostite, a gdje letite? - Babukić kao da se pomalo vraćao sebi, postajao je nasrtljiv.

- Nigdje ne letim. Ja ovdje živim.

- U Varšavi?

- Ne, nikad nisam bio u Varšavi. Živim na aerodromu.

Reče doktor Olsson, i naglo zastade. Lice mu je u bolnom grču, u koljenima kao da su mu dva zahrđala sovjetska kuglamera, kako bi se učenim jezikom reklo, kuglična ležaja, nije više u stanju bježati od napasnika, a ne zna kako da ga se oslobodi.

Možda da ga uplaši: onako golem i mrk, sjedokos, a ugljenocrnih čupavih obrva, doktor Olsson izgledao je kao azerbajdžanski hrvač, superteške kategorije. Ustvari, kao netko tko je prije tridesetak-četrdeset godina bio azerbajdžanski hrvač u dresu SSSR-a, na olimpijskim igrama u Los Angelesu ili u Seulu. Babukić se nosom našao uz Olssonov stomak, okrugao, gumen i velik kao lopta za aerobik. Ali ne da se naš Babukić impresionirati, njega nije moguće zastrašiti fizičkom snagom, ni veličinom, grandioznošću objekta...

- Vi kao da ste progutali Prizemljeno Sunce...

- Kao da sam progutao što?

- Sunce, doktore Olsson, prema vjerovanju malobrojnog paganskog plemena Turopolja blizu Zagreba, mikrolokalitet Vukomeričke gorice - munjevito je izmišljao - Sunce svakodnevno, ustvari svakovečerno, zalazi, umire, tresne na Zemlju u obliku ugašene zlatne kugle – a možda i nije izmišljao, možda je stvarno tako – padne nekad u nečiji vrt, nekad završi među oranicama, u kukuružištu, u moru, ali, vjeruju tako vukomerički pagani, najčešće pada negdje veoma daleko, tamo gdje bismo najradije išli, u obećanu zemlju, gdje nam se čini da bi nam bilo dobro...

4.1. TRANSLATION 2

Doctor Olsson and the People from the scaffolds

Babukić is running down the long glass hall of the Warsaw Chopin Airport. He has no reason to run like that. He is neither in a hurry, nor will he miss his flight, but he is running to somehow forget what he has not yet forgotten, both Hamdija Majdančić from that bad sandwich, and the crucifixion of Christ on a bun, and the plane crash on the flight to Mahačkala. All those troubles that caught up the people around him since he took off from Brnik in 1991 and since he has been unstoppably flying from one city to another, and from one time zone to another, stopping only briefly, in dreams, headaches and nightmares, in different places, in Ajvatovica, Aleppo, Mecca, Moscow, far from the bustle of the airport. Babukić is running, but no one is surprised. Certainly not us, because we've known Babukić for a long time, and the passengers won't find it odd too, because they are also in a hurry. What could be more normal and ordinary at the end of October of 2018, at the time of cheap plane tickets, when everyone who traveled until yesterday by bus and tram is now flying, running from one airport terminal to another, from one flight to another.

While running like that, Babukić tried to exceed the limits of the human, or at least his capabilities, becoming fast as a leopard, and lighter and lighter from the excess memories, sandwiches and buns - crushing right into a big, fifty-year-old man. As he knocked out the vanity case out of his hands, everywhere scattered a toothbrush, a toothpaste, an old-fashioned shaver and dozens of razors, which have long since ceased to be produced.

- Oh, good Lord! - exclaimed the stranger, looking at the contents of the purse, which scattered in all directions, falling on the floor.



There was also a miniature manicure set made of Solingen steel, two nail files, a nail clipper and tweezers, a pack of medical cotton wool, band-aids for minor injuries and blisters, and another dozen of small boxes, bottles and packets of unknown purpose, which Olsson was putting into the case, and Babukić didn't even know what was in them.

The guilt came over him. He was hypnotized. Terrified with sympathy. Spellbound with empathy. He was lifted up by the sinful pleasure of meeting the victim. As Olsson's eyes filled with tears, Babukić was willing to do anything. And for the first time, he enjoyed it. Like heroin. He surrendered to Olsson, slowly starting to lose his mind. Our Babukić was becoming a humanist.

But it won't last.

Olsson was looking for a way to shake him off. A large man, with pain in his bones and hands full of bags filled with cosmetic products, he stumbled down the airport halls, down the stairs, then up in the elevators, avoiding customs and passport controls and bypassing those areas that were especially boring, without storefronts and shops. However, Babukić followed him closely. First with remorseful idolatry, and then because Dr Olsson's language sounded somehow odd to him. He spoke properly, emphasizing the words, the way well-read people in Stockholm speak. Let's leave aside, for now, a very interesting story about how and when Babukić learned Swedish and which Swedes, both men and women, he encountered so far, because the story that is just unfolding is more interesting. Somewhere under his breath, under the sentences that Dr Olsson uttered, something seemed, at the same time, dirty and attractive. It sounded like a rotting wooden shack from the sixties, lined with rusty metal, from which, on a November day dipped in swelter, the smell of coal smoke and barbecue mixes with the smell of sweat under heavy woolen sweaters, as well as the smell of the river that swallows the city's sewage from all sides. That was how Dr Olsson spoke.

- What was your PhD actually in? - Babukić asked, hoping Olsson would say something more.

- The customs of Yugoslav and Albanian construction workers in northern Germany during the eighties. I am a doctor of anthropology, not a surgeon or an internist.

- Interesting, interesting. And now you probably teach?

- I taught until the year 2000, at the university in Gothenburg.

- And now you're fed up with your academic career?

- Exactly.

He answered briefly and sullenly. He walked faster and faster, not looking back at Babukić, who was lagging somewhere on the left side, behind him.

- And now you must be flying somewhere to investigate something. Excuse me, but where are you flying to? - Babukić seemed to be slowly coming back to his senses, becoming aggressive.

- I'm not flying anywhere. I live here.

- In Warsaw?

- No, I've never been to Warsaw. I live at the airport - said Dr Olsson, and stopped abruptly.

His face was in a painful spasm, his knees felt like there were two rusty Soviet bearings inside them. Ball bearings, if we are to use a scholarly language. He was no longer able to run away from the assailant, and he did not know how to get rid of him.

He thought of scaring him off: as huge and glum as he is, with gray hair and bushy coal-black eyebrows, Dr Olsson looked like a heavyweight Azerbaijani wrestler. In fact, as someone who thirty or forty years ago was an Azerbaijani wrestler competing for the USSR, at the Olympic Games in Los Angeles or Seoul. Babukić found himself close to Olsson's stomach, round, rubbery and as big as an exercise ball. But our Babukić simply can't be impressed, he cannot be intimidated by the physical strength, nor by the size, grandiosity of the object...

- It seems like you have swallowed The Grounded Sun¹...

- Like I swallowed what?

- The Sun, Dr Olsson, according to the beliefs of the small pagan tribe of Turopolje near Zagreb, the micro-locality of Vukomeričke gorice² - he started to quickly make things up - the Sun sets every day, actually every evening, dies, hits the Earth in the form of an extinguished golden ball - and maybe he didn't make it up, maybe it is really like that - sometimes falling someone's garden, sometimes ending up among fields, in a corn field, in the sea, but, as Vukomeric pagans believe, it usually falls somewhere very far away, where most of us would like to go, to the promised land, where it seems like it would be good for us...

¹ orig. *Prizemljeno Sunce* – an art installation by the artist Ivan Kožarić (1921 - 2020), located in Bogovićevea Street in central Zagreb.

² Low spur of mountains located in central Croatia.

4.2. TRANSLATION PROCESS AND ANALYSIS 2

Apart from the usual issues regarding the author's writing style and lengthy sentences, the chapter *Doctor Olsson and the People from the scaffolds* presented several other translation dilemmas. Except for including a number of paragraph-long sentences that needed to be adequately adapted for the anglophone audience, the excerpt bursts with cultural references, borrowed words and localisms, which demanded to be understood and therefore properly translated.

The illustration at the beginning of an excerpt shows Dr Olsson and Babukić clashing into each other, and Dr Olsson's cosmetics and devices scattering all around them. The drawing mostly assisted me during the process of translating Dr Olsson's physical appearance, as well as Babukić's apparent confusion, approximately depicting the two men the same way I saw them in my mind while reading.

The primary, at first glance a simple term that required research was *zemička*, a type of bread roll which has, most commonly, a round shape. The dictionary offered several solutions – *pastry*, *bun* and *roll*, but the further research implied that *pastry* and *roll* stand for different kinds of products in anglophone culture, so my choice fell on the word *bun*, which also resembles *zemička* look-wise.

The next challenge was a phrase *minijturni komplet manikir od Solingen čelika*. It required brief research about this particular type of steel, and having found that it is a rather famous one, my translation solution was *miniature manicure set made of Solingen steel*.

Similarly, the phrase *kostoboljan i golem s cekerima punim kozmetičkih provijanata* posed a challenge, namely because of the words *kostoboljan* and *provijanti*. A derivative from the word *kostobolja* (meaning painful bones) *kostoboljan* is not a word that could be found in a dictionary. After the search for the English equivalent turned out unsuccessful, I opted for the descriptive solution – *with pain in his bones*. One of the possible solutions was *with gout in his bones* but I found that *gout* stands for a specific kind of pain related to the big toe. Next, I found that the word *provijanti* stands for something along the lines of *products* or *items*, and eventually opted for the solution *products*. Therefore, the whole phrase *kostoboljan i golem s cekerima punim kozmetičkih provijanata* translates as *A large man, with pain in his bones and hands full of bags packed with cosmetic products*.

Nearing the middle of the excerpt, I came across another unfamiliar word – *omorina*. Having find out that it stands for *swelter* and *sultriness*, I translated the phrase *omorinom pritisnut novembarski dan* as *November day dipped in swelter*.

The last example that required making a translational decision was *Prizemljeno Sunce*, included within Babukić's remark toward Dr Olsson: *Vi kao da ste progutali Prizemljeno Sunce*. It is a direct reference to a well-known art installation of the Sun by the artist Ivan Kožarić, located in central Zagreb. After pondering whether to translate or leave the name of the statue in its original form, my decision was to use an already-existing English translation – *The Grounded Sun* – but include a footnote providing an original name and brief information about the installation.

Moreover, I also included a footnote for the toponym *Vukomeričke gorice*, concluding that an anglophone reader would most likely be unfamiliar with this specific geographical area and therefore require a brief explanation.

Finally, since the forementioned chapter included a fair number of longer sentences, I still managed, without interfering too much into the constructions, to make them slightly shorter, even if it meant for just a couple of words.

Here is an example of one almost paragraph-long sentence divided in translation:

SOURCE TEXT: Nema on razloga za takvu trku, nigdje mu se ne žuri, neće propustiti let, ali trči da nekako zaboravi ono što još nije zaboravio, i Hamdiju Majdančića iz onoga lošeg sendviča, i raspeće Kristovo na zemički, i pad aviona na letu za Makačkalu, i sve one nevolje koje sustižu ljude oko njega otkako je 1991. uzletio s Brnika i otkako nezadrživo leti iz jednog grada u drugi, i iz jedne vremenske zone u drugu, zaustavljajući se tek nakratko, u snovima, glavoboljama i košmarima, na različitim mjestima, u Ajvatovici, Alepu, Meki, Moskvi, daleko od aerodromske vreve.

TRANSLATION: He has no reason to run like that. He is neither in a hurry, nor will he miss his flight, but he is running to somehow forget what he has not yet forgotten, both Hamdija Majdančić from that bad sandwich, and the crucifixion of Christ on a bun, and the plane crash on the flight to Mahačkala. All those troubles that caught up the people around him since he took off from Brnik in 1991 and since he has been unstoppably flying from one city to another, and from one time zone to another, stopping only briefly, in dreams, headaches and nightmares, in different places, in Ajvatovica, Aleppo, Mecca, Moscow, far from the bustle of the airport.

5. SOURCE TEXT 3

Na putu za Makačkalu

Dagestanski Tupoljev 154 rula sve brže niz pistu. Motori urlaju kao izbezumljeni slonovi, putnička kabina se trese, drhti kao skotna kuja, a uzlijetanje ovoga tužnog čudovišta čini se krajnje neizvjesnim. Starački prsti prebiru brojanice, težak miris kerozina prodire kroz podove, popuštaju varovi aluminijskih ploča, djeca se zavlače majkama pod košulje, progrizaju kožu, ulaze u krvotok i nestaju u damarima njihovih podivljalih srca...

Tu-154 putu za Makačkalu prvi je, nakon okončanja štrajka, dobio dozvolu za polijetanje, zato što se na frankfurtskome aerodromu zatekao protiv svih pravila, kao iznenadni, kasno otkriveni uljez u njemačkome zračnom prostoru, kojeg se što prije, i po mogućnosti da nitko ne sazna, treba osloboditi, ali i zato što ni u kontrolnom tornju ni u tehničkim službama i među aerodromskim mehaničarima nitko zapravo nije bio siguran da će dagestanski zrakoplov zbilja uspjeti da uzleti. Govorkalo se da će se stari tupoljev raspasti i eksplodirati nasred uzletne piste, ili malo dalje, u poljima prema gradu.

Mehaničar koji mu je zavirio u motore, veteran aerodromskih službi Joseph Bellow, kaže da takvo što nije vidio ni u plovećih, ni vozećih, a kamoli u letećih vozila: izgledali su, ti motori, kao u kakvoga dotrajalog traktora, koji upravo ore svoju posljednju brazdu. Sažalio se nad avionom stari Bellow, više nego nad sedamdeset devet putnika za Makačkalu, koji su u vrijeme štrajka bili zaključani u prostoriji za pušaće i čuvala su ih dvojica aerodromskih policajaca, jer su se ilegalno našli na njemačkome teritoriju, pa je trebalo voditi računa da tu i ne ostanu. Bellowa, koji je, ustvari, bio Rus, Josif Anastasievič Belov, a u Njemačku je emigrirao kao sovjetski regrut, s puškom i u uniformi, ti ljudi nisu nimalo zanimali, kao što čovjek često izgubi interes za one koje sustigne sudbina koju je sam jedva izbjegao. Nitko za teško bolesne nema tako malo razumijevanja kao onaj tko je, po mogućnosti čudom, upravo ozdravio. Ali Tu-154, stari dobri *tupoljuša*, avion njegove mladosti, čudo sovjetske nauke i tehnike, putujuća strijela proleterskoga internacionalizma, on je u Bellowu budio one najdublje ljudske osjećaje, kakvi se jave pred starost, u vrijeme kada je čovjek još uvijek živ, ali oko njega sve je mrtvo i postoji samo u sjećanjima i uspomenama.

Stari je emigrant skinuo bijelu radnu rukavicu i golom je rukom milovao zamašćenu unutrašnjost avionske turbine:

- Tupoljuša, dragi moj tupoljuša... - rasplakao se onako ruski, nad otvorenim grobom sovjetske avionske industrije i nad samim sobom, nad svojom mladošću i ludom glavom koja ga je odvela u tuđinu.

Za to vrijeme sedamdeset devet ljudi, odreda ruskih državljana, Avara, Kalmika i Čečena, stisnulo se na sjedalima kod izlaza A89, dok su oko njih, hineći opuštenost, šetkali aerodromski policajci. Nisu ih više bila dvojica, nego je nesretne Dagestance opkolio cijeli vod, s automatskim puškama na prsima, jer se strahovalo da bi se nekako, nekim čudom, među putnicima mogla raširiti vijest o stanju u kojem se pred polijetanje nalazi Tu-154, i da bi neki među njima bijegom mogli potražiti spas. Policija je bila vrlo oprezna, ništa se nije prepuštalo slučaju.

- Oni neće bježati, ne morate ih čuvati! - obratio se na visokom njemačkom, onom kakav govore ljudi iz okolice Hannovera i junaci u romanima Thomasa Manna, policijskome zapovjedniku, suhonjavom i bezbradom mladiću.

- Vi to znate? - pogledao ga je s visina kakve čovjeku može pružiti samo policijska ili vojna uniforma.

- Da, oprostite, ali znam.

- Odakle znate, možda vi poznajete nekoga od ovih ljudi?

- Sve ih znam. Do jednoga.

- Da i vi niste Čečenac?

- Oni su iz Dagestana, po narodnosti većinom i nisu Čečenci Ali nije to važno. Ne morate znati njihovo porijeklo da biste ih poznavali.

- Je li? - iskreno se začudio mladić u uniformi.

- Da. To su ljudi iz Auschwitza. Ili iz Treblinke, svejedno. Sigurno ste ih mnogo puta vidjeli na televiziji. Vi ste odrasli u Njemačkoj? Ako ste odrasli u Njemačkoj, morali ste ih vidjeti.

- Odrastao sam u Dresdenu i nikad ih nisam vidio. Zašto spominjete konclagere? Uostalom, što vi tu radite, molim vas udaljite se na propisno odstojanje!

- A koliko, po vašem mišljenju, treba biti propisno odstojanje? I koje propise mogu u vezi toga da konsultiram?

Babukić se tako uživio u razgovor i zapiljio u lice tog idiota, ustvari u krupnu crvenu bubuljicu sa žutim vrhom, okruglim kao pun mjesec, da nije ni primijetio kada su se odnekud stvorila dvojica onižih, četvrtastih muškaraca, u sivim odijelima. Iz lijevog uha su im, obojici, virili podebeli spiralni kabeli, nalik onima na slušalicama starinskih telefona.

- Pođite s nama! - osjetio je vrlo snažan stisak palcem i srednjakom na bicepsu desne ruke.

Bolno je jauknuo, pa opsovao na južnonepalskom narječju (kad god se sukobi s policijom, redarima ili neovlaštenim nasilnicima, Babukić psuje na južnonepalskom, uvjeren da ga neprijatelji neće razumjeti...), a onda je pomislio da se u policijskim školama sigurno uči ovaj zahvat i da je ovaj tip sigurno dobio peticu iz ćapavanja građanina-civila za mišić, u svrhu privođenja i utjerivanja redarstve-noga autoriteta.

Ubacili su ga u sobicu bez prozora i posjeli na kampersku stolicu na rasklapanje. Ničega osim te stolice nije bilo u prostoriji.

(...)

Desetak minuta kasnije Babukić je progovorio svoj pedesetdrugi jezik. Bio je to jugozapadni dijalekt avarskoga jezika, kojim je govorila sitna starica, ne viša od vrtnog patuljka, po imenu Baja. Rekla mu je da ima sto i dvije godine, bila je u posjetu praunuku, koji živi u Chicagu, u Americi ju je zatekao Jedanaesti septembar, i već godinama se pokušava vratiti kući, ali ne uspijeva.

Pitao ju je kako je tako stara uopće mogla i poći na tako dalek put. Baja se nasmijala i rekla mu da se u njezinom slučaju starost ne mjeri i ne iskazuje kao kod drugih ljudi.

- Ja sam nešto drugo! - rekla je s ponosom.

- Svatko to može za sebe reći. Svaki je čovjek nešto drugo! - mudrovao je i pljuckao Babukić.

- Naravno, naravno, dragi! - odgovorila je Baja i pokušala ga zagrliti, ali on je bio negdje gore.

Tada mu je ispričala nešto u što naš Babukić, koliko god bio lakovjeran i mahnit, nije baš lako mogao povjerovati. I još uvijek, dok se priča događa, on ne vjeruje u ono što mu je Baja rekla.

- Ja sam po profesiji vještica. Znam, to kod vas kršćana i Jevreja, a vi ste kršćanin, niste li?, vrlo, vrlo, vrlo čudno zvuči. Ali u gradu iz kojeg sam ja, u Dagestanu općenito, među obrazovanim svijetom nije neobično biti vještica. I nitko ne nalazi ništa neobično u toj profesiji. To je, recimo, kao biti pilot neispravnog aviona koji bi trebao iz Frankfurta poletjeti za

Makačkalu. Vi znate da je avion neispravan? Naravno da znate, ali šutite o tome pred ovim ljudima. Dosta im je njihove muke i nesreće, ne treba im još i to da će uskoro, kako sada stvari stoje, svi do jednoga izginuti.



- Dakle, vještica stogodišnjakinja, to mi želite reći?

- Da, ali krivo ste shvatili stvari. Nije važno koliko mi je godina. Ili je važno, ali u nekom drugom smislu. Saslušajte me...

I tako je Babukiću Baja ispričala priču o tome što u Dagestanu, na Kavkazu, uglavnom među Avarima i u malenim i skrivenim gradovima na jugu bivšega Sovjetskog Saveza, zapravo znači školovati se za vješticu.

U početku, njezina ga je priča nervirala, kao što je i nas iznervirala, ali je nismo mogli preskočiti, i pomišljao je da je baba Baja komprimirani, dagestanski, new age Harry Potter. Nije, međutim, imao kamo pobjeći, morao ju je slušati sve dok mu njezina priča nije postala logična, pa vjerojatna, pa fascinantna i na kraju, kao vrhunac, neporecivo istinita.

5.1. TRANSLATION 3

On the way to Mahačkala

The Dagestan Tupolev 154¹ is rolling faster and faster down the runway. The engines growl like frantic elephants, the passenger cabin is shaking, trembling like a pregnant bitch, and the takeoff of this sad monster seems utterly uncertain. Elderly fingers are picking prayer beads, the heavy smell of kerosene is permeating the floors, the welds of aluminum plates are loosening, children are crawling under their mothers' shirts, biting through the skin, entering the bloodstream and disappearing in the veins of their wild hearts...

Tu-154 on the way to Mahačkala was the first plane, after the end of the strike, to get permission to take off, mainly because it ended up at the Frankfurt airport against all rules. The plane was a sudden, late-discovered intruder in German airspace, which should be let out as soon as possible, and preferably without anyone finding out about it. However, no one in the control tower, nor in the technical services, nor among the airport mechanics was really sure that the Dagestani plane would really be able to take off. It was rumored that the old Tupolev would fall apart and explode in the middle of the runway, or a little further, in the fields towards the city.

Joseph Bellow, a veteran of airport services, the mechanic who peeked into its engines, said that he has never seen such a thing in marine, driving, let alone flying vehicles: those engines looked like some kind of decrepit tractor, which is just plowing its last furrow. Old Bellow felt sorry for the plane, more than for the seventy-nine passengers flying to Mahačkala, who at the time of the strike were locked in the smoking room and guarded by two airport policemen, because they were illegally on German territory, so it was necessary to ensure they do not stay there. Bellow, who was, in fact, Russian, Josif Anastasievich Belov, and emigrated to Germany as a Soviet recruit with a rifle and in uniform, was not interested in these people, just as a person often loses interest in those who are overtaken by a fate that he himself scarcely avoided. No one has as little understanding for the seriously ill as someone who, preferably by a miracle, has just recovered.

¹ Medium-range, narrow-body airliner designed in the mid-1960s and manufactured by the Russian company Tupolev.

But the Tu-154, the good old *tupolyusha*, the plane of his youth, the miracle of Soviet science and technology, the traveling arrow of proletarian internationalism, awakened in Bellow those deepest human feelings. The feelings that tend to appear before old age, at a time when a man is still alive, but everything around him is dead and exists only in recollections and memories.

The old emigrant took off his white work glove, stroking the greasy interior of the airplane turbine with his bare hand:

- Tupolyusha, my dear tupolyusha... - he cried, the Russian way, over the open grave of the Soviet aircraft industry and over himself, over his youth and this crazy head that took him abroad.

Meanwhile, seventy-nine people, all Russian citizens, Avars, Kalmyks and Chechens², huddled on the seats at the A89 exit, while airport police officers strolled around them, pretending to be relaxed. There were no longer just two officers, but the unfortunate Dagestani people were surrounded by a whole platoon, with automatic rifles on their chests, because it was feared that somehow, by some miracle, the news about the condition of the Tu-154 before take-off could spread among the passengers, and that some could seek salvation by fleeing. The police were very careful, leaving nothing to chance.

- They won't run away, you don't have to guard them! - Babukić spoke in a high-style German, the kind spoken by people from around Hanover and by heroes in Thomas Mann's novels, to the police commander, a skinny and beardless young man.

- And you know that? - he looked down on him from heights that only a police or military uniform can give a man.

- Yes. Sorry, but I know.

- How? Maybe you know some of these people?

- I know them all. Up to one.

- Then you are a Chechen too?

² Members of several Russian ethnic groups.

- They are from Dagestan, most of them are not Chechens by nationality. But that's not important. You don't need to know their origins to know them.

- Is that so? - the young man in uniform was genuinely surprised.

- Yes. These are the people from Auschwitz. Or from Treblinka, anyway. You must have seen them many times on television. Did you grow up in Germany? If you grew up in Germany, you had to see them.

- I grew up in Dresden and never saw them. Why are you mentioning concentration camps? Anyway, what are you doing there, please keep the proper distance!

- And how much, in your opinion, should be the proper distance? And which regulations may I consult regarding that?

Babukić was so engrossed in the conversation, staring at that idiot's face, at a large red pimple with a yellow tip, as round as the full moon, that he didn't even notice when two short, square men in gray suits appeared out of nowhere. Both of them had thick spiral cables sticking out of their left ears, similar to the ones on the earpieces of old-fashioned telephones.

- Come with us! - he felt a very strong grip of a thumb and middle finger on his right bicep.

He groaned painfully, then cursed in the southern Nepali dialect (whenever he has a conflict with the police, wardens or unauthorized thugs, Babukić swears in southern Nepali, convinced that his enemies will not understand him...), and then he thought that police schools must teach this particular clutch and that this guy probably received an A in groping a civilian for the purpose of apprehension and enforcement of police authority.

They threw him in a windowless room and sat him down in a folding camping chair. There was nothing in the room except that chair.

(...)

About ten minutes later, Babukić began to speak his fifty-second language. It was a southwestern dialect of the Avar language, spoken by a tiny old woman, no taller than a garden gnome, named Baja. She told him that she is one hundred and two years old and was visiting her great-grandson, who lives in Chicago. She found herself in The States on September 11th, and has been unsuccessfully trying to return home for years.

He asked her how she was able to go on such a long journey at that age. Baja laughed and told him that, in her case, age is not measured and expressed like other people's.

- I am something else! - she said proudly.

- Everyone can say that for themselves. Every person is something else! - said Babukić, trying to sound smart.

- Of course, of course, dear! - answered Baja and tried to hug him, but he was somewhere above.

Then she told him something that our Babukić, no matter how gullible and frantic he was, could not believe that easily. And still, as the story is unfolding, he doesn't believe what Baja told him.

- I am a witch by profession. I know, it sounds very, very, very strange to you Christians and Jews, and you are a Christian, aren't you? But in the place I'm from, in Dagestan in general, among the educated world it's not unusual to be a witch. And no one finds anything unusual in that profession. It is, for example, like being the pilot of a malfunctioning plane that is about to fly from Frankfurt to Mahačkala. You know that the plane is faulty? Of course, you know, but keep quiet about it in front of these people. They have had enough of their own suffering and unhappiness, they don't need to know that soon, the way things are now, all but one of them will perish.



- So, a hundred-year-old witch, is that what you are telling me?

- Yes, but you got things wrong. It doesn't matter how old I am. Or it is important, but in a different sense. Hear me out...

And so, Baja told Babukić the story of what it actually means to train to be a witch in Dagestan, in the Caucasus, mainly among the Avars and in small and hidden towns in the south of the former Soviet Union.

At first, her story annoyed him, as it annoyed us, but we couldn't get past it, and he thought that the old Baja was a compromised, Dagestani, new age Harry Potter. However, he had nowhere to run, he had to listen to her until her story became logical, then believable, then fascinating and finally, to top it off, undeniably true.

5.2. TRANSLATION PROCESS AND ANALYSIS 3

The third excerpt I have chosen to translate and analyse is from the chapter *On the way to Mahačkala*. The chapter is centered around the upcoming takeoff of one specific airliner, the model of the plane in question being a Russian *Tupolev Tu-154*. Since this plane model is essential to the chapter and mentioned on several instances, I wanted to make sure that the audience is familiar with its history, and therefore included a footnote explaining this particular airliner and its origin.

Next, in the very first paragraph, I have come across two unfamiliar words – *brojanice* and *damari*. The dictionary provided several solutions for *brojanice* - *chaplet*, *rosary* and *prayer beads*. Since the context provided an impression that the passengers were picking beads that are worn around the wrist, rather than a traditional chaplet, my choice fell on *prayer beads*. When it comes to *damari*, I found that it is a Bosnian word meaning *pulse*, *arteries* or *veins*, and eventually opted for the latter, since it conveyed the meaning of the original best.

Furthermore, since the choice of vocabulary and colorful language are used to enhance the chaotic situation that is happening the airport, namely words such as *govorkati*, *hiniti*, *šetkati*, *suhonjav*, *bezbradi* and *mudrovati*, and phrases such as *motori urlaju kao izbezumljeni slonovi*, *drhti kao skotna kuja*, *proleterski internacionalizam*, *luda glava*, *redarstveni autoritet*. Because the English language lacks a word that would be an adequate translation of *mudrovati*

(*speculate* has a close meaning, but still alludes to something different), I opted for a solution that was somewhat descriptive – *trying to sound smart*.

In the third paragraph, the Russian mechanic refers to the plane Tupolev Tu-154 as *tupoljuša*. Since *Vjetrogonja Babukić i njegovo doba* is a novel that relies heavily on identity expressed through language, and using an airliner's Russian nickname contributes to the level of charm of the mechanic's character, there is no point in translating it into the official name. Therefore, I decided to keep the word in its original form but appropriate it for the anglophone audience, making it clear that it originates from the Russian - *tupolyusha*.

Next, the text mentions a variety of Russian ethnic groups – in Croatian written as *Avari*, *Kalmici* and *Čečeni*, so I had to find correct English translation for them. Eventually I used anglicized versions of the names – *Avars*, *Kalmyks* and *Chechens*, and decided to include a footnote with brief mutual information about those ethnic groups.

The illustration at the end of the excerpt depicts beaten and scratched Babukić taking in information from the witch Baja. Apart from humorously exaggerating Baja's tiny build, the illustration helped me in translating Babukić's responses, him being utterly astonished by the fact that he is talking to a hundred-year-old witch the size of a garden gnome.

As previously stated, language and identity play an important role in this novel, and are essentially the tools that help both the protagonist and the reader acquire information about other characters, including their past, relationships and intentions. The aforementioned chapter and its translation serve as a great example of how, by keeping the foreign words and names as they are, the translator can adequately manage to maintain the source texts' sense of identity.

6. CONCLUSION

In order to produce a satisfactory translation of a multimodal literary text, it is a translator's task to understand and properly transmit all the semiotically related elements of the source material. Serving as a mediator between the source text and foreign audience, I was required to derive meaning from multiple sources, respect author's unique stylistic choices and be considerate about the cultural and linguistic weight carried by this novel.

Although multimodality can cause a number of issues when it comes to translating, the majority of obstacles I have encountered during the process were related to the author's diverse vocabulary and sentence structure. The process of translating excerpts from *Vjetrogonja Babukić i njegovo doba* required thorough research about foreign cultures and culturally specific clothing items, plane types, food brands, as well as constantly dealing with borrowed and coined words, and frequently phrases from the jargon. Moreover, I kept in mind that, while Jergović's dense style and sentence structure are prominent in all of his works, I still had to adapt the text to the anglophone audience. Despite being challenging at times, translating excerpts from Jergović's novel taught me that source texts of this type require patience, constant revision and decision making, as well as that the translator's process of learning and creative thinking is never really finished.

Ultimately, *Vjetrogonja Babukić i njegovo doba* is a novel that admirably works as a joined effort between the author and the illustrator. Apart from depicting scenes from the novel in a humorous way, the illustrations add a level of charm to the novel, making it a unique piece literary work, contributing to the (not so rich) library of multimodal literary works written in Croatian.

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