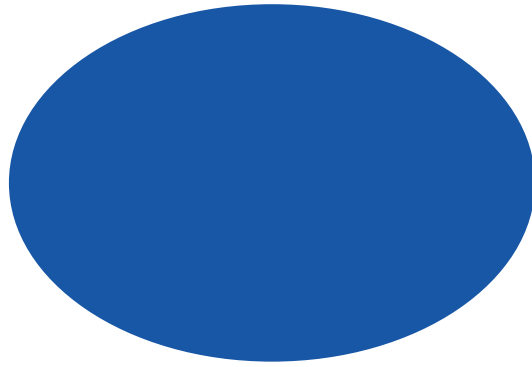


FOUR CENTURIES

Russian Poetry in Translation



1

2012



Four Centuries

Russian Poetry in Translation

fourcenturies@gmx.de

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От Издателя

Дорогие друзья!

Мне очень приятно приветствовать Вас на первой странице нового интернационального поэтического журнала. Его содержание составит русская поэзия четырёх веков в переводах на другие языки мира .

Мы с волнением ждём встречи с первыми читателями.

Среди любителей поэзии в России распространено мнение, что богатой и плодотворной традиции перевода поэзии мира на русский язык противостоят лишь отдельные редкие удачи перевода русской поэзии на другие языки. Замысел этого журнала возник из уверенности, что подобное представление не соответствует действительности.

В журнале будут публиковаться тексты на разных языках. Для каждого языка произвольно мы будем выбирать цвет страниц. Наша главная цель - представить весь цветовой спектр.

Желаю Вам приятного чтения!

Илья Перельмутер, Издатель

Publisher's Note

Dear Friends,

It is very pleasant for me to greet you at the very first page of a new international poetic magazine. It will be devoted to Russian poetry of four centuries translated into different languages. We are looking forward to meeting our first readers with great impatience.

Quite a few poetry lovers in Russia still think that the great tradition of translating foreign poetry into Russian has no counterpart: only separate successful translations from Russian into other languages and highly developed art of translation into Russian. This magazine was conceived to show that this view is not justified.

You will find here texts in different languages. Each language will get a separate colour of pages. Our main aim is to make our magazine as coloured as possible.

All the best to You,

Ilya Perelmuter, Publisher

XIX

Aleksandr Puškin Александр Пушкин

Traduzioni di Giuseppe Ghini*

Lettera di Tat'jana a Onegin

Vi scrivo. Che altro posso fare?
Che cosa ancora posso dirvi?
Ora ho compreso: voi volete
punirmi col vostro disprezzo.
Ma se un po' di pietà serbate
per il destino mio infelice
voi no, voi non mi lascerete.
Prima volevo stare zitta.
Credete a me: la mia vergogna
voi mai avreste conosciuto
se avessi avuto la speranza
anche di rado, ogni otto giorni,
di veder voi a casa nostra,
soltano udirvi conversare,
una parola dirvi, e poi,
sempre pensar, pensar lo stesso
e notte e dì fino al incontro.
Dicono siate un asociale;
tutto vi annoia qua in campagna,
e noi..., noi non brilliamo in nulla,
solo di voi, così, siam lieti.

Perché veniste a casa nostra?
In questo borgo solitario
io non vi avrei mai conosciuto,
l'amara pena avrei ignorato.

* © Giuseppe Ghini

D'anima ingenua i turbamenti
col tempo mitigati (è vero?),
un cuore amico avrei trovato,
moglie fedele sarei stata
e madre piena di virtù.

Un altro!? No, a nessun al mondo
il cuore avrei io consegnato!
Così deciso fu dall'alto,
così ha voluto il cielo: tua!
Tutta la vita mia fu un pegno
che proprio te avrei incontrato;
io so che ti ha mandato Dio,
fino alla tomba, o mio custode...
Tu comparivi nei miei sogni,
non visto, tu mi eri già caro,
l'occhio tuo vago mi straziava,
la voce tua echeggiava al cuore
da tempo...no, non era un sogno!
Ti riconobbi appena entrato,
tutta confusa, presi fuoco
e mentalmente dissi: "È lui!"
Ché non è vero? Ti ho sentito:
tu mi parlavi piano piano,
quando aiutavo i poverelli
o con preghiere confortavo
l'ansia dell'anima inquieta?
Non fosti tu, cara visione,
a balenar nell'ombra tersa,
ad inchinarti al capezzale,
in questo istante, quietamente?
Non fosti tu, con gioia e amore,
a sussurrarmi una speranza?
Sei tu il mio angelo custode
od un malvagio tentatore?
Ti prego: dissipa i miei dubbi.
Ma forse, tutto questo è vano,

d'anima impractica un inganno!
E già tutt'altro è ormai deciso...
E via, sia pure! Il mio destino
d'ora in avanti io ti affido,
davanti a te lacrime verso,
imploro te a mia difesa...
Prova a pensare: son qui sola,
nessuno che mi può capire,
la mia ragione indebolita,
morire io devo in silenzio.
Io aspetto te: con un sol sguardo
desta del cuore la speranza
oppure tronca il sogno greve,
con un rimbrotto, ahi, motivato.

Chiudo! Rileggere è tremendo...
Muio di orrore e di vergogna...
Ma mi è garante il vostro onore,
e con coraggio a lui mi affido...

Lettera di Onegin a Tat'jana

Prevedo che vi offenderete
davanti al triste mio segreto,
e che un disprezzo amaro il vostro
sguardo orgoglioso mostrerà!
Che cosa voglio? A quale scopo
l'anima mia io apro a voi?
Per quale allegria maligna
sarò probabile pretesto?

Già al primo incontro casuale
di tenerezza una scintilla
notai pur senza confidarvi;
non detti spazio al caro uso,
e la mia odiosa libertà
decisi di tenermi stretta.
Un'altra cosa ci divide...

Lnskij caduto in sacrificio...
Da tutto ciò che al cuore è caro
proprio quel cuore io strappai;
estraneo ai più, senza legami,
pensai: la libertà e la quiete
rimpiazzan la felicità.
Dio mio, che errore, e fui punito...

No. Veder voi continuamente
ovunque andiate starvi dietro,
sorriso e labbra e moto d'occhi
coglier con occhi innamorati,
seguirvi attento ed intuire
tutta la vostra perfezione,
davanti a voi perdere i sensi,
sbiancare e spegnersi...Che gioia!

E io non l'ho; per voi ovunque
io mi trascino alla fortuna;
mi è caro il giorno e cara l'ora;
in vana noia pur consumo
giorni contati dal destino
che son perciò così pesanti.
So che il mio tempo è già segnato,
ma perché duri la mia vita
devo esser certo di mattina
che vi vedrò a giorno fatto.

Io temo: il vostro sguardo austero
vedrà nell'umile mia prece
progetti di una vile astuzia -
e sento il vostro appunto irato.
Se voi sapeste quanto è atroce
languir di anelito d'amore,
bruciare e sempre con il senno
placare l'impeto del sangue;
volere stringervi i ginocchi,
e singhiozzando ai vostri opiedi

versare pianti, ammende, preci,
sì, tutto quanto si può dire,
e nel frattempo e voce e sguardo
munire di freddezza finta
scambiare chiacchiere distese,
con sguardo allegro rimirarvi!...

E dunque sia: contro me stesso
non più forza per far fronte.
Intesi! Sono in vostre mani
e al mio destino mi consegno.

Giuseppe Ghini is a Full Professor of Russian Literature at the University of Urbino. He is a member of *Associazione Italiana degli Slavisti*, a contributor to some academic and non-academic periodicals. He is the author of three books on Russian history, literature and culture and more than 50 articles. He is also active as a journalist.

XX

Ossip Mandelstam ОСИП МАНДЕЛЬШТАМ

Translated by Alistair Noon*

* * *

No, not the moon, but the bright clock face
shines in my eyes. How am I to blame
if I can touch the faint stars' milky light?

Batyushkov spouts on like some Holy Father.
Just awful. Someone once asked him
what time it was. „Eternity“, he replied.

1912

* * *

The Greeks gathered for war.
The breath-taking island of Salamis
that hostile hands had torn from them
lay in view of the Athenian harbour.

Now friends from another island
have come to fit out our ships.
The English have never much liked
the sweet soil that is Europe's.

Continent of the modern Hellenes,
protect Pireus! Save the Acropolis!
Gifts from the island? Who needs
a whole forest of uninvited ships?

1916

Meganom

The grey Spring of asphodels
is still far off and transparent.
Perhaps the wave still boils
and you'll catch the rustling of the sand.
But here, like Persephone, my soul
has begun to circle round,
and the kingdom of the dead will hold
no shapely, sun-tanned hands.

Why then do we entrust
the urn's burden to a boat,
across the water's amethyst
for our festival of black roses?
Through the fog, the course of my soul
is set, out past Meganom,
and after my burial, the black sail
will return from that cape where it's gone.

How rapidly the beams run over
the ridge that lay unilluminated,
and the flakes of those black roses
flutter beneath the moon's wind.
The edge of that huge flag
of recollection, the bird
of grief and death will drag
on behind the cypress stern.

The melancholy paper fan
Of past years opens with a rustle.
Towards the spot in the sand
where an amulet hid with a warm shudder,
through the fog, the course of my soul
is set, out past Meganom,
and after my burial, the black sail
will return from that cape where it's gone.

1917

Century

You brute of a century, who could look
into the centres of your eyes
and with their blood glue back
two centuries to a severed spine?
Blood the builder flows from the throat
of everything terrestrial.
it's only on the era's threshold
that the parasite will tremble.

As long as creation stays alive,
it hauls around its vertebrae.
A wave will play, as if its rise
were the spine that we can't see.
The century's new-born lands
resemble the soft gristle of a child.
Dragged by the head, like a lamb,
life heads off to the knife.

To free the century from confinement,
so that the new world might appear,
we'll have to take a flute to bind
the knees of our tangled era.
This is the century that heaves
human anguish like a wave,
and in the grass the viper breathes
by the century's golden ratio.

The buds continue to swell,
the green leaves of crops will splash.
Hey, my terrible, splendid century,
your spine's now thoroughly smashed.
Cruel and weak, with that senseless smile,
you turn your eyes back towards us,
a wild beast that used to be lithe,
now on the trail of its own claws.

Blood the builder flows from the throat
of all terrestrial things,
the warm gristle of the ocean
laps at the coast like a hot fish.
And from the birds' high gauze,
the moist masses in the blue,
indifference pours and pours
onto your fatal wound.

1922

Alistair Noon's translation of Pushkin's *The Bronze Horseman* is available from Longbarrow Press. He has also published translations of the German poets August Stramm and Monika Rinck, and is currently working on a full-length collection of translations of Osip Mandelstam. His own poetry has appeared in various chapbooks from small presses, and his first collection, *Earth Records*, is due from Nine Arches Press in 2012. Born and bred near London, he has lived in Berlin since the early nineties.

Vjaceslav Ivanov Вячеслав Иванов
Aus „Das Königreich der Transparenz“

Übersetzt von Adrian Wanner*

Diamant

Wenn Transparenz die dunklen Herzen
Mit Sonnenglanz durchdringt und nährt,
Erglänzen wir wie Kohlenschwärze
Vom Licht zum Diamant verklärt.

Die Antwortrufe deiner Strahlen
Begegnen uns im Himmelsspiel,
O Licht, wie eng sind wir zusammen,
Du selbst bist deinem Schwert ein Ziel!

Ein Heiligtum, dem Licht geöffnet,
Das Ja von Gottes Strahlenlicht,
Sei fest im Herzen, das sich opfert,
Du Stern, der Sonnengluten bricht!

Rubin

Sei rot, Rubin, als Erz der Liebe,
Der Transparenz lebend'ges Blut,
Damit durch Opferblut sich hebe
Auf Gottes Neuland frische Saat.

O Priesterschicksal, Ruhmeswonnen!
O Strahl von Scharlach, Purpurglanz!
Doch Du bist eingefasst in Dornen,
Als Träne aus dem Himmelskranz.

Mit rotem Willen leuchtend-mächtig,
O Lebensbrand, der heimlich loht!
Wie böse Sonnen leidenschaftlich,
Und heftig, wie ein Ja, das droht.

Smaragd

Die Lebenskräfte deiner Strahlen,
Sie sterben nicht in Transparenz,
Solang die Wiesen uns gefallen,
Du Lieblicher, im jungen Lenz.

So funkelnd-grün und voller Zärte,
Ein Schlangen-Zar, der Schönheit schuf,
Gelöbnis ferner Wunderweite,
Des Schöpfertraumes wahrer Ruf.

Die Erde, göttliches Gedeihen,
Und das, was sie gebärt, das Ja,
Die lichtdurchflossnen Farbenreihen,
Du bist uns immer, immer nah!

Saphir

Und du, du Augenpracht voll Tiefe,
Ein Quell, der blaue Funken sprüht,
Das Nachtlicht überm Meeresmittag,
Wo Aether sich zusammenzieht.

Im feuchten Nebel und Geheimnis
Der Brand der Flamme, die nicht sengt,
Du auferlegst uns dein Vermächtnis,
Das Macht der weisen Zauber bringt.

O Zauberstein, o Ja - verschieden
Vom Ja, das wir im Munde führn!
Du hast das Irdische vermieden,
Du - ewig blauer Pfad...wohin?

Amethyst

Ein Seufzer, ein Gebet, das lindert,
Schmilz, süßer Schatten, Amethyst!
Gedankenströme, sündlos, schimmert,
Wo Demut, Reinheit, Güte ist.

Das sanfte Licht vor nahem Dunkel,
Der tiefen Sterne stumme Pracht,
Du steigst herab in Niederungen
Im Kleid aus Transparenz und Nacht.

Wo Dunkelheit aus hoher Öffnung
In heil'gen Wänden leuchtend bricht.
Und du singst Ja der neuen Hoffnung,
Und du verklärst uns, stilles Licht.

Adrian Wanner is a professor of Slavic and Comparative Literature at Pennsylvania State University. He is the author of *Baudelaire in Russia* (1996), *Russian Minimalism: From the Prose Poem to the Anti-Story* (2003), and *Out of Russia: Fictions of a New Translingual Diaspora* (2011). He has published five editions of Russian, Romanian, and Ukrainian poetry in German verse translation.

Vladislav Khodasevich Владислав Ходасевич

Übersetzt von Adrian Wanner*

Sterne

Im obern Stock ein Freudenhaus,
Im untern Stock das Casino,
Gekeif und Lärm, die Lichter aus,
Das Publikum erwartungsfroh,
Ein Kichern, dann ein Gähnen noch,
Doch schon ergreift der arme Tropf
Den Taktstock, schwingt ihn überm Kopf,
Der dunkle Vorhang gleitet hoch,
Und schau - den dichten Qualm im Saal
Durchdringt ein grüner Lichterstrahl.
Vorn auf der Bühne, halb im Finstern,
Den Mund gefüllt mit goldnen Zähnen,
Erhebt ein roter Geck die Stimme,
Er singt ein Liedchen von den Sternen.
Und mit dem schlüpfrige Gesange
Im ausgebleichten Firmament
Erscheinen zweifelhafte Damen
Zum Tanze, zortig-unverschämt.
Durch Himmelsphären, Wolkenflächen,
(Ein falsches Lächeln aufgesetzt)
Mit irgendeinem China-Fächer
Sieht man den Stern des Nordens jetzt.
Und hüpfend springen hinterher,
Bald dünn und leicht, bald fett und schwerer,
Des Großen Bären sieben Sterne,
Die vierzehn Brüste wippen sehr.
Und, bis zum letzten ausgezogen,
Der Zopf von Brillianten funkelnd,

Kommt plötzlich ein Komet geflogen
Auf flinken, spindeldürren Schenkeln.
Die Schneider und Soldaten schielen
Auf diesen Wirrwarr dumpf und stur,
Und fettig-dicke Klumpen spielen
Auf Hüften "Etoile d'amour".
Die Sterne tanzen, durchgeschüttelt,
Der Dummkopf singt, es dröhnt Musik,
Ein diamantnes Strumphband flittert
Vom Licht in Dunkelheit zurück.
Im immer gleichen Loch versunken,
Dann aufgespannt am Horizont -
Oh Gott, wie schändlich ist der Tümpel,
Worin Dein Vierter Tag sich sonnt!
Wie schwer ist es, im Traum zu sichten
Ein Leben lang die Gotteswelt
In Schönheit, Ruhm und Sternenlichtern
Vom frischen Schöpfungsglanz erhellt.

23. September 1925, Paris
19. Oktober 1925, Chaville

