

## JERRY PINTO'S COBALT BLUE – TRANSLATING NATIVE INDIAN LITERATURES INTO ENGLISH

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### Abstract

In the contemporary world, translation is indispensable. English translation has helped the unfathomably rich Indian literatures to transcend the barriers of place and time, and become accessible to layman and critic alike. There is immense scope and urgent need for more such translations of old and new works in Indian literatures. In the present Indian scenario, fiction being one of the most popular choices of translators, it would be interesting to study *Cobalt Blue* (2013) – Jerry Pinto's acclaimed English translation of Sachin Kundalkar's Marathi novel *Cobalt Blue* (2006). At a time when Marathi literature is struggling to find skilled English translators, Jerry Pinto's translation of Kundalkar's novel comes as a precious ray of hope. Though Marathi is not his first language, Jerry Pinto has lived up to the exquisitely crafted yet simple plot and the knotty issues in Kundalkar's novel. He has made a brave effort in bringing out not only 'what' the original text says but also 'how' it has been said - the implicit meaning, the characters' voices and intricacies of everyday parlance. Nevertheless, what stands out is the bold independence of Pinto's translation. Jerry Pinto is an endearingly reckless translator who captures the soul of Kundalkar's novel and beautifully re-incarnates it in his text. The English translation of Sachin Kundalkar's novel takes a powerful native Indian literature to the whole world.

Eugene Nida describes translation as a science, Theodore Savory terms it an art, and Eric Jacobson visualizes it as a craft (Das 167). Translation is all this and much more. In the contemporary world, translation is indispensable. Noted translation theorist Paul Engle wrote in the 1980s, "As this world shrinks together like an aging orange and all peoples in all cultures move closer together...it may be that the crucial sentence for our remaining years on earth may be very simply: TRANSLATE OR DIE. The lives of every creature on the earth may one day depend on the instant and accurate translation of one word" (Engle and Engle 2).

Unlike the West, classical Indian translation is characterized by loose adaptation and creative re-telling rather than close translation. As K. Satchidanandan observes, "... We do not even have a proper word for translation in the Indian languages, so we have, at different times,

borrowed *anuvad* ('speaking after') from Sanskrit and *tarjuma* (explication or paraphrase) from Arabic.... Our predecessors used texts as take-off points and freely retold and resituated them, as was done in the case of many Ramayanas, Mahabharatas and Bhagavatas in different languages. ... This tendency...continued almost to the end of the pre-colonial period...." (Satchidanandan *The Hindu Literary Review*). In the colonial era, the contact with the West transformed the translation scene in India. Scholars from the West made classic translations of Indian texts into English and other European languages. Translations of English or European texts into Indian languages and translations amongst different Indian languages were a special feature of the Indian Renaissance and helped build the nation during the freedom struggle.

Translating Indian literatures into a global language like English has always been a potent means of revealing their rich cultural heritage, vast stores of knowledge and wisdom, humane vision and lofty ideals, to the entire world. Scholars like William Jones, MacDonnell, MaxMuller, Wilson, Griffiths and Jacobs were the pioneers in the field. "... by late 19<sup>th</sup> century, Indian scholars like Romesh Chandra Dutt... also joined the effort, sometimes with the noble intention of correcting Western perceptions of Indian texts. This is a living tradition as we realize from the practices of P.Lal, A.K.Ramanujan, Dilip Chitre, Velcheru Narayana Rao, Arvind Krishna Mehrotra, Arshia Sattar, H.S. Shivaprakash, Ranjit Hoskote, Vijay Nambisan, Bibek Debroy, and several other poets and scholars" (Satchidanandan *The Hindu Literary Review*).

The world has been enriched by English translations of the *Vedas*, *Upanishads*, *Ramayana*, *Mahabharata*, Buddhist texts and *Panchatantra*, the masterpieces of Panini and Kalidas in Sanskrit, Tulsidas, Surdas, Kabir, Meera, Premchand, Bhartendu, Dinkar, Agyeya in Hindi, Ghalib and Iqbal in Urdu, Chandidas, Saratchandra and Tagore in Bengali, Narsi Mehta in Gujarati, Pothanna and Vemana in Telugu, Jagannath Das in Odiya, Shankar Dev in Assamese, Purandardas in Kannada, Kumaran Asan and Vallathol in Malayalam, Kusumagraj and Vijay Tendulkar in Marathi, Kamban and Andal in Tamil – to name only a few. English translation has helped Indian literatures to transcend the barriers of place and time, and become accessible to layman and critic alike. There is immense scope and urgent need for more such translations of old and new works in Indian literatures, so that new meanings are discovered and innumerable hidden treasures are brought to light.

However, the actual process of translation is far from simple. The translator has to essentially play three roles – that of the reader who must grasp the original text in its entirety, of the bi-linguist who must master and equate the unique rules, styles, socio-cultural contexts and worldviews of two different languages, and, of the creator who creates a new text keeping in mind the essence, sensibilities and intentions of the original text and writer, and the nature of his readers. Translation demands creative imagination just like original writing. In fact, the translator's task is more difficult as he/she has to capture and convey the essence of the heart and mind of another individual. The translator's ultimate challenge lies in carefully transmitting the soul of the original work into the target language without damaging the structure, meaning or beauty of the original text or the source and target languages.

Lakshmi Holmstrom, the famous translator of Tamil literature into English notes, "The most difficult part of translation is, I believe, finding the 'right' pitch and voice of the original, and to try and match that. I won't say 'replicate'; that's impossible. But there is also the hard graft of familiarizing oneself with the history and cultural background of the work. A translator should never be afraid of asking questions. Meanings don't reside in dictionaries alone, we know"(qtd. in Santhanam, *The Hindu Literary Review*). Translating Indian literature into English is thus a serious task demanding a selfless and passionate devotion to literature, skill, hard

labour, scholarship and creative genius, profound experience of life and deep social commitment. Given India's numerous autonomous language-communities, the translator shoulders the onerous responsibility of bridging a deeply fragmented world. He/She is expected to be multilingual and multicultural and strike a fine balance between imitating the original and producing a new creation. The ultimate aim is to draw readers towards the original and its related language, literature and culture. Translation today is a highly demanding and dynamic discipline. In the words of Prof. Bijay Kumar Das, "We have come a long way from taking translation, first as a 'carry over of meaning', and then, as a linguistic activity... to ... accepting it as an 'intercultural activity'. It is identical to culture. Translation is now viewed as 'transformation' and transposition of culture..." (Das 180).

In the present Indian scenario, fiction being one of the most popular choices of translators, it would be interesting to study *Cobalt Blue*(2013) – a recent, highly acclaimed English translation of Marathi fiction. Marathi literature is vibrant, immensely rich in styles and themes, and has a history of several centuries. It began with spiritual and philosophical lyrics and poems like those of Dnyaneshwar, Namdev, Eknath, Tukaram and Ramdas. It later moved on to other genres while embodying themes of humanism, existentialism, social commitment, nationalism, culture and politics, post-modern controversies and disillusionment, etc. Jyotiba Phule, Gopal Hari Deshmukh, Mahadev Govind Ranade, Hari Narayan Apte Prahlad Keshav Atre, Keshavsuta, Balakavi, Govindagraj, Sane Guruji, Balshastri Jambhekar, Bal Gangadhar Tilak were the leading figures in pre-independence Marathi prose and poetry. Among the leading post-independence writers of poetry, drama, prose and fiction are - Vishnu Sakharam Khandekar, Vasant Kanetkar, Kusumagraj, Vijay Tendulkar, B.S. Mardhekar, Babasaheb Ambedkar, Bhalchandra Nemade, Sharad Rane, Arun Kolatkar, Dilip Chitre, Namdeo Dhasal, Vasant Abaji Dahake, Manohar Oak, Vilas Sarang, Dr. Jayant Narlikar, Laxman Londhe. The modernist and post-modernist generation is represented by poets like Manya Joshi, Sachin Ketkar, Saleel Wagh, Mohan Borse, Sandeep Deshpande, Vasant Gurjar, Arun Kale, Shrikant Deshmukh and Veerdhaval Parab. Marathi literature especially fiction is known for its bold experiments with controversial personal and social issues and daring advocacy of the traditionally marginalized sections of society – poor, women, lower castes, rebels, etc.

*Cobalt Blue* published by Hamish Hamilton – Penguin India in 2013 is Jerry Pinto's English translation of Sachin Kundalkar's Marathi novel *Cobalt Blue* (2006). Sachin Kundalkar is a popular Marathi playwright, film director and screenplay writer. He has written and directed four feature films and won the National Award for *Nirup* (2007) and *Gandha* (2009). *Cobalt Blue* (2006) is his debut novel, published in his early twenties, "a tale of rapturous love and fierce heartbreak told with tenderness and unsparing clarity" (qtd. in Kundalkar, *Cobalt Blue* English edition, blurb). The translator Jerry Pinto is an acclaimed Indian English writer of prose, poetry and children's fiction as well as a journalist. His debut novel *Em and the Big Hoom* (2012) won the Hindu Literary Prize. His other noted works include *Helen: The Life and Times of an H-Bomb* (2006), *Surviving Women* (2000) and *Asylum and Other Poems* (2003). At a time when Marathi literature is struggling to find skilled English translators, Jerry Pinto's translation of Kundalkar's novel comes as a precious ray of hope. As noted Marathi writer and translator Shanta Gokhale observes, "...Jerry Pinto's translation is fluid and immensely readable" (qtd. in Kundalkar, *Cobalt Blue* English edition, blurb).

*Cobalt Blue*, a brief novel, revolves around the Joshis –a traditional middle class Brahmin family residing in Pune and is set chiefly in the early years of the new millennium. The simple plot sketches the experiences of Tanay Joshi and Anuja Joshi, brother and sister, whose lives are

changed forever when a paying guest arrives to stay in the Joshi household. The first part of the novel is in the form of an interior monologue, a direct address by Tanay to the nameless paying guest with whom he has a passionate homosexual relationship. The second part of the novel is in the form of the diary of Anuja wherein she writes about her love affair with the same paying guest. Both Tanay and Anuja have been cheated and ditched by the mysterious paying guest and the novel is in fact a record of their lamentations.

Mr and Mrs Joshi, a working class man and a housewife have toiled hard to bring up their three children – Aseem, Tanay and Anuja. While Aseem is a conformist, Tanay and Anuja are rebels who wish to lead independent lives. Mr Joshi (Baba or father in Marathi) and Mrs Joshi (Aai or mother in Marathi) allow freedom to Tanay and Anuja but little do they know that their children will end up doing things which they have never even dreamt about.

Baba decides to rent their upstairs room to paying guests and thus a handsome young man makes his way into the Joshi household. From the very beginning, something seems to suggest that he is someone special. He has no name, no caste, no native village, no relatives. The orphaned son of an Indian diplomat in France, he has lived on his own since the age of fifteen. An aspiring artist, his magical paintings, his French, his music, his charismatic persona and charm make him stand out. Well-versed in international literature, art, music and culture, he charms everybody with his ability to mingle and to listen to them for hours on end patiently and attentively. He is the one who is ever ready to help, the one to whom all like to confess their sorrows and draw consolation from. Yet, he remains shy, elusive, introvert as ever. He is master of his own destiny, captain of his own ship, a free bird, who lives life on his own terms, without caring for the world.

It is precisely these qualities that draw Tanay and Anuja to the same man, unknown to each other. Being gays, both he and Tanay are physically drawn to each other. Tanay who leads a secret life unknown to even his own family, with no one to understand him, finds a true soul-mate in the paying guest and wishes to move out and live with him forever. From him, Tanay learns to be fully free, to enjoy life to the utmost, to live for one's own sake, to find joy in each moment. But all this ends abruptly one day when the paying guest elopes with his sister Anuja. A shattered Tanay has none to share his grief with and he mourns alone, lyrically, for he has lost a part of his own self with the departure of the paying guest.

At this point begins Anuja's diary. She is writing down her own experiences on the advice of the psychiatrist who is treating her for severe depression after the paying guest has ditched her. Anuja, a vibrant tom-boyish girl, a wanderer, trekker and environmental activist can never reconcile herself to a life of glorified slavery as a traditional Indian woman. In the paying guest she finds a man who is different, who can give her space and at the same time take care of her, a man who supports her dreams, teaches her music, makes her laugh. She is deeply attracted to and possessive of him. One day, they elope to an unknown destination and she has six months of bliss with him. Then he disappears suddenly, leaving her with no option but to return to her parents. Since she doesn't dare to take her own life, she swallows the insults and humiliation. With her family's help, she slowly recovers.

While Tanay and Anuja are clearly smitten by the paying guest, he remains non-committal, silently playing along to their whims but doing only what he wants. His actions remain unexplained and he seems to be a heartless villain. But the truth might never be known. One wonders if the paying guest is real. Or is he simply a beautiful dream of the brother and sister struggling for freedom in an orthodox world? Cobalt Blue, the favourite colour of the paying guest, the colour of his canvas paintings and of his diary, the colour which is spilled on

the floor in his room where Tanay had spent so many poignant hours, the colour of the water in the pool where Anuja swims at the end of the novel – is a real symbol of absolute freedom. Finally both Tanay and Anuja move on in life. Tanay most probably with his gay friends joins a theatre group in Mumbai. Anuja too leaves home and lives alone in a flat having secured a job as environmentalist with Green Earth. Perhaps this is the real gift of the paying guest – the courage to lead lives as they wish, true only to themselves, without caring for anything or anyone else.

Kundalkar's novel is not so much about the bare plot as about the myriad themes and issues of contemporary social life that it deals with. *Cobalt Blue* is a novel of the passionate youth of today who have modern ideas, enjoy life to the fullest and embrace joy and sorrow with the same fierceness. It encompasses several modern-day concerns – breaking gender stereotypes, homosexuality, child abuse, feminism, art, environmental activism, familial relations, man-woman relationship, marriage versus open relationships, loss of innocence and coming of age, generation gap, conflict between tradition and modernity, clash of individualist and collectivist cultures, satire on Indian social orthodoxy and hypocrisy, disadvantages of Western liberal culture, the problematic concept of freedom etc. Against the backdrop of contemporary existential dilemmas, *Cobalt Blue* asks if true love, loyalty and relationships really exist, if relationships are to be rated by their longevity or by their quality.

Though Marathi is not his first language, Jerry Pinto has lived up to the exquisitely crafted yet simple plot and the knotty issues in Kundalkar's novel. He has made a brave effort in bringing out not only 'what' the original text says but also 'how' it has been said - the implicit meaning, the characters' voices and intricacies of everyday parlance. As Pinto himself opines, "Because it's not that you're taking one word and replacing it with another ... You are actually taking one culture and replacing it with another" (qtd. in Phadke, *The Times Of India*). The ultimate tribute comes from the novelist Sachin Kundalkar himself - "I was moved by (the translation) ... It was fluid, poetic and had the exact tints and textures of emotions as the original Marathi novel" (qtd. in Phadke, *The Times Of India* ). Given the fact that Marathi is not the mother tongue of the translator, this is no mean achievement.

Both the translator and the novelist belong to the younger generation. Perhaps that is why Pinto can match so well Kundalkar's youthful and spontaneous language, his chaste Marathi peppered with English words, his style and characterization marked by searing intensity, raging liveliness and glowing transparency. Kundalkar's novel is a suspense thriller and musical love poem rolled into one. Translating Tanay's monologue in the first part is a real challenge because of the stream-of-consciousness technique packed with repetitive, broken and haphazard musings. The second part which has Anuja's diary combines first-person subjectivity and third-person objectivity, stream-of-consciousness, flashback and linear narration. Translating a novel with varied points of view and voices ranging from elation to depression and neuroticism to stoicism, is both delight and dilemma. In the valuable 'Translator's Note' at the end his text, Pinto reveals his profound understanding of the original text and his own limitations as a translator – "As readers we expect narratives to fall into seemly timelines. But neither Tanay nor Anuja respect the sequential. Smitten, broken, rebuilt, they tell their stories as memories spill over, as thoughts surface. They move from the present to the past and back to the present.... Tanay says things again and again, as if he wants to reassure himself, as if repetition will fix what has happened in his memory.... this is how we grieve, how we remember, in the present tense and in the past, all at once, because the imagined future must now be abandoned" (CB 228). Though the English version cannot fully capture the colloquialism and emotional appeal of the Marathi language,

Jerry Pinto compensates for it with his blend of precision and brevity, sarcasm and tenderness, humour and pathos.

Nevertheless, what stands out is the bold independence of Pinto's translation. For instance, there are two dedications in the translated text – "Author's dedication – For Umesh ; Translator's dedication – To boatmen of every kind". Again, Pinto has left out the devotional poem by Marathi saint poet Tukaram which forms the epigraph of the Marathi version. The two parts of the novel are originally titled 'Tanay' and 'July-August chi Diary' while the translator names them 'Tanay' and 'Anuja'. As far as Anuja's diary in the second part is concerned, Pinto offers only the day and month but omits the year 2002 which is part of every entry in the original. Pinto has found his own ingenious ways of bridging the vast cultural divide between the Marathi and English languages. He retains Marathi words without any explanations or footnotes, as in – *aai, baba, aaji, ajoba, kaka, maushi, kelvan, sanatan dharmi, shengdaana, sabudaana, bhakri, chafa* etc. He is unapologetic about this practice, especially since meanings can be easily traced on the internet. He opines, "... we should find out the exact meaning of every unknown word ... but we live in an imperfect world and we are imperfect readers. Sometimes, the sheer pace of a narrative will carry us along and there will be no time to check the meaning of the architrave behind which the diamonds have been stashed...Most times, we get the sense of the word from the context and read on ... This is true even when we are not reading books in translation. I have never bothered to stop for an architrave ... I get the general gist and rush on" (CB 226-7). Perhaps this is a better way of retaining the original Marathi flavor since exact English translations of Marathi cultural expressions are often impossible and literal translations are often damaging. Pinto himself declares that however hard the translator tries, certain things cannot be communicated. Unable to find a suitable substitute for the Marathi word 're' which Tanay uses to address the paying guest, Pinto ends up admitting, "It ('re') gives his monologue an intensity, a spontaneity and an affectionate intimacy that has no equal in English" (CB 225-6).

Both Marathi and English are languages endowed with rare virility and directness and perhaps their competing claims lead Pinto to change the sequence of, compress or eschew several details, phrases and sentences from the Marathi text and leave things to the wisdom of the readers. Or perhaps he feels that translating everything would mar his recreation of the effect of the original text. This approach often helps to avoid needless repetitions or redundant details. For instance, Tanay's umpteenth reiteration that he could make sense of the suddenly changed behavior of the paying guest only after his elopement with Anuja (Kundalkar, *Cobalt Blue* Marathi edition, 20). Or Tanay's detailed references to the girls in the hostel opposite his home - "*sagale kes mokle sodoon pudha waakaleli aswalasaarkhi disanaari ek mulgi...*" (Kundalkar, *Cobalt Blue* Marathi edition, 24) meaning "a girl bending forward with all her hair loose and looking like a bear...". Many sentences like these are not translated. But such an approach also carries the disadvantage of missing out on important portions like this observation of Tanay – "*Pann ayushya itka soppa nasta. Zara complicated asta; aani tu tar ayushyapekshaa dahapat complicated manoos*" (Kundalkar, *Cobalt Blue* Marathi edition, 27 ) meaning "But life is not that simple. It is a bit complicated; and you are a man ten times more complicated than life." The translated text misses out on at least eight sentences which convey Anuja's resentment for her psychiatrist who just has to drink tea, wear flowery saris and dine with her husband, who has not faced the shocks Anuja has undergone, who has not been deserted by her lover or has not had to return home to her parents ticketless and shame-faced (Kundalkar, *Cobalt Blue* Marathi edition, 46). Often Pinto in his hurry to grasp the essence of the narrative confuses or misses little details like substituting *Aai* (mother) in place of *Aaji* (grandmother) (Kundalkar, *Cobalt Blue* Marathi

edition, 15 and CB 39) or the tiny yet significant components of middle-class Maharashtrian domestic life or the details of castes and sub-castes.

On the other hand, Pinto can be extremely innovative when he offers within the text explanations or even sentences that are not found in the original but are necessary for the readers of the English version. Some of Tanay's reminiscences highlight the caste-consciousness of his family – "We didn't bother much about caste and such matters at home. But when we sat down to dinner and you asked Aai for a poli, I could see her perk up. *Brahmins say 'poli' while other castes make do with the humble 'chapatti' – same bread, different brand name. Baba took the bull by its horns.* 'May I ask who is your family god?' he asked" (CB 38). Again, after Anuja's failed suicide attempt there is this statement– "*This was failure piled on failure*" (CB 110). The parts in italics are the translator's additions and reflect his deep understanding of the emotion and culture in the Marathi narrative, as also his quest to render a genuinely creative work suited to the character of the English language. On the other hand, Pinto can be extremely innovative when he offers within the text explanations or even sentences that are not found in the original but are necessary for the readers of the English version. In Tanay's reminiscences about the paying-guest, the caste-consciousness among the elders of the Joshi family is highlighted – "We didn't bother much about caste and such matters at home. But when we sat down to dinner and you asked Aai for a poli, I could see her perk up. *Brahmins say 'poli' while other castes make do with the humble 'chapatti' – same bread, different brand name. Baba took the bull by its horns.* 'May I ask who is your family god?' he asked." (p.38) Again, after Anuja's failed suicide attempt there is this statement that is not found in the original – "*This was failure piled on failure*". (p.110) The parts in italics are the translator's additions and reflect his deep understanding of the emotion underlying the Marathi narrative, of the native language and culture and also his quest to render a genuinely creative work suited to the character of the English language.

Also, there are several instances of fine, empathetic and truly inspired translation by Jerry Pinto which are not literal but pierce the core of the original text and add to it. In the original, Tanay confesses that he has realized why the few hours he spends with his friend Rashmi are the most peaceful. (p.32 Marathi) But Pinto translates the line as follows –"This made me aware of something else: of how friendship can offer surcease from noise." Then there is Rashmi's advice to Tanay, "All of us have to give shape to our lives, Tanay. You have to choose your own design. You have to keep changing it, working with it. You have to shape your taste as well. And that means trusting what pleases you." (p.96) Or these self-discoveries of Anuja the woman who is complete in herself – "I had always planned on leaving. How long could I have stayed in this world of Aai's religion and her swamis, her rituals and fasts; this world of Baba's, he who was always afraid of what 'they' would say; this world of marriage and children and aunts..." (p.118) and "I have to do something for myself. Of myself; and I have to live the way I want to live. Whatever it takes." (p. 185) In the context of the paying guest withdrawing into a world of his own after suffering neglect and abuse as a child, the term 'paripoorna ektepana' (p.37-38 Marathi) is not literally translated as total or complete solitude but as 'accomplished solitude' (p.91). Pinto's excellent grasp over Marathi usages and his skill in substituting them with the most natural English idioms is obvious. For example, in the Marathi text, Anuja says that while she is being treated for depression, everybody listens to whatever she says and complies with her wishes (p.49 Marathi). The English translation simply reads, "These days, I have only to ask." (p.121) Again, Anuja speaks of how she was totally preoccupied with the paying guest. (p.68 Marathi) The English translation is, "And then it struck me that I was a goner." (p.166) Here is

how Pinto recreates in English the effect of a maidservant answering the phone in crude Marathi – ‘Woo is spikking?’ (p.200) Also, when in the Marathi version Anuja speaks of her ambition to study zoo management and establish and maintain a fine zoo in her city (p.82), Pinto translates it thus - “I had wanted to study zoo management and become India’s Gerald Durrell.” (p.201) Then there is this comment on ‘freedom’ which is one of the central themes of the novel – “... we were a transitional generation and that gave us several advantages. We had been given the freedom to choose how we want to live and behave. We were lucky to have parents who felt blessed in having children and were willing to take all the responsibilities that came with it. And so our sense of freedom is only a rehearsal. The next generation will have to pay the price.” (p.138) A simple translation from Marathi to English is hard enough. But Pinto has gone a step further to make the English translation genuinely spontaneous.

To sum up, Jerry Pinto is an endearingly reckless translator who captures the soul of Kundalkar’s novel and beautifully re-incarnates it in his text. That is why, when Kundalkar excels in his poetically colloquial description of how Anuja’s favourite aunt Sharayu drinks wine – gazing lovingly at the glass and feeling the wine pass through her gullet with eyes closed (Kundalkar, *Cobalt Blue* Marathi edition, 78), Pinto comes up with a creative translation like this: “First she swirled the wine about and stared into its red dark heart. Then she brought it to her lips and took a sip so infinitesimal it could not have even wet her lips. Then she closed her eyes and I could sense the wine percolate through her” (CB 191).

### ***Summing Up –***

The English translation of Sachin Kundalkar’s novel takes a powerful native Indian literature to the whole world. Jerry Pinto adds new dimensions to the original text and by extension to Indian English literature as a whole. The translation exemplifies how Indian languages and English borrow freely from each other. Language barriers collapse and a truly national and global literature comes into being. Such a literature alone can give birth to new revolutions for universal welfare.

The dictum “lost in translation” no longer holds good. These are the days of “gained through translation”. The need of the hour is to end the traditional rivalry between those who write in English and the regional languages. Collaboration between regional language writers and English translators can help in mutual literary enrichment, in more publicity and income for both original and translated texts. Above all, true translation is always the fruit of creativity and inspiration. The joy of translating a superior work is not less than the joy of its creation. To quote famous Indian author Kiran Nagarkar who writes both in Marathi and English, “I can't think of...being more penurious than not having translations...Those who translate are the world's first globalisers.... There is no bank on the face of the earth that can match the treasures translations hold” (qtd. in Phadke, *The Times Of India*). The great French philosopher and translation theorist Paul Ricouer regards translation as an act of selflessness, of embracing the world of the ‘other’ and allowing the ‘other’ to inhabit one’s own world. In translation lies the hope of the modern world, for “it is only when we translate our own wounds into the language of strangers and retranslate the wounds of strangers into our own language that healing and reconciliation can take place”(Kearney xv-xx).



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