

Grandmother remarked that I had become shy. Mother engaged rickshaws for them; Grandma Hui-chuang, beaming broadly, got into the one in the middle, with Sister Tsui-ling in the lead rickshaw and Brother Chi-ming bringing up the rear. I watched them being pulled away and once again I thought of him standing astern, handling the scull. I had a strangely uncomfortable feeling inside.

After they had gone, my elder sisters, and even the servants, called them countryfolk. I didn't say anything aloud, but I thought to myself how strange it seemed that almost overnight they should have changed into Shanghailanders.

From that day on I have not seen the two of them again.

May God bless and keep Sister Tsui-ling!

Vocational Guidance

Sometimes young people come to me for information and advice about translating as a possible career. The gist of what I tell them is this: "It's a useful profession. You would be helping to make foreign literature and thought known to the English-speaking world. It's an exacting profession. It calls for a greater command of your own language than most original writers possess, because a writer only has to be able to say what he personally wants to say, whereas a translator should be able to say what a wide variety of writers say, and say it in their styles. Especially in the field of belles-lettres, it requires a command of the language translated from that can only be gained by years of daily use. It's difficult work, but despite—or because of—the difficulty, it is fascinating. In short, it's a fine profession; but keep away from it unless you have an independent income."

—RALPH MANHEIM
 translator of Hermann Hesse, Berthold Brecht, Louis-Ferdinand Céline, Günter Grass and others, in "The Trials of Translation", *Publishers Weekly*, September 24, 1973.