
TROUBLE IN DYSTOPIA

Translating *Matched*, *Crossed* and *Reached* by Ally Condie



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INTRODUCTION

In the beginning of the twentieth century, dystopia emerged as a genre of Western fiction and works such as Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* (1932) and George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949) are still known as classic examples of dystopian narratives (Baccolini 1). Waves of dystopian and utopian writing then started to follow each other. The late 1960s and 1970s saw a revival of utopian writing in the form of the "critical utopia" (2). This type of utopian writing is characterised by a "continuing presence of difference and imperfection within the utopian society", rather than a purely idealistic vision of a future society (Moylan, qtd. in Baccolini 2). Examples include works by feminist writers such as Ursula K. Le Guin's *The Dispossessed: An Ambiguous Utopia* (1974) and Marge Piercy's *Woman on the Edge of Time* (1976). In the 1980s, there was a renewed interest in dystopian fiction which can be partly attributed to the 'anniversary' of Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* in 1984 (Baccolini 3). Critics argued that this new and revised form of dystopia contained elements of dystopia as well as utopia and considered it "critical dystopias" (3). An example of such a critical dystopia is *The Gold Coast* (1988) by Kim Stanley Robinson.

The wave of dystopian literature seems to have continued into the twenty-first century, particularly within the domain of young adult literature. Vicky Smith of Kirkus Reviews mentions the enormous number of dystopian novels that are being published, "fuelled by the tremendous crossover success of Suzanne Collins' Hunger Games trilogy" (par. 3). But *The Hunger Games* itself, published in 2008, also follows a long list of dystopian works for younger readers, including *Feed* (2002) by M.T. Anderson, *Uglies* (2005) by Scott Westerfeld, *Gone* (2008) by Michael Grant, and many more. Dystopia continues to be a popular theme in young adult writing and more and more of these stories are being adapted to film. MTV even organised a 'Dystopian Week' at the end of November 2011 during which they discussed several dystopian novels and film adaptations online and interviewed various authors about their works and "being part of [the] dystopian trend in YA" (Wilkinson, par. 10).

One of the dystopian young adult novels that followed *The Hunger Games* is *Matched* by Ally Condie. In this book, Condie portrays a dystopian society in which every aspect of people's lives, and deaths, is controlled. The reader experiences the events through the eyes of Cassia, who starts developing the need to rebel against this society.

This thesis will focus on the specific translation problems in the *Matched*-trilogy, consisting of *Matched*, *Crossed* and the final novel *Reached*, which is yet to be released. Rather than studying just one of these young adult novels, all three books will be discussed in this thesis, since they form a continuous story and the titles, one of the translation problems, cannot be dealt with separately, as will be explained in Chapter 5. This thesis will consist of three parts followed by a conclusion in which I will try to answer the following question:

What are the specific translation problems a translator will come across when translating the novels from the *Matched*-trilogy by Ally Condie and what are the possible and most desirable solutions to these problems?

The first part will serve as an introduction to and analysis of the novels. This part includes some information on the author and a summary of the story. Young adult literature will shortly be discussed, as well as the dystopian character of the books. Part two will deal with four of the main translation problems that are found in Condie's novels, including the problem of the titles, but also (fictive) culture-specific elements, intertextuality and poetry, three major aspects of the novels. Both theory and practice will be discussed, along with examples from the books, and the possible translation options will be described. The final part will consist of my own translations of a number of passages from the book as well as a comparison to the translations of Jesse Goossens and Mechteld Jansen, who translated *Matched* and *Crossed* respectively. Footnotes will be used in my translation to discuss further translation problems and/or to explain certain choices.

PART ONE - CONTEXTUALISATION



1. THE *MATCHED*-TRILOGY

1.1 THE AUTHOR

Allyson Braithwaite Condie is an American novelist who lives in Salt Lake City, Utah with her husband Scott and their three children. She has always been interested in writing, but decided to become a teacher when the time came to go to college. Condie went to Brigham Young University where she received a degree in English Teaching. She taught high school English in New York and Utah for a number of years before she and her husband had their first child. After that, Condie quit her teaching job and stayed at home to take care of their firstborn and, missing her work with students and books, she decided to start writing again (“Bio”).

In September 2006 Condie published her first book, *Yearbook*, and within the next four years she published another four young adult novels: two sequels to *Yearbook* titled *First Day* (2007) and *Reunion* (2008) and two stand-alone novels, *Freshman for President* (2008) and *Being Sixteen* (2010). With the exception of *Freshman* all of these books were published by Deseret Book Company in Salt Lake City, a publisher aimed at the Latter-day Saints audience (“Books”).

With her next novel, Condie wanted to reach a national audience and realised she had to find a literary agent. She sent her manuscript to several agents and Jodi Reamer from Writers House immediately loved Condie’s writing, for it had a “literary quality, yet such strong commercial appeal” (Lodge, par. 7). Reamer became Condie’s agent and learned that she was not alone in her excitement about *Matched*. Multiple editors at various publishing houses liked the book and the rights for the trilogy were sold for a seven-figure number (Lodge, par. 8). Moreover, foreign rights were sold in thirty countries before publication of the original, which, according to Reamer, is “very, very rare” for a young adult novel by a new author (Lodge, par. 10). The story has a universal appeal and according to Don Weisberg, president of Penguin Young Readers Group, such a novel “comes along only once in a while” (Lodge, par. 11). Film rights were sold to Disney and all foreign publishers decided to use the art of the original cover (Lodge, par. 11).

Matched became a #1 New York Times Bestseller and was listed in Amazon Best Books of the Month in December 2010 and Publishers Weekly’s Best Children’s Books of 2010. The novel won the 2010 Whitney Award for Best Youth Fiction: Speculative and it was the #1 Pick on the Winter 2010/2011 Kid’s Indie Next List. It was listed in YALSA’s 2011

Teens' Top Ten and chosen as YALSA 2011 Best Fiction for Young Readers and Quick Picks for Reluctant Readers ("Books"). *Crossed*, the second title in the trilogy was released in November 2011. It is a New York Times Bestseller and the novel is selected for the Winter 2011/2012 Kid's Indie Next List ("Books"). The last novel is to be released in November 2012 and will be titled *Reached*.

1.2 THE STORY

1.2.1 SUMMARY

In *Matched*, the reader is introduced to seventeen-year-old Cassia Reyes who lives in the Society of a future world ruled by Officials. The Officials control every aspect of people's lives: what they eat, how they spend their free time, what their job will be, who they will marry, how many children they will have and when they die. The novel starts with Cassia getting ready for her Match Ceremony, where she will learn who she will eventually marry. Cassia is matched to her best friend Xander Carrow.

All matched individuals receive a microcard with a picture and information on their match. However, when Cassia uses her microcard, she sees a picture of another boy she knows, Ky Markham. A Society Official tells Cassia that Ky's picture on the card was a mistake. Cassia learns that Ky is an Aberration and therefore cannot be matched. The Official assures Cassia that she is still matched to Xander and while Cassia is relieved to hear this, the curious mistake and the new information on Ky have also sparked her interest in him.

While Cassia is content in the Society at first, she begins to raise questions when she visits her Grandfather for his eightieth birthday, also the day he will die. He gives her a compact in which she later finds two poems: "Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night" by Dylan Thomas and "Crossing the Bar" by Alfred Lord Tennyson, which will play an important role throughout the trilogy. The Society has chosen one hundred poems, paintings, stories and songs from the 'old world' which citizens still have access to; the rest is or will be destroyed. The poems from the compact, however, are not part of the one hundred and are thus forbidden poems.

Meanwhile, Cassia continues her education at Second School and her training as a sorter, her future job. Both Cassia and Ky sign up for hiking and during these trips they grow closer. She learns how he used to live in one of the Outer Provinces where his family was murdered by the Society. He also teaches her how to write, which is forbidden in the Society.

For Cassia's final test as a sorter, she has to sort factory workers by their efficiency so the more efficient ones can be reassigned to a new job. One of the factory workers is Ky and she sorts him to be reassigned. During another hiking trip, Cassia and Ky admit to their feelings and share a kiss. Soon after this, however, Ky learns he will be relocated to another province for his job reassignment. In the middle of the night, Ky is taken away and Cassia learns that he is actually being sent to the Outer Provinces to fight the Enemy and will likely be killed there. The Officials make everyone take their red tablet to erase their memory of the incident. However, Cassia avoids taking it and Xander is immune to the tablet's effects.

The next morning, Cassia learns that her family will also be relocated, to the Farmlands. She decides that she will try to escape to the Outer Provinces to find Ky. Her parents help her and so does Xander, even though he loves her and knows that she is falling for Ky. At the end of the novel, Cassia is farming and waiting for information on Ky's whereabouts.

In *Crossed* Ky continues working in the Outer Provinces while many Aberrations around him die during the Enemy attacks. Cassia is farming in a work camp when she receives a surprise visit from Xander. Since they are still Matched, they are allowed to go on an outing together, under the supervision of an Official. Cassia uses this opportunity to trade an object for information on Ky's whereabouts. She is disappointed at first when she finds out she received a story, but becomes interested when the story tells her about the Rising, a rebellion against the Society.

Cassia then finds a way to be taken to the Outer Provinces along with a number of Aberration girls. Meanwhile, Ky plots to escape with Victor and Eli, two friends he made in the Outer Provinces. When Cassia arrives, Ky has already left for the Carving and Cassia decides to run from the Outer Provinces as well, together with Indie, a girl from the work camp.

In their journeys through the rocks, both Ky and Cassia learn more about the Rising and a secret community of Farmers who used to live in the Carving. Ky and Eli lose Victor when the Society starts bombing a river they caught fish from. Eventually, Cassia and Indie catch up and Ky and Cassia are reunited. The four of them continue their journey and enter the abandoned Farmers' township. They meet one Farmer there, Hunter, who is mourning his lost daughter.

Hunter is leaving the township to join the other Farmers who left and offers to help the four of them escape from the Carving and the Society Officials who are on their way. Cassia is determined to find the Rising with the aid of a map they found in the township. Ky wants nothing to do with the Rising at first since his parents rebelled and they were killed, along with the rest of his town. However, he decides to join Cassia in the end. Eli chooses to follow Hunter.

Cassia and Indie use a boat to get to the Rising and since it can only hold two, Ky travels by foot. When Cassia and Indie arrive, they are immediately questioned. Afterwards, Rising Officers determine how they can best help the Rising. It is decided that Cassia will best serve the Rising from within the Society, since officially she still has Citizen status. Cassia is sent away before Ky even arrives. Ky is chosen to pilot an air ship in Camas, another Province, but is determined to be reunited with Cassia once again.

1.2.2 YOUNG ADULT LITERATURE

The *Matched*-trilogy is a series of novels for younger readers, but it can be labelled in various ways, from children's literature, teen fiction or young adult literature, to crossover literature, depending on the angle from which one approaches the novel and what definition one employs. These difficulties will not be dealt with here, but the passages below will shortly argue why the trilogy should be considered young adult literature as well as crossover literature.

It is difficult to work with a term as 'young adult literature' since the definitions can vary widely, for example concerning the age group young adult literature is aimed at. Some institutions talk about twelve to eighteen-year-olds, while others choose twenty-one and twenty-five as the boundaries of this age group (Koster). Therefore, looking at the textual qualities of young adult literature might prove more useful. In his lecture on translating young adult literature, Cees Koster mentioned several textual qualities of young adult literature, for example a narrative and stylistic complexity, as opposed to children's literature, which is usually more simple, though not simplistic. Also, whereas children's literature focuses mostly on action and plot, and not so much on the characters or their development, the characters in young adult novels usually play a more important role and can have a higher degree of complexity (Koster). As regards content, the "chronotope of threshold" is a key term. This refers to the crossing over of characters "into different realities or states of being" (Falconer 563). With these characteristics in mind, one is inclined to label the *Matched*-trilogy as young

adult literature. *Matched* is told from the perspective of the main character Cassia, but in *Crossed* the perspective alternates between Cassia's and Ky's, and both have a distinct style. Though the story is mostly told in chronological order, there are some flashbacks. Furthermore, not all elements of the story are explained directly, requiring some effort of the reader to fill in the gaps. Condie also uses poetry to add another layer to her novel and she experiments with having the characters write poetry themselves. Also, character development is very important, especially in the second novel. Very little actually happens in *Crossed* and the action can be summarised in only one or two sentences. The development of the various characters, on the other hand, requires more explanation. Lastly, being seventeen years old, the main characters find themselves on various 'thresholds'. They are not only in transition from youth to adults and students to workers, but Cassia is also searching for her identity in this new situation where she breaks free from the Society.

From a publisher's point of view, the *Matched*-trilogy is most likely a series of young adult novels as well. The book was originally published by Dutton Children's Books, an imprint of Penguin which publishes "fresh and entertaining books for young readers" (Hornik, par. 1). Dutton Children's Books publishes both fiction and nonfiction works for "babies through young adults" (Hornik, par. 1). In 2011, another edition of *Matched* and the second novel in the series, *Crossed*, were published by Razorbill, also an imprint of Penguin. This imprint of the Penguin Young Readers Group is especially dedicated to "young adult and middle grade books" (Schrank, par. 1). This shift might indicate that the *Matched*-trilogy is indeed perceived as young adult literature, rather than children's literature. In the Netherlands, translations of *Matched* and *Crossed* are published by Lemniscaat as young adult literature.

Being published as young adult novel, however, does not exclude a work from having crossover potential as well. The term 'crossover' can refer to various different things, but the definition which will apply here is that of literature that "[crosses] from child to adult audiences or vice versa" (Falconer 556). Lately, many novels are crossing in the direction toward adult audiences as more and more adult readers are (re)discovering the young adult collection (Benedetti, par. 4). Rachel Falconer lists magic fantasy, epic fantasy, science fiction, gothic, history and historical legend as the genres in which crossover mainly occurs nowadays (560). The large-scale crossover of dystopian narratives is, according to Falconer, a thing of the past (561). She only mentions some twentieth-century adult dystopias which have crossed over to children's literature, such as the works of Orwell and Huxley (561). Since the publication of her article in 2004, however, a lot must have changed, because dystopia is now

one of the more popular genres of crossover literature. In an article from the *Library Journal* about crossover literature, Suzanne Collin's dystopian trilogy *The Hunger Games* is named one of the "Big Three crossover series" (Benedetti, par. 4). *Matched* is also mentioned as one of the novels adults like to read (par. 4). Moreover, Benedetti's list of "12 Top Crossover Authors" includes various writers of dystopias, like M.T. Anderson and Scott Westerfeld (par. 33). Emily Griffin for Children's Literature Independent Information and Reviews writes that *Matched* "has a broad cross-over appeal" (par. 5). L. Perez, a reviewer for the *Journal of adolescent and adult literacy* also agrees that *Matched* is a novel for both young readers and adults since it is mainly about "feeling: feeling doubt, feeling love, feeling alive", which is something both age groups can relate to (par. 5).

1.2.3 DYSTOPIA

The *Matched*-trilogy is an example of dystopian fiction. Dystopia is often opposed to, or described as "the dark side of", utopia (Baccolini 1). Whereas utopian fiction has an ideal world as the setting for a novel, dystopian novels portray future places or societies worse than the ones we live in. Dystopia seems to be the trend in young adult literature these days and many authors build on this convention to produce multiple popular novels (Smith, pars. 1-2). While the idea of a dystopia can be developed in various ways to produce many distinct novels, some general characteristics can be defined. However, before these characteristics are discussed, it is important to consider the two kinds of dystopia and determine to which kind the *Matched*-trilogy belongs: the traditional or the critical dystopia.

The main difference between the two kinds of dystopia lies in the absence or presence of hope. The traditional dystopias from the beginning of the twentieth century are "bleak [and] depressing ... with little space for hope within the story" (Baccolini 7). In the end, the protagonists in the works of authors such as Orwell and Huxley "are all crushed by the authoritarian society" (7). These classic examples of dystopia only provide hope for their reader, when they choose to learn from them and allow the novels to function as warnings to escape such a future. Since the 1980s, utopia and dystopia started to make way for the genre of the critical dystopia. Raffaella Baccolini and Tom Moylan describe critical dystopias as "texts that maintain a utopian impulse" (7). Both reader and protagonist are left with hope, for example by means of "ambiguous, open endings" as opposed to those endings which leave the protagonists subjects of the authoritarian society (7). This is also the case in the *Matched*-trilogy. Though the ending has yet to be revealed, there is definitely a sense of hope in the

first two novels, in which some of the main characters refuse to be subjected and rebel instead.

Critical dystopias share some characteristics with utopias. In fact, these works of fiction may even present a society that seems utopian at first. In *Matched*'s Society, for example, people rarely get sick and everyone lives together peacefully. However, reader and protagonist will soon discover its flaws. Both utopian and dystopian narratives envision societies radically different from the readers', but according to Baccolini and Moylan, they establish this idea in very distinct ways (5).

Firstly, the dystopian novel usually has an *in medias res* beginning (5). The narrative begins directly in the new world and the reader will come to learn more aspects of this world along the way. Baccolini and Moylan oppose this to many utopian novels in which an "element of textual estrangement" is created by following a character on his "guided journey" through the imagined society (5). Yet the dystopian narrative has its own "element of textual estrangement" that is realised when a character who appears content in the society at first, begins to question and possibly resist it (5). This character, usually the focus of the story, is then responsible for the development of a counter-narrative.

According to Baccolini and Moylan, the dystopian narrative usually consists of a "narrative of the hegemonic order and a counter-narrative of resistance" (5). In *Matched*, the main setting is formed by the Society in which Officials control every aspect of people's lives. The counter-narrative is established by Cassia when she begins to question the Society and even joins the Rebellion in *Crossed*. Language plays an important role in this process. Baccolini and Moylan describe language as "a key weapon for the reigning dystopian power structure" (5-6). Rulers may prohibit citizens from using language freely, or they use language as propaganda (6). Therefore a "reappropriation of language" is a necessary step in the protagonist's rebellion (6). In *Matched*, citizens are not allowed to write and most are not able to either, but Ky is teaching Cassia how to write, thus helping her to 'reappropriate' language.

However, Cassia's resistance begins even before she learns to write, namely when her Grandfather gives her the forbidden poems. Of course the limitation on poetry is also a way of prohibiting the free use of language, but poetry often plays an important role in dystopias on its own as well. Jerome Meckier studied the role poetry in the dystopias of Zamyatin, Orwell and Huxley and describes how poetry represents art in general, and how the fate of art is linked to the "independent spirit, soul or spirituality" (20). Thus by restricting poetry, for example by only allowing poetry for propaganda as in Zamyatin's *We*, or by controlling the

amount of poems available as in *Matched*, the dystopian societies essentially restrict the citizens' free will.

Of course this is not the only way in which a restriction can be placed on the lives of dystopian citizens. All lives of the citizens in *Brave New World* "run on a fixed schedule [with] set times for rising and retiring, for exercise, meals, and sex" (22). This is also the case in *Matched*, where every activity is planned ahead by Society Officials and citizens know where they are supposed to be every minute of every day. They are told what time to get up in the morning, they cannot choose when or what they eat, they marry the person Society chose for them and they have children at the age they are supposed to, according to Society's calculations.

Love is usually controlled by dystopian societies, if it even exists at all, because it is the way to individualism and freedom. In *We*, love makes D-503 conscious of his individualism and causes him to transform, to "[develop] a soul" (Hillegas, qtd. in Meckier 33). The same goes for Cassia in *Matched*, whose reason to rebel against the Society is love. Nature can play an important role as it signifies a place of freedom, contrary to the city ruled by the dystopian society (Meckier 33). In *Matched*, Cassia and Ky grow closer during their hiking trips in the woods, the only place where they are not watched by Society and where they have the freedom to choose who to love.

1.3 RECEPTION

Matched was received extremely well, even before publication. Dutton Children's Books acquired the North American rights for the trilogy in a "heated auction" with seven other publishers (Deahl 10). Dutton described the work as "one of the year's most talked-about manuscripts" (qtd. in Deahl 10). The book received multiple positive reviews. *Kirkus Reviews* called it a "fierce, unforgettable page-turner" and praised Condie for "[peeling] back layer after dystopic layer at breakneck speed" ("MATCHED" 993). Anthony C. Doyle, writing for *School Library Journal*, mentions some similarities to other dystopian works, but in a positive manner. He thinks "[Cassia's] awakening and development are realistically portrayed" and that the supporting characters "add depth to the story" (110). Furthermore, he is positive that fans of Lowry's *The Giver* will "devour this book and impatiently demand the next instalment" (110). *Matched* is often mentioned along with other popular dystopian novels such as *The Hunger Games*. The fact that it is the first in a series seems to be important as

well, because “[in] the realm of Y.A. fiction, the series is the grail; the single-volume one-off is a lost franchise” (McGrath, par. 2).

Though *Crossed* was highly anticipated, its reviews were less positive with an overall mixed to positive reception. The main critique was that the storyline progressed too little, leaving much unresolved (Doyle 112). *Publishers Weekly* considered the novel to be “very much a middle book, centering on a transformative journey and setting up for the finale to come” (“Crossed” 70). *Kirkus Reviews* agreed that many questions were left unanswered, but also noted that this would leave readers hungry for the third and final novel in the series (“CROSSED” 1808). Moreover, Condie was praised multiple times for her “vivid, poetic writing”, which would win her more fans according to *Publishers Weekly* (“Crossed” 70). *Kirkus Reviews* also mentions the “critical interpretations of Tennyson’s symbolism”, which are woven into the story, as a positive quality of the novel (“CROSSED” 1808).

Both novels were received positively in the Netherlands as well, though Dutch reviewers were more critical concerning the originality of Condie’s work. In the Dutch paper *Haarlems Dagblad*, *Crossed* was considered unoriginal at times, but still an enjoyable sequel to the “successful young adult novel *Matched*” (Berg, my translation). *Dagblad van het Noorden* criticised the large amount of dystopian trilogies with similar storylines which have been published in the last few years (“nieuw”). However, they praised Condie for making every reader love the characters of Cassia and Ky (“nieuw”). Also, *Matched* was listed in the top five of best sold 12+ novels by Selexyz Bookstores in February 2011 (Obbema).

PART TWO - TRANSLATION PROBLEMS



2. TRANSLATING FICTIVE CULTURE-SPECIFIC ITEMS

This part focuses on the translation problems in the *Matched*-trilogy. The following chapters will deal with four of the main challenges the translator is faced with when translating these novels. The aim of these chapters is to describe possible solutions to the translation problems and to determine which of these solutions would be most suitable. Though the translator will inevitably come across more problems besides those described here, these chapters can serve as a preparation for Chapter 6, which will consist of my own translation of several passages from the novels and a discussion of other translation problems in footnotes.

Before moving on to the translation problems and their solutions, however, it is necessary to formulate a translation brief. A translation brief can guide the translator in determining which possible solutions are the most desirable and it may even eliminate some of the options. For the translations in this thesis, I will work with the translation brief as stated in the Dutch standard contract for literary translations. When signing this contract, the translator agrees to deliver an “impeccable Dutch translation, faithful to content and style and directly from the original work” (LUG 1, my translation). Also, in connection with the problem of translating the titles, it is important to mention that though the translator may present his or her ideas on the title of the translated work, the publisher ultimately decides what the title of the translated book will be (LUG 2). Lastly, the fact that the *Matched*-trilogy is a series of novels aimed at younger readers may also influence the translator’s choices, as will be discussed below when necessary.

2.1 THE TRANSLATION OF CSI’S

Because of the dystopian character of *Matched*, the reader will come across a series of unfamiliar names of places and institutions, titles of jobs and social status, and terms for objects, ideas and events. They will remind the reader that the story is not set in the past or present, or in some existing culture or country, but in a fictive, future world with its own distinct culture. Since many of these concepts do not exist outside the text, the translator is faced with the problem of translating words which have no obvious equivalent in the target language. To find a solution to this problem, the names and terms will be approached as “culture-specific items”, or CSI’s (Aixelá 52). Javier Franco Aixelá describes CSI’s as:

Those textually actualized items whose function and connotations in a source text involve a translation problem in their transference to a target text, whenever this problem is a product of the nonexistence of the referred item or of its different intertextual status in the cultural system of the readers of the target text (58).

Examples may include place names, local institutions and historical figures, though these need not necessarily form a translation problem, depending for instance on the difference in time between original and translation, and on the pair of cultures involved (57). The problem of CSI's is perhaps the most common translation problem translators have to deal with, since any translation "mixes two or more cultures" (52). Members of the target culture may not be familiar with the denotations and connotations of source text items and thus the translator will have to transfer this different "cultural reality" to the target audience (Grit 190). Depending on the text type, the aim, and the audience of the text, the translator may have to explain certain items or make some aspects more explicit (190). The translator can choose from several strategies which Aixelá divides in two groups: conservation and substitution (61).

Though the items in the *Matched*-trilogy are strictly not CSI's in that they do not exist and merely reflect a fictive world, they can be approached in the same way as fictive items, specific to a fictive culture. Moreover, linguistically and culturally, there are some links between the future culture of *Matched* and the English-speaking source culture from which the text is written and in which the original is received. Existing English words such as 'microcard' are given a new or additional meaning within the text and new terms are derived from English words or formed by a combination of existing and non-existing words, for example 'Keya Province'. A possible translation strategy is to simply repeat the CSI's in the target text. One could argue that the original audience is just as unfamiliar with the culture presented in the novel as any other target audience and that, since the items are fictive anyway, the reader will have to learn their denotations and connotations from the context. However, this fictive culture is described and presented in the English language and the CSI's are at the very least derived from existing English words, giving English readers an edge over others. Retaining the CSI's in their original form would mean a loss for the target audience since one cannot assume that readers of the target text possess the required knowledge to understand these words, or that the terms will evoke the same connotations. Thus, other options should be explored in order to achieve a similar effect on the reader.

Aixelá distinguishes two categories of CSI's: proper nouns and common expressions (59). Proper nouns can be further divided in conventional nouns, which have "no meaning of themselves", and loaded proper names, which "range from faintly "suggestive" to overtly "expressive" names and nicknames" (59). Aixelá uses the term 'common expressions' to refer to "the world of objects, institutions, habits and opinions" specific to a culture (59). In the paragraphs below, the fictive CSI's in *Matched* will be discussed according to this distinction.

2.2 PROPER NOUNS

The conventional proper names in the novels (Ky and Cassia for example) are not likely to cause any trouble for the translator. According to Aixelá, the most common strategies for dealing with conventional names are repetition and orthographic adaptation (60). Repetition means repeating the name in its original linguistic form, whereas orthographic adaptation may entail transliteration or transcription (61). Nowadays, repetition is preferred in the "primary genres" (60). Since these names cause no reading difficulties for the target audience, they can be repeated in the translation.

Other proper nouns in *Matched* can be classified as what Diederik Grit refers to as "geographical notions" (189). The Society in *Matched* is divided into several Provinces. The Provinces consist of a City, Boroughs, Farmlands, and some also have rivers. City names are not mentioned with the exception of Central, the biggest City of the Society. Provinces have names such as Oria Province, Tana Province and Keya Province, sometimes simply referred to as Oria, Tana and Keya. The main characters live in a Borough which has had different names including Garden Borough, Mapletree Borough and Stony Borough. Toponyms are usually repeated in the target text, sometimes with a form of orthographic adaptation (Aixelá 61). However, since this text deals with fictional toponyms, this rule need not necessarily apply. The names are at least partly made up of English words which indicate what part of the Society is referred to. These may or may not be clear to target text readers. Since these words are supposed to add to the readers' understanding of the organisation of the Society, it is preferable to ensure that the target audience is given equal opportunities as to grasping this division of the Society. Therefore, a translation of at least words such as Society, Province, City and Borough is preferred.

The translator has to figure out which target language words can be used to establish a similar organisation of the Society in the target text. The novels do not specify exactly how

large the Society or its Provinces are, or if the situation is comparable to something we know. There is talk of the Enemy, which consists of people outside the Society, and also of the Other Countries, implying that the Society is comparable to a country. The Society can then be seen as a sort of union or confederation of multiple Provinces. ‘Samenleving’ or ‘maatschappij’ are some possible translations of ‘society’, though these would not generally be used to refer to a country. The translator might consider other options such as ‘unie’ or ‘bond’ which can also indicate a connection of several cities, states, districts, provinces, and so on. However, ‘bond’ is more likely to evoke the idea of a ‘vakbond’ (trade union), which is not desirable. Thus ‘de Unie’ is the preferred translation for the Society. A ‘province’ can refer to a country, territory, district or region (OED). Since the Society is similar to a country, it is likely that the Provinces are parts of this country and thus districts or regions. The translator can choose from a range of words such as ‘district’, ‘gewest’ or ‘provincie’, which can all refer to parts of a greater area, country or empire. The Dutch audience will be most familiar with the linguistic equivalent ‘provincie’. They will understand the term to refer to a part of a country and it will also give them an idea as to how large these parts are. ‘Provincie’ can be combined with Oria, Tana, and so on to form the names of the Provinces. The City is a place where people work or go to City Hall and can be translated with Dutch ‘Stad’. The Boroughs consist of houses for the inhabitants and recreational activities such as a game centre and a music hall. The word ‘borough’ can refer to a town or village, the suburbs of a city, or an administrative division or district of a city (OED). The characters take ‘air trains’ from their Borough to various parts of the City for work or school and to the Farmlands, but they have to take long-distance air trains to travel to another Province. Thus, the Boroughs should likely be seen as the suburbs of the City; a residential area within commuting distance of the City itself. Possible translations include ‘randgemeente’ or ‘(stads)wijk’. A Dutch ‘gemeente’ can include multiple villages, whereas ‘wijk’ is commonly understood as a part of one city or village and thus more appropriate here. Moreover, ‘wijk’ can be most easily combined with the other parts of the Borough names (Stony, Mapletree, Garden).

The first parts of the Borough names pose another problem for the translator. Province names such as Oria and Tana can be repeated in the target text since these fictive place names do not refer to anything and can be easily read by Dutch readers. The Borough names, however, are examples of what Aixelá calls “loaded names” (59). Cassia finds out that her Borough keeps changing names and that these names reflect the exterior of the Borough itself. It was called Stony Borough when low flat stones formed paths to the houses. The name then

changed to Mapletree Borough when a maple tree was planted in front of each house. Now, the maple trees have been chopped down and extra flowers are planted in accordance with the latest name, Garden Borough. This is a key passage in the first novel in which Cassia realises that the Society plays more tricks on her mind than she had known before. Repeating ‘Stony’, ‘Mapletree’ and ‘Garden’ in the target text might obscure this connection. Moreover, since it was already decided to translate ‘Borough’, repeating the other English words would result in an unnatural combination. Thus the best option is to translate these names which, combined with ‘wijk’ as a translation for ‘Borough’ leads to the following target text names: ‘Steenwijk’, ‘Esdoornwijk’ and ‘Tuinwijk’.

2.3 COMMON EXPRESSIONS

The other type of CSI’s Aixelá distinguishes consist of “objects, institutions, habits and opinions” (59). For the *Matched*-trilogy, it is necessary to discuss objects and institutions. The novel is set in the future though the reader does not learn when exactly, except that the story is set after a Warming, that people travel by air trains now and they no longer have to write, or even know how to. Other institutions and objects also hint at the future setting, though they are not especially futuristic. Microcards, tablet containers and air trains are all terms that the English reader is already familiar with. They are, however, used differently in *Matched*, making them specific to this future, fictional culture. The ‘air train’, for example, may remind readers of trains such as AirTrain JFK, which refers to a connection between the airport and public transportation in New York City. The ‘air’ in *Matched*’s ‘air trains’, however, has nothing to do with an airport connection and refers only to the tracks, which are like “glowing paths above the ground”, possibly like a monorail (Condie 59). Moreover, this is the only means of transportation for the Society’s citizens. Thus, a linguistic translation as ‘luchttrein’ seems an appropriate solution since the target audience will understand the term yet recognize that it belongs to “the [fictive] cultural system of the source text” (Aixelá 62). The same applies to the ‘microcards’ and ‘tablet containers’. The translator has to ensure that the readers can grasp the image the author is trying to portray, while maintaining the alienating aspect of the fictive CSI’s, which add to the future setting. The word ‘microcard’ is already established in the English language and so is a Dutch equivalent, ‘microkaart’. People will know it is used as a data storage device and it is used similarly in *Matched*. What makes it a CSI is that ‘microcards’ are only used to store a specific type of data in the Society, namely information

on a person's Match. The 'tablet containers' have to be carried by all Society individuals at all times. They hold three tablets, one red, one blue and one green, each with a specific use. Again, 'tablet container' is a familiar English term and replacing this with a similar Dutch term will cause no problems for both the translator and the target audience. A 'tablet container' is used to store tablets the same way a Dutch 'tablettendoosje' can hold 'tabletten'.

Unlike the objects, the names for the institutions, though sometimes derived from actual institutions, are fictional and thus might prove more challenging for the translator. Children in *Matched* go to First School and then Second School. This reminds the reader of primary and secondary education, the two stages of compulsory education. Though the terms 'elementary school', 'middle school' and 'high school' are more commonly used in the US, these can also be referred to as 'primary school' and 'secondary school'. Secondary education in the US usually ends with the 12th grade, when students are around 18 years old. This is in accordance with the Society's Second School, since the students will leave the school for work within a year after their seventeenth birthday. The translator can consider a translation of the words 'first' and 'second', resulting in Dutch 'Eerste School' and 'Tweede School'. The linguistic equivalent of primary education, 'primair onderwijs' is also used in Dutch, though one often speaks of 'basisonderwijs'. The term 'secundair onderwijs' (secondary education) is restricted to Flanders (the Netherlands uses 'voortgezet onderwijs'), but it is understood and can thus be linked back to 'Tweede School'. Moreover, since it is explained in the novels that students are around 17 when they leave Second School, the target text reader will be able to make the connection to Dutch 'voortgezet onderwijs'. Another option could be to recreate the CSI's in the target text with Dutch words that can be linked back to the common designations for education in the Netherlands. This could result in, for example, 'Basisschool' (from 'basisonderwijs') or 'Eerste School' (from 'primair onderwijs') and 'Vervolgschool' (from 'voortgezet onderwijs'). However, 'Basisschool' is actually a term which is commonly used in Dutch and thus not suitable here as First School is not the common designation in English. This leaves the translator with 'Eerste School' again, making 'Tweede School' the most suitable translation for Second School, as it is a more logical continuation of 'Eerste School'.

Most of the institutions that can be found in the novels, however, have to do with departments. The Society has several Departments which employ Officials to control a certain aspect of the Society, for example the Matching Department, the Societal Classification Department, the Biological Preservation Department, the Safety Department and the Nutrition

Department. Each have their own distinct tasks and the Officials who work for the Society have more authority and a higher status than ‘normal’ citizens. They will remind the reader of US federal executive departments, comparable to Dutch ministries, like the Department of Education or the Department of Homeland Security. The translator can opt for ‘Departement’, the Dutch linguistic equivalent of ‘Department’ or naturalize it to ‘Ministerie’, which is the Dutch word used to indicate the Netherlands’ ‘departments’. The words are sometimes used synonymously, though when searching for the Netherlands in combination with ‘departementen’, many results refer to some geographical division of the area, whereas ‘ministerie’ is actually what is meant in the novels and thus the better option.

3. INTERTEXTUALITY: POETRY AND MYTHOLOGY

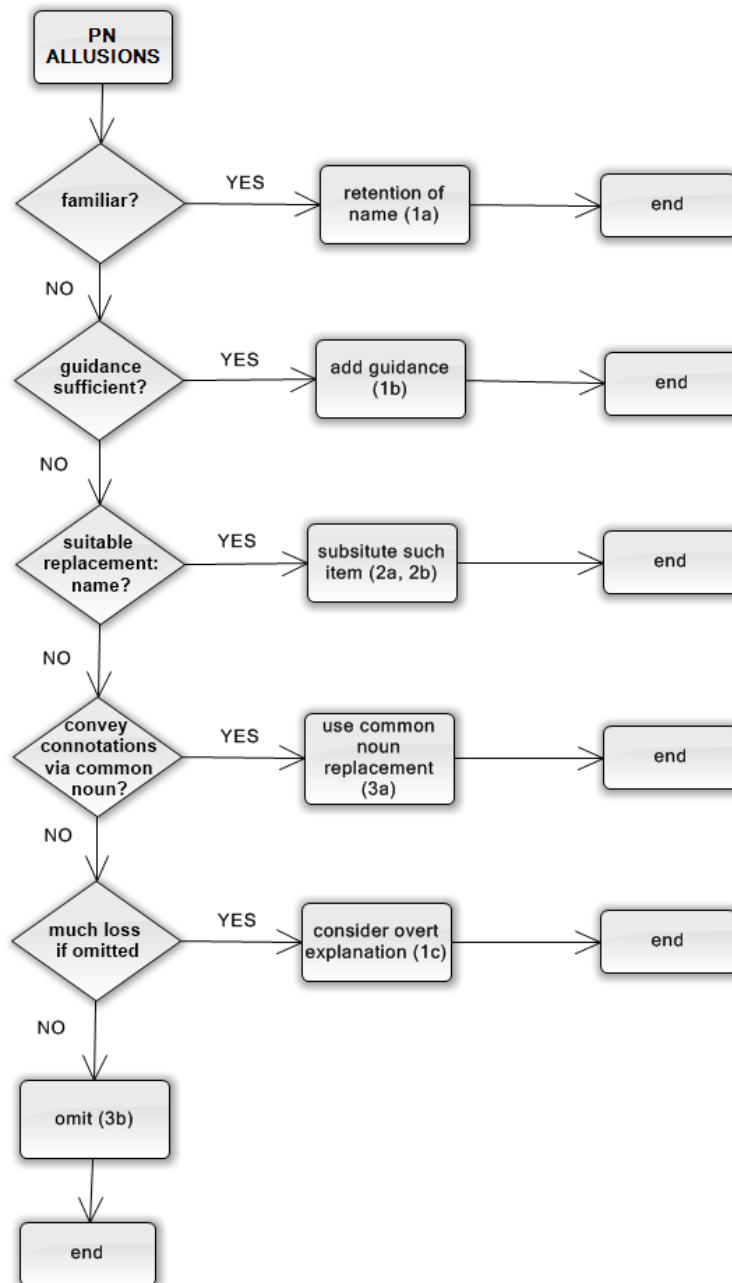
3.1 THEORY ON (TRANSLATING) INTERTEXTUALITY

Another important characteristic of the novels consists of the intertextual elements in the novels. The term ‘intertextuality’ was coined by Julia Kristeva in the 1960s and since then many have defined it in various ways. Paul Claes defines intertextuality as “the connections between texts to which a certain function can be ascribed by the person who recognises them” (49, my translation). Authors can use intertextuality in an attempt to “connect the old with the new” without being accused of plagiarising (15, my translation). In her novels, Condie incorporates ‘the old’, myths and poems, by labelling these texts as belonging to a past world. This is the world which the readers are familiar with, but the characters are not. Especially the poems are a major theme in the novels since the characters are guided in their journey by the content of the poems and their interpretations. Condie also aids the reader in understanding the poems by offering interpretations, thus establishing the didactic character of literature for a younger audience. Also, by linking the poems to the plot, Condie makes poetry exciting, something which some younger readers would probably not feel otherwise. Before moving on to the translation of these intertextual aspects, it is necessary to define some related terms from the theory of (translating) intertextuality.

First of all, it is important to distinguish two types of text: the *architext* and the *fenotext*. The *architext* is considered the original source text and the *fenotext* is the new text which contains references to this *architext* (Claes 52). The *architext* and *fenotext* have an intertextual connection because they have at least one element in common (50). These common elements, which can for instance be graphic, phonic, syntactic or semantic, result in a definition of genres, which is why Claes calls this *generic* intertextuality (82). There is also *specific* intertextuality, which deals with “elements from a text referring to specific texts” (83, my translation). This type of intertextuality can take the form of *quotations* or *allusions*. A *quotation* is a repetition from another source in which both the content and the original form are retained (56). *Quotations* can be marked, for example by using inverted comma’s or italics, or unmarked. An *allusion* also repeats the content of a different source, but not in its original form (55). The *quotation* or *allusion* will remind the reader of another text and possibly change his or her interpretation of the *fenotext*. Intertextuality thus has a function which can be either *constructive*, confirming the function of the *architext*, or *destructive*, rejecting it (57).

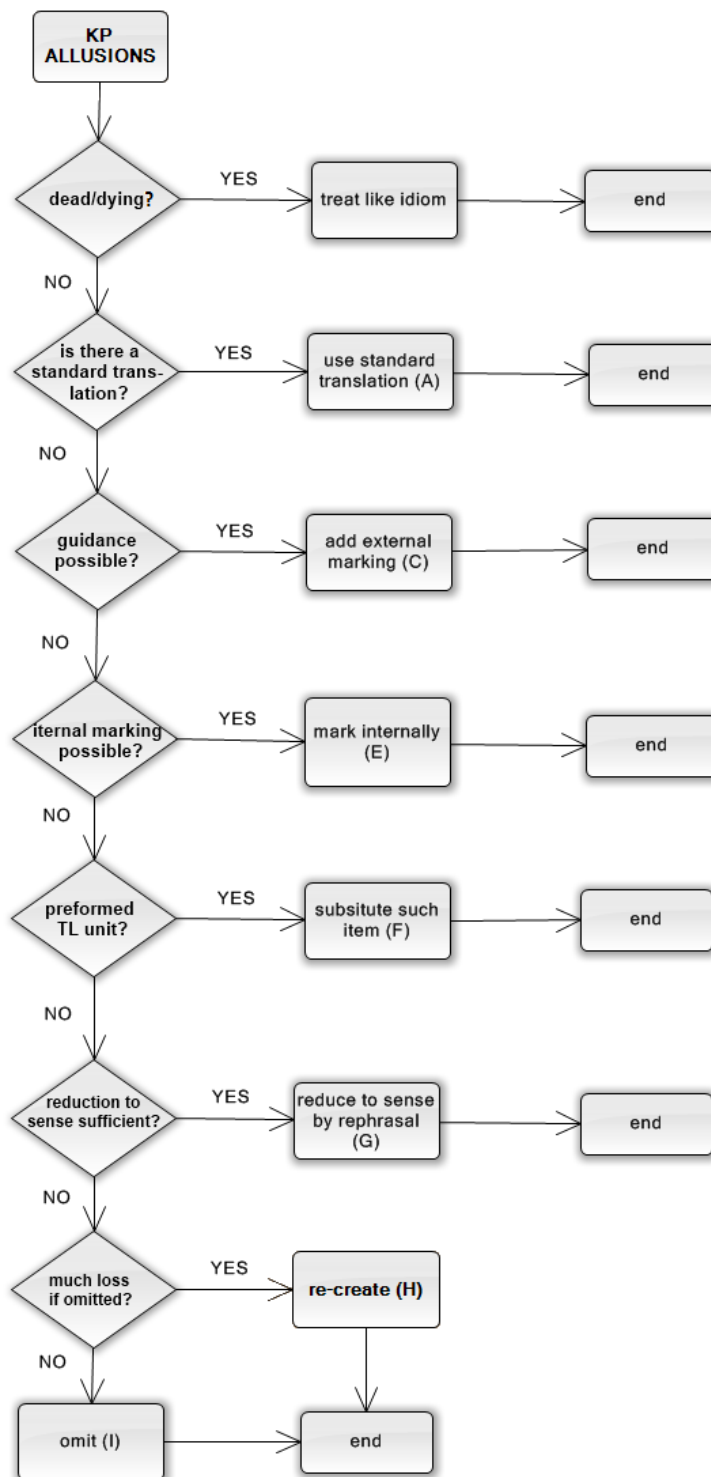
The problem with translating intertextuality lies mainly in the reader participation that is required. Ritva Leppihalme mentions that allusions (a term she uses for “a variety of uses of preformed linguistic material in either its original or a modified form”, thus combining Claes’ *quotations* and *allusions*) usually “convey a meaning that goes beyond the mere words used” (viii-3). However, in order to convey this meaning, readers need to be familiar with these intertextual references. The receiver of the text must be able to recognise the reference as a “clue to the meaning” and connect it with the appropriate *architext* in order to understand the allusion (4). Thus the translation of intertextual references involves not only two languages, but two cultures as well. While there are “transcultural allusions... shared by source and target culture alike”, the translation of allusions will often require extra effort of the translator as they may have a certain meaning in one culture, but not in another (ix). Furthermore, even readers within a specific culture may not recognise the same intertextual references or interpret them in the same way (Claes 68). According to Leppihalme, the translator should pose as a “cultural mediator” in order to create a target text without what she refers to as ‘culture bumps’ (x). These culture bumps are “[situations] where the reader of a TT has a problem understanding a source-cultural allusion” and should be avoided (4). However, it remains difficult to decide on a translation strategy for each allusion as the translator has to find a balance between “necessary mediating activity” and “unnecessary patronising” of the reader (104). Nonetheless, after recognising the allusion and analysing its function in the text, the translator must decide on a strategy to deal with the allusion (78). Leppihalme makes a distinction between strategies for proper-name (PN) allusions and key-phrase (KP) allusions, which contain no proper-name (10). The strategies are presented in two flow-charts, which can be found below. The first will be discussed shortly in combination with an example from *Matched*, namely the Sisyphus myth. The second will be dealt with in subchapter 3.3, which will address translating poetry allusions.

Flow-chart for translating PN allusions:



(Leppihalme 106).

Flow-chart for translating KP allusions:



(Leppihalme 107).

3.2 TRANSLATING PN ALLUSIONS: THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS

The translation strategies for PN allusions range from retention to omission of the name. While retention may be considered the standard strategy, it is often not the best one because of the connotations a name may evoke in the source culture, but not in the target culture (Leppihalme 79-80). Also, historical, classical or biblical names often have standard translations, or altered versions, of their names in various languages (79). To determine the appropriate strategy, the translator must judge whether the name is allusive in both cultures, or only in one of them (80).

In *Matched*, Condie makes a reference to the Sisyphus myth. Ky and Cassia have been hiking to the top of the same hill every hiking trip, until one day the Officer announces that “Tomorrow will be different”, because they are done with that particular hill (187). Ky is happy to hear this and comments he was beginning to feel like Sisyphus. Cassia does not know who Sisyphus is. According to Leppihalme, a character is often portrayed as “[socioculturally] inferior” when he or she does not understand the allusion (48). However, this is not the effect in *Matched*. Cassia not understanding the allusion reminds the reader that she lives in another world in which our culture is lost. The reader may be able to link the name to the story of the sly Sisyphus who thought he could outsmart the gods, but was eventually punished by having to roll a rock to the top of a mountain every single day.

A point of discussion can be whether or not the younger readers understand this reference. With adults writing for children or young adults, the “writer/reader relationship is asymmetric” because one cannot be sure of children’s knowledge of certain subjects or texts (Wilkie-Stibbs 180). However, the audience not understanding the allusion is not necessarily a problem. While such knowledge may “[enhance] the reading of this text”, it is not required for a “coherent reading of the text” (184-186). Moreover, texts intended for a younger audience often have explanations embedded in the narrative itself (186). However, authors must be careful with these explanations as they have to find a balance between being “sufficiently overreferential” to help readers understand intertextual references, and “leaving enough intertextual space” so that the novel is still challenging enough (187-188). Condie has established this balance by explaining the reference some fifty pages later in the novel. She has Ky explain the story of Sisyphus to Cassia, but it is not the myth the readers might expect. Ky offers an adapted version of this myth, set in the Society. While the content is similar to a large extent, Condie manages to keep the explanation interesting, even for readers who

already understood the allusion. Even later in the novel, Condie also helps the reader in explaining the importance of the myth by having Cassia realise this.

“Sisyphus and the rock,” I say, remembering. Grandfather would have understood that story. He rolled the rock, he lived the life the Society planned for him, but his thoughts were always his own (313).

As for translating the allusion, the translator must first decide whether the name is allusive in both source and target culture or not. The name is used in Greek mythology and can be known to both English and Dutch readers. Leppihalme agrees that classical names are known in “any Western culture”, though they sometimes require a change in spelling or a translation (80). Thus we can answer a yes to the first question in Leppihalme’s flow-chart for PN allusions and retain the name in the target text. The Dutch spelling of the name can be either Sisyphus or Sisyphos, but since the former is most common, Sisyphus will also be used in the target text.

3.3 TRANSLATING KP ALLUSIONS: THE POETRY OF DYLAN THOMAS

Leppihalme has a separate list of strategies for the translation of KP allusions. According to the flow-chart, the translator should first determine whether or not the allusion is dead or dying. In the case of dead or dying allusions, there is no strong connection to the source and Leppihalme advises to treat these as idioms (114). When the allusion is not dead, the best option is to use an existing translation for transcultural allusions, if one is available (115). The translator can also consider external or internal marking of the allusion, for example by using inverted commas or creating a stylistic contrast (117). Another strategy is to replace the source text allusion by an allusion specific for the target language. Leppihalme states that this is usually not a desired strategy for it “[disturbs] the desired allusion ... that TL readers ... experience a foreign world” (118). The translator can also choose to re-create the allusion in the target text, reduce the allusion to sense or even omit it completely if there is not too much loss. Another strategy is to repeat the allusion untranslated in the target text, but according to Leppihalme this strategy is rarely used and she does not include it in her flow-chart (84). Of course the strategy depends partly on the text type and audience and one can imagine situations in which a repetition is advisable or even necessary. However, in the case of

Matched, leaving the poems untranslated is not a desired strategy because of the young adult audience and the fact that parts of the poems are used within the text of the story and the speech of characters.

Condie uses various poems throughout her novels. In *Matched*, Cassia receives two poems: “Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night” by Dylan Thomas and “Crossing the Bar” by Alfred Lord Tennyson. Ky also gives Cassia part of another poem by Dylan Thomas, “Poem in October”, though this title is not mentioned in the novel itself. In *Crossed*, another two poems are introduced, namely “They Dropped Like Flakes” and “I Did Not Reach Thee” by Emily Dickinson. Cassia finds parts of these poems, but does not know the name of the poet. In *Matched*, the characters are guided by “Do Not Go Gentle” and parts of the poem are quoted throughout the novel. It symbolises Cassia’s rebellion against the Society and has a constructive function. Cassia begins to question the Society for the first time when she receives the poem from her Grandfather. After reading the poem, she understands it tells the reader to fight and realises that this is why the Society wants the poem destroyed. From this point on, Cassia indeed does begin to fight and as she becomes resistant, she discovers more and more flaws in the Society. She finds strength in the poem and keeps telling herself to “not go gentle”. “Crossing the Bar” is equally important in the second novel, *Crossed*. Cassia learns about the Rising and the Pilot, who leads the Rising. She links this Pilot to the Pilot mentioned in Tennyson’s poem (line 15). Throughout the novel, Cassia repeats lines from the poem to herself, to help her through her journey, and she searches for the Pilot and the Rising. Though the third novel has yet to be released, it is likely that poetry will play a part again as Condie already revealed that the title *Reached* refers to the Emily Dickinson poem (“reached”, par. 2). The translation of “Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night” will be discussed below.

The first two stanzas of the Thomas poem are quoted directly in *Matched*:

*Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night (96).*

The allusion is marked by italics, but also internally by announcing that Cassia is going to read the poem, perhaps in consideration of the target audience as quotations are the easiest way for children to recognize intertextuality (Wilkie-Stibbs 181). The function of the poem is confirmed in *Matched* as Cassia follows her interpretation of the poem by fighting against the Society, by not going gentle. Below is a list of further allusions to this poem in *Matched*.

- “My words have forked no lightning” (96).
- “I read about meteors and a green bay and fierce tears and even though I don’t understand all of it – the language is too old – I understand enough” (97).
- “*Why* did Grandfather give me those poems? Did he want me to find some meaning in them? Does he not want me to go gentle? What does that even mean? Am I supposed to fight against authority?” (164).
- “I cannot go gently now” (241).
- “There are moments of calm and pause as there are in every storm, and moments when our words fork lightning, at least for each other” (267).
- “Maybe this is my way of not going gentle” (365).

All but one are repetitions, sometimes in an altered form, of parts of the first two stanzas which are quoted in the novel. The second allusion in the list refers to other parts of this poem, though the reference is explained to the reader by mentioning that Cassia continues to read the poem. As discussed before, the poem is linked to Cassia’s rebellion, but the allusions also add to characterisation. At the same time, Condie offers the reader some explanations of lines from the poem by having the characters think about or discuss these lines. The poem is given to Cassia by her Grandfather and it is also mentioned that he loved the poem. This confirms his character because he was the one person in Cassia’s life who was rebellious when Cassia still believed in the Society. Though he lived by their rules, Cassia’s Grandfather ‘did not go gentle’ during his life in that he saved the forbidden poems and controlled his own thoughts. Cassia also identifies herself through the poem, at first negatively when she realises that “[her] words have forked no lightning”, that she has not been able to write anything of her own yet, or say anything that matters, and later in a constructive way when she also chooses to not go gently (96).

As discussed above, the best option is to pick an existing translation if available and several Dutch translations of “Do Not Go Gentle” can in fact be found. Below, the

translations of Paul Claes, Arie van der Krogt and Simon Mulder will be compared to see which would fit best in a translation of *Matched*. The complete poem and translations can be found on the following page.

Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Dylan Thomas

Ga in die goede nacht niet al te licht

Ga in die goede nacht niet al te licht.
De oude dag moet laaien en weerstaan;
Raas, raas, tegen het sterven van het licht.

De wijze, die eens voor het duister zwicht,
Omdat zijn woord geen bliksemschicht kon slaan,
Ga in die goede nacht niet al te licht.

De goede, na de laatste golf, wellicht
Trok hem een groene baai tot dansen aan,
Raast, raast tegen het sterven van het licht.

De woeste, die zong van de zonnenschicht,
Tot ook hij leerde treuren om haar baan,
Ga in die goede nacht niet al te licht.

De sombere, die met doods verblind gezicht
Ogen als meteoren op ziet gaan,
Raast, raast tegen het sterven van het licht.

En jij, mijn vader, die daar droevig ligt,
Vloek, zegen, mij met een verbeter traan.
Ga in die goede nacht niet al te licht.
Raas, raas tegen het sterven van het licht.

Paul Claes

Verdwijf niet zomaar in de zoete nacht

Verdwijf niet zomaar in de zoete nacht,
Licht op en vlam wanneer je ouder wordt;
Vecht, vecht, omdat het licht niet sterven mag.

De wijze, voor wie straks het duister wacht,
Omdat geen licht meer bliksemt uit zijn woord,
Verdwijnt niet zomaar in de zoete nacht.

De goede man, die aanspoelt en die dacht:
Hier in de baai dansen mijn deugden voort,
Vecht, vecht, omdat het licht niet sterven mag.

De wilde, die met zang de zon aanbad,
En te laat zag, dat dat zijn baan verstoort,
Verdwijnt niet zomaar in de zoete nacht.

De dappere, haast dood, die blind nog zag
Met ogen stralend als een meteoor,
Vecht, vecht, omdat het licht niet sterven mag.

En u, mijn vader, door mij zo geacht,
Vloek, zegen mij met tranen, maar vecht door.
Verdwijf niet zomaar in de zoete nacht.
Vecht, vecht, omdat het licht niet sterven mag.

Arie van der Krogt

Ga niet gewillig in die goede nacht

Ga niet gewillig in die goede nacht
Wie oud en aan het eind is: brand en woed!
Raas, raas tegen het sterven van het licht

Hoewel de wijze aan 't eind het donker goed
Weet, sloeg zijn woord geen vonk, dus hij
Ga in die goede nacht niet al te licht

De goede, bij de laatste golf, weent hoe blij
Zijn tere daden hadden kunnen dansen,
Raast, raast tegen het sterven van het licht

De wilde zong, ving de zon in haar vlucht,
Leerde te laat dat hij haar vliedend kwetste,
Ga in die goede nacht niet al te licht

De ernstige ziet met blind wordend zicht
Dat blinde ogen hadden kunnen vlammen,
Raast, raast tegen het sterven van het licht

En gij, mijn vader, op de droeve hoogte
Zegen of vloek me met uw woest betraand gezicht
Ga in die goede nacht niet al te licht
Raas, raas tegen het sterven van het licht

Simon Mulder

The most important elements of the poem, in regard to the novel, are the phrase “Do not go gentle” (line 1), the image of the “forked lightning” (line 5), and the mention of “a green bay” (line 8), “meteors” (line 14) and “fierce tears” (line 17). These elements are all repeated in the story of *Matched* and should thus be present in a translation of the poem as well. It is also requisite that these Dutch lines can be easily adapted to fit in various sentences, such as in a translation of “I cannot go gently now” (*Matched* 241).

All three translators have different titles and thus different translations for “Do not go gentle”. Each has chosen to describe ‘going gently’ in a different way and all lines can be adapted to fit in the prose sentences of the story, for example:

- ‘Ik kan nu niet zomaar verdwijnen’ (Van der Krogt)
- ‘Ik kan nu niet al te licht gaan’ (Claes)
- ‘Ik kan nu niet gewillig gaan’ (Mulder)

However, Claes’ translation stands out most as the others sound more like natural Dutch sentences. Van der Krogt chose to translate ‘go gently’ more freely than the others, though his translation can still be interpreted as not leaving without a fight, as ‘not going gently’ is interpreted in the novel.

The three translators also seem to have different opinions on what Thomas wanted to convey with “Because their words had forked no lightning” (line 5). Both Claes and Van der Krogt maintained the image of lightning in their translations. Mulder did not and translated it with “vonk” instead. ‘Forked lightning’ is a term used to describe lightning strikes with several branches. It often occurs when bolts of lightning follow the path of a first bolt, and then diverge from it (“Lightning”, par. 5). This is a very fitting image for the characters of *Matched*, who have lived their lives the way the Society wants them to, but are now starting to diverge from this path. But the words of the “wise men” (line 4) in Thomas’ poem did not “[light] up the world”, they went unnoticed and inspired none (Cyr 211). Mulder did a good job in translating the meaning of this image to Dutch by replacing the image with an altered version of ‘de vonk sloeg over’, which can be used to indicate that someone has inspired another. However, choosing for Mulder’s translation would complicate the translation of some of the allusions in the text. The line “Because their words had forked no lightning” is alluded to in combination with a storm in “There are moments of calm and pause as there are in every storm, and moments when our words fork lightning, at least for each other” (267). The translation of ‘vonk’ is not suitable in the context of a storm.

Cassia mentions reading about a “green bay” (line 8), “meteors” (line 14) and “fierce tears” (line 17) in the poem. Claes translates these elements as “groene baai”, “meteoren” en

“een verbeterd traan” respectively. Van der Krogt leaves out ‘green’ and ‘fierce’, but also mentions “baai”, “meteoor” en “tranen”. Mulder does not mention the bay nor the meteors and translates “fierce tears” as “woest betraand gezicht”. Claes’ translation seems most desirable since he incorporates the most of the original poem in his translation. Mulder’s translation is the least suitable as it misses two of the elements mentioned by Cassia. The translator could consider replacing them by other elements from the poem, but since other translations are available, this does not seem necessary. Van der Krogt leaves out the adjectives, but all three nouns are present in his translation.

All of the translated poems have their advantages and disadvantages and the translator has to weigh these against each other in order to choose the most suitable translation. Mulder’s translation is the least desirable option because of his translation ‘vonk’ for the image of lightning and because the green bay and meteors have disappeared in his translation. Claes retains most of the original poem’s aspects in his translation, but his words work less well in a translated version of *Matched*’s text, producing slightly awkward Dutch sentences such as ‘Ik kan nu niet al te licht gaan’ and ‘... momenten waarop onze woorden bliksemschichten konden slaan’ (“moments when our words fork lightning” 267). This leaves Van der Krogt’s translation as the best option since the image of lightning is present and his translation will fit better in the novel’s text, with sentences such as ‘Uit mijn woorden bliksemt geen licht’ (“My words have forked no lightning” 96).

4. TRANSLATING POETRY

The knowledge of and ability to translate prose will often not suffice for the translator of novels. He or she may come across situations in which additional knowledge is required, for instance specialist knowledge of certain subjects or professions described in the book. In the case of *Matched*, the translator has to translate poetry. Though translating poetry is also part of the literary translator's work, it is arguably very different from translating prose and can create difficulties, especially for the translator who is not familiar with poetry. Some might even say a translator of poetry has to be a poet him- or herself. As discussed in the previous chapter, the translator can sometimes make use of existing translations in the target language, but this is not always an option: translations may not yet exist or the author may write new poetry him- or herself and incorporate it in the novel. Both are the case for the *Matched* series.

In *Crossed*, Cassia comes across a poem by Emily Dickinson, "They dropped like Flakes", of which the first stanza is printed in the novel:

They dropped like Flakes –

They dropped like Stars –

Like Petals from a Rose –

When suddenly across the June

A wind with fingers – goes –

After searching through various collections of translated poetry by Emily Dickinson, no Dutch translation of this poem was found. Even the largest Dutch collection, *Emily Dickinson Verzamelde Gedichten* by Peter Versteegen, contains only about two-thirds of Dickinson's poems, and since "They dropped like Flakes" is not one of them, a different strategy is required for its translation. The translator has to find another way to render the intertextual reference in the target text. As discussed in Chapter 3, this can also be achieved in other ways, for example by marking the allusion in some way to guide the reader. However, the allusion is already clearly marked in the source text itself. It is announced beforehand that a poem is

about to be presented to the reader. Furthermore, the poem is set off from the main text and is also printed in italics. The main problem is that the author's name is not mentioned. Any English reader can easily find out this name, if they are not already familiar with it. However, the Dutch reader will not be able to ascertain this by means of any new translation of the poem. Repeating the English poem in the target text is not a desirable option since it was already decided to translate the other poems. As discussed in Chapter 3, considering the target audience and the fact that words or lines from the poems are used by the characters and narrator throughout the novels, using translations of the poems is the most desirable option, and translating some poems while leaving others untranslated would make for an incoherent text. The translator can consider the possibility of adding Dickinson's name to the target text to make up for the lack of allusive qualities of a translated version of the poem. However, this is a fairly large interference as it is explicitly stated in the novel, multiple times, that the author is unknown to Cassia and Dickinson is referred to as the 'mystery author'. Furthermore, the translator cannot be sure that mentioning Dickinson here will not interfere with the third novel, as the poem and its author may play a role then. The text itself may actually offer a solution to this translation problem, as is often the case with intertextual references in books aimed at a younger audience (Wilkie-Stibbs 183). As discussed above, the five lines are clearly marked as a poem by another author within the text. Also, retaining the unusual capitalisation and use of dashes in the translation of the poem may point the reader toward Dickinson. Furthermore, another poem by the same 'mystery author' is presented in the novel of which a standard translation does exist. Using this standard translation will allow the target text reader to link both poems to their author.

Condie also has her characters play with writing their own poetry, sometimes producing a line or two, and Cassia eventually creates the following poem:

I marked a map for every death

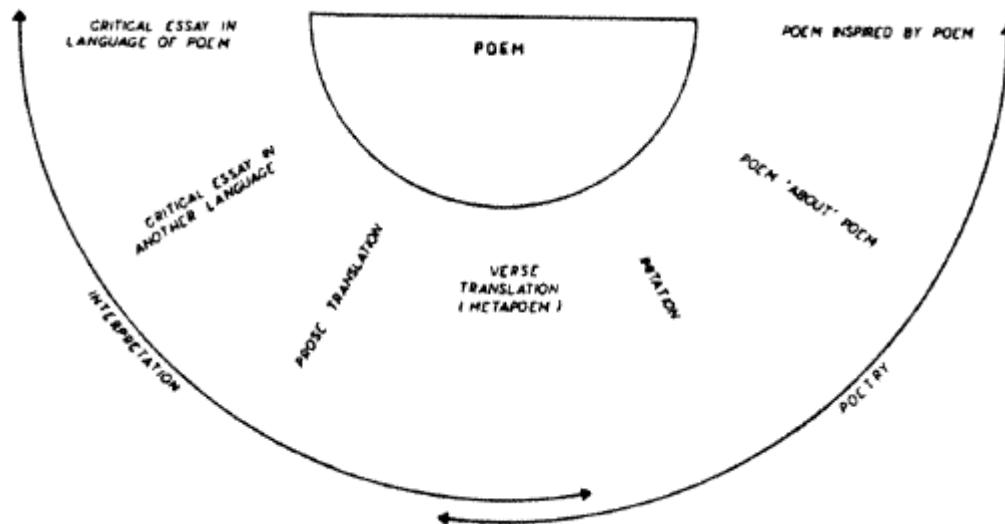
For every ache and blow

My world was all a page of black

With nothing left of snow (271).

It is important to consider the context before attempting to translate this poem. Cassia mentions that she finds herself “copying the mystery author’s style” and this refers back to “They dropped like Flakes” by Emily Dickinson (271). Thus Cassia’s poem can be seen as an example of *meta-literature* of the Dickinson poem (Holmes 23). James S. Holmes created a fan to show which forms of meta-literature can accumulate round a poem (23).

Holmes’ fan of meta-literary forms:



(Holmes 24).

One poem can inspire a variety of literature to be written, ranging from essays about the poem in the same or another language, and translations of the poem, to new poems which are somehow linked to this original poem (23-24). Cassia’s poem in *Crossed* falls under the last category, a poem inspired by the poem at the base of the fan of meta-literature. The poem that is inspired by a poem will recall the original in some way, yet is less limited than the other forms in for instance length and subject (24). Since the connection between both poems is explicitly mentioned, it is the translator’s job to determine how this connection is established and how to best achieve a similar effect in the target text.

Cassia states that she copies the author’s style when writing her poem about Ky. The source text readers have an edge here as they are not only more likely to be familiar with Dickinson’s poetry and her style, but these distinctive aspects of her style may also be lost in translation and thus lost on the target text readers. The translator, therefore, has to carefully figure out what this style of Dickinson actually is and which aspects of this style Cassia

imitates in her own poem, in order to retain the resemblance between both poems in the target text. What strikes one most are the capitalisation and the dashes, which have come to be known as typical of Dickinson (Academy, par. 9). These are not part of Cassia's poem. Other important characteristics which Cassia does copy are the meter, repetition and rhyme. Both poems have a strong meter of a varying number of iambs. Dickinson repeats "They dropped like" in the second line, and only "like" in the third line. Cassia uses a similar repetition of "for" in her second line. Also, both poems have one end rhyme (Rose – goes and blow – snow) and various assonances and alliterations such as "wind with fingers" and "marked a map".

The next step, then, is to translate the poems. Translation is also a part of Holmes' fan in two meta-literary forms, namely prose translation and verse translation (metapoem). The metapoem, unlike the prose translation, is translated to serve as a poem in the target language as well and round it a new fan of meta-literature can be created (Holmes 24). Thus, the first decision the translator has to make is to create prose or verse translations of the poems. Since the source text poems have to serve as poems in the target text too, this choice is obvious. Less clear may be how the translate should proceed from there on. According to Holmes, one of the most important decisions the translator has to make is to choose in what verse form the poem will be translated, as this will influence many future decisions in the translation process (25). Holmes formulates four strategies of translating verse forms. The first approach is that of "mimetic form", which means the translator will attempt to imitate the form of the source language poem as closely as possible (26). The second option is "analogical form". The translator using this strategy tries to find a verse form in the target language which has a similar function as the form of the original poem (26). Both of these strategies take the original's form as a starting point. However, it is also possible to start from the content and let a new form develop from there (27). Holmes defines this as an "organic approach" (27). Lastly, the "extraneous form" translates the poem into a new form which is derived from neither the form or the content of the original (27).

Every strategy may come with a set of desirable and less desirable effects, and the best option will vary between translation situations. In any case, the translator must consider what aspects of the poem are most important to retain in the translation, and how best to achieve this. For the poems in *Crossed*, it is important that the translated poems serve as representations of the original poems, as well as target language poems in their own right. Furthermore, they are part of a story and thus have to show some resemblance in order to

work within the storyline. Since the verse forms are similar, both require the same strategy for translation, otherwise this similarity, which is important to the storyline, might be lost in translation. Choosing for an organic or extraneous approach, then, will not work, at least not for both poems as the translator may end up with two very different forms. In *Crossed*, the first five lines of “They dropped like Flakes” are printed. The poem starts with two lines consisting of two iambic feet, followed by three lines with three, four, and three iambs. The poem Cassia writes is a quatrain with lines of four and three iambs alternately. As the iamb is also common in Dutch poetry, the translator can consider maintaining the poems’ form in the target text. This means the other characteristics that both poems have in common, such as the repetition and rhymes, must also fit within the form of the target poems. However, style is not all that is of importance here as the translator should also consider the content of both poems. The author chose to incorporate this poem for a reason and the translator must understand the message in order to be able to translate it well. In “They dropped like Flakes”, Dickinson uses three similes to describe the falling of soldiers. This is rather appropriate for the story of *Crossed*, as it reminds the reader of Ky’s time in the Outer Provinces, when many people died during attacks, and of the Farmers who were killed or chased away by the Society. Cassia’s poem also deals with the theme of death, speaking of all the pain and death Ky has seen in his life. These are all aspects that the translator must somehow incorporate in the target poems, which could look as follows:

Ze vielen als Vlokken –
Ze vielen als Sterren –
Als Blaadjes van een Roos –
Toen plotseling door Juni heen –
Een wind met vingers – ging –

The metre is not correct everywhere, though the iambic pattern is strong enough throughout the entire stanza to be noticed. The end rhyme (Rose – goes) is lost in this translation, though this is perhaps compensated by another rhyme (plotseling – ging) and the ‘i’ assonances in the final two lines. The repetition of “(They dropped) like” is also established in the target poem as well as the three similes.

Cassia’s poem can also be translated to a target poem with iambic feet:

*Een teken op de kaart voor elke dood
Voor elke slag en schreeuw
Mijn wereld was een blad van zwart
En nergens lag nog sneeuw*

In this poem, the metre and the number of feet are almost identical to the original poem. The first line differs the most from the original, as a more close translation would result in too many syllables. Also, the verb ‘markeren’ in Dutch as a translation for ‘mark’ does not work well within an iambic pattern, for example in ‘Ik markeerde een kaart...’, where the translator ends up with two unstressed syllables in a row. The repetition of “for” is retained in this translation, as well as the end rhyme (schreeuw – sneeuw), though with an inversion of the words ‘ache and blow’ and a somewhat free interpretation of ‘ache’. Furthermore, there are alliterations and assonances (slag en schreeuw, blad van zwart).

5. TRANSLATING THE TITLES

This chapter will deal with the problem of translating the titles of the novels. The titles of all three novels of the trilogy consist of only one word, yet they prove quite difficult to translate without significant loss in the target text. However, as mentioned before, it is usually not up to the translator to decide on the title of the translated work. The publisher will choose the title, often in connection with marketing reasons. Moreover, when a translator receives the task of translating a novel, the publisher has often already decided on the Dutch title (Eekelen, par. 1). Still, the translator is allowed to share his or her opinions and he or she may feel obligated to ensure that the translation, which was brought about with a lot of effort, receives a title which does justice to the work. After all, the translation will be published under the translator's name and many assume that he or she is responsible for the title as well.

The Dutch translations of *Matched* and *Crossed* are published by Lemniscaat, both with the same English titles. This is a common strategy for Lemniscaat's young adult novels, though it is not always appreciated by translators. Maria Postema wonders why they would give a book written in Dutch an English title (49). Also, she has learned that publishers sometimes overestimate the Dutch young adults' knowledge of English (49). Lemniscaat started publishing translated novels with English titles in their "Made in the USA" series, but various novels which are not part of this series also retain their English title, often with an added Dutch subtitle, which is also the case for *Matched*, *Crossed* and most likely *Reached* as well. This likely has a lot to do with merchandise and film versions of the novel, as film rights are already sold and these films usually retain their original English title in the Netherlands (49). Yet much is lost by using these titles, even when setting aside the possibility that readers might not understand the English words, and the translator should consider proposing translated titles to the publisher.

The titles are very important to the author of these novels and Condie has given them a lot of consideration, as she explained in an article on her website. The three titles are linked in that they all consist of seven letters, end in '-ed' and the second letter of each title is printed differently on the cover: the 'A' in *Matched* has no horizontal line, the 'R' in *Crossed* is printed backwards and the 'E' in *Reached* misses the vertical line ("reached", par. 2-4). These little imperfections can refer to the Society, which also seems perfect at a first glance but shows cracks when you take a closer look. It can also remind the reader of the fact that the series' characters have never learned how to write. The 'E' in *Reached* is also symbolic for

the three characters Cassia, Ky and Xander, whose voices will be equally divided in the third novel (par. 4). The meaning of these titles should also be considered carefully as they are intertextual references. *Matched* refers to one of the most important aspects of the series' dystopian society. Throughout the novels, 'Match' is used as a noun, for example when characters speak of 'their Match', and also as part of other nouns such as 'Match Banquet'. The word is also used as a verb, like in the title and in sentences such as "I'd always *hoped* that I might be Matched on my actual birthday" (*Matched* 7). Whether this link between the title and the content of the novels remains intact when not translating the title will depend on the translation of the related words within the novel. In any case, the translator requires a target text word which can function in all of the situations described above. *Crossed* refers not only to the journey Cassia makes in this novel to find Ky, but also to two of the poems in the novel: "Crossing the Bar" by Tennyson and "I did not reach Thee" by Dickinson. The word is used in Tennyson's title and last line ("When I have crossed the bar") and twice in different forms in Dickinson's poem (line 3: "Three Rivers and a Hill to cross" and line 9: "One desert crossed –"). Lastly, *Reached* is also a reference to this poem by Dickinson and possibly also to the fact that Cassia has reached her goal, if this will be the case in the final novel.

When translating the poems in the novel, but not the titles, all these intertextual references will be lost and the titles will be less meaningful to the target text readers. Even when one assumes that the reader will understand these English words, they will be able to relate the words to the storyline at the most. The added layer of meaning, the allusions (of *Crossed* and *Reached*) to the poems used in the novels and the emphasis given to their importance by alluding to the poems in the titles, will be completely lost on the Dutch reader. They are not able to reconstruct the connection to the titles and the poems, as there is no connection when the poems are Dutch and the titles English. Thus coming up with translations for the titles which are in accordance with the novels' content seems to be the most desirable solution. The word 'match' is also used in Dutch, though according to Van Dale not in the sense of pairing two people off, for which the Dutch 'koppelen' could be used. The Dutch noun 'match' refers to a sports match and the verb 'matchen' can be used to indicate similarity. However, several Dutch dating sites claim to help a person find his or her 'ideale match', in the sense of the perfect partner, thus the word seems to be established in the Dutch language after all. The translator can, then, adapt the title to *Gematcht* as a Dutch translation of *Matched*. The problem with this title, however, is what the word looks like on the cover of a novel. The verb, borrowed from English and conjugated according to Dutch

grammar, stands out. This might not be such a problem when used in the novel itself, especially in the context of being matched to someone, but publishers will hesitate to use such a word on the cover of a novel. An option that has not been considered up till now is choosing a title consisting of more than one word. The translated novel could be called *Ideale Match* or *Perfecte Match*. This solves the issues with the image of the word on the cover and adds a little more context to the term ‘Match’, guiding readers towards the correct interpretation of how the word is used here.

For the other two titles, translations of “Crossing the Bar” and “I did not reach Thee” need to be taken into consideration. As discussed before, using a standard translation is the best option when it comes to allusions. Both poems have been translated in Dutch before: “Crossing the Bar” by H. Reuvers and “I did not reach Thee” by Peter Verstegen. The poems and their translations can be found below.

“Crossing the Bar” and a translation by H. Reuvers:

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross the bar.

Voorbij de havenmond

Glinstert de avondster,
ik moet de haven uit!
En laat de zandbank zwijgen als de ster,
wanneer ik zeewaarts stuit.

't Is zulk getij dat slaapt en toch beweegt,
zo vol geluid en schuim,
wanneer wat kwam vanuit de diepste zee
keert terug in 't ruim.

Schemer en avondbel,
en duisternis daarna!
En schrei geen zoute tranen van vaarwel,
wanneer ik ga;

al draagt vanuit de grens van Plaats en Tijd
de vloed mij van de grond,
ik hoop mijn Loods te zien die naast mij
schrijdt
voorbij de havenmond.

“I did not reach Thee” and a translation by Peter Versteegen (413):

I did not reach Thee

I did not reach Thee,
But my feet slip nearer every day;
Three Rivers and a Hill to cross,
One Desert and a Sea—
I shall not count the journey one
When I am telling thee.

Two deserts—but the year is cold
So that will help the sand—
One desert crossed, the second one
Will feel as cool as land.
Sahara is too little price
To pay for thy Right hand!

The sea comes last. Step merry, feet!
So short have we to go
To play together we are prone,
But we must labor now,
The last shall be the lightest load
That we have had to draw.

Ik kwam niet bij Jou

Ik kwam niet bij Jou
Maar mijn voet glijdt dagelijks dichterbij –
‘k Moest drie Rivieren en een Berg
Woestijn en Zee voorbij –
Ik tel het niet als maar één reis
Als jij dit hoort van mij –

Tweemaal woestijn maar ’t jaar is koud
En dat is goed voor ’t zand –
Eén is gedaan –
De tweede voelt
Straks even koel als land –
Sahara is te lage prijs
Voor slechts jouw Rechterhand.

De Zee is ’t laatst – Stap blij mijn voet,
Zo kort is er te gaan –
We zijn geneigd tot spelen maar
Nu lopen we met pijn –
De laatste last door ons gezeuld
Zal ook de lichtste zijn.

Reuvers translates both “Crossing” and “crossed” with “voorbij”. Verstegen uses two different translations, also “voorbij” for the first “cross”, but “gedaan” for the second “crossed”. Still, *Voorbij* could easily serve as a Dutch title for the second novel in the trilogy. Though it is often used to refer to something which is over, in the past, it is an appropriate title in that it establishes an intertextual link between the title and both poems. Moreover, it can refer to Cassia’s journey to find Ky being done and Cassia travelling past various obstacles in the process. Lastly, Verstegen translates “I did not reach Thee” with “Ik kwam niet bij jou”. With a slight adaptation this could make the title for the third novel *Aangekomen*. Arguably, *Bereikt* might have been a more desirable translation for *Reached* as it does not come with unwanted connotations (‘aankomen’ is also used in the sense of gaining weight), but then the intertextual link is completely lost. ‘Aangekomen’ leaves room for an intertextual interpretation and can also refer to Cassia reaching her goal or destination.

It is fair to say that *Ideale/Perfecte Match*, *Voorbij* and *Aangekomen* do not fit together as well as *Matched*, *Crossed* and *Reached*. Though the misprinted letters can still be used (only at different positions in the words), they do not have the same number of letters nor do they end with the same letters. The translator can also choose to have all titles consist of two words to compensate for these things and perhaps make them fit better together. *Crossed* could, for example, become *Grenzen voorbij* in Dutch. This can still refer to Cassia’s journey, during which she crosses the boundaries of various Provinces, as well as figuratively crossing the boundaries of a world in which she grew up to a life of running and resistance. *Reached* is a little more tricky as ‘aangekomen’ is harder to combine with another word and because the content of this last novel is still unknown. It might be that Cassia and the Rising reach their goal and somehow end the rule of the Society. It is also probable that she reaches a person, Ky perhaps, like in the poem “I did not reach Thee”, but it could be something entirely different. Perhaps the Rising fails, but she reaches another destination where she can be free. It would be best to come back to the translation of the title for the final novel in November, when *Reached* will be released. What it comes down to is that translation is a matter of making choices and there is not always a perfect solution; sometimes, loss is inevitable. In this case, the translator has to opt between titles which fit together nicely and titles which establish a connection with the content of the novels. Considering the importance of the poems to the novels, the latter is the most desirable solution to this problem.

PART THREE - TRANSLATION



6. ANNOTATED TRANSLATIONS

After analysing the novels and describing the main translation problems, what remains is to translate parts of the text myself, and to compare these to the translations already published by Lemniscaat. This chapter consists of my own translations of several excerpts from *Matched* and *Crossed*. They contain the specific translation problems which have been discussed in the previous chapters, meaning certain solutions were already decided on. However, these discussions do not cover all of the material in the following excerpts and the translator should consider other aspects as well in order to produce a satisfactory translation faithful to content and style of the original.

The translator should be prepared to deal with more dystopian terms such as ‘Anomaly’ and ‘tracker’, as not all were solved in Chapter 2, though the translation strategies described in that chapter can of course be used. The translator will also have to make a choice between formal and informal pronouns, as parts of these excerpts consist of dialogue between various characters. One can imagine that the younger characters address each other informally, but the translator may decide to have them address the Officials formally to confirm the Officials’ authority over citizens. Consistency is also very important as the text constantly repeats words or phrases, often quotes from the poems used in the novels. Some allusions can be easily missed as they may consist of only one word in a different context and thus the translator must read the text carefully to ensure a correct translation. There is, for instance, a link between the Hill which Cassia and Ky visit for hiking and the Hill in the “I did not reach Thee” poem by Dickinson. Lastly, Condie’s writing is poetic at times, which can be seen for example in the alliterations in one of the last lines of the fifth excerpt (lift – lips, kiss – knuckles, scraped places – palm) and the image in the lines after that (“My mother painted with water... [a]nd my father played with fire”). As mentioned before, this is something various critics of the original works appreciated and thus an aspect which should be maintained in translation.

In the translations below, footnotes are used to reflect upon the various problems and their solutions. The original excerpts can be found in the appendix, as well as the translations published by Lemniscaat. These will be compared in Chapter 7, after briefly discussing the publisher and the translators of both novels.

6.1 A MEETING WITH THE OFFICIAL (*MATCHED* 42-47)

‘Ik wil je er nogmaals van verzekeren dat je je geen zorgen hoeft te maken,’ zegt de Officiant¹ met een glimlach. Ze klinkt aardig. Ze leidt me naar het grasveldje voor het centrum². Hoewel ik nog nerveuzer wordt in het bijzijn van de Officiant, voelt het toch fijn om buiten te zijn na die drukte van binnen.

We lopen langs het netjes gemaaide gras naar een metalen bankje dat recht onder een straatlantaarn staat. Er is verder niemand in de buurt. ‘Je hoeft niet te vertellen wat er is gebeurd,’ zegt de Officiant. ‘Ik weet het al. Het gezicht op de microkaart was niet het juiste, toch?’

Ze is inderdaad aardig: ze liet me het niet hardop zeggen. Ik knik.

‘Je maakt je vast veel zorgen. Heb je iemand verteld wat er is gebeurd?’

‘Nee,’ zeg ik. Ze gebaart dat ik op het bankje moet gaan zitten en dat doe ik.

‘Uitstekend. Laat me je geruststellen.’ Ze kijkt me recht in de ogen. ‘Cassia, er is helemaal niks veranderd. Je bent nog steeds Gematcht met Xander Carrow.’

‘Dank u wel³,’ zeg ik en ik ben zo dankbaar dat één keer niet genoeg is. ‘Dank u wel.’ Mijn verwarring verdwijnt en ik kan me eindelijk, eindelijk, eindelijk ontspannen. Ik zucht en ze lacht.

‘En mag ik je feliciteren met je Match? Het heeft flink wat ophef veroorzaakt. De hele Provincie praat erover. Misschien wel de hele Unie⁴. Dit is al jarenlang niet gebeurd.’ Ze is even stil en gaat dan verder. ‘Je hebt je microkaart zeker niet meegenomen vanavond?’

¹ An official is someone working for a government, administration or public institution. In this case, it is a representative of a department. Representatives for Dutch ‘ministerie’ are a ‘minister’, ‘staatssecretaris’ and various ‘ambtenaren’. ‘Minister’ is only used to refer to the head of a ‘ministerie’, which does not apply here. Nor does ‘staatssecretaris’, which is a term used for someone who assists the minister. The person in question is more of a general ‘ambtenaar’ for one of the departments. However ‘Ambtenaar’ feels slightly out of place within the register of the text. The translator can consider (near-)synonyms such as ‘beambte’, ‘bestuurder’, ‘functionaris’ and ‘officiant’. I liked ‘Officiant’ as the term is not very usual in this context, which fits well within the dystopian character of the novel, yet easily brings to mind the desired connotations for Dutch readers because of its resemblance to ‘officeel’ and the context of ‘ministerie’.

² English ‘center’ here refers to the game center mentioned earlier in the novel, a building in which various games can be played and which can be translated as ‘gamecentrum’, hence ‘centrum’.

³ I decided to have Cassia address the Official with ‘u’ rather than informal ‘jij’ as it seems appropriate for a (young) citizen to speak to a Society authority this way.

⁴ ‘Provincie’ and ‘Unie’ as translations for ‘Province’ and ‘Society’ as discussed in Chapter 2.2.

‘Nou, eigenlijk wel.’ Ik haal de kaart uit mijn zak. ‘Ik was ongerust, ik wilde niet dat iemand anders zou zien dat...’

Ze steekt haar hand uit en ik laat de microkaart vallen op haar uitgestrekte palm. ‘Geweldig. Ik zal dit regelen.’ Ze stopt de kaart in haar Officiantenkoffertje. Ik vang een glimp op van haar tablettendoosje en het valt me op dat het groter is dan de standaarduitvoering. Ze ziet waar ik naar kijk. ‘Hogere Officianten hebben altijd extra tabletten bij zich⁵,’ zegt ze, ‘voor noodgevallen.’ Ik knik en ze gaat verder. ‘Maar daar hoeft jij je geen zorgen over te maken. Oké, *deze* is voor jou.’ Ze haalt een andere microkaart uit een zijvakje van de koffer. ‘Ik heb hem zelf gecontroleerd. Alles is in orde.’

‘Dank u wel.’

Nadat ik de nieuwe microkaart in mijn zak heb gestopt, zijn we allebei even stil. Eerst kijk ik rond, naar het gras en de metalen bankjes en de kleine betonnen fontein die in het midden van het grasveld staat en elke paar seconden zilveren waterstraaltjes omhoog schiet. Daarna gluur ik naar de vrouw naast me en probeer te zien wat voor een insigne ze op haar borstzak heeft. Ik weet dat ze een Officiant is omdat ze witte kleding draagt, maar ik weet niet zeker welk Ministerie van de Unie ze vertegenwoordigt.

‘Ik ben van het Ministerie van Matchen, bevoegd om informatiestoornissen af te handelen,’ zegt de Officiant als ze me ziet kijken. ‘Gelukkig hebben we niet veel werk. Omdat het Matchen zo belangrijk is voor de Unie, is het erg goed geregeld.’

Haar woorden doen me denken aan een alinea uit de officiële Matchinformatie: *Het doel van Matchen is tweeledig: ervoor zorgen dat de toekomstige burgers van onze Unie zo gezond mogelijk zijn en ervoor zorgen dat burgers die dat willen de grootste kans hebben om een succesvol Gezinsleven te ervaren. Het is voor de Unie uitermate belangrijk dat de Matches zo optimaal mogelijk zijn.*

‘Ik heb nog nooit gehoord dat er zo’n fout werd gemaakt.’

‘Helaas komt het wel zo nu en dan voor. Niet vaak.’ Ze is even stil en dan stelt ze de vraag die ik niet wil horen: ‘Herkende je de andere persoon van wie je het gezicht zag?’

Plotseling en zonder rede ben ik geneigd om te liegen. Ik wil zeggen dat ik geen idee heb, dat ik dat gezicht nooit eerder heb gezien. Ik kijk opnieuw naar de fontein en terwijl ik aanschouw hoe het water opstijgt en valt, weet ik dat mijn aarzeling me verraadt. Dus ik geef antwoord.

⁵ The addition of ‘altijd’ and ‘tabletten’ are necessary in Dutch to convey what is expressed in the shorter English sentence, namely that the Officials always carry some extra tablets.

‘Ja.’

‘Kun je me zijn naam vertellen?’

Dit weet ze natuurlijk al allemaal, dus ik kan alleen maar de waarheid vertellen. ‘Ja. Ky Markham. Daarom is het ook zo vreemd. De kans dat er een fout gemaakt wordt en nog wel met iemand anders die ik ook ken...’

‘Is praktisch niet-bestaand,’ stemt ze toe. ‘Dat is waar. Daarom vragen we ons af of de fout misschien bewust is gemaakt, een of ander grapje. Als we degene vinden die hier verantwoordelijk voor is, zullen we hem of haar ernstig straffen. Het was wreed. Niet alleen omdat het verontrustend en verwarrend was voor jou, maar ook vanwege Ky.’

‘Weet hij het dan?’

‘Nee. Hij weet van niks. Ik zei dat het wreed was om hem als deel van deze grap te gebruiken vanwege wat hij is.’

‘Wat hij is?’ Ky Markham is in onze Stadswijk⁶ komen wonen toen we tien waren. Hij ziet er goed uit en is rustig. Hij is erg stil. Hij is geen herrieschopper. Ik zie hem niet zo vaak meer als vroeger. Afgelopen jaar heeft hij vervroegd zijn werkpositie gekregen en hij gaat niet meer naar Tweede School met de rest van de jeugd uit onze Stadswijk.

De Officiant knikt en buigt iets dichterbij, ook al is er niemand in de buurt die ons kan horen. Het licht van de straatlantaarn schijnt warm naar beneden en ik verschuif een beetje. ‘Dit is vertrouwelijke informatie, maar Ky Markham zou nooit jouw Match kunnen zijn. Hij zal nooit iemands Match zijn.’

‘Hij heeft dus gekozen om een Single⁷ te zijn.’ Ik snap niet echt waarom deze informatie vertrouwelijk is. Heel veel mensen van onze school hebben gekozen om single te zijn. Er is zelfs een alinea over geschreven in de officiële Matchinformatie: *Het is belangrijk om zorgvuldig te overwegen of je een geschikte Matchkandidaat bent.*⁸ *Vergeet niet dat*

⁶ I decided to translate ‘Borough’ with ‘Stadswijk’, rather than just ‘Wijk’ when it is not mentioned as part of a specific toponym to emphasize how the Society is organized geographically (boroughs being residential areas within a city).

⁷ A ‘Single’ in the book is someone who chooses not to be Matched. Options were to translate it with ‘Vrijgezel’ or something similar, like ‘Alleen’ or ‘Alleenstaande’, or to retain the word untranslated in the target text. ‘Alleen’ is problematic as it cannot be used as a noun like Single is used here. ‘Vrijgezel’ and ‘Alleenstaande’ can be used this way, but these words do not fit the register of the text very well, especially when contrasted to ‘Match’. ‘Single’, on the other hand, does fit nicely. Furthermore, since the word is also used in Dutch to signify someone who is alone or not married, this is the most desirable option.

⁸ The first part of the sentence is slightly paraphrased since the Construction with ‘please’ is typical for English, but not so much for Dutch.

Singles net zo belangrijk zijn in de Unie. Zoals je weet is de huidige Leider van de Unie een Single. Zowel Matches als Singles leiden een volwaardig bestaan. Het krijgen van kinderen is echter alleen toegestaan voor degenen die ervoor kiezen Gematcht te worden.

Ze buigt dichter naar me toe. ‘Nee. Hij is geen Single. Ky Markham is een Dwaling⁹.’

Ky Markham is een Dwaling?

Dwalingen leven gewoon onder ons; ze zijn niet gevaarlijk zoals Storingen, die afgezonderd moeten zijn van de Unie. Hoewel Dwalingen hun status meestal verkrijgen door een Schending, zijn ze wel beschermd; hun identiteit is meestal niet bekend. Alleen de Officianten van het Ministerie van Unieclassificatie en andere gerelateerde gebieden hebben toegang tot zulke informatie.

Ik stel mijn vraag niet hardop, maar ze weet wat ik denk. ‘Helaas, het is waar. Het is niet zijn eigen schuld, maar zijn vader heeft een Schending gepleegd. De Unie kon zo iets niet door de vingers zien, zelfs niet toen ze de familie Markham toestonden om Ky te adopteren. Hij moest zijn status van Dwaling behouden en daarom kwam hij niet in aanmerking om Gematcht te worden.’ Ze zucht. ‘We maken de microkaarten pas een paar uur voor het Banket. Waarschijnlijk is de fout toen gemaakt. We zijn al aan het nagaan wie er toegang had tot jouw microkaart, wie de foto van Ky kan hebben toegevoegd voor het Banket plaatsvond.’

6.2 HIKING TRIP (*MATCHED* 94-98)

Ik hoor andere mensen bewegen tussen de bomen naast me en achter me. Het bos, zelfs een halfgecultiveerd bos als dit, is een lawaaierige plek, zeker nu wij er allemaal doorheen

⁹ Definitions for aberration include: “deviation or departure from the norm, typically an unwelcome one; departure from ethical or behavioural standard; deviation or divergence from a straight or recognized path” (OED). Anomaly is defined as: “unevenness, inequality, of condition, motion, etc; irregularity, deviation from the common order, exceptional condition or circumstance. A thing exhibiting such irregularity” (OED). These two terms are used in the novels as CSI’s to describe people with a certain status. Someone who has made a mistake but not one too severe acquires the status of Aberration. Anomalies have committed more serious, or multiple crimes and are removed from Society. Possible translations for ‘aberration’ include ‘storing’, ‘(af)dwaling’, ‘misstap’, ‘fout’ and ‘afwijking’. ‘Anomaly’ can be translated as ‘anomalie’, usually in connection to astronomy, and more generally as ‘afwijking’. In any case, the target language word used for ‘anomaly’ must denote something more serious or worse than the one used for ‘aberration’. Also, both words must be able to function as nouns referring to persons. Talking about ‘een Fout’, for example, would be confusing, as it will more likely be read as a mistake than as a person who made a mistake. This is less likely with ‘dwaling’, which can be a suitable translation for ‘Aberration’. ‘Anomaly’ can then be translated as ‘afwijking’ or ‘storing’, which both sound stronger than ‘dwaling’. ‘Storing’ is preferred as it has the same amount of syllables as ‘dwaling’ (like Aberration and Anomaly) and repeats the final ‘-ing’ as a compensation for the alliteration in the source text. Moreover, a ‘storing’ sounds more like something (someone) one would remove from Society.

stampen. Bosjes slaan, takken kraken en dichtbij vloekt er iemand. Waarschijnlijk Lon. Ik beweeg sneller. Ik worstel met sommige bosjes, maar ik schiet lekker op.

De sorteerder in me zou willen dat ik de vogelgeluiden die ik hoor kon herkennen en de namen wist van de planten en bloemen die ik zie. Mijn moeder kent ze waarschijnlijk bijna allemaal, maar ik zal nooit zulke gespecialiseerde kennis bezitten tenzij ik een werkpositie in het Arboretum krijg.

De klim wordt moeilijker en steiler maar niet onmogelijk. De kleine berg¹⁰ hoort bij het Arboretum zelf, dus hij is niet echt wild. Mijn schoenen worden vies, de zolen zitten onder de dennennaalden en bladeren. Ik sta even stil en zoek naar een plek om wat van het slijk eraf te schrapen zodat ik sneller kan gaan. Maar hier in het Arboretum worden omgevallen bomen en afgebroken takken direct weggehaald. Ik moet genoeg nemen met het schors aan een boom, waar ik mijn voeten één voor één langs kan schrapen.

Mijn voeten voelen lichter als ik weer ga lopen en ik verhoog mijn snelheid. Ik zie een gladde, ronde steen die eruit ziet als een gepolijst ei, zoals het cadeau dat Bram aan Opa gaf. Ik laat hem daar liggen, klein en bruin in het gras, en ga nog sneller, terwijl ik de takken uit mijn weg duw en de krassen op mijn handen negeer. Zelfs als een dennentak terugschiet en ik een krachtige klap van naalden en sterk hout tegen mijn gezicht voel, stop ik niet.

Ik zal als eerste de top van deze berg bereiken en daar ben ik blij om. De bomen voor me hebben iets lichts om zich en ik weet dat het komt omdat er daarachter lucht en zon is in plaats van meer bos. Ik ben er bijna. *Kijk naar me, Opa*, denk ik bij mezelf, maar hij kan me natuurlijk niet horen.

Kijk naar me.

Plotseling verander ik van richting en duik de bosjes in. Ik worstel erdoorheen tot ik alleen hurk in het midden van een dichtbegroeide wirwar van bladeren waar ik hopelijk goed verstopt ben. Donkerbruine burgerkleden vormen een goede camouflage.

Mijn handen trillen als ik het papier erbij pak. Was ik dit al de hele tijd van plan sinds ik vanmorgen de poederdoos in de zak van mijn burgerkleden stopte? Wist ik op de een of andere manier dat ik hier in het bos het juiste moment zou vinden?

¹⁰ 'Berg' is the most desirable translation here, rather than 'heuvel' which is a more accurate translation for "little hill", because of a scene in *Crossed*. A hill is also mentioned in "I did not reach Thee" and when Cassia reads this, she links it back to her story with Ky, which began on the hill from their hiking trips. Thus the translator has to consider the translation which is used for the poem, and Peter Versteegen translates 'hill' with 'berg'.

Ik weet niet waar ik het anders moet lezen. Als ik het thuis lees, ziet iemand me misschien. Hetzelfde geldt voor in de luchttrein, op school en op werk. Het is niet stil in dit bos, waar veel planten groeien en een dichte, drukkende ochtendlucht vochtig aanvoelt tegen mijn huid. Insecten zoemen en vogels fluiten. Ik strijk met mijn arm langs een blad en een druppeltje dauw valt op het papier met het geluid van rijp fruit dat op de grond valt.

Wat heeft Opa me gegeven?

Ik hou het gewicht van dit geheim in mijn handpalm en open het dan.

Ik had gelijk: de woorden zijn inderdaad oud. En hoewel ik het lettertype niet herken, herken ik de opmaak wel.

Opa heeft me poëzie gegeven.

Natuurlijk. Mijn overgrootmoeder. De Honderd Gedichten. Zonder het te controleren op de poorten¹¹ op school weet ik dat dit gedicht er niet tussen staat. Ze heeft een groot risico genomen door dit papier te verbergen en mijn opa en oma hebben een groot risico genomen door het te bewaren. Wat voor een gedicht zou het waard zijn om er alles voor te verliezen?

Bij het lezen van de allereerste regel word ik helemaal stil en krijg ik tranen in mijn ogen en ik weet niet waarom, behalve dat niets me ooit zo heeft geraakt als deze regel.

*Verdrijf niet zomaar in de zoete nacht*¹².

Ik lees verder, woorden die ik niet begrijp en woorden die ik wel begrijp.

Ik snap waarom het gedicht Opa raakte:

Verdrijf niet zomaar in de zoete nacht.

Licht op en vlam wanneer je ouder wordt;

Vecht, vecht, omdat het licht niet sterven mag.

En als ik verder lees, snap ik waarom het mij raakt:

De wijze, voor wie straks het duister wacht,

Omdat geen licht meer bliksemt uit zijn woord,

Verdrijft niet zomaar in de zoete nacht.

Uit mijn woorden bliksemt geen licht. Opa zei dit zelfs tegen me voor zijn dood, toen ik hem die brief gaf die ik niet echt zelf geschreven had. Niets wat ik heb geschreven of

¹¹ A port is another CSI in the novel. It is an object similar to a computer. The ports can be used to look up poems or stories, write letters, read the information stored on microcards or have video conversations with other people at other ports. The term is also used in various ways in computing, which may be where Condie got the idea. This is also true for the Dutch equivalent 'poort'.

¹² Arie van der Krogt's translation of "Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night" is used here, as was decided in Chapter 3.3.

gedaan heeft enig verschil gemaakt in deze wereld en plotseling begrijp ik wat het betekent om te vechten en te smachten.

Ik lees het hele gedicht en verslind het, neem het in me op. Ik lees over een meteor, een baai en tranen¹³ en hoewel ik niet alles begrijp, omdat de taal te oud is, begrijp ik genoeg. Ik snap waarom mijn opa dit gedicht mooi vond omdat ik het ook mooi vind. Alles ervan. Het vechten en het licht.

Onder de titel van het gedicht staat *Dylan Thomas, 1914-1953*.

Op de andere kant van het papier staat nog een gedicht. Het heet “Voorbij de havenmond”¹⁴ en is geschreven door iemand die nog verder in het verleden leefde dan Dylan Thomas: *Lord Alfred Tennyson. 1809-1892*.

Zo lang geleden, denk ik. Ze leefden en stierven zo lang geleden.

En net als Opa zullen zij nooit meer terugkomen.

Gretig lees ik ook het tweede gedicht. Ik lees de woorden van beide gedichten meerdere keren opnieuw tot ik vlak naast me het luide knappen van een tak hoor. Ik vouw het papier snel op en stop het weg. Ik heb te lang getreuzeld. Ik moet gaan en de tijd inhalen die ik verloren heb.

Ik moet rennen.

Ik hou me niet in. Dit is niet de renband¹⁵, dus ik hoef me niet in te houden en kan door de takken de berg op rennen. De woorden uit het gedicht van Thomas zijn zo wild en prachtig dat ik ze in mijn hoofd blijf herhalen terwijl ik ren. Steeds opnieuw denk ik *verdwijnt niet zomaar, verdwijnt niet zomaar, verdwijnt niet zomaar*. Pas als ik bijna de top van de berg heb bereikt, beseft ik het: Er is een reden waarom ze dit gedicht niet hebben bewaard.

Dit gedicht moedigt je aan om te vechten.

¹³ The target text speaks of one meteor instead of multiple and leaves out ‘green’ and ‘fierce’ in order to be in accordance with the poem’s translation by Arie van der Krogt which is used as the basis for the translation of these allusions.

¹⁴ This is the title of the translation of “Crossing the Bar” by H. Reuvers (Chapter 5).

¹⁵ The ‘tracker’ is also a CSI and refers to a sort of treadmill. It is “a machine named for the circular tracks where people used to compete. And named for what it does – tracking information about the person running on it” (*Matched* 113). This is a translation problem as the Dutch word for tracks is a ‘renbaan’, for example, but this cannot be used in the context of tracking information. The translator can choose for a translation such as ‘loopband’ (treadmill) or combine it with ‘renbaan’ to form ‘renband’, however the connotation of tracking information will be lost and the passage in which the tracker is explained will have to be slightly altered in the target text. The ideal translation would combine both the running and the tracking information, but I have not been able to come up with such a word yet. For now I chose ‘renband’ to at least not use the most common Dutch word for this dystopian object.

6.3 CHANGING BOROUGH NAMES (*MATCHED* 358-359)

De reis naar ons nieuwe huis is vrij simpel: met de luchttrein naar het Stadscentrum, overstappen op een langeafstandsluchttrein richting de Landbouwgronden van de Provincie Keya. Bijna al onze eigendommen passen in één koffertje per persoon; de paar dingen die daar niet in passen worden later gestuurd.

Terwijl we met zijn vieren naar de halte van de luchttrein lopen, komen burens en vrienden naar buiten om afscheid te nemen en ons geluk toe te wensen. Ze weten dat we Overgeplaatst worden maar ze weten niet waarom; het is ongeleefd om dat te vragen. Als we het einde van de straat naderen, zien we dat er een nieuw bord in de grond is gehamerd: Tuinwijk. Zonder de bomen en zonder de naam is Esdoornwijk weg. Het is alsof ze nooit heeft bestaan. De familie Markham is weg. Wij zijn weg. Alle anderen zullen hier verder leven in Tuinwijk. Ze hebben al extra nieuwrozen¹⁶ in de bloembedden geplant.

Als ik denk aan de snelheid waarmee Ky verdween, waarmee de familie Markham verdween, waarmee wij zullen verdwijnen, krijg ik het koud van binnen. Het is alsof wij nooit hebben bestaan. En plotseling herinner ik me iets van vroeger toen ik klein was, toen ik altijd zocht naar de luchttrein naar huis richting Steenwijk en toen er paden van lage, platte stenen naar onze deuren leidden.

Dit is eerder gebeurd. Deze Stadswijk krijgt steeds een andere naam. Wat ligt er nog meer voor slechts onder het oppervlak van onze stenen en bomen en bloemen en huizen? Die tijd waar Xander niet over wil praten, toen we allemaal een rood tablet innamen – wat is er toen gebeurd? Als andere mensen vertrokken, waar gingen ze dan echt heen?

Zij konden hun naam niet schrijven, maar ik de mijne wel en dat ga ik weer doen, ergens waar het voor een lange, lange tijd zal blijven staan. Ik zal Ky vinden en dan zal ik die plek vinden.

¹⁶ Condie combined the words ‘new’ and ‘rose’ to create a new type of plant. The same can be done in the target language by combining ‘nieuw’ and ‘roos’ as translations for ‘new’ and ‘rose’.

6.4 POETRY IN THE CANYONS (*CROSSED* 256-260)

Je ruikt de regen hier voordat je hem ziet of voelt. Als Ky's lievelingsgeur in de Buitenprovincies salie is, dan is de mijne denk deze regen, die oud en nieuw ruikt, zoals steen en lucht, rivier en woestijn. De wolken die we eerder zagen, zweven met de wind mee en de lucht wordt paars, grijs, blauw terwijl de zon ondergaat en we het stadje bereiken.

'We kunnen hier niet zo lang blijven, toch?' vraagt Eli terwijl we het pad naar de opslaggrotten beklimmen. Een strook van bliksem flitst witheet tussen aarde en lucht en donder knalt door het ravijn.

'Nee,' zegt Ky. Ik ben het daar ook mee eens. Het risico dat de Unie nu het ravijn inkomt, lijkt nu zwaarder te wegen dan wat ons buiten op de vlakte te wachten staat. We zullen voort moeten maken.

'Maar we moeten nog langs de grot,' zeg ik. 'We hebben meer voedsel nodig en Indie en ik hebben nog geen boeken of papieren.' *En misschien valt er iets te vinden over de Opstand.*

'De storm geeft ons waarschijnlijk wel wat extra tijd,' zegt Ky.

'Hoeveel tijd?' Vraag ik aan Ky.

'Een paar uur,' zegt Ky. 'De Unie is niet ons enige gevaar. Een storm zoals deze kan een stortvloed veroorzaken in het ravijn en dan kunnen we niet voorbij de stroom. Dan zitten we gevangen. We gaan hier weg zodra de onweer voorbij is.'

Zo'n lange reis en of we de Opstand wel of niet vinden, hangt misschien af van een paar uur. *Maar ik kwam niet om de Opstand te vinden, herinner ik mezelf, ik kwam om Ky te vinden en dat heb ik gedaan. Wat er hierna ook gebeurt, we zullen samen zijn.*

Ky en ik haasten ons naar de bibliotheekgrot en de stapels dozen die daar staan. Indie volgt ons.

'Er is zo veel,' zeg ik, verpletterd, als ik de deksel van een van de dozen open en de stapels papieren en boeken daarin zie. Dit is een geheel andere manier van sorteren – zo veel pagina's, zo veel geschiedenis. Dit is wat er gebeurt als de Unie niet alles voor ons bewerkt en knipt en snoeit.

Sommige pagina's zijn geprint en veel zijn geschreven door verschillende mensen. Elk handschrift is apart, verschillend, zoals de mensen die ze schreven. *Ze konden allemaal schrijven.* Ik voel plotseling paniek. 'Hoe weet ik wat belangrijk is?' vraag ik aan Ky.

'Bedenk wat woorden,' zegt hij, 'en zoek daar naar. Wat moeten we weten?'

Samen maken we een lijst. De Opstand. De Unie. De Vijand. De Loods¹⁷. We moeten dingen weten over *water* en *rivier* en *ontsnapping* en *voedsel* en *overleven*.

‘Jij ook,’ zegt Ky tegen Indie. ‘Leg alles met die woorden erin hier.’ Hij wijst naar het midden van de tafel.

‘Is goed,’ zegt Indie. Ze blijft hem even aankijken. Hij kijkt niet als eerste weg, dat doet zij, als ze een boek opendoet en de bladzijden scant.

Ik kom iets tegen dat er veelbelovend uitziet – een geprint pamflet. ‘Daar hebben we er al een van,’ zegt Eli. ‘Vick heeft een hele stapel gevonden.’

Ik leg de brochure neer. Dan open ik een boek en ik ben meteen afgeleid door een gedicht.

Ze vielen als Vlokken –
Ze vielen als Sterren –
Als Blaadjes van een Roos –
Toen plotseling door Juni heen –
Een wind met vingers – ging –

Het is het gedicht waaruit Hunter die regel voor Sarahs graf heeft gehaald.

De pagina is eruit gescheurd en weer teruggestopt. Sterker nog, het hele boek valt uit elkaar, bijna alsof het al op weg was naar het vuur op een Restauratieplek¹⁸ tot iemand het vond en alle delen terug heeft gezet. Het boek is nog niet compleet – de voorkant lijkt geïmproviseerd te zijn nadat de originele was kwijtgeraakt. Het is nu een eenvoudig vierkant van zwaar papier dat over de pagina’s is genaaid en ik kan de naam van de auteur nergens vinden.

Ik sla de bladzijden om naar een ander gedicht:

*Ik kwam niet bij Jou*¹⁹

¹⁷ “The Pilot” is an allusion to the poem “Crossing the Bar” in which a Pilot is mentioned in the final stanza. H. Reuvers translated this with ‘Loods’.

¹⁸ “Restoration site” is actually an ironic name since the literature and art brought to Restoration sites are not restored there, but destroyed. A person’s job at a Restoration site can be to tore apart a book, page by page, and burn all the pages one at a time.

¹⁹ Peter Versteegen’s translation of the poem is used here (see Chapter 5).

Maar mijn voet glijdt dagelijks dichterbij –

'k Moest drie Rivieren en een Berg

Woestijn en Zee voorbij –

Ik tel het niet als maar één reis

Als jij dit hoort van mij –

De Berg. En dan de woestijn en de reis – het klinkt als mijn verhaal met Ky. Hoewel ik weet dat ik naar andere dingen moet zoeken, lees ik verder om te zien hoe het eindigt:

Tweemaal woestijn maar 't Jaar is koud

En dat is goed voor 't zand

Eén is gedaan –

De tweede voelt

Straks even koel als land –

Sahara is te lage prijs

Voor slechts jouw Rechterhand

Ik zou bijna elke prijs betalen om bij Ky te zijn. Ik denk dat ik begrijp wat de dichter bedoelt, ook al weet ik niets van een Sahara. Het klinkt een beetje als Sarah, de naam van Hunters dochter, maar een kind zou een te hoge prijs zijn, voor elke hand.

6.5 KY'S STORY (*CROSSED* 271-273)

Ky legt een kaart op de tafel en pakt een zwart houtskoolpotloodje. 'Ik heb er nog een gevonden die we kunnen gebruiken,' zegt hij als hij op het blad begint te tekenen²⁰. 'Ik moet hem wel bijwerken, hij is een beetje verouderd.'

Ik pak nog een boek en blader er doorheen. Ik zoek naar iets wat ons kan helpen, maar op de een of andere manier schrijf ik in plaats daarvan in gedachten een gedicht. Ik schrijf niet voor Ky, maar over hem en ik merk dat ik de stijl van de geheimzinnige auteur imiteer:

*Een teken op de kaart voor elke dood
Voor elke slag en schreeuw
Mijn wereld was een blad van zwart
En nergens lag nog sneeuw*

Ik kijk naar Ky. Bij het tekenen op de kaart beweegt hij zijn handen net zo snel en voorzichtig als wanneer hij schrijft, net zo zeker als wanneer hij ze over mij beweegt.

Hij kijkt niet op en ik merk dat ik verlang. Ik verlang naar hem. En ik wil weten wat hij denkt en hoe hij zich voelt. Waarom moet Ky zo stil kunnen blijven, zo rustig zitten, zo veel zien?

Hoe kan hij me tegelijkertijd naar zich toetrekken en me op afstand houden?

'Ik moet naar buiten,' zeg ik later en ik adem gefrustreerd uit. We hebben nog niks concreets gevonden – alleen maar pagina's vol geschiedenis en propaganda over de Opstand en de Unie en de boeren zelf. In het begin was het fascinerend, maar nu ben ik me bewust van de rivier buiten die steeds hoger stijgt. Ik heb last van mijn rug, mijn hoofd doet pijn en ik voel een lichtelijk gevoel van paniek opkomen in mijn borst. Verlies ik mijn vermogen om te sorteren? Eerst al die verkeerde beslissing over de blauwe tabletten en nu dit. 'Is de bliksem al gestopt?'

'Ik denk het wel,' zegt Ky. 'Laten we gaan kijken.'

In de grot die gevuld is met voedsel ligt Eli opgekruld te slapen. Rugzakken vol met appels staan om hem heen.

²⁰ I have slightly paraphrased "marking the page" so the translation matches with my translation of the poem Cassia writes next. Both the verb 'mark' and the noun 'page' are used in her poem and I translated them with 'teken' en 'blad' (see Chapter 4).

Ky en ik gaan naar buiten. De regen stort naar beneden maar er zit geen elektriciteit meer in de lucht. ‘We kunnen vertrekken zodra het licht is,’ zegt hij.

Ik kijk naar hem, naar zijn donkere profiel dat zwakjes is verlicht door de zaklamp die hij vasthoudt. De Unie zou nooit weten hoe ze dit op een microkaart moeten zetten. *Hoort thuis op het land. Weet hoe hij moet vluchten. Ze zouden nooit kunnen beschrijven wat hij is.*

‘We hebben nog steeds niks gevonden,’ probeer ik te lachen. ‘Als ik ooit terugga, zal de Unie de informatie op mijn microkaart moeten veranderen. *Beloof een uitzonderlijke sorteerder te worden moet worden verwijderd.*’

‘Wat je hier doet is meer dan sorteren,’ zegt Ky eenvoudigweg. ‘We moeten binnenkort uitrusten, als we kunnen.’

Hij is minder gedreven om de Opstand te vinden dan ik, besef ik. Hij probeert me te helpen, maar als ik hier niet was, zou hij helemaal niks geven om het vinden van een manier om zich bij hen aan te sluiten.

Ik moet plotseling denken aan de woorden van dat gedicht, *Ik kwam niet bij Jou.*

Ik duw de woorden van me af. Ik ben moe, dat is alles, ik voel me kwetsbaar. En, realiseer ik me, ik heb Ky’s volledige verhaal nog niet gehoord. Hij heeft zijn redenen om zich zo te voelen, maar ik ken ze niet allemaal.

Ik denk aan al de dingen die hij kan – schrijven, beeldhouwen, schilderen – en plotseling, als ik hem bekijk terwijl hij daar in het donker staat aan de rand van de lege nederzetting, word ik overspoeld door een droevig gevoel. *Er is in de Unie geen plaats voor iemand zoals hij, denk ik, voor iemand die dingen kan maken. Hij kan zoveel dingen die van onschatbare waarde zijn, dingen die niemand anders kan, maar de Unie geeft daar niets om.*

Ik vraag me af of, wanneer Ky naar dit lege stadje kijkt, hij een plaats ziet waar hij zich thuis zou kunnen hebben gevoeld. Waar hij had kunnen schrijven met de anderen, waar de prachtige meisjes uit de schilderijen zouden hebben geweten hoe ze moesten dansen.

‘Ky,’ zeg ik, ‘ik wil graag de rest van je verhaal horen.’

‘Alles?’ vraagt hij op een serieuze manier.

‘Alles wat je me wilt vertellen,’ zeg ik.

Hij kijkt me aan. Ik breng zijn hand naar mijn lippen en kus zijn knokkels, de geschaafde plekjes op zijn palm. Hij sluit zijn ogen.

‘Mijn moeder schilderde met water,’ zegt hij. ‘En mijn vader speelde met vuur.’

7. TRANSLATIONS BY JESSE GOOSSENS AND MECHELDE JANSSEN

7.1 THE TRANSLATORS

Matched is translated by Jesse Goossens. Jesse Goossens was born on 24 September 1969 in Hilversum. She studied Dutch Language and Literature in Utrecht and has various interests such as literature, radio, theatre and photography (Goossens). Goossens is currently working as a Young Adult editor for the publishing house Lemniscaat and is responsible for the Lemniscaat Magazine, but she acquired a lot of experience before this, working, for instance, as an editor for the publishing house Querido, a producer of radio programmes and a theatre reporter. In addition, Goossens has written numerous articles dealing with culture and literature, and she has also written a number of books (Goossens). Though primarily a writer and editor, Goossens has also translated three books: two non-fiction novels (*Race Against Time* by Stephen Lewis and *The New Pearl Harbor – Disturbing Questions about the Bush Administration and 9/11* by David Ray Griffin, both in 2006) and of course *Matched* in 2010.

The sequel *Crossed* is translated by Mechteld Jansen. She was born on 24 April 1972 and also studied Dutch Language and Literature in Utrecht. She has worked as an editor for various magazines and publishing houses, and is currently the editor in chief of a literary e-magazine called [*werk*] (“Profiel”). She also works as a freelance translator and editor and has translated a number of novels by John Boyne, Julie Cohen, Roopa Farooki and more.

7.2 THE PUBLISHER

Lemniscaat in Rotterdam publishes books for adults as well as children. For adults, they publish novels, but also works of non-fiction about subjects such as philosophy and psychology (“Uitgeverij”, par. 2). Lemniscaat has published many well-known works of children’s literature in the Netherlands. Their list also includes fairy tales and picture books (“Uitgeverij”, par. 2). The publishing house is perhaps best-known for its separate Young Adult department. Lemniscaat has published books from over twenty-five authors, both Dutch and foreign, such as Per Nilson, Jordan Sonnenblick, Steve Kluger and also Jesse Goossens, the translator of *Matched* and YA editor for Lemniscaat.

On their website, it is stated that Lemniscaat searches for books which are “original and well written” (“Uitgeverij”, par. 4, my translation). They also value books with original artwork and literary quality, and they want their books to be appropriate and interesting for the target audience and to offer more than “just an exciting story” (“Uitgeverij”, pars. 4-5, my

translation). As discussed before, retaining the original English titles of translated young adult novels is a common strategy of theirs.

7.3 COMPARISON

Below I will compare my translations to those of Jesse Goossens and Mechteld Jansen, which can be found in Appendix B. One has to keep in mind that for Jansen, as the translator of the second novel, some translation problems were already solved, or decisions already made by the translator of *Matched*, as *Crossed* is the sequel and consistency is necessary. This comparison will focus on the translation of terms or excerpts related to the main translation problems discussed in this thesis, namely the translation of CSI's, intertextuality and poetry. The novels' titles will not be discussed here because they were already compared in Chapter 5 and, as mentioned before, the translator does not bear the responsibility for the translation of a novel's title.

The strategy both translators used for translating CSI's corresponds to mine: conventional proper names were repeated in the target text, but loaded names and common expressions were translated. Some were translated the same, or almost the same, while others were not. Microcard, Province, Society, Second School and Single, for instance were translated as 'microkaart', 'Provincie', 'Unie', 'Tweede School' and 'Single', like in my translations. The translations for *Matched*, tablet container, Anomaly and Matching Department differed slightly. Goossens also translated *Matched* with 'gematcht', but without a capital letter. Her motivation remains unclear as all the other capitals are retained in the target text, even when used in other verbs, for instance in 'Overgeplaatst' (279). Matching Department is translated as 'Matchministerie' whereas I chose for 'Ministerie van Matchen'. While 'Matchministerie' sounds concise, I wanted to use the word 'ministerie' as it is used in such a context in Dutch, for instance in 'Ministerie van Buitenlandse Zaken' and 'Ministerie van Defensie'. Goossens translated tablet container with 'tablettentokertje', which does not differ much from my 'tablettendoosje' aside from how one visualises the object. She translated Anomaly as 'Afwijking'. I also considered this translation, though I still prefer 'Storing' for reasons discussed before. Translations that do differ considerably are those for Official, Borough and Infraction. Goossens translated Infraction with 'Wetsovertreding' while I chose 'Schending'. Though perhaps a valid translation, I think it is too strong in the context of the novels because no laws are discussed and undesirable behaviour can also be judged as

an Infraction. I did prefer Goossens' translations for Official and Borough, which she translated as 'Autoriteit' and 'Stadskwartier'. 'Autoriteit' sounds more strict than 'Officiant' and when reading this word, one immediately assumes that it refers to a person with a certain power, authority. As for 'Stadskwartier', it is less standard than 'Stadswijk', like Borough, which is appropriate for the dystopian setting.

The second point of discussion is intertextuality. As explained in Chapter 3, I tried to retain the allusions and their effects as well as possible by using standard translations when available, which is the most desirable strategy according to Leppihalme. Goossens and Mechteld translated all the poems in the novels themselves. In the Dutch version of *Crossed*, the translations of two poems, "Crossing the Bar" and "Do Not Go Gentle", are credited to Goossens. This is probably because she already translated parts of these poems in *Matched*. Though Leppihalme considers standard translation the best option, one can imagine several reasons why the translators decided otherwise. Perhaps they chose to translate all of the poems themselves because standard translations were not available for every poem in the novels, or because they thought the available standard translations did not work well enough in the novels. It is also possible that the publisher did not allow the use of standard translations as they would have to acquire the rights to use these in the novels. The consequence of this choice is that the allusions may sooner be lost on the target text reader, especially, like in the case of the Dickinson poems, when the author is not mentioned. While the source text reader can easily search the internet to find out who wrote the poems, the target text reader's search will not yield any valid results. However, this is not an issue with all poems in the novels as some of the authors are mentioned. Moreover, by making their own translations, the translators could make sure that the translated poem works well with all allusions in the novels. This can be seen, for example, in Goossens translation of "Because their words had forked no lightning" ("Omdat geen bliksem aan zijn woord ontsproot") which she was able to adapt nicely in: "Aan mijn woorden is geen bliksem ontsproten", as a translation for the allusion "My words have forked no lightning". However, even though the translator of *Matched* also translated these poems in *Crossed*, something went wrong in the translation of "Do Not Go Gentle". In *Matched*, Condie writes that Cassia reads about "meteors and a green bay and fierce tears", which are all elements from various stanzas of the Thomas poem (97). Goossens translated these with 'meteoren', 'zeearm' and 'trotse tranen', but in her complete translation of the poem in *Crossed*, the meteors become 'kometen', the green bay disappears and the fierce tears become 'felle tranen'. Goossens probably only translated the entire poem

for *Crossed* and just the relevant lines for *Crossed*, which is why these inconsistencies can be easily overlooked.

As for the translation of “They dropped like Flakes” and “I marked a map for every death”, it seems the translator and I had the same strategy in trying to preserve as much of the similarity between both poems as possible. Mechteld also uses iambs in her translations, especially in Cassia’s poem. The end rhyme in Cassia’s poem is retained (slag – lag) and she repeats the ‘oo’-sound in ‘Roos – vlood’ as a compensation for the end rhyme of the original poem (Rose – goes). Mechteld’s translations also contain assonances (wind met vingers, blad van zwart) and alliterations (vingers – vlood). In fact, our translations are very much alike.

Lastly, there was one other notable difference which reminded me of the disadvantage of translating only a few excerpts rather than an entire novel. The source text contains an error which Goossens solved in her translation. It was brought to my attention when I compared my translation with Goossens’ and wondered why she made such a change in the target text. It concerns the sentences below from the excerpt of Cassia’s hiking trip, first the original, followed by my translation and lastly Goossens’:

- (1) My hands shake as I pull out the paper. Was this what I planned all along when I tucked the compact inside the pocket of my plainclothes this morning?
- (2) Mijn handen trillen als ik het papier erbij pak. Was ik dit al de hele tijd van plan sinds ik vanmorgen de poederdoos in de zak van mijn burgerkleden stopte?
- (3) Mijn handen trillen als ik het papiertje tevoorschijn haal. Was ik dit al de hele tijd van plan, sinds ik het vanmorgen uit het poederdoosje in de zak van mijn burgerkleding liet glijden?

In the source text, Cassia brought the compact with her, in which the poems are hidden, whereas in Goossens’ translation she only brought the paper with the poems written on it. The reason for this change becomes clear when reading the next chapter in which it says: “... and I slip into my room, slide the compact out of my closet. *Twist*. I open the base, put the paper in.” This is right after Cassia comes home from her hiking trip, which is why Goossens rightly adjusted the first sentence mentioned above. While having read the entire novel before, this is something which the translator will easily overlook when translating only a few short excerpts.

CONCLUSION

In this thesis, I have studied young adult literature and dystopia in relation to the novels by Ally Condie. My aim was to find an answer to the following question:

What are the specific translation problems a translator will come across when translating the novels from the *Matched*-trilogy by Ally Condie and what are the possible and most desirable solutions to these problems?

I divided my research in three parts and expected to find my answers in a thorough analysis of the text and an attempt at translating part of the novels myself.

The first part provided the reader with an overview of the novel itself and the author. Further research into young adult literature and dystopia was particularly useful in helping one understand two of the main words that can be used to describe the novels. The information on young adult literature already highlighted some areas which could require extra effort of the translator, such as the alternating perspectives or the use of poetry. Also, learning more about the genre of dystopia helped to understand the novel and its structure better. I was able to classify *Matched* as a critical dystopia and place the novels in a tradition of dystopian works with a similar structure and once again confirm the importance of poetry in these novels.

The search for concrete answers to my question began in part two. For this part, I chose four translation problems in the novels which I expected to form an obstacle and described these in detail. Each problem required its own kind of research and the theories of Aixelá, Leppihalme and Holmes, amongst others, aided me in analysing and describing the problems, the possible solutions to these problems and their effects. The CSI's played a large role in the novels because of the dystopian society Condie described, sometimes with unfamiliar or fictive terms, and these also had the important function of reminding the reader that the story is set in this unusual world. Poetry was also important in the form of allusions. They served as references to an 'old world' which the inhabitants of the Society no longer knew about, and as guidance for the main characters in their journey from ignorance to resistance. It was also interesting to discover how the target audience plays a role in the process of both writing and translating. With regards to intertextuality, for example, Condie's decision to mark or explain the allusions within the text may well be motivated by the younger audience. The problem I feared the most beforehand was that of translating poetry. It seemed to me something entirely different from translating prose and not something which I,

with little experience in translating poems, could accomplish. Though Holmes described various strategies with regard to the form, one cannot exactly find a method which tells you how to retain all of the different elements such a work contains. Since style and form were important in this case, I at least had a clear idea of what aspects I most wanted to retain in translation. Describing the characteristics of both poems helped to understand them and to see what is important, and the result was not as disappointing as I thought beforehand. The translation of the titles was an entirely different problem and though translating them is the most desirable option with regards to the intertextual references, deciding on the actual translation proved quite difficult. All in all, I learned that the problems I chose were indeed challenging, but, guided by the research done before, listing the various solutions and examining their effects provided a clear overview and helped in choosing the most desirable solution to each problem.

Part 3 consisted of my own translation and a comparison to those of Goossens and Jansen. The extensive analysis indeed proved to be very useful as it sped up the process of translating the excerpts, since a large part of the problems was already solved and it was easier to decide on the most desirable solution for similar problems which were not yet solved. Comparing my translations to the published translations showed that Goossens and Mechteld often shared my ideas on the most desirable solutions and translated along the same strategy, though sometimes with a slightly different result. It also confirmed that there is often more than one correct translation and that in practice, the translator may not always be able to choose for the most desirable solution, as might have been the case with the titles and the use of standard translations for the poems in the novels. Lastly, it showed that errors can always occur, even in published translations or original works. Still, I believe that an extensive analysis as performed in this thesis helps create a better translation. It has enabled me to outline the various translation problems and decide on the most desirable solutions to these problems, thus answering my thesis question. It aided me in making these choices with more confidence and, in the end, creating a better and more consistent translation.

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APPENDIX A – ORIGINAL EXCERPTS

1. A MEETING WITH THE OFFICIAL (*MATCHED* 42-47)

“Let me reassure you that you have nothing to worry about,” the Official tells me, smiling. Her voice sounds kind. She leads me to the small greenspace outside the center. Even though being with an Official adds to my nervousness, the open air feels good after the crowd inside.

We walk across the neatly cut grass toward a metal bench that sits directly underneath a street lamp. There’s not another person in sight. “You don’t even have to tell me what happened,” the Official says. “I know. The face on the microcard wasn’t the right one, was it?”

She *is* kind: she didn’t make me say the words. I nod.

“You must be very worried. Have you told anyone what happened?”

“No,” I say. She gestures for me to sit down on the bench and so I do.

“Excellent. Let me set your mind at ease.” She looks directly into my eyes. “Cassia, absolutely nothing has changed. You are still Matched with Xander Carrow.”

“Thank you,” I say, and I’m so grateful that saying it once isn’t enough. “Thank you.” The confusion leaves me and I finally, finally, finally can relax. I sigh and she laughs.

“And may I congratulate you on your Match? It’s caused quite a stir. People are talking about it all over the Province. Perhaps even all through the Society. It hasn’t happened in many years.” She pauses briefly and then continues. “I don’t suppose you brought your microcard with you tonight?”

“Actually, I did.” I pull it out of my pocket. “I was worried – I didn’t want anyone else to see...”

She holds out her hand, and I drop the microcard into her outstretched palm. “Perfect. I’ll take care of this.” She places it inside her small Official’s case. I catch a glimpse of her tablet container and notice that it is larger than standard issue. She sees my glance. “Higher-level Officials carry extra,” she says. “In case of an emergency.” I nod, and she continues. “But that’s not something you need to worry about. Now, *this* is for you.” She takes another microcard from a side pocket inside the case. “I’ve checked it myself. Everything is in order.”

“Thank you.”

Neither of us says anything for a few moments after I slip the new microcard into my pocket. At first, I look around at the grass and the metal benches and the small concrete fountain in the center of the greenspace, which sends up silvery wet showers of water every

few seconds. Then I peek over at the woman next to me, trying to catch a glimpse of the insignia on her shirt pocket. I know she is an Official, because she wears white clothing, but I am not sure which Department of Society she represents.

“I’m part of the Matching Department, authorized to deal with information malfunctions,” the Official says, noticing my glance. “Fortunately, we don’t have much work to do. Since the Matching is so important to the Society, it’s very well regulated.”

Her words remind me of a paragraph in the official Matching material: *The goal of Matching is twofold: to provide the healthiest possible future citizens for our Society and to provide the best chances for interested citizens to experience successful Family Life. It is of the utmost importance to the Society that the Matches be as optimal as possible.*

“I’ve never heard of a mistake like this before.”

“I’m afraid it does happen now and then. Not often.” She is silent for a moment, and then she asks the question that I do not want to hear: “Did you recognize the other person whose face you saw?”

Suddenly and irrationally I am tempted to lie. I want to say that I have no idea, that I have never seen that face before. I look over at the fountain again and as I watch the rise and fall of the water I know that my pause gives me away. So I answer.

“Yes.”

“Can you tell me his name?”

She already knows all of this, of course, so there is nothing to do but tell the truth. “Yes. Ky Markham. That’s what was so strange about the whole thing. The odds of a mistake being made, and of a mistake being made with someone else I know –”

“Are virtually nonexistent,” she agrees. “That’s true. It makes us wonder if the error was intentional, some kind of joke. If we find the person, we will punish them severely. It was a cruel thing to do. Not only because it was upsetting and confusing for you, but also because of Ky.”

“Does he know?”

“No. He has no idea. The reason I said it was cruel to use him as part of this prank is because of what he is.”

“What he is?” Ky Markham moved to our Borough back when we were ten. He is good-looking and quiet. He’s very still. He is not a troublemaker. I don’t see him as much as I once did; last year, he received his work position early and he no longer goes to Second School with the rest of the youth in our Borough.

The Official nods and leans a little closer, even though there is no one around to hear us. The light from the street lamp shines down, hot, and I shift a little. “This is confidential information, but Ky Markham could never be your Match. He will never be anyone’s Match.”

“He’s chosen to be a Single, then.” I’m not sure why this information is confidential. Lots of people in our school have chosen to be single. There’s even a paragraph about it in the official Matching material: *Please consider carefully whether you are a good candidate to be Matched. Remember, Singles are equally important in the Society. As you are aware, the current Leader of the Society is a Single. Both Matched and Single citizens experience full and satisfying lives. However, children are only allowed to be born to those who choose to be Matched.*

She leans closer to me. “No. He’s not a Single. Ky Markham is an Aberration.”

Ky Markham is an Aberration?

Aberrations live among us; they’re not dangerous like Anomalies, who have to be separated from Society. Though Aberrations usually acquire their status due to an Infraction, they are protected; their identities aren’t usually common knowledge. Only the Officials in the Societal Classification Department and other related fields have access to such information.

I don’t ask my question out loud, but she knows what I am thinking. “I’m afraid so. It’s through no fault of his own. But his father committed an Infraction. The Society couldn’t overlook a factor like that, even when they allowed the Markhams to adopt Ky. He had to retain his classification as an Aberration, and, as such, was ineligible to be entered in the Matching pool.” She sighs. “We don’t make the microcards until a few hours before the Banquet. It’s likely the error occurred then. We’re already checking to see who had access to your microcard, who could have added Ky’s picture before the Banquet.”

2. HIKING TRIP (*MATCHED* 94-98)

I hear other people moving through the trees around me and behind me. The forest, even this type of semicultivated forest, is a noisy place, especially with all of us tromping through it. Bushes smack, sticks crunch, and someone swears nearby. Probably Lon. I move faster. I have to fight against some of the bushes, but I make good progress.

My sorting mind wishes I could identify the birdcalls around me and name the plants and flowers I see. My mother likely knows most of them, but I won’t ever have that kind of specialized knowledge unless working in the Arboretum becomes my vocation.

The climb gets harder and steeper but not impossible. The little hill is still part of the Arboretum proper, so it isn't truly wild. My shoes become dirty, the soles covered in pine needles and leaves. I stop for a moment and look for a place to scrape off some of the mud so I can move faster. But, here in the Arboretum, the fallen trees and branches are all removed immediately after they fall. I have to settle for scraping my feet, one at a time, along the bark-bumped side of a tree.

My feet feel lighter when I start walking again and I pick up speed. I see a smooth, round rock that looks like a polished egg, like the gift Bram gave to Grandfather. I leave it there, small and brown in the grass, and I move even faster, pushing the branches out of my way and ignoring the scratches on my hands. Even when a pine branch snaps back and I feel the sharp slap of needles and sinewy branch on my face, I don't stop.

I'm going to be the first one to the top of this hill and I'm glad. There is a lightness to the trees ahead of me, and I know it is because there is sky and sun behind them instead of more forest. I'm almost there. *Look at me, Grandfather*, I think to myself, but of course he can't hear me.

Look at me.

I veer suddenly and duck into the bushes. I fight my way through until I crouch alone in the middle of a thick patch of tangled leaves where I hope I will be well concealed. Dark brown plainclothes make good camouflage.

My hands shake as I pull out the paper. Was this what I planned all along when I tucked the compact inside the pocket of my plainclothes this morning? Did I know somehow that I'd find the right moment here in the woods?

I don't know where else to read it. If I read it at home someone might find me. The same is true of the air train and school and work. It's not quiet in this forest, crowded with vegetation and thick, muggy morning air wet against my skin. Bugs hum and birds sing. My arm brushes against a leaf and a drop of dew falls onto the paper with a sound like ripe fruit dropping to the ground.

What did Grandfather give me?

I hold the weight of this secret in my palm and then I open it.

I was right; the words *are* old. But even though I don't recognize the type, I recognize the format.

Grandfather gave me poetry.

Of course. My great-grandmother. The Hundred Poems. I know without having to check on the school ports that this poem is not one of them. She took a great risk hiding this paper, and my grandfather and grandmother took a great risk keeping it. What poems could be worth losing everything for?

The very first line stops me in my tracks and brings tears to my eyes and I don't know why except that this one line speaks to me as nothing else ever has.

Do not go gentle into that good night.

I read on, through words I do not understand and ones that I do.

I know why it spoke to Grandfather:

Do not go gentle into that good night,

Old age should burn and rave at close of day;

Rage, rage, against the dying of the light.

And as I read on, I know why it speaks to *me*:

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,

Because their words had forked no lightning they

Do not go gentle into that good night.

My words have forked no lightning. Grandfather even told me this, before he died, when I gave him that letter that I didn't truly write. Nothing I have written or done has made any difference in this world, and suddenly I know what it means to rage, and to crave.

I read the whole poem and eat it up, drink it up. I read about meteors and a green bay and fierce tears and even though I don't understand all of it – the language is too old – I understand enough. I understand why my grandfather loved this poem because I love it too. All of it. The rage and the light.

The line under the title of the poem says *Dylan Thomas, 1914-1953.*

There is another poem on the other side of the paper. It's called "Crossing the Bar," and it was written by someone who lived even further in the past than Dylan Thomas – *Lord Alfred Tennyson. 1809-1892.*

So long ago, I think. So long ago they lived and died.

And they, like Grandfather, will never come back.

Greedy, I read the second poem, too. I read the words of both poems over again several times, until I hear the sharp snap of a stick near me. Quickly, I fold up the paper and put it away. I have lingered too long. I have to go; to make up the time I've lost.

I have to run.

I don't hold back; this isn't the tracker, so I can push myself hard, through the branches and up the hill. The words of the Thomas poem are so wild and beautiful that I keep repeating them silently to myself as I run. Over and over I think *do not go gentle, do not go gentle, do not go gentle*. It isn't until I'm almost at the top of the hill that realization hits me: There's a reason they didn't keep this poem.

This poem tells you to fight.

3. CHANGING BOROUGH NAMES (*MATCHED* 358-359)

The journey to our new home is fairly straightforward: ride the air train to the City Center, change to a long-distance air train for the Farmlands of Keya Province. Most of our belongings fit into one small case each; the few things that don't will be sent later.

As the four of us walk to the air-train stop, neighbors and friends come out to say good-bye and wish us well. They know we're being Relocated but they don't know why; it isn't considered polite to ask. As we come to the end of the street we see that a new sign has been hammered into place: Garden Borough. Without the trees and without the name, Mapletree Borough is gone. It's as though it never existed. The Markhams are gone. We are gone. Everyone else will live on here in Garden Borough. They've already added extra newroses to all the flower beds.

The quickness with which Ky disappeared, with which the Markhams disappeared, with which we will disappear, makes me cold. It is as if we never happened. And I suddenly remember a time back when I was small, when I used to look for the air train home to Stony Borough and we had paths made of low flat stones that led to our doors.

This happened before. This Borough keeps changing names. What other bad things lie beneath the surface of our rocks and trees and flowers and houses? That time Xander won't talk about, when we all took the red tablet – what happened? When other people left, where did they really go?

They could not write their names, but I can write mine, and I will again, somewhere where it will last for a long, long time. I will find Ky, and then I will find that place.

4. POETRY IN THE CANYONS (*CROSSED* 256-260)

You smell the rain here before you see it or feel it. If Ky's favorite smell from the Outer Provinces is sage, I think mine is this rain that smells ancient and new, like rock and sky, river

and desert. The clouds we saw earlier sail in the wind, and the sky turns purple, gray, blue as the sun goes down and we reach the township.

“We can’t stay here for very long, can we?” Eli asks as we climb the path to the storage caves. A strip of lightning runs hot-white between earth and sky and thunder cracks through the canyon.

“No,” Ky says. I agree, too. The danger of the Society coming in the canyons now seems to outweigh what we face out in the plain. We’ll have to move.

“But we have to stop in the cave,” I say. “We need more food, and Indie and I don’t have any books or papers.” *And there might be something to find about the Rising.*

“The storm should buy us a little time,” Ky says.

“How long?” I ask Ky.

“A few hours,” Ky says. “The Society’s not our only danger. A storm like this could cause a flash flood in the canyon and then we couldn’t cross the stream. We’d be trapped. We’ll stay here just until the lightning stops.”

Such a long journey, and whether or not we find the Rising could all come down to a matter of hours. *But I didn’t come to find the Rising, I remind myself, I came to find Ky, and I have. Whatever happens next, we’ll be together.*

Ky and I hurry through to the library cave and its piles of boxes. Indie follows us.

“There’s so much,” I say, overwhelmed, as I open the lid of one of the boxes and see the pile of papers and books inside. This is an entirely different kind of sorting – so many pages, so much history. This is what happens when the Society does not edit and cut and prune for us.

Some pages are printed; many are written by different people. Each handwriting is distinct, different, like the people who wrote them. *They could all write.* I suddenly feel panic. “How will I know what matters?” I ask Ky.

“Think of some words,” he says, “and look for them. What do we need to know?”

Together, we make a list. The Rising. The Society. The Enemy. The Pilot. We need to know about *water* and *river* and *escape* and *food* and *survival*.

“You too,” Ky says to Indie. “Anything that has those words in it, put here.” He points to the middle of the table.

“I will,” Indie says. She holds his gaze for a moment. He doesn’t turn away first; she does, flipping open a book and scanning its pages.

I find something that looks promising – a printed pamphlet. “We already have one of those,” Eli says. “Vick found a whole pile of them.”

I put down the brochure. Then I open a book and am instantly distracted by a poem.

*They dropped like Flakes –
They dropped like Stars –
Like Petals from a Rose –
When suddenly across the June –
A wind with fingers – goes –*

It’s the poem where Hunter found the line for Sarah’s grave.

The page has been torn out and shoved back in – in fact, the whole book is out of order and falling apart, almost as though it were headed for a fire on a Restoration site and then someone found it and put all its little bones back in. Parts of it are still missing – the front cover seems to have been improvised after the first one was lost. It’s now a plain square of heavy paper sewn over the pages, and I can’t find the name of the author anywhere.

I turn over the pages to another poem:

*I did not reach Thee
But my feet slip nearer every day
Three Rivers and a Hill to cross
One Desert and a Sea
I shall not count the journey one
When I am telling thee.*

The Hill. And then the desert, and the journey – it sounds like my story with Ky. Though I know I should be looking for other things, I keep reading to see how it might end:

*Two deserts, but the Year is cold
So that will help the sand
One desert crossed –
The second one
Will feel as cool as land*

*Sahara is too little price
To pay for thy Right hand*

I would pay almost any price to be with Ky. I think I know what the poet means, though I don't know anything about a Sahara. It sounds a little like Sarah, the name of Hunter's daughter, but a child would be too high a price to pay for anyone's hand.

5. KY'S STORY (*CROSSED* 271-273)

Ky puts a map down on the table and reaches for a little black charcoal pencil. "I found another one we can use," he says to me as he begins marking the page. "I'll have to update it. It's a little old."

I pick up another book and flip the pages, looking for something to help us, but somehow I end up composing a poem in my mind instead. It's *about* Ky, not *for* him, and I find myself copying the mystery author's style:

*I marked a map for every death
For every ache and blow
My world was all a page of black
With nothing left of snow.*

I look over at Ky. His hands move as quick and careful with marking the map as they do with writing, as sure as they move over me.

He doesn't look up and I find myself wanting. I want him. And I want to know what he thinks and how he feels. Why does Ky have to be able to sit so silent, hold so still, see so much?

How can he both draw me in and keep me out?

"I need to go outside," I say later, exhaling in frustration. We haven't found anything concrete – only pages and pages of history and propaganda about the Rising and the Society and the farmers themselves. At first it was fascinating, but now I'm aware of the river outside rising higher and higher. My back aches, my head hurts, and I feel a small flutter of panic beginning in my chest. Am I losing my ability to sort? First the wrong decision about the blue tablets, now this. "Has the lightning stopped?"

“I think it has,” Ky says. “Let’s go see.”

In the cave full of food, Eli has curled up to sleep, packs filled with apples surrounding him.

Ky and I step outside. The rain comes down but the electricity has left the air. “We can move when it’s light,” he says.

I look over at him, at his dark profile lit faintly by the flashlight he carries. The Society would never know how to put this on a microcard. *Belongs to the land. Knows how to run.* They would never be able to write what he is.

“We still haven’t found anything.” I try to laugh. “If I ever go back, the Society will have to change my microcard. *Exhibits exceptional promise in sorting* would have to be deleted.”

“What you’re doing is more than sorting.” Ky says simply. “We should rest soon, if we can.”

He’s not as driven as I am to find the Rising, I realize. He’s trying to help me, but if I weren’t here, he wouldn’t care at all about looking for a way to join with them.

I think suddenly of the words of that poem. *I did not reach Thee.*

I push the words away. I’m tired, that’s all, feeling fragile. And, I realize, I haven’t heard Ky’s complete story yet. He has reasons for feeling the way he does, but I don’t know all of them.

I think of all the things he can do – write, carve, paint – and suddenly, watching him stand in the dark at the edge of the empty settlement, something sorrowful washes over me. *There is no place for someone like him in the Society, I think, for someone who can create. He can do so many things of incomparable value, things no one else can do, and the Society doesn’t care about that at all.*

I wonder if, when Ky looks at this empty township, he sees a place where he could have belonged. Where he could have written with the others, where the beautiful girls in the paintings would have known how to dance.

“Ky,” I say, “I want to hear the rest of your story.”

“All of it?” he asks, his voice serious.

“Anything you want to tell me,” I say.

He looks at me. I lift his hand to my lips and kiss his knuckles, the scraped places on his palm. He closes his eyes.

“My mother painted with water,” he says. “And my father played with fire.”

APPENDIX B – PUBLISHED TRANSLATIONS

1. A MEETING WITH THE OFFICIAL (*MATCHED* 33-37)

‘Ik wil je nogmaals verzekeren dat er niets is om je zorgen over te maken,’ zegt de Autoriteit met een glimlach. Haar stem klinkt aardig. Ze leidt me naar de kleine graszone voor het gamecentrum. Hoewel het gezelschap van een Autoriteit me nog zenuwachtiger maakt dan ik al was, is het fijn om buiten te zijn na de drukte van binnen.

We lopen over het keurig gemaaid gras naar een metalen bankje dat recht onder een straatlantaarn staat. Er is niemand anders te zien. ‘Je hoeft me niet te vertellen wat er gebeurd is,’ zegt de Autoriteit. ‘Ik weet het al. Het gezicht op de microkaart was niet het juiste, toch?’

Ze is aardig: ik heb het niet hardop hoeven zeggen. Ik knik.

‘Je moet je behoorlijk zorgen hebben gemaakt. Heb je iemand verteld wat er gebeurd is?’

‘Nee,’ zeg ik. Ze gebaart dat ik op het bankje moet gaan zitten, dus doe ik dat.

‘Uitstekend. Laat me je geruststellen.’ Ze kijkt me recht in mijn ogen. ‘Cassia, er is niets veranderd. Je bent nog steeds gematcht met Xander Carrow.’

‘Dank u wel,’ zeg ik, en ik ben zo dankbaar dat één keer bedanken niet genoeg is. ‘Dank u wel.’ Alle angst en verwarring glijden van me af en eindelijk, eindelijk, eindelijk kan ik me ontspannen. Ik zucht en ze lacht.

‘En mag ik je feliciteren met je Match? Het heeft nogal wat ophef veroorzaakt. De hele Provincie praat erover. Misschien wel de hele Unie. Dit is al jarenlang niet voorgekomen.’ Ze is even stil en zegt dan: ‘Je hebt de microkaart vanavond zeker niet bij je?’

‘Nou, eigenlijk wel.’ Ik haal hem uit mijn zak. ‘Ik maakte me zorgen – ik wilde niet dat iemand anders het zou zien...’

Ze steekt haar hand uit en ik laat de microkaart in haar handpalm vallen. ‘Prima. Ik zal me hierover ontfermen.’ Ze stopt hem in haar kleine Autoriteitstas. Ik vang een glimp op van haar tabletkokertje en zie dat het groter is dan de standaarduitvoering. Ze volgt mijn blik. ‘Hogere Autoriteiten hebben altijd meer tabletten bij zich,’ zegt ze. ‘Voor noodgevallen.’ Ik knik en ze gaat door: ‘Maar daar hoef jij niet over na te denken. Kijk, *dit* is voor jou.’ Ze haalt een andere microkaart uit een zijvakje van haar tas. ‘Ik heb hem zelf gecontroleerd. Alles is in orde.’

‘Dank u.’

Als ik de nieuwe microkaart in mijn zak heb laten glijden, zijn we allebei even stil. Eerst kijk ik naar het grasveld en de metalen bankjes en de kleine betonnen fontein in het midden van het gazon, die elke paar seconden zilveren straaltjes water spuit. Dan gluur ik naar de vrouw die naast me zit en probeer het insigne op haar borstzak te onderscheiden. Ik weet dat ze een Autoriteit is, ze draagt immers witte kleding, maar ik ben benieuwd van welk ministerie ze komt.

‘Ik werk voor het Matchministerie, en ben gemachtigd om op te treden als er iets misgaat met informatie,’ zegt de Autoriteit als ze me ziet kijken. ‘Gelukkig hebben we niet veel te doen. Aangezien het Matchen zo belangrijk is voor de Unie, is het erg goed geregeld.’

Haar woorden doen me denken aan een alinea in de officiële Matchinformatie:

Het doel van het Matchen is tweeledig: ervoor zorgen dat de toekomstige burgers van de Unie zo gezond mogelijk zijn, en ervoor zorgen dat burgers die dat willen de grootste kans hebben op een geslaagd Gezinsleven. Het is van het uiterste belang voor de Unie dat de Matches optimaal zijn.

‘Ik heb nog nooit gehoord dat er zulke fouten werden gemaakt.’

‘Ik ben bang dat het nu en dan voorkomt. Niet vaak.’ Ze is even stil en stelt dan de vraag die ik niet wil horen. ‘Heb je de persoon herkend van wie je het gezicht zag?’

Plotseling en onberedeneerd kom ik in de verleiding om te liegen. Ik zou willen zeggen dat ik geen idee heb wie het is, dat ik dat gezicht nooit eerder heb gezien. Ik kijk opnieuw naar de fontein en volg de lijn van het opstijgende en vallende water. Ik beseft dat mijn zwijgen me verraadt. Dus ik geef antwoord. ‘Ja.’

‘Kun je me zeggen wie het is?’

Ze weet het zelf natuurlijk allang, dus heeft het geen zin om iets anders te zeggen dan de waarheid. ‘Ja. Ky Markham. Dat is juist zo vreemd. De kans dat er een fout wordt gemaakt, en de kans dat die fout wordt gemaakt met iemand die ik nog ken ook...’

‘Is bijna onbestaanbaar klein,’ bevestigt ze. ‘Dat klopt. Daarom vragen we ons ook af of de fout opzettelijk is gemaakt, bij wijze van grap. Als we de persoon vinden die hier verantwoordelijk voor is, wordt hij of zij zwaar gestraft. Het was wreed om zoiets te doen. Niet alleen omdat het verwarrend voor jou was en je overstuur heeft gemaakt, maar ook ten opzichte van Ky.’

‘Weet hij er dan van?’

‘Nee. Hij heeft geen idee wat er is gebeurd. Ik zei dat het wreed was om hem als onderdeel van deze streek te gebruiken omdat hij is wat hij is.’

‘Wat hij is?’ Ky Markham is in ons Stadskwartier komen wonen toen we tien waren. Hij ziet er goed uit en het is een rustige jongen. Hij houdt zich op de vlakte, is geen ruziezoeker. Ik heb hem de laatste tijd niet zo vaak gezien als vroeger; afgelopen jaar heeft hij vervroegd zijn permanente werkpositie gekregen en sindsdien gaat hij niet meer naar de Tweede School met de rest van de jongeren uit ons Stadskwartier.

De Autoriteit knikt en buigt zich iets dichter naar me toe, ook al is er niemand in de buurt die ons kan horen. Het licht van de straatlantaarn straalt heet op ons neer en ik schuif een beetje opzij. ‘Dit is vertrouwelijke informatie, maar Ky Markham had nooit jouw Match kunnen zijn. Hij zal nooit iemands Match zijn.’

‘Hij heeft er dus voor gekozen om een Single te zijn.’ Ik snap niet zo goed waarom deze informatie vertrouwelijk is. Veel schoolgenoten kiezen ervoor om alleen te blijven. Er is zelfs een alinea aan gewijd in de officiële Matchinformatie:

Overweeg alsjeblieft zorgvuldig of je een goede Matchkandidaat bent. Bedenk dat Singles net zo belangrijk zijn in de Unie. Zoals je weet is de huidige Leider van de Unie een Single. Zowel Matches als Singles hebben een volwaardig, bevredigend leven. Kinderen mogen echter alleen voortkomen uit diegenen die ervoor kiezen gematcht te worden.

Ze leunt nog verder naar me toe. ‘Nee. Hij is geen Single. Ky Markham is een Dwaling.’

Ky Markham is een Dwaling?

Dwalingen leven gewoon tussen ons in; ze zijn niet gevaarlijk, zoals de Afwijkingen, die buiten de Unie worden geplaatst. Hoewel personen meestal naar aanleiding van een Wetsovertreding als Dwaling worden geclassificeerd, worden de Dwalingen wel beschermd; hun identiteit wordt meestal geheimgehouden. Alleen de Autoriteiten van het Ministerie voor Unieclassificatie en aanverwante vakgebieden hebben toegang tot dergelijke informatie.

Ik stel mijn vraag niet hardop, maar ze weet wat ik denk. ‘Ik vrees van wel. hij kan er zelf niets aan doen, maar zijn vader heeft een Wetsovertreding begaan. De Unie kon daar niet aan voorbijgaan, zelfs niet toen ze toestonden dat de Markhams Ky adopteerden. Hij moest een Dwaling blijven, en heeft dus niet het recht om mee te doen in de Matchpool.’ Ze zucht. ‘We maken de microkaarten pas een paar uur voor het Banket. Waarschijnlijk is er toen iets

fout gegaan. We zoeken al uit wie er toegang had tot jouw microkaart, wie de foto van Ky erop kan hebben gezet voor het Banket plaatsvond.’

2. HIKING TRIP (*MATCHED 73-76*)

Ik hoor andere mensen tussen de bomen, naast me en achter me. Het bos, zelfs een halfgecultiveerd bos als dit, is een lawaaiige omgeving, zeker nu wij er allemaal rondstampen. Struiken slaan tegen lichamen, takjes breken af, en iemand in de buurt vloekt even. Waarschijnlijk Lon. Ik versnel mijn pas. Ik worstel met sommige struiken, maar ik kom goed vooruit.

Mijn sorteerverstand zou wel willen dat ik de roep van de verschillende vogels die ik hoor kon herkennen, en de namen wist van de planten en bloemen die ik zie. Mijn moeder kent de meeste waarschijnlijk wel, maar ik zal nooit toegang krijgen tot zulke gespecialiseerde kennis als ik niet een werkpositie in het Arboretum krijg.

De klim wordt moeilijker en steiler, maar niet onmogelijk.

De kleine heuvel maakt deel uit van het Arboretum, dus echt wild is hij niet. Mijn schoenen worden vies: onder de zolen hecht zich een dikke laag dennennaalden en bladeren. Ik stop even en kijk of ik de drab eraf kan halen ergens mee, zodat ik sneller vooruitkom. Maar in het Arboretum worden alle omgevallen bomen en takken meteen nadat ze op de grond terecht zijn gekomen, weggehaald. Ik moet genoeg nemen met het schrapen van mijn voeten – eerst de ene, dan de andere – langs de ruwe bast van een boom.

Mijn voeten voelen lichter als ik verder loop en het gaat steeds sneller. Ik zie een gladde ronde steen liggen, die eruitziet als een gepolijst ei, zoals het cadeau van Bram voor Grootvader. Ik laat hem liggen, klein en bruin in het gras, en ga nog sneller lopen, ik duw de takken uit de weg en neger de krassen die ze op mijn handen achterlaten. Zelfs als een tak van een dennenboom afbreekt en met naalden en al in mijn gezicht zwiept, blijf ik niet staan.

Ik zal als eerste de top van de heuvel bereiken, en daar ben ik blij om. De bomen voor me lichten op een bepaalde manier op, en ik weet dat dat komt doordat er zich zon en lucht achter bevinden, in plaats van nog meer bos. Ik ben er bijna. *Kijk, Grootvader!* denk ik bij mezelf, maar hij kan me natuurlijk niet horen.

Kijk naar me.

Ik verander plotseling van richting en duik de struiken in. Ik vecht me erdoorheen, tot ik me in mijn eentje tussen een dik dek van verstrengelde bladeren bevind, waar ik hopelijk volledig verborgen ben. Donkerbruine burgerkleding vormt een goede camouflage.

Mijn handen trillen als ik het papiertje tevoorschijn haal. Was ik dit al de hele tijd van plan, sinds ik het vanmorgen uit het poederdoosje in de zak van mijn burgerkleding liet glijden? Wist ik op een of andere manier dat ik hier in de bossen een goede gelegenheid zou krijgen?

Ik zou niet weten waar ik het anders zou kunnen lezen. Thuis kan iemand me betrappen. Hetzelfde geldt voor in de luchttrein, op school of op mijn werk. Het is niet stil in dit bos vol begroeiing, waar de dikke, broeierige ochtendlucht vochtig aanvoelt tegen mijn huid. Insecten zoemen en vogels zingen. Ik strijk met mijn arm tegen een boomblad en een paar druppels dauw vallen op het papier met een geluid alsof rijp fruit op de grond valt.

Wat heeft Grootvader me gegeven?

Ik houd het gewicht van dit geheim even in mijn gesloten hand, en open het dan.

Ik had gelijk; de woorden *zijn* oud. En hoewel ik het lettertype niet herken, herken ik de vorm.

Grootvader heeft me poëzie gegeven.

Natuurlijk. Mijn overgrootmoeder. De Honderd Gedichten. Zonder het te hoeven nazoeken op de contactschermen van school, weet ik dat dit gedicht daar niet toe behoort. Ze nam een enorm risico door dit papier te verbergen, en mijn grootvader en grootmoeder namen een enorm risico door het te houden. Wat voor gedichten kunnen het waard zijn om er alles voor te verliezen?

De allereerste zin doet me de wereld om me heen vergeten. De tranen springen in mijn ogen en ik begrijp niet waarom, behalve dat deze ene zin me dieper raakt dan wat dan ook ooit heeft gedaan.

Geef je niet over aan die zachte nacht.

Ik lees verder: woorden die ik niet begrijp en woorden die ik wel snap.

Ik begrijp waarom het Grootvader raakte:

Geef je niet over aan die zachte nacht,

Vlam op als d' oude dag ten einde loopt;

Vecht, vecht tegen het sterven van het licht.

En als ik verder lees, begrijp ik waarom het *mij* raakt:

Ook een wijs man die 't duister passend acht,

*Omdat geen bliksem aan zijn woord ontsproot,
Geeft zich niet over aan die zachte nacht.*

Aan mijn woorden is geen bliksem ontsproten. Grootvader heeft me dat zelfs vlak voor zijn dood gezegd, toen ik hem de brief gaf die ik niet echt zelf geschreven had. Niets van wat ik heb geschreven of gedaan heeft enig verschil uitgemaakt in deze wereld, en plotseling begrijp ik wat het betekent om te vechten.

Ik lees het hele gedicht, ik slurp het op, ik zuig het in. Ik lees over meteoren en een zee-arm en trotse tranen, en zelfs al begrijp ik niet alles – de taal is te oud – toch begrijp ik genoeg. Ik begrijp waarom mijn grootvader van dit gedicht hield, omdat ik er ook van hou. Van alles wat het inhoudt. Van het vechten en het licht.

Onder de titel van het gedicht staat: *Dylan Thomas, 1914-1953.*

Aan de andere kant van het papiertje staat nog een gedicht. Het heet ‘De zandbank voorbij’ en is geschreven door iemand die nog verder in het verleden leefde dan Dylan Thomas: *Lord Alfred Tennyson. 1809-1892.*

Zo lang geleden, denk ik. Ze leefden en stierven zo lang geleden.

En net als Grootvader komen ze nooit meer terug.

Gretig lees ik ook het tweede gedicht. Keer op keer lees ik de woorden van beide gedichten, totdat ik vlak naast me het scherpe knappen van een tak hoor. Snel vouw ik het papiertje op en stop het terug in mijn zak. Ik heb te lang gedraald. Ik moet gaan om de tijd die ik verloren heb, in te halen.

Ik moet rennen.

Ik houd me niet in; dit is geen renband, dus ik kan het uiterste van mezelf vergen terwijl ik me een weg baan door de takken de heuvel op. De woorden van het gedicht van Thomas zijn zo furieus en prachtig dat ze in mijn hoofd blijven rondzingen terwijl ik ren. Keer op keer denk ik: *Geef je niet over, geef je niet over, geef je niet over.* Pas als ik bijna bij de top van de heuvel ben, slaat het besef me in het gezicht: er is een reden waarom ze dit gedicht niet hebben willen bewaren.

Dit gedicht is een aanmoediging om te vechten.

3. CHANGING BOROUGH NAMES (*MATCHED 279-280*)

De reis naar ons nieuwe huis is eenvoudig: neem de luchttrein naar het Stadscentrum, stap over op de langafstandsluchttrein naar de Akkers van Provincie Keya. We hebben ieder één

koffertje bij ons, waarin de meeste van onze bezittingen passen; de paar dingen die we niet zo mee kunnen nemen worden nagestuurd.

Als we met zijn vieren naar de luchttreinhalte lopen, komen burens en vrienden naar buiten om ons gedag te zeggen en geluk toe te wensen. Ze weten dat we Overgeplaatst worden, maar ze weten niet waarom; ze horen ons dat niet te vragen, dat is ongeleefd. Als we aan het eind van de straat komen, zien we dat er een nieuw bord is neergezet: Tuinkwartier. Zonder de bomen, en zonder de naam, is het Esdoornkwartier verdwenen. Alsof het nooit bestaan heeft. De Markhams zijn vertrokken. Wij zijn vertrokken. Alle anderen leven door in het Tuinkwartier. Ze hebben al extra nieuwrozen in alle bloembedden geplant.

De snelheid waarmee Ky is verdwenen, waarmee de Markhams zijn verdwenen, waarmee wij verdwijnen, doet me huiveren. Het is alsof we nooit hebben bestaan. En ineens herinner ik me hoe ik lang geleden, toen ik klein was, de luchttrein naar huis in het Steenkwartier nam, toen de paden voor onze huizen nog met grote platte stenen geplaveid waren.

Dit is eerder gebeurd. Dit Stadskwartier blijft van naam veranderen. Wat voor akelige gebeurtenissen liggen er onder de uiterlijke schijn van ons Stadskwartier? Wat ligt er onder onze stenen en bomen en bloemen en huizen begraven? Wat is er gebeurd, die keer dat we allemaal een rood tablet innamen – die keer waar Xander niet over wil praten? Toen andere mensen vertrokken, waar gingen ze toen werkelijk heen?

Zij konden hun naam niet schrijven, maar ik kan dat wel, en dat ga ik weer doen – ergens waar het heel, heel lang zichtbaar zal blijven. Ik zal Ky vinden, en daarna zal ik die plek vinden.

4. POETRY IN THE CANYONS (*CROSSED* 210-213)

Je ruikt de regen hier voor je hem ziet of voelt. Als Ky's favoriete geur in de Buiten Provincies salie is, denk ik dat de mijne deze regen is, die oeroud en nieuw ruikt, als rots en lucht, rivier en woestijn. De wolken die we eerder zagen bewegen op de wind en de hemel wordt paars, grijs, blauw terwijl de zon ondergaat en we de buurtschap bereiken.

'We kunnen hier zeker niet heel lang meer blijven?' vraagt Eli als we over het pad naar de voorraadgrotten lopen. Een bliksem flitst witheet tussen aarde en hemel en de donder rolt door de kloof.

‘Nee,’ zegt Ky. Ik ben het met hem eens. Het gevaar van de Unie die de kloven in komt lijkt nu groter dan waar we op de vlakte mee geconfronteerd kunnen worden. We moeten verder.

‘Maar we gaan eerst naar de grotten,’ zeg ik. ‘We hebben meer voedsel nodig, en Indie en ik hebben geen boeken of papier.’ *En misschien is er iets te vinden over de Opstand.*

‘Het onweer geeft ons wat extra tijd,’ zegt Ky.

‘Hoe lang?’ vraag ik aan Ky.

‘Een paar uur maar,’ zegt Ky. ‘De Unie is niet het enige gevaar. Zo’n onweersbui kan een vloedgolf in de kloof veroorzaken waardoor we de rivier niet kunnen oversteken. Dan zitten we in de val. We blijven hier alleen tot het bliksemen is opgehouden.’

Zo’n lange reis, en of we de Opstand vinden of niet blijkt uiteindelijk een kwestie van een paar uur. *Maar ik ben hier niet om de Opstand te vinden, breng ik mezelf in herinnering. Ik kwam hier om Ky te vinden, en dat is gelukt. Wat er nu ook gebeurt, wij zijn samen.*

Ky en ik haasten ons naar de bibliotheekgrot, tussen de stapels dozen door. Indie volgt ons.

‘Wat is het veel,’ zeg ik, overweldigd. Ik haal de deksel van een van de dozen en zie de stapel papieren en boeken erin. Dit is een heel andere manier van sorteren: zoveel pagina’s, zoveel geschiedenis. Dit is wat er gebeurt als de Unie niet voor ons selecteert en erin snijdt en snoeit.

Sommige bladzijden zijn geprint; veel zijn geschreven, door verschillende mensen. Ieder handschrift is verschillend, anders, zoals de mensen die het hebben geschreven. *Ze konden allemaal schrijven.* Ik voel plotseling paniek. ‘Hoe weet ik wat belangrijk is?’ vraag ik aan Ky.

‘Bedenk een paar woorden,’ zegt hij, en zoek daarnaar. Wat moeten we weten?’

Samen maken we een lijst. De Opstand. De Unie. De Vijand. De Loods. We moeten dingen weten over ‘water’ en ‘rivier’ en ‘ontsnappen’ en ‘voedsel’ en ‘overleven’.

‘Jij ook,’ zegt Ky tegen Indie. ‘Leg alles hier neer waar die woorden in staan.’ Hij wijst naar het midden van de tafel.

‘Doe ik,’ zegt Indie. Ze houdt zijn blik even vast. Hij kijkt niet als eerste weg; dat doet zij, als ze een boek openslaat en de bladzijden doorkijkt.

Ik vind iets wat veelbelovend lijkt: een gedrukt pamflet. ‘Die hebben we al,’ zegt Eli. ‘Vick heeft er een hele stapel van gevonden.’

Ik leg het pamflet weg. Dan sla ik een boek open en mijn blik wordt meteen naar een gedicht getrokken.

*Ze vielen als Vlokken –
Ze vielen als Sterren –
Als Blaadjes van een Roos –
Als plotseling dwars door de juni
een wind met vingers – vlood*

Het is het gedicht waarin Hunter de regel voor Sarahs graf heeft gevonden.

De bladzijde is eruit gescheurd en er weer tussen gestopt – sterker nog, het hele boek is gehavend en valt uit elkaar, alsof het al bijna op een Restauratieterrein in het vuur lag toen iemand het vond en alles er weer in stopte. Delen ervan ontbreken nog; de voorkant lijkt geïmproviseerd nadat de oorspronkelijke verloren is gegaan. Er zit nu een leg vel zwaar, vierkant papier om de bladzijden genaaid, en ik kan de naam van de auteur nergens vinden.

Ik sla de bladzijden om naar een volgend gedicht:

*Ik heb U niet bereikt
Al komt mijn voet steeds dichterbij
Moet drie Rivieren over gaan
Eén Heuvel, Zee, Woestijn
Ik zal niet reppen van de reis
Als ik bij u zal zijn.*

De Heuvel. En daarna de woestijn, en de reis: het klinkt als mijn verhaal met Ky. Ik weet dat ik andere dingen zou moeten zoeken, maar ik lees verder om te zien hoe het afloopt:

*Twee woestijnen, maar zo 'n koud Jaar
En dat helpt het zand
Is één woestijn gedaan –
De tweede
Voelt zo koel als land
Sahara is een prijs te laag*

Voor uwe rechterhand.

Ik zou bijna elke prijs betalen om bij Ky te zijn. Ik denk dat ik weet wat het gedicht betekent, al heb ik nog nooit van een Sahara gehoord. Het klinkt een beetje als Sarah, de naam van Hunters dochter, maar een kind zou een veel te hoge prijs zijn om te betalen voor wiens hand dan ook.

5. KY'S STORY (*CROSSED* 222-224)

Ky legt een kaart op tafel en pakt een zwart houtskoolpotloodje. 'Ik heb er nog een gevonden die we kunnen gebruiken,' zegt hij tegen me terwijl hij tekens op het papier zet. 'Maar deze moet ik wel bijwerken. Hij is een beetje oud.'

Ik pak nog een boek op en sla de bladzijden om, op zoek naar iets wat ons kan helpen, maar in plaats daarvan maak ik in gedachten ineens een gedicht. Het gaat *over* Ky, het is niet *voor* hem, en ik merk dat ik de stijl van de geheimzinnige auteur gebruik:

*Ik strepte doden op de kaart
De pijn en elke slag
Mijn wereld was een blad van zwart
Waar nergens sneeuw meer lag.*

Ik kijk naar Ky. Terwijl hij de kaart bijwerkt bewegen zijn handen zich even snel en zorgvuldig als wanneer hij schrijft, even zeker als wanneer ze over mij heen glijden.

Hij kijkt niet op en ik voel verlangen. Ik verlang naar hem. En ik wil weten wat hij denkt en hoe hij zich voelt. Waarom moet Ky zich zo stil kunnen houden, zo veel zien?

Hoe kan hij me aantrekken en buitensluiten tegelijk?

'Ik moet naar buiten,' zeg ik even later met een zucht van frustratie. We hebben niets concreets gevonden: alleen bladzij na bladzij vol geschiedenis en propaganda voor de Opstand, de Unie en de boeren zelf. Eerst was het fascinerend, maar nu ben ik me bewust van de rivier die buiten steeds verder stijgt. Ik heb pijn in mijn rug en in mijn hoofd, en ik voel een lichte paniek opkomen in mijn borst. Begin ik mijn sorteervermogen kwijt te raken? Eerst die verkeerde beslissing over de blauwe tabletten, nu dit. 'Is het bliksemen gestopt?'

‘Ik geloof het wel,’ zegt Ky. ‘Laten we gaan kijken.’

In de voedselgrot ligt Eli opgekruld te slapen, met rugzakken vol appels om zich heen.

Ky en ik lopen naar buiten. Het regent nog steeds, maar de elektriciteit is uit de lucht.

‘We kunnen gaan zodra het licht is,’ zegt hij.

Ik kijk naar hem, naar zijn donkere profiel dat vaag verlicht wordt door de zaklamp die hij vasthoudt. De Unie zou nooit weten hoe ze dit op een microkaart moeten zetten. *Hoort bij het land. Weet hoe hij moet vluchten. Ze zouden hem nooit kunnen beschrijven.*

‘We hebben nog steeds niets gevonden.’ Ik probeer te lachen. ‘Als ik ooit terugga, zal de Unie mijn microkaart moeten veranderen. *Vertoont uitzonderlijk veelbelovende vaardigheden in het sorteren* kunnen ze schrappen.’

‘Wat je nu doet is meer dan sorteren,’ zegt Ky allen. ‘We moeten snel rusten, als we kunnen.’

Hij is lang niet zo gedreven om de Opstand te vinden als ik, besef ik. Hij probeert me te helpen, maar als ik hier niet was zou hij geen moeite doen om zich bij hen aan te sluiten.

Ik denk plotseling aan de woorden van het gedicht. *Ik heb U niet bereikt.*

Ik duw de woorden weg. Ik ben moe, dat is alles, ik voel me kwetsbaar. En, besef ik, ik heb Ky’s verhaal nog steeds niet helemaal gehoord. Hij heeft zijn redenen om er zo over te denken, maar die ken ik nog niet allemaal.

Ik denk aan alle dingen die hij kan – schrijven, beeldhouwen, schilderen – en terwijl ik naar hem kijk in het donker, aan de rand van de lege nederzetting, spoelt ineens een gevoel van verdriet over me heen. *Er is geen plek voor iemand als hij in de Unie, denk ik, voor iemand die dingen kan maken. Hij kan zo veel unieke dingen die zo waardevol zijn, dingen die niemand anders kan, en de Unie geeft er helemaal niets om.*

Ik vraag me af of Ky in deze lege buurtschap een plek ziet waar hij had kunnen thuishoren. Waar hij samen met de anderen had kunnen schrijven, waar de mooie meisjes op de schilderijen hadden geweten hoe je moet dansen.

‘Ky,’ zeg ik, ‘ik wil de rest van je verhaal horen.’

‘Alles?’ vraagt hij en zijn stem klinkt serieus.

‘Alles wat je me wilt vertellen,’ zeg ik.

Hij kijkt me aan. Ik breng zijn hand naar mijn lippen en kus zijn knokkels, de geschaafde plekjes op zijn handpalm. Hij sluit zijn ogen.

‘Mijn moeder schilderde met water,’ zegt hij. ‘En mijn vader speelde met vuur.’