

NEW ZEALAND NOVEL *AUĒ* BY BECKY MANAWATU IN GERMAN
TRANSLATION

BY

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Abstract

This MA thesis explores a functionalist approach to literary translation of contemporary New Zealand prose fiction through my original German translation of an excerpt from Becky Manawatu's *Auē* (2019) and a commentary comprising an analysis of linguistically hybrid features and their translation challenges. The excerpt chosen for translation consists of three and a half chapters to cover all four of the book's narrative perspectives. I argue that there are three predominant features that give the novel its linguistically hybrid character and challenge the literary translator with their cultural specificity: borrowing and codeswitching into te reo Māori, colloquial speech in dialogues and the four different narrative voices. With a functionalist analysis based on Nord's skopos theory, I highlight functions and effects of these features and examine why they challenge the German translator. Three specific problems, which arose during the translation process of *Auē*, further illustrate that a decision between foreignization and domestication tactics is highly dependent on respective functions in the source text and can vary from case to case. Ultimately, the translator needs to aim at a balanced target text that both encourages the readers to engage with the newness of foreign aspects and facilitates access to such aspects where needed. With my translation and commentary, I contribute to the research of cultural specificity in Literary Translation Studies with an example of a balanced German translation and a functional analysis of a contemporary work of New Zealand prose fiction and its linguistically hybrid features.

Introduction

When I first picked up Becky Manawatu's debut novel *Auē*, I was scouting for recent New Zealand prose fiction as a source text for my translation project. The Māori family around 8-year-old Ārama and his older brother Taukiri is portrayed empathetically as the story of their struggles with past and present traumas unfolds. New Zealand is shown as experienced by lower-class characters, gang members and children, rather than as the glamourous destination for adventure tourism or Lord of the Rings backdrop that it is often promoted as internationally. A little surprised but mostly impressed by the way the story captivated and moved me, I reread the book and discovered many intriguing challenges for the translation into German. Most salient was the question: how to deal with words and phrases in New Zealand's indigenous language te reo Māori? I decided to focus my research on the presence of the two languages, English in which the book is mainly written and te reo as an identity-forming code-switching language. I wanted to examine what happened when a third language, the target language German, comes into play. The mixture of languages in a text can be considered a form of *linguistic hybridity*. Often found in post-colonial literature, linguistic hybridity describes the phenomenon of another language being, in some way or other, displayed and represented in the dominant language of the text (Bakhtin (1981); cf. Klinger (2015) for the distinction between different kinds of linguistic hybridity). This (minority) language does not necessarily appear in code-switching but may be represented by a hybrid language. On first glance, such a hybrid language may look like the dominant language, but it may be manipulated in syntactic structure to represent the influence of the minority language or it may incorporate idiomatic expressions that are not common in the dominant language, thus revealing the mixture of the two languages.

For this thesis however, I want to adopt a broader understanding of hybridization, as I not only look at code-switching but also at colloquialism and alternation between narrative perspectives as features that essentially mix several linguistic codes to create the multi-voiced text of *Auē* that thus can be called linguistically hybrid. To Mikhail Bakhtin (1981) the novel as a genre distinguishes itself as a “phenomenon multiform in style and variform in speech and voice” (p. 296) and he defines hybridization as:

a mixture of two social languages within the limits of a single utterance, an encounter, within the arena of an utterance, between two different linguistic consciousnesses, separated from one another by an epoch, by social differentiation or by some other factor.

(Bakhtin, 1981, p. 358)

This is straight-forwardly applicable to code-switching between two languages in a work of fiction. In such a case, there are two (or more) languages – in *Auē* English and te reo Māori – that are mixed with one another within specific utterances, be it in narration or within dialogue. However, I want to broaden the definition of hybridization so that when the analyst zooms out, the whole of the novel may be regarded as a kind of ‘utterance’ within which an encounter of several linguistic entities takes place. An encounter not only of languages proper, but also expressions of colloquialism and social and geographical variation, as well as the four narrative perspectives, which all have their own style or ‘language’. Different degrees of colloquial speech and the alternating narrative voices also constitute features of a broader kind of linguistic hybridity in *Auē*. My commentary will therefore centre around the three aspects that give the novel such a multi-vocal character: borrowings from and code-switching into te reo Māori (1.1), colloquialisms (1.2) and the four narrative voices (1.3). In each section, I describe these phenomena as found in the source text, determine their purpose and function, and explain why they create challenges when translating the novel into German. Following those three sections, I discuss three specific translation problems (1.4) that derive from the novel’s linguistically hybrid character to illustrate how sensitive balancing of translation tactics is needed to transfer the novel in its many facets into the German target text. In chapter 2, I justify my strategies and place my findings within a theoretical framework, discussing domestication and foreignization while accounting for my adoption of the functionalist approach of Christiane Nord (2005) and *Skopos theory*.

Structurally, I deviate slightly from the conventional format of an MA thesis, in the way that Part I first presents the creative component of this project, which is then followed by Part II, the commentary, containing an in-depth analysis of the source text and finally a discussion of translation theory as it relates to my project. I thus have chosen to represent the project in three stages going from more practical to more abstract. The product of the translation work comes first followed by the analysis of linguistically hybrid features as found in the source text and the most abstract section is found in the theory discussion that ties it to research in literary translation studies. With this structure I aim to reflect the general direction in which the project

evolved over the period of twelve months, to foreground the translation itself as its centrepiece and point of departure, and to illustrate that literary translation is a dynamic process involving movement back and forth between praxis, analysis, and theory.

Thus, the centrepiece of this thesis comprises the original German translation of three full chapters of *Auē* and one passage of Aroha's narration. I chose chapter 17 "Jade and Toko", chapter 38 "Taukiri" and chapter 39 "Ārama" and Aroha's passage as part of chapter 40, to incorporate all four narrative perspectives. They furthermore all contain crucial developmental turning points for the characters and are thus key chapters within the novel.

Chapter 17 is set at Sav's tangihanga (funeral). She has been beaten to death by the gang members that Jade and Sav have grown up and lived with. Jade finds herself at a turning point, as she both needs to learn to give way to her mourning and then to step away from a life of drugs and domestic abuse. There are two flashbacks to memories of Sav and Jade together and the chapter concludes with Jade fleeing to her lover Toko into an uncertain future.

Chapter 38 tells the story of 17-year-old Taukiri who has left his younger brother Ari with his aunt Kat in Kaikōura in the South Island to drive to Wellington and try to find his birthmother Jade (Taukiri was given to Ari's mother Aroha as a child to be raised by her when Jade was declared incapable). In the capital, he stays with new friends who are involved in criminal activities and tries to earn money by busking. He finds a job but loses it again when he fails to show up after an intense experience of drug intoxication. Out of desperation, he agrees to help with a drug deal. In a spur of the moment decision however, he takes his surfboard out to face his trauma with the ocean, as he has been afraid of the water since the car accident in which his parents drowned. Afterwards, he finds himself reconciled with the ocean but also in more trouble.

In chapter 39, 8-year-old Ari tells of a camping trip to the Conway Flats with his aunt Kat, his new best friend Beth and her father Tom Aiken. After his parents' car accident, Ari is sent to live with Kat and her husband Stu, who is mean and abusive to both Kat and Ari. The neighbour's daughter Beth becomes his friend and ally. Ari witnesses violence and injustice but cannot get it off his chest until the camping trip provides an opportunity for all four of them to voice their frustration. The rather timid boy furthermore discovers the courage of a warrior inside him when he goes eel hunting in the river, a courage that he will need later in the story.

The half-chapter narrated by Aroha, mother of Ari and adoptive mother of Taukiri, stands separately as she first appears as a narrator only in the second half of the book and speaks

as a ghost from the dead. She comments on and gives insight into relationships and different characters' perspectives, but she also influences and makes herself known to the story world in the form of wind.

The German translation of the four chapters is found in Part I of this thesis and is followed by a glossary for all te reo Māori terms that appear in them. In the glossary I include information about Māori culture in addition to the meaning of the words or phrases to provide German readers with access to some of the cultural context. This is also to account for the fact that word-for-word translation often fails to express the fulness and depth of meaning in te reo, as many te reo Māori words carry several culturally specific connotations. Within my limited proficiency of te reo, I did my best to convey the meanings as accurately as possible.

Finally, I realize that as a translator from Germany who has only been in New Zealand a short time, my own cultural background inevitably informs how Māori culture is portrayed in this thesis. There is still much I need to learn and understand better about New Zealand history, socio-economic dynamics between Pākehā and Māori and about Māori mythology, language and tikanga. I therefore aimed to make sure that any mātauranga and taonga Māori included in this project were treated and presented with highest respect and sensitivity. With this project, I hope to contribute to making contemporary Māori literature, such as Becky Manawatu's debut novel *Auē*, known and accessible to an international readership.

I TRANSLATION: Becky Manawatu's *Auē* in German Translation

Kapitel 17 (122-128) Jade und Toko

Ihr Handgelenk war bandagiert, ihre Wange mit fünf Stichen genäht. Ihr Auge war geschwollen und glänzte wie ein Ölfleck. Eine ihrer Rippen ließ sie nur gerade genug Luft einatmen, bis sich etwas Spitzes in ihre Lunge bohrte. Ein tiefer Schmerz pochte in ihrem Steißbein und ein einzelnes Pflaster bedeckte irgendetwas auf ihrem Nacken – sie hatte sich nicht die Mühe gemacht, die Stelle genau anzusehen. So stand Jade da und schälte Kartoffeln für Savs tangi. Sie schnitt Kürbis und hackte Kohl in dünne Streifen. Neben ihr werkelte eine kuia, die während des Kochens waiata sang und immer wieder zu weinen begann. Gelegentlich tätschelte sie Jade am Arm als wolle sie etwas in Jade anstoßen. Etwas aufwecken.

Da sagte sie auf einmal: „Auē! Te mamae hoki – kia tangi koe.“

Jade verstand die Sätze nicht, doch sie konnte auf dem Gesicht der kuia lesen, was diese von ihr wollte. Jade konnte es ihr nicht geben. Es ging nicht, so sehr sie's auch versuchte.

Die kuia hatte dicke, starke Arme, kurzes weißes Haar und ein kreisrundes Mondgesicht. Und während sie die pāua weichklopfte, den Teig knetete, die Langusten zerteilte und die Bohnen schnippelte, sang sie und weinte. Und sie sang und weinte wieder als sie das Geschirr spülte und es abtrocknete und auch als sie Apple Crumble zubereitete. Mit niemandem sonst wollte Jade in der Küche zusammenarbeiten. Obwohl andere auch sangen und weinten und Bohnen schnippten – Jade wollte in der Nähe der kuia sein. Sie war Savs Großtante.

Am marae Grundstück angekommen, hatte Jade sich direkt in die Küche verzogen, um der Trauerstimmung an Savs Sarg zu entfliehen. Eine der Frauen hatte aufgeblickt, Jade jedoch nicht in die Augen geschaut. Eine andere hatte mild gelächelt. Da hatte die kuia auf ein Schneidebrett getippt, einen Sack Kartoffeln emporgehievt und gesagt: „Hab dir nen Platz reserviert.“

Da gehörte Jade hin: in die Küche, wo sie kai zubereiten konnte. Und als die Sonne untergegangen war und der Himmel mit Sternen gefüllt, und der Rauch aus der hāngi Grube wie von einer Räucherkerze in die Nachtluft davonschwebte, richtete die kuia einen Teller für Jade an dem kleinen Holztisch nahe dem Eingang zur marae Küche und befahl ihr, sich neben sie zu setzen. Nachdem sie ein karakia mō te kai gesprochen hatte, wies sie Jade an, ihr

Hammelfleisch und das in der Erdgrube gedünstete Gemüse aufzuessen. Danach goss sie Sahne über den heißen Apple Crumble in Jades Schüssel.

„Ich kann nicht mehr“, protestierte Jade.

„Ein bisschen noch. Äe, komm iss! Wie willst du sonst den kākahu whakataratara tragen?“

„Den was?“ fragte Jade.

„Kannst du's nicht spüren, Kind? Den schweren Mantel aus Brennnesseln auf deinen Schultern?“

Konnte sie nicht. Jade spürt kaum noch etwas. Nur das Pochen im Steißbein. Hätte sie mehr gespürt, hätte sie vielleicht sogar weinen können.

Früh am letzten Morgen des tangi fand die kuia Jade an der Spüle beim Kartoffelschrubben. Sie stürmte auf sie zu und packte sie fest an beiden Armen. Sie rief, „Komm schon, Kind, lass es raus!“

Jade schloss die Augen und suchte in ihrem Innern nach den unvergossenen Tränen. Da stieg eine Erinnerung in ihr auf und sie begann, sie der kuia zu erzählen. Es war auf einem der Roadtrips mit Sav gewesen – zu einem tangi, bei dem sie nie aufgetaucht waren. Sie hatten eine von Savs Mixtape-Kassetten eingelegt und es lief ‚Keep on Loving You‘ von REO Speedwagon.

„Schätzchen, tu mir nen Gefallen und lass das an meiner Beerdigung abspielen, ja?“, sagte Sav und hatte den Blick auf die Küste gerichtet, an der sie entlang fuhren.

„Für wen?“

„Für Tommy.“

„Sind das dann Tommys Worte oder deine?“

„Tommys.“

„Die Beerdigung ist doch für uns und nicht für dich. Wenn *ich* sterbe, dann lass ‚Peace Train‘ abspielen. Für dich, von mir.“

„Und wenn *ich* sterbe, dann spiel *das!*“ Sav wedelte mit ihrem lackierten Finger Richtung Autoradio. „Diesen Schmachtsong ganz für mich – von allen Männern, die mich je

geliebt haben. Um ihnen beim Weinen zu helfen. Damit ich's sehen kann. Damit ich sehen kann, dass ich gelebt hab. Damit ich sehen kann, dass ich geliebt wurde.“

„Ach, du spinnst doch.“

„Hey! Schau auf die Straße, Babe!“ sagte Sav und lachte. „Ich will alt sterben.“

Jade legte ihre Cat Stevens Kassette ein und fand ‚Peace Train‘. So glücklich waren sie selten. Für einen Moment hatten sie nur die guten Dinge vor Augen.

„Ich spinne, was? Bist doch selber ne verblendete Bitch. Du bist im *House* aufgewachsen und nicht in ner Kommune. Würde diesen Kommunenhippies sowieso nicht übern Weg trauen. Alles Spinner! Wir haben's besser, Babe.“

Sie sangen und ließen ihre Haare im Wind flattern, der durchs offene Fenster in das Auto wehte. So sausten sie die Küste entlang und von weitem musste es aussehen als wären sie andere Menschen. Mit einem anderen Leben.

„Überred ihn zu kommen.“

„Wen jetzt?“

„Tommy. Wenn ich sterb, bring ihn dazu, zu meinem tangi zu kommen! Damit ich sehen kann, wie er weint.“

Jade legte ihre Hand auf Savs Oberschenkel, „Lass uns versuchen, es nicht so weit kommen zu lassen – ja, Babe? Lass es uns versuchen.“

„Ja, versuchen können wir's.“ Sav schlug mit ihrem Fuß den Takt zu Jades Lied. Als es zu Ende war schob sie das Mixtape zurück in den Kassettenschlitz und ließ noch einmal ‚Keep on Loving You‘ laufen.

„Das ist ehrlicher“, sagte sie.

„Als was?“ fragte Jade.

„Als ‚Peace Train‘.“

„Wieso?“

„Weil, liebe Jade, solange es Liebe gibt, wird's niemals Frieden geben.“ Sie schwang ihr schwarzes Haar zur Seite. „Und dabei wollen wir doch einfach nur Liebe. Oder, Schätzchen? It's the only thing weee wanna dooooooo.“

„Ich glaub, du verwechselst Liebe mit anderen Dingen.“ Jade hielt ihre Hand hoch und begann an den Fingern abzuzählen, „Geld, Angst, Gier, Hass...“

Sav zuckte mit den Schultern. „Geht aber echt viel Energie dafür drauf, mal bisschen rum zu flirten. Und sich dann zu erholen von den Liebesfreuden. So viel brauchbare Energie. Ist alles ein Spiel... mit der Liebe.“

Als Jade fertig war mit Erzählen, ließ die kuia ihre Arme los und marschierte davon. Jade wollte ihr hinterherrufen und sagen, dass es ihr Leid tat. Denn ihre waiata waren so schön gewesen und Jade fühlte sich so verloren. So gefühlstaub und innerlich ausgetrocknet. Da würden keine Tränen kommen. Doch sie rief der kuia nicht hinterher. Sie blickte ihr nach und sah einfach zu, wie sie das marae Gelände verließ.

Jade war gerade dabei, eine der Bänke abzuwischen, als die kuia zurückkam. In der einen Hand trug sie einen Ghettoblaster, in der anderen eine originalverpackte CD. Sie riss das Plastik von der nagelneuen CD: REO Speedwagon. Sie legte sie ein, suchte nach dem Lied und drückte auf Play.

Und Jade starrte die kuia an und die starrte Jade an, und als Jade nicht reagierte drehte sie die Musik noch lauter. „Zeit zu weinen, meine Liebe. Ich werd dich nicht gehen lassen, bevor du nicht geweint hast. Wir können das Ende des tangi unendlich rausschieben, wenn nötig.“

Und mit einem Mal durchdrang die Musik Jade und mit ihr der geballte Schmerz. Irgendwas musste mit ihr nicht ganz stimmen, dass erst diese Pākehā Musik sie zum Weinen brachte und die ganzen schönen waiata nichts bewirkt hatten. Doch als das Lied zu Ende war drückte die kuia noch einmal auf Play und nahm Jade in die Arme. Jade heulte hemmungslos in den weichen Nacken der alten Frau und konnte gar nicht mehr aufhören. Die Alte drückte sie ganz fest an sich, sodass Jades Auge und ihr Steißbein und was auch immer da unter dem Pflaster auf ihrem Nacken verborgen war vor Schmerz laut pochten – und Jade war froh, die Verletzungen jetzt spüren zu können, die sie zuvor nur im Spiegel betrachtet hatte als wären sie Einbildung. Die kuia ließ das Lied ein drittes Mal abspielen und sagte: „Ist das perfekte Lied für unsre Sav. Ist ein schönes Lied.“ Und dann sang sie mit. Sie sang und sie weinte.

Erst runzelte die kuia missbilligend die Stirn als die Männer in Lederjacken und schwarzen Bikerbrillen auf ihren Motorrädern und in dicken Gangsterautos angefahren kamen. Doch dann zwinkerte sie Jade in den Arm und kicherte.

„Sav hätte das gefallen. Oh ja, das hätte meiner Kleinen gut gefallen.“

Tattoos schlängelten sich unter Kleidern hervor, zogen über Nacken und flossen in die Furchen von zernarbtens Gesichtern. Bedeckten Hände, Knöchel und rasierte Schädel. Krochen an Kinnen hinauf und um Münder herum. Sav wäre entzückt gewesen, hätte sie sehen können, wie viele Männer gekommen waren und sich nun über ihren Sarg beugten, ihre Wange küsstens und um sie weinten.

Selbst Hash war gekommen.

Und Tommy. Seine Augen waren hinter einer dunklen Sonnenbrille verborgen. Da sah Jade den Typ von der Strandparty. Und er sah sie. Er kam zu ihr herübergelaufen und gab ihr einen Kuss auf die Wange. Dann küsste er die kuia, drückte ihr einen Umschlag in die Hand und sagte, „Anei taku koha, ahakoa iti.“

Die kuia nahm den Umschlag und umarmte ihn. „Māhea mai i tēnā.“

Bevor der Sarg geschlossen wurde, ging Jade neben Sav auf die Knie und küsste sie. Sie nahm ihre kalte, steife Hand und sang leise, dass sie Sav weiter lieben würde und zwar für immer. Und dass sie nichts weiter wollte als das. Sie weinte und weinte in der Hoffnung, sie würde es schaffen, auch irgendwann wieder aufzuhören.

Am urupā stand Toko hinter Jade während Savs Sarg in die Grube hinabgelassen wurde, und er stellte sich neben sie als die Leute begannen, Erde hineinzuwerfen.

Irgendwann war der Sarg ganz bedeckt. Da strich Toko Jade sanft durchs Haar und fragte,

„Magst du mitkommen nach Kaikōura?“

Die kuia, die in der Nähe stand, nahm Jades Hand, küsste sie und sagte lachend, „Wenn du nicht gehst, geh ich mit ihm.“

Jade verließ das marae Gelände auf dem Rücksitz von Tokos Wagen. Im Auto roch es nach Bleichmittel. Toko saß am Steuer und Tommy neben ihm auf dem Beifahrersitz. Plötzlich fiel Jade das Atmen schwer als ihr die Freiheit durch das offene Fenster ins Gesicht blies. Sie schloss das Fenster. Es war als würde all die Luft, die ihr so lange abgeschnürt worden war, jetzt mit voller Wucht auf sie einströmen und ihre Lungen verkrafteten das nicht. Sie konnte kaum glauben, dass sie gerade einfach davonfuhr. Dass sie einfach in ein Auto gestiegen und abgehauen war, ohne sich vor irgendwem dafür zu rechtfertigen. Sie berührte die Vögel auf ihrem Brustkorb.

Sav war dabei gewesen, als sie das Tattoo hatte stechen lassen. Es war ein Geburtstagsgeschenk gewesen. Sav hatte einen Geldbeutel mitgehen lassen, den sie durch das offene Fenster eines parkenden Autos entdeckt hatte.

„Ist kein Diebstahl, ist ein Geschenk der Götter, Darling“, sagte Sav. „Sie sind dir wohlgesonnen, weil du heute Geburtstag hast.“

Es war einer der seltenen Tage, an denen sie ganz für sich sein konnten.

„Was willst du haben? Bücher? Du stehst doch auf so Zeug.“

„Nee“, sagte Jade. Bücher konnten verbrannt oder zerrissen werden, oder es wurde draufgepisst.

„Dann vielleicht ne Kette?“

„Nee“, sagte sie noch einmal. Konnte weggenommen oder verkauft werden, oder benutzt, um ihr die Luft abzuschnüren.

„Was dann? Neue Schuhe?“

„Wo soll ich damit hinlaufen?“

„Komm schon, Darling, überleg dir was! Jeans, Ohrringe, einmal lecker den Bauch vollschlagen?“

Bauchvollschlagen klang verlockend, doch da kam ihr eine andere Idee.

„Ein Tattoo.“ Ein Tattoo konnte ihr, wie ein gutes Essen, nicht weggenommen werden.

Im Tattoo-studio entschied sie sich für einen Vogel. Ein tūt mitten im Flug. Schwarz, mit einem kleinen weißen Federbusch an der Kehle. Und mit einem Edelstein. Der Vogel sollte ein Schmuckstück tragen. Eines der Schmuckstücke, die ihr Vater ihr nie hatte geben können. Die er ihr versprochen hatte.

Als der Tätowierer mit dem Vogel fertig war, gefiel Jade der Anblick auf ihrem Körper, so wund und schwarz. Und ihr gefiel der brennende Schmerz, den die Nadel verursacht hatte, und sie wollte noch nicht nach Hause. Sie fragte, ob sie noch zwei weitere Vögel kriegen könnte. Sav kramte mehr Geburtstagsgeld aus der Hosentasche. „Dann wohl nicht den Bauch vollschlagen heute.“

Und als er die nächsten beiden fertig hatte, wollte Jade noch zwei mehr.

„Ich will fünf“, sagte sie.

„Ihr habt nicht genug Kohle für fünf“, erwiderte der Tätowierer. Er zog seine Wollmütze ein Stück ins Gesicht, rieb sich die Hände und verschränkte dann die Arme. Da sah Jade die Totenköpfe, die in seine Handknöchel graviert waren, und wollte plötzlich lieber mit ihren Vögeln alleine sein.

Sav lief zu ihm und berührte ihn am Arm. Sie schmiegte ihren Körper eng an seinen, grub ihre Nase in seinen Hals, nahm seine Mütze und setzte sie sich auf den Kopf.

„Ey!“, sagte er und fuhr sich mit der Hand durch die Locken.

„Na komm, Schätzchen“, sagte Sav. „Sei so gut und mach meiner Cousine noch zwei Vögelchen. Ist doch ihr Geburtstag.“

Und dann gingen sie ins Hinterzimmer und hatten Sex.

Jade konnte die beiden hören, während sie auf dem Stuhl lag und darauf wartete, zwei weitere tüī in die Seite ihres Brustkorbs gestochen zu bekommen. Beim Warten sammelte sie mit dem Finger die kleinen Blutperlen auf, die immer wieder von den noch frischen Tattoos auf die Oberfläche ihrer Haut quollen, und ließ sie sich auf die Zunge tropfen.

Später, als sie wieder im *House* waren, hörte Jade wie ihre Cousine Hash anbrüllte. Sie könne verdammt nochmal tun und lassen was sie wolle und wann sie es wolle. Die Geräusche, die Jade dann hörte, zeugten vom Gegenteil. Am nächsten Tag hielt sie Savs Hand und drückte ihr ein kaltes Tuch an die geschwollene Wange. Die tüī auf Jades Brustkorb pulsierten. Ein Pochen als seien die Vögel gegen ihren Willen in einen flügellosen Körper eingebrannt worden. Als wollten sie nicht für immer auf dieser Haut gefangen sein.

Als sie angekommen waren, schlich Jade barfuß durch Tokos kleines Strandhäuschen. Er trug ihr Gepäck ins Haus: eine einzelne Tasche und selbst die hätte sie am liebsten zurückgelassen. Nie würde sie den Gestank rauskriegen. Den *House*-Gestank, den sie selbst ja nur mit viel Glück aus ihrer eigenen Nase – und ihren Alpträumen – würde vertreiben können. Der Mief von Alk, Zigaretten und Gras. Von Erbrochenem und Urin. Und der metallische Geruch von Blut, der sie immer misstrauisch gemacht hatte. Wo wohl die Waffe und die Patronen versteckt waren? In einer Spielzeugkiste? Zum ‚Gang‘-spielen?

Sie betrat Tokos Schlafzimmer. Das Bett war nicht gemacht, die weißen Laken zur Seite geworfen. Er war hastig aufgebrochen.

Jade setzte sich auf sein Bett und ließ ihr Gesicht tief in die Laken sinken. Sie atmete ein und da war es als wollte ihr ganzer Körper ausbrechen. Galoppieren. Flüchten. Doch sie war wie gefesselt vor Trauer.

„Jade. Was kann ich tun? Ich kenn dich ja nicht mal richtig.“

Jade hielt ihr Gesicht weiter vergraben. „Deine Laken sind so wunderschön“, sagte sie. Sie spürte, wie er sich neben sie aufs Bett setzte. Er roch so gut, nach Wolken und Erde und Seife. Und sie wollte ihn so sehr wie nie zuvor. Doch Schuldgefühle quollen in ihr Herz und erstickten es.

„Was kann ich tun?“, er berührte sanft ihre Schulter.

„Kannst du mein Zeug wegwerfen? Alles in den Müll schmeißen? Sonst kommt der Gestank hier rein, in dein Zuhause. Geht das? Und die hier auch...“

Von plötzlicher Wut gepackt sprang sie auf und riss sich die Kleider vom Leib wie ein Kind, das ins Meer rennen will. Sie schleuderte die Klamotten von sich und die ruckartige Bewegung verursachte einen reißenden Schmerz, als würde ihre untere Wirbelsäule von Kieseln und Steinscherben zerfetzt.

Er betrachtete ihren Körper, die fünf Vögel mit den Federbüschlen an den Kehlen, die im Flug erstarrt ihren Brustkorb hinaufschwebten. Seine Pupillen weiteten sich.

„Bitte?“, sagte sie leise.

Er hob die Kleider auf und verließ das Schlafzimmer. Durch das Fenster sah sie zu, wie er draußen ein Feuer anzündete. Sie stand da und beobachtete die Flammen, die versuchten, die Sterne zu berühren. Da dachte Jade an damals als sie an einem Lagerfeuer getanzt hatte und Savs Lachen von irgendwo in der Nähe zu hören gewesen war und Toko eine Decke um ihre Schulter gelegt hatte.

Sie ging zurück zu seinem Bett und verkroch sich zwischen seinen Laken.

Kapitel 38 (219-225) Taukiri

Mir war endgültig das Geld ausgegangen. War komplett blank. Ich spielte Gitarre auf der Straße, gab die Münzen aus, ab und zu auch mal nen Schein. Spielte Gitarre, kaufte mir Essen, spielte wieder. Und jetzt war ich blank.

Ich öffnete den Schrank und holte mein Surfboard raus. Ich versuchte die Hülle zu öffnen, doch der Reißverschluss klemmte und ich musste gewaltsam dran zerren. Das Board klebte mit dem Wachs an der Hülle fest. Es wollte einfach nicht rausrutschen, war ausgetrocknet. Und traurig.

Irgendwie fühlte sich das Board leichter an als sonst, knochentrocken, wie morsch. Ich entdeckte einen Rest Sand auf der Oberfläche und mir wurde klar, dass das noch Sand aus Kaikōura sein musste. Auch der Sand war total trocken. Er sah aus wie urzeitlicher Sand, der in ein Museum gehörte. Wie Geistersand.

Ich trug das Surfboard nach draußen und begann mit einem stumpfen Brotmesser das alte Wachs abzuschälen. Erst bröckelte es ab wie kalte Butter, doch dann wärmte die Sonne das Wachs und es wurde weich, wie frisch-gekauter Kaugummi, und löste sich in Klumpen, die sich unter meine Fingernägel schoben.

Jason trat aus dem Haus. Er trug eine hautenge Jeans, weiße Sneaker und eine schwarze Bomberjacke. War sogar frisch rasiert. Doch er sah aus als hätte er seit einer Woche nichts gegessen. Trotz dem Scheiß, in den er verwickelt war, war er irgendwie ein korrekter Typ. War schwer, ihn zu hassen, auch wenn ich's wollte.

„Jo! Gehst du surfen?“, fragte Jason.

„Nee, ich verkauf's.“

„Brauchst du Kohle?“

„Ja, Mann. Bin scheißblank. Hab's richtig verschissen mit meinem Job.“

„Ich hätte da was“, sagte er.

„Was'n?“

„Ne Lieferung. Ist ganz einfach, kein Stress. Einfach nur abliefern am Treffpunkt und Kohle einsammeln.“

„Was'n abliefern?“

„Ne Bestellung.“

„Ja, schon klar, Mann. Was genau?“

„Bunte Mischung. Safes packing, Gras oben drauf – mehr musst du nicht wissen, wenn's dir lieber is. Wenn's dir hilft – moralisch und so.“

„Wie viel?“

„Eine Stunde Fahrt mit dem Stoff. Fünfzehn Minuten kurz anhalten und dann ne schöne, gemütliche Kaffeefahrt zurück – ohne Stoff dann.“

„Wie viel?“

„Dreihundert.“

„Wann?“

„Heute Abend. Ja, heut Abend wär' ideal, Mann. Läuft?“

„Alter, ich weiß nicht... Nee, Mann, nee, besser nicht ...“

„Alles klar. Dann viel Glück mit dem Board.“

„Jo.“

Und weg war er.

Als ich das restliche Wachs abgekratzt hatte, reinigte ich die Hülle, wickelte die Fußleine um das hintere Ende des Boards und schob es zurück in die Verpackung.

Ich zurrte das Board auf den Dachträger meines Autos und fuhr zum nächsten Surfshop.

Vor dem Laden lehnten zwei gebrauchte Boards, eins für vierhundert Dollar und eins für sechshundert-fünfzig. Meins war besser als beide. Ich betrat den Laden. Hinter dem Tresen stand ein Typ mit langen Dreadlocks und diesen Piercings, die einem die Ohrläppchen in lange Löcher ziehen.

„Verkaufst du?“, fragte er mit einem Kopfnicken zu meinem Board.

„Jap.“

„Wieviel willste?“

„War'n Tausender wert als ich's neu gekauft hab. Ich würd's für achthundert verkaufen.“

„Hah! Versuchen kannst du's.“

„Weniger?“

„Start ma mit siebenhundert. Wart nen Monat und wenn's nicht wegkommt, geh runter mit dem Preis.“

„Ok“, ich lehnte das Board gegen den Tresen.

„Mach mal auf“, sagte er und ich gehorchte, „Sehr nice! Das kann was. Sollte kein Problem sein, es an den Mann zu bringen.“

„Dann hast du die Siebenhundert für mich?“

„Ja, nee, so läuft das nicht.“

„Achso, ja sorry... ihr habt ne Provision, oder?“

„Nee. Also, ja schon: wir nehmen zehn Prozent. Aber du bekommst das Geld erst, wenn das Board verkauft ist. Sorry, Mann. Willst du's trotzdem verkaufen?“

„Ja, denk schon. Hab keine Wahl eigentlich.“

„Kannst es auch auf Facebook probieren. Da gibt's ne Kaufen/Verkaufen-Wellington-Seite. Ist einfacher. Kriegt man die Kohle schneller.“

Theoretisch könnte ich Megan oder Elliot fragen, überlegte ich. Oder ich könnte mich auf Megans Laptop mit meinem Account anmelden. Aber ich war nicht grade scharf drauf, die ganzen Nachrichten der letzten paar Monate zu lesen.

„Ich lass es erstmal hier bei euch“, sagte ich.

Ich notierte Megans Kontakt auf einem Stück Papier und verließ den Laden. Musste Jason finden. In Megans Wohnung war er nicht, also rief ich ihn über ihr Festnetz auf seinem Handy an.

Er meldete sich, „Hey Babe, was gibt's?“

„Ich bin's.“

„Tauk, Alter, was geht? Haste das Board vertickt?“

„Nee... Brauchst du noch wen für heut Abend?“

„Klar, Mann. Um acht an Megans Wohnung? Ich komm da hin. Mit dem Stoff.“

„Läuft.“

Ich ging rauf ins Dachzimmer und legte mich aufs Bett. Ich starrte an die Decke. Der Raum fühlte sich leer an. War das, weil mein Surfboard nicht mehr da war? Oder weil sich mein Leben grad so krass veränderte und ich in diesem traurigen Loch steckte? Kurz davor, etwas durchzuziehen, was ich nie zuvor getan hatte und nie dachte, dass ich's tun würde: Einen Job für Jason.

Gras oben drauf, mehr brauchte ich nicht zu wissen?

Warum war Megan überhaupt mit so jemandem zusammen? Ich mochte ihn nicht. Hasste das Gefühl, von ihm abhängig zu sein. Warum eigentlich? Wieso konnte ich nicht einfach losziehen und mir einen richtigen Job beschaffen? Warum war ich überhaupt in Wellington – was war nur los mit mir?

Das Board. Ich hatte es behalten, aber mir eingeredet, es nie wieder zu benutzen, nie wieder auch nur in Meeresnähe zu gehen. Eigentlich glaubte ich ja selbst nicht dran. Mum und Dad hatten das Board damals für mich gekauft. Und Ari erzählte jedem, der's hören wollte, dass sein Bruder ein Surfer war und dass er selbst auch irgendwann surfen würde und dass ich es ihm beibringen würde.

In dem Laden war mein Board jetzt abgestellt wie Abfall. Ungeliebt.

Ich sprang vom Bett, rannte die Treppen runter, stieg ins Auto und fuhr zu dem Surfshop.

Der Typ war immer noch da, „Jo! Ist noch nicht verkauft, sorry!“

„Will's doch nicht verkaufen!“

„Gut, Mann, gut! Glück kann man nicht mit Geld aufwiegen.“ Er wies mit der Hand zu meinem Board und ich nahm es wieder mit.

Die Tankanzeige in meinem Auto leuchtete, doch ich fuhr einfach weiter, raus aus dem Stadtzentrum. Richtung Meer.

Am Ende der Moa Street bog ich um die Ecke und Lyall Bay breitete sich vor mir aus wie ein freundliches Lächeln. Strahlend. Die Wellen schälten sich an den Felsen. Sie verbeugten sich vor dem Himmel. Sie bewegten sich von links nach rechts und schienen die Zeit zu verlangsamen. Eine erhabene Zeitlupe. Als hätten sie's nicht eilig. Und doch bewegten sie sich schneller als alles andere. In riesenhafter Geschwindigkeit, schnell, mächtig, anmutig.

Ich hielt an, um die Surfer zu beobachten. Ließ den Motor einfach laufen. Es waren etwa sechs oder sieben von ihnen dort draußen. Ein Surfer startete mit einem Drop und machte einen astreinen Bottom Turn. Er nahm die gesamte Welle mit, hob dann die Arme in die Luft und sprang von seinem Board. Und da war er auch schon wieder auf seinem Board, tauchte unter der Gischt hindurch, um schnell wieder rauszukommen und nichts zu verpassen. Ich spürte meinen Herzschlag, meine Füße tänzelten, meine Hände trommelten auf dem Lenkrad.

Im Radio begann ein Lied mit einem ruhigen, tief klagenden Beat zu spielen. Ich schaltete es nicht aus. Ich hörte zu. Hörte einfach zu und schaute hinaus auf die weit offene Bucht. Als das Lied vorbei war, stellte ich den Motor ab und stieg aus dem Auto. Ich zog meine Kleider aus und schlüpfte in den staubtrockenen Neoprenanzug, der rau und spröde geworden war. Ich band das Board vom Autodach los und sah noch einem Surfer zu, der in eine Welle hineinglitt. Immer wieder schnellte sein Board zurück. Schließlich legte ich die Schlüssel auf dem Vorderreifen ab. Begleitet vom Meeresrauschen stieß ich ein lautes *Akauu!* aus, wie ein Vogel, der zum Flug ansetzt und begann mit federnden Schritten zum Meer hinunter zu traben. Mein Board hatte ich unter den Arm geklemmt.

Das Meer ist nicht grau und der Himmel auch nicht. Die Sonne steht hoch am Himmel und die Bucht liegt da als würde sie extra breit von einem Ohr zum anderen grinsen und das Wasser belebt meinen trockenen Neoprenanzug, sodass er sich wieder an meiner Haut festsaugt.

Das Meer!

Sie küsst mich als hätte sie mich vermisst.

Sie spricht zu mir, *Warum warst du so lange weg?*

Sie fragt, *Wo bist du gewesen?*

Sie fragt, *Was hab ich falsch gemacht?*

Ich erwidere nicht, *Weißt du nicht mehr?*

Ist jetzt Vergangenheit. Alles ist vergeben. Sie hat es vergessen und zumindest für den Moment kann ich das auch.

Sie ist wie die Zunge eines gigantischen Welpen, der vor einer Ewigkeit etwas angestellt hat, irgendwas Dummes, meinen Schuh zerkaus oder so.

Eine salzige Entschuldigung umspült mich.

Sie ist so froh, dass ich zurückgekehrt bin, und leckt mich schlappbrig ab und wedelt mit dem Schwanz in perfekten Wogen.

Ich verzeige ihr. Steh auf und gleite hinein in die erste Welle und mache einen schnellen Turn, zieh das Board zurück, rauf, runter. Verzeige ihr. Ich verzeige so sehr, dass mein Herz anschwillt, wie sie anschwillt, weil wir endlich wieder vereint sind.

Gesund-liebkost, wie ein blauer Fleck von vor langer Zeit. Sie will jetzt alles wieder gut machen. Und das kristallisierte Blut in dem blauen Fleck in mir wird wieder flüssig und beginnt, umher zu fließen unter meiner gesund-geküsst Haut.

Ich surfe. Tauche unter der Welle durch. Surfe und surfe. Surfe rauf und runter, schwelle immer mehr.

Und ich lasse los, schwimme weg von meinem Board und lass mich auf der Wasseroberfläche treiben. Das Fußseil ist noch dran, immer noch verbunden. Treibe nicht herrenlos dahin. Sind immer noch zusammen, wenn auch nur durch das dünne Seil verbunden. Ich schwebe auf dem Wasser und der Himmel ist so weit, dass nichts anderes zu existieren scheint. Eine Welle bricht über mir, zerrt mein Board davon. Ich fühle das Ziehen an meinem Fußgelenk, hole es wieder zu mir und springe auf.

Ich sitze und lasse meine Füße seitlich ins Wasser hängen. Ein Vogel schießt ins Meer. Eine Wolke zieht vorbei. Pure Energie. Bäm – direkt in mein Blut.

So surfe ich eine Ewigkeit lang. Surfe, bis der Durst mich an Land treibt nach so viel unabsichtlich-absichtlich geschlucktem Salzwasser.

Finde eine Flasche in meinem Auto, kippe den Inhalt runter. Mein Durst gelöscht. Der ganze Durst ist jetzt gelöscht.

Ich spüre mich selbst wieder. Taukiri. Und für einen winzigen Augenblick, als ich so auf den Ozean hinausblicke, lasse ich Taukiri seinen Bruder Ari vermissen.

Wie geht es ihm? Kommt er klar?

Ich trockne mich nicht richtig ab. Mit nassen Haaren und nasser Haut versuche ich, mich in meine Kleider zu zwängen, aber die lassen sich nicht richtig anziehen, weil ich nicht trocken bin. Will ich auch gar nicht sein. Ich bin so glücklich, dass ich gar nicht trocken werden will. Seit ich damals in der Bone Bay aus dem Wasser an Land gekrochen bin, hab ich versucht mein gesamtes Selbst auszutrocknen. Aber grade will ich das Salzwasser für immer auf der Haut behalten.

Ich stieg ins Auto und versuchte es zu starten, doch es sprang nicht an. Der Tank war leer. Shit, shit, shit, shit... Wie spät war es? Acht Uhr. Jason.

Ich lief zu einer Bushaltestelle. Wartete fünfundzwanzig Minuten, nahm den Bus, zitternd. Vor Kälte und vor Beklemmung. Ich brauchte das Geld. Es war schon viel zu spät. Außer Jason hatte gewartet. Würde er warten?

In der Nähe des Flughafens stieg ich aus und lief zu Megans Wohnung. Ich war sicher über eine Stunde zu spät. Würde er auftauchen? Gras oben drauf, was auch immer drunter gepackt war. Alles easy? Alles ein Kinderspiel?

Die Tür war abgeschlossen. Ich klopfte. Keine Reaktion. Ich setzte mich auf die Veranda. Jason musste hier hergekommen sein mit dem Stoff. Hoffentlich war er nicht angepisst. Hätte gut selbst bisschen Gras gebrauchen können, wie ich so darüber nachdachte. Über das Geld, das mir durch die Lappen gegangen war.

Ich hörte ein Auto vor dem Haus halten. Elliot und Megan kamen um das Gebäude gelaufen. Elliot rannte auf mich zu und in mich hinein und begann, mit beiden Fäusten auf mich einzuschlagen.

„Elliot!“, schrie Megan und packte ihn an den Armen, doch er schüttelte sie ab. Er warf mich zu Boden und gab mir eine fette Ohrfeige.

„Scheiße! Elliot! What the fuck?“

„Hast ihn an die Bullen verpetzt, du scheiß Verräter!“

„Was? Alter, was redest du?“

„Du weißt genau, wovon ich rede! Du solltest die Lieferung machen. Er kommt an und muss es selber durchziehen. Aber was hat der liebe kleine Tausk gedreht? Die verfickten Bullen gerufen!“

Megan stand einfach da. Sie war kreidebleich, nur auf ihren Wangen leuchteten große rote Flecken. Ihre Augen waren blutumrandet.

Ich lief auf sie zu und hielt meine Hände ausgestreckt.

„Alter, *das* ist also dein Motiv“, sagte Elliot höhnisch, „Alles klar, Mann. Alles klar...“

„Halt die Fresse, Elliot!“, ich ging zu Megan, „Ich wars nicht, Megan. Ich schwör’s! Das würd’ ich nich... Ich hab den Job doch gebraucht. Ich hab keine Kohle. War surfen. Dann war mein Tank leer. Mein Auto ist immer noch dort. Mein Board ist wahrscheinlich längst geklaut...“

Elliot lachte, „Uuuh, heul doch, du kleine Petze.“

Ich wirbelte herum und gab ihm einen Hieb in die Magengegend, „Ich hab ihn nicht verpfiffen, Mann!“

Megan sagte nur, „Wir stecken ziemlich in der Scheiße, Taus.“

Elliot stand vornübergebeugt und schnaufte schwer, „Wir nicht, aber er! Die sollen ihn ruhig kriegen.“

Megan schrie Elliot an, „Er wars nicht, Mann! Ich glaub ihm. Er würd mich nicht anlügen.“

„Natürlich war er’s.“

„Nein, Elliot. Taus würde sowas nicht bringen.“

„Kennst ihn ja auch schon so gut, oder? Er ist ein Arschloch. Hat seinen eigenen fucking Bruder im Stich gelassen, einfach so. Ja so ein Gentleman ist unser lieber Tauky-boy.“

„Er war’s nicht.“

„Ach scheiß doch drauf,“ sagte Elliot, „Die haben inzwischen eh schon entschieden, wer büßen muss. Und dann gibt’s sowieso kein Zurück mehr.“

Megan presste eine Handfläche gegen ihre Stirn und kam auf mich zu.

„Jason ist nur die Spitze vom Eisberg, Taus. Die hübsche Fassade zum Ausstellen. Er ist das Gras, das das andere Zeug versteckt. Den harten Scheiß.“

Sie packte mich am Arm. „Checkst du’s, Taus?“

Ich hatte kapiert. Die Typen, die jetzt hinter mir her waren, waren nicht Jason. Nicht wie Jason. Nicht mal annähernd.

„Scheiße“, sagte ich. „Verdammte Scheiße...“

Kapitel 39 (227-234) Ārama

Tante Kat saß auf dem Beifahrersitz und Beth und ich auf der Rückbank. In Tom Aikens Auto roch es nach Kuhmist und warmen Keksen.

Wir waren unterwegs zu den Conway Flats. Dort wollten wir zelten und Aale jagen gehen. Tom Aiken hatte vor, von unserm Ausflug einen Aal mitzubringen und ihn dann zuhause zu räuchern. Er meinte, dass man Aale am besten geräuchert essen sollte, alles andere schmecke nur nach Wasser und Schlamm. Beth meinte, dass man Aale am besten überhaupt nicht essen sollte, weil Aale immer S.C.H.E.I.S.S.E. schmeckten. Beth war sogar bereit, einen Regenwurm zu essen, daher vertraute ich ihrem Urteil.

Lupo ließ den Kopf aus dem Autofenster hängen und sein Speichel lief in dicken Tropfen von seiner nassen Zunge. Ich strich ihm mit der Hand über den Rücken. Sein Fell war glatt und ganz weich. Ich war froh, dass er dabei war. Am liebsten hätte ich ihn heute Nacht in meinem Zelt schlafen lassen. Aber noch lieber wollte ich, dass wir alle zusammen in einem Zelt übernachteten. Ich mit Beth und Lupo in der Mitte, und Tante Kat und Tom Aiken rechts und links neben uns. Dann würde ich bestimmt gar keine Angst haben.

Am Fluss angekommen, bauten wir unsere Zelte ein Stück abseits vom Wasser auf. Der Fluss war sehr niedrig, aber wir wanderten ein Stück hinauf zu einem kleinen Wasserloch, nicht viel größer als ein Planschbecken. Tom Aiken und Tante Kat saßen auf den Felsen und Beth und ich zogen unsre Kleider aus und schwammen in Unterwäsche in dem flachen Becken herum, sodass unsre Knie über die Steine am Grund des Beckens schrammten. Wir waren Aale, die sich zwischen den großen Felsen hindurch schlängelten und über die Steine krochen.

Als wir zu einem kleinen Wasserfall kamen, wo Tante Kat und Tom Aiken uns nicht hören konnten, entschied ich, Beth etwas zu fragen, was mir schon lange Kopfzerbrechen bereitet hatte.

„Weißt du, was ein Hornochse ist?“

„Klar“, sagte sie, aber ihre Augen rollten dabei nach oben-hinten, als ob sie in ihrem Kopf erst eine Antwort zusammenbasteln müsste.

„Verrätst du's mir?“

„Ist ein Mensch, der ganz viele böse Gedanken in seinem Kopf versteckt hält. So viele hässliche Gedanken, dass sie anfangen, aus seiner Stirn rauszuwachsen vorne. Weil die Haut

sie da nicht mehr drin halten will. Und dann wachsen da so Hörner auf der Stirn, wie bei einem Ochsen, nur dass es halt eklige, wütende Gedankenhörner sind. Und dann kann alle Welt sehen, was für ein böser Mensch das in Wirklichkeit ist... Bisschen wie bei Pinocchio.“

„Das hast du dir ausgedacht.“

„Ja, teilweise hab ich's mir grad ausgedacht.“

„Gefällt mir.“

„Mir auch.“

Wir hatten zwei Zelte, eins für Tante Kat und mich und eins für Tom Aiken, Beth und Lupo. Beth und ich waren enttäuscht. Wir wollten zusammen im Zelt übernachten, damit wir reden konnten. Und ich wollte auch mit Lupo zusammen schlafen.

Als wir beide schmollten sagte Tom Aiken schließlich, „Na gut, dann schlaf ich halt mit deiner Tante Kat“, und er zwinkerte ihr zu.

Beth sprang vor Freude auf und ab, aber mir gefiel das nicht so gut. Ich würde bestimmt Angst bekommen, sobald Beth und ich alleine waren. Tante Kat schubste Tom Aiken von der Seite und sagte, sie würde ganz sicher nicht in einem Zelt mit ihm schlafen, weil er bestimmt die ganze Nacht über schnarchen und furzen würde.

„Nichts Neues für dich, oder Kat?“, sagte Tom Aiken und da sah Tante Kat plötzlich ganz traurig aus. Wahrscheinlich, weil sie sich daran erinnerte, dass sie Onkel Stu einfach auf der Farm zurückgelassen hatte. Und wahrscheinlich, weil sie sich ausmalte, wie stinkwütend er bei unserer Rückkehr sein würde.

In ihrem traurigen Gesicht sah ihr blaues Auge noch dunkler aus.

Tom Aiken boxte sie sanft in die Schulter.

„Kopf hoch!“, sagte er, „Ich red mal mit ihm.“

Tante Kat klatschte in die Hände, „Wer will einen Keks?“

Beth und ich hüpften wie wild auf und ab, als ob wir keine abbekommen würden, wenn wir's ihr nicht wirklich zeigten.

„Ich, ich, ich, ich, ich“, riefen wir beide. Und dann saßen wir alle unter den Bäumen und aßen gemeinsam Kekse. Lupo schaute uns zu und wedelte mit dem Schwanz.

„Ich erinner mich“, sagte Tom Aiken, „Das ist Colleens Rezept.“

„Wer ist Colleen?“, fragte ich.

„Nanny“, antwortete Tante Kat.

Ich hatte vergessen, dass sie einen richtigen Namen hatte. Für mich war sie einfach Nanny.

„Tante Kat? Wo ist Nanny eigentlich?“

„Sie ist unterwegs, um Koro heimzubringen.“

„Aber sie fährt nicht gerne Auto“, sagte ich.

„Ja stimmt. Aber es ist Zeit, dass Koro endlich wieder nach Hause kommt.“

„Wo ist er denn?“

„In Rakiura.“

„Warum ist er da?“

„Weil Nanny ihn traurig gemacht hat und er nicht noch trauriger werden wollte.“

„Was hat Nanny denn gemacht, dass er so traurig wurde?“

Tante Kat antwortete nicht. Und wir kauten schweigend auf unseren Keksen herum.

Da fragte ich, „Sie ist aber nicht weggefahren, um ihren Ohrring zu suchen, oder?“

Tante Kat lachte. „Ach was, nein.“

Ich spürte das Blut in meinen Kopf blubbern. Das war eine dumme Frage.

„Aber du hast schon Recht“, sagte Tante Kat, „Vielleicht hat ihn eine Elster gestohlen. Könnte sonst wo sein inzwischen. Aber ich bezweifle, dass Nanny immer noch nach ihm sucht – also, ich hoff's.“

„Ich bin schuld, dass sie ihn verloren hat, nicht Tausk. Ich hab Nanny angerufen.“

„Es war doch nur ein Ohrring.“

„Nanny hat gesagt, er war unersetztlich.“

„Das hätte sie nicht sagen sollen.“

Da stand Tom Aiken plötzlich auf und wischte die Kekskrümel von seinem Schoß.

„Wisst ihr was wir jetzt machen? Wir gehen jetzt Aale fangen. Wir sind jetzt Flusskrieger!“

Beth und ich folgten Tom Aiken zu seinem Auto, um die Sachen zum Aalefangen zu holen. Beth packte mich am Arm und flüsterte mir ins Ohr, „Ich weiß genau, wenn er was

verheimlicht. Er wollte noch viel mehr sagen als nur ‚Aale fangen und Flusskrieger und so, blah, blah, blah...‘ Ari, wir finden raus, was er verheimlicht. Keine Sorge, Django.“ Und sie drückte meinen Arm dabei ganz fest.

Tom Aiken hatte einen langen Stecken mit einem Haken vorne, den er ‚Gaff‘ nannte, und eine Petroleumlampe. Wir mussten warten bis es ganz dunkel war, und dann würden wir mit unserer Lampe flussaufwärts laufen. Tom Aiken meinte, man müsse die Aale mit dem Gaff aufspießen, sie durch die Luft wirbeln, gegen die Felsen schleudern und dann mit Stecken auf ihre Köpfe einschlagen bis sie wirklich ganz tot waren. Immer wieder fragte Beth, ob es nicht endlich dunkel genug sei, um loszuziehen. Aber Tom behielt den Himmel im Auge und meinte, noch nicht ganz. In meinem Magen war so ein ekliges Gefühl. Ich wollte nicht, dass es dunkel wurde. Hauptsächlich, weil wir vorhatten, mit Fischhaken in den Fluss zu steigen, aber auch wegen der Dunkelheit.

Wenn Taukiri nur hier wäre. Mit ihm zusammen war ich viel mutiger.

Tante Kat stapelte Holzscheite für unser Lagerfeuer. Tom Aiken zerkleinerte ein paar von ihnen. Ich hörte, wie er Tante Kat zuflüsterte,

„Ich bin früher immer mit Toko Aale fangen gegangen. Für euren Dad. Er liebt Räucheraal.“

Tante Kat sah nicht auf, „Ich weiß, Tommy.“

„Taukiri muss zurückkommen, Kat.“

„Ist einfach alles viel zu viel, Tommy. Für Stu. Die beiden würden sich ständig in die Haare kriegen und ich wär immer mittendrin. Hab einfach die Kraft nicht dafür.“

„Ach scheiß doch auf Stu, Kat! Scheiß auf ihn!“

Ich war so froh, dass Tom Aiken es laut aussprach. Und in meinem Kopf sagte ich *Ja Mann, scheiß auf dich, Onkel Stu*. Dann änderte ich es zu *Fick dich, Onkel Stu*. Und dafür würde ich keinen Wurm essen, weil es ja nur in meinem Kopf war. Und außerdem hatte er es verdient. Meine Tante Kat hatte ein blaues Auge und hier, so weit weg von der Farm, sah sie noch viel mehr aus wie meine Mum.

Onkel Stu hatte meiner Tante Kat ein blaues Auge verpasst. Ich blickte in ihr Gesicht. Dann auf ihr Auge.

Ich dachte an die drei Wörter, die er gesagt hatte, und da konnte ich seine Stimme hören. Und ich hörte ihn die drei Wörter sagen und starrte wieder an die Decke mit nasser Hose. Ich hatte entschieden, dass es die schlimmsten drei Wörter waren, die ich je gehört hatte, und ich hatte viele schlimme Dinge gehört in diesem langen Sommer. Aber jetzt, wo ich Tante Kat anschaute, hörte ich sie wieder. Nur in meinem Kopf. Als würde er jetzt in meinem Hirn herumlaufen und sie immer und immer wieder sagen. Diese Wörter. Und Teile meines Hirns machten die Lichter aus, um so zu tun als wären sie nicht zu Hause, damit er endlich abhauen würde. Und weil er nicht abhakte, weil er einfach so selbstverständlich weiter in der Dunkelheit meines Hirns herumlief, begann sich mein Körper ganz ekelig anzufühlen. So schwer. Und die Welt so schrecklich. Wie ein Sumpf. Denn in meinem Hirn verfolgte er Tante Kat. Und sie konnte in der Dunkelheit den Weg nicht finden. Sie stolperte und fiel hin. Sie sank tief ein. Ertrank. Und er lief einfach hinter ihr her und wiederholte immer wieder die drei Wörter: „Du Scheiß Niggerschlamp.“

„Fuck!“, sagte ich laut als würde ich eine kleine Biene aus meinem Mund entkommen lassen. „Fuck dich, du Arschloch!“, als würde ich mehr kleine Bienen rauslassen.

Und weil ich ein paar rausgelassen hatte, wollten mehr raus.

„Fuck dich, Onkel Stu, du verdammtes scheiß Arschloch, Fotze! Ich wünschte, du wärst tot, du Arsch! Ich hasse dich, du blöder Hornochsen-Arsch!“

Keiner der anderen drei rührte sich. Als hätten sie jetzt Angst vor den Bienen. Als würden die Bienen jetzt über uns schweben. Und die Luft wurde wie dickflüssiger kochender Honig, viel zu süß, sodass es an den Zähnen wehtut. Als hätten die Bienen Angst, jetzt wo sie draußen in der Welt waren. Denn was sollten sie jetzt tun? Sollten sie sich einen anderen Mund suchen? Oder verschwinden? Aber sie schwebten einfach in der Luft, als hofften sie, dass niemand sie sehen könnte. Und trotzdem bereit anzugreifen, falls sie doch jemand sah.

Beth drehte langsam ihren Kopf, als wollte sie die brummenden Wesen in der Luft nicht aufscheuchen. Sie sah zu Tante Kat hinüber, abwartend, was ich von ihr zu hören bekommen würde, weil ich diese schlimmen Dinge gesagt hatte.

Eine Träne lief Tom Aikens Wange hinunter.

Tante Kats Hand zuckte. Sie blickte hinauf zu den Bienen, die über uns schwebten, ließ das Stück Holz in ihrer Hand zu Boden fallen und formte mit beiden Händen einen Trichter um ihren Mund. Sie neigte ihren Kopf nach oben zu den Bergen hinter dem Fluss und dann ließ auch sie ein paar Bienen raus.

„Fick dich, Stu, du verdammt Arsch!“, schrie sie.

Und da rief auch Tom Aiken, „Du räudiges Arschloch!“

Und Beth kreischte, „Auf dich ist ein Kopfgeld ausgesetzt, Stuart Johnson!“

Und dann standen wir alle in einer Reihe, unsere Hände als Trichter um den Mund und schrien die Hügel an, „FICK DICH, STU!“

Und unsere Bienenarmee schwärzte aus zum Flussufer. Die Böschung stürzte ein unter ihrem Vorbeizeihen. Sie flogen über ein totes Schaf hinweg, das auf einem offenen Feld nahe beim Fluss lag. Dann machten sie kehrt und schwangen zurück wie der Schwanz eines taniwha und kamen auf uns zu. Doch wir hatten keine Angst. Sie summten um uns herum. Millionen Bienen. Ihre fluffigen Körper vibrierten als würden sie uns von oben bis unten mit Superpower-Schmetterlingsküßen übersäen.

Dann flogen sie davon.

Und da hatte ich keine Angst mehr davor, dass es dunkel wurde. Denn die Dunkelheit würde sich nicht mehr einsam anfühlen. Wir hatten uns etwas von der Seele geschrien. Und die Welt war weniger einsam, wenn man sich was von der Seele geschrien hatte. Die Welt war weniger einsam, weil jetzt unsere Bienenarmee da draußen war.

*

Jetzt ist es dunkel.

Ich trage die Petroleumlampe. Beth und Tante Kat laufen rechts und links neben mir. Tom Aiken hat das Gaff. Wir laufen flussaufwärts. Ich bin der Flusskrieger, weil Tom Aiken das sagt. Und Angst hab ich keine. Wir werden im Dunkeln den Fluss hinauflaufen und den Aalen unsere Haken in die Mäuler hauen und sie dann gegen die Felsen schleudern. Tom Aiken sagt, er zuerst und dann können wir es versuchen. Wir können jeder einen fangen, sagt er, weil Koro nämlich Räucheraal mag. Wenn Nanny Koro nach Hause holt, wird er sich freuen, weil wir Aale für ihn geräuchert haben.

„Ihr müsst das Wasser ganz aufmerksam beobachten“, sagt Tom. „Wenn ihr einen seht, zeigt mit dem Finger drauf.“

Oben am Himmel ist ein Stückchen Mond zu sehen und die Luft um uns wird kälter. Ein bisschen Wasser schwappt in meinen Gummistiefel.

Tom Aiken dreht sich zu uns um und legt den Zeigefinger an die Lippen. Beth flüstert mir zu, „Können Aale überhaupt hören?“ Ich zucke mit den Schultern.

Tom schleicht die Böschung entlang. Da sehe ich den Aal. Er schwimmt direkt vor uns in dieselbe Richtung, in die wir laufen. Tom Aiken dreht sich noch einmal zu uns um und grinst uns zu bevor er das Gaff mit festem Griff packt und in Bewegung bringt. Er hebt es hoch über seinen Kopf und dann lässt er es hinabsausen, sodass es durch das Wasser schneidet und sich in den Kopf des Aals bohrt. Dann schwingt er das Gaff schnell hoch und hinter sich. Der Aal hängt am Ende des Hakens. Tom Aiken ruft: *Yeeeehaaaa!*, und schwingt den Aal ganz schnell im Kreis wie eine Windmühle, und dann haut er den Aal mit voller Wucht auf die Felsen. Der bewegt sich noch ein bisschen, aber nicht mehr viel. Tom verpasst ihm noch einmal einen schweren Schlag auf den Kopf, während wir mit offenen Mündern dastehen und zuschauen.

Da wurde gerade ein Aal am Kopf aufgespießt und gegen die Felsen gedonnert. Ich fühle ein Kribbeln in den Handknochen, weil ich jetzt auch einen aufspießen will.

Tom Aiken legt den Aal in den Eimer, den Tante Kat mitgebracht hat. Dann hebt er das Gaff hoch und grinst. „Wer kommt als nächster?“

Und alle sehen überrascht zu mir rüber als ich vortrete und sage, „Ich.“

Das Gaff fühlt sich ganz kalt an. Immer mehr Wasser schwappt in meine Gummistiefel, aber es ist mir egal. Mit dem Haken in der Hand fühle ich mich wie ein Flusskrieger, so wie Tom Aiken gesagt hat. Flusskriegern ist es egal, wenn Wasser in ihren Gummistiefeln ist.

Da frage ich mich auf einmal, was für Schuhe so ein Flusskrieger überhaupt tragen würde, und ohne groß nachzudenken schleudere ich meine Gummistiefel von mir weg Richtung Ufer. Mit einer Hand zieh ich mir die Socken von den Füßen, in der anderen halte ich immer noch das Gaff fest. Auf meinen Socken sind Feuerwehrautos. Flusskrieger tragen keine Socken mit Feuerwehrautos drauf. Ich bin jetzt barfuß und keiner der anderen sagt was dazu, dass ich meine Gummistiefel und meine Socken ausgezogen habe. Aus dem Augenwinkel sehe ich, wie Tom Aiken meine Tante und Beth anstupst, als wollte er, dass sie ganz still sind.

Ich laufe jetzt an der Spitze und gebe mit dem Gaff in der Hand die Richtung an. Das Licht der Petroleumlampe brauch ich nur, damit ich die Aale sehen kann, die ich jage.

Das ist der einzige Grund.

Nicht weit weg vor uns sehe ich einen Aal schwimmen. Ich drehe mich um und lege den Zeigefinger an die Lippen. Im Licht der Lampe sehe ich Tom Aiken lächeln, und Tante Kat und Beth schauen mit großen Augen rüber. Ich wende mich wieder dem Aal zu und beginne, mich anzuschleichen. Meine Füße werden aufgekratzt und wenn ich auf die Steine trete tut's manchmal so weh, dass ich weinen oder aufschreien will, aber ich tu's nicht. Ich bin ein barfüßiger Flusskrieger.

Ich schleiche mich von hinten an den langsam schwimmenden Aal heran. Plötzlich schlängelt er sich mit schnellen Bewegungen zu dunklerem Wasser hin, wo es tiefer ist. Fast wäre ich stehen geblieben, aber ich kann Tom Aiken direkt hinter mir spüren. Also bleib ich nicht stehen. Ich folge dem Aal. Ich laufe rein. Direkt in den dunklen, tiefen Teil des Flusses, wo mir das Wasser bis zum Bund meiner Shorts reicht. Beth und Tante Kat folgen uns nicht mehr. Tom Aiken hat ihnen die Petroleumlampe abgenommen. Für mich. Damit ich besser sehen kann. Ich suche das dunkle Wasser nach dem Aal ab, aber ich kann ihn nicht entdecken. Eine Sekunde lang denke ich an meine nackten Zehen, aber ich umklammere das Gaff einfach noch fester und der Gedanke verschwindet wieder. Tom Aiken zeigt mit dem Finger auf etwas und wir sehen, wie der Aal sich aus dem tiefen Wasser gegenüber wieder dahin schlängelt, wo es flacher ist. Wir waten durch die Tiefe. Mein Bauchnabel wird nass.

Das Wasser wird wieder flacher und wir haben den Aal immer noch im Blick.

„Da vorne“, sagt Tom Aiken. Meine nassen Beine frieren im Wind. Tom zeigt auf etwas. Der Aal kann nur noch einen kleinen Schritt von mir entfernt sein. Er scheint erstarrt. Wie ein Vogel, der im Wind schwebt, ohne seine Flügel zu benutzen.

„Heb den Haken langsam hoch.“ Tom Aiken spricht in mein Ohr und für einen kurzen Moment sind seine Arme auf meinen. Sie stoßen das Gaff mit ganzer Kraft nach unten. Ich spüre wie es auf etwas sehr Hartem und etwas sehr Weichem aufschlägt. Beides gleichzeitig. Da hilft Tom Aiken meinen Armen beim Schwingen.

„Schwingen, Ari! Schwing weiter! Und dann hau ihn auf die Felsen!“

Ich meine, ich kann Tom Aikens Hände spüren, die meinem Schwingen helfen. Und als ich den Aal aus der Windmühlenschwingung auf den Felsen schleudere, da meine ich, Tom Aikens Hände auf meinen zu spüren. Doch als ich den Aal ganz fest auf den Felsen gehauen habe, schaue ich auf und sehe Tom Aiken mehrere Schritte von mir entfernt mit verschränkten Armen bei Beth und Tante Kat am Ufer stehen.

*

Lupo war ganz aufgeregt als wir zu den Zelten zurückkehrten. Er leckte das Aalblut von meinen Fingern. Leckte über das Grinsen auf meinem Gesicht, dann wieder den Aalschleim und das Blut von meinen Händen.

Am Feuer wurde uns langsam wieder warm. Ich wärmte meine Füße. Tom Aiken gab mir ein Paar seiner dicken Wollsocken zum Überziehen und seinen Fleece-Pulli.

Tante Kat holte ein Buch hervor. Es war das mit der Geschichte von Māui wie er seine Mutter wiederfindet.

„Ich dachte mir, wir sollten uns mal ein paar von denen ganz unten in deiner Kiste vornehmen, Ari.“

Sie klappte das Buch auf und eine getrocknete Blume fiel heraus.

Bei manchen Worten hielt sie inne. Sie las sehr langsam, aber sie las alles vor, jedes Wort. Und es klang so zauberhaft. Diese andere Sprache. Unsere Sprache.

Ich stellte mir vor, ich und meine Tante Kat wären in der Küche am Geschirrspülen und Onkel Stu würde reinkommen und wir würden sagen: „Hey, ūpoko mārō.“

Mit einem Lächeln. Direkt in sein Gesicht.

Und dann würden wir ihm in te reo klar machen, dass wir ihm gerne den Kiefer brechen würden, ihn fertig machen. Und er würde dann sagen:

„Was sagt ihr da?“

Meine Tante Kat und ich würden einfach lächeln und sie würde sagen:

„Wir hoffen, dir schmeckt das Essen.“

Sie klappte das Buch zu. „Vielleicht kommt mein te reo ja doch noch zurück, was Ari?“

Heute Nacht würde ich bestimmt gut schlafen, nachdem ich einen Aal gefangen hatte und böse Wörter rausgeschrien und am Lagerfeuer die Geschichte in der Zaubersprache gehört hatte. Wenn nötig, könnte ich sogar draußen im Freien schlafen, um Wache zu schieben. Mit dem, was ich seit heute wusste, war ich so groß wie der ganze große Himmel über uns.

Aroha (235-237)

Ich zerre an allem, was mir in die Finger kommt. Obwohl ich's lassen sollte. Ich bringe zum Wanken, ich rüttle und rüttle. Ich wühle die Wellen auf. Ich ziehe und schiebe und rausche davon.

Ich bin der Wind, der die enge, gewundene Straße hinunterfegt. Ein Möbelwagen brettert da auch entlang. Weil Māmā und Pāpā jetzt in einen Bungalow an der Gore Bay ziehen, damit sie nicht mehr ständig am Craypot vorbeifahren müssen.

„Sind ja nur ein paar Kilometer, Kat. Wir werden uns bestimmt öfter sehen als dir lieb ist.“

Als sie nur noch zu zweit sind, sagt Māmā zu Pāpā, „Sie ist so selbstständig. Sie braucht uns nicht. Wir müssen jetzt weg von diesem gottverlassenen Ort.“

Da ziehen sie weg und Kat findet das total unfair. Fühlt sich im Stich gelassen. Obwohl sie ja alt genug ist, um auf sich selbst aufzupassen, war sie schon immer. Und dennoch...

Sie zieht bei Stuart Johnson ein, um ihm immer leckeres Abendessen zu kochen und den ganzen Tag lang an ihren Nägeln herumzulackieren. Ihm ist sie nicht egal. Sie ist so verletzt und sie braucht jetzt jemanden, der sie versteht.

Jemanden, der die Geschichte kennt. Die Vorgeschichte. Damit sie hier und da Teile davon erzählen kann. Und er kann dann die Lücken der Geschichte füllen. Die hohlen Löcher.

„Meine Mum nervt so!“

„Das kannst du laut sagen,“ er lacht und sie auch. Er streichelt ihren Rücken.

„Die Olle hat nen riesen Stock im Arsch.“

Und weil Kat weiß, dass er sie nur trösten will, lacht sie noch einmal. Sie ist sich sicher, er weiß, dass sie's nicht so meint, dass sie es sich nur von der Seele reden muss. Liebt ihre māmā. Und dass er's auch nicht so meint, wenn er so redet. Er will nur, dass sie sich verstanden fühlt. All das sehe ich als ich um sie herumgehe. Ein kühler Winterwind. Durch die Fenster wehe ich ins Haus, rüttle an der Tür.

Hā.

Er sagt nicht, dass ihr Bruder seiner Meinung nach aufgeblasen war, denn das wäre unangebracht.

Unter diesen Umständen.

Jack und ich und der kleine Tauk packen unsere Sachen in Kartons und schlichen sie auch in einen Möbelwagen. Wir werden in die Nähe von Māmā und Pāpā ziehen.

Nach Cheviot.

Sie brauchen uns. Sie haben schon genug verloren.

„Wir sind alle nur ein paar Kilometer entfernt, Kat.“

Jetzt schaut niemand mehr spontan an der Farm vorbei, um sie zu sehen. Was gut ist, entscheiden Kat und Stu. Ich höre Kat das sagen und er sagt es auch. Und wer bin ich schon, da was zu erwider? Jetzt wo ich tot bin und all das vor so langer Zeit geschehen ist?

Ist doch eigentlich ideal so. Gott, sie können so anstrengend sein, sagt sie.

Kommen immer zum schlechtesten Zeitpunkt vorbei, ohne vorher anzurufen, sagt er.

Aber all das ist jetzt schon lange her.

Jetzt ist mein Kleiner bei ihr. Und sie hat ihn mit zum Fluss genommen, zum Zelten. Um Aale zu fangen, um die Berge anzuschreien, um ihm die Kindheit zu geben, die ich ihm nicht geben kann. Er hat seine Gummistiefel ausgezogen, um einen uralten Fisch zu jagen. In einem dunklen Fluss. Ich wünschte er hätte den Haken durch meinen Mund gejagt und mich aufgespießt und gegen die Felsen geschmettert. Einfach nur, damit ich das Blut auf seinen Fingern sein kann. Nur für den Fall, dass er mich dann aufs Feuer legt, mich kocht und dann von mir abbeißt.

Schluck mich runter. Bitte. Ende meine Sorgen, meinen Kampf.

Schluck mich runter.

Glossar

| | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| Āe | Ja |
| Anei taku koha, ahakoa iti. | Hier ist mein Geschenk, wenn auch nur eine Kleinigkeit. |
| Auē! | (excl.:) Oh weh! (v.:) heulen, jammern, wehklagen |
| Hā | (n.:) Atem, Geschmack, Essenz, Atmung |
| hāngī | Traditioneller Erdofen, in dem Fleisch und Gemüse gedünstet wird; bezeichnet auch das dabei entstehende Gericht |
| kai | (n.:) Essen, Mahlzeit, Lebensmittel |
| kākahu whakataratara | Mantel aus Brennesseln: Metapher, die an Beerdigungen verwendet wird, um zu beschreiben, wie Angehörige von Trauer eingehüllt werden |
| karakia mō te kai | Gebet für die Mahlzeit |
| Kia tangi koe. | Du kannst weinen, wenn du möchtest; Du solltest weinen. |
| koha | Geschenk: nach Māori Tradition überreichen Gäste (z.B. bei einem marae Besuch oder einem tangihanga) ein Gastgeschenk, um ihre Anteilnahme auszudrücken und mit den entstehenden Kosten auszuholen |
| Koro | Großvater, älterer Mann |
| kuia | ältere Frau, Stammesälteste, Großmutter |
| Māhea mai i tēnā. | Besser als nichts; Das ist immerhin etwas. |

| | |
|--------------------|---|
| marae | Grundstück und Hof vor dem wharenuui, dem Versammlungshaus eines Stammes; meist verwendet als Begriff für die Gesamtheit der umstehenden Gebäude (z.B. Küche (wharekai) etc.) |
| Māui | Halbgott und Heldenfigur in der Māori Mythologie, u.a. ausgezeichnet durch seine Gerissenheit und die Fähigkeit, sich in verschiedene Vögel zu verwandeln. Der Sage nach zog Māui die Nordinsel als großen Fisch aus dem Ozean, sein Kanu wurde zur Südinsel und somit entstand das heutige Aotearoa Neuseeland |
| Pākehā | (n.:) Europäisch-stämmige/r Neuseeländer/in |
| pāua | Abalone: Ohrmuschelförmige Schnecke mit perlmuttreichem Innern der Schale; beliebte Delikatesse in neuseeländischen Meeresfrüchtegerichten (kaimoana) |
| tangi (tangihanga) | (v.): beweinen, trauern, wehklagen, singen; (n.): dreitägige Beerdigungszeremonie mit wichtiger Ritualstruktur, traditionell auf dem marae Grundstück des Stammes (iwi) der/s Verstorbenen abgehalten; die Familie versammelt sich und wacht wehklagend über den offen aufgebarten Leichnam; das Leben der/s Verstorbenen wird mit Liedern und Geschichten gefeiert bevor der Leichnam im urupā beigesetzt wird |
| taniwha | mächtiger Geist des Wassers, große Autorität wie ein Stammesoberhaupt, kann verschiedene Gestalt haben, z.B. die eines Baumstamms, Reptils oder eines Wals; lebt meist in Flüssen, Seen oder dem Ozean, aber auch an Land; kann gut (Beschützer einer Region) oder böse (Monster) sein |
| Te mamae hoki. | Schrecklicher Schmerz! |
| te reo | (wörtl.:) die Sprache; kurz für <i>te reo Māori</i> , die Sprache Māori |

| | |
|------------|--|
| tūī | einheimische, neuseeländische Vogelart mit schwarz-grünlichem Gefieder, einem weißen Federbüschel an der Kehle und einem melodischen Gesang, der von Klickgeräuschen unterbrochen wird |
| ūpoko mārō | (n.:) Dickkopf, halsstarrige, engstirnige Person |
| urupā | Friedhof |
| waiata | (n.:) Lied, Gesang, Psalm |

II COMMENTARY

1. *Auē* as a linguistically hybrid novel

Several challenges arise for the translator when approaching Becky Manawatu's novel *Auē* (2019) as a source text for literary translation into German. As a New Zealand work of fiction, *Auē* is set in locations in both the North Island and the South Island and the story is centred around New Zealand lower-class characters. Thus, culturally specific features are part of what the author weaves together into a captivating narrative. Many of these features ground the story in a place and culture, such as place names, proper names, weather phenomena, cuisine etc. References to, for instance, Wellington, Kaikōura, Cheviot and Rakiura, as well as Māori first names, such as Ārama and Taukiri, signal to the reader that *Auē* is set in New Zealand. Further features that tie the text to New Zealand culture are seen in references to cultural practices, such as the Māori cooking procedure in the earth oven (*hāngi*), visits to the dairy (New Zealand convenience store typically on the corner of many streets all over the country) or descriptions of the omnipresent ocean. For New Zealand readers most such terms and descriptions will be familiar from personal experience or at least can be imagined with relative ease as they are part of everyday life for many. German readers of the translated text, however, will process cultural specifics differently within their context of situation-in-culture. The translator therefore has to be aware that, although many culturally specific concepts of the text are easily understood by New Zealand readers, such concepts can confuse the German reader to the point where it potentially disrupts the reading flow and prevents immersion into the story.

For this study, I will focus on an aspect of cultural specificity that for me became the predominant challenge while working on the translation of *Auē*: linguistic hybridity as expressed through code-switching between English and New Zealand's indigenous language te reo Māori, colloquial speech, and the four alternating narrative perspectives that combine into *Auē*'s unique voice(s). As argued in the introduction, all these features create linguistic hybridity in the sense that the text combines several languages, registers, and narrative perspectives. In the following discussion, I will describe these phenomena as encountered in the translated chapters and explain why they became challenges during the translation process. Furthermore, I will demonstrate three specific translation problems in the chosen chapters; these highlight that the translation of highly colloquial and linguistically hybrid passages can

create significant translation challenges through non-equivalence between source language (SL) and target language (TL).

1.1 Borrowing and Code-switching: Te reo Māori

As a novel set in New Zealand with mostly Māori protagonists, *Auē* contains a significant amount of te reo Māori, New Zealand's indigenous language. Not only the title *Auē* denoting a sorrowful exclamation (approx. ‘Oh dear’, ‘Alas!’) displays the importance of te reo Māori in the book, there are also several cases of borrowings and conversational code-switching in dialogues, especially in chapter 17, which is set at one of the characters' tangi (Māori burial ceremony). The presence of te reo is one aspect that gives the text its strong New Zealand identity, since, as John Macalister notes in his introduction to *A Dictionary of Maori Words in New Zealand English* (2005), “it is the lexical influence of te reo Maori that most distinguishes New Zealand English from other varieties of English” (ix). In this section of my commentary I will give a short overview of the role of te reo Māori borrowings in New Zealand English. I will describe the most important occurrences of te reo in the three chosen chapters 17, 38, and 39, and discuss their respective functions. Finally, I will look at what these phenomena mean for literary translation and what kind of challenges arose when translating these chapters into German.

As the country's first language, te reo Māori is deeply connected to the heritage and indigenous cultural identity of Aotearoa New Zealand. It was not until 1769, with the arrival of Captain James Cook, that te reo Māori came into contact with English. After the Treaty of Waitangi was signed on 6 February 1840 and the British officially began colonizing New Zealand, early settlers continued to encounter many new things, including flora and fauna, but also Māori customs, social practices and place names. To be able to refer to these, they began borrowing words and phrases from te reo Māori (Macalister, 2005, p. xii). However, increasing domination by the colonists, introduced diseases and wars led to a significant decline of the Māori population in the later 19th and first half of the 20th century. Thus, te reo Māori as a language was in danger of becoming extinct and until 1970 almost no te reo words were borrowed into English (Hay, 2008, p. 70). A movement of many Māori into urban centres, as well as language emancipation and protest movements, in the 1970s and 80s brought the separated language groups of Māori and Pākehā (New Zealanders of European origin) together. The need to communicate about Māori concepts and traditions led to a new phase of borrowing from te reo Māori (Macalister, 2005). Te reo Māori became an official language of New

Zealand in 1987, but the work to revitalize it after a long period of suppression and discrimination continues today. Over recent decades, many “Maori loan words have become familiar in New Zealand English and are now used comfortably and unselfconsciously” (Hay, 2008, p. 72) by both Māori and non-Māori speakers¹.

Macalister describes a continuum of te reo Māori borrowings in New Zealand English that reaches from *inherited* borrowings (passed on from generation to generation and hardly recognised as borrowed anymore) and *established* borrowings (such that are familiar to most New Zealand English speakers, but still identified to have a foreign origin) to *nonce* borrowings which may be “one-off, perhaps used by a bilingual speaker [...], likely to be understood by a restricted group only” (Macalister, 2005, p. xxi). The following gives examples for borrowings from te reo Māori as they appear in the relevant chapters of *Auē* (my bold):

- (1) The **kuia** had thick strong arms and short white hair and a face like a moon, and as she pounded the **pāua**, kneaded the dough, split the crayfish or snipped beans, she sang and she wept. (Manawatu, p. 122)
- (2) She’d say a **karakia mō te kai** and tell Jade to eat all her mutton and earth-steamed vegetables and after that she’d pour cream over Jade’s bowl of hot apple crumble. (Manawatu, p. 123)
- (3) [...] Or how will you bear this **kākahu whakataratara?**

‘What’s that?’ Jade asked.

‘Can’t you feel it? Can’t you feel the heavy cloak of nettles on you now, girl?’
(Manawatu, p. 123)

In (1) the word **pāua** can be considered an inherited borrowing as this is the name commonly used in New Zealand for the edible abalone shellfish with the distinctive rainbow-coloured shells. As with many other Māori names for flora and fauna, for instance for the native trees **pōhutukawa**, **mānuka** and **rātā**, or for birds like **weka** and **tūī**, the Māori names are the commonly used names and therefore not perceived as borrowed by New Zealand speakers (Macalister, 2005, p. 68). With the term **kuia**, also in (1), it seems different and on the continuum the word for elderly Māori woman or grandmother is well established, as it is familiar to most New Zealand speakers, but still recognised as denoting a role within the sphere of Māori culture and society. In (2) the phrase ‘**karakia mō te kai**’ is an interesting case.

¹ The above is only a short summary of Māori history and language development of te reo Māori in Aotearoa New Zealand. For more detailed information c.f. A. Anderson (2014); Higgins (2014)

Although the phrase as a whole, meaning ‘prayer for the food’, may not be used commonly among non-te reo speakers, the words karakia and kai are familiar to most New Zealanders and therefore the meaning of the phrase should be easily accessible. In example (3), the expression kākahu whakataratara (‘cloak of nettles’) is more of a nonce borrowing as it is a specific metaphoric expression for the sorrowful and heavy burden that the family and friends of a deceased person experience in the context of tangihanga and beyond (Mead, 2016). In the novel, even protagonist Jade does not understand this expression and asks for its meaning, which is explained by the kuia. This illustrates that only the restricted group of those familiar with the details of Māori tangihanga are able to understand this phrase.

Of the three chapters discussed here, the most borrowings appear in chapter 17, which is not surprising as the setting of the tangi on the marae would naturally involve more Māori cultural and social concepts. Table 1 lists all te reo Māori borrowings in chapter 17 and gives their meanings as well as their semantic fields (flora/fauna; social/cultural/ everyday life; mythology). Excluded are the instances in which the speakers produce whole utterances in te reo as I will discuss these separately.

| Borrowing | Meaning | Semantic field |
|----------------------|---|----------------|
| tangi | tangihanga (n.): three-day funeral ceremony with elaborate ritual structure | soc/cult |
| kuia | elderly woman, grandmother, female elder | soc/cult |
| waiata | (n.): song, chant, psalm | soc/cult |
| pāua | abalone, edible sea slug with earshaped shell of colourful inside | flor/fau |
| marae | courtyard and open area in front of a tribe’s gathering house (wharenu) | soc/cult |
| hāngi | traditional earth oven, in which meat and vegetables are steamed and cooked | soc/cult |
| karakia mō te kai | prayer for the meal | soc/cult |
| Āe | Yes | soc/everyd |
| kākahu whakataratara | (lit.) cloak of nettles: an expression used at funerals as a metaphor for grief | soc/cult |
| Pākehā | (n.): New Zealander of European descent | soc/cult |

| | | |
|-------|--|----------|
| urupā | cemetery | soc/cult |
| tūī | New Zealand native bird with black and green plumage and white tufts at the throat | flor/fau |

Table 1 Borrowings from te reo Māori, chapter 17

Chapter 38, narrated by Taukiri, does not contain any te reo Māori at all. Taukiri's only instance of speaking te reo comes in the last scene of the book when the family is re-united. In Ārama's chapter 39, there are a few borrowings as listed below in Table 2.

| Borrowing | Meaning | Semantic field |
|------------|---|-----------------|
| Koro | Granddad, elderly man | soc/cult |
| taniwha | mighty water spirit (guardian), water monster (dangerous); can also dwell on land | cult/myth |
| Māui | demigod and hero in Māori mythology famous for his cleverness and the ability to shapeshift | cult/myth |
| ūpoko mārō | (n.:) obstinate, stubborn, narrow-minded person | soc/everyd |
| te reo | (lit.:) the language; short for te reo Māori, the Māori language | soc/cult/everyd |

Table 2 Borrowings from te reo Māori, chapter 39

In this chapter, the context is quite different from Jade's chapter 17. In chapter 39, Ari narrates a very personal experience of character development and liberation. It is therefore significant that he uses the word 'taniwha', a mythological being, to describe his moment of catharsis. I will explain the significance of the scene later in this section when I talk about different functions of te reo Māori in the text. The word 'Koro' is used as a proper name for Ari's grandfather and therefore seems to be an inherited borrowing for the boy.

Besides the borrowing of single words or phrases, te reo Māori also appears in the shape of code-switching of whole utterances – which I discuss here separately, because I argue that

these serve a different function and create a different translation challenge than most of the single word borrowings.

The first time the kuia speaks in chapter 17, she speaks in te reo Māori and Jade does not understand it:

(4) Then she spoke: ‘Auē! Te mamae hoki – kia tangi koe.’

(Manawatu, 2019, p. 122)

The narrator immediately states that Jade does not understand the words but grasps what the elderly woman wants her to do – to cry and thus give way to her grief over her friend having passed away. There is no explanation or translation within the original text, even though only a proficient speaker of te reo Māori could be expected to understand the kuia’s utterance.

Similarly, in (5), the short dialogue between the young man Toko and the kuia in the context of the traditional koha (gift) exchange is carried out completely in te reo and the reader assumes that Jade again does not understand.

(5) Then he kissed the kuia, and he handed her an envelope and said, ‘Anei taku koha, ahakoa iti.’

And the kuia took it and hugged him. ‘Māhea mai i tēnā.’

(Manawatu, 2019, p. 125)

The word koha and the corresponding concept of gift giving is familiar to most New Zealanders, as it is an important concept of traditional Māori custom, but is also used as a reference to any form of donation in New Zealand in general. However, the rest of the te reo utterances in (5) will again only be understood by a proficient speaker or someone who is familiar with the formulae of Māori customs. The two phrases can be translated into English as follows:

‘Here is my gift, even if it is small’ (Anei taku koha, ahakoa iti)

‘Better than nothing/ At least it’s something’ (Māhea mai i tēnā)

At the end of chapter 39, te reo Māori is referenced in yet another way. Instead of direct dialogue with code-switching, Ārama describes how Aunty Kat reads the story to him.

(6) Aunty Kat pulled out a book. It was the one about Māui finding his mother. [...]

She paused on some words and she read it slowly, but she read it all, every word, and it sounded so magic, this other language. Ours.

(Manawatu, 2019, p. 234)

When Ari references “this other language” it becomes clear that Kat is reading in te reo. He identifies with the language (“Ours”), while it still seems to have some exotic quality for him, as he describes te reo as magic sounding. Ari furthermore imagines his aunt and him uniting against his abusive uncle by deliberately code-switching into te reo in his presence so that he would not understand. It is therefore not the actual borrowing (although the passage contains some of those as well) or code-switching that makes te reo appear in the text here, but the metalinguistic reference to a unifying magical language that the characters begin to re-establish among themselves.

It has to be said that on the whole *Auē* contains relatively few cases of borrowings and code-switching, especially compared to certain other works of Māori fiction, such as Keri Hulme’s *The Bone People* (Hulme, 1983), in which the characters borrow and code-switch in many conversations throughout the whole book. In *Auē*, te reo mostly appears in the chapter about Sav’s tangi and towards the end of the book when the family is reunited, and they newly establish the regular use of te reo Māori.

Before looking at the challenges that the presence of New Zealand’s indigenous language in the book poses to the literary translator, I want to explore its possible functions in the ST.

Macalister gives different reasons why te reo Māori words were and still are borrowed into English by New Zealand speakers (2005). One reason may be that using the te reo term is simply the most economical way of speaking, because there is no readily available synonym, for instance with the word pāua as mentioned above (Macalister, 2005, p. xviii). He furthermore states that in everyday conversation “the use of Maori words also allows New Zealanders to express a distinctive national identity” (Macalister, 2005, p. xviii), which I consider relevant also in the context of literature that is potentially aimed at an international readership. The borrowings can furthermore serve to “express an empathy with Maoridom, its values and aspirations” (Macalister, 2005, p. xix) and to “make an impact on the audience” (*ibid.*, p. xx). The impact may be through taking a political stance, such as referencing *Aotearoa* instead of *New Zealand*. It can also serve as a device for inducing a humorous reaction in the

audience, as in terms like *Te Ware Whare* for *The Warehouse*. However, Macalister notes that “a significant proportion of loanwords are used almost exclusively in a Maori cultural context” (Macalister, 2005, p. xx). This is evident in the novel as well, where most of the borrowings occur in the context of the tangihanga in chapter 17 and belong to the semantic field of cultural/social (cf. Table 1). Therefore, the te reo borrowings in chapter 17 seem intended to affirm the specifically Māori tradition of the tangi, the marae setting and the Māori characters in the scene. Most of the borrowed words would be understood by both Māori and Pākehā readers, so they need no explanation to serve their function of setting the scene. Both the third-person narrator (with a high degree of access to Jade’s consciousness) and the kuia use those borrowings frequently and self-evidently in this chapter.

The code-switching of whole utterances in examples (4) and (5) above serves a slightly different, or rather additional, function, as the code-switching is not understood by the main protagonist Jade and presumably neither by the majority of New Zealand (and certainly non-New Zealand) readers. The kuia’s first utterance followed by Jade’s lack of understanding signals a generational difference in te reo Māori proficiency. It illustrates Jade’s alienation from her indigenous roots, as without the language many other things might also be inaccessible to her within the Māori community. In example (4), the narrator states that Jade does not know the meaning of the words of the te reo utterance, but she seems to have an intuitive understanding of what the kuia is trying to say: “[...] she could see what the kuia wanted in her face. Jade couldn’t give it to her [...]” (p. 122). This also gives the reader a vague idea what the te reo utterance could mean, as it must be something about grieving. Therefore, any reader not proficient in te reo Māori most likely shares Jade’s experience: they are puzzled by the meaning of the code-switched sentence, but they can guess what the meaning might be from the context. I argue that this creates a strong alignment between the reader and the character Jade.

The reading experience is similar in example (5), where Jade becomes a bystander at the formulaic koha exchange between Toko and the kuia, as the gift is accepted by the elderly woman. Readers not fluent in te reo are alienated, as they do not understand the meaning, but can only guess that it is linked to the envelope that Toko gives to the kuia. The generational gap in te reo proficiency seems smaller for Toko, but again the reader not fluent in te reo Māori shares with Jade the experience of being excluded as they do not understand the language but have to guess from the context. I argue therefore that the code-switching of whole utterances serves two functions: just like the borrowings of single words they add to building the context

of the traditional Māori burial ceremony and thus express indigenous identity, especially for the kuia and Toko. Secondly, they signal the generational gap of rootedness in Māori traditions, as they show Jade's alienation from her Māori heritage and include the reader in the alienating experience, thus aligning the (non-fluent) reader with the main character.

As mentioned above, a special case of borrowing appears in chapter 39 narrated by Ārama (Ari). In this chapter, the two eight-year-old children Beth and Ari are on a camping trip with Beth's father Tom Aiken and Ari's aunt Kat. From the beginning of the book Ari has made himself a rule not to say any swear words and instead he spells them out. However, living with his aunt and uncle, the boy witnesses his uncle bully and abuse his aunt on a regular basis and is threatened by him as well. The boy's frustration and anxiety gradually build up. The scene at the campsite in chapter 39 develops into a cathartic moment as Ari finally lets out a swear word to get his frustration about the meanness of his uncle off his chest. Ari imagines the swear word as a bee leaving his mouth and thus the liberating feeling becomes visualized through his narration:

- (7) 'Fuck,' I said, like I was letting one small bee out of my mouth. 'Fuck him, the cunt.' Like I was letting out more small bees. And because I'd let some out, more wanted out.

(Manawatu, 2019, pp. 230-231)

After an initial shock, because Ari's behaviour is quite unusual for him, the others join in and they all swear about Uncle Stu in his absence. As they feel the relief of being able to voice their frustration, Ari watches all the swear words form a swarm of bees above them. At this point, he describes it as reality, as it affects their surroundings and is no longer just an imaginary metaphor (my bold):

- (8) And our army of bees swarmed the river's edge, the banks crumbling as they passed, and they swarmed over a sheep lying dead in the open field beside the river, and they turned and suddenly swung back around like a **taniwha** tail and came back to us, and we were not afraid.

(Manawatu, 2019, p. 231)

It is significant that Ari, in this crucial moment of personal development and liberation, sees all the piled-up anger and frustration form into a swarm of bees that takes the shape of a taniwha – a mighty water monster guardian in Māori mythology. Not only does he borrow the te reo

word here, but the concept of the mythological creature becomes an integral part of his cathartic experience and an expression of his indigenous identity.

Finally, the use of te reo Māori towards the end of chapter 39 serves a redemptive function as the characters have experienced liberation and conclude this important day by reading a myth in te reo. Kat seems to consider this a point of new beginning and shows her new hopefulness by saying “My te reo might come back to me eh?” (Manawatu, 2019, p. 234). The fact that they read the legend of how demi-god Māui found his mother, which echoes Ari’s situation of having lost his own Mum, must affirm Ari’s sense of te reo and Māori mythology as intertwined sources of hope. That te reo feels like magic to Ari illustrates the eight-year-old’s positive identification with the language. Especially when Ari imagines himself and his aunt as allies against Uncle Stu through their shared language that he does not understand, te reo becomes a means of empowerment and unification for the family in the face of abuse and oppression. This is reaffirmed in the last chapter, narrated by Taukiri, when the family is reunited, and they sit at the table together using more te reo Māori than anywhere else in the book. It is Ari who suggests that the language might be what will help them cope with the trauma:

- (9) We’d had a family meeting, and Nanny had asked us all, ‘How are we going to do this? How do we survive now?’ And Ari had put up his hand and said: ‘We will need a secret language, Nanny.’ And she’d laughed and said, ‘Āe, Ārama, let’s start with our reo. We’ve lost enough.’

(Manawatu, 2019, p. 322)

In summary, te reo Māori borrowings and code-switching utterances serve to create a culturally specific context in chapter 17 for the setting of the tangihanga. They furthermore create expressions of indigenous identity for those characters who use te reo more or less fluently and are able to code-switch – in the present chapters, predominantly the kuia and Toko. The code-switching utterances also illustrate a generational gap of te reo Māori proficiency between the kuia and Jade and thus also align non-fluent readers with Jade in her alienation from her Māori roots. The special case of Ari’s ‘taniwha’ reference functions to reveal his deep indigenous identity as the mythological concept is interwoven with his cathartic experience of internal liberation. Finally, te reo Māori also serves as a symbol of hope for better times as it becomes a unifying magical language for the family when they get back together.

As this discussion has shown, even though not a lot of te reo Māori is used in *Auē*, the instances of its use are nonetheless significant and important for the translator. The question

now is: what happens to the passages described above when they are translated into German? What challenges does the literary translator face when translating borrowings from, and code-switching into, te reo Māori? What are possible solutions to such challenges?

With the translation of a New Zealand novel like *Auē* into German, the translator faces two major imbalances between the New Zealand source readership and the German target readership in regard to te reo Māori. Firstly, an imbalance in the degree of te reo competence that a writer/translator can expect from readers, and secondly, an imbalance of cultural experience especially regarding indigenous heritage and biculturality.

As indicated above, there is a continuum of te reo Māori borrowings in New Zealand English, according to which some borrowings can be assumed to be known to most New Zealand readers, Māori or Pākehā. Other borrowings are only accessible to a restricted group with a high degree of te reo proficiency. However, such a continuum does not apply to the German readers of the translation, as they are unlikely to be familiar with any te reo Māori at all. Therefore, the translator must assume zero te reo competence in the target readership, whereas the writer of the source text, here Becky Manawatu, can expect that certain te reo Māori terms are easily understood by most New Zealand readers. Words such as kuia, tangi, kai, marae, and Pākehā, for instance, will need no explanation in the source text but are unfamiliar for the German reader when they appear untranslated in the German target text. Such unfamiliarity of a foreign word can lead to incomprehension that disrupts the reading flow and even confuses the reader. A hypothetical solution would be to simply translate all te reo into German and thus domesticate the Māori concepts that are referenced through borrowings and code-switching. However, it should be self-evident that such a strategy is not really an option here since, especially in the context of post-colonial literature, silencing a language that has been suppressed by colonists, discriminated against and still needs to be revitalised would simply be unethical. Rather, one of the translator's tasks is to contribute to making the minority language (and the aspects of indigenous cultural identity attached to it) visible and accessible to the target readership and to make it heard beyond the borders of Aotearoa New Zealand. In the case of *Auē* it seems especially important to retain all te reo Māori in the German target text, as the novel promotes the language as unifying, redemptive and identity-giving aspect of Māori culture, as I have illustrated in the functional analysis above.

In her book on linguistic hybridity in translation, Klinger identifies the importance that the translation of foreignness has for target readers' perception of the presented culture. She claims that the translator's decisions "potentially contribute to the refreshment or also the reinforcement of the TT reader's schemata and therefore potentially affect (iii) his/her mental representations of characters s/he encounters in other texts, and, accordingly, his/her interpretation of these texts on the whole and (iv) the TT reader's interpretation of the world at large" (Klinger, 2015, p. 181). It is therefore important to sensitively handle any translation of te reo Māori borrowing or code-switching, so that ignorance and negative stereotypes about Māori culture are not maintained or reinforced. Rather, German target readers should be educated and encouraged to learn about what first seems unfamiliar and foreign to them. It is therefore desirable to make te reo Māori as visible as possible.

In line with Tymoczko's (2012) claim that post-colonial writing itself is a form of translation of cultures, Klinger furthermore proposes that cross-cultural texts require from the reader an act of translation of cultures as well (2015, p. 157). When encountering foreignness, the reader needs to be able to transmit the cultural specificity (here represented by te reo Māori words and concepts) into their own cultural context in order to make sense of the text. Thus, they perform a translation act. However, doing that work for them by translating the foreign words into the target language would also mean to erase a cultural gap that may serve a purpose, such as for example allowing readers to engage with new cultural material to broaden their horizons. As highlighted above, most te reo borrowings in the present translation relate to the context of the tangi and its customs, as well as the dynamics of indigenous identity of the characters. It is therefore important that the target reader understands the significance of te reo in these chapters. The question is how much foreignization can the German target readers handle so that they are not alienated and as a result abandon the text altogether? According to Klinger, the translator needs to establish the right amount of foreignness in the text and can do so by "find[ing] the right balance between enabling translation (that is, avoiding strategies that make the text inaccessible to anyone not acquainted with the represented foreign source language) and encouraging translation (that is, avoiding strategies that assimilate the text for the reader rather than requiring the reader to engage with newness)" (Klinger (2015, p. 157)). In other words, the translator needs to create a target text that facilitates understanding despite non-proficiency in the foreign language while it also provides a learning effect through confrontation and active engagement with new concepts.

Applying Klinger's strategy to my German translation of *Auē*, I decided to keep all borrowings and code-switching phrases, so that German readers are encouraged to participate in the cultural translation act by engaging with the newness of the foreign language. To account for the imbalance in te reo competence, however, I attached a glossary of all te reo Māori words and phrases that appear in the text to facilitate accessibility and understanding. For some of the borrowings, such as the terms tangi or kuia, the context should give enough information for the German reader to understand what is meant. If necessary, they can still look them up in the glossary. As most whole utterances involving code-switching are not understood by Jade and thus highlight her alienation, it is important to keep them untranslated in the target text as well. Thus, the German target reader also shares Jade's experience of being puzzled by the foreign language. In the case of "kākahu whakataratara" (cloak of nettles), the kuia actually self-translates in her next utterance when she reiterates "Can't you feel the heavy cloak of nettles on you now, girl?" (Manawatu, 2019, p. 123). This can be reproduced in the German text in the same manner and should help German readers understand what the exchange is about while still keeping them in the same position as Jade who is not proficient in te reo. Overall, my strategy for engaging the target reader with the newness of te reo Māori while not alienating them is to keep all borrowings and code-switched utterances as they are but offer a glossary at the end of the translation.

As to the second major readership imbalance, German target readers differ from New Zealand source text readers in their cultural background concerning indigeneity. Most New Zealand readers can be expected to have a certain awareness and knowledge about the indigenous heritage of their country and culture, as they should know about colonialism and Māori tribes being the first people in Aotearoa New Zealand. The concept of biculturalism as a dominant political and societal narrative has been promoted in New Zealand since the 1980s (Rocha, 2012). Theoretically, it derives from the Treaty of Waitangi that Māori and Pākehā are equal partners in nation- and cultural identity-building. However, in the everyday lives of New Zealanders there is still a gap between Māori and Pākehā, especially concerning socio-economic equality (Rocha, 2012). When looking at Māori fiction, Michaela Moura-Koçoğlu (2011) even argues that contemporary Aotearoa New Zealand is so culturally complex that a transcultural rather than a dichotic bicultural approach is in order, as "expressions of identity reflect the fact that social dimensions today are inexorably shaped by cultural interactions and interconnections that are characteristic of a global modernity, generating a society that harbours a multitude of minorities, indigenous as well as immigrant" (Moura-Koçoğlu, 2011, p. 48).

Germany looks back on a legacy of involvement in colonisation as well. As the third largest colonial power in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, the German colonial empire dominated large areas in East and West Africa as well as New Guinea and several islands in the West Pacific. However, after a relatively short period of colonial rule, Germany was officially stripped of its overseas colonies after its defeat in the First World War, and German cultural and linguistic influence became marginal within the former German colonies. As a result of these and subsequent events, the German experience of post-colonial issues throughout the 20th and 21st centuries is quite different to that of both other European nations and former settler colonies such as New Zealand. Most pertinently, there is no obvious cultural equivalent in German to the role of a language like te reo Māori in Aotearoa New Zealand. The German target reader may therefore relate very differently to the significance that borrowing or code-switching has in a New Zealand context. The translator needs to be aware that even if confronted with the te reo items, the German target reader might perceive differently a book written in the dominant language of former colonisers that intentionally incorporates the language of an indigenous minority. Whereas the author of the source text might have aimed to inspire solidarity with Māoridom in a New Zealand readership by using te reo Māori, the German reader will have to overcome a larger cultural gap to arrive at such solidarity as they relate to post-colonial issues from a different cultural angle.

In summary, for a German translation of a novel such as *Auē* the role of te reo Māori is important as it is one part of what gives the book its linguistically hybrid character, next to the colloquial passages and the different narrative perspectives. For a translator, the challenge is to determine the function of te reo within the novel both globally and locally on a case-by-case basis for each borrowing and code-switching utterance. In the context of post-colonial literature, it is vital to keep the indigenous language visible according to its function in the source text. Furthermore, the translator must keep in mind that the German target reader is most likely not from a bicultural background with indigenous heritage and must be assumed to have zero te reo Māori proficiency. It remains a balancing act to maintain the linguistic hybridity in the German target text while not alienating the German reader from the story due to too much foreignness. While te reo Māori only appears sporadically in key scenes of *Auē*, another aspect of linguistic hybridity is predominant throughout the whole book: colloquial speech. In the following section, I will describe how colloquial speech is actualized in the three chapters 17, 38 and 39 (excluding Aroha's passage here, as I will discuss it in section 1.3), what functions it may serve and again what challenges this creates in the translation process.

1.2 Colloquialism: where does the Kiwi slang go?

Besides the appearance of te reo Māori, there is another significant feature in *Auē* that gives it a linguistically hybrid nature: colloquial speech, especially as it appears within dialogue. Defined rather broadly in the *Oxford Dictionary of Literary Terms* (Baldick (2015)) as “the use of informal expressions appropriate to everyday speech rather than to the formality of writing, and differing in pronunciation, vocabulary, or grammar”, colloquialism in literature can add an everyday setting to a work of fiction. Such a setting is likely to create a high degree of cultural specificity, as what sounds ‘everyday’ can differ from one cultural group to another. Thus, wherever colloquial speech is part of a source text, the literary translator is faced with the challenge of creating an equivalent effect in the target text. The most common place to find colloquialisms is in dialogue; however, narrators can also have a colloquial tone. In this section I will focus on colloquialisms in the dialogue passages of *Auē*, and I will discuss the linguistic hybridity created by the four narrative voices in the next section (1.3).

Since colloquial speech is associated with ordinary everyday conversation, the question arises to what extent other kinds of informal speech, such as *dialect* and *slang*, overlap with colloquialisms and how they differ. With the *Oxford Dictionary of Literary Terms* definition of *dialect* as “a distinctive variety of a language, spoken by members of an identifiable regional group, nation, or social class” (Baldick, 2015), *dialect* attributes a variety to a specific place, whereas *colloquialism* is considered more generally a signal of informality of speech. In her introduction to *Global English Slang* (2014), Coleman defines *slang* by distinguishing it (among other terms) from *colloquial language* – “informal usage that is widely distributed socially and geographically” – and *dialect* – “usage that is geographically restricted on a sub-national level” (2014, p. 1). After discussing several functions of slang and the overlapping of different non-standard linguistic phenomena, Coleman arrives at a definition for *slang* as “informal, non-technical language that often seems novel to the user and/or listener, and that challenges a social or linguistic norm. It can also imply complicity in value judgements and thus play a performative role in defining personal or group identity.” (2014, p. 7)

Here, I will adopt the notion of colloquial language as a general term for informality in characters’ speech in the novel. In terms of dialect, I will examine New Zealand English phenomena that signal geographical and social variation as they set NZE apart from other World Englishes rather than representing specific regions *within* New Zealand. Although there

are differences on a sub-national level, mainly between North and South, there is less regional dialect variation in New Zealand than in other English-speaking countries (Hay, 2008, p. 96). In *Auē*, NZE dialect terms and expressions are relevant for analysis because they express the characters' New Zealand identity, whereas a linguistic distinction between specific regions in New Zealand is not prevalent in the book. The high degree of informality associated with slang becomes most apparent in the novel with characters from a certain (underprivileged) social milieu or in specific settings, such as Sav's and Jade's gang background, Taukiri's entry into a drug scene, and conversations at a surf shop. The chapters chosen for this project also contain a significant amount of profane language, as swearing serves as a mechanism of liberation, especially in Ārama's chapter 39. All these colloquial phenomena contribute to the novel's linguistically hybrid character as it features not only two distinct languages (English and te reo Māori), but also different degrees of colloquialism in the dialogues.

In the following, I will give examples of general colloquialisms, New Zealand-specific terms and expressions, and slang as they are found in the dialogues of chapters 17, 38 and 39. As in the previous section, I will analyse the passages and then discuss what functions these features may serve within the narrative. Finally, I will examine what challenges arise in the translation process of highly colloquial speech in *Auē*.

All three chapters contain a significant amount of colloquialism in dialogues. In chapter 17, Jade's conversations with the kuia on the marae show several markers of colloquial speech. The elderly woman makes regular use of the tag 'girl' when addressing Jade, such as in "I saved you a spot, girl" and "You cry, girl" (pp.122-125). Jade uses informal language when she talks to the kuia as well ("But I'm stuffed full" (p.123)). Fragmented sentences and ellipses create a colloquial tone, for instance when the kuia responds with "Bit more. Āe. You must. Or how will you bear this kākahu whakataratara?" (p.123). However, there are only a few exchanges between these two characters, whereas the dialogues between Jade and Sav in the flashbacks of chapter 17 yield a wider range of colloquial markers.

Both Sav and Jade address each other regularly with the tags 'babe', 'girl' and once also use 'cuz' (short for 'cousin'), which is an address typically used by Māori speakers (not necessarily biological cousins) as a solidarity marker (Hay, 2008). Sav and Jade also both use markers of relaxed pronunciation as expressed in contractions such as, 'wanna' ("I wanna die old" (p.123)) and 'gonna' ("[...] there's never gonna be peace" (p.124)). Especially Sav's way

of speaking is highly colloquial and can be considered slang, as it challenges social and linguistic norms and signals her identity as coming from a lower-class background:

- (1) ‘Call *me* stupid, you one stupid bitch, you were raised in the House, not a commune. Those commune hippies, we’re lucky. I wouldn’t trust them weirdos.’
- (2) Sav shrugged, ‘Whole lot of energy goes into getting our mack on, though. Recovering from the joys of love. So much useful energy. Play love is all we wanna do.’

(Manawatu, 2019, p. 124)

Sav’s language challenges social norms by using derogatory language, calling her best friend a “stupid bitch” and people living in a commune “weirdos”. Many of her sentences are elliptic, such as “you [are] one stupid bitch”, “those commune hippies [...]”, “[A] whole lot of energy goes into getting our mack on”. “Getting our mack on” is a slang expression for flirting. Sav also uses ‘them’ instead of ‘those’ [weirdos], which signals that she is most likely from a low-education background. The use of the tag ‘though’ is a further marker of colloquial speech. Both characters make use of some New Zealand English slang, such as “a mean feed” (p.126), a New Zealand expression for a good and generously portioned meal. Jade’s direct speech is less extreme in terms of slang; however, she uses the tag particle ‘eh’ (“Let’s try and do a bit better than that – eh, babe?” (p.124)), which is used at high frequency by many New Zealand speakers, especially Māori men and young Pākehā women (Hay, 2008, p. 81). Furthermore, there are a few more dialect terms that are specific to New Zealand, such as ‘spuds’ (potatoes) (p. 122), ‘sharkies’ (black biker sunglasses) (p. 125), as well as general colloquial words, such as ‘booze’ (alcohol) and ‘pot’ (marijuana) (p. 128).

Chapter 38, which is narrated by Taukiri, is saturated with colloquialisms. Informal language is most apparent in the dialogues: a conversation with drug dealer Jason ((3) and (4)), the exchange with the man at the surf shop (5) and Taukiri’s confrontation with his street musician friend Elliot (6).

When Jason finds Taukiri cleaning his board, they have a dialogue exchange in which Jason offers Taukiri a drug dealing job. The conversation is carried out in New Zealand-inflected slang:

- (3) ‘Going for a surf, bro?’ he [Jason] asked.

‘Nah, selling it.’ [Taukiri]

‘Need cash?’

‘Yeah, bro. I’m a broken arse. Fucked it up bad losing that job.’

‘I got something.’

‘What?’

‘A run. Easy one too. No sweat. Just a drop off, pick up.’

‘Dropping what?’

[...]

‘A mixed order. Weed on top – all you need to know, if you prefer. If it helps you, you know, morally.’

‘How much?’

‘One-hour drive loaded. Fifteen-minute stop, and a nice cruisey return, no load.’

[...]

‘When?’

‘Tonight. Tonight’d be ideal, actually. Yeah?’

‘I dunno. I dunno. Nah. Nah.’

‘Good luck with the board then, mate.’

‘Yep.’

(Manawatu, 2019, pp. 219-220)

Both Jason and Taukiri speak in a very fragmented way with many ellipses, such as “[Are you] going for a surf”, “[I am] selling it” or “[It is a] one-hour drive”. Jason especially uses minimal language to the point where he simply says “Yeah?” to ask ‘Are you willing to do it?’. Agreement and disagreement are voiced by both characters with colloquial markers ‘nah’, ‘yeah’, ‘yep’ which are also typical for New Zealand English, especially the negative ‘nah’. The contraction ‘dunno’ orthographically signals relaxed pronunciation and the way the two young men address each other with ‘bro’ and ‘mate’ is another feature of New Zealand English slang (Bardsley, 2014, p. 98). Furthermore, the exchange contains some drug scene jargon, such as “a run” meaning ‘a drug dealing job’, “drop off” and “pick up” respectively meaning delivering and collecting drugs to and from customers.

Later, Taukiri calls Jason to tell him he has changed his mind:

(4) ‘Tauk, what’s up? Sell the board?’

‘Nope. You still need someone for that job?’

‘Sure do. Eight all G? I’ll be there. At Meg’s. Loaded.’

‘All G.’

(Manawatu, 2019, p. 221)

Again, we find fragmented sentences such as “[Did you] sell the board”, general colloquialisms such as “what’s up” or “Nope” instead of ‘No’, and New Zealand English slang expressions such as “Eight all G” (‘eight all good’), asking whether eight o’clock will suit him. Conversations between Taukiri and Jason therefore have a strong New Zealand English inflection with occasional references to drug dealing.

Similarly, Taukiri’s exchange with a young man at a surf shop is quite colloquial in a general sense, but also has a New Zealand slang tone to it:

(5) ‘Selling?’ he said, nodding to my board.

‘Yup.’

‘How much you want for it?’

‘It was worth a grand when I got it new. I’d sell it for eight hundred.’

‘Ha. Good luck.’

‘Go lower?’

‘Try seven hundy, give it a month, drop it if it doesn’t go.’

(Manawatu, 2019, p. 220)

General colloquial markers such as “a grand” for one thousand and “yup” as ‘yes’ appear together with stronger slang characteristics, such as ellipses “[Are you] selling [your surfboard]?”, “How much [do] you want for it?” and “[Should I] go lower?”. The word “hundy” for ‘hundred’ illustrates a typical New Zealand way of creating hypocorisms by adding a -ie or -y to a word (Bardsley, 2014, p. 100). Further colloquial words used by the two male characters are ‘dude’, the contraction ‘wanna’ and again the address term ‘bro’. All these features create an informal conversation between two young men in a contemporary urban New Zealand setting.

Thirdly in this chapter, Taukiri gets into an argument with his friend Elliot who thinks that he has told the police about Jason and thus created trouble. The dialogue is highly colloquial and there is more swearing than in the other dialogues of this chapter, which underscores the aggression between them.

(6) ‘What the fuck? What the fuck, Elliot?’

‘You stitched him up, you narc.’

‘What? What? What are you talking about?’

‘You know what I’m talking about. You were running for him, he arrives, has to do the job himself, but what’s Tauk gone and done? Called the po-po.’

[...]

‘Fuck up, Elliot.’ I went to Megan. ‘I didn’t, Megan. Promise. I wouldn’t. I needed that run. I’ve got no money. Went for a surf. Car ran out of gas. It’s still there. Board probably nicked by now.’

Elliot laughed. ‘Boo fucken hoo, you narc.’

I swung around and punched him in the guts. ‘I didn’t narc on him.’

(Manawatu, 2019, pp. 224-225)

Besides the swearing, Taukiri’s short sentences with ellipses show the tension in this dialogue (“[The] Car ran out of gas. [...] [The] Board [is] probably nicked by now.”). Elliot is rather aggressive in his speech and uses more slang expressions. “You stitched him up” is a colloquial way to say ‘You told the police about his criminal actions’, “narc” is an informal term for “a police officer whose job is to stop people selling or using drugs illegally” (Hornby & Turnbull, 2010). In the above scene, it is also used as a verb ‘to narc on s.o.’. “Boo fucken hoo” is another slang expression used by Elliot to make fun of Taukiri and “Called the po-po” for ‘called the police’ includes a slang word for police. Overall, their argument is filled with slang, swearing and elliptic sentences, all of which reinforce the urban lower-class setting and drug milieu, but also create an effect of immediate tension and aggression in this confrontational exchange.

In Ārama’s chapter 39, there is less colloquialism with strong slang character. Overall, the chapter contains less dialogue than Taukiri’s, there is therefore less colloquial speech to analyse. There are occasional markers of colloquial register, such as “quite a gutsful” (p. 228), “though” (p. 229), “you know” (p. 228), the contraction “gonna” (p. 229). Beth’s speech is

characterized by informality, which may partly be due to her age (8 years) and her rural upbringing:

- (7) ‘He had much more to say than “we going eeling and river warrior, blah, blah, blah”. Ari, we gonna find out what it is he’s lying about.’ [...] ‘Don’t you worry, Django.’

(Manawatu, 2019, p. 229)

Making fun of her father, she imitates him derogatively with “blah, blah, blah”. Her utterance also features relaxed pronunciation and ellipses “we [are] gonna”. Throughout the book, the two children repeatedly imitate the cowboy language they have picked up in the film *Django Unchained*, as Beth does here when she says, “Don’t you worry, Django”.

The most predominant colloquial feature in chapter 39, however, are the swearwords that accumulate in the scene when the four characters all get their frustration off their chests by yelling insults into the air. This adds informality to the narrative as what the characters say is very explicit. The repeated “Fuck you, Stu” becomes a mantra next to other swear words such as “the cunt”, “bastard”, “you bully dickhead” (pp. 230-231). Besides the occasional informality marker and the salient swearing, chapter 39 is less characterized by slang language than the other two chapters discussed here.

In order to determine how best to translate instances of colloquial language, I analysed what functions they may serve within the text. I found that the colloquial nature of dialogue in *Auē* creates an overall effect of immediacy for the readers. As characters use slang and informal language to a varying extent, they are each characterized by the degree of colloquialism in their speech. In addition, the use of NZ English slang terms signals a geographical aspect of colloquialism, as their ‘Kiwiness’ anchors the characters in their New Zealand setting. On the other hand, heavily slang-infused language also signals the lower-class background of some of the characters, which shows the social aspect of colloquial speech. The high density of swear words in chapter 39 serves to illustrate the catharsis the characters experience through explicit swearing.

First and foremost, colloquialism as part of dialogue creates a sense of everyday orality in the text. The readers are presented with naturalistic-sounding exchanges between the characters as the dialogue creates a sense of witnessing spontaneously spoken language. Manawatu makes use of colloquialism, NZ English terms and slang expressions in her novel in a way that creates a realism which expresses how her characters speak in the story world

(see Cadera (2012) and Alsina (2012) on fictive orality). This aspect of conversational orality creates the effect of immediacy, which helps the readers to immerse themselves in the story that is centred around the characters' personal experiences. By making the dialogues sound like real everyday conversations in a car, on the street or at a surf shop, the readers are taken to that immediate and personal level as they eavesdrop on the authentic speech of the characters.

Furthermore, Alsina (2012) highlights that colloquial features in literary dialogue characterize the different protagonists while also constructing the text world ideologically:

[non-standard elements] help to contextualize the narrative socially and geographically and they contribute to the depiction of characters. And, perhaps most importantly, at another level non-standard elements are ideologically charged: the fact that characters possessing certain traits, behaving in a certain way and standing for certain values should be identified with a certain geographical or social origin contributes to the (narrative) construction of a world with historical, social, political and ideological meaning.

(Alsina, 2012, p. 138)

In *Auē*, it is significant that most of the characters belong to a lower-class New Zealand background. Sav and Jade have grown up and live in a house that is dominated by gang dynamics: domestic violence, poverty, regular drug use and alcoholism. Taukiri is a teenager who tries to make a living by busking and his new friends are part of a drug dealing scene. Ari, Beth, Aunty Kat and Tom Aiken live rurally in simple circumstances. The extent to which the characters use New Zealand slang terms and informal language characterizes them within their respective contexts and settings and adds ideological meaning to the story through the linguistic depiction of lower-class New Zealand family life.

Alsina (2012) states that there are two main aspects of contextualization through colloquialisms: geographical and social. As illustrated above, New Zealand specific slang – hypocorisms (“hundy”), expressions such as “mean feed”, “all G”, “nah”, or the tag “eh” – anchors the characters in New Zealand and thus the features function as geographical markers. Such slang expressions give the dialogues a unique ‘Kiwi’ sound and thus add a culturally specific tone to the story. The more familiar readers are with New Zealand culture and slang, the more they will perceive the ‘Kiwiness’ in the characters’ speech.

The social aspect of colloquialism not only reveals the characters' lower-class background, but also shows them adjusting their linguistic behaviour to suit specific social

interactions. With the kuia, Jade uses more generally colloquial language, whereas the conversations between Sav and Jade are characterized by more slang and New Zealand English terms. Similarly, Taukiri adapts his linguistic behaviour to his conversation partners in different social situations: he enters into the drug scene jargon with Jason, easily converses in urban youth slang with the man at the surf shop and, as mentioned in the previous section, even takes up speaking te reo in the family reunion scene of the final chapter. There is therefore a geographical and a social aspect to the function of slang in the novel, and both these aspects combine and intertwine in characterizing the protagonists.

Finally, in chapter 39, the heavy swearing of the characters Ari, Beth, Aunty Kat and Tom Aiken serves a cathartic function in the story, as they use explicit language to get their frustration off their chests. As already explained in the previous section, the moment in which Ari vocalizes his anger and frustration about his uncle's abuse merges with his imagining bees leaving his mouth with every swear word he utters. When the other characters join in, Ari visualizes more and more bees with every swear word as they yell at Uncle Stu in his absence. The image of the swarm of bees underscores the function of liberation that the swearing has in this scene. The four characters are thus united through an act of swearing that might be considered inappropriate in an everyday conversation but liberates them as they let the swear words out in the middle of a campsite.

As with the code-switching in the previous section, I will highlight the challenges I faced in translating the colloquial passages in *Auē* into German by focusing on their functions in the ST.

For the colloquial nature of dialogues in general, I aimed to create the same degree of everydayness and immediacy in the TT as found in the ST. This was rendered in the German TT with similar markers as in the ST, for instance ellipses, fragmented sentences, and relaxed speech displayed in contractions. The following two examples are taken from the kuia's utterances and contain a mild degree of colloquialism.

(8) Hab dir nen Platz reserviert.

(9) Zeit zu weinen, meine Liebe. Ich werd dich nicht gehen lassen, bevor du nicht geweint hast.

Utterance (8) is the translation of "I saved you a spot, girl." (p. 122), in which I chose not to translate the tag "girl", because it would not sound natural in German. However, I tried to compensate for that through an ellipsis of the subject ("[Ich] hab..."), the informal clipping

“hab[e]” and the contraction “nen” instead of ‘einen’. In (9) – translation for “You cry, girl. I will not let you leave until you have” (p. 125) – I did include the tag but chose a more standard one that is not very slangy: “meine Liebe”. “[Es ist] Zeit zu weinen” is elliptic and “werd” is another colloquial clipped form of the verb. Similar to the ST, the kuia’s exchanges with Jade contain only few markers of colloquial speech – just enough to create the sense of an immediate everyday conversation between the characters.

As Sav’s language is characterized by more slang terms and highly informal speech, I aimed to achieve the same effect in the TT, so that the readers would have a sense of immediacy when reading the dialogues in Jade’s flashbacks. Corresponding to example (1) above, the German translation of the utterance in (10) contains contractions (“ner” and “übern”), ellipses of subjects (“[Du] bist doch selber ne verblendete Bitch”) and the address terms “Bitch” and “Babe”, which have a slang character as they are borrowed from English.

- (10) Ich spinne, was? Bist doch selber ne verblendete Bitch. Du bist im House aufgewachsen und nicht in ner Kommune. Würde diesen Kommunenhippies sowieso nicht übern Weg trauen. Alles Spinner! Wir haben’s besser, Babe.

I decided to signal the colloquial speech in a moderate way orthographically, so that it would not be overloaded as with e.g. “nich[t]” or “inner” for “in ner”. I argue that the ellipses and contractions and clippings are enough to mark Sav’s language as highly informal and that too much eye dialect (orthographic depiction of colloquial speech) would distract rather than look authentic. With all of these strategies, I tried to achieve the effect of immediacy by giving the dialogues a tone of everyday language.

In chapter 38, Taukiri’s conversations with Jason and the man at the surf shop incorporate youth slang, drug jargon and New Zealand slang. The following excerpt (11) from the German TT shows part of Tauk’s exchange with Jason (see example (3) above):

- (11) „Jo! Gehst du surfen?“, fragte Jason.
„Nee, ich verkauf’s.“
„Brauchst du Kohle?“
„Ja, Mann. Bin scheißblank. Hab’s richtig verschissen mit meinem Job.“
„Ich hätte da was“, sagte er.
„Was’n?“

„Ne Lieferung. Ist ganz einfach, kein Stress. Einfach nur abliefern am Treffpunkt und Kohle einsammeln.“

[...]

„Bunte Mischung. Safes packing, Gras oben drauf – mehr musst du nicht wissen, wenn's dir lieber is. Wenn's dir hilft – moralisch und so.“

[...]

„Wann?“

„Heute Abend. Ja, heut Abend wär' ideal, Mann. Läuft?“

„Alter, ich weiß nicht... Nee, Mann, nee, besser nicht...“

„Alles klar. Dann viel Glück mit dem Board.“

„Jo.“

There are several markers for informal youth slang, such as the salutation “Jo”, the address terms “Mann” and “Alter” and “Läuft?”, as in “Läuft bei dir?” – a slang expression for ‘Can you do it?/ Are you in?’. Furthermore, there are general colloquial markers such as contractions (“Hab’s”; “Was’n”), slang terms such as “Kohle” for money and “kein Stress”, and “verschissen” for ‘fucked up’. Both young men use ellipses and fragmented sentences. I incorporated some drug scene jargon where possible with “Lieferung” for ‘run’, “packing” for the way the drugs are packed up and the common “Gras” for marijuana. The general function of immediacy and the social aspect of slang in a drug milieu were therefore reproduced with similar markers. However, the Kiwiness of New Zealand slang could not be preserved, as expressions like “bro”, “nah” and “mate” had to be translated with general German slang expressions. Thus, I translated the New Zealand expression “all G” with “Läuft”, which gives it a colloquial tone but loses the linguistic Kiwi identity.

Similarly, I had to prioritize the general colloquial and social aspect of the dialogue at the surf shop and inevitably lose any New Zealand English specificity in the exchange (ST passage (5) above):

(12) „Verkaufst du?“, fragte er mit einem Kopfnicken zu meinem Board.

„Jap.“

„Wieviel willste?“

„War'n Tausender wert als ich's neu gekauft hab. Ich würd's für achthundert verkaufen.“

„Hah! Versuchen kannst du's.“

„Weniger?“

„Start ma mit siebenhundert. Wart nen Monat und wenn's nicht wegkommt, geh runter mit dem Preis.“

Contractions („willste“, „war'n“, „du's“), clippings (“hab[e]”, “start ma[l]”, “[ei]nen”) and slang expressions such as “wenn's nicht wegkommt” signal a high degree of colloquialism and urban youth slang, but there is nothing in German that could mark the characters' speech as specifically New Zealand. Since the geographical aspect of the function of colloquialism could not be preserved in the German text, I made sure that the exchanges sounded authentic for German readers in their respective social contexts (drug dealing job offer and casual negotiations at a surf shop).

For the translation of the aggressive argument between Taukiri and Elliot, similar challenges arose. Example (13) provides part of the translation of the dialogue (ST passage (6) above):

(13) „Scheiße! Elliot! What the fuck?“

„Hast ihn an die Bullen verpetzt, du scheiß Verräter!“

„Was? Alter, was redest du?“

„Du weißt genau, wovon ich rede! Du solltest die Lieferung machen. Er kommt an und muss es selber durchziehen. Aber was hat der liebe kleine Tauk gedreht? Die verfickten Bullen gerufen!“

I decided to leave “What the fuck”, because it is a borrowing that can authentically appear in a situation of surprise in German colloquial contexts. I furthermore used strong swear words in German, such as “Scheiße” and “verfickten”, to mark the exchange as aggressive and thus again create immediacy for the readers. The slang address term “Alter” was added instead of the repetition in the ST (“What? What? What are you talking about?” (p. 224)). Regarding the expression “You stitched him up, you narc”, I tried to translate the utterance with the same degree of slang to it and used the informal “Bullen” for ‘police’, “verpetzt” meaning ‘dotted in’ and “scheiß Verräter” meaning ‘fucking traitor’, thus compensating for the specific idiomatic expressions in the ST. The colloquial idiom “what's Tauk gone and done” I translated with a similar idiom in German “was hat der liebe kleine Tauk gedreht”. Overall, I aimed to saturate the exchange with swear words, colloquial idioms and slang terms, so that the effect

of immediacy would be achieved as well as a characterization of lower-class, aggressive protagonists from the drug milieu.

Finally, the main translation challenge with the characters' swearing in chapter 39 was to use authentic swearwords that would serve the same function of catharsis as the four characters verbalize their frustration. I decided to first translate "Fuck him" as "Scheiß auf ihn", which Ari then modulates into "Fuck dich, Onkel Stu". Due to the strong language in the ST, I found it important to stay loyal to the ST in its explicitness, thus I incorporated words such as "Arsch", "Arschloch" and "Fotze". Only with these strong swearwords could I achieve the same effect of a credible moment of liberation for the characters.

In summary, the highly colloquial passages in the chosen chapters function to create immediacy for the readers while also activating geographical and social aspects of slang. Different degrees of slang serve to characterize the individual characters within their context and communicative situation. The generally colloquial nature of the dialogues could be preserved in the German translation by carefully incorporating a similar amount of slang for the different characters. It was important not to overdo the orthographic realisation of informal language so as not to alienate the readers, while still creating the effect of witnessing authentic conversation. Regarding the New Zealand specific terms, a sacrifice had to be made: the sound of 'Kiwiness' could not be carried over into the German TT, as there were no corresponding expressions in German, whereas the social aspect of lower-class background could be preserved in the TT characters' language. My experience has thus confirmed what Alsina (2012) writes in her conclusion on translation of social variation in fictional dialogue:

Whether social variation is translated, and how, may partly depend, therefore, on whether it is interpreted as having a mainly social or a mainly geographical (or temporal, etc.) significance, because the two will obviously have different implications; and also, because the translation of different types of variation presents differing degrees of difficulty: it is generally considered impossible to find a satisfactory equivalent in two different languages for geographical variation, whereas it is usually possible to find a reasonable equivalent of social or temporal variation.

(Alsina, 2012, p. 150)

I found that most of the linguistic hybridity that is created through colloquialisms could be reproduced in the German TT by means of similar authentic colloquial markers in German.

However, the geographical function of Kiwi slang anchoring the characters in the setting of New Zealand was lost, whereas the social function of portraying an aspect of lower-class New Zealand language could be achieved with German slang that was not specifically tied to a certain region in Germany.

The third aspect that gives the novel *Auē* a polyphous, and thus linguistically hybrid, character is the alternation of narrative voices that weave the story together. In the following section, I will illustrate how the four narrators are characterized and what effect this achieves, as well as why this was challenging in translating the chapters into German.

1.3 A weaving of narrating voices

Besides te reo Māori code-switching and colloquial language, *Auē* displays linguistic hybridity in the way that the chapters alternate between three main narrative perspectives – Ārama, Taukiri, Jade – and a fourth voice that joins them halfway through the book – Aroha. The chapters' titles correspond to the respective figural perspectives of the narrators. Ārama tells his part of the story from a first-person perspective, Taukiri also adopts an often stream-of-consciousness-infused first-person narration. In the chapters titled “Jade and Toko” a third-person narrator with a high degree of access to Jade's consciousness tells the background story around Jade. Aroha's ghost-like voice comments in between. In the following, I will characterize each of *Auē*'s narrative perspectives and thus show how their alternation creates an effect of weaving the story. I will furthermore comment on how I approached translating the narrative voices into German to reproduce the effect.

In his *Narratology: An Introduction*, Wolf Schmid (2010) gives a detailed typology of the entity of the narrator including parameters such as *mode of representation*, *diegetic status* (part of the story world vs. outside of the story world), *hierarchy*, *personality*, *evaluative position*, *ability* (omniscient vs. limited knowledge), *access to characters' consciousnesses* and more (2010, p. 66f). My analysis will mainly focus on aspects of diegetic status, evaluative position and personality, as well as the language each narrator is characterized by, as I consider these features the most relevant for the narrators in *Auē*. Schmid states that “if the narrated world is perceived through the eyes of a character, according to the symptoms of the text, it is a case of figural point of view” (2010, p. 109). In this sense, each of the four narrative perspectives in *Auē* adopts a figural point of view, which I will show in the following discussion. In terms of Genette's concept of *focalization*, Ārama's, Taukiri's and Jade's can be

identified as *internal focalization* narrators, as their respective “narrator says only what a given character knows”, whereas Aroha’s narration shows some features of *zero focalization* where “the narrator knows more than the characters, or more exactly” (Genette (1980) in Schmid (2010)). Due to limited scope, I will nonetheless focus mainly on illustrating the figural point of view, rather than going into the details of discussing aspects of focalization.

Schmid furthermore gives three main aspects for narrator analysis, which I will apply to the four narrative perspectives in *Auē* with example passages from the translated chapters 17, 38, 39 (and Aroha’s passage):

Selection (perception): Who is responsible for the selection of elements in the given textual section? To which entity does the author devolve the act of selecting the elements contained in the story: the narrator or the character?

Evaluation (ideology): Which is the *evaluating* entity in the relevant section?

Naming (language): Whose *language* (lexis, syntax, expression) shapes the section?

(Schmid, 2010, p. 117)

Chapter 17, “Jade and Toko”, is narrated by a non-diegetic third-person narrator who has a high degree of insight into Jade’s thoughts and feelings and adopts a figural point of view through Jade’s eyes. Although the narrator is outside of the story world, the selection of textual elements happens according to what and how Jade perceives:

- (1) When Jade had arrived at the marae, she’d gone to the kitchen to avoid all the grief beside Sav’s coffin. One woman had looked up but not into Jade’s eyes and another had smiled meekly. (p. 122)
- (2) She breathed in, and her whole body broke into something, something of a gallop, something of a flight, but tethered by grief. (p. 128)

Example (1) describes Jade’s actions, but also states her avoidance strategy, which may signal omniscience on the narrator’s part but also indicate that the narration is influenced by Jade’s perception. Furthermore, the women’s reactions are described with a tinge of how Jade must perceive them, as she seems to be highly alert to potential judgement over her. In example (2) the narrator tells of a sensation that overcomes Jade when she is in Toko’s bedroom. There is a sense of Jade’s subjective perception in the narration, as she herself seems unable to fully identify what she is feeling and circumscribes it as “something, something of a gallop”.

Furthermore, there are indicators that Jade is the evaluating entity in the narration of her chapters, however her evaluations are mainly directed towards herself or her body.

(3) The tūī on Jade's ribcage throbbed. Throbbed like they'd been pressed into her wingless body, like they'd rather not be stuck on that skin. (p. 127)

(4) She would never get the smell out, the smell of the House [...] (p. 127f)

In both examples, the narration is influenced by Jade's evaluative stance. In (3) Jade imagines the birds being just as stuck on the skin as she is in her own life and (4) implies that she sees no hope of ever leaving her past behind her.

Regarding language, the narration in Chapter 17 is occasionally marked with Jade's direct thoughts as well as her colloquial choice of syntax (5) and lexis (6) (my bold):

(5) Jade didn't understand the words but she could see what the kuia wanted in her face. Jade couldn't give it to her, **really couldn't, though she tried.** (p. 122)

(6) The smell of **booze**, cigarettes and **pot.** (p. 128)

Jade's part of the story is therefore narrated in the past tense by a narrator outside of the story world who adopts her point of view in several aspects. The narrator is furthermore not temporally fixed, as there are two flashbacks into Jade's memories with Sav (scene in the car and getting the birthday tattoo). Towards the end of the book, the readers also discover the unreliability of the narrator as Jade admits that the way her first meeting with Toko was told was actually her imagined version of the story (p. 265). Thus, it becomes more apparent towards the end of the novel how strongly Jade's perception influences the narrator in the chapters that tell her part of the story. In other words, there is a strong sense of *internal focalization* despite the third-person non-diegetic narrator position.

Taukiri's chapter 38 is told by a diegetic first-person narrator: the teenager Taukiri. The narration happens from a personal figural point of view as Taukiri's perception dictates the selection of elements in the text:

(7) I took the bend around the bottom of Moa Street and found Lyall Bay, wide open like a big lovely smile. Beaming. Above the rocks, the waves were peeling. They bowed to the sky. They moved from left to right, stilling time in sublime slow motion, like they were in no rush and yet moved quicker than anything else ever had. A giant-like pace, quick, powerful, graceful. (p. 222)

Here, the first view over the bay is narrated as Taukiri describes what he sees with expressions such as “big lovely smile”, “sublime slow motion” and “giant-like pace”. Taukiri’s chapters are told in the past tense, however his redemptive first surfing moment back in the ocean shifts into the present tense (pp. 222-224). The scene constitutes an interlude within the chapter with intensified immediacy through the change into present tense. Taukiri furthermore adopts a more poetic ((8) and (9)) and a more stream-of-consciousness-infused (10) narration style in this scene:

- (8) And the blood in the bruise of me uncrystallises, and decides to swim about again, beneath my kissed-better skin. (p. 223)
- (9) The saltiest sorry is gushed. (p. 223)
- (10) Wave crushes on me, pulls my board away, and I feel the pull at my ankle. Haul it back, jump on. Sit with feet dangling under. Bird darts. Cloud moves. It’s energy, pure hit. Smack. And into my blood. (p. 223)

Taukiri thus narrates his experience in an intimate way revealing his subjective perception, which is intensified in the redemptive surfing scene.

Regarding the evaluative aspect, the narration is very strongly marked with Taukiri’s ideology and personal struggles, which corresponds to the highly subjective position the chapter is narrated from overall. In (11), Taukiri as narrator gives an overt evaluative statement about Jason and admits to his own feelings about him:

- (11) Despite the shit he was up to, he was a pretty decent guy. Was hard to hate him, even though I wanted to. (p. 219)

Furthermore, Taukiri’s narration is infused with his idiomatic youth slang. Expressions such as “pretty decent” (p. 219), “bone-dry wettie” (p. 222), “Chug it back” (p. 223) and “accidentally-on-purposely drinking salt water” (p. 223) as well as fragmented sentences and surf jargon (“took a drop”, “a smooth bottom turn”, “duck-diving” (p. 222)) characterize the narration as highly colloquial. Example (12) illustrates how Taukiri’s language turns the narration into stream-of-consciousness as the readers follow his train of thoughts and feelings in real time. The disjointed (often single-word) utterances intensify this by adding a staccato effect:

- (12) In my car, turned the ignition and couldn’t get it to start. No gas. Shit. Shit, shit. The time. Eight. Jason. [...] Got off the bus near the airport, walked

to Megan's. At least an hour late. Would he be there? Weed on top, whatever it is underneath. No harm done? (p. 224)

Taukiri's narrative perspective displays a high degree of *internal focalization* with the effect of immediacy through subjective evaluation, personal perception and colloquial language with an intensification of these features in the present tense scene of the redemptive surfing experience.

Chapter 39, titled “Ārama”, is narrated by a first-person diegetic narrator and from the figural point of view of the 8-year-old character Ari. Although Ari's first-person narration is less stream-of-consciousness-infused than Taukiri's, his figural perception has a strong influence on the selection of text elements. Ari's way of telling the story is often characterized by imaginative descriptions that border on the surreal:

(13) [...] me and Beth stripped down to our underwear and swam, our knees knocking the rocks on the bottom. We were eels, curling between the large rocks, scraping over the stones. (p.227)

(14) ‘Fuck,’ I said, like I was letting one small bee out of my mouth. [...] And the air went like boiled honey, thick, too sweet, hurting your teeth, like the bees were feeling afraid out in the world now, and what should they do? Should they find another mouth? Should they leave now? But they just hung in the air, almost like they hoped no one saw them, but prepared to attack just in case someone did. (p. 230f)

Both examples illustrate Ari's imagination as an 8-year-old. In (13), he does not state ‘we pretended to be eels’ or ‘we moved like eels’, but to him they *are* eels. In general, Ari's narration style is very descriptive of his surroundings and reveals how he perceives people and their interactions. In example (14), he imagines bees that escape his mouth when he swearing and thus describes the development of what he feels in a visual way. He portrays the surreal elements as not just happening in his mind but as if they are noticed by the other characters as well, as the bees seem to influence their surroundings:

(15) Beth turned her head slowly, as if she was afraid to disturb the creatures in the air [...] And our army of bees swarmed the river's edge, the banks crumbling as they passed, and they swarmed over a sheep lying dead in the open field beside the river [...] They buzzed around us, millions of them, their fuzzy bodies vibrating like they were giving us superpowered butterfly kisses all over our bodies (p. 231)

The subjective imaginative narration makes it ambiguous whether these surreal elements are only part of Ari's imagination or whether there is really something magical happening.

Due to the first-person perspective, Ari's values shape the ideology of the narrator in chapter 39 as is illustrated in example (16) and by the more implicit evaluative statement in (17)

(16) I had decided they were the worst words I'd ever heard [...] (p. 230)

(17) Her black eye looked much darker with her face sad. (p. 228)

Repeatedly, Ari's logic of a child gives his evaluation a resolute straight-forwardness as in (16), but he also thinks deeply and with compassion and empathy as can be seen in how he perceives his aunt's sadness in (17).

Both Ari's age and his idiomatically colloquial speech occasionally shape the language of the narrative perspective. He uses expressions such as "peed off" (p. 228) and "yucky feeling" (p. 229). Ari's narration furthermore shifts into present tense when he narrates the scene of his hunting an eel. Like Taukiri's surfing experience, Ari's eeling moment is intensified through the tense shift, thus creating more immediacy and more a stream-of-consciousness narration style:

(18) I search the dark water for the eel but I can't see him. And for a second I think of my bare toes, but I just grip tighter on the gaff and the thought goes away. Tom Aiken points and we see the eel coming up the other side of the deep dark water back into the shallow part. We creep through the deep part. My belly button is wet. (p. 233)

Ārama's chapter is thus characterized by a descriptive diegetic narration from the perception of an imaginative and deeply empathetic 8-year-old, including colloquialisms and child-language and an intensification of immediacy through a shift to present tense.

Finally, the narration of Aroha plays a unique role, as her passages are not separate chapters, but attached to the end of some of them. Her voice starts appearing in the second half of the book and readers gradually deduce that it must be Aroha speaking, who has died in a car accident and is now narrating from the realm of the dead. As a narrator, Aroha is diegetic in the sense that she is a character from the story. However, at the point of her narration she is dead and limited to influencing the story world as wind: "*I am tearing at things I shouldn't be [...] I shake. I stir up waves [...] I am the wind rushing down a narrow winding road*" (p. 235f).

Besides these ghost-like interferences with the story world, Aroha gives insight into the developments around her family members, in which she is not limited in space and time. She can eavesdrop on private conversations (“*Alone Māmā says to Pāpā: ‘She’s so independent [...]’* p. 236), jumps forward in time and reveals the feelings and motives of her sister (“*Kat feels so hard done by, almost abandoned [...] She is sure that he knows she doesn’t mean it, is just getting it off her chest [...]*” p. 236) and she also witnesses her son Ari’s eeling experience (“*Now my boy is with her. And she has taken him to a river*” p. 237). Thus, the selection of text elements in Aroha’s narration is highly dependent on her perception and what she reports and comments on.

Aroha also explicitly evaluates what she sees and reports. She reveals that she still has some unresolved feelings and an agenda herself:

- (19) *And who am I to argue when I’m dead and this happened all so long ago, anyway?* (p. 236)
- (20) *I wish he had hooked me by my mouth and smashed me upon those rocks, just so I could be the blood upon his fingers.* (p. 237)
- (21) *They do not calculate moves, or have kills, which fall into their hands, planned out. Saying so would give them too much credit.* (p. 225)

In (19) and (20) she shows her personal stance towards what is happening to her family. Despite being dead, she still longs to be with her son Ari, as she strongly expresses in (20). She also evaluates the motives of the gang members in (21), which partly indicates her personal stance and gives her an air of omniscience now that she observes from beyond the world of the living. This and the above-mentioned examples of her access to characters’ consciousnesses can be seen as features of *zero focalization* as she seems to know more than the characters – and presumably more than she could have known if she was still alive and an equal part of the story world. Overall, Aroha’s narration provides more detail and background information for the readers, while it also evaluates and comments on the situation.

Aroha’s language shapes her narration in two ways. On the one hand, she is still the mother of Ari, daughter of “*Māmā and Pāpā*” (p. 236) and sister of Kat, but she also adopts a mystical kind of style when she describes her wind-like presence: “*I rock things. I shake. I stir up waves. I pull and push and sweep*” (p. 235). Arguably, Aroha’s narrator voice is thus linguistically hybrid in itself as it shows both characteristics of her former self as a family member and also has a strangeness to it, as a mystical ghost-like entity.

As can be seen in this brief analysis, the story in *Auē* is woven together through a plurality of voices who all narrate from figural points of view. The readers jump from chapter to chapter between different perspectives, points in time and locations. The different threads of the story gradually join together letting the readers participate in the characters' experiences and towards the end they piece together what happened in the past and how the family members cope with their traumas. The fact that all four narrative perspectives are from a figural point of view underscores the importance of immediacy, which contributes to the overall aim of the book to inspire empathy in the readers. All four narrators recount the characters' experiences in an intimate and personal way and thus draw the reader into the story.

The weaving effect of the alternating narrators displays another aspect of linguistic hybridity in the sense of several voices piecing together the woven 'final product'. This phenomenon is of special significance in the context of Māori fiction, as weaving is an important practice among Māori and can serve as a metaphor for storytelling in many indigenous cultures (Yunkaporta (2019, p. 84ff) talks about 'yarning' and the power of story in indigenous cultures). In Māori weaving of harakeke (flax), the evolving patterns serve to record history and stories that pass on mātauranga (knowledge) and whakapapa (genealogy) (*Maori Weaving : The Art of Creating Maori Textiles*, 2014). The four narrative perspectives in *Auē* alternate like threads in a weaving process. While the narrators all narrate from a figural point of view of the respective family members, they also differ in their language and personality and each adds their own colour to the tapestry of the story. All four narrative threads have their own time frames. Taukiri's and Ari's stories happen within relatively parallel time frames, whereas Jade's story is set at an earlier stage and Aroha's is beyond time but influences all the other story levels increasingly towards the end of the novel. In the final scene, the characters meet, and their narrative threads are knitted together to complete the tapestry of the family story. Whether Manawatu intentionally constructed the novel this way or whether it is an underlying effect of her way of storytelling, the four voices create a sense of weaving that connects the novel to Māori tradition on a structural level.

The translation of the different narrative perspectives into German was challenging in so far as the linguistic hybridity created by the four voices needed to be recreated in the TT, but according to the target literature code. Ari's narrator needs to sound like an authentic 8-year-old in German. Taukiri's perspective has to be marked with just enough German colloquial markers to give it a credible teenage voice. And Jade and Aroha's narrator

characteristics are to be reproduced for the German TT, so that all four narrative voices will be distinct and create a similar effect of weaving the story together.

Jade's non-diegetic narrator tells her story with an insight into her feelings and thoughts. This could be recreated in the TT with similar means in German, giving the narrative voice a certain degree of detachment but letting Jade's point of view and her language and self-evaluation shine through. The following two are translations of examples (2) and (5) above:

(22) Jade setzte sich auf sein Bett und ließ ihr Gesicht tief in die Laken sinken.

Sie atmete ein und da war es als wollte ihr ganzer Körper ausbrechen.

Galoppieren. Flüchten. Doch sie war wie gefesselt vor Trauer.

(23) Jade verstand die Sätze nicht, doch sie konnte auf dem Gesicht der kuia lesen,

was diese von ihr wollte. Jade konnte es ihr nicht geben. Es ging nicht, so sehr

sie's auch versuchte

In (22) I decided to translate 'something, something of a gallop' with the combined nominalised verbs "Galoppieren" (galloping) und "Flüchten" (fleeing) to capture the same sense of Jade's struggling to express her feelings through the narrative voice. The German in (23) is less colloquial than in the ST but nonetheless has a tone of Jade's language in it. Overall, I aimed at being consistent with the approach of interspersing the narration of chapter 17 with figural markers of Jade's personality and perception.

For Taukiri's narration, I aimed to achieve the same effect of immediacy in the TT through colloquialisms and displaying his personal perception through the narrative voice. In example (24), Taukiri's teenage language is apparent in his narration in expressions such as "komplett blank" ('completely broke') and "ab und zu auch mal nen Schein" ('occasionally a note'). To intensify the immediacy in the surfing scene narration, I also shifted into present tense and let Taukiri narrate in a stream-of-consciousness style with the occasional staccato effect, as can be seen in example (25).

(24) Mir war endgültig das Geld ausgegangen. War komplett blank. Ich spielte

Gitarre auf der Straße, gab die Münzen aus, ab und zu auch mal nen Schein.

Spielte Gitarre, kaufte mir Essen, spielte wieder. Und jetzt war ich blank.

(25) Ich sitze und lasse meine Füße seitlich ins Wasser hängen. Ein Vogel schießt

ins Meer. Eine Wolke zieht vorbei. Pure Energie. Bäm – direkt in mein Blut.

Most of the characteristics for Taukiri's narrative voice, I was able to achieve with similar features in the German TT. A specific translation challenge connected to grammatical gender differences between ST and TT in this chapter will be discussed in the next section.

For Ari's narrative perspective, I focused on displaying his personal perception as an 8-year-old child as well as giving his narrator the same imaginative and deeply empathetic voice. (26) and (27) both illustrate Ari's child voice in German with simple sentence structure and his descriptive way of saying 'I felt my blood bubbling in my head' to express that he was blushing (27).

(26) Wir hatten zwei Zelte, eins für Tante Kat und mich und eins für Tom Aiken, Beth und Lupo. Beth und ich waren enttäuscht. Wir wollten zusammen im Zelt übernachten, damit wir reden konnten. Und ich wollte auch mit Lupo zusammen schlafen.

(27) Ich spürte das Blut in meinen Kopf blubbern. Das war eine dumme Frage.

The effect of immediacy and expression of personal perception in the eeling scene was intensified by shifting into present tense in the narration, thus achieving the same effect by similar means as in the ST. Throughout Ari's chapter I aimed to give the narrator the characteristics of an 8-year-old, but specifically with the strong imagination and deep thinking and feeling that the character of Ari displays throughout the story.

Finally, for Aroha's narrating voice, I aimed to stay as close to the ST as possible to mirror the uniqueness of this narrative perspective. Both the personal voice of the character Aroha as well as the strangeness of the ghost-like entity commenting from the dead were combined within the German narrator of her passages.

(28) *Jetzt ist mein Kleiner bei ihr. Und sie hat ihn mit zum Fluss genommen, zum Zelten. Um Aale zu fangen, um die Berge anzuschreien, um ihm die Kindheit zu geben, die ich ihm nicht geben kann.*

(29) *Ich zerre an allem, was mir in die Finger kommt. Obwohl ich's lassen sollte. Ich bringe zum Wanken, ich rüttle und rüttle. Ich wühle die Wellen auf. Ich ziehe und schiebe und rausche davon.*

In (28) she refers to Ari as 'her little one' and sounds still very much like the mother who longs for her child. In (29) I kept much of the original sentence structure of 'I shake. I shake' and I also aimed to achieve an onomatopoeic effect with the words "ziehe", "schiebe" and "rausche", which resemble the sound of wind with repetitive sibilants.

I therefore aimed to craft the distinct and personal figural narrators in a similar way and as closely as possible to the ST, so that the unique colours of their voices would be preserved in the TT. I thus recreated the effect of weaving of four threads that ultimately run together into the tapestry that is the family story of *Auē*. My hope is that, although German readers are most likely not familiar with Māori weaving techniques and their symbolism in storytelling, some of this aspect of Māori culture will be transported into the German text and thus made (even if implicitly) accessible to German readers through the German translation of Manawatu's novel.

The previous three sections 1.1-1.3 have illustrated the three main aspects of linguistic hybridity in *Auē*: code-switching, colloquialisms and four narrative voices woven together. The discussion overall illustrates how vital source text analysis can be in order to identify and solve translation challenges in a purposeful way.

In the following section, I will highlight three specific translation problems that are closely related to the novel's high degree of colloquiality and its linguistically hybrid character. As each of the three examples contains a different kind of non-equivalence between SL and TL (be it lexical, grammatical, cultural etc., for categories of non-equivalence cf. Baker (2017)) they illustrate that highly colloquial and linguistically hybrid passages require strategies which carefully balance cultural functions in the ST while ensuring compatibility with the target language and culture.

1.4 Three specific translation problems

The first passage appears in chapter 17, where Sav makes a statement and simultaneously sings along to a song, thus combining the lyrics with the message she wants to convey. In the TT, she speaks in German, but the reader imagines her to be listening to the song in English, therefore the action of simultaneous singing and speaking cannot be simply transferred into the TT. The colloquial nature of the exchange contributes to this translation problem. The second passage I will point out is found in chapter 38 as part of Taukiri's reconciliatory ocean encounter, in which he has an imaginary conversation with the sea. As he refers to the ocean as 'the sea' (Ger.: *das Meer*), 'she' (Ger.: *sie*) and 'puppy' (Ger.: (*der*) *Welpe*), the German translation needs to incorporate three different grammatical genders. The translation challenge thus stems from grammatical non-equivalence between SL and TL. In chapter 39, the term 'redneck', as used by 8-year-old Beth while constructing her own etymology, creates a translation problem connected to lexical non-equivalence. Since the term 'redneck' does not

have a direct lexical equivalent in German, Beth's invented etymology needs to be rewritten in order to fit the lexical choice with which 'redneck' is translated in the German TT.

1.4.1 Sav's sing-along

The following dialogue between Sav and Jade is part of one of Jade's flashbacks in chapter 17. The two women are in the car listening to music on the cassette player. The reader imagines the music playing in the background while they talk:

Sav tapped her foot to Jade's song, and when it was finished she put her mix-tape back in the cassette player and replayed 'Keep on Loving You'.

'This is more honest,' she said.

'Than what?' Jade asked.

'Than "Peace Train".'

'How's that?'

'Because, Jade, as long as there's love, there's never gonna be peace,' she tossed her black hair to one side. 'And really, love is the only thing we wanna dooooooo.'

(Manawatu, 2019, p. 124)

In the German TT, the song titles are referenced in English, since they are real songs from the 70s and 80s that German readers may know or choose to look up and listen to. It would therefore not be suitable to translate the song titles. Thus, German readers imagine the women listening to the songs in English, even though the dialogue is in German. This in itself is not a problem, as many English-speaking songs are known in Germany and can be heard on German radio. However, when Sav incorporates the song lyrics into her utterance, the translator faces a problem. Sav makes her point about peace and love and thus alludes to the two songs "Peace Train" and "Keep on Loving You", which the two women have been listening to and discussing in this scene. The last sentence of her utterance 'And really, love is the only thing we wanna dooooooo' starts out as a spoken statement, but then seems to evolve into singing along to the line in the song. This cannot be reproduced in the same way in the German TT, since background music and spoken dialogue are in two different languages. The following illustrates how I tried to solve the problem in the German TT. Sav's last utterance is back-translated into English below to illustrate what happens in the translation:

Sav schlug mit ihrem Fuß den Takt zu Jades Lied. Als es zu Ende war schob sie das Mixtape zurück in den Kassettenschlitz und ließ noch einmal ‚Keep on Loving You‘ laufen.

„Das ist ehrlicher“, sagte sie.

„Als was?“ fragte Jade.

„Als ‚Peace Train‘.“

„Wieso?“

„Weil, liebe Jade, solange es Liebe gibt, wird's niemals Frieden geben.“ Sie schwang ihr schwarzes Haar zur Seite. „**Und dabei wollen wir doch einfach nur Liebe. Oder, Schätzchen? It's the only thing we wanna doooooo.**“

(b.t.) „Because, dear Jade, as long as there is love, there will never be peace.“ She tossed her black hair to the side. „And afterall love is all we want. Isn't it, honey? It's the only thing we wanna doooooo.“

In order to incorporate both Sav's playful statement and her singing along to the line of the song, I separated the two communicative actions into two utterances. First, she says that love is all they want. I added the tagged question “Oder, Schätzchen?” for emphasis of her jovial mood. In a second utterance, she then sings along to the song. She does so, however, by changing the original from ‘It's the only thing *I* wanna do’ to ‘It's the only thing *we* wanna do’. The change of the pronoun signals that she understands the lyrics and sings along intentionally to make her point. By separating the statement and the singing into two utterances, the potentially disruptive effect of the code-switching into English is mitigated, because the statement comes first and the sing-along simply reiterates what Sav has already said. Nonetheless, this may create an effect of defamiliarization for the TT readers, because all of a sudden the character Sav is portrayed as knowing both German and English. The readers are also reminded that this is a translated text. Thus, this may be considered a foreignization tactic where foreignness is added to the TT in order to solve a translation issue that arises from a colloquial speech phenomenon in the ST.

1.4.2 Taukiri's oceanic conversation

In chapter 38 Taukiri achieves reconciliation with the ocean. He has avoided the water since the traumatic car accident, in which his foster parents died and he almost drowned himself. He has not been able to go back close to the sea, but when he realises that he is about to sell his surf board and get involved in the drug dealing business of his new friends, he rushes

back to grab his board and goes to Lyall Bay, Wellington, where he finally manages to go back into the water. Manawatu creates an intimate and immediate narrating voice by switching into present tense for this short passage. Taukiri's first-person narration becomes an inner monologue of what he sees, feels and imagines when he is reunited with the ocean. A conversation evolves that seems both verbal and sensual as he personifies the sea in this redemptive encounter. The challenge arises for the translator when the sea is both referred to with a feminine personal pronoun and also compared to a puppy's tongue. Thus, the 'other' that Taukiri encounters in the sea has several facets, which need to be accounted for in the translation. The following summarizes the scene, the three sea references highlighted in bold by me:

And **the sea!**

She kisses me like I've been missed.

She's like, 'Where've you been?'

She's like, 'Where did you go?'

She's like, 'What'd I do?'

I don't say, 'Don't you remember?'

[...]

She's like the tongue of **a giant puppy** who did something a long time ago, something silly like chew up my shoes.

[...]

She's happy I'm back, and licks me sloppy, and wags her tail for me in perfect curls.

[...]

Licked better, like an old bruise and she wants to make it all better now. And the blood in the bruise of me uncrystallises, and decides to swim about again, beneath my kissed-better skin.

Manawatu (2019, pp. 222-223)

This intimate encounter with the ocean is a key moment for Taukiri. He imagines the sea as a female persona who has missed him. It could be the image of a lover or a motherly figure, but either way he experiences a personal reunion, intimate to the point that he even enters into conversation with the ocean. The image slightly changes when he begins to associate the touch of the water with a puppy's tongue who licks him and tries to win back his favour. However,

the feminine personal pronoun is kept and thus he merges the two pictures of the puppy and the mother/lover ocean persona (“She’s happy I’m back, and licks me sloppy, and wags her tail for me in perfect curls”).

When translating this passage, the grammatical gender division of the German language becomes apparent as the three ocean references do not merge in the same way as they do in the ST. In German, the three references all have a different grammatical gender. ‘The sea’ most straight-forwardly translates into *das Meer* (neuter gender), ‘she’ corresponds to the feminine personal pronoun *sie* (feminine gender), and ‘the puppy’ in German is *der Welpe* (masculine gender). I argue that the already complex oceanic interlocutor of Taukiri’s encounter will be perceived as more complex by a German reader because they also have to process the three different grammatical genders. The predominant reference that Taukiri uses here is the feminine pronoun, which portrays the sea as an embracing, loving, intimate ‘other’. For most of the passage, the ocean is referred to as ‘she’, especially when she speaks to him. I therefore prioritized the feminine grammatical gender in the TT. Just as Manawatu keeps using the feminine pronoun when describing puppy actions such as licking or wagging the tail, I likewise retained the feminine pronoun in German, even though it could potentially confuse a German reader, because technically a puppy should be masculine in grammatical gender:

She’s happy I’m back, and licks me sloppy, and wags her tail for me in perfect curls.
(p. 223)

Sie ist so froh, dass ich zurückgekehrt bin, und leckt mich schlabbrig ab und wedelt mit dem Schwanz in perfekten Wogen.

The merging of the two personae of the puppy therefore may strike the German reader as odd, but it is important to retain it for this very personal perception that is unique to Taukiri in this specific moment. To prioritize the female persona over the puppy metaphor, I furthermore chose to deviate from ‘licked better’ and go closer to ‘kissed-better’ by choosing to translate the former as *gesund-liebkost* (lit. ‘tenderly, caressingly kissed healthy’) and the latter as *gesund-geküsst* (lit. ‘kissed-healthy’), both of which evoke more the image of a mother gently kissing a child’s injury than a puppy licking the skin to earn forgiveness.

Regarding Taukiri’s initial ocean reference to the sea, I considered two options for the German TT. I could translate it with the more commonly used term *das Meer* with its neuter grammatical gender. However, this may risk disrupting cohesion for the German reader as in the next sentence the same entity is referred to with the feminine personal pronoun *sie*. The

reader might wonder who ‘she’ is when, just before, Taukiri was talking about ‘it’ (the sea). The other option would be to choose a German word with a feminine grammatical gender to translate ‘the sea’, such as *die See*. However, *die See* has different connotations from *das Meer* and sounds more poetic and abstract. The term *die See* is associated with the general concept of the distant and far ocean rather than the immediate and plain term *das Meer*. It would therefore clash with the register of Taukiri’s intimate, immediate inner monologue, as it may not sound authentic for a teenager to describe his personal moment of reconciliation with the abstract and poetic term *die See*. As a translator, I had to aim to help the target reader’s reading flow by trying to avoid too many changes between grammatical genders while staying true to the unique merging of the different ocean personae in the intimate register of Taukiri’s inner monologue. The example passage illustrates the challenge of achieving a balance between source and target. In this case, I decided to use the term *das Meer* to stay true to how Taukiri is characterized through his teenage colloquial language. Thus, I consciously left the TT readers with the challenge of processing the changing grammatical genders, while hoping to provide an immediate insight into Taukiri’s personal encounter with the ocean in the TT.

1.4.3 *The ‘redneck’ challenge*

In chapter 39, narrated by Ārama, one short dialogue between the two 8-year-old characters Beth and Ari becomes a specific translation problem that is connected to lexical non-equivalence between English and German concerning the term ‘redneck’. In the ST, Ari decides to ask his friend Beth about the meaning of the word ‘redneck’ which presumably he has overheard his aunt Kat yell at his abusive uncle Stu. The Oxford Advanced Learner’s Dictionary defines ‘redneck’ as “an offensive word for a person who lives in a country area of the US, has little education and has strong conservative political opinions” (Hornby & Turnbull, 2010). Part of Ari’s confusion must originate from the fact that in a New Zealand context, the term has a notion of foreignness to it, as it refers to a predominantly US-American context of stereotyping. Furthermore, the implication of a conservative (potentially racist) worldview that is associated with ‘redneck’ must elude the 8-year-old Māori boy, as at his age he has probably not been educated about such a term and cannot be expected to know about such political connotations. Finally, the meaning of the term cannot be easily deduced from the literal meaning of the two components ‘red’ and ‘neck’. Beth invents an etymology of the word that takes the two components literally. For better understanding I will insert her turn in the dialogue in full:

‘A person who tries to hide their bad thoughts, but their skin is so white. Like white, white like mine is. But their thoughts are so ugly, you can see them. Just in their neck, making the skin there all red and angry. ‘Cause you know all skin is actually exactly the same and their neck skin has actually had quite a gutsful of keeping their secrets for them. So it shows the world. Sort of like Rudolph.’

Manawatu (2019, p. 228)

In her creative, made-up explanation of what ‘redneck’ means, Beth draws on the literal meaning of the compound constituents ‘red’ and ‘neck’. She also alludes to the children’s personal experience of an abusive uncle who must have inspired her description of a person with ugly, bad thoughts. She emphasizes skin colour when she specifies that such a person has white skin – although she does not seem to be aware that ‘redneck’ is often associated with racist attitudes. She furthermore reveals their suffering from the unfairness of an abusive uncle who can be violent in the home and then pretend that everything is fine in public. Her explanation shows that they yearn for his unjust meanness to be exposed.

In German, there is no lexical equivalent to the term ‘redneck’. It can be found translated into German as *Hinterwäldler* (‘one who lives behind the woods’), which connotes a person of simple mindset, conservative, hermit-like, rurally based, a rough character. The term is a calque of the English ‘backwoodsman’ originally referring to settlers in the east of North America (Drosdowski and Dudenredaktion (Bibliographisches Institut). Wissenschaftlicher Rat. (1993)). However, it is a rather outdated word that, in the context of the novel, is not likely to be used by Aunty Kat to spontaneously yell at Uncle Stu in an outburst of frustration. Other German terms that could fit the situational context more, such as *Vollhorst*, *Schwachmat*, *Rindvieh*, *Idiot* do not have an equivalent density of meaning to ‘redneck’ or are simply not obscure enough for an 8-year-old to wonder about when overhearing his aunt yelling it at his uncle. None of them carry the politically conservative connotations associated with the stereotype of a redneck. As there is no equivalent German term that can be used to refer to a rurally based, simple-minded, probably racist, white American man with violent tendencies, I tried to find a word that would at least incorporate some of these features and could also realistically be used as an offensive term by Ari’s frustrated aunt towards his uncle in an outburst triggered by his abusive behaviour. I decided to use the word *Hornochse*, which literally means ‘horned ox’ and is a dialectal term used to brand someone as a stupid, narrow-minded simpleton (Drosdowski & Dudenredaktion (Bibliographisches Institut). Wissenschaftlicher Rat., 1993). Although it does not match the variety of meanings associated

with ‘redneck’, a situation can realistically be imagined where Aunty Kat yells this word at Uncle Stu in an outburst of anger and frustration. Furthermore, although *Hornochse* does not suggest foreignness as does the American term ‘redneck’, it is obscure enough a word to make an 8-year-old wonder about its actual meaning: what is a horned ox and what does it do? And why is my uncle supposedly a horned ox?

In a second step, the word *Hornochse* needed to be incorporated into the translation of the dialogue between Beth and Ari. Since in the ST Beth’s etymology takes the meaning of ‘redneck’ literally, the passage needs to be rewritten in the TT, as the literal meaning of *Hornochse* yields a different explanation entirely. The following comprises my version of a German translation using the term *Hornochse* as well as a back-translation to illustrate the change of meaning:

„Ist ein Mensch, der ganz viele böse Gedanken in seinem Kopf versteckt hält. So viele hässliche Gedanken, dass sie anfangen, aus seiner Stirn rauszuwachsen vorne. Weil die Haut sie da nicht mehr drin halten will. Und dann wachsen da so Hörner auf der Stirn, wie bei einem Ochsen, nur dass es halt eklige, wütende Gedankenhörner sind. Und dann kann alle Welt sehen, was für ein böser Mensch das in Wirklichkeit ist... Bisschen wie bei Pinocchio.“

(b.t.) ‘It’s a person who has a lot of bad thoughts hidden in their head. So many ugly thoughts that they start growing out at the front of their forehead. Because the skin doesn’t want to keep them in there any longer. And then horns grow on their forehead, like those of an ox, except that these are yucky, angry, evil thought-horns. And then all the world can see how mean this person really is... a bit like Pinocchio.’

The translation choice of *Hornochse* involves a certain loss of meaning. The awareness of a difference in skin colour between the two children is lost. In the original, Beth distinguishes her white skin from Ari’s presumably brown skin. She specifies that a redneck is someone with white skin. I did not include this in the German version, as it would not have fitted with the word *Hornochse*, which is not typically associated with skin colour. Furthermore, the association with US-American foreignness disappears in the TT, as *Hornochse* creates a different semantic context. However, I decided to accept this loss in order to prioritize the fact that Beth tailors her explanation to their personal experience with Ari’s uncle and thus gives air to the unjust violence the children have to witness and endure on a regular basis. I also found that the word *Hornochse* makes it possible to preserve the notion of the skin no longer

containing the evil thoughts and of her comparison to a figure of children's literature: in the ST Beth compares the phenomenon to Rudolph's red nose and in the TT she compares the growing of horns to Pinocchio's nose growing when he lies.

The translation choices made in the 'redneck' passage may be attributed to a domestication tactic, as the TT loses some of the specific cultural connotations in order to preserve coherence for the German reader and make the situation plausible even in a German speaking context.

The three translation challenges discussed above show that domestication and foreignization tactics can vary from case to case. I found myself deciding between the strategies according to the purpose and effect of each passage. Where a phenomenon mainly served to characterize the protagonists, I often foreignized so as to not lose aspects of their characterisation in the ST. This can be seen in my foreignization of te reo Māori passages as well as in Sav's sing-along where it was important to reproduce her care-free, witty way of speaking and singing. Similarly, the scene of Taukiri's ocean encounter is unusual in the ST and characterizes him and his imagination. I therefore prioritized keeping his distinctive metaphors over domesticating the three grammatical genders and thus making processing easier for German readers. In the case of the 'redneck' challenge, the characterisation effect arises from Beth's inventing the etymology rather than the term itself. My domestication tactic therefore does not come at the cost of characterisation but rather enhances it in the context of German target language and culture. Overall, I aimed at portraying as much of New Zealand culture in the TT as I could without alienating German readers due to excessive confrontation with foreignness. Such a functional approach to choices between foreignizing vs. domesticating mirrors Nord's (2015) purpose-driven approach to literary translation which served as a theoretical framework for my German translation of *Auē*. I will discuss this framework in the following section on linguistic hybridity in the context of literary translation.

2. Linguistic hybridity in literary translation

In the previous sections of my commentary, I illustrated different aspects of linguistic hybridity in *Auē* and what challenges they can bring about for a literary translator. Code-switching into te reo Māori, colloquialisms and the weaving of the story through different narrative perspectives mean that the novel is characterized by layers of voices and hybrid linguistic

expression. In this final chapter, I will highlight the theoretical framework I drew from for the German translation of *Auē*.

Initially, I tried to decide whether I wanted my translation to follow an overall domestication or foreignization strategy according to Lawrence Venuti (2008). As a dichotomy of translation approaches, Venuti distinguishes between *domesticating* a foreign text through an “ethnocentric reduction of the foreign text to receiving cultural values”, thus achieving fluency (2008, p. 15), and *foreignizing* a text on the other hand through a translation that “signifies the differences of the foreign text, yet only by disrupting the cultural codes that prevail in the translating language” (*ibid.*). To domesticate means to apply translation strategies in such a way that the target text becomes maximally accessible for the target reader in the context of their cultural background, while to foreignize means to challenge the reader to process aspects that are linguistically and culturally new to them. According to Venuti, the translator’s stance towards either of these strategies “indicate[s] fundamentally ethical attitudes towards a foreign text and culture, ethical effects produced by the choice of a text for translation and by the strategy devised to translate it” (Venuti, 2008, p. 19). However, I found that although from an ethical standpoint I was leaning towards foreignization strategies for most of the linguistically hybrid phenomena encountered in *Auē*, and although I found it best to foreignize te reo Māori in the text, I chose to domesticate some of the colloquialisms and specific challenges such as in the passage around the term ‘redneck’. Rather than labelling my overall strategy as either foreignizing or domesticating, I decided to look for a more functionally motivated framework as a model for my translation project.

Like Venuti, Christiane Nord also formulates a dichotomy of translation strategies by distinguishing between *documentary* vs. *instrumental* translation (Nord, 1997). However, Nord bases her dichotomy on a functional approach. A documentary translation focuses on displaying the source text as literally as possible in the target language (corresponding to Venuti’s foreignization). Its function is to display a kind of *document* of the source text through which it exoticizes the target text and creates cultural distance (Nord, 1997, p. 47f). An instrumental translation first and foremost functions to recreate an *equal effect* for the target readers thus aiming to make identification equally possible for the TT readers as for the ST readers (corresponding to Venuti’s domestication) (Nord, 1997, p. 50). However, again, I found it hard to decide whether I was aiming at a predominantly instrumental function for my translation – as of course I wanted German readers to immerse themselves and identify with the text as much as ST readers – or whether it was most important to document the uniqueness

of Becky Manawatu's original text, especially with regard to the features that give it its linguistically hybrid nature. I therefore analysed the features I identified as linguistically hybrid in the broad sense of the term as I am using it in this thesis and decided to predominantly base my analysis of *Auē* as a source text on determining what purpose the linguistically hybrid features serve. Such a purpose can be formulated globally for the whole text, as well as locally, for instances of te reo Māori or colloquialisms, or specific features, such as in the 'redneck' challenge. Inspired by the framework which Christiane Nord explains in her book *Translating as a Purposeful Activity: Functional Approaches Explained* (1997), I decided to look for a functionalist approach that would provide strategies to help solve the challenges I encountered in translating *Auē*.

Nord (1997) refers to Vermeer (1996) and his *Skopos* theory when she describes translation as a purpose-driven action. Vermeer's theory claims that both source text and translation are created for a certain purpose (have a *Skopos*) and should be composed in a way that they can serve that purpose for their respective receivers (in Nord (1997, p. 29)). According to Nord, translation is part of a communicative act that is carried out between agents, i.e. sender(s) and receiver(s) of a message, and thus the basic purpose of translation is a communicative one (1997, p. 1). As language is part of culture, and communication is always embedded in a situation-within-culture, cultural constraints regulate the communicative process between sender and receiver. This is relevant for the sender of the ST and the ST readers as receivers, but the translator is also initially a receiver of the ST who then goes on to become a sender of the translation text to a target readership as receivers (Nord, 1997, p. 35). When the translator enters the communicative process, he or she takes on the role of a mediator and thus "allows a communicative act to take place which because of existing linguistic and cultural barriers would not have been possible without it" (Nord, 2005, p. 32). There is therefore a second purpose in translation: cultural mediation (also Katan (2004)). As a cultural mediator, the translator needs to be aware that they communicate information, which they have received (and to some degree subjectively interpreted) themselves in the first place, before they go on to deliver it to a new readership or audience:

The translator offers this new audience a target text whose composition is, of course, guided by the translator's assumptions about their needs, expectations, previous knowledge, and so on. These assumptions will obviously be different from those made by the original author, because source-text addressees and target-text addressees belong to different cultures and language communities. This means the

translator cannot offer the same amount and kind of information as the source-text producer.

(Nord, 1997, p. 35)

Within the functionalist approach to literary translation, it is therefore vital to consider the purpose or *Skopos* of the ST as well as to come up with a *Skopos* for the translation text, which allows the target text to function for the target readers in a way that it fulfils the purpose in the target-cultural context. In order to arrive at a *Skopos* for ST and TT, Nord stresses the importance of source-text analysis to “establish the function-in-culture of a source text” which is “then compared with the (prospective) function-in-culture of the target text” (2005, p. 24). In the previous sections of this thesis, I illustrated some of the analysis that I conducted for the aspects I am looking at. For the German translation of *Auē*, I consequently formulated the following *Skopoi* for ST and TT, both globally and for the three aspects of linguistic hybridity under discussion:

| | ST Skopos | TT Skopos |
|--|---|--|
| Global | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - inspire empathy for characters' personal stories - portrayal of NZ lower class | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - inspire empathy for characters' personal stories - portrayal of NZ lower class - introduce Māori culture |
| Local Borrowing/Code-switching | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - express indigeneity - promotion of te reo Māori in NZ | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - introduce Māori culture - promotion of te reo Māori internationally |
| Colloquialism | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - immediacy - Kiwiness, lower-class slang | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - immediacy - lower class-slang |
| Narrative perspectives | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - immediacy - weaving | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - immediacy - weaving |

Table 3 ST and TT *Skopoi* for *Auē* and German translation

Nord (1997) furthermore gives the following four suggestions for as a guideline for literary translation that is grounded in a purpose-driven approach:

- (1) The translator interprets the source text not only with regard to the sender's intention but also with regard to its compatibility with the target situation
- (2) The target text should be composed in such a way that it fulfils functions in the target situation that are compatible with the sender's intention
- (3) The text world of the translation should be selected according to the intended target-text function
- (4) The code elements should be selected in such a way that the target-text effect corresponds to the intended target-text functions

(Nord, 1997, p. 92f)

Suggestion (1) refers to source text interpretation, which is the basis for the formulation of *Skopoi* for ST and TT. I found this especially relevant for the translation of te reo Māori code-switching. With each case of code-switching in the ST, I asked myself what purpose it serves in the context of its chapter and the whole of the novel, but I also kept in mind the compatibility with German target culture. As can be seen in Table 3, I summarized the *Skopos* of te reo in the ST as an expression of indigenous identity as well as a promotion of te reo Māori in New Zealand (literature). However, as explained above, German target readers are most likely not familiar with te reo and Māori culture and therefore the TT serves the additional purpose of introducing Māori culture. The twofold interpretation process according to suggestion (1) was helpful to determine how to best translate the te reo Māori borrowings and code-switching, because it made me aware of their purpose in the ST, but also kept me in tune with the German target culture and the target readers' need for additional information. That is also why I included a glossary in the German text so the target readers could look up the meanings of te reo words and sentences.

Furthermore, suggestion (1) is relevant for the translation of colloquial passages. I formulated the *Skopoi* for colloquialisms in *Auē* as creating immediacy and signalling Kiwiness (geographical aspect) and lower-class slang (social aspect). Immediacy is created through the everyday quality of colloquialisms, as they transport the readers into the middle of the characters' conversations. NZ English terms in dialogues anchor the story in New Zealand and slang also places certain characters in a milieu of lower social class (such as Sav, Jason, Taukiri). However, suggestion (1) claims that the ST needs to be interpreted with regard to

compatibility with the target situation in order to formulate a purpose for the TT. As argued in the previous section on colloquialisms, what can be translated is the immediacy of colloquial speech and the social aspect of slang, but the geographical aspect of ‘Kiwiness’ will inevitably be lost, because there is no equivalent in the German language that could make the characters sound ‘Kiwi’. For the ‘redneck’ translation challenge, suggestion (1) was relevant as well, as the interpretation of the use of the term in the ST context alone could have led to a translation that would have been incompatible with the target situation. As explained above, I chose the term ‘Hornochse’ in German and domesticated the etymology invented by Beth, so that the scene is coherent in the TT and compatible with German situation-in-culture.

Nord’s suggestion (2) for literary translation recommends a composition of the translation that ensures that the TT functions in a way that is in line with the ST sender’s intention. One main (global) purpose of *Auē* I identified is inspiring empathy for the characters and their respective ways of coping with their traumas. From analysing the ST, I came to the conclusion that it was Becky Manawatu’s intention for *Auē* to inspire empathy through her writing. The German translation therefore needed to be composed in a way that this was also a function of the target text. By creating immediacy through colloquial dialogues as well as through the weaving of the different narrative perspectives, I aimed to create a TT that tells the story just as personally as in the ST and preserves the function of inspiring empathy in the readers. With regard to the portrayal of NZ lower class and Māori culture, the target text functions in a slightly different way as it serves the additional function of *introducing* both New Zealand culture in general and Māori indigeneity specifically. I tried to achieve this by making te reo Māori as visible and accessible as possible. The TT function of introducing Māori culture should hopefully be compatible with Becky Manawatu’s intentions for the ST, as te reo is portrayed in the ST as a reunifying and liberating language for the characters in the novel.

Regarding suggestion (3), the source text world did not need to be changed for the German translation of *Auē* – with the exception of NZ English specific slang terms that could not be carried over into the TT. It could therefore be argued that the text world changed in comparison to the source text world in that it lost some of its ‘Kiwiness’ regarding the colloquialism in dialogues. Other than that, the story’s text world setting in New Zealand does not need to be changed in order to be compatible with the target text *Skopoi*.

Finally, suggestion (4) recommends selecting code elements in the TT in such a way that the TT functions are actually fulfilled and produce the desired effect for the target readers.

I found this most relevant in the translation of the colloquialisms in the dialogues in which a lot of slang was used, as well as in crafting the narrative voices in the TT.

As described in the analysis, especially conversations between Taukiri and Jason and the exchanges at the surf shop have a high degree of colloquialism and specifically are shot through with a tone of NZ English slang. In order to achieve the TT effect of immediacy, I decided not to pick a specific regional urban dialect in German, as for instance a *Berliner Schnauze*. Rather, I aimed at composing a general youth slang that contained terms from the drug milieu or surf jargon respectively. Letting New Zealand characters speak in a specific German regional dialect seemed to me unauthentic and most likely would alienate the target readers rather than achieving the intended effect of immediacy. Furthermore, I aimed to balance the way that slang features were realized orthographically so that the text would not be overloaded and thus again fail to achieve immediacy. A sensitively balanced amount of youth slang that is not specifically associated with a certain region in Germany seemed to me the best strategy to achieve the relevant text effect of immersing the readers into authentic conversations among urban New Zealand youth.

Finally, I found that the narrative perspectives in the TT should reflect the weaving structure found in the ST. The target text code elements of characterizing the four different figural narrators needed to be selected in such a way that the effect of story weaving could be achieved in the TT. As discussed above, I tried to make the narrator voices as similar as possible to the ST voices, but used the relevant German code elements of colloquialisms, child-language, stream of consciousness and tense shifting in a way that it became a flowing narrative in German. This meant for instance that when a colloquialism could not be translated with a corresponding colloquial term in German, I compensated with another colloquialism so that overall the degree of colloquial language for that narrator would be similar to the ST (as illustrated in section 1.3).

Ultimately, Nord (1997) suggests that translation should be seen as a social interaction and that translators have a “responsibility [...] toward their partners in translational interaction” (p.125), which she terms *loyalty*. The concept of loyalty recognizes the fact that there are people involved on both ‘sides’ of the translator, namely the source text sender and the target text readers (she also includes the initiator of the translation commission (Nord, 1997, p. 126)). The translator should aim to be loyal in each of these interpersonal relationships. On the one hand, such loyalty limits the translator in determining a *Skopos* for their TT, because they need to

remain loyal to the ST sender's intention. Loyalty to the ST sender also proscribes blatant domestication (or instrumentalization) of the TT without good reason. However, Nord admits that with some texts it may be difficult to determine the sender's intention and she suggests analysis of the "intratextual function markers" as a means of respecting this loyalty towards the sender (1997, p. 126). On the other hand, loyalty towards the TT readers and their cultural context is crucial for the translator so that they produce a target text that is comprehensible and relatable for the TT readers. To determine the TT readers' cultural background, their literary expectations and their need for facilitation is part of the cultural mediation that the translator has to perform.

The notion of a purpose-driven approach to translation combined with the concept of the translator's interpersonal loyalty ties back to the balancing strategy, which Klinger (2015) suggests for the translation of linguistic hybridity, as already mentioned in the discussion of te reo code-switching:

The task of the TT translator, therefore, in my view, is to find the right balance between enabling translation (that is, avoiding strategies that make the text inaccessible to anyone not acquainted with the represented foreign source language) and encouraging translation (that is, avoiding strategies that assimilate the text for the reader rather than requiring the reader to engage with newness).

(Klinger, 2015, p. 157f)

Like Nord, Klinger focuses on the interpersonal relationship that the translator has, here with the TT readers. The task is to balance the translation on the continuum between foreignization and domestication, thus both encouraging the reader to engage with foreignness while also facilitating their access to the new concepts. Translation therefore seems to be a balancing act of finding the purposes for both ST and TT in a way that the produced target text can justifiably be called loyal to both the sender of the ST and the needs of the TT readers. I found that a purpose-driven analysis and a sensitively balanced translation that aimed to remain loyal to both ST author and German target readership became the best way for me to translate a New Zealand novel such as Becky Manawatu's *Auē* into German while following a guideline that justified my translation choices for linguistically hybrid features.

3. Conclusion

In the commentary part of this MA thesis, I aimed to illustrate the significance of how the novel *Auē* is characterized by te reo Māori borrowing and code-switching, by colloquial speech in dialogue and by a story that is woven together through four narrator voices. In combination, these features give the novel its linguistically hybrid nature. In my analysis, I took a functional approach based on Nord's *Skopos* framework to determine how best to translate the chosen chapters into German in a purpose-driven way. I found the overall *Skopos* of the text to be to inspire empathy in readers in the portrayal of New Zealand lower-class family trauma. I made this my overall *Skopos* for the German text as well. Additionally, I identified as a target text function the introduction of Māori culture to a readership who is most likely unfamiliar with Aotearoa New Zealand's indigenous heritage. My translation of passages with te reo Māori borrowings and code-switching aims to make the language visible but also accessible for the non-proficient German target readership, thus staying loyal to both source and target culture. Since te reo Māori functions in the novel both as an expression of indigenous identity and a means of liberation and unification, it was vital to keep all te reo in the text and supplement the translation with a glossary. Colloquialisms give the novel a strong sense of immediacy and serve to characterize the protagonists through their language. I therefore aimed to reproduce the same degree of colloquial speech but decided not to draw from specific regional German varieties so as not to lose the sense of a story anchored in New Zealand. The geographical aspect of Kiwi slang was inevitably lost in the target text, but the hope is that there are enough markers that provide the German readers with a similarly strong notion of the New Zealand setting and Kiwi characters. For the narrative voices, I remained as true to the source text as possible, aiming to recreate the colours of each narrator's personality and language. With this method, a translation of the whole novel should reproduce the weaving effect that is apparent in the source text. Through three specific translation problems I illustrated how, besides an overall functional analysis, a case-by-case choice of foreignization vs. domestication tactics can be necessary. With a novel like *Auē*, which tells a personal story of family trauma, the translation choice between foreignizing and domesticating often came down to staying true to the characterizations of the individual protagonists. Overall, I found it helpful to consider Nord's notion of loyalty towards the interpersonal relationships between, first, translator and source text sender, and secondly translator and target readers. Especially regarding the latter, the translator as cultural mediator needs to achieve a balance by ensuring that the target readers

are encouraged to engage with newness while being supported in their access to textual elements that are unfamiliar to them.

The discussion in this thesis hopefully forms a meaningful contribution to the overall discourse of translation theory and practice by highlighting the importance of a purpose-driven approach to literary translation. Asking what purpose the translation serves globally for the target readership and determining functions of linguistic phenomena and specific translation problems should provide a guideline to reach a balance of foreignization that is most beneficial for the target readers and most true to the source text author's intentions. I also hope that the analyses provided here can be of help for future literary translators of contemporary New Zealand fiction, as they approach linguistically hybrid phenomena in their source texts.

Finally, I must state that due to the limited scope of an MA thesis, many aspects of translation theory and practice were only touched on briefly. The excerpt chosen for translation here can only represent a translation of the whole novel and is in a certain respect artificial as it lifts three and a half chapters from the middle of the story, thus removing them from their context. In this study, I have concentrated on three linguistically hybrid features as a focus for my research, but there would be more to examine with regard to cultural specificity in *Auē*, such as for instance descriptions of landscapes, the portrayal of gang culture, characterizations of gender identities, a possible stance on biculturalism etc. With a larger scope, a comparison between *Auē* and another (or several) work(s) of NZ fiction could have provided interesting results regarding linguistically hybrid features as covered in this thesis. The novel could for instance be compared to either a contemporary Māori or a Pākehā novel regarding similarities and differences in te reo functions, colloquialisms and how the narration is constructed. If there are similar features in Māori and Pākehā fiction, are there also similar functions for these features? Does the literary translator approach these functions differently, especially with regard to te reo Māori borrowing and code-switching? Further research into Kiwi slang in NZ literature might reveal trends in how national identity is represented linguistically in NZ fiction. Although it is unlikely that the geographical aspect of social variation can be preserved in literary translation, compensation strategies to signal the 'Kiwiness' in target texts may be worth exploring in more detail by looking at translations of NZ works of fiction, possibly comparing translations into different languages as well. A diachronic study of Māori literature and the functions of te reo Māori in it in combination with a diachronic examination of German translation of Māori fiction could give interesting insight into trends both in NZ literature and in literary translation. However, the sample size of such a diachronic study would as of yet be

rather small, as there are still only few German translations of indigenous writing. Any research that validates and promotes te reo Māori and Māori literature internationally should be of great interest, especially in the field of Literary Translation Studies, and I am looking forward to seeing more Māori writing being made accessible to (not only) a German readership through purpose-driven literary translation.

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