



When Memory is Cross-Cultural Translation: Eva Hoffman's Schizophrenic Autobiography

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Article abstract

When Memory is Cross-Cultural Translation: Eva Hoffman's Schizophrenic Autobiography — This article approaches the question of what happens when the text to be translated or rewritten as a result of cross-cultural experience is the self — how is the resulting autobiography to be read? Its answer takes the form of the theorizing of Deleuze and Guattari. It is contended that the potentiality characterizing the position of linguistic alterity experienced by bilingual authors, such as Hoffman, is the underlying assumption in Deleuze and Guattari's work. By identifying the connections between schizophrenia and minor literature and by delineating minor from minority literature, one can better understand the dynamics necessitating self-translation and the forms which cross-cultural writing can take.

When Memory is Cross-Cultural Translation: Eva Hoffman's Schizophrenic Autobiography

Susan Ingram

Being wrenched out of a familiar environment, forced to learn a new language and to adapt to a new culture need not necessarily be traumatic nor lead to the writing of a text in which languages come together and interact creatively. In the case of Eva Hoffman, however, it was and it did. Hoffman's autobiography, *Lost in Translation: A Life in a New Language*, is an account of her struggle with the linguistic and cultural challenges brought about by her family's emigration from her beloved Cracow to Vancouver. There can be no mistaking the pivotal nature of the move for Hoffman. The book opens:

It is April 1959, I'm standing at the railing of the Batory's upper deck, and I feel that my life is ending. I'm looking out at the crowd that has gathered on the shore to see the ship's departure from Gdynia... We can't be leaving all this behind – but we are. I am thirteen years old, and we are emigrating. It's a notion of such crushing, definitive finality that to me it might as well mean the end of the world. (p. 3)

Hoffman clearly sets up this moment as an archetypal fall from grace, likening the departure to "being pushed out of the happy, safe enclosures of Eden" (p. 5) and ending her narrative in the peaceful confines of a Cambridge garden. What Hoffman experiences between these two gardens is the problematic necessity of continuing

to negotiate between self and culture when culture changes and social identity becomes incommensurate with and troubling for the experience of self. There is no place for the Polish *Ewa* in the new Canadian context; however, becoming *Eva* calls into question the constructed, social nature of both these identities. Which, the question becomes for Hoffman, is the *real* one?

It is on the schizophrenic nature of the self that emerges in Hoffman's *autobiography* that this article will dwell. Establishing the schizoid tendencies of *Lost in Translation* will form the first section of the article. Subsequent sections will account for these findings in terms of Deleuze and Guattari's writings on schizophrenia and minor literature. By delineating the concept of *minor* literature from the more general *minority* literature in the form of a comparative analysis of the writing of Hoffman, Nadezhda Mandelstam and Emine Sevgi Özdamar, this article will concretize the way in which the concept of minor literature is useful for identifying and theorizing the different possibilities of existing and writing between languages and cultures.

Hoffman's autobiography as schizophrenic

There is generally basic agreement within psychiatric circles on schizoid symptomatology. Whether one consults the work of the renowned Italian-American psychiatrist, Silvano Arieti, the more recent contributions of Louis Sass or the updated DSM-IV (cf. Livesley, Rapoport and Ismond, Sperry), the features of schizoid behavior presented are quite standard. While Arieti in his wealth of writings on the subject identifies a myriad of schizophrenic tendencies, Sass covers much the same ground in his division of symptoms into the four categories of unreality, mere being, fragmentation and apophany (p. 47). For the purposes of this "diagnosis," however, I will follow the professional guidelines of the DSM-IV, the most recent edition of the diagnostic and statistical manual of mental disorders published by the American Psychiatric Association, and show how the attributes it lists under the cluster A schizoid personality disorder match not only Hoffman's descriptions

of her adolescent, English-learning self but also characterize her autobiographical project in general¹.

The schizoid is marked by "a pervasive pattern of detachment from social relationships and a restricted range of expression of emotions in interpersonal settings, beginning by early adulthood and present in a variety of contexts" (Sperry, p. 177), such as solitary activities, indifference to praise or criticism, little interest in sexual experiences, emotional coldness, and flattened affectivity. Akhtar (1987) describes schizoids as "overtly detached, asexual, self-sufficient and uninteresting, but covertly emotionally needy, exquisitely sensitive and vulnerable, creative and acutely vigilant" (as cited in Sperry, p. 176). This division of and conflict between outer world and inner desires is a great dilemma for Hoffman:

I'd like to dance with that boy again,... I want so much to throw myself into sex, into pleasure. But instead, I feel that small movement of prim disapproval. This is 'unnatural,' I decide – a new word of opprobrium in my vocabulary, and one that I find myself applying to any number of situations I encounter. (p. 130)

The "stark differences" between outward appearance and inner reality represent, in DSM-IV terms, a "splitting or fragmentation of different self-representations that remain integrated" (Sperry, p. 176). At the end of her narrative, Hoffman remarks: "Like everybody, I am the sum of my languages – though perhaps I tend to be more aware than most of the fractures between them and of

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1. The DSM-IV cluster A personality disorders relate to chronic schizophrenia and are sub-divided into three categories: paranoid, schizoid, and schizotypal. Interestingly, Hoffman's book manifests neither the symptomatology of the other two disorders nor that of any of the childhood schizophrenic disorders.

the building blocks" (p. 273) and a multitude of passages support the understatement of this comment:

The unity, the seemingly organic growth of my desires is becoming fragmented, torn. (p. 158)

Once I step off that airplane in Houston, I step into a culture that splinters, fragments and re-forms itself as if it were a jigsaw puzzle dancing in a quantum space... From now on, I'll be made, like a mosaic, of fragments. (p. 164)

I am being remade, fragment by fragment, like a patchwork quilt. (p. 220)

Everything comes together... I am the sum of my parts... It's turned out so well but in the next moment I'm gripped by fear and it's only the cracks between the parts I can perceive. (p. 226)

Two most striking examples of this perceived self-fragmentation are in her English diary, where she is unable to use the word "I," "driven, as by a compulsion, to the double, the Siamese-twin 'you'" (p. 121), and dialogues between these two parts of herself, such as the following:

Over there, you wouldn't even be thinking about getting divorced. You'd be staying married, happily or unhappily it wouldn't matter much /Oh, wouldn't it? Think hard. Wouldn't our unhappiness be just the same as here? /No, it wouldn't. It would exist within the claustrophobia of no choice, rather than the agoraphobia of open options. It would have different dimensions, different weight. /But surely an incompatible marriage is unacceptable. /An American notion. /A universal notion. Women in Bengal rebel against bad marriages, for God's sake. /Women in Bengal don't rebel against emotional incompatibility. They wouldn't understand what you mean. /But I'm not in Bengal! /If you were in Poland, you'd be making a sensible accommodation to your situation. (pp. 230-231)

The schizoid is fragmented both in self- and world-view, as indicated by the comments, "I'm a misfit from life" and "Life is a

difficult place and can be harmful, therefore trust nothing and keep your distance from others" (Sperry, p. 180). These phrases neatly encapsulate Hoffman's reaction to her new Canadian situation:

When I'm with my peers, who come by crinolines, lipstick, cars, and self-confidence naturally, my gestures show that I'm here provisionally, by their grace, that I don't rightfully belong. (p. 110)

If I really were to enter her [the daughter of a family friend] world, if I were really to imagine its difficulties, I would be condemned to an envy so burning that it would turn to hate. My only defense against the indignity of such emotion is to avoid rigorously the thought of wanting what she has – to keep her at a long, safe distance. (p. 113)

Hoffman intellectually understands that the changes she undergoes in Vancouver are due to the new social milieu. She recognizes that her primness is not so much her's as the group's, "a reaction to a discomfort in the air, a lack of ease between the boys and girls, in which this early sexuality is converted not into friendliness but into coy sexiness" (p. 130), and that her distanced reactions to her peers – she decides her role is to be that of "observer", an "anthropologist of the highly detached nonparticipatory variety" (p. 131) – are not so much a reflection of herself as the fact that "I think that I've found myself among a strange tribe of adolescents" (p. 131) who engage in "barbarous" rites such as the drive-in and the adolescent party-game spin the bottle. This intellectualized justification and protestation cannot nullify, however, the pervasive impingement of this barbaric outer world on her innermost being and the infiltration of this new "English-speaking" attitude towards writing, language and time into her later work. Of that most private act of keeping a diary she comments:

the diary becomes surely one of the more impersonal exercises of that sort produced by an adolescent girl. These are no sentimental effusions of rejected love, eruptions of familial anger, or consoling broodings about death. English is not the

language of such emotions. Instead, I set down my reflections on the ugliness of wrestling; on the elegance of Mozart, and on how Dostoyevsky puts me in mind of El Greco. I write down Thoughts. I Write.... Refracted through the double distance of English and writing, this self – my English self – becomes oddly objective; more than anything, it perceives. It exists more easily in the abstract sphere of thoughts and observations than in the world. (p. 121)

And it is this quality of her book with which the Austrian reviewer, Hans Raimund, finds fault:

Her tendency towards explanatory therapeutic monologues, in which she analyses at great length the problems of the integration of an ambitious immigrant and the idiosyncrasies of the Canadians or Americans, makes reading the other (final) two sections boring in parts... In spite of many clever but by no means new views on the problematic of assimilation and American daily life, the reader is reminded of those sophisticated, but rather long-winded articles in the *New Yorker*. (my transl.)

"Sophisticated but rather long-winded," in turn, is indicative of the "irrational liking" (p. 106) Hoffman develops in her youth for some English words: "mainly they're words I learn from books, like 'enigmatic' or 'insolent' – words that have only a literary value, that exist only as signs on the page" (p. 106). Just as the style of Hoffman's autobiography reflects this formative contact with the English language, so too does its present-tense narrative incorporate her Vancouver experience with time:

Betwixt and between, I am stuck and time is stuck within me. Time used to open out, serene, shimmering with promise. If I wanted to hold a moment still, it was because I wanted to expand it, to get its fill. Now, time has no dimension, no extension backward or forward. I arrest the past, and I hold myself stiffly against the future; I want to stop the flow. As a punishment, I exist in the stasis of a perpetual present, that other side of 'living in the present,' which is not eternity but

a prison. I can't throw a bridge between the present and the past, and therefore I can't make time move². (pp. 116-117)

Schizophrenics, as Saas notes, "are in a dual relationship with modernity, existing not just as a product *of* but also as a reaction *against* the prevailing social order" (p. 372, italics in original). Hoffman's text self-reflexively identifies and yet remains execrated by her adolescent experiences of alterity, just as much a product of as a reaction against these formative English-speaking experiences.

Hoffman's autobiography as *minor* literature

The distinguishing characteristics of minor literature as identified by Deleuze and Guattari in their reading of Kafka are also to be found in *Lost in Translation*. First, instead of trying to compensate for the aridity of the major language with artificial symbolism or the like, the minor author accepts it as is, "dans sa pauvreté même" (p. 35). Just as Gregor Samsa does not wake up one morning and feel *like* an "ungeheueres Ungeziefer" but *is* one, Cracow for Hoffman isn't *like* paradise, it *is* paradise, just as Canada *is* exile and America *is* the new world. As Raimund comments: "her reflective description of a Jewish childhood in Cracow after the Holocaust is in its warmth, its intelligent humor and its *unliterary directness* one of the most beautiful I have read on the subject" (my translation, italics added). Just as German in Prague was for Kafka an artificial language, a "langage de papier" (p. 34), so too is English for Hoffman "the language of the present, even if it's not the language of the self" (p. 121). It is the language of her abstract, adolescent diary, of the literature she went on to study at university, and of her work for the *New York Review of Books*.

Because minor literature is more than the individual statement of someone working in the tradition of great works, this

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2. For a discussion on the perpetual present as the temporal orientation of dreamers and schizophrenics, see Arieti (1974), pp. 246-249.

type of literature is political, not in the prosaic sense of ideological activism but collectively; everything in minor literature "prend une valeur collective" (p. 31). Kafka's heroes, for example, Joseph K., Gregor Samsa, Josephine the mouse, are all, like their author, in a state of solitude and open to everything going on around them in contemporary history: "La lettre K ne désigne plus un narrateur ni un personnage, mais un agencement d'autant plus machinique, un agent d'autant plus collectif qu'un individu s'y trouve branché dans sa solitude" (p. 33). Hoffman's story, too, is framed in collective terms: "sometimes, I think of him (Marek) and Zofia and myself, and others like us I know, as part of the same story – the story of children who came from the war and who couldn't make sufficient sense of the several worlds they grew up in" (p. 230). A lost waif, she can no longer conceive of herself, or write of herself, as a unique individual. In Vancouver, she is the foreign student: "Come on, foreign student, cheer up" (p. 117), and she writes of herself in these terms in reported speech: "What odd ideas this foreign student has!" (p. 132), indicating that she has internalized the alienating vision that the others have of her. At Rice, she is the Polish student: "Excuse me, everyone I meet asks politely, but I notice you have an accent. Do you mind if I ask where it's from? I don't mind at all, especially since I soon discover that my answer makes a favorable impression. 'How interesting,' my interlocutors say when I tell them I am from Poland" (p. 172). Thus, her identity is not that of *Eva* or even *Ewa* but that of a generic person from Poland. Even her close friend, Miriam, addresses her as "silly little Polish person" (pp. 215, 276), a term of endearment to be sure, but nonetheless a collective moniker and not her name.

Lastly, just as Deleuze and Guattari view the oedipal triangle in Kafka in relation to bureaucratic, economic and juridical triangles, it would be similarly unproductive to narrow Hoffman down to one, oedipal, triangle. While it cannot be denied that the book is open to suggestive Freudian interpretations, the dynamics of her story, like Kafka's, produce "une solidarité active, malgré le scepticisme; et si l'écrivain est *en marge ou à l'écart de sa communauté fragile*, cette situation le met d'autant plus en mesure d'exprimer une autre communauté potentielle, de forger les moyens

d'une autre conscience et d'une autre sensibilité" (pp. 31-32, italics added). The hermeneutic distance implied by Deleuze and Guattari in this passage will now be brought out by clearly contrasting the concepts of minor and minority literature³.

Minor/ity Literature: Hoffman, Mandelstam and Özdamar

That Deleuze and Guattari's style does not lend itself to clarification or easy definitions is confirmed in Dana Polan's Translator's Introduction:

Even though it is possible through the text for a reader to believe that he or she catches the real and full sense beneath the frequently allusive, elusive movement of the arguments, the translation doesn't attempt in any way to fill out the book, to help the multiplicities of things left unsaid take on the form of emphatic, authoritative statements. (p. xxvii)

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3. The not unproblematic tendency in scholarship towards the interchangeable use of the terms "minor" and "minority" is addressed by Eugene Holland in his commentary to the special issue of the *Journal of Modern Greek Studies* on minor literature: "The essays collected here address the status and prospects of modern Greek studies as a 'minor' or 'minority' field within the Western academy today. This hesitation between 'minor' and 'minority' is symptomatic. As the special issue's title, 'Empowering the Minor,' as well as references in many of the essays suggest, Deleuze and Guattari's notion of 'minor literature' has had considerable impact on discussion of variously marginalized literatures and cultures." (p. 125) The conclusion of Rahimieh's article, which discusses Persian translations of Kafka in terms of Deleuze and Guattari's theory, offers a concrete instance of this trend: "There now exists a new translation of *Die Verwandlung* by Farzaneh Taheri that attempts to deterritorialize Hedayat's Kafka. The conditions of *minority* are being reconceived and reiterated in contemporary Persian literature." (p. 267; italics added)

However, from the examples they offer, such as Kafka's position writing in German as a Prague Jew, and Joyce's and Beckett's as Irishmen, it becomes apparent that, for Deleuze and Guattari, *minor* implies a certain way of existing among languages and a certain relation to the major language and to language in general. Their revolutionary fervour, however, tends to conflate the problem of minor and minority language and literature and mask the linguistic implications of the Kafka effect:

Combien de gens aujourd'hui vivent dans une langue qui n'est pas la leur? Ou bien ne connaissent même plus la leur, ou pas encore, et connaissent mal la langue majeure dont ils sont forcés de se servir? Problème des immigrés⁴, et surtout de leurs enfants. Problème des minorités. Problème d'une littérature mineure, mais aussi pour nous tous: comment arracher à sa propre langue une littérature mineure, capable de creuser le langage, et de le faire filer suivant une ligne révolutionnaire sobre? Comment devenir le nomade et l'immigré et le tzigane de sa propre langue? (p. 35)

Nomads, immigrants, gypsies – for Deleuze and Guattari they are all in the right, "genial" position to produce minor literature. However, those who live between languages in the sense that they haven't mastered the one in which they currently live but in the meantime have lost a living connection to their own are not minor but minority authors. It is the *linguistic* nomads, the ones who live, as Deleuze and Guattari quote Kafka, between the "impossibilité de ne pas écrire, impossibilité d'écrire en allemand, impossibilité d'écrire autrement" (p. 29, italics added), who are minor. By not more clearly differentiating the various possibilities of existing among languages and by not insisting that minor authors are those who live between languages in the sense that they have mastered both (or all) but are at home in neither (or none), Kafka's very important

4. Revealingly rendered in Bernd Schwibs' German translation as *Gastarbeiter*.

repetition of *writing* goes lost. The following comparison serves to illustrate this distinction.

Nadezhda Mandelstam's memoirs, *Hope Against Hope* and *Hope Abandoned*, and Emine Sevgi Özdamar's short story collection, *Mother Tongue*, are both, like Hoffman's autobiography, by and about women wrestling with the very political clashes of cultures and languages⁵. These two women share with Hoffman the experience of being forced to exist in a larger culture in which they are not at home, and into whose terms they must translate both themselves and their writing – Özdamar from her native Turkish into German, Mandelstam from her classical Russian into censored Stalinist double-speak. One might imagine that the immigrant Özdamar's work would be closer, more comparable to Hoffman's than Mandelstam's. Whereas Mandelstam describes her task as simply "to preserve M.'s [her husband the Acmeist poet Osip's] verse and tell the story of what happened to us" (1974, p. 3), Özdamar's collection thematizes the same cross-cultural issues of language and identity as Hoffman, the title story revolving on the refrain, "if only I knew when I lost my mother tongue." However, in her short stories Özdamar remains within and identifies with her own Turkish exile community. The first line of *Mother Tongue* is "In my language, 'tongue' means 'language'" (p. 9, italics added). Not yet immersed enough in German to show it up from the inside, Özdamar does not yet write minor literature. For her a tongue is far from just a boneless organ: "I sat with my twisted tongue in this city, Berlin" (p. 9); "He was away. His guards, his words, stood in the room, some sitting squarely with their legs crossed. The knots made by a tongue can't open the teeth" (p. 51, translation modified). Just as heavy-handed as her imagery are the politics of Özdamar's text with respect to the *Gastarbeiter* problem. In the folk-tale inspired *Karagöz in Alamania/Blackeye in Germany*, a man who emerges in handcuffs from the Door to Germany replies to the

5. Unless otherwise noted, quotations from Mandelstam's and Özdamar's works are taken from the English translations by Hayward and Thomas respectively.

question: "I beg your pardon, are you Turkish?" with "For Germans me Turk, for Arabs German, together it's pingpong with me" (p. 113, translation modified). The Turkish farmer in the same story who returns from Germany to rumours of his wife's infidelity tells her, "I know that you are not guilty. I think it's capitalism [Kapital] that's guilty. We can save ourselves if all the people who have been struck by the hammer of capitalism..." (p. 111). That is, there is no salvation, at least not for the Turks. The farmer's donkey is injured by a Gastarbeiter's Opel Caravan and the story ends not with the couplet which acts as section-marker through the story, "IT GREW DARK. IT GREW LIGHT," but simply "IT GREW DARK" (p. 129).

Nadezhda Mandelstam's memoirs, on the other hand, are minor. There is an intensity and forthrightness to her language, which Joseph Brodsky attributes to her husband's influence: "The clarity and remorselessness of her pages, while reflecting the character of her mind, are also inevitable stylistic consequences of the poetry that had shaped that mind" (p. 151). An internal exile with more gumption than Akhmatova, Mandelstam specifically renounces any claims to uniqueness:

Like any other wife of a prisoner, like any other stopiatnitsa or exiled person, I thought only about the times I lived in, racking my brains over the question: How could this happen, how have we come to such a pass? Thinking about this, I forgot myself and what had happened to me personally, and even that I was writing about my own life, not somebody else's. The fact is that there was nothing exceptional about my case. There were untold numbers of women like myself roaming the country – mute, cowed creatures (1974, p. 3).

Mandelstam's politics forge the means for another consciousness and another sensibility in the minor way that Özdamar's don't. At the end of the second weighty volume of her memoirs, she writes: "But I say there is no limit: one must keep talking about these things until every injustice and every tear are made known, until the reasons for what happened and still happens become clear" (1974, p. 608).

While the minority author's focus is on the future: "We have no choice but to rebuild the tongue which we have lost with the tongue that we have found" (Özdamar, p. 157), minor literature remains mired in the present, suffering what has been lost in translation.

The difference between a minority and a minor author is that, whereas the former is ensconced as informal representative for a community whose marginal, usually victimized, status is not in question, the latter suffers with Kafka the schizoid motion-sickness of attempting to locate any position – marginal, central or otherwise. While the minority author remains at the margins, the minor author experiences the destabilizing dislocation of Anti-Oedipal double movement: "le double mouvement du décodage ou de la déterritorialisation des flux, et de leur re-territorialisation violente et factice" (p. 42). As Hoffman experiences it:

Dislocation is the norm rather than the aberration in our time, but even in the unlikely event that we spend an entire lifetime in one place, the fabulous diverseness with which we live reminds us constantly that we are no longer the norm or the center, that there is no one geographic center pulling the world together and glowing with the allure of the real thing; there are, instead scattered nodules competing for our attention. New York, Warsaw, Tehran, Tokyo, Kabul – they all make claims on our imaginations, all remind us that in a decentered world we are always simultaneously in the center and on the periphery, that every competing center makes us marginal. (pp. 274-275)⁶

What the minor author has learned is the extra-oedipal lesson of "soit... soit" schizophrenic logic:

Il apparaît toutefois que la schizophrénie nous donne une singulière leçon extra-cédipienne, et nous révèle une force

6. For Hoffman, one will note, even imagination is plural, effusing multiplicity and unlimited creative, schizophrenic proliferation.

inconnue de la synthèse disjonctive, un usage immanent qui ne serait plus exclusif ni limitatif, mais pleinement affirmatif, illimitatif, inclusif. Une disjonction qui reste disjonctive, et qui pourtant affirme les termes disjoints, les affirme à travers toute leur distance, *sans limiter l'un par l'autre ni exclure l'autre de l'un*, c'est peut-être le plus haut paradoxe. 'Soit... soit,' au lieu de 'ou bien'. (1972, p. 90, italics in original).

In this state of flux, the only place where the minor author can search for the self is in language. Language becomes a matter of existence. When Hoffman moves to Vancouver, she finds she is: "not filled with language anymore, and I have only a memory of fullness to anguish me with the knowledge that, in this dark and empty space, I don't really exist" (p. 108). In order to exist, she needs language: "It's only when I retell my whole story, back to the beginning, and from the beginning onward, in one language, that I can reconcile the voices within me with each other; it is only then that the person who judges the voices and tells the stories begins to emerge" (p. 272). Nadezhda Mandelstam describes her experience of writing in terms suggestively similar to Hoffman's: "In writing my first book, I excluded myself. This happened quite spontaneously, without any conscious intention; it was simply that I still did not exist. I came back to life only when my main task was at an end" (1974, p. 11). The minor self, then, is a rhizomic, schizophrenic one, reconstituted through language from a previously shattered Anti-Oedipal whole: "Nous sommes à l'âge des objets partiels, des briques et des restes. Nous ne croyons plus en ces faux fragments qui, tels les morceaux de la statue antique, attendent d'être complétés et recollés pour composer une unité qui est *aussi bien l'unité d'origine*" (p. 50, italics added). The writing of these selves, their becoming language, is necessarily translation⁷. Minor

7. Cf. Benjamin (1972): "Wie nämlich Scherben eines Gefäßes, um sich zusammenfügen zu lassen, in den kleinsten Einzelheiten einander zu folgen, *doch nicht so zu gleichen haben*, so muß, anstatt dem Sinn des Originals sich ähnlich zu machen, die Übersetzung liebend vielmehr und bis ins Einzelne

selves emerge as vessels or amphoras of Benjaminian language, revealing ethereal pure spirit in negotiating the losses inherent in the translating process.

Conclusion

One can account for the fact that there are in Eva Hoffman's autobiography, *Lost in Translation: A Life in a New Language*, both the traits of minor literature and a specific form of schizophrenia by drawing on the writings of Deleuze and Guattari. However, it is only when one distinguishes minor from minority literature that the connections inherent in Deleuze and Guattari emerge. Minor authors, unlike their minority counterparts, are inextricably and yet never completely assimilated linguistic nomads, neither fish nor fowl but *soit fish soit fowl*. Theirs is a specific form of cross-cultural productivity motored by the giving of voice in a perpetual search for home in language and the receiving in return of a schizophrenic self.

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hinein dessen Art des Meinens in der eigenen Sprache sich anbildet, um so beide wie Scherben als Bruchstück eines Gefäßes, als Bruchstück einer größeren Sprache erkennbar zu machen" (p. 18, italics added).

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ABSTRACT: When Memory is Cross-Cultural Translation: Eva Hoffman's Schizophrenic Autobiography – This article approaches the question of what happens when the text to be translated or rewritten as a result of cross-cultural experience is the self – how is the resulting autobiography to be read? Its answer takes the form of

the theorizing of Deleuze and Guattari. It is contended that the potentiality characterizing the position of linguistic alterity experienced by bilingual authors, such as Hoffman, is the underlying assumption in Deleuze and Guattari's work. By identifying the connections between schizophrenia and minor literature and by delineating minor from minority literature, one can better understand the dynamics necessitating self-translation and the forms which cross-cultural writing can take.

RÉSUMÉ: Quand la mémoire est un brouillage des cultures: l'autobiographie schizophrène d'Eva Hoffman – Cet article aborde la question de savoir ce qu'il arrive lorsque le texte à traduire ou à réécrire en raison d'une expérience transculturelle est le sien; comment lire l'autobiographie qui en résulte? La réponse à cette question prend la forme de la théorisation de Deleuze et Guattari. Nous pensons que la potentialité qui caractérise la position d'altérité linguistique vécue par des auteurs bilingues comme Hoffman est l'hypothèse qui sous-tend l'œuvre de Deleuze et Guattari. En identifiant les correspondances entre la schizophrénie et la littérature mineure et en délimitant la littérature mineure par rapport à la littérature minoritaire, on peut mieux saisir la dynamique qui rend l'autotraduction nécessaire et les formes que peut prendre l'écriture transculturelle.

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