

traducción directa como a la inversa, y que no hace referencia a una pareja de lenguas en particular, en el caso de Christiane Nord el alemán y el inglés o el español, sus lenguas de trabajo.

El libro comienza con una Introducción en la que se señala la necesidad de llegar a un método de análisis del texto para realizar una buena traducción. Viene luego el desarrollo del modelo de análisis, que ocupa el cuerpo central del volumen y está dividido en cinco partes o capítulos de extensión desigual. En la primera de esas partes se presentan los principios traductológicos en los que se basa dicho modelo, los elementos que forman y toman parte en el proceso total de la traducción o comunicación intercultural, y los papeles que desempeñan. Así aparecen el autor, el texto origen, el lector de esa lengua origen, el iniciador (denominación con la que la autora designa al cliente o persona que encarga el trabajo), el traductor, el texto terminal o meta (TT), y el lector de la lengua terminal o de llegada (LT). Termina la parte primera explicitando los fundamentos de la lingüística del texto y los diferentes tipos de texto según diversos teóricos. La autora subraya en este sentido la importancia que tiene para ella la "función comunicativa", ligada siempre a una cierta cultura en un momento determinado.

En el segundo capítulo se establece la relación entre el TO y el TT, desarrollando la idea de esa funcionalidad y lealtad ya comentadas. Este capítulo me parece de gran importancia por la aportación nueva que la autora da a la teoría, un tanto radical, del "skopos" de la escuela alemana. En la parte tercera se nos ofrece un estudio bastante detallado de los factores tanto extratextuales como intratextuales y de su interacción en el texto.

Si la segunda parte resulta muy interesante desde el punto de vista teórico, el cuarto capítulo constituye la esencia y el principal objetivo del libro, ya que en él Nord se ocupa de las aplicaciones didácticas del modelo que expone. Aquí nos muestra la planificación del proceso de traducción, la gradación de los textos según su dificultad, la crítica de las traducciones frente a las comparaciones entre traducciones, el papel de los textos paralelos, etc.

En la parte quinta y última la autora lleva su teoría a la práctica por medio del análisis de tres textos. En primer lugar examina la relación entre "intención" y "función" comentando un texto en español de Alejo Carpentier, junto con sus traducciones al alemán y al inglés. Con el segundo texto busca demostrar la relación entre la estructura del texto y

su efecto analizando *Niebla* de Unamuno y sus traducciones al alemán y al inglés. El tercer ejemplo es un texto turístico escrito en alemán cuya traducción a varias lenguas es estudiada. Con este tercer texto la autora quiere señalar la relación que existe entre la función del texto y el lector del TT.

El libro termina con una sección de consideraciones finales, a la que sigue un índice de los problemas de traducción discutidos en los ejemplos. También se nos ofrece una amplia bibliografía sobre traducción, con una mayoría de títulos en alemán, que resulta de gran utilidad para cualquier estudioso de la traductología.

Como conclusión señalaremos que la autora cumple en este libro los objetivos que se había propuesto, y que no sólo los tres grupos a los que va dirigido quedarán satisfechos, sino cualquier profesional de las lenguas extranjeras que sienta curiosidad por adentrarse en esta nueva y renovada visión de la traducción.

Si hubiera que poner algún reparo, este sería más bien de edición, ya que considero que las diferentes partes o capítulos de la obra no están bien diferenciados y se produce una cierta impresión de desorganización. Se trata en todo caso de una buena obra, no sólo por su contenido, sino también por la claridad y sencillez con la que está escrita. [Isabel PASCUA, *Universidad de Las Palmas de Gran Canaria*]

WATSON, James G., ed., **Thinking of Home: William Faulkner's Letters to His Mother and Father. 1918-25.** New York: Norton 1992. Pp. 253.

Although he always struggled to keep his life to himself and was reluctant to give interviews or have his private life exposed, it is impossible to avoid admiring and analyzing the life of a talented writer, especially after he has been awarded the Nobel Prize. The publishing of Faulkner's letters to his parents is an attempt to make available to all scholars the documents released from The Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas, Austin. Collectively, they are a faithful document that acquaints us with the personality of a powerful writer. Since most of his private life has already been exposed to public knowledge, there was no reason to conceal these innocent and charming letters.

Now, with *Thinking of Home*, we are able to learn about Faulkner's early life from 21 to 28, which corresponds to his major learning period. The book includes letters sent home from Faulkner's residences in New Haven (1918); Toronto, Canada (1918); New Haven and New York City (1921); New Orleans (1925); Italy, France and England (1925).

Thinking of Home clearly indicates Faulkner's greater openness with his mother than with his father about literary matters. He shows great concern and affection for his mother, and the level of confidence between them is amazing. There seems to be little that he will not tell her: his frustrations, laziness, drinking with homeless people (alleged to be a source of some of his stories), and great expectations for a future career. Even his persistence in inviting his parents to meet him in New Orleans indicates a strong desire to share his discoveries, of all kinds, and especially these beautiful scenic views, with them. All this suggests the idea of a boy very strongly linked to his relatives, or folks, as he would say.

Other sources that supplement the information here included are the books written by his biographer, Joseph Blotner, author of a detailed and scrupulously documented, even encyclopedic, account of his life in *Faulkner: A Biography*. Other biographers have unfortunately only stressed those facts considered opprobrious by narrow minds, like his alcohol addiction. One of these books is the most recent biography of the author written by Stephen B. Oates, *William Faulkner: The Man and the Artist. A Biography*. In this biography, the author was perhaps too much interested in the intimate and emotional life and addressed those readers loving gossip and low-brow culture rather than the appreciation of his literature. But other serious and well-documented sources of information that deserve to be taken into account are James B. Meriwether, ed., *A Faulkner Miscellany*; David Minter, *William Faulkner: His Life and Work*, and Ben Wasson, *Count No 'Count: Flashbacks to Faulkner*.

How different these letters are from those of other writers, e.g. James Joyce's *Selected Letters*, edited by Richard Ellman, where we sense the level of confidence with his brother, Stanislaus, while his parents are kept from knowing many facts concerning his life. The detachment of Joyce from his family was complete, while Faulkner's life was always enchainned by familiar assurance, dependence

and responsibilities in a typically Southern and clannish way.

Writing is a necessary and fulfilling activity for Faulkner. We learn that his mother asked him to write home every week, but writing seems to give William a sense of security and support, especially while in Canada, and he writes every two days. These are his words: "writing letters is like the postman taking a long walk on his day off or the street car motorman taking a car ride", letters become like the air he breathes, and he proudly adds that he got more letters and packages while in Canada than anybody else in the Royal Air Force.

These letters reveal no special literary inclination since his style is here immature, conventional, and very restricted in subject matter: Faulkner, living in perpetual frugality, asks his mother to send him clothes, explains his pecuniary situation so that he can be wired some more money, describes the new landscapes he discovers and neither of these accounts prefigure the future genial writer. It is by 1925 when we notice that the more he writes home the more conscious he seems to become of his capacity to supply all the information in an orderly and comprehensive way: "I seem to be a dreadful correspondent, I write you and say to myself—Now! that's a fine letter: I haven't left out a thing". Some self-criticism is useful in a writer.

The main interest of these letters is the insight they provide into the origins of Faulkner's personal values. They also reveal the elements that were most relevant, in his formative period, to his literary growth.

There are however some periods of his life which he deliberately tries to conceal, especially the famous passage where he claims to have flown while enlisted in the Royal Air Force. When he was at Oxford and wanted to show off, he invented the myth that he had had some crash-landings as a pilot. However, the records show that he never did fly. In those years, it was one of his most well-kept secrets. To avoid further investigation into the matter, he told his family that it was a war secret. Years later he took flying lessons and his passion for planes is widely documented here and was to remain a constant interest for the rest of his life. He saw a plane that "looped three times and finished out three hundred feet up lying on its back". Numerous other extracts have similar admiring sentences.

What is most revealing in these letters is Faulkner's unsteady character. When he is in the

middle of a new and promising situation, he moves or he quits his job. He simply gets tired of things, seems to be too imaginative to do the same work for very long, or perhaps he is too lazy. He says that writing is a good career for a man like himself "who didn't like to work". When he starts to get some money from the stories he sells to newspapers, such as the New Orleans newspaper *Times-Picayune* he writes home, saying: "I expect to be fed up with writing for a while then. Think I'll like to do some out-door work, like farm labor". This is very surprising because a few months earlier he had been full of plans regarding his future as a writer. The boredom comes equally fast regarding his trip to London, his work experience in New York, and so on.

It is interesting to note that Faulkner usually had friends who were older and more experienced, and among them were the Andersons. Elizabeth Prall and Sherwood Anderson were important because they gave him the confidence he needed in his own writing. But, generally, he appears in these letters as a provincial boy in search of glory. He feels overwhelmed by new habits, climates, and countrysides as much as by meeting what he calls "grand people".

With this new book we complete the record of Faulkner's correspondence in a very fragmented way. There is an overlapping of years between this book and the previous Joseph Blotner edition of *Selected Letters of William Faulkner*. Blotner starts with letters of 1918. The letters Blotner used are not again published by Watson. The editorial practices of both authors are completely different. Blotner is not exhaustive, as he excludes letters which he considers not significant. He also excludes those that had already been published by James B. Meriwether in *William Faulkner: Essays, Speeches and Public Lectures*. By contrast, James G. Watson publishes all the letters regardless of their intrinsic interest.

The most enlightening material in the book is derived from his New Orleans period. That period provides information about the inspiration to write novels such as *Mosquitoes* and *Soldier's Pay*. It was in New Orleans that he finally felt inspired to write. From his experience in New York, where he had met Elizabeth Prall, before she had married Anderson, he felt he had been introduced into the literary world. He knew famous writers and editors. He learned about the functioning of the editorial world. In short, he enjoyed the city, for he says: in the French Quarter especially "everyone is grand to me—painters and

writers etc." Here, Watson's book serves as a guide to Faulkner's impressions of New Orleans: playing golf at City Park, eating at Victor's, walking along Chartres St., and living in his house next to St. Louis Cathedral. Many of his descriptions of the city are absolutely valid today, as one can see when visiting charming New Orleans.

The following is the famous extract taken from a letter Faulkner wrote to Cowley regarding the South: "I'm inclined to think that my material, the South, is not very important to me. I just happen to know it, and don't have time in one life to learn another one and write at the same time. Though the one I know is probably as good as another, life is a phenomenon but not a novelty, the same frantic steeplechase toward nothing everywhere and man stinks the same stink no matter where in time". This is the mature thought of Faulkner. This is what he came to believe years after he wrote these naive letters home. This is what all his experiences outside his Oxford hometown turned to, and thanks to this unbiased account of his country stories, we enjoy the unique prose of "his cosmos of his own". [María Eugenia DÍAZ SÁNCHEZ, *Universidad de Salamanca*]

