parents, noting her interest in music, set her up with piano lessons. Music soon became her ticket to new experiences. Feeling held back at her high school, she won admission to the composition department at Interlochen Arts Academy, and then to Oberlin. But Fure assumed she would one day choose a field more explicitly entwined with political action—education, perhaps, or conflict resolution. Guilt about her work’s utility trailed her to Harvard, where she enrolled as a composition doctoral student directly after college. There, in a class on modernism, she discovered Virginia Woolf, whose writing eased Fure’s fraught relationship with her own work. “Woolf was the first person who taught me that you can go down to get out. She goes so deeply inside of her characters that she hits the universal through the extremely specific,” Fure said. “I have to believe that’s possible. I have to believe that the better I get at what I do—the more specific, and distilled, and exacting I can be—the greater chance there is my work might speak beyond the boundaries it’s born into.”

Concurrently, Fure began working with the microphones in the campus electronics studio. “This is what’s difficult about the concert hall for me: I want people to feel the sound right here,” she explained. “I want to whisper it into their ear. But instead I have to play it on a stage that’s 80 feet away, which always loses that crisp, intense, intimacy of proximate sound.” Being able to hold microphones right next to the sounds she was working with—like a glass tile that she placed, on a whim, inside a piano and then rotated, to earsplitting satisfaction—allowed her to create music exactly as she heard it.

The wish for closeness is present across Fure’s oeuvre: the desire to bring audiences close to netherworldly sounds they wouldn’t otherwise encounter, and to offer a catharsis for—and trying to offer—a type of empathetic engagement with material that most people in the audience, particularly those who think Stravinsky is challenging, don’t spend much time trying to engage with.”

With a few months to go before the opera’s opening, Fure was still trying to find out what sorts of new sounds the performance space allowed for, how close she could get to what she was hearing in her mind. Midway through one rehearsal, Karre, the percussionist, was testing the sound a rope made when placed inside a subwoofer (a loudspeaker that produces low bass frequencies). As he repeatedly lifted the speaker and set it down, the rope, which was suspended from the ceiling, began to twirl. It stuttered, then twirled again with renewed vigor, like a forgetful dancer.

“It’s life!” someone gasped, noting its resemblance to a double helix. “Look at the insane sound it’s making,” Fure murmured, gazing at the string with something like admiration. “I seem to have found what I was listening for: an agile whirring, slight yet tenacious, like a mind as it begins to spin.

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Found in Translation

Maureen Freely on the trials and tribulations of Turkish-to-English translation

by Oset Babür

Turkey has seen no shortage of political upheaval and cultural shifts in the 70 years since Saba-hattin Ali first published Madonna in a Fur Coat, a story of doomed love in 1930s Berlin, reflected through the protagonist’s personal diary. An outspoken leftist who mysteriously died at the Bulgarian border while trying to flee Turkey in 1948, Ali has proved to be an enduring symbol of anti-government resistance, and after dancing in and out of Turkey’s bestseller lists over the
Many people believe that there is a need to bring a text into another language. However, bringing a text into another language is gradual but also somewhat frenetic. This is a difficult task, but it is also a necessary one. Bringing a text into another language is a complex process that requires a great deal of effort and skill. It is not something that can be done quickly or easily.

Bringing a text into another language is a process that involves many different steps. First, the text needs to be translated from the original language into the target language. This can be a very difficult task, as there are many different nuances and subtleties that need to be taken into account. Once the text has been translated, it needs to be edited and polished to ensure that it is as accurate and authentic as possible.

The process of bringing a text into another language is not easy, but it is also a very rewarding one. There is nothing more satisfying than seeing a text that you have brought into another language come to life in a new and exciting way. It is a process that requires a great deal of skill and patience, but it is also a process that is well worth the effort.
By her account, the process of bringing a text into another language is gradual but also somewhat frenetic. She and Pamuk have spent entire summers passing drafts back and forth at his home in Heybeliada, a beautiful island near Istanbul. Individual words are treated as puzzles, with author and translator challenging one another to pinpoint translations that best preserve a work’s integrity. In particularly contentious cases, they move on, tabling the puzzle for another day. English chapters slowly sprout from tribulations and arguments.

It is of the utmost importance that the translator preserve the author’s voice and original vision, Freely says. The translated text should reflect the writer’s strengths. Two of Pamuk’s are his ability to mimic voices and set what Freely calls “a strong narrative trance”: “He really knows how to tell a good story that just sucks you right in from the start.” Translation also means paying special attention to a writer’s idiosyncrasies. Pamuk has strong feelings about never beginning a sentence with the Turkish word “Ve,” which translates to “And.” Freely is also mindful of his disregard for grammatical conventions, and his love of sentences that seem to go on and on, ending in unexpected ways that may require readers to double back to make sure they understand what’s going on. “I still see those in my dreams,” she says, laughing.

Walking the fine line between accessibility and verisimilitude is a continuing challenge in translation, especially with older texts like Madonna. When the author has died, many decisions about how much to “domesticate” a text fall to the translator—and during the editorial process, copyeditors sometimes introduce errors. Freely had a particularly frustrating experience while translating Pamuk’s Snow: a copyeditor, worried that readers would confuse şerbet (a drink of flower petals and fruits, especially popular with Ottoman sultans) with sorbet and thus miss a key plot point, changed şerbet to şuhle (a warm milk beverage). “There is a view at many publishing houses that American readers should never read, that American readers should never read, that American readers should never read these words from the books that they’re reading, so you have to translate them into something that they can handle,” Freely says.

Ford Foundation professor of international political economy (Princeton, $29.95). An assessment of globalization, by a critic, in light of resurgent populist and nationalist economic policymaking. The author aims for a middle course: a global political economy buffered by nationalist characteristics, if you will.

**An American Family: A Memoir of Hope and Sacrifice**, by Khizr Khan, LL.M. ’86 (Random House, $27). The Gold Star parent, an immigrant from Pakistan, did more than any other speaker at the 2016 conventions to illustrate the stakes—for individuals and the larger society—in then-candidate Donald Trump’s antipathy to migrants and open borders; here, he amplifies the narrative. In *The Other Side of Assimilation: How Immigrants Are Changing American Life* (University of California, $29.95 paper), Tomás R. Jiménez, Ph.D. ’05, a sociologist at Stanford, takes a scholarly, but warm and accessible, look at how newcomers change those in whose midst they arrive, as America is “remade through a bumpy process.”

**Greater than Ever: New York’s Big Comeback**, by Daniel L. Doctoroff ’80 (PublicAffairs, $28). The Big Apple’s post-9/11 economic recovery, as recounted by the then-deputy mayor. As the national discourse turns slightly less kindly toward cities—and in the wake of calamities like those that recently befell Houston—an optimistic urbanist voice is especially welcome and timely.

**Ultimate Glory: Frisbee, Obsession, and My Wild Youth**, by David Gessner ’83 (Riverhead, $16 paper). The title and subtitle accurately capture a loving recollection of youth, doubled: the author when young, wholly given over to a sport then in its infancy.

**Spy Schools**, by Daniel Golden ’78 (Henry Holt, $30). Golden, whose journalism has probed both admissions to elite colleges and the shortcomings of for-profit schools, now looks at how domestic (CIA, FBI) and international intelligence agencies pursue their work on campuses: gleaming pertinent research findings, developing sources (and potential talent) from among faculty members and students, and more.

**True Gentlemen: The Broken Pledge of America’s Fraternities**, by John Hechinger (PublicAffairs, $28). At a time of seemingly unending debate at Harvard about whether to sanction final clubs, fraternities, and sororities and the students who join them, it may be sobering to take a deep dive into the real deal—a national fraternity, plagued by excess alcohol, fatal hazing rituals, and more—in the skilled hands of the veteran education reporter.
Whole art, I'm going to miss a lot of what's years or demonstrate mastery or advance the to 'change the conversation' or last a hundred fining works as major or minor. "If I look only concerned with looking for originality than de-

responded in the online arts review whether or not a poem was worth reading, how a poem worked, rather than deciding choosing poems for the magazine. Burt later explained by email, "If I read and love a poem about trans lady identity and fighting transmisogyny, or about raising a toddler, or about watching Maya Moore shoot three-pointers, or about the Dark Phoenix saga, or about reading Gerard Manley Hopkins, I can't be entirely sure whether it's a great poem, or just an OK poem that I like because I'm drawn to the subject."

Nonetheless, she thinks that disentangling the influence of her own personal tastes from her judgment of a poem's worth and value is vital, especially given recent changes in American poetry. "To do a good job of understanding where American poetry is in general," she said, "and choose poems that I want to recommend to strangers, I get to— and have to—think about the experience of people of color more than I thought I would have to when I got into this line of work."

As poetry editor, Burt will act as an advocate not only for diverse poetry but also for the magazine's readers. "We expect to receive (and therefore, probably, to publish) some poems in harmony with the progressive mission in the front of the magazine, because in a giant universe of poets who could send their work anywhere, poets who think about social justice a lot are incrementally more likely than others to send their work to The Nation, Burt wrote. "But I hope we won't condescend or get predictable."

This mindfulness is a skill she first developed while an undergraduate—but not while

Stephanie Burt