

---

## Manipulation of war fiction

This chapter will begin with discussion of the results in section 5.1, and then it will continue with the explanation of conclusions of the study in section 5.2. After that, implications of the study will be introduced in section 5.3. The limitations of the study will be described in section 5.4. Finally, some suggestions for further study will be presented in section 5.5.

### Discussion

The aim of this study is concerned with the usage of manipulation strategies by translator in translation of Iranian war fiction in order to represent Iran as an uncivilized country. The findings revealed that, based on Zauberga's (2004) model, translator used amplification, addition, substitution and deletion in order to have a desire effect on reader's mind. In other words, according to Tymoczko (2003), the ideology of translation resides not only in the translated text, but also in the voicing and stance of the translator, and in its relevance to the receiving audience. In this regard the following paragraphs are examples of addition strategy extracted from *Journey to Heading 270 Degrees*.

It is cold out. I start bling openly and run back into the room , not waiting for Father to return. I 'm not feeling well and go into other room. Mother

Carries a long pillow under her arm; she props my head with it. For a moment I imagine that she is carrying a corpse. The pillow's dangling tassels are the body's limbs. Without stooping she cannot bend her back. It seems she drops the pillow on the floor .It lands with a thud . I jump up. She looks at me and pretends to act normally. I stretch out on the cushion. Mother asks should I turn off the light or are you going to study ?

I say turn it off , will you ? Thanks.

I cover myself and the memories of the front come flooding back . I can not get the sound of tank treads outd of my ear . I am on the battlefield (*Journey to Heading 270 degree*, translated by Sprachman,41)

After I receive my mobilization papers, my worries are over. I don't return home by car. I feel a change in the weather. A chilly breeze blows, but it is not as cold as it has been these past days. The sky is blue, clear and crisp. I am not in town anymore; I 'm in the war. I feel myself gliding from one front to another, as though my dreams have now taken the wings. Hey, you ass, have you lost your mind?

I come to, finding myself in the middle of the road with a car behind me hocking steadily. The driver has his head out of the window and is glaring at me. Drag that sorry corpse out of the way!

Someone takes me by the hand and pulls me away. The driver accelerates furiously and speeds past me. I go slowly to the edge of the road. Sewer water flows in the ditch which is stained with dried scum halfway up its banks. Hey, are you out of mind? I stand still, wanting to

---

explode. I could strangle him with my own hands, whoever he may be. I turn around and say, Mister... You son of a...lously...!

Ali laughs. I rush toward him wanting to punch him in the face.

Bravo! So now my father has become a Mister? I embrace him and describe what just happened. He says, Let's get something to drink . in this cold?

He takes my arm and leads me toward a cart with steaming hot beets.( Journey to Heading 270 degree, translated by Sprachman,43)

He removes the shirt with jerk of his hand. There is a stripping big lion tattooed in green on his chest, shining in the sunlight. He picks up an RPG lying beside a corpse and runs out into the open. When I try to jump out of the foxhole, Rasool grabs my leg with his both hands. I look down at him. His head is tilted to one side as though he were keeling before some Hindu god begging it for something. He won't let go of my leg. His face is the color of death. I push him aside, extract my leg and run out into plain. (Journey to Heading 270 degree, translated by Sprachman,208)

In example (1), (2) and (3) the words corpse, dust and death are repeated respectively in three paragraphs of translation. Generally speaking, repetition has great power in fiction. It can drive the reader away or draw him deeper into your imaginary events. Repetition can weave threads to hold your reader close or pound at your reader until he gets the unintended message therefore repetition of mentioned words construct the image of death in the mind of readers and also send the message that Iranian warrior will be killed finally. (Hill,2013).

In examples of (4) to (6) translators represented Iran as uncivilized country

The rows of houses pass by on both sides of the tracks. In the begging they are scattered here and there, but the further we go the denser they become, they crammed one next to the other. They seem like refugees from different places, shabbily dressed , their exteriors patched and stitched together made to stand in a reluctant formation.

We go by several children who have run from alleys to reach the rail siding. From the alleys farther on, some boys rush toward us with stones in their hands. Their arms rear back and they shout, perhaps to hurl at us both their stone and insults at the same time

Farther on, there is a petrified tree trunk lying on its side in dirt. A girl stands by it. her hair is long and blowing in the wind. She is wearing a red blouse with flowers. She devours us with her look. She raises her arm indecisively, stopping it abruptly in mid wave. Then all of a sudden she raises it fully and waves at us. As we pass by, we crane our necks to see her. She recedes into the distance but continues to wave at each window.

Shall we go? Ask Ali and then stands up. He retrieves his bag from mental rack above us. (Journey to Heading 270 degree, translated by Sprachman,49)

Both sides of avenue are lined with men and women in civilian clothes lying in blankets and looking toward the bridge. They have come over with names and addresses written on the scarps of paper. They give the scarps to anyone who passes, begging them to tell their loved

---

ones that they are waiting on the other side of the bridge. Journey to Heading 270 degree, translated by Sprachman,54)

The bus crosses the bridge and enters Naderi Avenue, which is snarled with traffic. The sight of cars lined up from one end of avenue to the other is striking. They are not all drab and olive but a thousand colors and shapes peddlers have colonized the edge of sidewalks. A couple of beggar girls catch my attention. Their dresses are colorful, while they themselves are very brown. They are whispering to one another, focusing their attention on someone passing by man who seems relatively prosperous. As he approaches they dog their steps, which I had suspected they would. Their method is to latch onto someone and not abandon him until they have their money. (Journey to Heading 270 degree, translated by Sprachman,247)

In examples of (7), (8) and (9) the translator used hybrid language. According to Derrida language acts as not only political instrument, but also as a cultural representation. Derrida is encouraging us to interpret language as a welcoming space, as a space reflecting our attitude towards the other, as a space for hospitality. However, The word hospitality has its own the cultural and political implications it carries with it to define the Other in terms of hospitality are many, and they lead to delicate subjects such as the question of strong and weak languages. In fact, hybrid language is put into practice whenever we consider the other to be a stranger, someone different.